

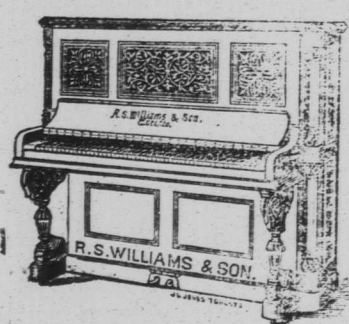
# THE UNION ADVOCATE Christmas Supplement.

Newcastle, December 25th, 1892.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS" & "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

## BARAINS FOR CHRISTMAS.

FIVE THINGS



REMEMBERING.

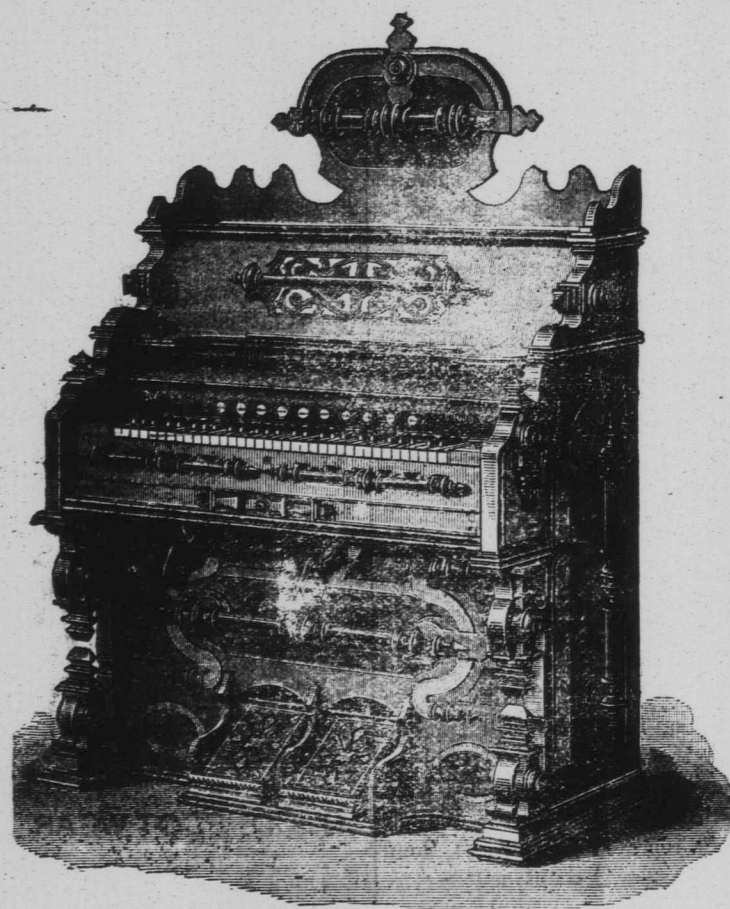
- 1st. You cannot make your wife or daughter a more appropriate Christmas present than an Organ or a Piano.
- 2nd. The DOHERTY ORGANS and WILLIAMS' PIANOS lead the world or at least the Dominion of Canada.
- 3rd. We are Sole Agents for these celebrated instruments in the Northern Counties.
- 4th. We deal directly with the Manufacturers and are therefore in a position to give you the best possible value for your money.
- 5th. We are making a

### SPECIAL OUT

FOR THE  
Christmas Trade,

and will sell for the balance of the year at PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

Call at our warehouses, Public Wharf and be convinced.



CLARK & LOUNSBURY.

Newcastle, Dec. 25th, 1892.

## FURNITURE.

Going at Free Trade Prices.

My large stock of Furniture, consisting of Parlor Suites in plush and

hair cloth, Bedroom suites and light, Platform Rock and Queen's Plush, Side and Bedsteads, Chairs of all



in Antique, Walnut, and in velvet, Carpet boards, Wardrobes, kinds.

### RECLINING CHAIRS.



Also the celebrated Gale Spring Mattress in Nickel and Copper. Tables of every description, Excelsior and all Wool Mattresses, Window Shades, Curtain Poles, Rings and Fixtures, in fact everything to be found in a first class

### FURNITURE STORE.

Inspection invited at my new Store. Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention and goods delivered at the Newcastle Railway station without extra charge.

J. MORRISSY

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

## Selected Literature.

### THE GOLDEN CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Under the far blue Syrian sky  
Was born the Conqueror of Death,  
Who bore credentials from on high,  
In Bethlehem and Nazareth.

Then came the new and better times;  
One lone star, signified far and wide;  
And now we ring melodious chimes,  
To mark the holy Christmas-tide.

Come young and old, from every side;  
Crown rosy mistle and gentle swain,  
It is the holy Christmas-tide,  
That joyously we meet again.

Bring in the Yule log's ancient flame,  
The smoldering hearth, a rich repast;  
Let sorrow go the way it came,  
Let care be to oblivion cast.

The waits clear voices sound without;  
Suckles and shavings make wholesome cheer,  
Tossled in the boy's head round about  
With gossamer rich and rosy.

And now the famous wassail bowl  
Shall bring us comfort and delight;  
This is the season of the soul,  
From golden morn to starry night.

Naught care we for the piercing cold,  
The drifted snow or raging blast;  
For Christmas never shall grow old,  
From evensong to country past.

They welcome, merry Christmas-tide;  
Another hour before we go,  
The rosy glow at our side,  
We'll kiss beneath the mistletoe.

Deep, mellow bells salute the air,  
With huzzas sent far and wide;  
Good-will and joy go every where,  
Upon the golden Christmas-tide.

JOEL BOSTON in The Ladies' Home Journal.

### Arthur's Christmas Letter.

ANNIE J. HOLLAND to HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY.

Arthur seated himself upon the floor in the corner of the room farthest from his mother; he wrinkled his eye-brows, puckered his mouth, and cramping his little fingers around a stubby lead pencil began to write; and this is what he wrote:

Dear Santa Claus: Please don't get to fill my stocking. An Id like a sled as a pair of skates. An please give me the very nicest thing you got. We live on French street, First Chindy down 3 1/2 flights. Annette Hill.

He stretched out his little numb fingers, with a sigh of relief, for printing was hard work for Arthur's chubby fist. Then he glanced furtively over his shoulder, to make sure his mother was not looking—but no; stich, stich, stich her needle went through the heavy coat, and she did not once look up. So he folded the precious letter in a painstaking manner, and sealed it in an envelope addressed:

MR. SANTA CLAUS,  
and stuffing it into his little pocket—regardless of opposition on the part of letter or pocket—went softly out of the room; but his quiet movements ended on the landing just outside, and he tore down the stairs and through the streets to the post office.

Perhaps the thought that there were but two days before Christmas, and the consequent fear that the gentle reminder might not reach Santa Claus in time, gave the deer-like fleetness to his sturdy little feet.

There was no one in the office, so he walked boldly up and dropped the letter through the slot, and watched it sliding down the inclined plane into the receiving box. Then, with a fear of being detected he ran out of the office, and with his hands in his pockets, scampered home.

Arthur's letter lay among the others for a half hour or so, and then a clerk began assorting them for the mails.

'Here's a good one!' and he laughed heartily as he held up the crumpled envelope.

'Mr. Santa Claus' and he laughed again, in company with two or three clerks who had gathered around him.

Just then the door opened and the postmaster came in.

The clerk held up the letter, Mr. Santa Claus—address not given? Are you acquainted with the gentleman's residence?

When a sudden vision of four little maids, with an unquestioning faith in Santa Claus, rose before him.

'Perhaps I can find the gentleman,' he said, with a twinkle in his kind blue eyes; and putting the envelope into his pocket he walked away.

It was Christmas Eve. There had been a heavy snow storm the day before, and it had cleared off very cold. The people were muffled in furs to their eyes—

they had the furs—and hurried along over the crisp snow, which sang sharp little songs under their feet.

The rude wind wrestled with them at the street corners, making the gentlemen catch wildly at their hats, and fluttering ribbons and veils in the faces of the ladies.

Jack Frost played coarse practical jokes upon everybody and everything within his reach, so that the market boys felt obliged to run with the turkeys and turkeys, blowing the while upon their aching fingers, or rubbing their smarting ears.

The newboys, with ear muffers, and caps pulled closely down, held their papers under their arms and thrashed one foot against the other, while they called in cold voices to the passer-by, Paper, sir! paper!

The heavens were studded with gleaming stars, which blinked merrily down upon the hurrying throng; and through uncurtained windows were glimpses of gay Christmas trees with happy children dancing around them, and smiling fathers and mothers looking on.

Holly wreaths hung in profusion, and festoons of evergreens and mistletoe adorned the walls and over these happy scenes played the flickering light of the yule log's glow.

The church bells rang merrily, and the organ's deep note pealed forth upon the night winds; and lights streamed from the windows and through the doors as they swung to and fro, while softly on the listening ear stole the sound of voices singing of 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.'

But the peace and warmth and glow had not reached 'French street, first chimney, two flights down.

There was a little fire—just enough to give it the name—but its name seemed an empty title.

The curtain was not drawn—what need of that? since the frost had worked so thick a screen that not even one loving star could peep in with a happy Christmas greeting. Mrs. Hill with an old shawl over her shoulders, sat close to the table, with a dim kerosene lamp beside her.

She was blue with the cold, and her fingers so stiff that the needle went laboriously through the heavy seam. Her tired eyes filled with tears now and again, but she dashed them away—every minute was precious; for if the coat was not finished to-night, and taken back—there was a sorry outlook for tomorrow. And the thought of the empty larder and coal-hod nerved her to frantic efforts at faster working; and when the clock outside told the hour of eight, it sent a colder thrill through her frame.

Arthur, in spite of the cold, had pulled off one of his stockings, and was looking ruefully at a large hole in the toe.

'Look!' he said, holding it up before his mother, with a comical expression on his little wrinkled face.

'O Arthur, how you do wear your stockings out! I mended them all up last Saturday night.'

'But it came right through again!' and Arthur glanced from the yawning stocking to his mother's tired face, then back again to the stocking.

'Do you s'pose the presents will come through?'

'No, I am afraid they won't,' she said, half-bitterly.

'But I don't want 'em to!' and he looked with a perplexed expression at his mother, who was afraid his presents would not come through.

He examined the hole again, taking its dimensions by thrusting three fingers through it and stretching them apart.

'Yes, there was no doubt a good-sized toy could squeeze through that hole.'

'Can you mend it, mother?'

'O Arthur, don't ask me to do anything!' she answered fretfully, and Arthur moved away a little; for never in his life before had he heard his mother speak like that.

But the next instant she reached out her arm, and snatched him passionately to her heart.

'Arthur, dear, mother is sorry at she spoke like that to you, and she kissed the little cold face, while her tears—so near the surface—rained over her own face and his. 'I am tired, but that is no reason for my speaking crossly to you; and mother will mend the stockings before she goes to bed.'

Arthur put his arms around her neck. 'You'll have a happy Christmas,' he said, looking up into her face with beaming eyes, and her tears started afresh as she looked at his hopeful face and thought of the gloomy prospect.

'I wish I could make a fire and warm you before you go to bed,' she said, rubbing his 'blue cheeks with her cold fingers; 'and give you something to eat.'

'I ain't much hungry,' he answered, with a brave smile.

'If I finish this coat in time I shall get something to eat, and I will wake you up and give you some,' and kissing him, she turned back to her work and began that weary stitch, stitch.

Arthur hung up his stocking, and going back to his mother, pulled the shawl away a little and kissed her on the neck—a form of caress which did not interfere with the needle—and with a bright face opened the bed-room door and shut himself in. How cold it was for the door had been shut all day, that what heat there was might be kept in the kitchen. He would like to have opened it, for a ray of light from his mother's dim lamp, but it would make her colder; so he kicked off his shoes, not parting with very much else, for it was too cold to undress, and jumped into bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of Christmas feasting and Santa Claus.

Arthur had not been dreaming long when a low knock started Mrs. Hill.

What could it mean? And she trembled a little as she walked to the door and opened it.

A kind-faced man with merry blue eyes was standing there; he had very fat pockets, and a sled in one hand and a parcel in the other; and Mrs. Hill trembled more than ever, but from quite another emotion than fear.

Mr. Morris explained his errand; and as he stepped into the room there was a sound of other foot-steps in the little entry, but he shut the door and unloaded his pockets and laid his parcels down.

'My children sent these things to Arthur,' he said, laughing, as bags of candy, nuts, and raisins came out, in company with 'jumping-jacks' and picture-books.

'Arthur won't be offended,' hope Arthur won't be offended, and he drew a little doll from the depths of one pocket.

My children are all girls, and the youngest one looked so disappointed when I suggested that a doll was not just the thing for a boy that I concluded to bring it along.

Mrs. Hill had hardly spoken; her eyes required a great deal of attention, and her lips had an over-mastering tendency to tremble; Mr. Morris, to relieve her eyes as little as possible in her direction.

But finally there was an end to apples and oranges, toys, strings of pop-corn and candy, and the rest of his errand must be accomplished; so clearing his throat,

and looking hard at the ceiling, he said—

My wife thought the nicest thing for the mother would be a ton of coal and a barrel of flour.'

Poor Mrs. Hill—poor Mr. Morris! for it was almost as trying for one as for the other, the walked to the window and examined the frost work; it was so thick and fine that he glanced at the stove next, and then at the empty wood-box and sentle. The table, with its dim light, row of spoons, and scissors, with the unfinished coat in the chair, told the story plainly.

Mrs. Hill looked up at last, and tried to thank him; and Mr. Morris said how happy they had all been in answering Arthur's letter; and he looked so happy as he said it, that no one could have doubted him. Then he opened the door and a man sat a large basket inside and went away directly.

I shall see you again, Mrs. Hill, and I hope you and Arthur will both have a very merry Christmas. Good-night, and he had gone before Mrs. Hill could speak. He went directly to a coal dealer and ordered a bag of coal and a basket of wood sent at once; and did not leave the place until he had seen them on their way.

Mrs. Hill was still sitting in the chair where Mr. Morris had left her when the heavy step of the men with the coal and wood, and their loud knock at the door, roused her from her reverie.

The first thing she did after that had gone was to make a rousing fire. How it crackled and snapped! and she bent over the stove and rubbed her stiff fingers in the genial warmth. Then she took Arthur's stocking, with the yawning toe, and quickly mended the big hole and put the toys in. The candy bags and strings of popcorn she hung around it; and piled the apples and oranges in a plate on the shelf above; and stood the shining new sled beneath, with the skates, mittens, and woolen scarf hanging over it.

What a fine show it made! and how she longed to catch Arthur out of bed to see it! but she wanted the room to get warmer first; and then there was the basket to be unpacked.

She folded away the coat—not finished, but that did not matter now—and smiled brightly as she picked up her spoons and scissors, and thought of the day of rest before her.

There was everything in that basket—at least so thought Mrs. Hill. Two pies: a loaf of cake; another of bread; little heart-shaped cakes, sugared in pink and white; a plum pudding; butter; tea; coffee; sugar; cranberries; a bag of sweet potatoes; a squash; a turnip; two glasses of jelly; and a turkey. The little table was loaded; it had never groaned beneath such a weight before.

Mrs. Hill hung the holly wreath, which had lain on the top of the basket, in the window; then opened the bedroom door.

'Arthur,' she said softly, lending over him; but Arthur did not move. She kissed him on the lips; he puckered up his mouth, opened it again, and with a deep breath, and was as fast asleep as ever.

'Arthur, do you want to hear about Santa Claus? The sleepy eyes opened and he rubbed them with his fists.

'What's that?'

'I thought you would like to hear about Santa Claus; your presents have come.'

Arthur was wide awake—as what boy would not have been—and sprang out of bed.

Didn't he come quick? and he stood in the bedroom door, his eyes still blinking, looking from the chimney to the table, and from the table back to the chimney, and then up to his mother's face.

She drew him to the stove, and sitting down took him on her lap,

'I didn't 'spect so much!' he exclaimed, finding his tongue at last; 'but ain't it jolly—jolly!' and clapping his hands together he threw his arms so tightly around his mother's neck, that he nearly stopped her breath, and gave her a sounding kiss.

'The stockings—full an' you mended the hole!' and he got down on the floor and peeped up under it. It's all sewed tight! Then he pulled down the sled and skates, tried on the mittens, wound the scarf around his neck, scraped acquaintance with the candy, and took a bite out of a shining apple.

Words! words were weak for the expression of his satisfaction; so he danced up and down the room, and clapped his hands, and laughed and whistled, and finally turned a summersault, in the intensity of his joy.

Then he and his mother had their Christmas supper in the warm room, with the firelight shining through the cracks of the usually grim old stove. And they talked of this glad evening—for somehow the bitterness of its beginning had passed from the mother's mind, and the old carol which sings that 'night is past,' most fitly expressed the thought of her thankful heart.

'I can see a star!' Arthur cried and sure enough, the frost had melted a little, and a star was peeping in; oh, more than one! two, three—yes, several shining down on the poor little home, as they had shone, long years before, on lonely Judaea, and telling again the old yet ever new story, of the Christ-child's birth, and of love and peace on earth.

SUGGESTIONS TO A HOST-ESS

Do not try to be too entertaining.

Allow your guest a little time to herself.

See that your guest-room has been well aired, that it is sufficiently warm to be comfortable, and that the shades work properly.

Have the bed placed well out of draughts, and where the morning light will not fall directly upon the eyes of the occupant. Make provision for extra covers; nothing can be more foolish than to be chilly in a strange bed-room, and have to remain so, because no extra covering had been provided.

On the toilet-table place some black and white pins, some hair pins, a whisk brush and clothes brush, a hand glass and a button hook. Upon a small table have a little basket containing some black and white thread, a little box of shoe and other buttons, a thimble, and a pair of scissors that will cut.

Upon a large table, placed where the light from gas or lamp may fall upon it, have a portfolio containing some writing materials, an ink bottle, with some ink in it, a stamp box containing some stamps, a few postal cards, a dainty cardstick containing a white wax candle and some matches.

Upon a smaller table have a tray large enough to hold a pitcher of ice water, a couple of thin tumblers, a teaspoon, in case your guest should be taking medicine, and a biscuit jar filled with some plain biscuit. Should your guest be an invalid, it might be well to add a hot water kettle, and a bottle of alcohol for its use.

Find out whether your guest wishes to have a clock or not; some people cannot sleep without its familiar tick, while others are disturbed by it, for this reason a stationary clock is not to be recommended as part of the spare room furnishing; it is better to have a small one, which may easily be removed.

Advise your guest of the breakfast hour, ascertain at what time she will wish to be called, and also whether she wishes the maid who wakens her to bring hot water.

Do not urge her at breakfast,

time, or at any other meal, to partake of anything upon the table; nothing is more vulgar than this insistence upon people eating whether they wish or not.

Do not insist upon her spending all her time in sightseeing; try and arrange the details of her visit so that neither she nor you shall be tired when the time comes for her to take her departure.

When the day comes, if it shall happen that she is to travel upon a train which has neither dining or buffet cars, prepare her a dainty little lunch and pack it in a box which, after it is emptied, may be easily disposed of.

Above all things make your guest feel that you have enjoyed her visit and do not let her even for an instant feel that she has added to your cares.

### HIS WIFE'S LETTER.

'I wish you would mail this letter as you go down town, Jim,' said Mrs. Bloomumper to her husband as she rose from the breakfast table. 'I am very anxious for mamma to get it early tomorrow.'

'All right,' replied Bloomumper. He put it in his pocket with this mental observation:

'I should not be surprised if I forgot to mail this. Mary has been talking for a week about inviting her mother to come down for a month's visit, but I don't know that I am anxious to aid in forwarding the invitation, seeing that I would rather the old lady remain away.'

'Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?' asked Mrs. Bloomumper, when her husband came home that night.

'Certainly,' replied the unblinking prevaricator.

When he returned home an evening later his wife confronted him.

'You told me last night you had mailed that letter to mamma.'

'Well?'

'Well, you didn't.'

'Oh, yes, I—'

Don't tell me any more of your untruths. If you had mailed that letter mamma would not be in this house now.'

'Here now.'

'Yes, here now.'

'Why I thought it was an invitation to her to come and stay a month. You know you were talking of inviting her.'

Exactly, and I did invite her. I mailed that letter myself. The one I asked you to mail was one requesting her to postpone her visit, and if you had done as I asked you she would have received it before it was time for her to leave home. Now come in and tell her she is welcome, and that you cannot think of letting her leave under six weeks.'

And so Bloomumper went in.—Harper's Bazar.

### BREAKING IT GENTLY.

'Is it all right, Doctor?'

'Splendid, Jumble! Allow me to congratulate you.'

'Is it a—a—boy?'

'The picture of his pop.'

'Doctor, this is the happiest moment of my life. It's selfishness on my part, though—for Louisa yearned for a daughter so fondly.'

'In that case, Jumble, she won't be disappointed, for heaven has more than gratified her desire.'

'Do I understand you doctor, is it twins?'

'You said you wanted a boy, did you not?'

'I did, doctor.'

'And your wife wanted a girl?'

'Yes, doctor.'

'Well, then, my man, rest easily. Heaven has answered the prayer of both.'

'Then it's twins?'

'But in favoring you, Jumble, heaven has doubly favored your wife.'

'And it's twins?'

'No, Jumble, not exactly. You see—'

'Great Great, Doctor, you mystify me! Relieve me of this anxiety for pity's sake. What is it?'

'Triplets.'



**Christmas 1892**

The following will serve to give a faint idea of what the

**SALTER BRICK STORE**

is offering, at reduced prices, for the

**HOLIDAY**

**SEASON**

Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's

**Fancy Buck Moccasins.**

Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's

**OVER SHOES,**

Men's, Ladies', Misses' and Children's

**City Croquet**

**Alaska Overshoes.**

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

**Cardigan Overshoes.**

Boy's & Youth's

**FASHIONED**

**Legged Larrakins.**

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

**Skating Boots.**

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

**BOOTS & SHOES**

— BESIDES —

A full line of all other kinds of

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

Men's and Boy's in hand and made up Ties. Men's and Boy's Mittens, in Silk and fine Wool. Men's and Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs. Men's, Ladies' and Kid Gloves & Mitts.

Men's South Seal, Persian Lamb and other Fur Caps.

Men's and Boy's imitation South Seal and Persian Lamb Caps. Men's Coon & Australian Bear Coats, Buffalo and Goat Sleigh Robes, Wool Sleigh Wraps and Rugs. Boy's and Men's Reefing Jackets & Overcoats, Sack, Mantle, Ulster, Scalette, and Black and Grey Astracan Cloths.

Ladies', Misses', Boy's & Children's, Wool Hosiery — AND —

**Knit Legging.**

Men's, Ladies', Misses', & Boy's

**SKATES.**

And all other kinds of

**GENERAL**

STAPLE MERCHANDISE

— IN —

**DRY GOODS**

**CLOTHING,**

**BOOTS & SHOES**

**Hardware.**

**Groceries,**

**Flour,**

**Fish,**

**&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.**

**John Ferguson.**

Newcastle, Dec. 11, 1892.

**ABBOTT'S Resigned.**

But I am holding forth at

**THE OLD STAND,**

where I am prepared to sell

**FOR CHRISTMAS**

my entire stock of Goods

**AT COST.**

As the stock is mine and all paid for I can do just as I please with it and intend to sacrifice them rather than hold them over. What cannot be sold at cost will be sold at largely reduced prices as they must be cleared out. The beams of my building are all sprung from pressure of stock and I must get clear of it. My stock consists in part as follows:—

**FLOUR.**

Jersey Lily, Stockwell, and Ogilvie's Hungarian—which makes 20 loaves more than any other brand per bbl.

**MEAL.**

Standard and Rolled Oatmeal, Corn Meal, the Cheapest in town

**Family Groceries,**

a choice stock of every description at very low prices; Molasses as clear as crystal. Teas—strong as the old boy. I have natives of China and Barbadoes as my agents they can select better than I can. Raisins, Currants, Essences, Canned Goods of the best brands and qualities, Syrups—in Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Orange, Pine Apple, Lime Juice, etc.

**MEATS.**

Mess Pork, Plate Beef, Fresh Beef, Pork and Poultry always on hand and sold very cheap.

**Dry Goods.**

Dress Goods, Clothing, Linens, Dressing Sticks, Mitts, Hats, Caps, Cotton and Wool Blankets; 1 inch thick, Flannel and Cotton Shirts etc.

**J. HURLEY'S BOOTS & SHOE S**

No split leather, all solid, never or hardly ever wear out, in all sizes and styles. I have \$1200 worth, in stock and am expecting \$2000 worth more daily.

**Toys and Fancy Goods.**

I have a large variety of Fancy Goods, just what the boys want to give the girls for Christmas, come and see them.

Cast all gloom away and come to my well known store for your

**Christmas Supplies.**

**M. BANNON.**

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

**MILLINERY.**

**FOR**

**CHRISTMAS.**

Send along your orders for what you want in the Millinery line for Christmas. My stock consists of:

**Trimmed and Untrimmed**

**Hats and Bonnets.**

Feathers, Wings, Birds, Fancy Ornaments, Jet Trimmings, Fancy Gilt and Chenille Cords, Silks, Plushes, Velvets, Crapes, Velvet and Silk Ribbons, Veilings, Children's Tam O'Shanter, Ladies and Gents' Neckties, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Brooches and Necklaces, etc. Customers will find it to their advantage to call and inspect my stock at the Corner Store, McKean building.

**Jennie E. Wright.**

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

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**Jennie E. Wright.**

Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1892.

**The Union Advocate**

NEWCASTLE, WIPAMIOHI, N. B.

Christmas, December 25, 1892.

**CHRISTMAS.**

The time-honored festival of

Christmas is approaching, and in a few more days it will be here. To us it is a matter of little moment that The Christ was not born on the 25th December, the day that Pope Julius, in the fourth century selected to commemorate the most important event in human history. For nearly fifteen hundred years the whole Christian world has celebrated it upon that day, and the sacred associations that so many centuries have entwined around it have consecrated and rendered it sacred to every intelligent and civilized man, no matter what may be his faith or religious belief. Many centuries before the founder of Christianity appeared upon this earth and preached his religion of peace, love and charity, and announced the glad tidings of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, the inhabitants of the old heathen world, on the same day, celebrated in their magnificent temples their most brilliant rites to the gods that they adored. Their reason for selecting this season of the year as the one in which to offer praise and thanks to the gods can be easily accounted for as it was the winter solstice or the birth of the sun. It is then, as the earth draws nearer the sun, the days begin to lengthen and nature gives promise of another summer. It was then that the Egyptian youth brought branches of palm to the temple of Horus, who killed the god of darkness and introduced into Egypt civilization and the arts; the Persians sang the birth of Mithras; the dreamy Hindoo uttered his cry to Vishnu; and the Romans celebrated their saturnalia.

At the time that the birth of Christ began to be celebrated, the whole world, with the exception of a few scattered communities of Christian converts, was pagan. All that was great in art and in literature, had been the work of men, who, either knew little or nothing of Christianity, or who hated or despised it. The whole civilized world lay at the mercy of pagan Rome, whose armed legions had conquered and still held it in its iron grasp. How should Christianity, which had originated in a despised and distant province of the Roman Empire, make its way against the thousand and one influences gathered to oppose it? Yet this task it accomplished in a comparatively brief period, for shortly after Constantine, in the fourth century of the Christian era, became Emperor, Christianity was declared the religion of the State.

So closely at this period had Rome's old time-honored pagan festivities been interwoven with the national and social life of the nation, the government as well as the church found that it was impossible to completely abolish them. They, however, eliminated from them all that was inconsistent with the spirit and ethics of Christianity, but retained all that was most picturesque and beautiful and which appealed most powerfully to the noblest and most exalted elements in human nature. The result was this Christian festival which proclaimed peace on earth and good will towards men. This was the divine idea which not only quickened and gave it life but distinguished and exalted it above all the other religious beliefs and faiths that had preceded it in the world. Since then many centuries have elapsed during which the world has witnessed many great and wonderful changes, but throughout them all the new faith of the despised Nazarene, with its great Christmas festival, retained a prominent place in the hearts of the people of every

country and every clime to which its missionaries had gone preaching the doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love.

As civilization has advanced in refinement, the character of the great Christmas festival has materially changed; but the change has been for the better as it has made Christmas a day not only of rejoicing but of charity to all. In the middle ages the Christmas celebration largely partook of the nature of a revel and was a season of great, and sometimes, excessive festivities. But now the Lord of Misrule and the Abbot of Unreason, which, in those rude ages, took such a prominent part in the observance of the day, have been banished and their place taken by other customs, some of which have attained their highest development within a comparatively recent period. The tendency of all these customs is to make Christmas a day not only of rejoicing but of kindness and charity to all. "Peace on earth, good will to men" was the noble sentiment that the Saviour taught and endeavored to instill into the hearts and minds of those who became his followers, and to give this sentiment a practical application is the aim and object of the modern Christian festival.

Upon Christmas day, the scattered members of the family will be gathered together once again to exchange kindly greetings and mutual good wishes, and if the angel of death has invaded the family circle, the vacant chair and the whispered regret of those present will recall the memory of the loved and lost one.

One of the marked features of the modern observance of Christmas is the affectionate recognition which the claims of children receive on that day. To them the coming of Christmas is looked forward to as that delightful period which brings presents from loving relatives and friends in addition to those "pleasures of hope" which are connected with the hanging up of stockings upon Christmas eve, and the finding of them filled with all the delicacies of the season early Christmas morning. By a broadening of this sentiment, the poor, the forsaken, and the wretched, become allied with children in their helplessness, and share with them in the good offices of humanity in this gracious time. Yes, the charity and humanity which is not only taught but practiced at this season, is the noblest and best work of the modern Christmas festival, and no man did more towards bringing it about than the late Charles Dickens, by the publication of his Christmas Carols some fifty years ago.

We conclude with a wish that the coming of Christmas may never fail to arouse the best and the noblest of our sympathies, and hoping that the spirit of "Good will toward men," heralded by angels on the plains of Bethlehem, may at this season reign in every heart.

THE ADVOCATE wishes to one and all of its readers

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

**SELECTIONS.**

(FROM THE HALLWAY CHIMNEY.)

**IN THE ACADIAN LAND.**

(A Christmas Story.)

BY ELIA J. HUNTER.

In the olden days there were no grassy meadows in Acadia. Great forests of hemlock, spruce and pine covered the land. The rugged mountains were not yet shorn of their strength and made to yield up their hidden stores of mineral wealth. The rivers and lakes were teeming with salmon, while gay speckled trout found their homes in the countless brooks, whose babbling was the music of the Acadian wood. By day, the birds' notes joined the forest song; by night, there was only the rustle and murmur of the water over the slippery pebbles, or the boat of the great white owl to break the dusky silence.

The Micmacs roamed through this wide world, happy in the pursuit of deer. Here and there, log huts in a tiny clearing betokened a settlement of venturesome French or English folk.—sometimes the palisade enclosed nothing but a heap of ashes, dyed crimson perhaps with blood, telling but too plainly a tale of Indian cruelty and revenge.—such attacks as these were seldom unprovoked, and, ere we rebuke our aboriginal friends, we should remember our indebtedness to them for the simple hospitality and lofty courtesy with which they treated our first settlers, until, following the example set them, they, too, resorted to deceit and treachery.

It was the night of the 24th of December. The ground was thickly covered with snow. The wind howled through the forest, making the stout branches creak and groan. The ravens and crows were half numbed with the piercing cold. The little white rabbits skipped over the snowy waste as if their one hope of salvation lay in the constant motion. The squirrels cracked the hazel nuts so thriftily laid by in autumn, and viewed the outside world with the smug indifference of a landed proprietor.

At the little English settlement at Rossignol the men heaped the yule-logs on the blazing hearth, and sweet memories of the distant motherland came to the hearts of the chill creatures—who shivered ever in the ruddy glow. The settlers had gathered from the outlying farms to spend the morrow together. For them no cheery church bells would ring the joyful news of Christ's birth; instead, there might be the war-whoop of the Indians—a midnight nightfall and their homes might be desolate.

The firelight falls on the sad face of a woman, as she turns from the hearth to peer out through the gloom of the thick growing trees. A shadow falls on the face of the man at her side as he watches her lovingly.

'It is cold for our boy to-night, Mark,' she whispers.

At their feet, half sat, half reclined, an Indian boy. From his lowly place he scanned the faces of the group, even when with stolid indifference to his surroundings his eyes seemed bent on the fire. At the woman's murmur, he lifted his scarred, emaciated face.

'He will again come,' he said simply. 'Our Spirit will bring him again to her who cares for the sick.'

The woman seemed not to hear him. 'They might beat my boy Mark, my own little baby-boy. The wind will chill him to-night, for the woods are so cold.'

The lad's eyes were still fixed on her. 'Whitehands,' he said softly, 'the Spirit will again bring your papoose.'

This time Martha heard Mark's face was averted, but great tears welled down his bronzed cheeks as he drew the woman closer to his side. Somewhere out in the great forest-world, their babe might be starving. It was thought that the Indians found him in the wood beyond the clearing. When last seen he had been stretching his tiny height to peer into the Red-man's soup pot. This was the hollowed butt of a beech tree. In it, according to Indian custom, the forest soup had often been made. The bones of stock had been thrown in the great hollow, two or three buckets of water added, and the whole brought to a boil by dropping in red hot stones. It was a favorite haunt of the settlers' children, and when, alarmed by an Indian hunting call, they had fled within the palisade, no one had thought of little Mark.

Martha refused to be comforted. The baby-boy was all she had. Her mind, even, seemed slightly affected, for though her hands were ever full of loving work for others, her thoughts were with the little wanderer. The older Mark was heartseer. He seemed to have lost both wife and child.

Not a sound within the fort. A whispered parley among the Indians—surely now the fatal war-cry would rouse the helpless sleepers to captivity, torture or death.

Pine-tree's face kindles with an almost savage joy as he glides to the door and noiselessly lets down the bars. The cold air stirs for a moment the dull fire, and Martha

ominously. The faces of his braves were dark and grim, their gestures stern and forbidding. Still pointing towards the ascending column of smoke, he half indicated half spoke his intentions.

To steal into the fort at midnight, to burn the log houses, to kill or, perhaps, torture the settlers, to carry off the children.

Some of the savages frowned at this. Their anger was aroused at those white men who had so treacherously stolen young Pine-tree, their chief's son. A spy had brought the report that the lad was wasted to a skeleton, and was dying.

The hunter's moon was full on the night they lost him. He was wearied with the chase, for the red deer were plentiful, and, in pursuit, he had strayed far from his fellow-hunters. The young chief had been flushed with success. The rich blood had shone warmly through his dark skin. His hunting cry was the most piercing, his bow the truest. He sped before the others with feverish impatience, and he did not return. It was only through the spy that they knew he still lived.

Of a surety there should be no mercy shown here. Even the little children must die!

Owmatiga listened impatiently to their remonstrances. Throwing back a skin of his wigwam, he pointed inside. On a bear skin, thrown over fresh fir boughs, lay a flaxen-haired boy, clad in Indian fashion. His face was rosy and smiling. His brown pudgy hands were clasped around a tiny bow. The arrows, vermillion-tinted, were at his side. Close at his feet lay the chief's dog, growling impatiently at the intruders.

'No,' said Owmatiga, gravely. 'We may bring him playmates, but we will not kill.' The dark faces softened at the sight of the child. They had found him two months ago, the very day the young chief had been lost, asleep in an old camping ground. His blue eyes had widened with the wonder of childhood, as he awakened, to find their dusky forms around him. While they considered what to do with their prize, he crept to Owmatiga, laid his head confidently against the chief's yellow moccasin, and straightway journeyed to the land of dreams.

The silver moon rose higher, shining in faint glory through the pine needles, and lighting up the tortuous forest paths, as the Micmacs stole silently under the trees. The wind had completely died. Such a still white night. Only a faint crack, perhaps, as the crust yielded to the snow-shoe or the crackle of a sparkling icicle, brushed from some low bush.

A thin column of smoke still rose from within the palisade. Mark and Martha still sat before the burning embers, while the Indian lad roved about like a troubled spirit. Martha's wistful eyes were closed in sleep, and her head had found a tender pillow on Mark's breast, though his deep breathing betrayed that he, too, was lost to consciousness. The embers gleamed fitfully on the rough walls, plastered with mud and moss, on the downcast heads of the sleepers, on the scarred face of the Indian.

Mark, what was that?

Only the owl's hoot, breaking the night watch.

Again, yet again the call! Surely the owls of the whole forest must be gathering about the fort.

The lad threw his head back, sniffing the air curiously. At the second call he drew aside the curtain and peeped furtively out of the opening that served for a window.

There, in the white moonlight, stood a savage, his tomahawk glistening in his hand. Behind each tree, beyond the clearing, lurked a foe. Over the crisp snow they glided stealthily to the chief, who now and then uttered the owl cry in such perfect mockery, that the white rabbit scurried back to his hole to avoid his keen-eyed foe.

Not a sound within the fort. A whispered parley among the Indians—surely now the fatal war-cry would rouse the helpless sleepers to captivity, torture or death.

Pine-tree's face kindles with an almost savage joy as he glides to the door and noiselessly lets down the bars. The cold air stirs for a moment the dull fire, and Martha

murmurs in her dream, 'It is cold for my baby-boy, so cold.'

The great door closes silently. Pine-tree bounds over the crackling snow to the enemy. Oh! the deafening sound that rises—the Indian war-whoop strangely mingled with cries of affectionate welcome. On they dash towards the fort. Fleetest of all is Pine-tree, who tears himself from his father's embrace to lead the way. He has gained the fort door, will they enter and slay? The Indian blood is up, thrilling in every vein with strong animal emotion. Pine-tree turns to the savages who crowd about him. Is he treacherously telling them the weakness of the little creature? Listen, the war-cry is hushed as the lad speaks.

Him they found cold, they clothed. When the hungry came, free was their hand to give. When the scourge of the Red-man would have slain, gentle hands and prayers to the Spirit did cure. Then, with Indian impetuosity, out in the bitter cold, with the star crowned sky bending down in silent benediction, he told the old story of the birthday of the King.

Inside all was confusion. There was no attempt at defence. Escape was equally impossible. But what meant this lull after the opening war-whoop? Where the savages already setting the place on fire? Were the settlers to be roasted alive on their own hearthstones?

Martha still sat by the fire-place. She seemed not to heed the tumult or the frightened faces about her. The door swung slowly open. The woman shrieked as the Indians filled the room. Pine-tree knelt at Martha's feet as the braves stood about, gazing at her with almost reverential awe. Then, at his signal, they quietly withdrew. Owmatiga remained an instant to caress the white hand, and then father and son set out together for their own encampment.

On the way Pine-tree told his story how, after straying in the chase, a dizzy blindness had overtaken him, and he had fallen to the ground. How long he lay there he did not know, but, at last, Mark had found him half insensible, smitten with the small pox, so fatal to his race. He had also much to tell of his patient nurse and her many midnight watches while his delirium raged, nor did he forget the wonderful story of the God-man, who still lived to hear the prayers of his people—the stolid look had vanished from both faces, and when the tale was again repeated around the camp fire the dark countenances were aglow with a tender light. There was much in the Red-man to be lifted to higher issues.

The settlers were speechless with wonder. They were safe in their weak fort, but why they understood not. Would the Indians return again? They dared not separate for the remainder of the night, but mended the fire till it bathed the room in a crimson light.

At last there was a faint, pink line on the horizon—then another, and another, until the winter sun rose in all its Acadian beauty. A great clattering at the door—Mark let down the bars cautiously, and then set up such a shout that the drowsing people sprang to



rabbits, I fear, were hit by the unerring arrows of these forest rovers, and a hearty meal made ready. Later the calumet, or peace-pipe, in all the glory of its eagle quills, was brought out with due solemnity, and the fragrant smoke of red willow arose as the pipe circulated about the camp-fire.

#### "INASMUCH"—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WALLACE BRUCE.

You say you want a merriment for the boys in the gulch up there, and a Sunday-school with picture-books? Well, put me down for a share. I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear 'em read as to wander round 't ranch at noon and see the cattle feed. As I believe in preaching too—by men for preachers' born, who let alone the husks of creed and measure out the corn. The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are Gospel-fed. And they say 'twas to a manger that the Star of Glory led. So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and the stable; I always give the best I've got whenever my purse calls. No matter about the 'titbits—from a farmer, you understand, who's generally had to play it alone from rather an empty hand. I've never struck it rich; for farming, you see, is slow. And whenever the crops are fairly good the prices are always low. A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same; The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the game. It's a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote. I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in from the rain: 'Twas down in 'Prisco, years ago—had been there leading grain. It was just across the ferry, on the Sacramento pike, Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties scatter'd like—Not the likeliest place to be in. I remember the saloon, With grocery, market, baker-shop, and bar-room all in one. And this made up the picture—my hair was not then gray. But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yesterday. A little girl with laggard face stood at the counter there—Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with grief and care. And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic cold. Just the kind you find in children who are prematurely old. She said: 'Two bits for bread and tea, ma, has'n't much to eat; She hopes 'twas week to work again, and buy us all some meat. We've been half-starved all winter, but spring will soon be here; An' she tells us, keep up courage, for God 'll always save 'em. Just then a downy man came in; the boy was called away To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as Forty-niners say. I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless crowd. But the poor little girl sat waiting, lost at last to reverie deep. On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep. Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one at the bar said, 'Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over there?' The boy then told her story; and that crew, so fierce and wild, Gave listen, and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child. The glasses all were lowered. Said the leader: 'Boys, see here; All day we've been pouring whiskey, drinking deep our Christmas cheer. Here's two dollars. I've got feelings, which are not entirely dead. For this little girl and mother suffering for the want of bread. 'Here's a dollar.' 'Here's another,' said they all chipped in their share. And they plucked the ringing metal down upon the counter there. Then the spokesman took a double-angle from his belt, Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the sleeper knelt; Took the 'two bits' from her fingers, changed her silver piece for gold. 'See there, boys, the girl is dreaming. I'll bet she'd like the tea-drops, would. One of 'em the sweetest miners passed in silence to the street. Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet. With a dazed and strange expression, saying, 'Oh, I thought 'twas true! Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-stone roses grew. We had everything we wanted, food enough, and clothes to wear. And my hand-burn where an angel touched it soft with fingers fair. As she looked and saw the money in her fingers glistening bright—' 'Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't believe me quite. How you've sent way up to heaven, where the golden treasures are, and have also got an angel clerking at your grocery bar.'

That's a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought you'd like to hear. True to fact run human nature, picturing out one's duty clear. Hence to matters of subscription you will see that I'm alive—Just mark off that dollar, stranger, I think I'll make it five.

#### A WOMAN'S TRIAL ON A BOSTON STREET CAR.

She was evidently a stranger in Boston and unacquainted with our street car regulations. She was also, as evidently, a person used to having her own way. She wished to leave the car. She signalled the conductor. He rang the bell. She hastily stepped to the rear of the car, and turned toward the side of the platform which was closed at the gate. She took hold of the gate and pulled it, as if expecting it to open with perfect ease.

"Madam," said the conductor, civilly, "you will have to step off on this side."

"But I want to get off on this side," she replied giving the gate a vigorous yank, and seeming amazed at her unsuccessful attempt to open it.

"Step right off here, madam," persisted the conductor, opening a space between the men standing on the platform.

"But I tell you I do not want to; I want to get off on this side," said the woman, beginning to hoist a red flag of anger in her face, and still tugging at the gate.

"Gentlemen," said the conductor, and his voice was soft and low, "step back and let the lady climb the fence."

The woman turned like a flash and almost jumped from the car, followed by the laughter of the men on the platform.

#### WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE.

The obtrusive female, with a feather boa about her neck, gave every article on the bargain counter a rigid scrutiny.

She evinced no disposition to purchase anything until her eye fell on a ready-made gown with fur trimmings.

"I rather like that," she reluctantly acknowledged. "Very well indeed," urged the salesman with flabby cheeks. "Would become you very well, madam. Imported fur, tailor-made, and—"

An exclamation of impatience from the obtrusive female cut him short.

"Can't take it," she snapped. "Excuse me, madam, but may I ask why?"

"Too mannish. And she threw the garment petulantly from her. 'If there's anything I hate it's a woman who wears masculine attire.'"

"But—in—what—the salesman was speaking slowly in the hope of getting his second wind, 'respect—is—it—mannish.'"

"It has two pockets." Thereat she retired in good order and with conspicuous dignity.—Detroit Tribune.

#### CHRISTMAS AT GAD'S HILL.

Our Christmas day dinners at 'Gad's Hill' were particularly bright and cheery, some of our nearest neighbors joining our home party, writes Mamie Dickens in the second article of her delightful reminiscences of her father in the Christmas number of *The Ladies Home Journal*. Dinner on all occasions, plain day or holiday was served by my father's special desire, a la Russe. But on Christmas day this rule was infringed sufficiently to permit the appearance at the table of our holiday pudding. The Christmas plum pudding had its own special dish of colored "reposee" china, ornamented with holly. The pudding was placed on this with a sprig of real holly in the centre, lighted, and in this state placed in front of my father, its arrival being always the signal for applause. A prettily decorated table was his special pleasure, and from my earliest girlhood the care of this devolved upon me.

He was a wonderfully neat and rapid carver, and I am happy to say, taught me some of his skill in this. I used to help him in our parties at 'Gad's Hill' by carving at a side table, returning to my seat opposite him as soon as my duty was ended. In a large party he sat at the centre of one of the sides of the table, I directly opposite, facing him. On Christmas

day we all had our glasses filled, and then my father, raising his, would say: "Here's to us all, God bless us!" a toast which was rapidly and willingly drunk. His conversation, as may be imagined was often extremely humorous, and I have seen the servants, who were waiting at table, convulsed often with laughter at his droll remarks and stories. Now, as I recall these gatherings, my sight grows blurred with the tears that rise to my eyes. But I love to remember them, and to see, it only in memory, my father at his own table, surrounded by his family and friends—a beautiful Christmas spirit.

"It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its 'Mighty Founder' was a child himself, which his own advice, and advice which he followed both in letter and spirit.

#### A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

WHAT HAPPENED FROM NOT HAVING A CARVING KNIFE.

Dick and Maggie had been married only three months. As is often the case, some of their wedding presents were duplicates, while some other things, just as necessary, were forgotten altogether. The worst of it was, that, as they lived in the village, and the presents were all from dear friends or relatives, they could not exchange them, as we are told they sometimes do in the cities. However, Maggie being a sensible little woman, with a knack of making things do, they had got along very well.

It was the first of December, and Maggie, as she arranged the tea table, was reviewing mentally her list of presents for Christmas. It had been such a busy year—first, the endless preparations for the wedding, and since then the setting to rights and making pretty of her little home—that she had not found the time for much 'fancy-work,' so she would have to buy the most of them.

She knew just what mother and the girls would like—Father too—in fact her list was all complete and satisfactory, with the exception of something for Dick.—Last but not least, oh, no! she thought to herself with a happy smile. If he were only smoked. To be sure he was glad he did not; she thought it an untidy, expensive habit, but there was always so many pretty things one could give a smoker.

Here the click of the gate latch interrupted her thoughts, as she flew to open the door.

During the progress of the evening meal, Maggie was so unusually quiet, that Dick finally noticed it, and asked:

"What's up, little woman? Anything gone wrong to-day?"

"No. Why?"

"You seem so quiet."

"Oh, I've been thinking."

"That's nothing new. What about?"

"About Christmas. I can't think of anything to give you; you have everything."

"That's so. Don't give me anything. You have given me yourself; that will do for one while."

"What rubbish!" she said, with a pleased blush. "Any way, I want to give you something; I wouldn't seem like Christmas if I didn't."

"Well, get something we will both enjoy—something we need about the house. That will do first-rate."

The next day as soon as Maggie had finished washing the dinner dishes, and had tidied the kitchen, she donned her stylish walking suit, and set out for one of the two hardware stores of the village. Not finding anything that suited her rather fastidious taste, she left an order with the proprietor, to be sent to the city and filled. Then, visiting some other stores to complete her list of presents, she turned her face homeward, with a feeling of satisfaction that the problem was solved.

The following week, Maggie invited her mother, Mr. Ripple, and the girls, Annie and Katie, to spend a long day with her. Pa Ripple was to come home with Dick at noon. It was an occasion when Dick and Maggie felt very anxious that their little establishment should have its 'best foot foremost,' for, although the family had 'dropped in' singly, time and again, at meal-time, this was their first attempt to have them all at a formal dinner.

The table looked very pretty in all the bravery of bridal linen, china and silver. As Maggie proudly surveyed it, she heard her father and Dick come in. The latter came hurrying out, his arms full of bundles. "See here, Pa," he began, in a pleased tone, "I saw them unpacking these grapes and oranges as we came along, and I thought they would give just the right look to the table. And look at this, opening a long package. 'I remembered how I have had to carve with the butcher knife all along, and thought it would never do with all our finery to-day; and I saw this nice carving set at Hardy's and I couldn't resist. Perhaps it was extravagant,' he continued, answering an inexpressible look on her face, 'but we call it part of our Christmas in advance. Is it all right?' 'Yes, of course, you dear fellow,' she answered, swallowing a great many unspoken thoughts. It is just what I was wishing for. Now go in, and make yourself charming, while I take up dinner."

"You are sure you are pleased? I thought it would just suit."

"Yes, yes," she said hurriedly, "go or things will scorch?"

When all were seated around the glittering table, and Dick with a flourish, took up the new carving knife and fork, Annie and Katie exchanged glances, and then looked at Mr. Ripple.

"Something new?" asked the latter.

"Yes," said Dick, "I got them today; I was tired of carving with the butcher-knife."

Katie looked at Annie again and both giggled.

"What's the joke?" said Dick.

"Nothing," said Katie. Pa and Ma Ripple were both smiling now and Dick looked stupidly from one to the other.

"I declare, I don't see anything funny," he said at last.

"Tell him! Tell him!" cried the two girls, now laughing outright.

"Yes, do," said Dick.

"There, there, girls, don't be silly! They are laughing, Dick, because when we went to the city shopping, two weeks ago, we all settled on a handsome carving set as a Christmas present for you and Maggie; for we remembered you had none, and thought it would please you both."

"Did you?" cried Maggie, "and only last week, I left an order for one at Steele's for Dick's Christmas gift, because he told me to get something we both wanted, and I thought we needed that most of all."

"There! I knew you were not pleased, somehow, when I came with this! No wonder!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" "He! he! he!" "Ho! ho! ho!"

Long and loud, they all laughed some one of them beginning again, and so starting the others, every time there was a pause. It was a merry meal.

As they arose from the table there were sounds of an arrival in front of the house—wheels, then the gate latch clicking and voices. Going out, they found Dick's father and mother, just in from their home in the country. As soon as the confusion had subsided, they were told the 'carving set' joke. They were not so much amused as had been expected, but looked at each other, and said:

"Well, did you ever?"

"Now what's the matter?" exclaimed Dick.

"Why, Pa and I," said his mother, "had sent for one, too. We noticed when we were here last that you didn't have one."

Here the old lady's voice was drowned in shouts of laughter. How they laughed and laughed! "I hope and trust," said Dick finally, wiping his eyes, "that nobody else has noticed that we haven't a carving set?"

#### RANDOM READINGS.

HER COMPLIMENT.

"Miss Sharp paid you a compliment the other day, Cholly."

"Aw, indeed! Let me hear it, me boy."

"We were speaking about you, and, in answer to a remark she made, I said you were not so big a fool as you looked, and she said she hoped not."

"Haw, haw, she said that, did she? She's a very agreeable girl, is Miss Sharp?"—N. Y. Press.

ENFORCED ABSTINENCE.

Lady (to house girl)—You should take a lesson from the

cook. You are slovenly, whereas she washes her face three or four times a day.

House Girl—No wonder. The fellow who comes here to court her is a chimney sweep.—Texas Siftings.

#### SHORTENING THE TIME.

Friend—"Doesn't the ride back and forth to the country every day seem very long?"

Mr. Suburb—"Long? It's too short. When I take the train in the morning, I know I've got to pitch in and work like a horse the moment the train reaches the city. That makes the ride seem too short, doesn't it?"

"I presume it does. But how about the ride back?"

"Well, I always remember after I start that I've forgotten something my wife wanted particularly, so that ride is always over too quick."—N. Y. Weekly.

#### TROUBLE BEGINNING EARLY.

Happy Bride—"Why, mamma, what are you crying for? Everything is so lovely and everybody's been so good to me! Come and look at my presents, dear."

"It's the presents I'm thinking

of! Every family with a regiment of unmarried girls has sent you the most horribly expensive things, and now they'll all be getting married, and you and Charles will have to scrape and starve to give each of them something handsome still! Oh, Angelina, why didn't you elope?"—Boston Globe.

#### HOW COULD HE FORGET?

The little girl ran flying down the front steps and called out with an agonizing cry:

"Papa! Papa!"

Papa had started down town. He stopped and waited.

"What is it, Bessie?"

"I want to kiss you good by."

"Well, dear, why don't you kiss me?"

"I will," said the little girl, with trembling lip and quivering chin, "as soon as I can make the pucker!"—Chicago Tribune.

#### GROUND FOR DOUBT.

Timorous Stranger—Is this really Chicago?

Resident—Yes sir.

Visitor—I won't believe it—I've been here now going on three hours, and the fifteen dollars I left home with is in my pocket still.—Chicago News.

The Union Advocate

—Is Only—

\$1 PER YEAR

When paid in Advance.

See Our Liberal Clubbing Offers in regular issue

W. C. ANSLOW.

## UNPARALLELED SALE OF Staple Dry Goods.

Holiday Gifts and Christmas Novelties.

1892. WINTER 1893.

Judgment, Comparison and Thought decide in our favor.

J. D. CREAGHAN, NEWCASTLE and CHATHAM.

Respectfully announces the arrival per S. Ship "Madura," direct from London, England, of immense duplicate Consignments of

HOLIDAY GOODS, GENERAL DRY GOODS and SPECIAL NOVELTIES for the WINTER SEASON, which with our present large Domestic and Staple stock form the largest volume of Merchandise ever shown in this section of the Province.

#### Fancy Department.

A COLLECTION OF CRASHING PRICES.

350 Doves Handkerchiefs, viz—Fancy Cambric Handkerchiefs, hem-stitched, 30 cts. per dozen. Colored Bordered Hemmed Handkerchiefs, 2c. to 5c. each. Ladies' Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 15c. to 25c. each. Linen Initial Handkerchiefs; Lawn Handkerchiefs. An immense show of Silk Handkerchiefs with monogram, 25c. to 75c.

#### HOUSEHOLD GOODS!

Competition Paralyzed at our LOW PRICES.

Full width Grey Cotton, 21c. 20 in. Grey Cotton 41 and 5c. Fine 36 in. Upland Cotton, 8c. Double width American Cotton, 10c. Heavy Grey Cottons, 8 to 10c. Heavy Shaker Flannels, 8 to 10c. Very Heavy Grey or Bleached Flannels, 12 to 15c. Window Curtains and Lace, Scarlet, Grey and White All Wool Flannels, 15 to 25c. Saxony and Fancy Flannels, 25 to 45c. P. E. L. Hosiery, Rock Maple Hose, Apron, Table Linen, Towels & Towelling, Slinging and Pillow Cases, Stocking Web, and Stockings and the public wonder how or why such articles for traders, peddlers and store-keepers, quick-selling and profitable.

#### DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Sleeping dolls, weeping dolls, laughing dolls, 5c. to 75c.

#### China Cups and Saucers 15c. set.

A confusing assortment of Toys, Necessaries, Notions, Balls, Bric-a-Brac, Trifles, Mirrors, Jewellery, Cutlery, Hosiery, Perfumery. Special fancy articles for traders, peddlers and store-keepers, quick-selling and profitable.

#### DRESS GOODS Department.

SOLID FACTS! JUST THINK! 300,000 worth of choice merchandise shown on our counters for positive and peremptory sale.

#### NO RESERVE.

Regardless of consequences, all must go. Fine Melton Cloth Dress goods, 10c. to 12c. Good Cheviot Cloth, navy blue and black, 10c. to 15c. Navy blue, garnet and black Ottoman Cloth, 15c. to 20c. 42 in. Dress Goods, double width, 20c. to 25c. 42 in. all-wool Serges and Estamines, 35c. to 50c. Every count and style in dress goods, with buttons and trimmings to match and in the

#### NEW SHADES.

Black Dress Goods, Stables dye, navy blue and black serges, Merinos, Cashmeres, Crapes and goods for

#### FAMILY MOURNING.

A very choice stock and SPECIAL in themselves.

#### VERY TEMPTING

in themselves.

#### J. D. CREAGHAN,

NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM.

#### VALUE ALWAYS KEPT OF

Black and Colored Gro-grain Silks, Satins, Velvets, Fishes; Japanese and Fancy Silks; Ribbons, Flowers and Ornaments.

#### Household GOODS!

Competition Paralyzed at our LOW PRICES.

Full width Grey Cotton, 21c. 20 in. Grey Cotton 41 and 5c. Fine 36 in. Upland Cotton, 8c. Double width American Cotton, 10c. Heavy Grey Cottons, 8 to 10c. Heavy Shaker Flannels, 8 to 10c. Very Heavy Grey or Bleached Flannels, 12 to 15c. Window Curtains and Lace, Scarlet, Grey and White All Wool Flannels, 15 to 25c. Saxony and Fancy Flannels, 25 to 45c. P. E. L. Hosiery, Rock Maple Hose, Apron, Table Linen, Towels & Towelling, Slinging and Pillow Cases, Stocking Web, and Stockings and the public wonder how or why such articles for traders, peddlers and store-keepers, quick-selling and profitable.

#### HOUSEHOLD DRAPERY.

Window Hangings, Wall Paper, Cretonne and Fringes to match. Heavy Grey Blankets, \$1.50 to \$2.25 per pair. Heavy Grey all wool Blankets, \$2.50 to \$3.50. White All Wool Blankets, \$2.75 to \$4.50. Heavy Large Saxony Wool Blankets, \$5.00 to \$10.00.

#### Counterpanes,

Quilts and Colored Bedspreads, Table Cloths and Covers, Anti Macassars, Doilies, Antique Coverings, and Domestic Napery.

#### CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Crowds of customers must be attracted by these RICH and BEAUTIFULLY FITTING Garments. Ladies' Fur Skirts, Coats, Dolmans, Circulars, Fur Collars and Collars, Fur Capes, Muffs, and Caps, Berlin Wool Shawls, Clouds Hood, and Underwear. Perfect FIGURE

#### YATISI CORSET.

FITTING Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, and Mitts.

#### PERRIN'S

Suede and L'ced

#### KID GLOVES

made specially to our order at Grenoble, France. Every pair guaranteed and money returned if found with any flaw whatever in the wear.

#### READY MADE DEPARTMENT.

Men's, Misses', Youths', Boys' and Children's READY MADE Clothing—Furnishings and Trimmings.

#### THICK WARM WELL FITTING & DURABLE.

Children or Boys suits, \$2.50 to \$4.50. Youths' Suits, \$3.75 to \$7.50. Men's Suits, \$5.00 to \$14.50. a perfect fit guaranteed and PRICES PROPORTIONATELY LOW.

#### Mens Underclothing.

Undershirts, Drawers, and Shirts, Top Shirts, Cardigans Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs, Socks, Braces, Hats, Caps, Fur Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers, Sleigh Robes, Carriage Wraps, Horse Blankets, and Rubber Clothing.

#### To Our Wholesale Customers and General Traders,

We tender most sincere thanks for patronage during the past eighteen years and would respectfully direct their attention to the foregoing partly described stock. The prices given are our close reduced retail prices from which a still greater reduction will be given to Storekeepers and Traders, as well as our usual favorable terms. Don't send away for goods. We can compete with St. John or Montreal Houses, besides giving you goods in quantity and quality suitable to your trade. Wishing all our patrons the Compliments of the Season, and remain Yours very truly,

J. D. CREAGHAN,

NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM.



## THE PLACE. TO PURCHASE X'MAS GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Fancy China and Crystal Ware, Children's Toys, etc., Is at the store of **J. W. Davidson.**

My Stock consists of Dried Fruits in Raisins, Currants, Figs, Prunes, Dates, Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel, Green Fruits, in Canadian Apples, Oranges and Lemons, Hopkins' Mince Meat in cans, Spices and Nuts.

Special attention is called to my stock of

## CONFECTIONERY.

of all grades and prices, fresh and pure.

Choice brands of Cigars.  
Lard in Pails or Tins.

Fancy China and Crystal WARE  
in China Vases and Ornaments, Toilet Sets very handsome, Berry Sets, Dishes, Cake Plates, Individual Cups and Saucers in great variety, Dessert Plates,

CHINA TEA SETS.  
Fancy Glass Water and Table Sets, Syrup Jugs, Butter Dishes, Pickle Stands, a few nice sets Children's Knife, Fork, and Spoon in cases, Chamber Sets, etc.

## HANDSOME HANGING AND TABLE LAMPS. MY STOCK

is large and varied and an inspection is required to enable purchasers to select just what they want.

Come along and see for Yourself.  
**J. W. DAVIDSON.**

Newcastle, Dec. 5th, 1892.

## EXTENSIVE STOCK.

The subscriber calls attention to his varied stock of goods which he offers at a small advance on cost.

His stock comprises:—

## DRY GOODS.

In Dress Goods, white and grey Cotton, white and grey Flannels, Linters and Drawers, black and grey Legging, Yarns, in grey and black, Moncton Mills Tweeds, Cotton and Flannel Shirts, Flannellettes, Mufflers, Men's Suits, Overcoats, Pants and Jumpers and a variety of small wares.

## Boots and Shoes.

I have a well assorted stock of well made Boots and Shoes, in various lines, suited for men, women, youths and infants.

## Rubbers and Overshoes.

Wool lined and Manitoba Overshoes, lined and plain Rubbers.

## HARDWARE.

In the following lines:—

Sewing Machine Needles various kinds, Axes, Chains, Buck, Cross cut, and Handsaws, Cutlery, and Lanterns, Otter, Sable, and Fox, Traps, Rope, Surcingle, Thomson's, Augurs, Zinc Pails, Coal Hods, Washboards, Shovels, Manure Forks, Sleigh Bells, different styles, Whips, Brooms and Brushes, and a large variety of Shelf Hardware.

## GROCERIES.

Consisting of Choice Tea, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Pickles and Sauces, Crackers, Beans, Barley, Rice, Rolled Oatmeal, Buckwheat flour, Choice Butter, Canned Goods, Dried Apples, etc.

Kerosene Oil, Lamps and Chimneys, Wicks, and a lot of small wares too numerous to mention.

**W. MASSON.**

Newcastle, Dec 5th, 1892

## SELECTIONS.

### SHE JUST DOTES ON SNAKES

A PROFESSIONAL SNAKE CHARMER'S RECORD.

WHAT MAKES THE SNAKES LOVE MRS. STOCKTON SO,

BECAUSE SHE LOVES THE SNAKES, YOU KNOW.

Mrs. Cessie Stockton, a dress-maker, residing at 15 South Seventh street, St. Louis, who was recently discharged from the city hospital, is a woman who has lived a strange life. She has been and still claims to be the most successful snake charmer in the world. A newspaper reporter had an entertaining talk with her about her past life. 'Where did I learn and how did I learn the snake-charming business?' said she. 'I don't know. I was born on the banks of the Mississippi, near Cairo, Ill. When I was a little child I used to wander out into the big swamp back of our home and play with the snakes all day. I soon had the whole forest of snakes my friends, and I used to sit for hours playing with them and putting them to sleep by rubbing them on the head as a mother would her child. I soon began to grow fond of them and they of me, and I would get up early in the morning and make my way to a favorite spot and remain there until late in the evening. My mother was anxious to know what I did out so long alone, but I would never tell her. One morning she followed me without my knowing it. Just as I had found one of my dearest pets—a large cottonmouth moccasin—and had it coiled up in my lap and was stroking it on the head my mother gave a scream which almost frightened the life out of me. The snake was badly scared also, for he tucked his head under my apron and tried to hide.

MY MOTHER CAME RUNNING toward me and I jumped up, letting the snake fall out of my lap. Then I never saw such anger. The moccasin coiled itself up ready to strike, and I had to wear mother that if she came nearer she would be bitten. She compelled me to return home with her and after that I was denied the privilege of going to the woods alone. It was a month after that before I had an opportunity of seeing my pets. The home people had gone off visiting and left me alone at the house. I stole away into the forests and spent a real pleasant day with my old companions. That was the last I saw of them, for soon after that we moved into the city of Cairo. I went across the river into Kentucky a few weeks after we moved to Cairo and found a rattlesnake, a moccasin and a kingsnake. These I brought home with me and kept them in the house for some time without the family finding out anything about them. The king snake is a deadly enemy of the rattler, and one day when I carelessly turned them out in the room together they got to fighting and killed each other. The story got out over town and I became known as the snake girl, a name which still follows me wherever I go. About a year after that a travelling medicine company came along and employed me to go with them. The salary was \$25 a week. The company would give open air concerts in the evenings, and I was used as an advertisement to draw crowds. I had a whole menagerie of snakes of all kinds. I would curl them around my neck and play with them, greatly to the consternation of the crowd. I travelled

WITH THE COMPANY over two years, and in that time handled over two hundred different snakes. Sometimes my snakes would die, and then I would go out into the woods or in the mountains and replenish the stock. 'Did you ever find a snake that you couldn't capture?' 'No, I never did.' 'How do you go about it?' 'Oh, I don't know. It seems that when I go near where they are they come out and hunt me. I walk up to a snake slowly, gazing all the while intently in its eyes, and then when I get near enough I carefully and slowly reach out my hand and stroke it a time or so and then pick it up. Once I got my hand on the snake I can do anything with it. During my engagements with the medicine company I gained a good deal of

notoriety and was made an offer by Cole's circus, which I accepted. I travelled with the circus a number of years. The longer I had anything to do with snakes the more I began to love them. They are such innocent and docile creatures that I cannot see how any one can fail to love them. They are much more companionable as pets than dogs or cats and are not near so noisy.'

'What snakes do you love the best?'

'By all means the rattler. They have the prettiest skin, and when tamed are much gentler than any other species. They have their idiosyncracies at times, just like humans have. They are sensitive and are always ready to resent an insult. Rattles are always very delicate, and you have to watch them carefully or they will die.'

'Were you ever bitten?'

'Yes, once. It was my fault though, I was feeding a big rattler one day. He had been ill for some time and

I WAS CARELESS.

A snake wants to kill everything it eats, and sometimes it is difficult to make them eat other food. A favorite dish of theirs is catfish. If you let them kill it they will 'nibble' from it as a rat would a cake of cheese. Otherwise the fish must be cut up in small bits and then put into their mouths and shoved down their throats with a small instrument about the size of a crochet needle. I was feeding this one that day and I hurt its mouth. He sprang at me and his fangs caught my finger. I sucked the poison out and never experienced the slightest pain or inconvenience from it. After that he seemed full of contrition and would nestle in my lap, crawl all around my neck and lick my face as a dog would her master's hand. He became the most affectionate snake I ever owned. I once possessed a female rattler that was the most lovable thing you could imagine. She would wake me up in the mornings by crawling over my face. If at the first time she crawled over me she was unsuccessful she would try it over again, and so on until my eyes would open again. Sometimes I used to tease her by keeping my eyes shut a long time after I had been awakened. She would get so angry and fretted that she would rattle away as though an enemy was approaching. She never seemed satisfied unless she was near me. She gave birth to twenty-seven snakes. They were the cutest and most cunning things you ever saw. They would dance and run over the room after each other as playful as kittens. I remember one day I

HAD SOME WINE

in a glass uncovered on a table. I was absent from the room an hour and when I returned every one of the little rascals was dead drunk. They were lying about over the room as limber as a dishrag. It took them several hours to sleep of their spree. When they finally woke up they went back to the table, crawled up on top of it, and finding no glass there they looked as despondent and disappointed as any man could. All of these grew to be two years of age before there was a death among them. Then there was an epidemic of some sort, something like the grip, and over half of them died. I can remember when they were about two years old they used to quarrel and fight to sleep in my bosom at night. Of course I could not accommodate more than one or two, so the others would have to coil up about my feet and hands and lie there all night. I was stopping at a hotel in New York several years ago. One morning I awoke late and hurriedly dressed for breakfast. I pulled two or three of the little pets out of my bosom, and thought that was all. When I got to the breakfast table there were a half dozen ladies and gentlemen seated. Just as I began to eat, one of the snakes crawled out from my dress and started over towards the plates of the guests seated on the other side of the table. You never saw such a stampede. The consequences were that I had to leave the hotel. 'Oh, yes,' she concluded, 'some day I will go back into the business again. I miss my pets so much, and will never be happy again until I am once more surrounded by the sweetest of all pets—snakes.'—*Albany Telegraph.*

HOUSEHOLD JOKES.

From time to time record is made of disastrous consequences following jokes played by husbands upon wives. Statistics show that

80 per cent. of such jokes are productive of trouble in the family, and this fact leads male theorists to conclude that 80 per cent. of women in the world have no sense of humor. There are some women, however, in whom the instinct for practical joking outlives the period of girlhood. Such women play the standard joke upon their husbands, such as using his razor to cut maple sugar and lead pencils, or sewing up the legs of his trousers, or trading off his last summer's clothes for statuettes of Grandma Garfield and William Shakespeare. But for originality and general excellence the mutual joke of Captain Abner Allen and his wife is worthy of remembrance. Captain Allen lived some years ago in one of the south shore towns of Cape Cod, and was a mighty fisherman for bluefish. He used all kinds of trolling spoons, but as the catch has grown smaller, in recent years, even his skill could not command his old time success. But one day he conceived the idea of trolling with his wife's set of false teeth for a spoon, and he caught a boatful of fish. After that Mrs. Allen never could be sure of her teeth. Whenever the cap'n was anxious to have special good day's sport he would carry them off, leaving his wife to eat such soft food as she could prepare for herself, and coming home with a broad grin over the serial joke which he was getting on his wife. That patient woman at last rebelled, silently, as is the way of women on Cape Cod, and one day, when her husband had gone fishing with his remarkable spoon, she went to Boston and bought a new set of teeth, and had the bill sent to her husband. That facetious seafarer swore loud and long when the bill was presented to him and vowed he would not pay it. He pointed out indignantly that he did not injure the old teeth by trolling with them, and said his wife was the most unreasonable woman he ever saw; but she said she wanted her teeth left where she could bite with them, and calmly smiled at her husband with the new set; and so Captain Allen paid for them, and the story is told along Vineyard Sound unto this day. The moral drawn by dwellers upon the Cape is that it is hard to get a joke on a woman so that it will stay there; and of the profound wisdom of this conclusion there can be no doubt.

A SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS.

'Tell me what is your name?'

But the boy replied:

'What did you call me?'

Armstrong gathered himself

from his dreamy state. 'I called

you—what? Why, 'kid,' wasn't it?'

'After that. The next you

said?'

'I don't remember—nothing, I

guess. Only I said, 'Merry

Christmas.'

'That's it. It ain't my name,

you know. It sounds queer. What

is it?'

Then it was that Armstrong perceived

a duty, not of a military

nature, devolving upon him. But

he was not the man to shrink from

any duty. We all knew that and

we all knew our unworthiness to

hear what he would say. Perhaps

Hakkerson felt this the most keenly

of any, for he started first, and

with commendable thoughtfulness,

pulled Gutter, who was staring

round-eyed and omitted to swear

at all. Armstrong, left alone with

the boy, put his arm about him and

looked into his eyes.

'My boy,' said he, 'don't you

know what 'Merry Christmas'

means?'

The boy shook his head.

'Did you never hear of Christ?'

The boy nodded. 'I hear dad

say it when he's mad.'

Armstrong got up quickly and

walked a few paces back and forth.

'I'm not the worst of men, but I'm

a bad sample. I never knew much

of this, and what I did know I've

tried to forget. And now that this

should come to me to be done—

her child—but I'll do what I can

and God help me.' He had raised

his hand as though taking an oath.

Then he sat down again, and we

saw that he took off his hat—red

old hat. And he spoke, but in a

voice so low, so tender, that none

but the boy could hear. And the

light softened all our hearts—for

it was Christmas Day, and Christ-

mas recollections were crowding

upon each of us—and we ceased to

dwell grumblingly upon all the

comforts we had left behind the

post. From time to time glances

were shot at the place where a

common soldier, as rough as any,

sat, telling in a feeble way a love story as old as Christianity to a little child. It was upon this scene that the sinking sun cast its level rays.—*Pulsano in the Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine.*

### LIGHTING THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

A Christmas tree is only a shadow of itself if it be not lighted, so it is best to have it after dark, writes Elisabeth Robinson Scovill in the Christmas number of *The Ladies Home Journal*. If proper precautions are taken, there is little danger of fire. In the future, when electricity becomes a little cheaper, incandescent lights will make the tree a blaze of glory, and there will be no fear of a catastrophe. While we have to depend upon tapers, care must be exercised in placing them, and one person should be deputed to watch that nothing inflammable swings within reach of the light. There should be a wet sponge at hand, tied to a long stick, a pail of water and an old blanket or rug, to smother the flames should anything catch and the fire spread. The damp sponge will extinguish sparks without trouble. If there is a carpet it is best to have a large, old rag spread under the tree for fear of accident. The tree should be dressed with plenty of tinsel and many glittering ornaments. Gilded ornaments and silvered chestnuts are effective; they can be done with gold and silver paint. The floor under the tree can be covered with white cotton flannel pushed into folds to represent snow. The more substantial presents should be grouped around the base, and nothing heavy enough to weigh down the branches be put on them, as it spoils the symmetry of the tree. If it is desired that lights must be excluded, the tree should be trimmed with festoons of popcorn and red berries, if they can be obtained. Clusters of mountain-ash berries, strings of the red seed-vessels of the sweetbrier, or even of cranberries, are effective. The red and white should be used separately, not strung on the same thread. Tufts of cotton sprinkled with crystal powder represent snow on the branches. There should be a good deal of white to atone for the absence of the sparkling lights.

### A GIFTS OF SENTIMENT.

An old lady past eighty received

on one of the last birthdays

spent on earth a basket of rare

roses from a young man whom

she had known from his cradle.

She lived in her daughter's family,

where the anniversaries of her

birth were made much of. Many

friends remembered her, but no

gift brought the joy to her heart

that came with the exquisite

flowers. 'Why,' said she, 'they

are just such roses as he might

send to a young girl. I have so

often been reminded of my ap-

proaching end by books on heaven

and poems to the New Jerusalem,

that it is refreshing to be treated

as if I were young in feeling if

not in years.' This is a suggestive

incident. Our aged friends love

to forget the burden of years.

Doubtless this dear old lady saw

in the roses her own beautiful

youth, when her cheeks were as

pink as they and life all rose

colored. Let us, then, when we

make a present to one who is old

not forget the spectacle case and

slippers and warm shoulder shawl,

and whatever else may minister

comfort and convenience, but let

us sometimes give the alabaster

box—the gift of sentiment.—*Congregationalist.*

One Sunday two elderly Scotch

ladies, who attended Divine or-

dinance in the Auld Kirk, had not

gone very far on their way to wor-

ship when they found they had

forgotten their collection for the

'plate.' They decided not to re-

turn for the money, but to ask a

loan of it from a friend of theirs

they would pass on the way. This

old woman accordingly laid down

on the table a number of coins of

different value—pennies, half-

pennies, threepenny and sixpenny

bits. The two ladies immediately

selected a halfpenny each, and

went away. Later in the day they

again appeared and said they had

come to repay the loan. 'Toots,'

said old Jenny, 'you needna line

been in a hurry wi' the bits of

coppers; I could ha' got them at

any time.' 'Oh, but, said the

thriftier pair, 'it was nae trouble at

all, for there was naebody stan'in

at the plate, and so we just saved

the money.

## HURRAH FOR X'MAS!!

Now is the time to choose for yourself.

## VALUABLE X'MAS PRESENTS

of all kinds imported from Germany can be had at

**Street's Drug Store, NEWCASTLE,**

—AT THE—

**LOWEST RATES.**

Ladies Work Boxes, Work Baskets, Jewel Boxes, Glove and Handkerchief boxes, Ladies Companions, Dressing Cases, Manicure Sets, Cuff and Collar Boxes, Brush and Comb Sets, Writing Desks, Photograph Albums, Boxes and Frames, Whisk Holders etc., all in Plush, Leather, Wood, Celluloid & Oxidized Silver, Card Cases, Fancy Mirrors, Ink Stands, Cut Glass Toilet Bottles in all shapes and sizes.

Also the finest stock of

## PERFUMERY

ever seen in Miramichi, being Manufactured by

**RICKSECKER & SEELY,**

the two largest Perfume Manufacturers in America, Prices range a way from 10cts. to \$10.00 per bottle. Also a handsome assortment of

## CELULOID BALLS, SHAVING CASES, BRONZE CANDLE STICKS

—AND—

## FEATHER FANS.

Call and see the wonderful display and be convinced that the above statements are true.

**E. LEE STREET.**

Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1892.

## THE LATEST FROM SANTA'S HEAD QUARTERS.

Santa Claus has expressed his intention of not making his usual visits this

## CHRISTMAS.

and to prevent disappointment among the youngsters announces that he has appointed Mr. Thomas Russell as his agent at Newcastle, and his Store a depot for everything required. His stock comprises:—

Goods Suitable for the Season, viz:

GROCERIES, A FULL STOCK, just received and fresh, consisting of Raisins, Currants, Candied Citron, Lemon & Orange Peel, Spices, Sugars, Figs, Dates,

### Canned Goods of all Descriptions

As well as canned Turkey,