

A Beginning.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

Kate was eleven; Johnny was six; Dora was "going on" five. It was nearly Christmas, and Kate had her mind set upon making Johnny a present.

Johnny, being the only boy, slept in winter on a lounge in the sitting-room, and this suggested to Kate the thing to make for him,—a cover for the lounge cushion.

One afternoon, when the mother had gone to stay with grandma, who was sick, Kate attempted a beginning. She brought the scrap-bag from the attic, and settled little Dora by the window to report Johnny's approach.

"Why, no; it isn't Johnny, it's Aaron Bridges."

"Well, I think it's a pity," Kate said, "if you can't tell Johnny from Aaron Bridges, who is a head taller and has red hair."

"Anyhow, they both wear caps," said Dora defending herself.

"Yes, they do, and a hen and a gander both wear feathers," said Kate.

"Oh yes, but," and Dora bobbed her head in triumph, "they ain't both of them hens, and they ain't both of them ganders."

"Well, now," said Kate amused, "begin again; keep a good look out, and tell me if you see Johnny coming; but please, don't mistake every boy in town for him."

"I'd rather pick out the pieces; you watch for Johnny," said Dora.

"That's always the way with little girls; they never want to do what they can do. You'd better stand up in the chair, and then you can see farther down the street."

"So Dora mounted a chair, and turned her face to the window, looking very tall, and Kate went on turning over the scraps and added to Dora:

"You must keep your eyes on the street. You mustn't stop to watch me. Johnny might come while you're watching me, and ruin everything."

Dora returned to her sentinel watch, and immediately cried out that Johnny was coming.

Kate seized the bag with one hand, and a heap of scraps with the other, and then ran to the window to see if Dora's report was true.

"Where?" she asked. "Where is he?"

"Right there," said Dora. "Don't you see his blue scarf?"

"What a goose you are!" cried Kate. "That's crazy Polly Perkins. I should think you could tell that great tall crazy woman with a sun-bonnet from your own little boy brother."

"Anyhow," said Dora, "you talk as if little brothers was sometimes girls."

Kate laughed and then said: "If you'll keep a good watch, Dode, and tell me truly when Johnny's coming, I'll make you doll a princess dress."

"Well," Dora agreed, "I'll look hard'n I can, and I'll tell really true next time."

"Well, please, Dode, do."

Dora turned her face street-ward, and Kate went back to examining the scrap-bag. She soon had a good pile of gay bits selected, but in the midst of her work, she heard on the walk the tramp tramp of a boy's boots, coming around the house to the side door.

"There he is!" cried Kate, starting and grabbing the scraps, as she darted a swift glance at the faithless Dora, fast asleep, seated in her chair.

Kate had just time to get all the pieces thoroughly mixed and crowded back into the bag, when Johnny came stamping in.

"I'm so glad he didn't see the pieces," Kate thought, not realizing that no beginning was yet made toward the cushion-cover.

The sitting-room being the only one warmed, Kate could not take her Christmas work to another.

"After Johnny goes to bed, I can work on it," she thought; "he always goes early."

But that night Johnny got interested in a story, and when his bed-time came, he teased Kate to let him read on a little farther.

"It's so nice," he pleaded; "about a poor little boy named Philip. He hung up his stockings Christmas night, and I want to see if he got anything in it."

"Of course he did," said Kate. In stories they always get their stockings filled. I shouldn't wonder if he found it full of gold pieces. I wish things happened in sure-enough as in story-books; and I wish boys were as good out of books as in, and would go to bed at their bed-time."

"I will go truly, as soon as I see if Philip found anything in his stocking," said Johnny, falling to on the story.

"I'll read as fast as I can."

"And skip all the long words," said Kate. "See here: I'll read to you after you get to bed."

"All right," said Johnny, who'd rather be read to than read, any day, or night either.

He went into the next room, and undressed, and soon came back and lay on the lounge under cover, while Kate read rapidly about Philip and what he found in his stocking on Christmas morning.

"And that's all," she said at length,

closing the book; "and now go to sleep."

They were quiet for a moment, when Johnny said:

"Kate, don't you think it's mean that Philip didn't get something in his stocking beside candy,—something to play with? A drum is splendid; rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!"

"There, hush! try to go to sleep," said Kate.

She sat quiet as a statue, the book before her, staring at the picture of Philip on Christmas morning, jacketless, barefooted, inspecting his plump stockings by lamp-light. She dared not turn a leaf, or move a finger, and scarcely breathed. After what seemed a long, long waiting, she asked in a very low tone:

"Are you asleep, Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny. "I keep thinking 'bout Philip. What kind of candy do you s'pose it was he got in his stocking? I hope it was gum-drops and chocolate-creams."

"Never mind about that. Just go to sleep."

Again there was silence, while Kate looked at the shadows about the room; at the clock; at the picture of Philip, and read over, for the twentieth time, — or the hundredth, or the thousandth, it may be,—the contents of that Christmas stocking.

At length she thought Johnny must surely be asleep, he lay so quiet, and she felt so very anxious to make a beginning. She rose softly and tiptoed over to the lounge, where he lay with his face to the window. She bent over and peeped. His wideopen eyes turned to hers.

"Aren't you asleep yet?" said Kate, with some impatience.

"No," said Johnny, sadly. "I keep worrying about Philip yet. Do you think his candy was those mean old peppermint things that taste like medicine and smart the tongue?"

"No," said Kate, with ready sympathy. "I think it was cream-candy. The stocking bulges out in one place just the shape of a stick of cream-candy."

"Let me see where it does," said Johnny, eagerly sitting up.

Kate, remembering his trait of "holding on," decided that the quickest way to quiet him was to bring the book and show him the picture.

"Don't you see, the stocking sticks out right there, just like there was a piece of cream-candy."

Johnny did see, or imagined he did, a slight irregularity in the line of the stocking-picture, and lay down. Kate arranged the bedclothes about him, and said, soothingly:

"Now, go to sleep, darling."

"I will, said Johnny, obediently. A period of silence ensued, while Kate waited, watching in her mind a blue square to a brown merino one, and a green to a red. "No," she thought, "I'll put drab and red together."

"I'll put drab and red together," said Kate, said a smothered voice from the bed.

"What is it, Johnny?" said Kate hopefully.

"Wasn't it a very little bit of cream-candy? The stick-out in the picture is such a little stick-out."

"Why, no," said Kate, in an assuring tone. "I think the stick-out is a good-sized stick-out, and I'm sure the candy was a good large piece."

"I'm so glad," said Johnny, settling himself on the pillow.

Kate waited. Tick! tick! tick! for four minutes this was the only sound.

"If he stays quiet one minute longer," Kate thought, watching the clock, it must be he's asleep, and then I can work."

"Kate!"

"Oh, dear! dear!" said Kate growing vexed. "What is the matter now, Johnny?"

"Guess you'll have to give me some soothing syrup to make me sleep," said Johnny. "Next to candy he liked soothing syrup."

"Oh, Johnny!" said Kate in imploring tones, "won't you please go to sleep!"

"I can't, Kate;—I keep thinking about Philip. I'm afraid some big boy took a bite of his cream-candy, and took more'n half. Big boys always do take more'n half."

"I'll tell you Johnny. Say your letters backward. That will keep you from thinking about Philip, and will get you to sleep."

Johnny promised, and again Kate tucked him in, and for a moment everything was quiet. Then he again called:

"Kate!"

"Why don't you mind me and say your letters backwards, as I told you?" Kate demanded.

"I'm going to," Johnny answered, when you tell me which comes first backward, V or W. It's hard to say which one's backward; it's like dragging the sled up hill."

"Well," said Kate, relenting, never mind, I'll read to you."

She began to fear that there might be fifty other stoppages before the alphabet backward would be finished.

"She read an essay on the 'Art of Reading.' In the midst of the first paragraph her reading was interrupted.

"It isn't a pretty piece," said Johnny.

"Wait; may be you'll like the last part better," said Kate.

"Well," Johnny assented, turning over.

Kate went on reading about the "importance of a distinct enunciation," and about the "indispensable condition to good reading that the author's meaning should be clearly apprehended," etc., etc., reading in a voice purposely as monotonous as the slow grinding of a coffee mill. Suddenly she stopped; a welcome sound came to her ear: Johnny was snoring!

Then Kate brought out the scrap-bag from the oven of the kitchen-stove, where she had hid it, and soon actually made a beginning.

Christmas in Acadia.

[From the N. Y. World.]

In Acadia and those districts in the Gulf of St. Lawrence where descendants of the pious Acadians are found, the people celebrate Christmas with a play alike to the Passion plays which still linger in Middle Europe. The villagers assemble on Christmas Eve at the house of the patriarch of the settlement, bringing with them their pictures of devotion, crucifixes and images of the Virgin and Ste. Anne. The room is decorated with these and with sprigs of evergreen, and at the foot of the rude family altar, which is ablaze with can-

dles, is a cradle containing a figure of the infant Jesus. A maiden dressed in white and blue represents the Virgin and an elderly man Joseph. The night is spent in singing the canticle of Ste. Anne, and relating the ancient traditions of Normandy—how Emerikena, mother of Ste. Anne, saw visions on the plains of Sephor, two leagues from Nazareth; how the angels waited for the departing soul of Stollan, father of Ste. Anne, as he lay on his deathbed, and how while Ste. Anne was in her cradle, Seral, a blind man of Nazareth, knelt by his side, and on taking her infant hands into his own, was miraculously cured. Just before midnight there is a knock at the door. The company rise, and making an act of faith, bid the patriarch ask who is there. Carrying a lighted taper in one hand and his crucifix in the other, the old man stands at the door and sings:

Don-viens-tu, bergere, Don-viens-tu

Outside are maidens arrayed in their Norman best, with caps and kirtles, and their leaders, who is called the shepherdess, replies, singing:

Je vien a l'habiller, De m'y promener; J'ai vu un miracle Ce soir arrive.

The old man within replies:— Qu'as-tu vu, bergere

Qu'as-tu vu, bergere, and the colloquy goes on: I saw a little child In a manger old, On the straw so clean, Placed full tenderly.

Was there nothing more, shepherdess, Was there nothing more?

Mary, his blessed mother, Gave him milk to drink; While Joseph, his holy father, Trembled with the cold.

Was there nothing more, shepherdess, Was there nothing more?

The cow and the patient ass Stood by that manger old, And with their loving breath Warmed the little child.

Was there nothing more, shepherdess, Was there nothing more?

Three little angels, Came down from heaven, Singing the anthem Of the Only Son.

Ho! enter then, dear shepherdess, Enter and pray with us!

The door is opened, and as the shepherdess and her attendants enter the Virgin rises from the cradle, and spreading her hands over the figure of the infant, sings:

Shepherds, behold and see They dream fulfilled; Behold the King of Galilee Whom Herod would have killed!

As the clock strikes midnight the company kneels while the Virgin and shepherdess lift the infant figure upon the altar; then, as they suddenly elevate a crucifix, all rise and sing.

It is finished! From the cradle to the grave! It is finished! The life that alone can save!

The lights on the altar are put out, and the company, after mutual congratulations, separates. The following evening they gather again and the same ceremonies are performed. But the laudable custom is dying out.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day,—it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting directly from this cause.

A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about your home for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Sore Gout, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold by Dr. Follen, Chatham, E. Lee Street, Newcastle, and by all first class druggists in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10c; regular size, 75cts.

Medical.

DR. CHANNING'S Sarsaparilla

FOR THE BLOOD.

A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF RED JAMAICA Sarsaparilla

AND THE DOUBLE IODIDES.

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Hotels.

PARK HOTEL KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor (Of the late Barnes Hotel).

Waverley Hotel. NEWCASTLE, N. B. This House has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

Canada House, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK. WM. JOHNSTONE, Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, King Square. I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the "CONTE-NENTAL," and thoroughly renovated the same, making it as comfortable and desirable as any in the city.

SPORTSMEN'S AND Travellers' Resort. "FOSTER HOUSE," TABUSINTAC. The Subscriber has refitted and refurnished the house lately occupied by Mr. Murray, at Tabusintac, and is now prepared to accommodate sportsmen and travellers.

Travellers' Column. Chatham Branch Railway. WINTER 1879-80. On and after Monday, November 17th, Trains will run on this railway, in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily.

GOING SOUTH. STATIONS. EXPRESS. ACCOMMODATION. Chatham, Depart, 4.00 P. M. 11.45 P. M. Chatham, Arrive, 4.55 " 12.15 " M. Chatham, Depart, 4.55 " 12.15 " M. Chatham, Arrive, 5.25 " 1.00 "

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. EXPRESS. ACCOMMODATION. Chatham, Depart, 4.00 P. M. 11.45 P. M. Chatham, Arrive, 4.55 " 12.15 " M. Chatham, Depart, 4.55 " 12.15 " M. Chatham, Arrive, 5.25 " 1.00 "

Chatham Livery Stables. Regular Coaches to trains leaving and arriving at CHATHAM RAILWAY STATION. Office and Stables - - - Water Street, Chatham.

DR. CHANNING'S Sarsaparilla. CURES A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF RED JAMAICA Sarsaparilla AND THE DOUBLE IODIDES.

MT. ALLISON LADIES' ACADEMY, Sackville, N. B. REV. D. KENNEDY, D. D., Principal.

New Tin Shop. THE Subscriber begs to inform the public that he has opened a new Tin Shop, on Canard Street, adjoining Carmichael Bros., store, where he is prepared to attend promptly to all orders for Sheet-Iron,

and Gas-Fitting. PARLOR & COOKING STOVES. MICA & MICA I. CULINARY UTENSILS. CHEAP FOR CASH. Chatham, Oct. 1, 79. HUGO P. MARQUET.

NOTICE. As I have closed my place of business, in my attempt to please during the winter months, parties wishing to purchase any of the goods on hand, will please address as usual when their orders are received, and make it imperative to my strict attention. Parties indebted to me are requested to settle their bills at my usual place of residence. Geo. Robinson.

T. F. KEARY, REAR OF CUSTOM HOUSE, CHATHAM. DEALER IN Choice Brands of Wines, LIQUORS and CIGARS, CANNED GOODS, ETC.

JUST RECEIVED -FROM- NEW YORK. An assortment of NOVELS, BOOKS, JOKE BOOKS, LETTER WRITERS, MAGIC BOOKS, DIAGRAMS, READINGS, AND RECREATIONS.

At the Miramichi Bookstore.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

LATE ARRIVALS AT J. B. SNOWBALL'S, CHATHAM. JUST RECEIVED.

PER R. M. STEAMER, VIA HALIFAX: 150 PIECES—NEW STYLISH PRINTS, 5 Bales UNBLEACHED COTTONS, (various grades.) 1 Bale "HORROCKSES" CELEBRATED LONG CLOTHS, 8-4, 9-4 & 10-4, Bleached COTTON SHEETINGS, (twilled and plain.) 45 inch PILLOW COTTONS,

SCARLET AND WHITE FLANNELS, NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, LACE LAMBREQUINS, (FOR TOP OF WINDOWS.) Curtain Damasks, Curtain Repps, (WITH TRIMMINGS TO MATCH)

BEST ENGLISH FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, 1 Case Ladies' English Walking Hats (Novelties and cheap.) Children's Sun Hats, Misses' Leghorn Hats, (pretty shapes.) New Flowers, New Mantles, Gingham, Alpaca, and Silk Umbrellas,

CORSETS, A LARGE LOT OF—LADIES' SILK NECK SCARFS, LADIES' LACE NECK SCARFS, New Neck Frillings, Bonnet Borders, BRAIDS, PEARL BUTTONS, PINS, &c.

GENTS' LINEN COLLARS. P. S.—Balance of Spring Stock expected about the 15th inst. CHATHAM, May 8, 79.

ARGYLE HOUSE, CHATHAM, MAY 1879. NOW IN STOCK, \$25,000 WORTH OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

CHANGE OF TARIFF. Laid in at remarkably low rates, and nearly all PREVIOUS TO THE RECENT CHANGE OF TARIFF. All kinds of Goods fully invited to examine a FULL and COMPLETE STOCK at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered in this city.

SUGAR, TEA, IN WAREHOUSE, TOBACCO, MOLASSES, FISH, FLOUR, MEAL, PORK.

DRY PINE, IN ONE AND TWO INCH. Builders and others requiring lumber had better secure what they want before shipping.

SAINT MARY'S CONVENT AND ACADEMY, NEWCASTLE, N. B. Under the direction of the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre-Dame.

BEST Refined Iron, NAILS AND SPIKES, CUT AND WROUGHT. Together with the best assortment of HARDWARE, ever offered in Chatham, which will be sold VERY LOW,

to suit the times. Call and inspect, as I am selling at a very small profit. General Hardware Store, - - - - - Chatham. J. R. GOGGIN.

CLEARING OUT SALE. BARGAINS. I WILL SELL AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, all my Stock, consisting of: DRY GOODS, Men's Ready-Made Clothing, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, Groceries, Provisions & Crockery: Also a large lot of CHOICE LIQUORS.

DRY GOODS, Men's Ready-Made Clothing, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, Groceries, Provisions & Crockery: Also a large lot of CHOICE LIQUORS.

TO RENT. FROM DATE, the store in the west end of the Canada House. For further particulars apply to the undersigned. W. M. JOHNSTON CHATHAM, Nov. 30, 1879.

DRY GOODS, Men's Ready-Made Clothing, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, Groceries, Provisions & Crockery: Also a large lot of CHOICE LIQUORS.

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General Business.

NOTICE. Pariah Returns and County Accounts. ALL COUNTY and PARISH Officers, who have not yet made their Returns, and all persons having accounts against the County, are requested to make their Returns, and render their Accounts forthwith, duly vouched and attested to this office, preparatory to audit of the same.

Office of Sec'y Treasurer, Newcastle, 15th Dec, 1879. Notice is hereby given that hereafter no County Accounts will be received by the County Council, unless the same be given in full, and the same be duly attested and accompanied by the necessary vouchers.

DRESSMAKING. MRS. JAMES CORMACK, begs to inform the ladies of Miramichi, that she is prepared to attend to any orders in the above line with neatness and dispatch.

COPYING INK. CARTER'S—Just received the MIRAMICHI BRASSWORK. Through the duties paid are high we sell at the old prices.

Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Commercial College, CHATHAM, - - - N. B. This College has for its object to impart to young men, together with the benefits of a Christian education, the necessary knowledge of commerce in all its branches, and whatever else may be required for industrial purposes.

REMINGTON FIRE ARMS. Received Two Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition 1878. THE BEST SCORE ON RECORD. MADE WITH A REMINGTON CREEDMOOR RIFLE.

REMINGTON AGRICULTURAL CO., ILLION, N. Y. Manufactured by the LOWMAN PATENT CAST STEEL SHOVELS, SCOOPS, SPADES, PLOWS, HOES, GARDEN & HORSE RAKES, MOWERS, and Agricultural Implements generally.

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