

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

LITTLE WOLF'S WOODEN SHOES.

Once upon a time, so long ago that everybody has forgotten when, in a village in the north of Europe—the name of which is so difficult to pronounce that no one can remember it—there lived a little boy who was seven years old, and whose name was Wolf. He had lost both father and mother, and was in charge of an old aunt, who was unkind and avaricious, and who never caressed her nephew except on New Year's Day. She always drew a sigh of regret when she gave him a bowl of soup.

But the little fellow was so amiable that he loved the old woman all the same, although he was afraid of her, and he trembled whenever he looked at the great wart, adorned with four gray hairs, which was on the end of her nose.

As this aunt was known to have a house of her own, and an old woollen stocking full of gold, she was ashamed to send her nephew to a charity school, but she got a reduction on the charge for tuition. The master, vexed at having a pupil so poorly clad and who paid so little, punished him frequently and unjustly with the dunce cap, and a placard on his back, and even set against him his comrades, who were all sons of prominent citizens, and who made of the little orphan a scape-goat.

Wolf was very unhappy, and often hid himself in a corner to weep.

Christmas approached. The evening before the great day, the master of the school always took his pupils to midnight mass, and then took them back to their homes.

Now as the winter had been very cold this year, and for many days much snow had fallen, the children came to the rendezvous warmly clad in great coats, with fur capes covering their ears, gloves and woollen mittens and heavy shoes, while little Wolf alone presented himself shivering, in his every-day clothes, and having on his feet cotton socks and heavy wooden shoes.

His naughty companions made sport openly of his sad face and his poor attire, but the orphan was so occupied in blowing upon his fingers and suffered so much with the chilblains on his feet that he took no notice of them. And the children, marching two and two, the master at the head, started for the parish church. They found this warm and pleasant, resplendent with lighted candles; and the pupils, taking advantage of the noise of the organ and the singing, began to talk in muffled tones. They boasted of the Christmas Eve supper which awaited them at their homes. The mayor's son had seen in the kitchen a monstrous goose, which the truffles spotted with black points like a leopard. At the home of the first alderman, there was a little fir tree in a box, from the branches of which hung oranges, sweetmeats, and jumping jacks.

The cook at the broker's had pinned the string of her cap behind her head, which she never did except on Christmas holidays, when she always made her famous cake.

And the boys spoke also of what Santa Claus would put in their stockings, that all would be sure, you know, to hang by the chimney when they went to bed; and in the eyes of these little scamps, as lively as mice, sparkled in anticipation the joy in seeing when they awoke the pink paper bags of sugar almonds, the lead soldiers ranged in battalions in their box, the menageries smelling of the varnished wood, and the clowns dressed in purple and tinsel.

Little Wolf knew well from experience that his avaricious aunt would send him to bed without any supper; but, artlessly, because he was sure that he had been as good and as industrious all the year as he could be, he hoped that the little Christ-child would not forget him, and he intended when he went to bed to put his pair of wooden shoes on the hearth close by the ashes.

The midnight mass finally came to an end; the older people hastened home, impatient for the supper, and the little band of pupils, two by two, and following the master as before, left the church.

On the porch, sitting upon a stone bench in a Gothic niche, a little child had fallen asleep. It was wrapped in a white woollen cloak, but its feet were bare. The child was evidently not a beggar for his cloak was clean and new, and near him, upon the ground was a square, a hatchet, and other carpenter's tools tied up in a neat bundle. Seen in the starlight, his countenance had an expression of divine sweetness, and his long, curly, reddish-brown hair, seemed to form a halo around his head. But his feet, blue with cold of this cruel December night, were a pitiful sight.

The warmly clothed children passed with indifference this little stranger; some of them, sons of the notables of the town, even cast looks of disdain upon him.

But little Wolf, coming out from the church last, paused before this sleeping child, deeply affected.

"Alas!" thought the orphan, "how terrible! this poor little one without shoes or stockings, on such a night! And what is worse, he has not even a slipper or wooden shoe to put near him while he sleeps, so that

the Christ-child can leave him something with which to solace his misery!"

And, prompted by his kindness of heart, Wolf took off the shoe from his right foot, placed it before the sleeping child, and as best he could, sometimes hopping on one foot, sometimes limping and wetting his stocking in the snow, he returned to his aunt's home.

"Look at that good-for-nothing!" cried the old woman, full of fury that he had returned in such a plight. "What have you done with your shoe, you little wretch?"

Wolf would not lie, and although he trembled with fear when he saw the four gray hairs bristling from the wart, he tried between his sobs to tell his story. But the old miser burst into a contemptuous laugh.

"Ah! monsieur takes off his shoes for a beggar! Ah! monsieur spoils a pair of shoes by giving one to a vagabond! This is something new, indeed! Oh, well, since it is so, I will put the shoe which is left by the chimney, and will see to it that the Christ-child puts beside it something to whip you with in the morning. And you shall have nothing to eat all day but dry bread and water, and we will see if, the next time, you will give your shoes to the first vagabond you see."

And the cruel woman boxed both his ears and sent him to bed in his loft. In hopeless misery the little fellow groped his way through the dark, and soon dropped asleep on his pillow wet with tears.

But the next morning when the old woman, awakened by the cold, and suffering with catarrh, went down stairs—O wonders! she saw the great chimney full of sparkling toys, sacks of magnificent bonbons, and presents of all sorts; and before this treasure, the right shoe that her nephew had given away was found by the side of the left one that she had put there the night before, and where she had expected to find a handful of sticks.

White little Wolf, who had run down stairs on hearing the exclamation of his aunt, stood in wondering delight before these beautiful gifts from the Christ-child, a great burst of laughter was heard outside. Wolf and his aunt went out to see what it all meant; they saw the gossips of the town standing beside the public fountain. What had happened? Oh! a very amusing and unexpected thing! The children of all the rich people of the village, those whose parents were wont to surprise them with beautiful presents, had found only switches in their stockings.

The old woman and Wolf, thinking of all the fine things they had received, felt disturbed. Just then they saw the priest coming with a disconcerted look. Above the bench placed near the door of the church, on the same spot where, the night before, the child with the white mantle and bare feet had rested his head against the stones while he slept, the priest had seen a circle of gold.

All now crossed themselves devoutly, for they knew that this beautiful sleeping child, who had near him the carpenter's tools, was Jesus of Nazareth in person, who had become for an hour the child that he was when he worked in the home of his parents; and they bowed before this miracle which God had performed to recompense the faith and charity of the little orphan.—Translated from the French of Francis Coppee by Mrs. Geo. P. Brown.

CATARRH IS A GERM DISEASE. Science, armed with the microscope, has established it a fact; and this conclusion renders obsolete the practice of treating Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis by stomach drugging, sprays, snuffs, &c. Such treatments are an utter failure because they cannot penetrate the delicate air cells of the lungs, or permeate the air passages of the nose and bronchial tubes where the germs of Catarrh have their stronghold. Catarrh is the only certain remedy. It is inhaled by the mouth and after spreading through all the respiratory organs is exhaled through the nostrils. Catarrh kills the germs, heals the inflamed tissues, clears the head and throat in two minutes, and cures in a few hours. Nothing is so effective, pleasant and simple as Catarrh. Two months' treatment \$1.00. Small size, 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Sold by Garden Bros.

Justice in one Alabama Court.

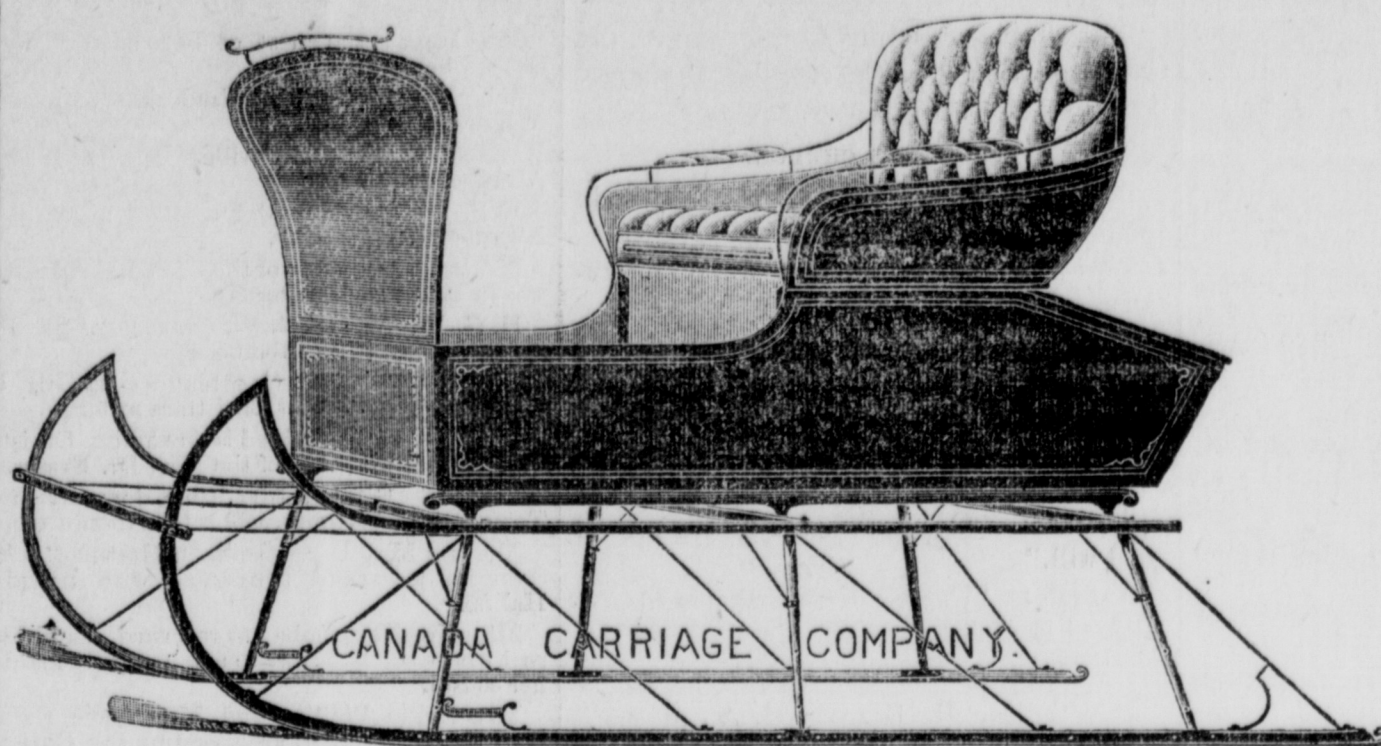
A short time ago a man from Tennessee deliberately and without any provocation watered shot a negro to death on the streets of Tusculum. Last week the murderer's trial came off; and the jury fined him 5 cents and gave him a year in prison! To emphasize the light manner in which murder is held by some people in Colbert, a petition is in circulation to release the man altogether.—[Florence (Ala.) Times.

3 MISERABLE MONTHS

South American Nervine cured this severe case of a generally upset nervous system which developed into Neuralgia of the stomach. No nervous trouble that it will not cure quickly and permanently.

William Davidson, of Thedford, Ont., put in three miserable months of very acute suffering from neuralgia of the stomach and a generally disordered nervous system. Doctors failed to find any treatment that would give me any permanent help. A friend, whom South American Nervine had cured of a very stubborn case of stomach trouble, recommended it for his case. He tried it—one bottle greatly benefited and six bottles effected a permanent cure.

DEXTER PUNG.



100 IN STOCK
AND TO ARRIVE.

This splendid Dexter Pung has been built specially to our order. The wood work, the iron work, the trimming, the painting, the style and general make-up are of the very best and quite up-to-date.

If you will look it over you will soon be convinced these goods are just as represented.

The prices are right, too. Also, other styles of pungs, both one and two-seated, and Sleighs and Robes.

Balmain Bros.,

Woodstock.

NOV. 20, 1901.

Painters' Kidneys.



The worst thing a painter has to contend with is the turpentine.

The lead, of course, is bad too. But the turpentine cuts the kidneys, inflames and weakens them, makes the painter's life a dangerous and troublesome one. When a painter's back aches, it's time for him to begin treating the kidneys.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will fix them up—take out the inflammation and congestion, give ease to the aching back.

Mr. J. Evanson, the well-known painter and decorator, 50 Oxford St., Toronto, Ont., said: "About eight weeks ago I was taken with an excruciating pain in my back over the kidneys. It was so bad that my wife had to apply hot cloths till the doctor came and gave me morphine."

He said the trouble was due to a stone passing from the kidney to the bladder.

My water was loaded with a brick dust deposit and scalded on passing.

While in this condition I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and started taking them.

It was not long before I got relief from pain and have been improving in health ever since. My urine is now clear and does not smart me, and I feel better than in years.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

These little black fellows act easily and naturally on the system, clearing away all bile and effete material. Constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, waterbrash—all disappear when they are used. Price 25c.

The Canadian Engineer gives a description of a simple method of submarine signalling adopted in Boston harbor, and suggests the possibility of using it in the navigation of the St. Lawrence. Water being a stable medium for the transmission of sound, is not affected, like air, by varying currents and changing conditions. Two bells situated under water, one at either side of a harbor, can be used to signal a vessel passing between them. If the signals from the two bells reach the vessel simultaneously, when they are struck at the same time by an electric current, the vessel is midway between them. By following such signals a vessel can keep in the middle of a channel through fog or darkness.

PATIENCE AND PURSE GONE

And still suffered the untold sufferings that are a part of some of the more violent phases of Kidney disorder. Doctors couldn't cure—but South American Kidney Cure put him to rights.

Adam Soper, of Burk's Falls, Ont., was for five years a great sufferer from a most aggravated form of Kidney disease. To use his own words: "I decided to try some of the patent medicines. I was recommended to use South American Kidney Cure. I received great benefit from one bottle, and five bottles completely cured me—and there has never been a symptom of kidney disorder since that time."

Mr. L. O. David, the City Clerk of Montreal, is a gentleman of fine literary attainments and high views of national life. He has written a national play entitled "Le Drapeau de Carillon," the scene of which is laid in Quebec, just after the victory of Wolfe. The play was acted the other evening before an audience largely French, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lady Laurier, Mayor Prefontaine, the Consul General of France, and others. The portions of the play in which the relations of the two races are referred to were especially admired for their broad and liberal spirit.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and pro-recting piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Use a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

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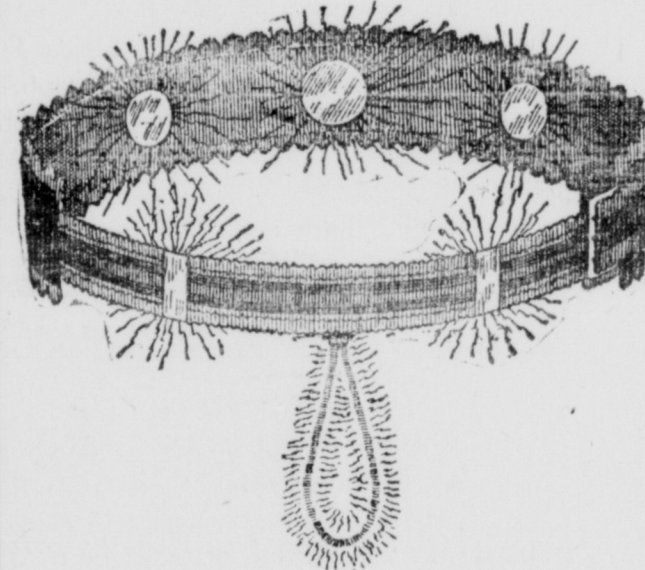
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Low Supply Can, Easily Fed,
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HERBERT HARPER, - - JACKSONVILLE.

Morse Electric Belt!



Will in a majority of cases cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Lumbago, Constipation, Piles, Lamé Back, Poor Circulation, Nervous, Restless Nights, Incipient Paralysis, Numbness, Prickly Sensation, Dizziness, Tired Feeling in the morning, Indigestion, Female Weakness and general debility.

Fits, Female Irregularity, Falling of the Womb, Costiveness, Indigestion, Spinal Weakness, Weakness, Lack of Vital Force, Decay in old or young. All cases where there is lack of animal electricity, seminal weakness, etc., etc.

A CONTINUOUS CURRENT

For Sale by

GARDEN BROS., Woodstock.

Send for Circular.

For pure blood, a bright eye, a clear complexion, a keen appetite, a good digestion and refreshing sleep, TAKE

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla

It arouses the Liver, quickens the circulation, brightens the spirits and generally improves the health.

Sixty-eight years trial has proved it to be, the most reliable BLOOD purifier known.

All druggists sell "BRISTOL'S."

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Best Material, Wood, Iron and Upholstering,

Best Workmanship, Latest Designs.

These are some of the features of our 1902 Pungs, which should recommend them to your notice.

You are invited to call and inspect our stock.

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