

SKINNY'S TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

Toronto Sunday World.

Skinny had another name, but he never bothered much about using it until last Christmas, when he forsook the newspaper fraternity and entered another branch of business activity.

His connection with the daily press was of several years' duration, in fact he entered the sphere of journalism at the early age of five years, and continued in it until his twelfth birthday had faded away. He was connected with the circulation department of all the papers in the city. He was a news-boy.

There was no apparent reason for calling him "Skinny." He was a healthy looking chunk of a boy, popular with his confreres, always good-natured, full of mischief, fond of candy, cigaret stubs, theatres, pie and chewing tobacco.

He came at once into prominence when he entered the newspaper field owing to his extreme youth and the fact that he always wore a very dirty nose. In those days softhearted ladies often stopped on the street to speak to him, being attracted by his general appearance and frequently by his familiarity with almost every known cuss word. The gift of profanity was one of Skinny's earliest attainments, and it was quite a common occurrence for a group of the newsboys to assemble around him on a street corner and gleefully listen to him swear.

Skinny had a somewhat pathetic history. His mother died when he was twenty-five minutes of age. His father took the bereavement sadly to heart and soon commenced to wash it down with tanglefoot. They had no relatives in this country and at about the time Skinny touched the five year mark his pa made connections with a mournfully happy death, while the possessor of delirium tremens.

Neighbors had the youngster placed in the hands of a charitable institution, but Skinny's independence would not stand for that, and, to use his own expression, he flew der coop, which, translated, means that he escaped.

In a deserted shack on the Esplanade Skinny took up his abode. He commandeered a few potato bags around the market and, by filling some of them with straw, made a fairly comfortable bed for himself in the corner of a top room. Here he did the most of his sleeping during all the years he was in the newspaper business. He ate wherever the Lord would let him, and generally did pretty well in the matter of grub.

The turning point in Skinny's career was reached last Christmas eve. Skinny and half a dozen chums were outside one of the newspaper offices engaged in a spirited competition as to which one could spit through his teeth the farthest. Skinny's spit was leading by a couple of inches, when music turned up to enliven the contest. An old man commenced grinding a very hoarse hand-organ and a very shrivelled up old woman with a small tin cup moved around among the pedestrians, soliciting "something for the music."

Mr. Simon Barton, a prominent business man, was talking to one of the reporters in the doorway of the office, and as he dropped a coin into the tin cup he was attracted by the antics of the newsboys. Skinny's spit had outdistanced that of all the other lads, and the attention of the urchins was transferred to the hand-organ and to teasing the old organ woman.

"How old do yer think der dame is, Shinnny?" asked one boy.

Sudden! never as a loidy her age, should yer, Granny? Why, I've knowed yer myself for over 50 years, ain't I, Granny? Youse guineas wants ter quit yer kiddin' of de ol' girl or some of yer will have me fist landing in yer lamps, so cut it out!" was Shinnny's comment on his pals' question.

"See here, youse lobsters," continued Shinnny, "dis is Christmas eve, an' it's up to some of yer to cough up a penny to de ancient person—do yer keep yer money in yer stock-in', granny?"

None of the boys accepted the suggestion, but Skinny shoved his little grimy hand into his pants' pocket and fished out a handful of coppers. Buried in the coins was a lonely 5 cent piece, and this he dropped into the old woman's tin cup.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed Mr. Barton to the reporter, "that kid's all right. Come here, kid," he called, and Skinny obeyed.

"What did you give the old lady?" the gentleman inquired.

"Nickel!" replied the lad as he moved away.

"Wait," said Mr. Barton, "you're not a bad kind of a kid. Here take this!"

It was a ten cent piece and the donor was surprised to see the lad sail over again to the old woman and deposit the coin in her cup.

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The youngster was called back once more and was asked why he had given away the 10 cents.

"You see'd me give the old blister de nickel, didn't yer? Dat was fer a Christmas box. I gave her de dime to buy a house an' lot and a couple of planners ter put in 'er gran'mother's stockin'." By de time de lady gets as old as me she'll mebbe need de coin, see!" was Skinny's explanation.

Mr. Barton was greatly taken up with the boy's generosity; and after a short and amusing conversation with Skinny offered to give him a job in his warehouse, as well as to provide a bath, an outfit of clothing and a place to sleep.

Skinny saucily said that he would consult his legal advisers, but in the meantime he accepted the offer without prejudice. He got his bath and new clothes that night, and was housed comfortably in a warm room over the stable at the rear of the Barton mansion.

In the morning he woke early, as per his custom, and as he donned his fine apparel he became reminiscent, and his thoughts reverted rather regretfully to the rags he had discarded the night before.

He felt sorry in a sense, to part with the old coat he had received from Swipesey Johnston a couple of years before in a trade for a set of dice, two whole cigarets and a bunch of papers. He had learned subsequently that Swipesey had stolen the coat from Crying Jimmy, another news vendor, who had stood on a corner weeping, and, when asked what for, said he was cold. A philanthropic old gent blew in a dollar for an old coat at one of the cheap stores, and, with humane satisfaction, watched Jimmy stop crying and go upon his way rejoicing. Swipesey Johnston witnessed that incident, and, being bigger than Crying Jimmy, took the coat from him. Jimmy said he would have him "pinched," but Swipesey derisively retorted "if yer do I'll tell de bulls who stole de lead pipe from de two empty houses!"

This threat calmed Jimmy's just wrath, and when our Skinny heard the details he said he would "keep de coat, an' den der would be no qurrrellin' over it!"

All these things surged thru Skinny's mind as he climbed into the garments provided by his benefactor of the night before. When he was dressed he felt half inclined to "chuck de new game an' go out agen to hustle papers."

Then Skinny soliloquized further thusly:

"Here, dis is Chris'nus morning, de one day in de year when a guinea can make a shillin' or two on de side—de only time de lobsters in dis town opens up to de extent of not wantin' der change back when dey boys a pape is on Chris'mus, and when dere's been somethin' doin' wid de soldiers in South Africa. I ain't a bit stuck on dis 'sheet-on-de-bed proposition,' and dese clothes on me feels as if dey looked like one of dem Rembrandt's oil paintin's on de side of a bum woodshed. Anyway, I got me aute in now, so I guess I'll stay wid de deal an' draw cards. If dere ain't nothin' better den openers, I'll spiel dat me feet are cold, an' will give de icy eye to de smooth guy wot got me into de game."

Everything was very quiet when Skinny was fully dressed. He let himself out and wandered down the street. His old companions greeted him cordially as he entered the circulation department of one newspaper. "Shoot me if 'tain't Skinny!" remarked one. "Hello Skinny! Who put yer in de new frame?"

"Ring off or I'll paste yer one in de transmitter!" was Skinny's good-natured reply, but he felt a little resentment, which was increased when Swipesey Johnston came to him and said, sarcastically, "Paper, sir—all about de valentine, alias Bean Brummel!"

Skinny landed on Swipesey's left ear, and the two then started in to have a Merry Xmas, in which all the other boys joined. Swipesey received a good thrashing, much to the delight of Crying Jimmy, who loved him not, but Skinny's new clothes were none the better for the engagement.

Skinny had vanquished another former comrade for calling him "Jude," and another for asking him where he left his automobile, when Mr. Barton, who had been surprised at his absence and was looking anxiously for him, located him just about to settle another little difference, but persuaded him to go home.

They first went into the shop of a barber, who was doing a couple of hours' Xmas morning business, and here Skinny was rubbed down, and his clothes made presentable.

Mr. Barton took the boy home, and for the first time in his life Skinny was put up against the real thing in the way of a Xmas dinner.

At first he was introduced to Mrs. Barton and her two daughters. The story of the old woman, the hand organ, the tin cup and the money had preceded him, and he was a

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hero. He was not particularly jubilant over the situation, but resolved to see it through.

The younger Miss Barton played the piano, and asked Skinny if he could sing "Yes, Jesus Loves Me." Skinny replied that the song she suggested wasn't his long suit, but he might go a string on "All Coons Look Alike to Me," or "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You."

"Isn't he cute?" said Miss Barton. They all laughed except Skinny, who was disgusted.

"Why do they call you 'Skinny'?" asked Mrs. Barton kindly, adding, "Such a peculiar name, you know!"

"Is Skinny your Christian name?" Miss Barton asked.

"No, it's me heathen name," sarcastically replied Skinny, who remembered that answer to a similarly inquisitive question relating to his good-natured friend 'Casey' Watt.

The ladies fairly roared laughing, and Skinny began to get sore, but the soreness all wore off when he was placed in front of the Christmas dinner.

"Eat all you can, Skinny," jovially remarked Mr. Barton.

"Bet yer life, I'll do de limit on dis lay out," said Skinny, and he kept very busy while the good things were coming his way.

It was a great day in Skinny's career. He was treated like one of the family and ate enough for three.

In the morning he had a bilious attack about four sizes too large for any small boy, but he was uncomplaining, and listened carefully to Mr. Barton's plans for his future.

Skinny was told that he would be the trusted messenger of Barton & Co., that he would be required to do odd jobs around the warehouse, that he must be polite and obliging to all his fellow employees, and must have as little as possible to do with his old acquaintances.

Mr. Barton had taken a sincere liking to the boy, and after giving him a good start, decided that he would push him along as he deserved.

The new messenger came up to all expectations, and was soon a general favorite. It was a hard struggle to shake off the old Bohemian life, but Skinny stuck to his new sphere, and won the confidence of everyone connected with the establishment.

Soon after Skinny's entrance to the warehouse Mr. Barton found him a place to board, and kept a fatherly eye on him, but after a few months he decided that the boy could look after himself, and he became careless regarding Skinny's movements at night.

Skinny began to chum around with boys much bigger than himself, and eventually he was found in places where little boys should not be. It was noticed at the warehouse that he was hardly as painstaking as formerly.

Mr. Barton called him into his private office one day, and spoke to him kindly, but firmly, about coming down late in the morning. (Concluded on second page.)

"Bought my Life for 35 cents."—This was one man's way of putting it when he had been pronounced incurable from chronic dyspepsia. "It was a living death to me until I tried Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Thanks to them to-day I am well, and I tell my friends I bought my life for 35 cents." Go in a box.—80

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NOTICE OF SALE.

To Kate C. Watson, of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, and Samuel A. Watson, of the same place, watch maker, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the First day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, made between the said Kate C. Watson and Samuel A. Watson, her husband, of the first part, and the undersigned George Inch of the second part, duly registered in Carleton County Records in Book Y. 3, pages 741, 742 and 743, on the first day of September A. D., 1898, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the post office in the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton, on SATURDAY, the SECOND day of FEBRUARY next at twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All that piece of land situate in said town of Woodstock on Main street, bounded as follows: On the north by land owned by Lewis P. Fisher, on the west and south by land owned by the heirs of the late George H. Connell, more fully described in a deed from G. Fred. Watson to said Kate C. Watson, as on the west side of Grover and Main streets bounded as follows: Commencing at the south east angle of land now owned and occupied by Lewis P. Fisher, thence running westerly along the southerly side line of Lewis P. Fisher's and a distance of one hundred and sixty-seven feet; thence at right angles running southerly a distance of eighty-eight feet six inches; thence easterly parallel with the southerly side line of said Lewis P. Fisher's land a distance of one hundred and forty-three feet or till it strikes Grover street; thence north east along the west side of Grover and Main streets to the south east angle of Lewis P. Fisher's land aforesaid, and place of beginning, being lot number nineteen in a plan by Abram G. Stone, Deputy Land Surveyor in 1891, and being part of a tract of land conveyed by Isabel M. Allan, M. Louise Allan and Mary M. Allan to Isabel C. A. Connell and Heber E. Connell, surviving administrators and administrator of the late George Connell on the 28th day of February A. D. 1896, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any manner appertaining.

Dated this twenty-seventh day of December, A. D., 1900.

H. H. PICKETT, GEORGE INCH,
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DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jc, M. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.
8.05 A. MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook Jc, Presque Isle, etc.
11.33 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque Isle, Edmundston, and all points North.
1.20 P. MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton, M. St. Stephen, via Gibson Branch.
2.55 P. MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M. intermediate points.
4.18 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint John, Fredericton, St. John, Vanco-boro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jc. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jc. to Boston.
7.55 P. MIXED—Week days—for Debec June M. St. John and Houlton.

ARRIVALS.

7.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, (at Freight Yard) from McAdam Junction.
11.33 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, etc.
12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
2.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle.
4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton Place, Edmundston, etc.
5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.
7.55 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.
9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Portland, Bangor, etc.
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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Post Office in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY the NINTH DAY of MARCH next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday the eighteenth day of December A. D. 1900, in a certain cause therein pending, between Eliza J. Tibbitts, Plaintiff, and Allen W. Tibbitts and Fanny Tibbitts his wife and George W. Boyer, Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly nominated and selected by the Clerk in Equity as the Referee under the said Decretal Order, the lands and premises mentioned and directed to be sold by the said Decretal Order, and therein described as follows:—

All that certain tract of land situate in the Parish of Peel in the County of Carleton, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post standing at the north-western angle of lot number two hundred and fifty one purchased by David N. Raymond in Block A. west of Coldstream, thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, south eighty-six degrees and forty-five minutes east one hundred chains to a post, thence north eighteen degrees east ten chains and forty-two links to another post, thence north eighty-six degrees and forty-five minutes west one hundred and four chains to another post and thence south three degrees and fifteen minutes west ten chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number two hundred and fifty-two in the rear of granted lands fronting on Coldstream, and being the same land granted by the Crown to one Charles Tibbitts on the eighteenth day of January A. D. 1869.

Dated the twenty-ninth day of December A. D. 1900.

STEPHEN B. APPELBY,
D. McLEOD VINCE, Referee in Equity.
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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