

SANTA CLAUS' ASSISTANT.

It was not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas day were just beginning to arrive, and down in the library, where the tree was sheltering a profuse array of toys, stood an unexpected guest. He was ill clad, unshaven, and his hair looked as though it had never known a comb. In his right hand he carried a dark lantern, and slung over his left arm was a sack, a common jute bag, and he had entered by the window that looked out upon the street. The family had all retired and for the most part were asleep. That is why the unexpected guest chose this time to arrive.

Stealthily he crossed the room, and drawing the portiers silently to across the broad doorway that opened into the hall, he slid back the front of his lantern, and lighting a match in its flame he turned on the gas and lit it, so that he might better see the exact character of his surroundings.

"Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine lay out. I don't know but what, after all, it is a good thing that parents give their children expensive things these days. It's a great help to our profession. You can't raise much on candy balls and tupenny dolls, but these silver-plated engines and purses with \$10 bills in 'em come in handy. Gold sleeve buttons, too," he added as his eyes took in a few further details of the scene before him, "an' a gold watch as well. This is luck."

And then, as he bent over the groups of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eyes glittering with joy at the prospective haul, the heart of the unexpected guest stopped beating for an instant. There was a rustling sound behind him.

With a quick movement he slid the cover of the dark lantern to, by mere force of habit; but it was unavailing; the room was still lighted, though dimly.

"Curse the gas!" he muttered, as he turned. "Hello!" said a soft voice from behind the portiers, and at the same moment the curtains were parted, and there stood Bobbie, clad in his nightgown. "Is that you, Santa Claus?" he added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest.

The man gave a short laugh.

"That's the first time I've been taken for anyone that's half decent," he said to himself; and then he whispered loud enough for Bobbie to hear: "Well, not exactly, sonny. I'm only his assistant."

"His what?" said Bobbie.

"Sh! Not so loud, my boy—you'll wake the family; and if you did that, I'd just vanish like the mist," said the man. "I said I was only Santa Claus' assistant. You see, my lad, there's so many more children nowadays than there used to be that the boss had to get outside help Christmas eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time. So he sends for me an' a few others like me—Heaven help us!—and we do his distributing for him. I'd just laid these things out here when you surprised me."

Bobbie approached the tree.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All these things for me! A watch, too—just the very thing I wanted."

The man drew back as the boy spoke, and, with a queer light in his eyes, sat down in one of the chairs suddenly.

"Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leaving the tree and crossing to Santa Claus' assistant.

"Yes," said the man. "Very."

"I'm sorry, said Bobbie, affectionately, as he took the other's hand in his and kissed it.

"Don't—don't do that," said the man, huskily. "It's not—not clean."

"I shouldn't think it would be," laughed Bobbie; "climbing in by sooty chimneys can't be very clean work. Do you know, I always wonder why there's never any soot left on the toys."

"We, we take care of that," said the assistant. "You see, this bag keeps the soot off. But I didn't come by the chimney this time," he added hastily, observing that there was no soot on the bag either. "I thought the window was the easier."

"You're all through, aren't you?" said Bobbie, looking at the bag.

"How do you know that?" asked the man. "Your bag is empty. Isn't there any one else for you to take a toy to?"

The unexpected guest buried his face in his grimy hands, and a great lump rose up in his throat.

"There was one other," said the assistant, "but there's nothing for him—and—and it's all my fault. I neglected to look after him."

"And won't he get anything?" asked Bobbie. "No," said the assistant, roughly, rising, and taking a step toward the tree.

"He can have one of mine," cried Bobbie. "Here, take him this. I've got plenty, thanks to you." He handed him one of the treasures beneath the tree.

The unexpected guest looked at the boy for a minute, and then he slowly reached out his hand and took the proffered toy.

"I'll see that he gets it," he said, "and God bless you for it! Good by, little one. I

must be off, or he'll wake up and be disappointed."

He moved toward the door, when Bobbie ran after him, and holding up his little face, said, "Won't you take a kiss to Santa Claus for me?"

"That I will," said the other, and he bent over, and kissing the child, fled precipitately out through the window and disappeared in the darkness of the street.

"Well," said the unexpected guest the following morning, as he watched his own pallid-faced little youngster playing with the first Christmas present he'd ever known, "that was the rummiest thing. I went out to steal, and the only thing I bagged that wasn't really given to me was a kiss, and I'll see Santa Claus in Hades, before I give him that. It was a rich haul, but I think I'll get a decenter job—at New Year's."

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD

No Name on Earth so Famous—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented of sold in pill form was named DODD'S. The discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney disease.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing a peculiarity of DODD, thought they nearly all adapt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

Don't Market The Culls.

There is one of the most important truths in the science of marketing in a nutshell. It is not only the "little cull peach," but the little cull strawberry, cucumber, the little cull tomato, the little cull cauliflower, the little cull of any and all vegetables and fruits that break down prices and destroy the markets. The worst thing about marketing culls is that they destroy the demand. After a family has had, say, a bushel of cull tomatoes, they don't want any more soon, if at all; whereas if the fruit had been first class, it would not only have received a much higher price in the first place but would have made a market at once for more, and so on through the entire list of vegetables and fruits.

Care of The Complexion.

It is a well-known fact that a torpid liver produces a sallow hue and a dull yellow complexion. You need not expect a clear, beautiful complexion if the blood is rendered impure by a sluggish action of the liver, which cannot properly perform its function of purifying and filtering all impurities from the blood. Ladies, Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills is an invaluable remedy, for by their action on the liver and blood they promote true beauty by rendering the blood pure. This is the secret.

High Lights.

Snubs are favors conferred: they spur us to self-inspection.

The ugliest man alive always thinks he is entitled to a pretty wife.

Providence doesn't take any interest in a woman who stands on a rocking-chair to light the gas.

Man was made to mourn; if it wasn't compulsory he wouldn't do it.

—From the Chicago Record.

SEVERE HEADACHE CURED.

DEAR SIRS.—Being troubled with a headache, I was advised by a friend to try Laxative Pills. I only used half a bottle, and have not since suffered from the complaint. They seem to be a perfect cure.

MRS. JOHN TOMLINSON,
Hamilton Ontario.

For what is our proof of immortality? Not the analogies of nature—the resurrection of nature from a wintry grave—nor the emancipation of a butterfly. Not even the testimony to the fact of risen dead; for who does not know how shadowy and unsubstantial these intellectual proofs become in unspiritual frames of mind? No; the life of the spirit is the evidence. Heaven begun is the living proof that makes the Heaven to come credible. "Christ in you is the hope of glory." It is the eagle eye in faith which penetrates the grave, and sees far into the tranquil things or death. He alone can believe in immortality who feels the resurrection in him already.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

MR. THOS. DOLPHIN, TARA, ONT., says: "I had Itching Piles for about ten or twelve years, and tried everything I could hear or read of, and found that nothing did me any good. Mr. Hilburn, the druggist, gave me a sample box of Chase's Ointment, and from the first application I found relief, and was able to go to bed and sleep. I then purchased one box and that one cured me so that I have not been afflicted since, and that is over a year ago."

CURES PILES.

60 Cents a Box.

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Toronto, Ont.

It is the man who is the missionary, not his words. His character is in his message. There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and it is not in our keeping; but what God has put in our power is the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them. You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.

A maxim is the exact and noble expression of an important and incontestable truth. Good maxims are the germs of all good; firmly impressed in the memory, they nourish the will.

Of Course He Wouldn't.

"You wouldn't marry a girl solely for money, would you?"

"Oh, dear, no—that is, not if I could get money with a girl who had some other attraction also."

Old Maids and Clover.

One of the oddest theories, and yet that one that Darwin and Huxley support is that old maids are favorable to the growth of clover seed. It might well puzzle any one to see the relation of spinsters to clover seed. The tube of the clover blossom is long, and only one insect the bee has a proboscis long enough to insert in the tube and collect the honey. It follows that bees, being the only insects attracted by clover, are the only insects which fertilize its flowers by carrying the pollen on their legs from one blossom to another. The more the bees the more clover seed. Bees have an enemy in field mice, which devour them. Old maids are always invariably cat keepers; therefore the more old maids the more cats; the more cats, less mice; less mice, more bees; more bees, more clover seed; and there you have it.

A Double Ender.

"I believe," said Mr. Cumso, pettishly, "that a woman would stand looking into a mirror all day!"

"Not if she saw you over her shoulder love," responded Mrs. Cumso sweetly.

And for two seconds a tender smile stole over Mr. Cumso's face, at the expiration of which time he suddenly gulped, snorted and went out, slamming the door with undue force.

FOR THE LADIES.

We make to order all kinds of Ladies' Coats, Capes, Ulsters, Mackintoshes and Outside Wraps, in the Latest Styles, and Perfect Fit guaranteed.

We make to order Ladies' Gaiters of all kinds to match costume. Ladies can furnish own cloth if they wish. Give us a call and get prices.

Hanson & Grady

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HOULTON, MAINE.

Christmas Novelties!

We have in stock the largest and best assortment of Xmas Presents that have ever been offered in this town. Just take the trouble to come and investigate and you will be well repaid. We have a fine assortment of

BANQUET, TABLE, HANGING & PIANO LAMPS

RANGING IN PRICE FROM 40c. TO \$15.00.

We have several New Finishes in

Bronze Ornaments,

And have also added a New Line of

CUT GLASS.

We have a fine line of Buckhorn and Ivory Handle Carvers, and Ivory Handle and Silver Plated Knives and Forks. Also Genuine Acme and Wood Top Skates. Come early and make your selection before the choicest articles are sold.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.

Seve a Penny and Lose a Dollar.

A tempting price hooks many a fish,
But the fish always suffers for it.

The Double Maturity Policy of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co.

Is worth its cost because it guarantees More Reserve Value. Profits can be used to shorten the period and make policy payable whenever the Reserve and the Surplus amount to the sum assured. You cannot obtain this policy in any other company. LOOK OUT FOR IT.

Head Office, Toronto,

J. F. JUNKIN, General Manager.

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For further particulars enquire of GEO. ANDERSON, District Agent, Woodstock, N. B.

BETTER THAN A BANK

After July 1st, '97, the Government Saving Banks of the Dominion will reduce the rate of Interest on deposits to 3 per c.—You can get an Endowment Policy in the

Confederation Life Association,

which will net you more than 3 per c. besides carrying Life Insurance with it and the non-forfeiture provisions of the Policy admit of paid-up and extended Insurance after two years and a Cash Value or a loan after 5 years.

D. F. MERRITT, Agent.

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G. A. TAYLOR, Merchants' Bank, Special Agent.



If It Rained Rubbers

It would not be hard to have a pair when needed. However, as nature has ordered it otherwise the best thing to do is to make a selection from our large and well-assorted stock. Every pair bought here saves somebody from the doctor. Damp feet and colds have more than a bowing acquaintance. We have every shape and style from low to high Rubber Boots and every size from the 2-year-old tot, to Men's No. 10. Quality and price cannot meet with your approval.

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