

The Carleton Sentinel.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1909.

WHOLE No. 3252

BUY YOUR Christmas Presents NOW!

We make buying Christmas Presents the easiest problem in the holiday problem. Don't worry about what to give—come to our store at once and let's settle the matter. We took the worry upon ourselves and solved it weeks ago, and we want to show you how satisfactorily we can take the worry off your mind.

For Him:

A Watch, Chain, Fob, Cuff Links, Ring, Diamond, Gold Pen, Novelties in Sterling Silver for his Pocket, Office or Desk.

For Her:

Silver Comb, Brush and Mirror Sets, Sterling Silver Desk and Manicure Sets, Gold Locket, Chains, Bracelets, Watches, Clocks, Opera Glasses, Brooches.

It's easy to select presents here, we have so many beautiful things at such reasonable prices.

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ROUGH WASH

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Ironed for 4c per lb.

If sent to us on Monday, will be returned
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Xmas 1909. Read This List!

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Gifts from our Store always please.

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Gloves	Braces
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Our Xmas Stock is right up to the minute in every respect. Special Goods in Gift Boxes. Make your selection early and we will keep it until called for.

R. B. JONES Co., Ltd.
Manchester House.

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MR. SPILKINS' NEW YEAR RESOLVE.

MY life has been the queerest one that ever man has seen. I do not think in all this world its like has ever been. No matter what I try to do, in spite of all my wit, The thing that truly happens is its very opposite.



"I MAKE THE WITTIEST REMARKS." If I sit down to write a verse that's brimming o'er with glee It turns out to be serious, though why I cannot see, And if, upon the other hand, my musings would be sad My readers read it and they smile as if it made them glad.

WHENEVER I meet a woman who is bright enough for kings And try to talk I cannot think of aught but stupid things, But when I have a vis-a-vis at dinner dull and slow I make the wittiest remarks, though she would never know. When I was but a baby I had not a baby face. I looked the most all knowing kid of an all knowing race, But as I neared maturity a change came over that, And now I look as innocent as any pussy cat.

AND people, when they see me anywhere, are not impressed With the idea that I've a mind that's different from the rest. Of ordinary minds they meet, wherever they may be. But that is not the thing that's most distressing unto me. The thing I hate the most in all my weary span of life Has happened to me since I wed my tender little wife. She's tender, and she's pretty; but, by jingo, in my house She rules the whole establishment whilst I'm nixcumarouse.

NOW, why is it, I wonder—what accursed freak of fate Has settled me in this extremely mortifying state? Why is it that, whatever I try to do, despite my wit, The thing that truly happens is its very opposite?



SHE RULES THE WHOLE ESTABLISHMENT. There's but one remedy for me, and now that it is here, This very first of all the days of all the glad new year, I'm going to try it; I'll swear off essaying for to do The things I think I ought to and try what I oughtn't to.

CHRISTMAS AND THE WHITE GOOSE

By ELLA M. PLATT.
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THE little boy and the little girl sat at the breakfast table eating oatmeal and milk. Their papa said to their mamma: "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is. This year we must have a Christmas goose."

The little girl looked up at the little boy and smiled, and the little boy smiled back. After breakfast the little girl and the little boy put on their caps and coats and started off for the barnyard.

They met a big, old, fat duck. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl. The big, old, fat duck shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat hen. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy. But the big, old, fat hen shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat guinea hen. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little boy. The big, old, fat guinea hen shook her head.

They met a big, old, fat white goose. "Are you the Christmas goose?" asked the little girl. And the big, old, fat white goose nodded her head and fluffed her feathers and stepped proudly with her fat, yellow, webbed feet.

"Oh, goody!" shouted the little boy. "We've found our Christmas goose already!" "Oh, oh, oh! I know something," said the little girl, and she ran to the house just as fast as she could go. And when she came back she had a lovely little holly wreath tied with beautiful long red and green ribbons.

They put the wreath over the head of the Christmas goose, and each held one of the ribbons. The Christmas goose waddled along proudly.

The guinea hen pipped, the ducks quacked and the hens clucked when they saw this fine sight. The little boy and the little girl led and drove the proud Christmas goose out of the barnyard to the green grove where all the little Christmas trees grow.

"We must have a Christmas tree for our Christmas goose," said the little girl. "Yes, yes, Christmas goose," said the little boy, "you wait right here for us. Don't you muss your holly wreath, and don't you muss your ribbons."

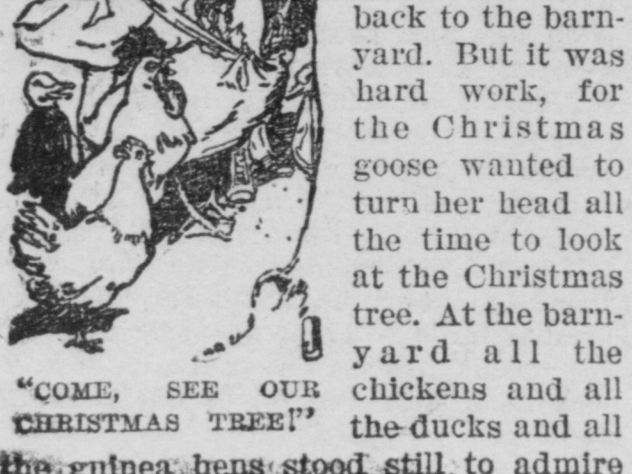
The proud Christmas goose waddled gently to show how careful she would be. The little boy and the little girl ran away fast to get the things for the Christmas tree.

The little girl brought back some ears of red and yellow corn and a bunch of wheat and barley heads and a pocketful of oats. The little boy brought back two cabbages and a yellow pumpkin and some grain. The Christmas goose became so excited when she saw these things that she waddled too fast.

"Wait a minute, Christmas goose!" cried the little boy, and he placed his things on the ground near the tree. "It isn't quite time, Christmas goose," cried the little girl, and she fastened her things on the tree.

"Now, Christmas goose," said the little girl, "we will go and invite all your friends to come and see our beautiful tree."

So the little girl picked up her ribbon, and the little boy picked up his ribbon, and they led and drove the Christmas goose back to the barnyard. But it was hard work, for the Christmas goose wanted to turn her head all the time to look at the Christmas tree. At the barnyard all the chickens and all the ducks and all the guinea hens stood still to admire



THE IRON REINDEER

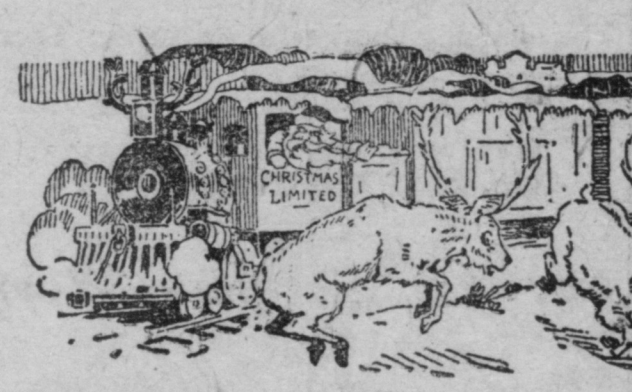
I'M up to date, and, be it said, I certainly this year Shall break and burn the ancient sled And cook the ancient deer. Those things are out of date for me; They're now a shattered dream. Oh, I'm as happy as can be About my brand new scheme.



FULL soon across the boundless plain, Beneath the Christmas stars, I'm going to travel on my train Made up of baggage cars, And they'll be simply stuffed with toys And other precious things For little girls and little boys For whom I spread my wings.

Oh, yes, in jigtime, down the track I'll gayly glide along, From home across the land and back To all all hearts with song. And to my agent at each town I'll toss a bundle great Each artless child with joy to crown An' make its heart elate.

I'll run along on schedule time, Through wind swept drifts of snow. My bell shall be the Christmas chime



the fine Christmas goose in her holly wreath and ribbons. "Oh, chickens!" said the little boy. "Oh, ducks!" said the little girl. "Oh, guinea hens!" said the little boy. "Come, see our Christmas tree!" said the little girl.

The chickens clucked, and the ducks quacked, and the guinea hens pipped, and they all spread themselves out in a long row and ran around and around and around after the little girl and the little boy driving their Christmas goose.

The little boy and the little girl scattered corn and wheat and oats all over the ground around their Christmas tree. The chickens and the ducks and the guinea hens ate and ate and ate. The Christmas goose ate, too, but she ate very proudly and



THE BEST FUN OF ALL raised her head every few minutes to shake her holly wreath. Papa and mamma came out to see them. "Heigh-ho! What's this?" said papa. "Mercy! What's all this?" said mamma. "This is the Christmas goose!" shouted the little boy. "And the Christmas goose's Christmas tree!" said the little girl. "And the Christmas goose's friends!" said the little boy.

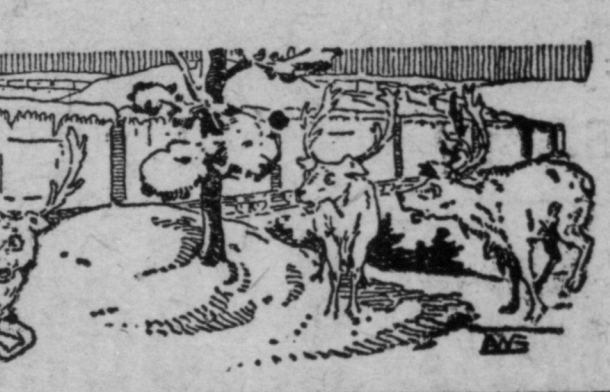
"Yes, and it is quite true, papa," said the little girl. "A Christmas goose is the best thing there is! Why, a Christmas goose is just lots of fun!" "Yes, mamma," said the little boy, "a Christmas goose is the best fun of all."



That sets all hearts aglow. And I shall call, and not in vain, While stockingward I head My mile a minute flying train, "The Christmas Limited."



THE train's made up. Already I Am getting up the steam, While piling in the cars sky high The gifts of which you dream. With joy I stand upon my head And shout both far and near, "Goodby unto the ancient sled—All hail the iron deer!" —R. K. Munkittrick in Success.



Christmas Chimes in Many Climes. Christmas is always a season of good wishes and loving kindness. In America almost all little children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, to be filled by kind old Santa Claus. In Germany they make more of Christmas than we do in America. Everywhere the Christmas tree is used.

If a family is too poor to have a whole tree, a single branch only will stand in a conspicuous place, hung with the few simple gifts.

A week before Christmas St. Nicholas visits the children to find out who have been good enough to receive the gifts the Christ Child will bring them on Christmas eve.

It is a very usual thing to see on a German Christmas tree, way up in the very topmost branch, an image or doll representing the Christ Child, while below are sometimes placed other images representing angels with outspread wings.

After the tree is lighted the family gather round it and sing a Christmas hymn.

In England almost every one who can do so has a family party on Christmas eve. Young and old join in the games, many of which belong especially to Christmas time.

From the ceiling of one of the rooms a large bunch of mistletoe is hung. If any little maid is caught standing under it the one who catches her has a right to take a kiss from her rosy lips.

In Holland the little Dutch girl puts her wooden shoe in the chimney place ready for gifts, just as the little American girl hangs up her stocking.

And so in some way all over the Christian world on the eve of the twenty-fifth day of December the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ is celebrated. Everywhere the Christmas chimes are ringing out the message the angels brought to Bethlehem—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Th Spirit of the Xmas Tide

Once again the dial of time points to the arrival of the Xmas tide. Thoughtful men everywhere, irrespective of their religious views, lay aside the cares of business life and enter into the spirit of the season, seeking to spend the joy and happiness which the true Xmas spirit has sought to give the world. So strong and pregnant is this attribute of thoughtful men that the unthoughtful are impressed by it and hence we find that in all walks of life men are pausing and through the silence there comes to the ears of all the angel voices which with music and song proclaimed the coming of the new era, the dawning of a new day, the ushering in of better things.

Centuries ago this song was heard by Shepherds of the Holy land. There is the quiet of the night, as these shepherds sat talking over the affairs of the day and it may be the things which were occurring in their sacred city of Jerusalem, the angelic song was heard and the evangel of a new dispensation proclaimed.

Many centuries have passed since the glad song of peace echoed and re-echoed in the Judean hills, many times the birth of the newborn King has been celebrated and yet the Utopian dream of a sinless world and an unbroken peace among the nations has not been reached. Still the thoughtful and devout, the thoughtless and undevout hail the coming of the Xmas tide and join with happiness in its celebration.

What is the reason of this? What great underlying force causes this? What all swaying power is operating in the hearts of humanity which in spite of the selfishness of the world still causes them to enter to the full into the spirit of the Xmas tide. Many give various reasons. Many are orthodox and in the fullness of their faith still worship in expectation and with all the heartiness of their soul sing "a better day is coming." Others simply take as one of these peculiar opportunities which come in the round of the year giving them the rights to add to a constantly expressed devotion.

But those of clearer perception and stronger reasoning powers, seeking to go beyond the mere surface and forced to see in the welcoming of the Xmas tide and the full round of joy expressed the prophesy of greater things and the more perfect conception of the meaning of Christianity. Underneath all the events marking a new era in the world's history has been the operating of a strong and marked power. An autocratic spirit upon the part of a Pharaoh and a restless spirit breathed into a horde of slaves prepared the way for a greater emancipator and the birth of a nation. Dreams in the night, a study "of the infinite meadows of heaven," communion with the forces of nature prepared a David to be the guide of a nation rather than that of a flock of sheep. A restless spirit breathed into a herd of Goths and Vandals moves them southward and to the gates of an Empire fall before them. A strange stone and a peculiar piece of wood upon the shore of the native land tells the mariner of a distant country. So in all the affairs of humanity may be seen that strange power which leads men to realize that in the affairs of life there is a strong force guiding the destiny of men a goal "toward which the whole creation tends."

And yet the superficial observer looking upon the events of the world may well say that this Xmas differs in no way from last. That practically the same thing inhabits the churches, practically the same people stand for the crushing of the social evil, practically the same sins and the same opportunities for sin exist and that in no way does the world seem nearer the sublime standard set up by Him whose birth we shall celebrate upon the morrow.

What answer shall we give to those who may see no difference in this and any other Xmas. What answer to those, who with some sense of right, may say that wrong is stronger, more potent today than ever in the past.

The answer is found in a deep study of the events of the world. And the answer shall only come to him, who shall lay aside all preconceived ideas of Christianity and the church doctrines, many of them products of an age which is a stigma upon the world. Only to the man who shall rise above the doctrine and theory, which for so long has shackled the world to the errors of ages before the Christ, shall the true vision come.

The thoughtful man will celebrate the Xmas tide upon the morrow, not because it has ushered in a new religion, the world was laden with religions, not because it ushered in a new King or a new Priest, but because it ushered in the era of Manhood.

The most perfect conception of Jesus of Nazareth leads men to say:

"If Jesus in only a man, And only a man, I say That of all mankind, I will cling to him. I will cling to him always, But if Jesus Christ is God, The only God, I swear, I will follow him through heaven and hell, The earth and the sea and air."

It is the perfect manifestation of manhood shown forth in the life of Jesus and inspired by His teaching in which the world may find its hope of a better day. And the true spirit of the Xmas tide is shown only in so far as the strength, perfection and beauty of the manly life of Jesus inspires us to unselfish acts and the truer heroism of misunderstood and unappreciated suffering for the purification of humanity.