



## IT WILL DO YOU GOOD

To see our stock of Dainty Christmas Presents this year. Ours is a typical city store within easy reach, with all of its attractions in prices, style and variety.

**Diamonds,  
Gold Watches,  
Statuary,  
Cut Glass,  
Haviland China,  
Old Ivory,  
Cabinets of Sterling  
Silver.**

We have decided to invite our old patrons to participate in the bargains we offer, and when possible, will give a liberal discount towards paying duty.

# Jewett & Co.,

Fogg Block, Houlton, Me.

### THE CHILD WITH THE PINK ROSE.

One of the most pathetic and touching incidents connected with the Slocum disaster was the finding of a tiny baby girl, whose little body remained unrecognized and unclaimed. Dressed in a white robe of finest muslin, with a pink rose fastened in her baby cap, the child's body was one of the first taken from the wreck. The child with the rose," she was called at that gruesome place—the morgue—where she lay for days, awaiting identification. Yet no one came to claim the mite. Poor little baby! No one knew who she was, and no one even asked about a baby that would fit her description. Yet she must have been somebody's darling! Perhaps both father and mother are lying under the cruel waters that dash and swirl so madly at Hell Gate. They must surely be dead. The care taken with her dress, the little touch of affectionate admiration indicated by the rose, showed that she had been the pride, the darling treasure of some father and mother, the sunbeam of their home. If in her play she had strayed away and been lost, we can imagine how anxiously she would have been sought—what tears would have been shed, and how tirelessly every street and avenue in the city would have been explored, until she was again safe in her mother's arms! Yet, there she lay, lovely in death, unrecognized, unclaimed!

Oh, the pathos of it! No one to care for the form so precious only a few weeks ago. No one to take up the dear dust and lay it tenderly in its last resting place. A mere number in the long list of unidentified dead. But he who when on earth so loved little children, has

surely garnered that young soul, and has taken it where neither sorrow, nor temptation, nor sin can ever hurt it. Perhaps we ought not to grieve. One who had in her face such promise of womanly beauty might, if she had lived, come to harm on life's dangerous path. It is the loveliest and most precious of the children who do encounter the greatest dangers. Rather than dropping tears over the tragical fate, can we do nothing for such children to save them from a doom infinitely worse than that of this "child with the rose?" They are all about us, growing up amongst perils, and are passing daily and hourly into a condition which, when we see it, we say, "Better she died in her innocence." Let our pity, our concern, go out to the living. In a few years we can do so little for them. Reform, reclamation, the weary, almost hopeless work of rescue will be all that is left for us. But now while they are young cannot the Christian do more than is being done to obey the Master's last injunction, "Feed my lambs?" Cannot these bright, blithesome, innocent little creatures be brought under Christian influence and saved from falling? It is a shame to us that they should be lost. Can we not, each in our own neighborhood, make ourselves the friends of the little ones and gather them into Christ's kingdom? They are worth saving. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Christian Herald.

MANHOOD.

LOWELL.

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think.  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

### MOTHER'S RAINY DAY.

Sometimes there's a rainy day; an' then  
We lay of a spell, we men.  
Pa talks politics and reads the papers,  
An' we boys putter round an' cut up  
capers,  
An' whittle, even down to little brother;  
But dunno as I can recollect a rainy day  
for mother.

Seems as if she worked harder than any  
other day,  
Tryin' to keep things straight and put  
away,  
Stirrin' up the fire so it won't seem dreary,  
Cookin' something extra then, makin'  
things more cheery;  
Pickin' up pa's slippers, or something or  
another—  
I don't believe there ever was a rainy day  
for mother.

But then she don't complain—just keeps  
workin' on;  
Sometimes she has a pleasant word, some-  
times a bit of song,  
And lots of times I fancy she has a tired  
look.  
An' I'd feel lots better if she'd rest or  
read a book.  
An' then I wipe the dishes, or do some  
thing or another.  
An' wish with all my heart there was a  
rainy day for mother.

—Florence A. Hayes.

### To Guard the Czar.

A Russian correspondent of a London newspaper gives some details of the extraordinary precautions which were taken to guard the Czar during one of his recent excursions from St. Petersburg to review troops before their departure for the front. He says that between St. Petersburg and Grodno alone fully twenty thousand infantry lined both sides of the line over which the imperial train had to pass. Many thousand more soldiers are known to have patrolled the line southward through Poland. Every culvert was guarded by sentries standing with fixed bayonets. Every peasant track crossing the line was also guarded by sentries standing back to back on either side of the railway. The heights above all railway cuttings were patrolled by infantry, and so also was the entire route in the open. In many places the men were stationed only some 150 yards from each other. Bridges were especially well guarded. Barges and boats containing infantry guards were placed under the larger railway bridges. "One would imagine one's self on the other side of Baikal," was the remark of an officer who had just returned from Manchuria. The apprehension that dictated these precautions accounts, in large measure, for the free hand accorded to the reforming Prince Sviatopolk-Mireky.

### The Secret of Danish Butter-Making.

The Danes love their cows and give them every comfort; and the cows, not to be outdone in devotion, do their very best. All the

stables I visited were fire proof, had concrete floors and there was water so arranged that everything could be washed.

Each stall had a tablet with the name of the cow, date of birth, pedigree, etc. There was also a slate on which a daily record was kept.

If a cow is sick she is at once separated from the other animals and taken to the hospital. It is a crime in Denmark to use or sell milk from a sick cow.

The milking is done by women who are not allowed to wear sleeves below the elbow. They wear white linen caps and aprons and must not only wash the bag of the cow, but also wash their own hands before milking, each time.

Everything fed the cow is prepared with great care—the quality and quantity is known, as nearly as possible. In the pastures every weed is pulled and the cow is not permitted to eat anything that will in any way taint the milk.

The cream is carefully pasteurized.

In short, the secret of Danish butter-making is perfect cleanliness and eternal vigilance, but the result is a product that will go through the tropics or the circumpolar region and come out standing up.

### BILL'S IN TROUBLE.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away  
out west,  
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my  
breast  
To think the boy whose futer' I had once so  
proudly planned  
Should wander from the path o' right an'  
come to such an end.  
I tol' him when he left us, only three short  
years ago,  
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crook-  
ed row;  
He'd miss his father's counsels and his  
mother's prayers, too;  
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he  
guessed he'd have to go.

I know tha's big temptation fur a youngster  
in the west,  
But I believed our Billy had the courage to  
resist,  
An' when he left I warned him of the ever-  
waitin' snares  
That lie like hidden sarpiants in life's path-  
way everywhere;  
But Bill he promised faithful to be keeful,  
an' allowed  
He'd build up a reputation that'd make us  
mighty proud,  
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded  
from his mind,  
An' now he's got in trouble of the very  
worstest kind!

His letters come so seldom that I somehow  
sort o' knowed  
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky  
road,  
But never once imagined he would bow my  
head in shame  
An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's hon-  
ored name.  
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's  
mighty short;  
I jess can't tell his mother—it'll crush her  
poor ol' heart!  
An' so I reckon, parson, you might break the  
news to her—  
Bill's in the legislatur', but he doesn't say  
what fur!

—The Irrigator.



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### GETTING READY

for a Christmas drive? How about your rig? Have you done anything to give it a Christmas look? How about the harness? Will it stand inspection? And how about the lap robe? Aren't you ashamed to go out with that old thing any more? Why not treat yourself? A new

### ROBE OR WHIP

will be something that you will find useful as well as ornamental. The cost will not be an impediment if you buy it here.

### FRANK L. ATHERTON

(At the Sign of the White Horse)

King Street, Woodstock.

### In His Own Line.

Jim Jackson was brought before a Western judge charged with chicken stealing. After the evidence was all in the justice, with a perplexed look, said, "But I do not understand, Jackson, how it was possible for to steal those chickens, when they were roosting right under the owner's window and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."

"Hit wouldn't do yer a bit o' good, Judge, for me to 'splain how I kotched dem chickens, fer you couldn't do hit yerself ef yer tried it fohty times, and yer might get yer hide full er lead. De bes way fer you ter do Judge, is jes ter buy yo' chickens in de market, same ez odder folks do, and when yer wants ter commit any rascality do hit on de bench, whar yo' is at home."—[The Green Bag.

Both were blonds and both were charming and chic. They were on an "L" train, bound south, which had just left the Forty-second street station.

"I'm going to have a birthday party," said the elder. "Guess, if you can, what birthday I'm going to celebrate?"

The other was just about to say something nice when the guard opened the door and yelled:

"Thirty-third!"

"Guess again," she said, and he wondered why the passengers laughed.—Evening World.

Butter Paper, printed and unprinted in one and two pound wrappers, at this office.

## Come to the NEW POTTERY STORE For Holiday Gifts.

Our store is crowded with the most delightful suggestions for the Christmas Season. China and Pottery of all kinds from the cheaper grades to the most rare and perfect products of the potter's art are to be seen here.

Vases, in Glass, Japanese China,  
Royal Bonn, Royal Hungarian,  
Imperial Crown, Teplitz,  
Royal Worcester, Wedgewood.  
Pratt's Old Greek Ware, a very rich thing,  
in Tea Setts and Odd Pieces.  
Plain and Fancy Pitchers from the most re-  
nowned English Potteries.  
A large variety of Teapots from the cheapest  
to those of very fine quality.  
Dinner Setts in semi porcelain and in Aus-  
trian, German and French China from  
\$8.00 to \$45.00.  
Tea Setts in semi porcelain and in English,  
French and German China from \$1.90

to \$18.00.  
Toilet Setts porcelain and stone from \$2.00  
to \$8.00.  
Chocolate Setts, Berry Setts,  
Butter Dishes, Salad Bowls,  
Pudding Dishes, Biscuit Jars,  
Marmalade Jars, Mustard Jars,  
Roll Trays, Spoon Trays,  
Celery Trays, Pepper and Salt,  
Cake Plates, Children's Setts,  
Oatmeal Setts, Water Setts,  
Muffin Dishes, Nut Bowls,  
Bread and Butter Plates, Bon-Bon Dishes,  
Fern Pots, Jewel Boxes.

We give you an infinite variety to choose from at prices ranging from the lowest up.

## The New Pottery Store,

Main Street, next above Carlisle Hotel.

## L. A. VANWART, Proprietor.