

MALONE'S CHRISTMAS.

Mr. Michael Malone was by occupation a porter. He himself could'nt have told Mr. Calhoun's imply."

Malone was at the beck and call of the Calhoun family, as well as of those at the store. Was something to be repaired about Mr. Calhoun's house, that gentlecleaned, or the carpets shaken. Malone did everything with a smile. He was on good terms with everybody, from Mrs. Calhoun to the girl in the kitchen. He knew all about the Calhoun family, from the time their ancesters landed to the present. He knew all their business, too, for what he didn't hear from Mr. or Mrs. Calhoun's own lips, the girl in the kitchen told him.

Mrs. Malone knew all about the Calhouns and their business also. Everything Malone heard during the day was told to Kathleen at the supper table that very evening, while all the little Malones listened with wondering eyes and open mouths. But they had strict injunctions that "if iver yes repate anything phat ye hears at home, ye'll get scalped in good stoile, so ye will."

Malone was a family man, with as many children as a man who had been married as long as he had could possibly have and keep within the bounds of common decency. He wasn't very old, but he was settled and contented. Kathleen was as "nate as a pin," and so were the youngsters when they left home in the morning. Not so, to be sure, when they came in for the night; but Kathleen consoled herself but we mustn't let the children see us with the thought that the neighbors could down-hearted." see it wasn't her fault if the children waded in the mud and slush, and her children little Malones were gathered around a were no worse than their playmates, and chair, and had the contents of all their she prided herself that they were cleaner savings banks spread out before them, in the mornings than any of them, if while the eldest of the group was reckoning little Michael was wearing Master Cal- the total. houn's jacket, made over, and one of the twins displayed the abbreviated trousers belonging to the same suit. For although Kathleen could make Malone's \$8 a week go pretty far, it was hard to keep the children as she would like to see them. Christmas was drawing near. Things were being run on close lines at the Malone mansion, so that as much of a spread as possible could be made when the joyous season did come round. The little Malones were saving up. Their eyes were open for all odd jobs the wealthier people on the street wanted done, and every little Malone felt happier every time he dropped his cent into his own particular tin box and shook it up to see if the other ones were there. Malone and his wife sat up late every night after the children had gone to bed; each busy with needle and knife. Shavings, pieces of cloth and odds and ends were close at hand and the bright faces of the happy couple told what they were engaged in. Then, just four days before Christmas, Malone got off for the afternoon and went out to the woods with a hatchet. He did this every year, and he always went four days before Christmas. He cut his Christmas tree, and also his hand. The wound was, of course, nothing serious, for he always did the same thing, as he invariably told Kathleen when he came home. And to see Malone walk proudly home with his Christmas tree in one hand and the hatchet in the other would have gladdened the heart of anyone. Then Malone sawed off the end of a deal and borrowed an auger from the carpenter, who lived across the hall; and when the tree was placed in the block and lifted on to the table in the best room, where it would be trimmed by Santa Claus, the happy father looked as proud as a king, while Kathleen with beaming face stood in the door holding the baby; and what else could the little Malones do but cheer ! Malone and his wife went to town nearly every night, and the children never cried, for they had a vague suspicion of what the excursions meant. Mysterious little bundles were secreted in hidden drawers, and the little Malones told each other what they hoped Santa Claus would bring them. Mr. and Mrs. Malone listened. They sighed sometimes, because they could not give the children many of the things they wished tor, but on the next evening their purchases were made as much as possible in compliance with the desires of the little ones. At last all the money was spent. Everything that was needed to make Christmas, as the Malones knew it, was provided for; all but the turkey. But that didn't cost them a thought, as Mr. Calhoun always presented Malone with one every Christmas eve that he had been in his employ, and that was a good many years. Malone was at the store all the day preceding Christmas. Mr. Calhoun was cross. Things bothered him of which Malone knew nothing, and when the latter unfortunately let a box drop on his employer's foot, although Mr. Calhoun did not say much he was exceedingly cool. Malone apologized as only an Irishman could, yet he felt sick at heart, for he imagined that he was the cause of his employer's ill temper. During the afternoon Malone was always on hand in a moment when anything was to be done. A more faithful servant could not be found. At last the store was closed, and Malone | He'd and just the difference 'twixt dum and dee.

started for home. He had failed to receive his turkey. It was with a sad heart that Malone ascended the stairs of the house in which

honanis Mana.

he lived. He almost broke down as he you anything more definite than: "I'm in entered the door, and the children cast eager glances at his hands for a sight of the turkey they expected him to bring; for the first look at the turkey was almost as good to the little Malones as the eating. Then as he saw the disappointed looks on man, before leaving for his place of busi- the faces of the children his heart sank ness, would invariably remark : "Well, I'll within him. His wife read his feelings by send up Malone." It was the same when his looks and spared him the pain of quescoal had to be put in, or the back yard tioning. But little Mike was not so thoughtful.

"Dad," he said, "where's the turkey?" "Mr. Calhoun didn't give me wan," said Malone, in a voice that sounded more like that of a disappointed child than a strong man.

"It's all right," said his wife as cheerfully as possible, "we'll get a turkey; but I don't think it would hurt us much to go without fowl for one Christmas, anyway." This last suggestion cast a gloom over the little Malones. No turkey on Christmas day! They were not very rich, but everybody had a turkey at Christmas. Their looks made Malone more downhearted than ever.

"Mr. Calhoun's mean," said little Mikey indignantly.

His mother quickly silenced him. Malone was thinking how he could give the children a Christmas dinner. Husband and wife went into another room.

"Did he say anything ?" asked Kathleen, who took the matter as much to heart as her husband, and was at a loss how to get him to speak.

"No!" answered Malone, "but what's wuss nor all, I think I have offinded him." "Well, Michael, we will do what can,

They went in to the children again. The

"We's got 'nough to get a turkey !" little Patrick announced.

"A hundred and thirty-three cents all together," added the bustling Michael, jr. "So we'd sooner have a turkey nor anything else."

It was decided that the children should have their way and buy a turkey; and when the family returned home that night Malone carried one by his side.

All the little Malones were up bright and early Christmas morning, admiring the presents of Santa Claus, emptying their stockings and seeing how the toys worked. The disappointment of the previous day was forgotten by the children, and although Malone and his wife were still troubled over the supposition that Mr. Calhoun was displeased with his porter, they beamed with joy at seeing their little ones so happy. All was excitement and bustle in the Malone household until an interuption came : "Does Mr. Calhoun live here ?"

Malone went to the door.

"Merry Christmas ! Here's a turkey from Mr. Calhoun. We couldn't deliver the bird last night, we were so rushed, and he told me to give you this envelope too, when I was coming," and the butcher's boy went off whistling.

Malone was mystified, but perfectly happy. The envelope which the boy had given him, contained a crisp ten dollar bill, and not a word accompanied it. The little Malones danced with glee. "Two turkeys !" they shouted. "Whatcher goin' to do with 'em, dad ?"

"Eat one New Year's," said the brilliant Mikey.

"No, we'll save one till next Christmas, fur perhaps Mr. Calhoun might furgit agin," said one of the twins.

IPSE-TWEEDLEDEE.

A Contribution to the Great Controversy, Alleged to be by the Poet Phillips. TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: In a moment of high inspiration, which came upon me shortly after a number of generous citizens had made me up the sum of eight cents, I struck off the following dramatic verses concerning the great theological entanglement in St. John, and as I observe that PROGRESS takes some interest in me, give it the first offer of this fuit of my genius. The price is 24 cents -three eights. CANTO I.

(Enter QUIGLEY-with a huge club.) · Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum, Fe, Fo, Fi, Fum; smell the blood of an Englishman! Be he vicar or be he priest Upon his flesh and blood I'll feast. The seed of the woman shall bruise his head, And I'll grind up his bones to make my bread. CANTO II. Fr. DAVENPORT appears-with a scalping knife.) Ipsum, Ipsa, Ipse, Ye Idolators flee; For after your scalps I'll surely be. Ye Jesuits, now have a care, Your sophistries shall be laid bare; Exposed shall be all your most hollow cant; I'm a truly Catholic Protestant. CANTO III. (Chorus of General Public. Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum, Tweedledee, tweedledum. Ipsum, Ipsa, Ipse, Tweedledum, tweedledee There's just the difference-don't you see? If ever, in decades to come, You reach the end and final sum, If any one should be there to see,

same at bottom

"Thou hast received gifts for men."-Ps. lxviii., 18. Here is where you will find a beautiful STOCK OF BOOKS for all ages, in Christmas gifts for thee, Fair and free! Fair and free! Precious things from the heavenly store, Filling thy casket more and more; Golden love in divinest chain, That never can be untwined again; Silvery carols of joy that swell Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell; Pearls of peace that were sought for thee In the terrible depths of a fiery sea; Diamond promises sparkling bright, Flashing in farthest reaching light. the choicest bindings and very cheap. The Christmas Cards and Booklets surpass in elegance any previous display and will repay inspection. Call early, at MORTON L. HARRISON'S, 99 KING STREET. DAVID CONNELL, Christmas gifts for thee, Grand and free! Christmas gifts from the King of love, Brought from His Royal home above; Brought to thee in the far-off land, Brought to thee by His own dear hand. Promises held by Christ for thee, Basec as a river flowing free. Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St Horses Boarded on reasonable terms. Peace as a river flowing free, Joy that in His own joy must live, And love that Infinite Love can give. Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts. Ilorses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs at short notice. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS -Francis Ridley Havergal.

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