

Christmas Romance

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Me preparing for Christmas—the Goodness knows I wish I was, but Christmas doing ain't for me no more. And just because I was a-baking something to eat to-morrow, which happens to be Christmas, she thought I was preparing for that day a special.

Betty Green sighed as she played the piano in the oven, and pulled a kitchen chair up beside the stove. The new neighbor, who had but recently moved into the town, and who knew nothing of Betty's history, had just left. With the Christmas spirit everywhere she had thought of coming to Betty's house for a feast for the day.

"Now, if Jim hadn't never sailed away on that water-logged old Mary Ann, as he did a-going on four years ago, I guess I could a been preparing for Christmas like other folks. I'd be here, I'd be nobody else, Jim and me could a enjoyed Christmas, and then maybe there'd a been somebody else—somebody what just about now would a been liking dolls or tin cars, and if so Jim and me would a been having a Christmas tree or that some-body-in-the-house best Christmas in all South Cove.

"I know I did take him from sailing in that Mary Ann. Anybody what knew anything about ships knew, she wasn't fit to go to sea in, but Jim says it's the only berth he's had to go to, and that's true. It would bring about our marriage just that much sooner, and the Mary Ann of Jim ain't never been heard of since she left that South American place to go round the Horn on her way to China."

The bright eyes of Betty Green were wet with tears as she opened the oven door to raise the pie to a higher shelf. Ever since Jim Busby failed to return in time for the wedding which Betty had so carefully prepared for four years ago—a wedding, which was to be the big event of the Christmas season at South Cove—she had had a lonesome life.

Two months after the Christmas that was to have been Betty's wedding day her aged father had been carried to the village cemetery, leaving her alone in the world. With no other relatives, and with no friends except those at South Cove Betty remained in the little fishing town in which she had been born nearly twenty-seven years ago.

With the baking finished, Betty left the kitchen and went into her bedroom. She wanted nothing so much as to be alone in that room that had been her father's—in that room where she kept carefully preserved the wedding clothes she had lavished so much care upon four years ago. These clothes and the faded photograph of Jim Busby on her bureau were all that were left her of her romance. With these she would spend her Christmas eve, would live over again the courting days, and Jim should be there with her. That would be her Christmas.

With care she took each garment from its wrappings in the bureau drawer and spread them on the bed. The pretty wedding dress which Sarah Glover had helped her make—yes, she would put it on to-night just as she had planned to four years ago. Jim would like her to do that; he had always like to see her prettily dressed, and maybe Jim might see her from the spirit world to-night.

As she fastened the gown she almost forgot that Jim could not be there, that it was all a make-believe. As she stood before the mirror the smile of four years ago came back again. She noted the color in her cheeks; it was like a bridal blush.

A rap at the door dispelled the illusion she had permitted herself for a few moments. She could not go to the door in that dress. The caller would have to wait, but he did not wait. She heard the door swing, a heavy step on the floor, and a voice—oh! such a familiar voice—calling Betty.

"Jim! My Jim!" she answered, as she pulled open the door of her bedroom and sprang into the arms of a strong, bronzed sailor.

Far into the night she listened to Jim's tale of shipwreck on the Patagonian coast, of the months and years of practical captivity before he could get back to a seaport.

"And now," he said, "I am home to claim my Christmas bride."

"And I have our Christmas baking done," said Betty.

SUPERSTITIONS

If you will go to the cross-roads between eleven and twelve on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.

It is unfortunate to carry anything forth from the house on Christmas morning until something has been brought into it.

If the fire burns brightly on Christmas morning it betokens prosperity; if it smoulders, adversity.

"They are to be married on Christmas day."

"Would you call that 'Yule-tied'?"

Christmas seems to have been first observed between 180-190 A.D.

Old Christmas fare did not include the turkey, now the modern Christmas bird. In the old days a roasted peacock took its place on the festive board.

Santa's Christmas

By MARY D. ARNO

Lindenette struggled vainly with the tears that squeezed at last through tired eyelids. It was not often that the brave little homemaker gave way to grief, but in the present moment she seemed unable to control her emotion.

In the next room childish voices prattled joyously. Lindenette had not found the heart to tell them that Christmas would have to come and go without the much heralded visit from Santa Claus. Since the loss of both parents Lindenette had managed to keep a roof over the heads of her small brother and sister and had provided food for their slight frames. What did it matter if her cheeks had lost their roses and her lips their cheery bloom? The smile lingered. That was all that mattered.

She brushed her tears aside and arose to answer an unexpected summons from the knocker. She looked her surprise at the great man who stood on her tiny porch.

"I have come in search of one Linden Lane," the stranger said with a smile to which the girl responded.

"The name is unusual," admitted Lindenette, "and my own is even more impossible—being Lindenette Lane. May I ask you in from the cold?" She opened the door and Marvin Goodwin entered the pitifully barren room into which she led him. His eyes followed the girl rather than the contents of the room.

Two small, pale faces peered at him from the kitchen door, and Goodwin smiled at them.

"Do I look like Santa Claus?" he asked them by way of breaking the ice.

"No, you don't," returned the boy bluntly. "Besides, Linda says it may be too cold for Santa Claus to come out this year." There was a wail from the little sister, and the boy strove vainly to conceal his disappointment at this announcement.

Linda gave them each a hug and told them to run along. When they had gone she turned to Goodwin with inquiry in her eyes.

"My errand is a pleasant one," he said quickly, for his own voice was none too controlled. "It will add to your happiness, I know." He drew a memorandum from his pocket, and after consulting it, asked: "Your father, Linden Lane? Did he live in Stillwater, Minn., 22 years ago?"

"Yes," replied Linda, with a flush of excitement lending roses to her cheeks. "I was born there."

"Then, to come directly to the point," Goodwin told her, "we find two deposits of \$25 each in two of our banks there. One Linden J. Lane opened the account 22 years ago."

Linda laughed softly.

"My father used always to fear bank failures, and put small amounts in many banks." She turned sparkling eyes upon Goodwin. "We thought we had collected all his savings," she said.

These two nests were undiscovered, the man laughed, "and the hens have been laying golden eggs. You have, at this very minute \$500."

"Three hundred dollars! Oh!" she impulsively held out her two toil-worn little hands, "it is a fortune! The children! They can have their Santa Claus!"

Goodwin found himself feeling happier than he remembered having felt before. Was it the knowledge that he had been the Good Fairy in this small family, or was it something more subtle, more wonderful that had crept into his mind?

He laughed a trifle nervously. "I am going to ask for immediate payment for the joy I have found for you," he said and when Linda's questioning eyes met his he said impetuously: "Let me come to-morrow and help make Christmas glad for the children. May I come?"

Linda glanced at him with a new shyness. "Yes," she said, simply. "If you like I will go with you to help get that Christmas tree."

Next morning Linda and the children were up early.

The crackling of the fire as it roared up the stovepipe created a spirit of cheerfulness that greeted Marvin Goodwin when he presented himself at an early hour.

"Oh!" shouted Bobby, "here's our own Santa Claus!" His eyes were glued to the armful of packages Goodwin deposited on the table.

"Bobby!" cried Linda.

"Haven't you ever been Santa Claus before?" queried Peggy.

"Never! This is my very first experience. I hope I will acquit myself with proper dignity."

And Linda's eyes, over the heads of the children, looked down deep into Goodwin's big soul, and unconsciously she let the man read what her heart was saying.

"Next Christmas," he was saying in his mind, "Linda will have permanent roses in her cheeks, and her eyes will be mine, and that will be all the happiness one Santa Claus could have."

Lindenette smiled.

Christmas in France

When Christmas draws near every French family in easy circumstances sends for a cask of wine and lays in a stock of southern fruit. Those who have been enemies pardon each other; marriages are fixed; married pairs who have been separated are re-united.

Essie's Plea

"Say, mamma, please don't make any fire in my bedroom grate," begged little Essie.

"Why, you'll freeze."

"I don't mind being cold, just so long as Santa will be able to get down the chimney all right."

Motion pictures are being extensively used in Italy to teach several million illiterate voters, enfranchised by a new law, how to prepare their ballots.

For household use a simple device has been invented in Germany which measures the proportion of carbonic acid gas in the air of a room.

The jolt has been taken out of the wheelbarrow by a Main man who has invented one with springs between the axle ends and side bars.

A German inventor's improved autograph uses light rays to reproduce on photograph films writings or drawings made at a distance.



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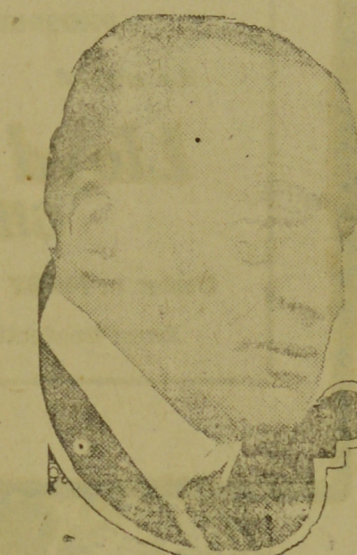
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NOTICE OF SALE

PURSUANT to a Decree of the Supreme Court, Chancery Division, made in an action between Charles Boyle, Plaintiff, and J. Vincent Boyle, Samuel J. Boyle, Annie Boyle and Mary Minihan, defendants, for the partition of the lands and premises in the plaintiff's Statement of Claim, and in the said Decree mentioned and fully described, and being the lands and premises hereinafter referred to, there will be offered for sale in separate parcels at public auction, with the approbation of Harris G. Fenety, Esquire, a Master of the Supreme Court, in front of the Post Office, in the City of Fredericton, in the Province of New Brunswick, at 12 o'clock noon, on SATURDAY, the seventeenth day of February, 1917—

(1) "All that tract of land situate in the City of Fredericton and described as follows: Being the lower half of 'Lot No. 32 in the fourth range of pasture lots granted to the University of New Brunswick, and containing 'twelve and one-half acres.'"

(2) "All that tract of land in the rear of the City of Fredericton, bounded on the southeast by the present line of the Maryland Road; on the northwest by line of road reserved by King's College at Fredericton, running between the tract of land hereby conveyed and Lot No. 32, belonging to King's College; on the northwest and northeast by land belonging to J. Henry Phair, the said tract of land hereby conveyed being the same lands and premises minutely described in a deed dated 16th day of April, A.D. 1874, from James M. Cameron and Marion 'his wife to James A. Lyons.'"

(3) "All that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, namely: On the front by the present highway road, on the upper side and the rear of land owned by the Hon. William O'Dell, and on the lower side by land owned by George Todd, being the lands and premises so described in the deed thereof from one George F. H. Minchen to Charles S. Ingraham, being dated the first day of February, A.D. 1878, and registered in Book J-3 of the York County Records, pages 558 and 559, the ninth day of February, 1878."

(4) "All those leasehold lands and premises conveyed by the University of New Brunswick to one Murray Scott by Indenture of Lease bearing date the twentieth day of September, 1883, and described as follows: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Fredericton aforesaid, and more particularly known and described as the Town Lot No. 101 in Block No. 7, in the Town Plat of Fredericton aforesaid, abutted and bounded as follows: Beginning at the northerly corner of Lot No. 99 in the said Block 7 on the southwesterly side of King street; thence running along the said southwesterly line of King street, northerly 66 feet; thence southwesterly at a right angle with the course of the said King street at that place 165 feet; thence southeasterly in a line parallel with King street at that place 66 feet or until it strikes the westerly corner of said Lot No. 99; thence northeasterly along the northerly side line of said Lot No. 99 to the place of beginning on King street aforesaid, containing one-quarter of an acre more or less."

(5) "A certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City of Fredericton, described as follows: 'All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being on the northeast side of King street and abutted and bounded as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the said side of King street where the southeasterly line of Barker's Alley (so called) meets same; thence southeasterly along King street thirty-seven feet more or less, to the southeast side of the dwelling house at present occupied by the said Joseph Peters, being the lands sold and deeded by one E. Byron Winslow and one Joseph Peters and wife to Daniel Meehan; thence in a southeasterly direction along the said side of the said house and continuation thereof sixty-three feet more or less, until it strikes the southwesterly line of land in possession of the McManus Estate; thence along the said last mentioned line in a northeasterly direction thirty-seven feet, more or less, to the southeast side of said alley in a southwesterly direction sixty-three feet more or less to the place of beginning.'"

The above sale is made pursuant to the Provisions of the Judicature Act, 1909, and amendments thereof. Further particulars may be had from the plaintiff's solicitors, Messrs. McLellan & Hughes, whose place of business and address is 68 Carleton street, Fredericton, N. B.

HARRIS G. FENETY,
Master of the Supreme Court.

12-15 fri 17

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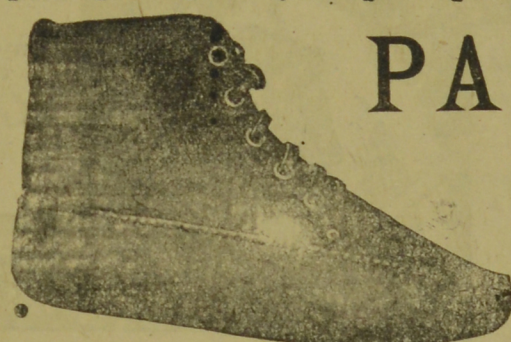
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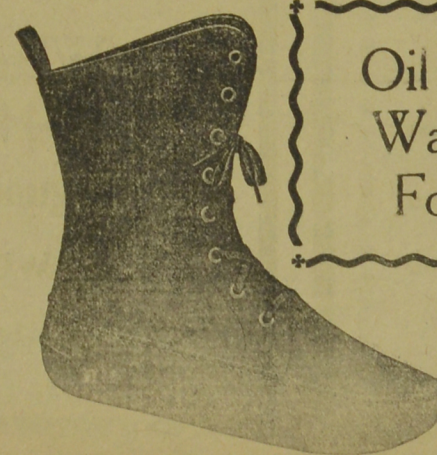
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