

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1898.

## The Christmas Time.

The years whirl so rapidly by that the glad hallelujah's of one Christmas tide scarcely die away before the merry chiming of another arouse us to a realizing sense that the happy season has returned again with the self same glad tidings. We are reminded that as these pleasant days pass so quickly one after another, so are the years of our earthly lives running back and from us. We lose ourselves in the festivities of the season. We are young again in spirit if not in years. We are happy again in momentary enjoyment if not in reality. We are surrounded by friends, in memory of other days, if not in their presence. We inhale the sweets of the Christmas feast in perfumes wafted from the past, if not filling the atmosphere of our present abode. We hear the merry laugh of childish, gleeful surprise that rings down the years if not filling the air of the present moments. And so at Christmas tide we live over again the scenes of the recorded years.

All the world rejoices. It matters not what may be our condition. We cannot escape the contagion of joy and mirth that pervades the whole earth. All are more or less sentimental and all more or less feel the influence of the happiness of others. "What a wonderful thing is Christian Science," remarked some one the other day. "It leads a person to forget every ailment. I knew a young man who suffered from melancholy for years until his friends feared he would never smile again. A Christian scientist pointed out a way of escape; he availed himself of the opportunity offered and is now as cheerful and happy as can be." While there is nothing in the Science that will of itself cure a case of fever or heal a broken limb, yet there is a wonderful power in the clearing away of the cobwebs of care, and sorrow and sadness from the mind. It helps nature to do her work of curing the body. It creates fortitude and patience, two great panaceas in the world of suffering. If Christian Science would confine itself to the one field of useful benefactions, the lifting up by means of cheerful surroundings, and appealing to the mind to forget for the time the body, and let the means provided by the Creator as antidotes to the physical ills of man, it would be a blessing to humanity, and would go hand in hand with the medical profession and aid in the relieving of distress.

Christmas tide is a time of memory and a season of forgetfulness. Memory calls up the troop of happy seasons gone, and forgetfulness drives out the ills and disappointments of the present. Hope does not assert its way at the present; it retires until memory and forgetfulness have been substituted by the realization of the stern realities of life. For a time we rise above the petty things that annoy us and float on a sea of pleasures, and not until we reach the shore beyond this season of joy are we aroused to labor and toil again. Such is the influence of the scenes that surround us, that like the devotee of Christian Science, we are made happy by having the mind freed from the melancholy of our hard lot. Indeed so much are we impressed with the joy that abounds, the shouts of happy childhood, the merry chiming of Christmas bells, the pleasure of exchange of greetings, that we would not for a moment obtrude our own unhappiness upon the world. We tread lightly, fearing that the fall of our feet may disturb the peace and good will among men, and the happiness of the hour.

All men rejoice at the freedom from sin and sorrow, pain and suffering, which the glad Christmas morn so grandly typifies. The angels sang a song that has so filled the high arches of heaven, that with the lifting of the clouds of disappointments of life, it reverberates through the earth and is still ringing clear and sweet. "Peace upon earth, good will towards men."

Let us join in the grand chorus, and enter whole heartedly upon the happy hours of this Christmas time.

In the different charitable institutions in the city preparations are being made to celebrate the Christmas season with all good cheer. The inmates will for get for the time that such a thing as unkind fate ever held sway over their lives.

In one of the Orphan Asylums the little folks have been busy for a week or two

writing mysterious letters to Santa Claus. Some of them are pathetic in the extreme. A little girl expresses herself in one of them as follows:

wagging, a apple an' some crackers, I mene the kind what goes of when you lite them to a match an' some blocks to make a horse."

This is the way one unselfish little girl writes to the good old man:

Deare Mister Sandy Clase,—I aint been very good this yere and I dont want nothin fur miself but will you ples bring my little sister Jessie some toys. She only

the King of the forest, the writer accompanied him to his caravan and asked him what it felt like to have his head in such a deadly vice.

"Truth to tell," he said, "it's a matter of putting a bold face on it. As a rule I don't feel queer at all, but there are times I'm thankful when the show is over. I really believe the lion, which I have had for many years, knows me as a friend; but

I can never feel absolutely secure. I have to trust him, though, for the public will have its money's worth, even when it only pays twopence for the front seats."

"But while I feel comparatively safe with the lion, I really dread doing into the den of the two lionesses, as you saw me do to night. They are, malignant untamed brutes, and all I or anyone else dare do is to wait till they've been driven with red-tars to the far end of the cage, just pop round the door, fire a pistol, and jump to the ground. I daren't try more than that with them."

### TIRED OF BILLBOARD SOLDIERS.

Protest Against Army Being Used as Advance Agent of New Preparations.

"My command was in the Indian battles. But there are some things worse than fighting Indians. I had a little experience in everything that makes up a soldier's life. I was in Cuba, I have had all sorts of creeping things for companions. I have had the gnawings of hunger. I appreciate the gratitude of this country for its soldiery. There is no better country on earth to fight for, to die for, if one must."

Thus spake an officer of the regular army as he walked about Governors Island with a reporter.

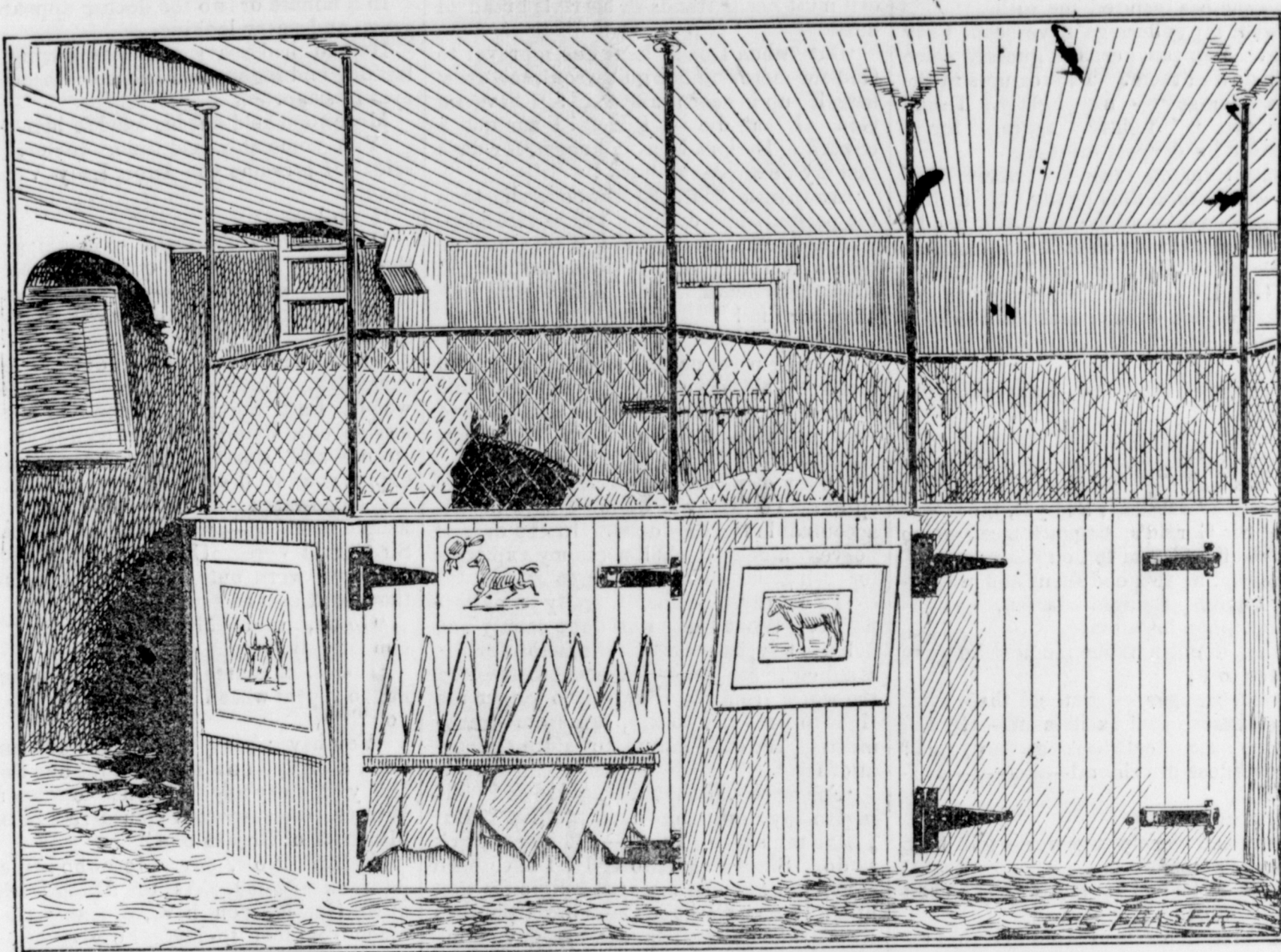
"But there is one thing that makes an army man feel like getting out of the business," he continued. "Don't misunderstand me—it is this thing of everlasting picturing the American soldier along with every new article that is offered for sale to the public."

"Every man in business has the undisputed right to sell his wares. But the soldiers of this country are lined up before the public on every billboard in the land. The wounded are represented as beseeching an angel for some new decoration or some article that is sold. A company is represented as rallying from a panic by the arrival of a sister of charity with an armful of new liniment. A patient is in a hospital, his cot surrounded by his family—no body knows how they got there—and while the family weeps a band of cherubs break through the tent, or the roof, as the case may be, each loaded with a newly discovered panacea or balm, which fetches the dying man out of his cot. A whole regiment is represented as going on the double quick for Nigger Mammy's buckwheat cakes. It is strange that some of the imaginative chaps haven't thought of having a soldier for Santa Claus. Soldiers do not like these representations. We know the object, and we protest. I know many who think as I do. The principle is the same as that which adopts the flag as an advertising medium."

### His Turn Came.

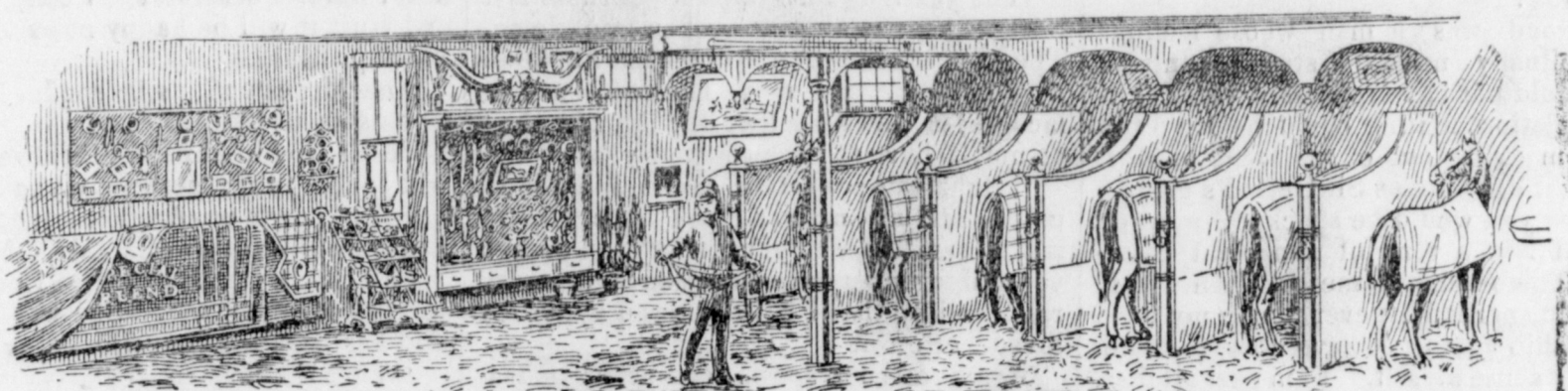
While Mr. Russel Lowell was editor of the Atlantic Monthly he received one day a manuscript signed Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He was much impressed with the literary quality of the work, and, in sending the author, then young and little known, a note of acceptance, he added some words of appreciation, and advised him by all means to keep on writing, and even to follow literature as a profession. Needless to say, Mr. Aldrich kept on, and in course of years came to occupy the editorial chair of the Atlantic. Then, one day, Mr. Lowell sent him a manuscript, and received in return a copy of the note he had addressed to Mr. Aldrich some years previously. It was a capital joke, worthy of the author of "Majesty Daw," and doubtless highly appreciated by the author of the "Biglow papers"; and whether Mr. Lowell took the advice or not, he certainly "kept on writing."

## WHERE GOOD HORSES ENJOY LIFE.



MR. WILLIS' NEW BARN.  
Showing one Corner with Special Blend in a Modern Box Stall.

This illustration represents a small portion of the new barn of Mr. E. LeRoi Willis, the proprietor of the Dufferin Hotel. Those who remember the old premises, formerly occupied by the late John Ryan, would not recognize them now in the handsome, well lighted and splendid barn that Mr. Willis has fitted up. The illustration shows but a small corner of it and one of the box stalls therein in which the good horses there have the pleasure of living. That part of the head and shoulders of the quiet animal shown in the illustration belong to the speedy and famous "Special Blend," who has done as much almost to advertise this city and province abroad as to advertise the Dufferin.



MR. WILLIS' NEW BARN.  
Showing the Horses in their Stalls and the Neat Arrangement of the Premises.

This illustration shows a portion of the barn and the six or seven horses boarded there. They are all splendid animals—drivers owned by citizens who love to see their stock as well cared for as themselves. They enjoy comforts that are not given to any other horses in the city. The premises are warm, light is abundant and cleanliness reigns supreme. The men in charge are experienced and equal, if not superior to any others in this line of business in the Dominion.

Everything is kept every day with the same neatness, the same order as the illustration shows. Boots, blankets and paraphernalia of every sort in connection with the life and work of fast horses are placed just where they can be found at all times. Even wagons are washed in a room that can be heated at any time and the discomforts of employees washing in cold weather is unknown. There is ample room for wagons and sleighs, a splendid harness room, a small but neatly fitted up apartment where the night man can sleep as well and as comfortably as he could in the Dufferin itself. Many people have admired this new idea of Mr. Willis' and it is not to be doubted that the information and knowledge that the owners of horses have gained by an inspection of this modern barn will result greatly to the benefit of horse-kind in this province.

Dear Sandy: Can you please send me something 't'at besides what comes in tin cans. I'm so tired of tin cans, an' I'll be a good girl." Another ran:

"Dear Mr. Santy Claus: I hear you was comin. I was hungry and col last Christmas, but I'd rather have a drum than any anything else."

This one was somewhat a surprise so different is it from the usual childish letter to jolly old St. Nick and so altogether practical in its tone:

"Please Mr. Santa Claus, I want a new dress, a pair of gloves a jacket, a fur collar some chokolates, an orange, some waists, a hat, a pair of stockings and boots. I haven't much of anything."

A young lad in the same institution has expectations that like those of the young lady mentioned above are not likely to be realized. The following are his very modest requests:

"Mr. Santa Claus, dere Sir,—I want you to please bring me a new pair of boots, bekos my old ones is bad at the heels, a b'cycle, a pare of scates some candy an a overcoat with fur on it, a nan goat and a

got a few and she wants a nue doll awul. jimmie sinclare broke her other one last week but jimmie aint a bad boy at all, and will you plesse bring him a hors wat rocks. Could you put some quilts on the grond wer they put mama las summer cos Im affraid the snow wil get on her if you dont, thats all an' I'll be a good girl next yere sos I can get some preassants fur misself. I hoap you will have a mery Kristmus an get a lot of preassants yurrell."

There are two homes in this city for aged ladies and those who make their homes therein will not be forgotten either by the respective boards of management or the thoughtful friends outside. At each of the orphan asylums there will be a Christmas tree and the usual festivities, and it is pleasant to note the fact that busy as are those in the outside world at this time they still give a kindly thought to these institutions, and many are the remembrances that have found their way into them to gladden the hearts of the children and make the day in very truth a merry Christmas.

### In the Lion's Jaws.

Having been pleasantly thrilled by seeing a showman put his head well within the jaws of a lion, and then twist the tail of

## "MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt. I always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are

promptly cured."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unattainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Dr. Ayer's Curebook sent free, on request. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.