

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum For Coughs and Colds.

Christmas Bargains.

The swiftly speeding days have brought us once more in sight of Christmas. In your preparations you will find the Turkey and the Clothier two very important factors. The turkey will care for the inner and we will attend to the outer comfort.

MEN'S OVERCOATS,

"Swaggers" for stylish men—especially young men.

New lots just ready, fresh from the Tailor,

\$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9, \$10.

ALL NEW CHOICE COLORS AND GREAT VALUES.

And MEN'S SUITS—such a splendid assortment. We always make our stock respond at once to every change which the season and style demands.

Fashionable Furnishings

Worth goes with beauty here. Furnishings must be of the latest style and highest grade to find shelf room with us.

WE ARE FAMED FOR SWELL NECKWEAR.

GLOVES in galore, comprising every known make. HOSIERY in unlimited variety. In OUTSIDE SHIRTS and UNDERWEAR we shall always continue to be away ahead for values and variety. FUR CAPS, FUR COLLARS; MUFFLERS in silk and wool. Also JERSEY MUFFLERS in assorted colors. WINTER CAPS for Men and Boys in great variety, including the Lipton Style. UMBRELLAS, TRUNKS, VALISES and SUIT CASES. We again point on the fact that it is only quality that is higher here. These are only a few of the Christmas inducements. Our store is full of Plums for Christmas Pie.

Come In And See.

R. B. JONES, Manchester House.



Good Things For Christmas.

This is the Best Grocery IN TOWN FOR CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Everything you want for your Christmas Dinner is here, and your marketing will be made easy and highly satisfactory if we get your orders.

Noble & Trafton.

An exact reproduction of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey has been made for a Canadian museum. The model has the same worn, slightly seedy appearance, and underneath it is a representation of the "Stone of Scone."

Art squares and male in ingrain patterns. Buy them at Hay's.

The state of affairs of Henry Gaze & Sons, the well known tourist agents, shows unsecured liabilities amounting to £102,750, and assets valued at £15,000 are absorbed by debenture claims for £25,000.

Gloves, ties and braces, collars and cuffs, for sale low by Hugh Hay & Sons.

Poetry.

Quotations for Christmas.

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birthday of the King.
—Vaughan.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
—Longfellow.

For they who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live.
—Phoebe Cary.

True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in doing good.
—Somerville.

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them.
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.
—Phoebe Cary.

It is the Christmas time:
And up and down 'twixt heaven
and earth,
In glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.
—D. N. M. M. M.

At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For love is heaven and Christmas own.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
—Tusser.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches
of peace;
East, west, north, and south, let the
long quarrel cease
Sing the song of great joy that the
angels began,
Sing of glory to God, and of good-
will to man! —Whittier.

Christmas Comes Once More.

(Phillips Brooks.)

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep and angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praise sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him
still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children, pure and happy,
Pray to the blessed Child;
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door—
The dark night wakes, the glory
breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Literature.

REDNEY'S CHRISTMAS SMOKE.

(Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.)

It was three days before Christmas. Redney Burke separated his diminutive frame from the seething crowd of humanity that pressed along the street and paused before a plate glass window which above all others attracted him. This was not a department store or a candy store or a bakeshop. Inside there were neither toys nor sleds nor good things to eat, but it held those things upon which Redney Burke had feasted his small eyes for many days. And now he looked, with his whole soul in his glance—he looked and looked and looked. He sniffed the air and imagined to himself that already he was enjoying the good things within.

For it was a cigar store, a store of the better class, full of pipes and tobacco and cigarettes and chewing tobacco and everything that ends in smoke.

In the front of the window immediately under the olfactory nerves of Mr Redney Burke was a pipe—not an expensive one, but one of just the make and pattern that suited Mr Burke. He had religiously watched this pipe from day to day, afraid that some other customer would buy it. But there it still remained.

"Gee!" exclaimed Mr Redney Burke to himself as he scratched his short red hair. "Gee, I wish I had it!"

And the unfortunate part of it all was that he didn't have a cent. He searched every pocket and cranny of his superannated clothes, from his feet, which rested on the ground, to his hat, which occupied an exalted position some three feet above the ground, for that which he knew he did not possess. The expected happened, for he found nothing.

"Gee!" he exclaimed again. "If I had a nigger suit, I'd hock this. I gotter have that pipe; that's what!"

Strolling along the street, at peace with all the world, came a philanthropist. Redney's critical eye, casting about for ways and means, noted him as he came.

"I ought he was a stiff," he remarked confidentially to some friends a day or two later, "but I was away off, I was."

The philanthropist, whose good nature, to give the devil his due, was caused by a remarkably good dinner which he had just enjoyed—the philanthropist bore down upon Mr Redney Burke. The latter saw him coming.

"Now, what's his game, anyways?" thought Mr Burke as he turned back once more to gaze upon the pipe.

"Hello, small sir!" remarked the friend of mankind genially. "Merry Christmas!"

"Aw," thought the small sir to himself, "what ye givin' us? Why can't ye leave me alone?"

But he didn't say it. He simply looked up at the big man with a half ozy, half frightened glance, more particularly to determine whether he might not be the police department in disguise.

"Merry Christmas!" he returned, a bit wistfully as he thought he saw a possible opening of a pleasant nature.

"Well, my boy," continued the man, "what are you going to have for Christmas, anyways?"

"Christmas," returned Redney, with a slight variation from the truth. "We don't never have nothin' for Christmas, we don't."

The man smiled a smile of pity. "Dear me," he remarked, half to himself, "how true it is that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives." Then he raised his voice.

"What would you say, small sir, if I should buy you some of those toys?" He stopped as he gazed into the window. "Why, why," he went on, "I thought this was a toy store that you were looking into!"

"Now," returned Redney. "It's a tobacco store."

"But—but," continued the man, "you—you don't smoke tobacco. You certainly at your age cannot!"

"Now," returned Burke, "I don't. I—I wasn't thinkin' about me! I was thinkin' about me old father. He broke his pipe last month, an' he ain't had none since, an' he's too poor to git another one. I was lookin' at these. Gee! If I could git enough of the stuff together, I wouldn't do a thing but buy that there one for him—me poor ole father."

This was said with an air of the greatest frankness, although Mr Redney Burke had always considered his father, as he did many others, in the light of a genteel myth. Still he thought to himself that if he had a father and if he himself were worth a few million or so he might—he didn't commit himself upon the subject, however, even in his thoughts—he might blow his father to a pipe some time. This considerate sentiment, he reasoned, justified his reply to the philanthropist.

"Well, well," remarked the latter, glancing down at the disinterested specimen before him, "but what would you like to have now for Christmas?"

Redney shook his head. "I ain't particler about me! If I could git that there pipe—an'," he added as he scented possibilities heretofore unsuspected, "an' a good bit of smokin' tobacco, an' one of them there rubber things to put it in—say, if I could do that for the old man—say! An' wouldn't he feel struck on himself! But, gee, wot's de use? I can't do it, so I might as well be goin'."

He made this last remark because he knew intuitively that brevity, which is the soul of wit, is also the essential in charitable enterprises. Good impulses don't last forever, so he moved off, shaking his head as he went.

The big man looked up and down the street to see if he was observed, then he stretched forth his hand and caught Redney by the arm.

"Here, my boy," he exclaimed gently as he shoved a five dollar bill into Mr Redney Burke's reluctant grasp—"here, go and get the pipe for your father and then go and get something for—yourself, and—have at least one happy Christmas that you can look back upon."

His eyes glistened a bit as he said it, and, to his credit be it said, he did not regret the impulse or the donation for a full two hours thereafter.

"Thanks," said Mr Burke, with a bit of a scrape and a stiff sort of bow—"anks from me an' me old man!"

The next day there was a queer formation in an unfrequented corner of the play yard of the Fourteenth ward school. This formation resembled more than anything else an Eskimo hut, but composed, instead of inanimate material, of a very animated and interested crowd of boys gathered around a common center. From the aperture in the top of this human Eskimo dwelling, and there, heighten the illusion, ascended a column of smoke, and as it ascended to the skies there came a voice from within.

"Gee, fellows!" said the voice. "Gee, but ain't this great?" It was the voice of Mr Redney Burke, the votary of my Lady Nicotine, the center of an admiring crowd. He smoked a pipe—the pipe of his heart—and he filled it from a red rubber case.

"Just fits in me pants pocket," he observed. And as he said it he pulled out a few dollar bills and exhibited them.

"An' I got four more plunks left! What d'ye think?" he said.

Later, in the class room, the teacher lifted her head high in the air and sniffed.

"Some boy," she remarked severely, "has been smoking. I want to know who it is."

She looked—not around the room—but directly at Mr Redney Burke. He fared reeked with tobacco, and he knew it.

Under the circumstances, therefore, he side stepped with alacrity into the aisle and looked squarely into the teacher's eyes.

"Me old wot-me mother," he explained glibly—"me mother had a smokin' jag on yestiddy, an' I had to stay home an' fill her pipes, an' me clo'es is full of it. It ain't me; it's her. D'ye see?" Then he whipped out a small, new penny in it and handed it over. "An' a merry Christmas to you, Miss Burtwhistle!" he remarked.

IF A TONIC IS REQUIRED

Remember there is no Medicine
so Strengthening and Health
Giving as

FERROZONE.

Ferrozone is noted among physicians for the prompt manner in which it brings strength and vigor. It increases the appetite, keeps digestion in perfect order, and assists assimilation so that every particle of food eaten is sure to nourish and invigorate the body. You won't sleep poorly, feel tired and nervous if you use Ferrozone, because it strikes at the root of any disease that may be working in the system.

Mr Aubrey E. Tempelman, of Mechanics, writes: "I have found the greatest satisfaction in using Ferrozone, and consider it is the best tonic made. I was all run down a few months ago, and in a very miserable state of health. I took a few boxes of Ferrozone and was surprised at the result. Ferrozone drove away that dull heavy feeling, and put my system in splendid order. I am never nervous or sleepless and have a hearty appetite. This is all due to Ferrozone, which I recommend in the strongest way possible."

If you feel the need of a good-stimulating tonic just try Ferrozone. Price 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold by all druggists or by mail from the Ferrozone Company, Kingston, Ont. Be sure and get Ferrozone to-day—it assures health.

If you ask your dealer for some well-known advertised remedy, because you have confidence in its cures, do now allow yourself to be switched off to a medicine claimed to be "just as good," but which you do not ask for and of which you know nothing.

For weak eyes dissolve as much burnt alum as would cover ten cents in a little luke-warm water, and moisten the eyes every few hours with a soft handkerchief.

Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in place of well-known and advertised articles.

Sick Stomach Is working-- Sick Owner is idle

If you will give your digestion a rest, it will get a-going. You can do this by means of

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS

which digest your food and rest your stomach. You want relief and cure.

Pineapple relieves at once and cures quickly. No stomach can be cured except it can rest while digestion goes on safely. The patient eats heartily while taking his cure. It strengthens the weakest stomach.

Pineapple is nature's simplest and quickest cure—Price, 35c.

In five minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder the healing has begun, and it continues till the work is quickly complete. New health, comfort in breathing, new vigor, and removal of danger of consumption or pulmonary trouble.

Good Healthy Action

is easy to have by taking this famous old remedy—to look well and keep well, use

Beecham's Pills.

Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

IF YOU WANT GOOD

PHOTOS

COME TO US.

If you want poor Photos, better try somewhere else.

But if you desire first-class work, at prices 25 per cent. lower than the lowest, why place your order with

WILSON,

Cor. Main and Connel Sts.

Notice of Sale.

To the Reverend Caleb T. Phillips, formerly of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, (now of the City of Saint John, N. B.) Free Christian Baptist Minister, and Georgia D. Phillips, his wife, Frederick H. Hale, of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, aforesaid, Executors, and all others whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale, contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the eleventh day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety seven, Registered under No. 4222, in Book Y, No. 3, pages 78, 79 and 80, of the Carleton County Records, made between the said Caleb T. Phillips, (then) of the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, aforesaid, Free Christian Baptist Minister, and Georgia D. Phillips, his wife, of the first part, and the undersigned, Eleanor Jane Whitehead, of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, and Province of New Brunswick, Widow, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys then principal and interest, secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof contrary to the province for payment contained in the said mortgage, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on Tuesday, the Nineteenth day of January next, (1909), at twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate in the said Town of Woodstock, and described as follows: Being on the west side of Broadway in Wellington Ward, in the Town of Woodstock, aforesaid, beginning at the north-west angle of lot number Four, owned by Patrick McAnna, running thence, by the magnet of the year A. D. 1887, north, fifty six degrees thirty three minutes, thirty three seconds, one hundred and thirty three feet to a post, thence north, thirty three degrees, thirty three minutes, thirty three seconds, one hundred and thirty three feet to a post, thence south, thirty three degrees, thirty three minutes, thirty three seconds, one hundred and thirty three feet to a post, thence east along said McAnna's north line, one hundred and thirty three feet to the place of beginning, being the south eastern half of all that certain tract of land conveyed to said Caleb T. Phillips by said Eleanor Jane Whitehead and others by Indenture of Deed bearing date 11th day of September, A. D. 1887, Registered in Records of said Carleton County, in Book 2, Number Three of Records on pages 485, 486 and 487. Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging, or in any way appertaining."

Dated this thirtieth day of November, A. D. 1908.

ELEANOR JANE WHITEHEAD, Mortgagee.

J. H. BARRY, Mortgagee's Solicitor.

JOHN T. G. CARR, HARTLAND,

Wishes to say that he can save you money on many of the

Staple Lines OF DRY : GOODS.

As these have mostly all advanced since I bought, he is offering exceptionally good values.

In Clothing also For Men and Boys

He has a large and well selected Stock of both English and Canadian Manufactures.

Call and inspect.

JOHN T. G. CARR HARTLAND.

Jewelry!

You will find a large stock of Fine Gold Jewelry, in Chains, Lockets, Pendants, Brooches, Links, Studs, Rings, etc., at

41 King Street, - St. John.

FERGUSON & PAGE.

A fur lined overcoat is great protection from the cold. Hugh Hay & Son have some beautiful Coats for Sale at very low prices.