

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"I don't know how, Nanny," said Phoebe Uphorpe, "but I think Mr. Waterburn is going to give us Saturday afternoon for a holiday."

the counter and twisted a stem of ferns around them. "I—for myself?" "Yes. Why not?" Phoebe laughed and colored.

said he knew you girls. He's coming here to-morrow to eat his Christmas dinner. I invited him. "Phoebe cheek was pinker than the inside of the big sea-shell on the mantel.

CHRISTMAS GIVING. A few Sensible Words by a Woman on the Subject. Liberty and charity, remarks a practical western woman, are especially beautiful in the Christmas time, when every earnest heart is full of gratitude toward the Great Giver.

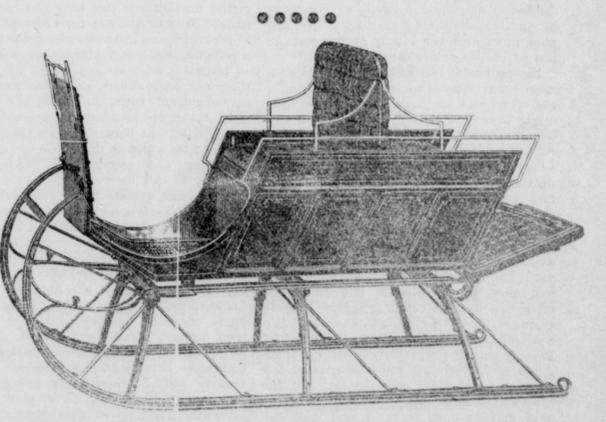
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CHRISTMAS TREES AND HOLLY.

The Prince Consort is Said to Have Introduced The Former Into England. In connection with the holly, which figures so conspicuously in all our Christmas decorations, we find a quaint old conceit chronicled, that every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your house is an act of natural piety as well as beauty, and will, in summer, enable you to relish that green world of which you show yourself not unworthy.

To Germany the civilized world is indebted for one of the most enjoyable of all Christmas delights, the Christmas tree. This custom was little known in England before the marriage of Queen Victoria, and was, we believe, introduced by the late Prince Consort. We call it a gift from Germany, and yet, behind the quaint figure of Kris Kringle, coming from the snowy woods, with the tree rising high above his genial shoulders, laden with gifts and glittering with lanterns, as he suddenly invades the lowly German cottage on kindly errand bent, we see the yet more ancient toy-pine-tree hung with 'oselia,' which boys and girls in ancient Rome looked for on the sixth and seventh days of Saturnalia. But we who are not antiquaries are content to accept these pretty customs, come whence they may, and to improve on them if we can.

A Missing Bicyclist. The authorities at Washington have been used to assist in the search for Frank G. Lenz, a Pittsburg bicyclist, who left New York in June, 1892, for a journey around the world on his wheel and was last heard from in May last, when he was in Asiatic Turkey, near the Persian border. It is feared that Lenz has been murdered by brigands. Such a tour as he projected is naturally associated with great perils. The bicyclist Stevens made a wonderful journey through Asia several years ago, and was lucky enough to return safe and round. The United States government will doubtless institute inquiries concerning Lenz, although it would seem that there is little chance of the present survival of the daring young American.

Taken at His Word. Irascible old gentleman looking at two of his garden vases discovers one with damage surreptitiously repaired. Old gent to gardener—George, this is cracked! George—Yes, sir; had an accident. Old gent—But it's been puttied up! George—Yes, sir. Old gent—Now, I call this unpardonable to conceal it—to putty it up! If you had come and told me you had broken it I should have forgiven you— George (eagerly)—Please, sir, the other's broke.

Generalship. The Clantys does b; slow returning what they borrow," said Mrs. Dolan. "Yes," replied Mrs. Rafferty. "O' niver forgit the trouble O' had gettin' back the fairsions O' lint 'em wantst out o' the kindness av me heart." "An' how did yez git 'em?" "O' sint my b'y Teddy to holler out that the Clantys wouldn't be in this country only St. Patrick chased the snakes out of O'rland. Then the o'rons c'm over the fence lasht enough. All Teddy had to do wor to dodge 'em."

A Maine Town's Grievance. Norridgewock's pride has been deeply and sorely touched. In the slightly lettering on the gorgeous cars of the new street railway the name of the town is spelled with one "r." To think the man who did that lettering did not know Norridgewock better than that!

An Early Application. "My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men." "Ah!" replied the maiden, with a soulful longing, "save a good one for me, won't you?" Preparing for Christmas. "Are you doing any work for Christmas yet?" Wile—Yes, indeed; I've gone through my husband's pockets 14 times in the last two weeks. Right in Style.—Mr. Highfill—"Where is that 'Book of Etiquette and Complete Letter Writer'?" Mrs. H.—"What do you want of it?" Mr. H.—"I want to write to the grocer to tell him I can't pay him."