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PUBLIC AUCTION!

Having taken over the entire stock of Ralph
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position to sell for you on a small commission or
to buy outright.

My Auction Room will be under the supervision
of auctioneer Archie McDiarmid who for the past
10 years has been the city auctioneer. I propose
to have Auction Sales at least twice a week on
Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, beginning
Saturday, Sept. 23rd at 7.30 o'clock.

One hundred reasonable and useful articles.

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MILK

Give it to the kiddies, to the fathers
mothers and grandparents—good,
pure nourishing milk. We handle both
the pasturized and unpasturized milk
at only 8 cents per quart. At this price
it is the cheapest and most wholesome
food one can procure.

FARMERS' CO-OPERATIVE
DAIRY CO., LTD.
King St.,— Fredericton, N. B.

Christmas Eve Cantata at
Bruns. St. Baptist Church

Following is the program of the beautiful cantata carried out by the
choir of the Brunswick street Baptist Church on Sunday evening:

PART I

The Shepherd Boy (Soprano) Mrs. A. F. Belding
The Old Shepherd (Soprano) Mrs. E. Allison McKay
Shepherds Male Voices
Angel Chorus Ladies Voices

PART II

Balthazar (Baritone) A. F. Belding
Gaspar (Bass) F. L. Cooper
Melchior (Tenor) F. T. Thomas
The Caravan Choir

PART III

Soprano Soloist Mrs. F. A. Good
Baritone Soloist Mr. C. D. Holder
Duet C. D. Holder, A. F. Belding
Choir

Part I—THE SHEPHERDS' GIFTS.

A beautiful starlit night on the plains of
Bethlehem. A little shepherd boy is tend-
ing his sheep. On the far side of the plain
other shepherds can be indistinctly seen,
surrounded by their flocks.

SHEPHERD BOY

Quickly the night is falling
Sunk has the sun;
Stars in the darkening heaven
Light one by one.
Under their silent glimmer
The air grows chill.
Mourning her life departed,
Nature lies still.
Come, little flock, so timid,

Have thine no fear:
Watching and guarding am I,
Till dawn appear.

RECIT.

How still the night! Such silence could be
felt

Were it not broken now and then by some
Scared sheep, whose restlessness doth
cause its bell

To fill the air with silver music, meet
For such a silver night. Across the plain
I can just see the forms of my compan-
ions—

So still that they might almost be asleep.
Hail the light has nearly blinded me.
What is it? Look yonder! 'Tis some bright
And radiant being clad in white. The
shepherds

Rise to fly. He calms their fear. And now
He seems to be delivering some message.
He's vanished! See, they come this way.

ANGELS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on
earth peace, goodwill toward men."—S.
Luke ii, 14.
(The Shepherds enter, discussing the
wonderful event among themselves.)

SHEPHERDS.

A marvel! A marvel! Scarce could we bear
the sight
Of that majestic figure in robes of daz-
zling white.

OTHER SHEPHERDS.
Who was he?

AN OLD SHEPHERD.

An Angel—a messenger from heaven,
To whom glad news to bear to earth was
given.

SHEPHERDS.

What message? Come, tell us. To him we
were not near.
Come, tell us.

THE SHEPHERD.

Thus spake he in trumpet tones so clear:
"Fear not; for behold, I bring you good
tidings of great joy, which shall be to all
people. For unto you is born this day in
the city of David a Saviour, which is
Christ the Lord."—S. Luke ii, 10, 11.
(The angels are again heard singing the
"Gloria in Excelsis.")

THE SHEPHERD.

There rings the heavenly chorus once
again!
Let us on earth with them repeat the
strain.

FULL CHORUS.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on
earth peace, goodwill toward men."

THE SHEPHERD.

A wondrous thing has come to pass. And
yet 'tis what the prophet Jeremiah told:
"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord,
that I will perform that good thing which
I have promised unto the house of Israel
and to the house of Judah. In those days
will I cause the Branch of righteousness
to grow up unto David; and He shall ex-
ecute judgment and righteousness in the
land." (Jeremiah xxxiii, 14, 15.)

SHEPHERDS.

But why should the promised Saviour of
our race
Be born in such a little town as Bethle-
hem?

THE SHEPHERD.

Dost thou not mind the prophet Micah's
words?—
"But thou, Bethlehem, though thou be
little among the thousands of Judah, yet
out of thee shall He come forth that is to
be ruler in Israel."—Micah v, 2.

CAROL.

Only a little village,
Of reputation small;
Of beauty little claiming,
Of greatness naught at all.
And yet within its borders—
As ancient seers foretold—
Is born the destined ruler,
Of faithful Israel.

Only a little infant,
A weak and helpless child;
Now lying in a manger,
The hay around Him piled,
And yet that Child so helpless,
By virtue of His grace,
Is He, the mighty Saviour,
The Saviour of our race.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem,
and see this thing which is come to pass,
which the Lord hath made known unto
us." (S. Luke ii, 15.)

THE SHEPHERD.

Let each make gift of what he can af-
ford—

A VOICE.

A bowl of milk—

G. W. HOLMES

WATER RATES DUE

Water consumers will please take
notice that Water Rates must be paid
before December 31st, in order to save
their discount.

(Sgd) G. R. PERKINS,
City Treasurer.

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"
and Better Pastry too
USE IT IN ALL YOUR BAKING



ANOTHER VOICE.
My flageolet—
A THIRD VOICE.
A lamb.

THE SHEPHERD.

And lay it at the feet of Him Who comes
In lowly state to set His people free.
(They go on their way.)

CHORUS.

Rest we secure from danger,
On Him depend;
He, Who will be for ever
Saviour and Friend.
The Sun has risen. Let us
Seek pastures new;
Where He doth lead, we follow
Our Shepherd true
Come, faithful flock, no longer
Aught need we fear;
Darkness hath passed for ever
The day is here!

HYMN NO. 85.

Part II—THE KINGS' GIFTS.

An old well in the desert. Night. Bal-
thazar resting with his train.

BALTHASAR.

The longest journey e'en must have an
end.
And yet for days I've travell'd o'er the
desert

With naught to guide me save one bril-
liant star.
Tonight it has not risen. Here will I
And mine remain by this old well, until
The star returns to guide us on our way.

The night is dark and all is drear around
me,
The gathering gloom doth my advance
delay;
Fantastic shadows shimmering confound
me,

Without a guide I sure must lose my way.
My soul is dark: a moral gloom lies over
Of strange beliefs which fall to bring it
ease.

O Daystar, rise! disperse the clouds that
hover,
And point the highway to Eternal Peace!

(Sounds as of a Caravan approaching are
heard in the distance.)

My rest it seems will not be undisturbed,
I hear such sounds as herald the approach
Of some large caravan—the camels' bells,
The thud of hoofs. Two kingly strangers
ride

In front of the magnificent array.

CHORUS.

Across the desert we are come
From eastern lands afar;
The Power that calls us from our home
Doth guide us by a star.

We know not how; we know not where
The guiding star will lead;
We only know we shall find there
The One True Light indeed!

For sake us not, O star so bright,
Until our journey's done;
But guide us whence you take your light,
O guide us to your Sun!

BALTHASAR.

All hail most noble strangers. Deign to
share
My sheltered rest beside this old, old well.
Maybe I may enquire without offence
Whence you are come and whither you
do go?

GASPAR.

From far Cathay come I
The One true God to find,
For those I've left behind
The knowledge to supply.
My subjects now at home
Are sunk in blackest night;
For them to find the Light
This journey have I come.

MELCHIOR.

Afar in Eastern Ind
I hold my sovereign sway.
By fasting night and day
I tried the Truth to find.
Till in a dream one night
I heard a voice divine
Saying, "Arise and shine,
For now is come thy Light."

BALTHASAR.

O brother monarchs, I
To find that Light set store;
For Egypt and her lore
Can never satisfy.
From god to god they rove—
And many gods abound
But yet they've never found
The One true God of Love!

CHORUS.

The star! the star!
It doth appear,
And gleams afar
In heaven's sphere.
No longer may
We stay and rest,
But haste away
To gain our Quest.

MELCHIOR.

As to a King,

CUPID IS
HAVING A BUSY
TIME IN PARIS

Paris, Dec. 26—Paris has 20 may-
ors—one for each of the 20 police dis-
tricts, or "arrondissements"—but they
are so over worked that the possibili-
ty is now being discussed of divid-
ing the capital into smaller parts so
as to have more mayors.

One of the complaints of the may-
ors is that too much of their time is
occupied with marriages. In France
the civil ceremony is obligatory, even
for foreigners, if they want their wed-
ding to be legal in France. The cere-
mony may not be performed by a jus-
tice of the peace or any other minor
official, but must take place in the
arrondissement's city hall before the
mayor himself.

[The experiment was tried of per-
forming several ceremonies simultane-
ously, but that led to mistakes which
resulted in dangerous legal complica-
tions.

GREAT BRITAIN
LOSES BIG TRADE

London, Dec. 23—Sir William Joy-
son-Hicks, of the Overseas Trade De-
partment, in an address before the
Royal Colonial Institute, declared that
the Balkans and Europe generally of-
fered little hope of recovery of trade
for Great Britain for years to come.
That business formerly approximated
£200,000,000.

He pointed to the tremendous
growth of trade within the Empire as
an alternative to it. He said that in
the case of Canada, British exporters
are faced with keen competition with
Americans, yet exports to Canada had
risen to \$16 a head, though there had
been a setback to \$13. On the other
hand, American exporters sell to Can-
ada \$46 worth of goods a head to
Canadians. He urged Britishers to
bestir themselves and get the busi-
ness.

sake.
(Lullay, little Son, lullay.)

DUET

But can it be a gift so small
Is meet and right to proffer?
And yet 'tis in the power of all
Themselves to Him to offer.

So fear then let us put away,
The stable let us enter,
To Him our lowly homage pay
On Whom our hopes do centre.
(They enter the stable and kneel humbly
before the manger.)

Here we offer and present unto Thee, O
Lord, ourselves, our souls and our bodies.
And although we be unworthy, through
our manifold sins, to offer unto Thee any
sacrifice, yet we beseech Thee to accept
this our bounden duty and service; not
weighing our merits, but pardoning our
offences.—From the Office for the Holy
Communion.

BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

Come to the manger,
All that are weary;
Come to the manger,
Ye that seek peace;
Come to the manger,
Be not so fearful,
From sins that are scarlet
He will release.

TENORS AND BASSES.

All for the asking—
Here is Salvation,
All for the asking—
None He'll refuse.
All for the asking—
When ye have found it
Let the empyrean
Ring with the news.

FULL CHORUS.

Highways and byways
Let them all hear it,
Highways and byways—
Loud the cry raise;
Highways and byways—
Never be resting
Till all the world sings
The Child Saviour's praise.
Hallelujah. Amen.

CONCLUDING HYMN NO. 86.

Profitable Opportunities

are offered to-day for investment in
Government and Municipal Bonds,
yielding a high return. The purchase
or sale of such securities can be arrang-
ed at any of our branches.

Our monthly list of offerings will
be sent on request.

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OF COMMERCE

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Devon Branch, E. W. Spurr,
Stanley Branch, C. J. Loughlin,