

FREDERICTON, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1886.

Hang up the baby's stocking;

Be sure you don't forget-

But I've told her all about it,

Dear! what a tiny stocking!

Such little pink toes as baby's

It never would do at all;

For anything half so small.

I've thought of the very best plan-

It doesn't take much to hold

Away from the frost and cold.

The dear little dimpled darling,

She never saw Christmas yet;

And I'm sure she understands it,

She looked so funny and wise.

And she opened her big blue eyes,

## VOL. VIII., NO. 17

## Poetry.

A Common Cold Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

## Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life. - Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I. But then, for the baby's Christmas I contracted a severe cold, which sud-I contracted a severe cold, which sud-denly developed into Pneumonia, present-ing dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure. - II. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas. Why, Santa wouldn't be looking I know what we'll do for the baby-

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I con-sulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicing twee And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother. Right here in the corner, so, And write a letter to Santa, And fasten it on to the toe. taking two bottles of this medicine I was Write, " This is the baby's stocking cured. Since then I have given the Pec-That hangs in the corner here; toral to my children, and consider it You never have seen her, Santa, The Best Remedy She only came this year. for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family. – Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa. But she's just the blessedest baby And now, before you go, Just cram her stocking with goodies. From the top clean down to the toe. Some time ago I took a slight Cold. which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer Christmas Treasures, until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry I count my treasures o'er with care: Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this val-The little toy that baby knew. uable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers. - Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York. A little sock of faded hue. A little lock of golden hair. Long years ago this Christmas time, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, My little one-my all to me-Sat robed in white upon my knee, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more And heard the merry Christmas chime in demand than any other medicine of its class. - J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark, "Tell me, my little golden head, If Santa Claus should come to-night, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, What shall he bring my baby bright, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. What treasure for my boy?" And then he named the little toy, While in his honest, mournful eyes There came a look of sweet surprise Riverview Nursery That spoke his quiet, trustful joy. And as he lisped his evening prayer, He asked the boon with childish grace, Then toddling to the chimney-place, For sale at bottom prices, He hung his little stocking there. PLAN TS With heavenly music to our home, of the following, for present or spring And kiss my darling as he slept. delivery : They must have heard his baby prayer, For in the morn, with smiling face, CURRANTS. He toddled to the chimney-place. Black Naples," "White Grape.' And found the little treasure there. Red Cherry." "Versaillaise. They came again one Christmas-tide. That angel host so fair and white. 'Fay's Prolific." And, singing all the Christmas night, They lured my darling from my side. **GOOSEBERRIES.** Smiths' Improved." "Downings." A little sock, a little toy, A little lock of golden hair, "Houngton Seedling." The Christmas music on the air. STRAWBERRIES. A watching for my baby boy. And if again that angel train "Sharpless," largest and finest And golden head come back for me, To bear me to eternity, berry cultivated. "Mount Vernon." large, late, My watching will not be in vain. delicious. "Crescent Seedling," extra Christmas Bells. production and early. "Charles Downing," standard Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing, Hear their chime so sweet and clear, sort, productive find. Would you know the song they're singing, Freight paid on all orders over Singing to my listening ear? \$5.00. 'Peace on earth," the tale they're telling, " And good will toward all men," For prices, &c., address Loud the joyous anthem swelling, J. E. FAIRWEATHER. Over all the earth again. Hampton, N. B., Nov. 8, 1886-tf. And they tell another story. Low and sweet it sounds to me. 'Neath triumphant strains of glory, Ringing out so wild and free. Like soft chords, so sweet and thrilling--Sounds this story unto me, While rich melody is filling, All my heart with Larmony.





A California mining town, away up amid the snow-clad, rock-bound peaks the fireplace hung two little patched carried inside, amid alternate laughs Mr. Terry?" The town was irregularly laid out, could stand it no longer.

and was scattered along a creek which He softly moved away from the and that is all," said the mother. "Is all starving and freezing. Poor mamma!" emptied into the Consummes river window to the rear of the cabin, where not God good to us?" yeral miles below. Both the dwell-ings and business houses—or, more properly speaking cabins were conings and business houses-or, more met his eyes. Among these he search- down to the step.' properly speaking, cabins, were con- ed until he found a little blue stocking The mother stooped and took hold

structed of unhewn pine logs, the which he removed from the line, fold- of it, and lifted harder and harder uncrevices between the timbers being ed tenderly and placed in his overcoat til she raised it from the step. Her of bread and meat; filled a basket barriedly "chinked" and plastered with mud The town contained at least a dozen the contained the control to the con

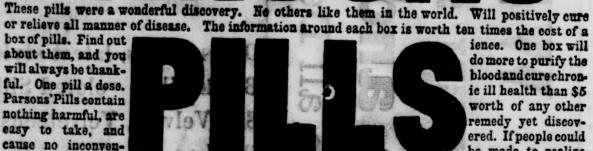
The town contained at least a dozen saloons, or saloons and gambling-houses combined, and in these hells much of the hard-earned money of the miner parted company with him. to take up its temporary abode in the saloon till or the pocket of the pro-fessional gambler. The dwellings of the town were scattered along the I'll borrow a stocking of grandma, The longest that ever I can; the town were scattered along the checks suddenly ceased. Then, in an blue stocking. creek or built on the side of the mountain, the majority of them being had seen and heard, reapeating every such happiness, but leave the joyful joy, munching their bread the while. "How good! How warm! How pretty !" rough "bachelor-dens," for women word of the conversation between the family sounding praise to Heaventhey kept repeating. Tom Terry stood by in a dazed kind of a were very scarce in the newly-dis- mother and her two children. In con- and Santa Claus. way. The breakfast without the usual drink. and the sight of the fire and food for his clusion he said .in a small cabin in the upper end "Boys, I think I know you, every Stewart's ears. She knew Jack Daw- behumbed heart was beginning to awaken. The whole story soon reached Mrs. | suffering family, recalled other days. His of the town sat a widow in widow's one of you, and I know what kind o' son by sight, and when she next met weeds, holding upon her knee a metal yer made of. I've an idee that him, although the honest fellow tried voice of Nat, as he entered with a sack of "Hallo, neighbor !" exclaimed the cheery bright eyed, sunny-faced little girl Santy Claus knows jist whar that hard to push by her, she caught hold flour. "I thought maybe you'd appreciate a bright eyed, sunny faced little girl Santy Claus knows jist what that hard to push by her, she caught hold Christmas present, so I've brought you one. about five years old, while a little cabin's sitiwated, an' I've an ideo he'll of his coat and compelled him to stand Good-morning, Miss Rose; you got in a cherub of a boy lay upon a bear skin find it afore morning. Hyar's one o' and listen to her tearful thanks. The leetle ahead of me; howsomever, 'pears to before the open fire-place. It was the little gal's stockings that I hooked tears shed were not all hers, for when he plenty of room for good work still," glanc-Christmas Eve, and the woman sat off'n the line whar I heard the widder Jack moved away there were drops of ing around the bare room. "My old woman's gaving abstractedly into the new She say she'd hung 'em with the washin'. liquid crystal hanging to his ruddy coming too; she's getting some knick-knack was yet young, and as the wing The daddy o' them little 'uns was a cheeks. flames lit up her sad face the est or other ready-and there's the load of coal I good, hard-workin' miner, an' he Four months from that "Merry ordered, for old time's sake, Tom, when we crossed the range in the line o' duty, Christmas" Mrs. Stewart became Mrs. old shop." ed i with weird beauty. Mary Stewart was the widow of just as any of us is liable to do in our Jack Dawson; and every evening, "You mean," said Tom, sadly, "when I Aleck Stewart, and but two years be- dangerous business. Hyar goes a when the hardy miner returns from was a man. You are very good to poor old fore had lived comfortably and hap- twenty-dollar piece right down in the his daily labor to his comfortable and Tom the drunkerd." pily in a camp on the American river toe, an' hyar I lay the stocking on happy home, Totty and Benny will "That's right !" cried Nat heartily. " Call Aleck was a brawny miner, but the this card-table. Now chip in, much climb upon his kness, and almost it by its right name-drunkard. I say, Tom, premature explosion of a blast in an or little, as ye kin afford." smother him with kisses, while they you've given old John Descomb a good part underground tunnel had blotted out "Hold them checks of mine on the lovingly address him as "Our Santa of his fine place; suppose, now, you and me quit giving money to John-he's rich enough. his life in an instant, leaving his ace jack," said Brocky Clark, a gam- Claus papa." tamily without a protector and in bler, and, leaving the faro table, he "O Nat !' exclaimed his wife, who had straitened circumstances. His daily picked the little stocking up carefully, entered noiselessly, as she slid her arm around his neck. "You've not come to this yet, but wages had been their sole support. looked at it tenderly, and, when he That night, as length'ning shadows crept, and now that he was gone what could laid it down, another twenty had gone The Drunkard's Christmas. you might," glancing around the bare room and over the wretched family. "I wish, oh, they do? down into the toe, to keep company how I wish you would take the pledge !" With her little family Mrs. Stewart with the one placed there by Dawson. With her little family Mrs. Stewart with the one placed there by Dawson. Snow upon the hillside, snow all and me'll take it this morning. "I'm in the Another and another came up, until over the level valley fields; even the humor, and I see Tom is. We'll help each we find them (all western mining the foot of the stocking was well- village street were but paths through other. I'll find him work. Don't cry, Mrs. towns are called camp-), and there filled, and then came the cry from the heavy drifts. The air was piercing Terry; it's more a time to laugh, and we'll she earned a precarious livelihood by gambling tables .-cold although the sun shone brightly have a rousing big Christmas to-morrow, and washing clothes for the miners. Here "Pass her around, Jack !" orerhead. nary drink of anything stronger than mother's was a hard lot, but the brave little woman toiled on, cheered by the table, and started around the hall. little children were hovering over a But they all cried and laughed together. thought that her daily labors stood Before he had circulated it at half a- few coals upon the hearth. The wan thought that her daily labors stood Before he had circulated it at half a-between her darling little ones and dozen tables, it showed signs of burst- mother sat near, with a baby at her said, pushing his wine aside,the gaunt wolf of starvation. Their ing beneath the weight of gold and breast; the air of the cheerless, al- "Child, you've spoiled my dinner; bat covere were patched and shahby, and silver coin; and a strong coin bag, most bare, room was very cold, and good-natured, brave old Nat shall not be their food plain and somewhat scanty, such as is used for sending treasure the younger of the children was cry- slone in the good work. "I've plenty of yet they were never reduced to abso- by express, was procured, and the ing pitifully. work for Tom. We'll all have a ' Merry lute suffering. stocking placed inside of it. The Christmas' to-morrow. Put my wines away "Mamma, isn't there any more Jack Dawson, a strong, honest round of the large ball was made, and wood or coal ?" for sickness." minor, was passing the cabin this in the meantime the story had spread Christmas Eve, when the voice of the all over the camp. From various " No, darling," wearily. "What shall we do ?" continued Flirts are like fiddles-no good without the little girl attracted his attention saloons came messengers, saying,- ten-year old Gracie, rubbing poor little beaux. Jack possessed an inordinate love for "Send the stockin' around the Rob's purple toes with her palms, A man's character is like his shadow. children, and although his manly camp; the boys are a-waitin' for it." which sometimes follows and sometimes pre-"I don't know. God help us! Oh, spirit would abbor the sneaking prac With a party at his heels, Jack if I only was strong or your papa did cedes him, and which is occasionally longer, tice of eves-dropping, he could not re- went from saloon to saloon. Games not-was not-" occasionally shorter than he is. sist the temptation to steal up to the ceased, and tipplers left the bars as She could not say the truth even ies in the way of drink, we maintain that

"And oh, Lord, please tell good and began to move the stores into the the gentleman, severely, as he swung past, Santa Claus that we are very poor, cabin. There were several sacks of muffled in his fur overcoat and gloves. Santa Claus that we are very poor, but that we love him as much as rich children do, for dear Jesus' sake, Amen !" After they were in bed, through a small rent in the plain white curtain, he saw the widow sitting before the fire, her face buried in her hands, and a ware wore several sacks of flour, hams, canned fruits, pounds and pounds of coffee, tea and sugar, new dress goods, and a warm woolen shawl for the widow, shoes, stockings, hats, a big wax doll that could cry and for the out of the children, a big wax doll that could cry and for the widow sitting before the fire, her face buried in his fur overcoat and gloves. "These lazy drunkards!" he muttered. "I "I began "These lazy drunkards!" he muttered. "I "These lazy drunkards!" he mu

fire, her face buried in her hands, and move its eyes for Totty, and a beauti-weeping bitterly. On a peg, just over ful red sled for Benny. All were heard his last words and paused.

" Are you out of wood this bitter cold day,

"Yes, and bread, too," sobbed Gracie, "Bring in the sack of salt, Totty, breaking down at last. "Ob, miss, we are



worth of any other nedy yet discovwould walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had

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window just a moment to listen to the they entered each place, and miners, before her starving. freezing children, health, happiness, and work find stimulus sweet, prattling voice. The first gamblers, speculators, everybody, could not call their father a drunkard. enough in the unsophisticated well of nature "Before papa died, we always had gift to the miner's widow and abundance of warmth and good cheer

Christmas, didn't we, mamma?" "Yes, Totty darling, but papa earn-the Far-Western camps, and is ac-bar-keeper was in his usual fine spirits and is more highly concentrated, than any

ed money enough to make his little quainted with the generosity of West- until Tom Terry came shambling in, other preparation. It can always be dependpets happy at least once a year. You ern men, will feel no surprise or a mere bundle of rags, red eyes and ed upon as an effective blood purifier. must remember, Totty, that we are doubt my truthfulness when I say palsied limbs.

very poor, and although mamma works very hard, she can scarcely the little blue stocking and the heavy drink this morning?" he begged of the blue stocking and the heavy drink this morning?" he begged of the blue stocking and the heavy drink this morning?" he begged of earn enough to supply us with food canvas bag contained over one thous- the saloon keeper, in a whining voice. slight his hope may be, make use of that Little bright-faced Benny raised Horses were procured, and a party any breakfast."

crowded up to tender their Christmas Within the bar room there was -pure water.

Physicians prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla in orphans. Anyone who has lived in -that is of a certain kind-and the cases of scrofuls, and in every form of chronic

and dollars in gold and silver coin. "It's desperately cold, and I ain't had little; encourage and stimulate him to exercise that fortitude, coupled with reasonable his curly head from his soft nest in despatched to a large town down on "Nor your wife or children either, hope, which has tided and will tide many a patient over shoale where medicine would have been utterly ineffective.

List, the tale to me they're telling, Do you hear it in your heart? lear the blessed anthem swelling-Of which this chord is a part? To my heart, in language olden. Is the blest commandment sung; 'Tis the rule we call the "Golden, By our Saviour was anthems rung.

Do unto the poor and needy, As you would have others do Into you-bring comfort speedy-Let them share their joys with you, Make the Christmas for them brighter Than they ever yet have known, Make their heavy burdens lighter, 'Ere the Christmas tide has flown."

This sweet song the bells are ringing To my ear this Christmas day; Are they to your heart thus singing. With their music bright and gay? While the bells our hearts are thrilling With your own blest joys to-day, Is this low song your heart filling With its soft and tender lay?

## **CHRISTMAS**

While slumber's shielding arm about us

Unconsciously the softened murmuring candy then, just because you were as though their towering head were Of distant chimes with our awakening blends And, halt asleep, in wonder we remain-Dreaming of love, the past and all that's dear. Without the snowflakes pat the window-

The frosted cottage-eves crack loud and clear:

There is a scene that memory yet reveres, There is a strain of music that pervades The endless changes of succeeding years. Unhappy they whose thoughts may not be good children," said Totty.

And, while without the winds of winter fret, Bringing a merry strain the heart can ne'er forget.

filling the room with golden light, until Then came the welcome measures of that strain-The peal of bells with echoing soft replies: And, with closed eyes, scarce breathing, we remain-

Admire and wonder if 'twill come again. What hours of rapture, when around ? hearth

the warn bearskin, and cheerily said, the Consummes from which they re- I'll be bound," muttered Nat Layland "Des' wait till I dit to be a man, turned near day-break with toys, sitting by the stove, his cowhide boots mamma, an' 'oo won't have to wort. clothing, provisions, etc., in almost resting on the back of a near chair. I'se doin' to be a dreat bid miner, 'ike endless variety. Arranging their "Give me a drink, Tom! My stare, at a church at Willenhall, Staffordshire, Enggifts in proper shape, and securely you lazy lout! What would become money, but I won't do near 'em blasttying the mouth of the bag of coin, of me if I gave all my drinks away ?" in' fings an' dit tilled 'ike papa did." Jack Dawson still lingered upon the widow's humble cabin. The bag was ber to-morrer's Christmas, and-"

On the top was laid the lid of a large So clear out of this, Tom Terry !" "Why, bless my little man," repasteboard box, on which was written The bundle of rags edged up closer turned the mother, "what a brave with a piece of charcoal,future he has planned! I do hope "Santy Claus doesn't always Give tering,-and pray, darling, that you row poor fokes the Shake in this camp." up a strong and a good man one who will be a blessing and a cort \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\* to mamma when she gets old."

Christmas morning dawned bright "We hung up our stockings last and beautiful. The night had been a "How's the wife and the other little lable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer Christmas, didn't we, mamma ?" ques- stinging cold one, and when the rising sun peeped over the chain of mountioned the little girl. "Yes, Totty, but were poor then. tains to the east, and shot its beams

and Santa Claus never notices real upon the western range, the sparkling is bad. And o'er our couch its pinion silent blends, poor people. He gave you a little frost flashed from the snow-clad peaks

such good children." sprinkled with pure diamonds. " Is we any poorer, now mamma?" Mrs. Stewart arose, and a shade of low curls, came timidly forward.

Jack Dawson detected a tremor of maternal eye. She cast a hurried Mamma-the wood's all gone, the cants a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. sadness in the widow's voice as she glance toward the bed where her children are freezing, Come !" uttered the last words, and he wiped darlings lay sleeping, and whisper- "Yes, get out of here, Tom. I can't no other kind .- Feb. 1, 1y. And life seems fairer, sweeter, every year. a suspicious dampness from his eyes. ed,-

"Where's our clean stockings, "O God ! how dreadful is poverty." go get your wife some wood." There is a thought that never, never fades, mamma? I'm going to hang mine She built a glowing fire, and set Something in the poor drunkard's up, anyhow; maybe he will come like about preparing the frugal breakfast. dazed brain brought out a spark of the and indiscretions of youth, nervour weakness, he did before, just because we try to When it was almost ready she ap- old fire as he rose to his tottering feet early decay, loss of manhood, &c.; I will send niment successfully in a severe case of croup in my family, and I consider it a remedy no in my family, and I consider it a remedy no To joyous faces round the hearth-stone met; sure he will not come," and tears them to the floor. When eager haste your pile. May God forgive me! proached the bed, kissed the little and took his little daughter's hand. "It will be no use, daring. I am ones till they were awake, and lifted My wood, he said huskily, went into This great remedy was discovered by a mis-

Where blazing logs in rapture cease to gathered in the mother's eyes as she Trotty ran to the stockings, only to Then he walked out slowly, still turn away, sobbing as though her clinging te Gracie's hand. "I don't care -I'm going to try, heart would break. Tears blinded "Ho's right !" exclaimed Nat Lay-

anyhow. Please get one of my stock- the mother, and clasping her little land, a sudden red burning in either ings, mamma," pleaded the little girl. girl to her heart, she said in a chok- bronzed cheek. "He had a beautiful How merrily the sun shone when the day "Your clean stockings are on the ing voice,-With all its wintry sheen peeped o'er the line outside, and I cannot go out and "Never mind, my darling; next trade, until he got to dealing with you small quantities of fluids by mail is of wide

oh! darling, I fear you will be so bring us lots of nice things." Its sparkle chased the slumber from our terribly disappointed in the morning. "O mamma !" terribly disappointed in the morning. Please let it go until next Christmas, and then we may be richer." "No mamma: I am going to the best possible door, at the lowest possible "No mamma: I am going to the best possible door, at the lowest possible benny, who had opened the door and going to see if poor old Tom finds any direction, permitting packages of even eleven "No, mamma; I am going to try, was standing gazing in amazement wood or grub. I calculate me and

Jack Dawson's great, gencrous played.

beart swelled until it seemed bursting Mrs. Stewart sprang to his side, But the bar-keeper only smiled and step in advance.-Until now, such packages from his bosom. He heard the patter and looked in speechless astonishment replenished his fire, and began mix-for little here fort on the onlin fluor. She read the card and then causing ing drinks for a number of new one. PHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE the of little bare feet on the cabin floor, She read the card, and then, causing ing drinks for a number of new cusas Totty ran about hunting for hers her little ones to kneel down with her tomers who came noisily forward.

A singular event occurred a few days ago land. A couple presented themselves to be married, and upon the clergyman putting the question, " Wilt thou have this woman for the party noiselessly repaired to the "I--I thought maybe you'd remom- thy wedded wife," the bridegroom answered with an emphatic "No," and left the church. outside. He could not leave although first laid on the step, and the other "Yes, to-morrow's Christmas, and His explanation was that a year ago when he he felt ashamed of himself for listen- articles piled up in a heap over it. I've got plenty of customers who pay. wanted to be married his intended bride refused, and he thought the present occasion afforded him the opportunity of " returning the compliment." to the warm stove, shivering and mut

ADVICE TO MOTHERS .- Are you distorbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick "Sit down here and warm," said ting Teeth? If so send at once and get a Nat, lowering his feet, and shoving bottle of "Mrs. Winelow's Soothing Syrup" the chair forward good naturedly. for Children Teething. Its value is incalcu-"Y, along with the last baby?" immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; "Oh--I--she's well-middlin'. But there is no mistake about it. It cures Dreenit's very cold weather, and our house is bad." Just then the door was opened, and and energy to the whole system. " Mrs. little Gracie, blue with cold, with a Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children mere excuse of a shawl over her yel- teething is pleasant to the taste and is the "Ob, yes, much poorer. He would pain crossed hor handsome face as the "Papa !" she said, creeping around female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggiets empty little stockings caught her to his back, "you must come home! States, and is for sale by all druggiets WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take have you lolling around here like this;

" It's cold, desperate cold,"

fry, along with the last baby ?"

A Card.

sionary in South America. Send a self-ad-dressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D. New York City.-17.

New Postal Law-of Interest to Farmers.

You may hang up your old ones; but richer, and then Santa Claus will "He ought to have had sense direction of the small tendencies of trade, enough to have take care of himself." which, while it centralizes the manufacture upon the wealth of gifts there dis- the old woman can spare a bit, if he limit is yet four pounds. The admission of

