

December 22, 1886.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

152 & 154 Queen St., Fredericton

Grand display of House-furnishing and Fancy Goods for Christmas Trade.

You will be astonished at our prices this season. Parlor Suits from \$39.50 up. Carpets from 15 cents per yard up. Dinner Sets full from \$10.00. Handsome and useful articles in Glassware from 8cts. up.

All kinds of Lamps, Chandeliers, Table Cutlery, Plated ware and Fancy Goods at unusually low price. We have been flattered by the remark that we have now the "Most complete stock of House-furnishing goods in the Lower Provinces."

Please call and pass your opinion, and oblige yours,

James G. McNally.

XMAS CARDS.

75 NEW STYLES JUST RECEIVED. From 1 cent to \$1.25, at

J. G. McNally,
Queen Street, Fredericton.

Christmas!

Tennant,

Davies & Co.

Importers of

DRY GOODS,

102 Queen Street,

Fredericton, - N. B.

Advise intending purchasers that they are showing an immense stock of seasonable dry goods, latest novelties in every department, also a large assortment of Fancy and Useful articles for the Holiday trade. Prices low. Inspection respectfully invited.

TENNANT, DAVIES & CO.

Furs. Furs.

Fur Shoulder Capes,

Fur Muffs and Ties,

Fur Caps,

(Ladies' and Gents', including Persian Lamb and South Sea Seal.)

Fur-Lined Cloaks, etc., etc.,

At Bottom Prices.

Tennant,

Davies & Co.

Directly opposite Normal School,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

New Boots!
New Shoes!!
New Rubbers!!!

A VERY LARGE
NEW STOCK

BOOTS
& SHOES,

LATELY RECEIVED

—AT—

Lottimer's
Shoe Store,

No. 210 Queen St., Fredericton.

Watches

—AND—

JEWELRY.

WE beg to call the attention of intending purchasers of Watches and Jewelry to our Large Stock of New Goods in that line. It has always been our aim to select the newest styles and from the most reliable makers.

And in addition to above we have a large stock of

Silver and Silver-Plated Goods,
French & American Clocks,
Spectacles, Gold & Silver
Head Cases, Etc.

Page, Smalley & Ferguson,
43 KING STREET.

"NO ROOM IN THE INN."

BY F. BOTTOME, D. D.

No room for the stranger, "no room in the inn."

The friendless may lodge with the beggar of the stall;

The manger his cradle, the night for his scene—

No room in the inn for the Monarch of all.

No room in the inn—yet the angels high

Through all their bright ranks proclaim the glad morn,

And loud their hosannas are shaking the sky,

To herald the tidings, "A Saviour born."

No room in the inn—yet the wise men afar

See the sign of his coming when prophets foretold,

And, low at his feet, by the light of the star,

The sages are bending with spices and gold.

No room in the inn—no room with the great;

The proud ones and lofty discern not his grace:

But they that are meek and of lowly estate

Their king they behold in the light of his face.

O babe of the manger! "no room in the inn?"

O wipe the reproach from my heart and abide

Where love would enthrone her Redeemer within,

And the bridegroom rejoice in the joy of his bride.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

It was Christmas Eve, and it was a bitter, bitter night.

The snow had been falling steadily all day,

and toward night the wind had risen,

till it was really fearful to hear it moaning,

and sighing, and howling around the house,

as it tore up the masses of snow and flung them

against the windows, or threw them into great heaps like miniature hills

and mountains.

Many an old lady, as she sat knitting before her comfortable fire, on

hearing a louder, fiercer howl of the wind, exclaimed: "God pity the

poor this bitter night!" But how does God pity the poor? He does

not send down bread and meat, and warm clothing from heaven to supply

their wants; but he puts it into the hearts of their brethren and sisters

of the human family to visit them in their afflictions. Ah! "the

poor ye have always with you, and when ye will, ye may do them good."

The moaning and howling of the wind passed almost unheeded in the

brilliant parlor of Mr. M——, where a group of happy children are

assembled around the Christmas tree whose top reached to the lofty ceiling,

and whose branches, illuminated by many gay-colored wax tapers,

hung laden with tokens of affection from one member of the family to another.

It would take a long time to enumerate the beautiful things which

were on the Christmas-tree. There were presents for grandma and

father, and mother, made by busy little fingers; there were toys and

candies, and baskets and boxes; there were dolls seated among the

branches, and hanging from the end of some of the boughs were little

purses with half dollars in them, presents from grandmamma to each

of the children.

After the presents had been distributed and sufficiently admired,

and thanks and kisses had been exchanged, the children engaged in a

mercy game, in the midst of which little Ellen, who had been running

through the folding doors, came hastily up to her mother, and whispered

in her ear:

"Mamma, there is a poor little girl out in the hall by the stove.

She seems almost frozen, and when I offered her some of my candy, she

thanked me, but said she would rather have a piece of bread. What

a strange child, mamma, to like bread better than candy!"

"Perhaps if you had nothing to eat all day, you would like bread

better than candy, too, Ellen," said her mother, rising to go and speak

to the child, the children all following her into the hall.

"Where do you live, my child?" she asked.

"In Fisher's Lane, ma'am!"

"Are your parents living?"

"Father's been dead a year, ma'am, and mother's lying very sick. She thinks she is going to die."

"Did your mother work when she was well?"

"Oh! yes, ma'am, and I never had to beg a bit, till since mother's been so ill."

"And why did you come out this stormy night?"

"Oh! I've had to take care of mother and the little ones all day, and to-night the landlord—he's a

very hard man, ma'am—came in and said, if the rent was not paid to-night he would put us all in the

street, for another family wanted the room, and mother said there

was no way but for me to come out and try to raise the rent."

"How much do you owe?" asked Mr. M——.

"Half a dollar a week; we owe for four weeks, sir."

"Have you any wood?"

"Only some bits I pick up about the street, sir."

"Have you had food to-day?"

ma, may I give her my half dollar?

Do, mamma, let me give her my half dollar."

The children soon saw that the father was putting on his great coat

and overshoes, and tying up his face as if preparing for an encounter with

the storm. Crowding round him they exclaimed, "Why, papa, are

you going out this dreadful night?"

Their father said to them in a low tone: "Do you think we could

sleep comfortably to-night, children, or enjoy our warm fire, if we thought

a sick woman and her little children were perishing in the street?"

"Would not do to trust this child with money; but I must go with her and see if her story is true, and their wants must be relieved."

"Then, papa, you will take my half dollar to help pay the rent, won't you?"

"And mine?" "And mine?"

"And mine?" shouted other little voices.

"Yes, children, you shall have the pleasure and the benefit of giving," said their father; and ordering

Patrick to take his hand sled full of wood, and a basket full of provisions, Mr. M—— started out with

the child, who was now wrapped in a comfortable, warm shawl.

The children were allowed to sleep up till their father came home, and very, very glad were they to hear that the poor child had told the

truth, and that their father had not left the family till they had been made quite comfortable, and Patrick had brought a doctor to see the sick

woman.

There were at least two happy homes on that Christmas day. "God thou and do likewise," and you

shall receive the blessing of Him who has said: "Inasmuch as ye

have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The Register.

"JUDGE NOT."

It was Christmas Eve, but the weekly prayer-meeting was to be

held as usual, and Mr. and Mrs. Heston allowed no trifling thing to

keep them at home.

At the church door they were accosted by one of the brethren, who

inquired:

"How much are you going to give me toward the steel engraving we

have purchased for our pastor's wife?"

"I think perhaps I ought not to give you any thing this time."

It cost Mr. Heston something to say this, for, though he was

not rich, he was a generous man, his name was rarely lacking from

subscription list. But he was not prepared for the storm of unkind

words and unjust insinuations which his partially declining to subscribe

toward this gift called forth.

I will not tell you what the solicitor said, for you would hardly

believe the words would come from Christian lips.

Mr. Heston went into the prayer meeting, but there was little joy in

the service for him. He had not yet learned to rejoice in tribulation

to take all such burdens as some thing to bear for Christ, and his heart

was sore.

It had been one of his hard days. At ten in the morning there had

been presented at his office a note for \$500, which his book-keeper had

neglected to enter upon bills payable. Fortunately the money was

in the bank and he had only to draw a check for it, but the circumstance

annoyed him. Later in the day he remembered that he had promised

on that date, to settle a claim against him for \$200 which a young man

in a bank for whom he had gone a bondsman had stolen. Still later

there came a heart-breaking letter from an old college chum who was

out upon the frontier in charge of a poor struggling church. It was an

answer to a barrel of warm winter clothing and Christmas goodie

which Mr. Heston sent his friend, thinking he might enjoy them, but

never dreaming that he was reduced to utter extremity.

As he folded the letter something very like tears glistened in his eyes.

A strong man though he was, he took out his bank-book, added it

carefully, and then drew a check for \$25. He could not take the time

to write a letter, and the sheet of paper accompanying the check contained only three words to his

clerk: "The money is paid."