

# Where Holiday Money Counts

We have only room to give an outline of the various lines that compose our holiday stock, but each of these lines contains scores of gifts that are worthy of your attention. Hundreds of suitable gifts for every member of the family from the youngest to the oldest. You cannot do justice either to those you buy for or to your own pocket book without seeing our magnificent assortment. We trust you can find time to see it soon.

If holiday pocket books could be stretched to correspond to holiday good will there would be no worry about selecting gifts.

We believe that this store comes nearer to solving this problem than has ever been possible heretofore. It offers a wide assortment of worthy goods—goods that possess every quality that a gift should have—beauty, durability, usefulness, novelty, and real value—and on everything we save you money. Genuine bargains on goods of honest quality is the principle we applied in selecting every item in our stock.

We shall be pleased to have you look over our holiday line as early and as often as you can. It embraces a number of items never shown here before and that you must see here if at all. We want you to see these new things whether you want to buy or not, so would request that you come soon.

In addition to an outline of our holiday stock we have indicated below lists of items especially suited for your friends of both sexes and of all ages. We are sure you will find these lists helpful and trust you will check them over carefully as well as the rest of the advertisement. You are sure to get hints that will save you both time and worry. Our superb assortment and low prices will make your holiday buying a very easy matter this year.

Toilet Cases, .....	from 75c to \$6.50
Travelling Cases, .....	" \$2.00 to 8.00
Shaving Cases, .....	" 75 " 4.75
Collar and Cuff Cases, .....	" 1.25 " 3.50
Manicure Setts, ....	" 2.00 " 6.00
Pocket Books, ....	" 10 " 3.00
Hair Brushes, ....	" 30 " 2.50
Hair Brushes (Military) per pair	" 1.75 " 4.00
Cloth Brushes, ....	" 25 " 1.50
Tooth Brushes, ....	" 5 " 35
Shaving Brushes, ....	" 10 " 50
Razor Straps, .....	" 25 " 1.00
Perfumes, ....	" 10 " 3.75

Cigar Cases, ....	25c to \$3 00
Pipes, ....	10c " 6 00
Cigars (Box) ....	75c " 5 00
Tobaccos, all the best kinds.	
Tobacco Pouches, ....	25c " 60
Playing Cards, ....	10c " 50
Dressing Combs, ....	5c " 50
Pocket Combs, ....	10c " 25
Hand Mirrors, ....	25c " 1 75
Atomizers, ....	50c " 2 25
Whisks, ....	10c " 50
Soaps (Box) ....	5c " 75
Soap Boxes, ....	25c " 1 50

## PERFUMES

Perfumes are always in wide demand at holiday time, and this is the time that quality should be insisted upon. We have an immense stock of perfume and it includes the finest odors of the best perfumers. We have the late specialties. We have fine goods in bulk and in bottles. A package of perfume is often one of the most suitable gifts where some small token is required. The size of the package does not matter so much so long as the quality is right. We make you safe on that point. We have perfumes in all sorts of fancy packages. Also have dainty bottles and atomizers which we can fill with bulk perfume. If you want Sachet Powders, Colognes, Toilet Waters, etc., you will find them in abundance here.

## GARDEN BROS., Druggists,

Main Street, Opposite Queen, Woodstock, N. B.

She caught her breath sharply, the lovely face suddenly womanly and angelically tender, the blue eyes deep and serious, the sweet lips a little firmer still.

"It would make a man and a woman," she uttered, in low, vibrant voice.

"And he is not a man now," he muttered.

"No; nor has she been a woman till just now. She was childishly afraid of him. Weakly she let him plan their lives apart. She was not sure he loved her; she—she—is not sure—now; but—"

"He does, Louie. She is the summum bonum of his life—he has never dreamed of giving her up. He believed it, but it would be easier for him to tear his heart out. Louie, tell me you love me—I must hear it—Ah-h! It has been hard."

"Wait, Kurt." Her voice was unconsciously plaintive. "We will have to live so differently. For the last year mamma and I have lived on Aunt Jennie's bounty, I to repay her when I'm married. This was their doing—I fought it bitterly, because, you see, I knew—we couldn't, you and I."

"My blessed girl!"

"Mamma can live with Aunt Jennie, but you, dear, and I—we've been so selfish. Can we give up things we really want—for—each other? You can't live so beautifully, nor can I."

He drew himself up beside her and took her hands in his. He entirely forgot Burritt and the hundred thousand dollars.

"I've thought it out a hundred times, darling, have spent hours looking at flats and furniture; have priced groceries and interviewed butchers and employment agencies. I know just how many evenings the cook wants out, and the number of chops in a pound, out both thick and thin. Know just what I shall have to renounce, and the things you will have to do without—so many, dear, I dared not speak before. Against Burritt and this—his eyes swept the magnificent stretch of ground—"it—well, it is impertinence in me, after all."

"And—yourself . . . you don't mind."

"You love me enough . . . I couldn't be happy—if—if—you—"

His eyes held hers.

"We're a couple of fakirs, dear. We have sampled about all the good things life gives, know just what they're worth. And we're hungry for each other, starved out of our selfishness for the blessed joy of loving. Oh, my sweetheart, how did I ever wait so long?"

She drew back, blushing, laughing. "Oh, Kurt! They—someone'll see."

Not even then did he think of Burritt.

"Come," he cried, springing to his feet. "We'll put the trees between us and possible onlookers. You can't do me out of a multitude of kisses, sweetheart."

"Do I want to?" she flashed, curving her red lips.

He laughed blissfully, the first ecstatic kiss passed into history, then—he saw Burritt.

"Good heavens!"

The dismay on his face was so metamorphosing it caused Burritt almost a smile. He stepped forward.

"I have been but a few moments on the spot; I think this is the right conclusion." He held out his hand. "Congratulations,

old man. Your hand, Miss Adams. You're both in luck."

"Thank you," said the girl, joyously, raising her happy blue eyes to his. "We've just—"

"Entered the Kingdom of Heaven," completed Layton, in low, deep tones. His eyes sought Burritt's, fearless, frank, speakingly sympathetic, almost pleading for forgiveness.

"This changes things, Burritt," he said, rapidly. "Our—our little business deal is off. It was a fair proposition then, old man. Now—"

Burritt looked at the girl standing beside her lover, a glorious blush rose, sweet with love's morning, fragrant with heaven's life-giving breath. He gazed long, devouringly, forgetful of the man.

She flushed a little, the sweet resolute mouth losing its blissful smile, the radiant blue eyes growing very, very tender.

"We've loved each other so long," she faltered, unconsciously exclaiming. "Perhaps people will think we're foolish now," her thought rushed to herself and Kurt again, "but we'll have each other."

He laughed easily, and only Layton detected the effort he made.

"So you're even willing to love in a Harlem flat. No wonder Kurt looks so happy. Too bad, but it can't be so romantic, Miss Adams. Fate wills that you shall not sacrifice even a ribbon on love's altar. Kurt and I invested a few pennies some time ago in a mine, a veritable gamble, for it was nothing but a hole in the ground, but my broker writes me today that we've sold out at a profit of \$200,000. One hundred thousand each; not so bad, eh, Kurt? Moreover, my lawyer has decided to be Secretary of War—for the honor, of course. What idiots some men are—so I'll hand my law business over to Kurt. It amounts to about \$12,000 a year, old man."

And the girl he loved, her face illumined, gave a great, sobbing laugh, and held out her hands—to Layton.

"Oh, Kurt! I'm so—glad—for—you!"

Burritt met Layton's swift, imploring glance reassuringly, and walked away, the supreme all of his life denied him.—Town Topics.

### MARINE ART.

#### Virtues and Defects of the Ships that Sailors Paint.

It is an axiom with sailors that there never was a man who put in three years before the mast who did not think he could paint a ship better than the most skillful landlubber that ever wielded a brush. In the homes of retired sea captains specimens of this kind of marine art are often displayed on the walls to admiring friends and are handed down as family heirlooms. A good place for the man who has no seagoing relatives or friends to see such pictures is in some of the windows of ship supply stores on South street in New York. Sailors buy them occasionally.

Ships that sailors paint are absolutely

correct in every detail. From a brig to a full rigged three master there is not a block or tackle missing from stem or stern or from masthead to water line. No marine painter could get in half so much detail if he tried. But the ships painted by sailors look as if they were caught fast in frost tipped waves. There is absolutely no life or any suggestion of motion about them even when represented as going under full sail. When a sailor tries to get in a bit of landscape as a background, as he usually does, he makes matters hopelessly worse. As a general thing it is a light-house or a fort looking for all the world like little images that children take out of their toy a-ks.—New York Press.

### My Heart.

There is a little garden spot I call my heart. High-hedged it lies from vulgar gaze, and neatly kept; the sunshine lies athwart the grass and gay and pretty flowers dance therein.

No weeds deface, but tall the lilies raise their waxes cups and sweet blush-roses hide behind the lattice of their own green leaves. Not any wild and rank luxuriance of bloom is here, but all is set and fair, with little paths and close-clipped alleys, and so, with pride, I beckon you to look and walk within and breathe the fine and wholesome fragrance of the place—But, ah! What have you done?

Your foot has overturned a stone, and out their came a horde of horrid creeping things, a swarm of slimy writhing things, of hideous crawling things, that ne'er before have seen the light of day, but lay beneath the large flat rock that rested in the sunshine, within the little garden spot I call my heart.—"Lippincott's Magazine."

### Election Ethics.

"Years ago, when I was living in Boston, Colonel Higginson was running for Congress," said Bishop Potter, in a lecture in New York the other day. "On election day I met a negro whom I knew well, and I said to him, 'I suppose you are on your way to vote for Colonel Higginson?' To my surprise, he said he was going to vote for the other man. Now, Colonel Higginson had been the lieutenant-colonel of the negro regiment of which Robert Shaw was colonel, and after Shaw was killed in the charge at Fort Wagner he led the regiment. So I said to Tom that I thought every consideration of chivalry and honor should lead him to support the man who had given the negro race its greatest opportunity in the Civil War. Tom replied, 'I don't see it that way, sah. I

think chivalry and honor constrain me to vote for the gentleman what give me five dollars this morning.'"

### CAMPMEETIN'.

One day I saw my Mary Ann  
A lookin' kind o' florn.  
I never seen her look more sad,  
Before, since I was born.

Said she, "Campmeetin' is at hand;  
To go I do not care;  
For, as you know, the children, John,  
Have got no shoes to wear."

Said I, "Oh, let them wear the shoes  
And hose that nature made;  
We are not going to a church,  
But to the ancient shade."

So to the meetin' we repaired,  
And had a pleasant time.  
The singin' was so beautiful!  
The preachin' was so fine!

Our eight year old "got 'ligion," and  
"Was happy." Willie G.  
Declared he loved the Lord, his God,  
A great deal more than me.

And Mary liked the meetin', too;  
She is a good, sweet girl,  
A friend to help me on my way  
Amid life's busy whirl.

I felt the old shoes on my feet,  
The glory in my soul,  
The old time fire upon my lips,  
"The billows ceased to roll."

We mingled with the rich and fine,  
And felt as big as they!  
For wasn't Jesus Christ, the Lord,  
Our Elder Brother, say?

### A Frozen Subject.

Levy's brother died in Chicago the other day. The undertaker telegraphed to Levy: "What shall I do with the body? I can embalm it for \$50 or freeze it for \$30."

And Levy telegraphed back: "Freeze it from the knees up for \$20; he had his feet frozen last winter."—"Lyre."

### A Run-Away.

Did you ever hear the story of the fellow who yoked himself to a yearling calf, to show it a thing or two? The calf started off soberly, but presently began running at top speed, and when they passed some of his neighbors the man had scarcely breath enough to yell: "Ketch us—darn our fool souls—we're running away."

### RIGHT SIDE OUT.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you to go to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it Jack," she repeated. Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him there he stood—a forlorn, funny looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother turning him round, said:

"This is what you have been doing all day, been turning everything inside out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No Mamma," said Jack shamefacedly, "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to do what is pleasant and to speak what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—Selected

The results of patient continuance in well-doing are never to be measured by the weakness of the instrument, but by the omnipotence of Him who blesseth the sincere efforts of obedience and faith.—Henry Thompson.

Hoskins—I once paid a hundred dollars to see a doctor.

Halliday—What?

Hoskins—The doctor had four aces and I had four kings.

Diner—Waiter, there is a slight mistake. I ordered a spring chicken and a bottle of 1884 Pommery. Waiter—Yes, sir. Diner—You have brought me some Pommery of last spring and a chicken of 1884.—"Christian Register."