

## Caleb's Conversion

By HAZEL OSWALD

It was Christmas eve, and Caleb Churton, the money-lender, sat in his great dining room, surrounded by all that makes for luxurious living.

"So Jack preferred his artist's work to this," he mused, chuckling contemptuously while he half spoke the words.

Ten years before, his elder brother had told their father that he was not cut out for a Shylock, that he preferred to get a living by pleasant means than his fellow-bellows' flesh and blood, and had gone out into the world cursed by the father and laughed at by his brother.

It was three years later—and 12 months after he had announced his marriage to a fellow-artist's daughter—that old Churton died, leaving all the business to Caleb, and not mentioning Jack Churton by as much as a single word in his will.

To do him justice, Caleb had rebelled against this as much as he could, but he had found out that his brother was able to keep his head above water, and, after offering him a share—only to be indignantly refused—Caleb applied himself to the task of doubling his father's wealth. All these things went through his brain as he sat by his fire. Of a sudden a thought struck him.

"I will go and parade my wealth before them—will make the wife bitterly envious and Jack sorry that he ever refused me!"

With this amiable intention he rose, ordered his automobile to be brought out, and was soon whirling toward Jack's home.

Suddenly the auto stopped, and he got out, telling the chauffeur to return in an hour, not longer.

"If I am finished before, I can spend the time somehow," he thought.

Up the steps of the great apartment he went until he came to a door labelled 42. Then he knocked, and getting no answer, entered very quietly, finding the door not locked.

He looked round the tiny hall, and then stepped into the first room.

"Are you Santa Claus?"

The timid little query stopped him in his wanderings, and he looked down to his feet to see a sunny-haired, blue-eyed little mite gazing regarding him.

"But no, you can't be Santa Claus, for he's ever so old, and has got a white beard and a long coat, and a big bag full of toys, and comes down the chimney, and doesn't come till after I've gone to bed, and—"

She paused in her list of details for want of breath, and the first time for many years, Churton laughed heartily.

"You queer little mite," he said, "I'm not Santa. Who are you?"

"I'm Gladys Churton, and I'm not queer. I'm very well, thank you."

"So you are Gladys," he said.

"Where are your father and mother?"

"They've gone out to buy some things for me, and they told me to be ever so good. They will be back soon."

Churton looked around him. It was so pleasant, so happy, evidently, and the home he had left seemed to lack a great deal. He sighed.

"What's the matter, strange man?"

"Nothing, dear."

"But there must be something. I always go like that when I want a doll, and mamma won't buy it for me. Is your little girl naughty?"

"I haven't got a little girl."

"Poor strange man!" with a clouding of her sunny face. Then, suddenly,

"Look out, here come mamma and dad! Let's hide."

"All right, dear; tell me where."

Hastily she drew him behind a curtain, and followed.

"Where's my girlie?" in a clear, happy voice.

The mite ran out and struggled in her mother's arms.

"You don't know who else is here," she said importantly. "There's a strange man, and—poor dear!—he hasn't got a little girl, and he isn't happy."

She ran back to the curtain and dragged out a somewhat dusty, shamed-faced individual.

"I came to see you—felt a bit lonely—Hang it all! Jack, I want a taste of home life, and escape from the eternal accounts. No," as the clear, blue eyes of the baby were fixed on him, "that's a lie. I came here to show off my wealth, and to make you envious; but your little ray of sunshine here took the conceit out of me. Hang it, man, take me in, for pity's sake, and let me be human this Christmas-tide. The money can go. I must stay here."

When Churton's man came back, he was told that the master would not be home for some days.

Rules for a Long Life

A clergyman who is hale and hearty at 78 years of age, gives these rules which have governed his life: The use of plain food, with plenty of fresh fruit and pure water. Personal cleanliness by frequent baths from head to foot. Flannels next the skin the year round, graduating weight according to the season. Open air exercise every day, rain or shine. Ventilation of sleeping room, summer and winter. Night hours' sleep each day.

Fruits of Saving

In 1866 a young Breton named Gognacq went to Paris as assistant in a little dry goods store. By 1872 he had saved up \$60,000 and opened a store which he called the Samaritaine. That Breton store assistant became worth \$60,000,000.

An Assurance

"Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is a large family gathered about the festive board?"

"I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance that there is not going to be enough turkey left to supply the menu for the next few days."

Indians say the best time to catch a deer is on Christmas night at twelve o'clock, when they believe the deer knells.

In many countries where they go by the old calendar Christmas is celebrated January 6, the celebration beginning three days before.

## A Silver Tea Caddy

By SOPHY F. COULD

She was a frail-looking little girl, who had been self-supporting for over three years, since her mother died, and was tired now, as she walked through the street crowded with shop-girls like herself.

Listlessly, in order for a minute to avoid the onrush of hurrying humans, she paused before a shop window where antiques of all kinds were grouped attractively.

There was little in the window to interest a mite of a girl earning a pittance \$6 a week, yet of a sudden her eyes, a moment before so tired, lighted excitedly, and a casual observer might have noticed how exquisitely beautiful they were. The tired line of her mouth also relaxed, and hope fully she stepped closer to the plate glass and peered for a long, concentrated moment at a silver tea caddy of quaint design. After a second's hesitation she opened the door and walked bravely into the little shop.

"The tea caddy?" she asked of the woman who greeted her inquiringly. "How much is it?"

"The little silver one?" The woman looked her surprise, as she noted the shabby black coat and much-worn skirt. "You wanted to buy it?" she asked kindly, for something in the girl's eyes made her know she was in earnest. "It is \$25."

"Twenty-five dollars!" the girl gasped, and as suddenly as it had come the brightness left her eyes. "Twenty-five," she repeated. "I'm afraid I could never afford that."

She gripped her pay envelope firmly and, turning, walked out of the shop.

In her tiny room, as she cooked her meager dinner over the gas plate, and later, when lying wide awake in her narrow bed, she thought of the beautiful tea caddy. She thought until it became a cherished ideal, vested with wonderful scenes among the great people of the world.

The following day she neglected her lunch, and hurried to the shop to once more view the wonderful caddy.

When she entered the woman greeted her warily, for the expression in her eyes had proved haunting to the woman all the past night.

"Did you really want to buy the caddy?" she asked, as she handed it to the girl, "for if you do—"

"I must buy it," she interrupted.

As she took it reverently in her two hands, "but I can't pay the money all at once," she hesitated.

"How much could you pay?" The woman suddenly understood the girl's need, and a great kindness came to her. "Perhaps we could come to terms."

"I have \$2 that I have saved, and I think I can spare 50 cents each week. I only make \$6," she added, apologetically.

"Six dollars!" the woman gasped, as the enormity of the girl's project came to her. "You may have it at your own terms," she said impulsively.

"Oh!" For a moment the girl held it to her breast, then she handed the money without regret to the woman.

In the days that followed the woman became very fond of the girl, for she came often to gaze with awe upon the silver caddy of quaint design, and in the short visits the woman learned to know what a difference an ideal can make in a life. In watching the girl's love for the thing that kept her poorer than she need have been the woman found her own life broadened.

On Christmas eve a young man persistently tried to buy the caddy, until the woman finally told him the story of its sale. He listened in wonder, and then asked for the name of the girl, who seemed so great a marvel that he wanted his mother to see and help her.

The same evening, after the young man had left, the girl made her final payment, and with a wild joy throbbing in her heart carried the tea caddy home, and with it a beautiful bunch of holly, a festive touch from the woman.

She had pinched hard to save the 50 cents each week, but her reward was great, and worth the happiness the ideal had always given her.

It was again Christmas eve, and a dainty woman, wrapped in a soft fur coat, opened the door of the little shop, and with extended hand came to the woman. "Merry Christmas!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember me?"

In the deep, winsome eyes there was something familiar, and suddenly the woman threw her arms about the girl, and peering over her head espied the man.

"We have just been married," he explained. "My mother found her for me, and we wanted to come to thank you for what you have done."

"I have missed your example so," the woman held her very close, laughing softly through her tears, for they were suddenly all so happy, and it was Christmas, for outside faraway bells were ringing.

When a woman has washed clothes and baked bread for thirty years she begins to wonder what there is in life for her, after all.

## 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 north-east 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 3-3 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, northwesterly 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 northwesterly 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 southwest 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, or 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. McLeish & 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 tf

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