

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Lord, for the lonely heart
I pray apart,
Now, for the son of sorrow
Whom this tomorrow
Rejoiceth not, O Lord,
Hear my weak word.

For I am too bitter to be borne,
For I am tempted and the torn,
For the prisoner in the cell,
For the shame lip doth not tell,
For the haggard suicide,
Peace, peace, this Christmastide!

Into the desert, trod
By the long sick, O God;
Into the patient gloom
Of that small room
Where lies the child of pain
Of all neglected most—be fair
To enter, healing, and remain.

Now, at the fall of day,
I bow and pray.
For those who cannot sleep
A watch I keep.
Oh, let the starving brain
Be fed, and fed again;
At thy behest
The tortured nerve find rest.

I see the vacant chair.
Father of souls, prepare
My poor thought's feeble power
To plead this hour:

For the empty, aching home
Where the silent footsteps come,
Where the unseen face looks on,
Where the handclasp is not felt,
Where the dearest eyes are gone,
Where the portrait on the wall
Stirs and struggles to speak,
Where the light breath from the hall
Calls the color to the cheek,
Where the voice breaks in the hymn
When the sunset burneth dim,
Where the late large tear will start,
Frozen by the broken heart,
Where the lesson is to learn
How to live, to grieve, to yearn,
How to bear and how to bow,
Oh, the Christmas that is fled!
Lord of living and of dead,
Comfort thou!

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Independent.

CAUGHT IN A SNOW STORM.

She was a little Puritan maiden, with honest gray eyes, and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her strait-laced family allowed her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in London. But they could not well refuse the invitation. Even Puritan people knew how to value their moneyed relatives.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affection for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants, and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She liked it particularly at night, illumined by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigious streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulses bounded more quickly, she felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin, Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadying a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, free-handed young Englishman, that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy; and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But that shyness of hers was a formidable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inbred so long that it had become part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely elegant eyes; eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes, and to love them. He no longer at-

tempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon, in the first week in January, he sauntered into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting like the historic Miss Muffet, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out tonight, Dolly?"

She lifted her eyes from her needle. "Not tonight."

"Not. Are you sorry?"

"No."

"I suppose you're getting rather tired of it. You've been out pretty nearly every night lately, haven't you?"

"Yes. I'm not tired of it, though; I like it. But auntie and I are going to have a quiet evening tonight, and I shall like that just as well."

There was a pause.

"Are you sure you would like it just as well?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Dolly.

He moved on his chair. "Well," he said, "I want you to come out with me tonight, if you will."

She looked at him in amazement. "Out with you? Why, where to?"

"The theatre," he responded.

Pleasure shone in her face. She gasped with delight. "Oh, you are kind! But do you think auntie will allow me?"

"I'll ask her," said naughty Tom. It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalized at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theatre. However, they were not there to see. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course. The only condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well, which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her that Tom, began to feel the ecstasy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he had imagined it could be. He warmed toward her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the theatre, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an available hansom.

"We'd better walk on a bit," said Tom. "We shall come to one presently."

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the performance, and the pavement of the Strand was all slushy and sloppy.

"It's rather unpleasant under foot, Dolly," said Tom. "You'd better take my arm."

She did as she was bid, and immediately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coat sleeve gave him more pleasure than all his previous amorous adventures rolled into one.

When they came to Trafalgar Square Dolly gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how pretty!"

It was pretty. The whole square—fountains, statues, and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging—lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubly black by contrast. It was a study in white, with a little black to help it out. Overhead fleecy clouds scudded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely!"

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her face, "it is beautiful, very beautiful, indeed."

"Oh," said Dolly, "let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really, is it?"

"About a mile," said Tom.

"Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing. Let us walk. Shall we?"

"Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again," for in her rapturous admiration she had slipped her hand loose, "the streets are slippery."

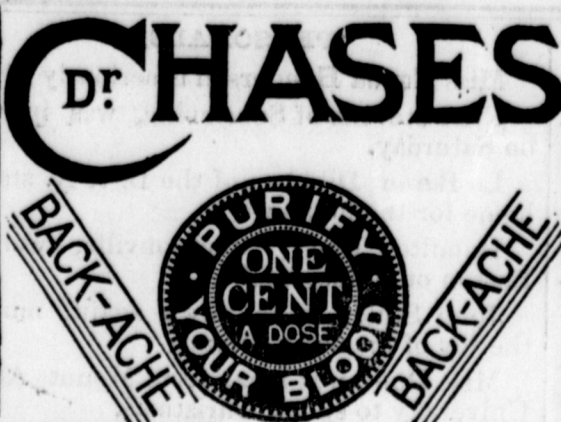
They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind, prevented her from falling by putting his arm round her waist. This was a new experience for Dolly. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but

CHASE'S CHAPTER

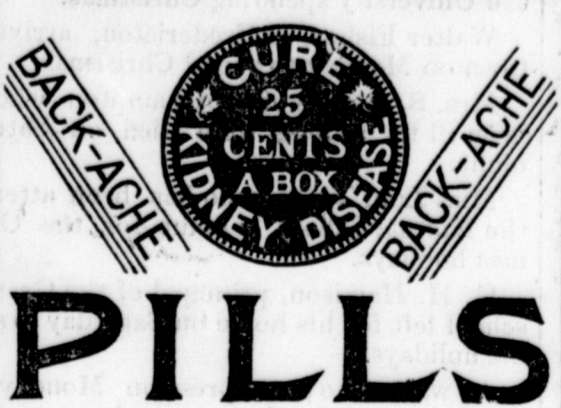
1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—one pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: "I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night's sleep; they cured me."

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DO THOU LIKEWISE.

A LADY SAVES FIFTY DOLLARS BY WISELY INVESTING SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

A wise, careful and thrifty wife and mother living about five miles from a large and flourishing Ontario town, tells how she was enabled to save fifty dollars by the judicious investment of seventy-five cents. Her story runs as follows:—

"Last autumn I found it was necessary to provide new overcoats, suits and dresses for three boys and two girls. The materials for these garments and the making and trimmings would cost fifty dollars. This was a large sum to expend just at a time when we were making great efforts to build a new house.

"For two days I thought the matter over, and after carefully examining my children's garments, the question strongly presented itself to my mind, 'can I make use of the Diamond Dyes?"

"I had used the Diamond Dyes before with great success in a smaller way, so I determined to see what could be done, with the view of saving so large a sum as fifty dollars. My children's garments were not torn or very badly worn; they were simply faded, dingy and old looking. I commenced with an overcoat to test my skill, and succeeded in dyeing it a lovely dark shade of brown. I pressed and finished it in such a way that it looked like a new garment from the hands of a tailor.

"My boys and girls were astonished, and were quite as well pleased with the renovated garments as they would have been with brand new ones. Very few people around me were aware of the fact that I had used Diamond Dyes to renew my children's clothing, and fit it for another winter's wear. Of course I told some of my friends how I had saved fifty dollars, and they are following my example, and are freely using the Diamond Dyes.

"You will clearly see how any intelligent and handy mother can easily save quite a good sum of money every year. Diamond Dyes are certainly money savers."

Morals and Majorities in Politics.

History affords no sort of sanction to the view that morals and numbers are always found together. A majority may be in the wrong as well as a minority. It is arguable that in the great crises of history the majority has been generally found on the wrong side. If the will of the majority is always right, the object of statesmanship or of political life generally will be nothing more than this—to be on the side of the majority. Statesmanship will consist in following the people, not in leading them. It will possess no principles or convictions. Upon ethical grounds it is clear as the day that a man who enters public life has no right to make a conscience of the popular voice. The politician who worships no divinity but numbers will not scruple, for the sake of gaining a majority, to demoralize the people whom he serves. Again, it is possible to aim at a majority by a system of bargain or accommodation—what the Americans call "log-rolling." It is time to dispel the craven fear of the popular voice. Few thoughtful persons hold that the house of commons today enjoys the full measure of its ancient respect. The Congress of the United States of America is hardly respected at all. It has been the fashion to assume that popular government, established upon a majority of votes, would command universal allegiance. But the assumption is not justified by facts. Socialism and anarchism, which, illogical as they are, are but exaggerations or caricatures of thoughts that are seething in many minds, teach the lesson that democracy may be the expression of the most absolute and complete civil equality, and yet may excite in the minds of citizens not admiration, but abhorrence and contempt.—Rev. J. E. C. Widdow, in the Humanitarian, London.

There is a Spanish proverb which says that "an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." The home, let it always be remembered, is the first church, the hearthstone the first altar, and father and mother the first teachers.—Lutheran World.

Foreboding is always an enemy of rest.

Man pays no attention to little things until they bite him.

Silence is sometimes a difficult and faithful work.

The rest isn't worth telling.

We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears. "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom.

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