

AUNT SUKIE'S
SANTA CLAUS

A Christmas Story

"OLE Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
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Ole Ann' Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she axed me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang Black Caesar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat—I tell yo' fo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lam-mines' scrape er Crismus time! Dat wus de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play er projick on Unc' Ike an' Ann' Sukie.

"Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' 'fom Ann' Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! Won'er w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fotch me Crismus.' Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bettuh min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses fing yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars alon' by 'n' nev' so much es notice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em."

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n' good shape. We all know ole Ann' Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Ann' Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n' dey seben senses.

"Two er free days fo' Crismus we wus er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de fiah wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had fo' suppah—
Apple sass an' sparrer grass
An' hominy an' buttah.

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' call us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno w'at all.

"Unc' Ike, he Ann' Sukie's ole man, an' he war de contraries' an' de spite-foles' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grum'lin' 'bout sumpin. He couldn' res' easy less'n he studyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don' see w'at mek ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place fo' nohow, 'case he ain' fitten fo' nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' an' hunt hen-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er larrupin', wid 'e ole grumplin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ey' wo'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no dif-funce how much de ole scoun'l stretch de blankit. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Ann' Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des tease dem ole pussous twel dey mos' have er fit.

"Useter sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er comin':
'Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go;
Sukie bake de ashake slow,
Dat's so;
Sukie bake de ashake slow,
Too slow;
Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go!
'Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so 'figus dat yo' fink ole Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git 'fom dar.

"W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we al' 'gun ter fix up fo' dem ole pussous. Day nex' fo' Crismus marse he mek er long highferlutin' speech an' tell us dat long's we al' b'aved ou'selfs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine giu us er whole day fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy wese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom—dem wus de w'ite boys—slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fubiss weh dey be'n er killin' logs we sot an' rigged up er projick fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' mus' be de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don' git cetch up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I hain't, nudder, 'case yo' boys run an' lef' me 'n' don' h'at ter git out de bes' I kin.

Yo' boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'Ne' min', I be de ole headman. We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er shirt 'n' britches an' er ole hat on de head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' mek mustashes an' zippers, an' 'n' don' h'at ter git out de bes' I kin.

Yo' boys can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'Ne' min', I be de ole headman. We'll git er fo'ked lim', an' put er shirt 'n' britches an' er ole hat on de head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' mek mustashes an' zippers, an' 'n' don' h'at ter git out de bes' I kin.

Perpetual Motion.
When George Stephenson was asked, "Do you believe in perpetual motion?" he replied, "Yes, if you lift yourself by the waist-band of the trousers, and carry yourself three times round the room."
Just so, and a woman would just as soon believe that she has not to pay dearly for common premium soaps, in the low quality of soap, in ruined hands and clothes. She would be kept in perpetual motion trying to do with common soap what she could so easily do with Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar. 216

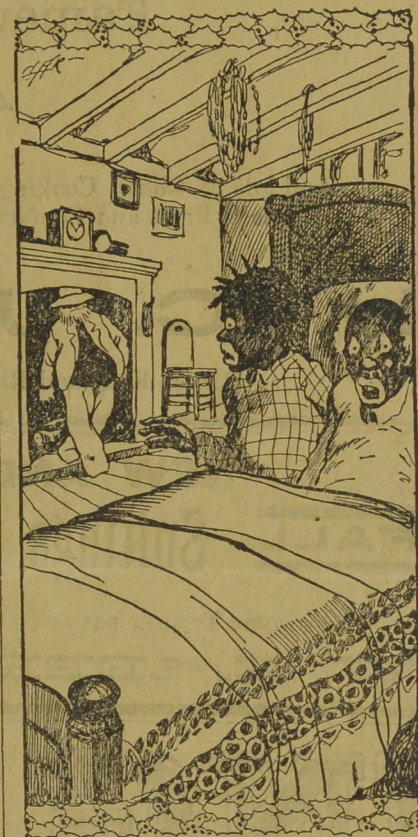
an' git up on 'de roof an' let de Sandy Claws down des es sof'ly.' Den w'ile we fixin' up de ole man we all sing some mo' er dat song an' laff 'bout how we gwinter do 'em up.

"A'ter so long er time, we git every-ting all right, an' we start down ter de quatahs. Unc' Ike so cu'ious an' contrary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter bull' 'im er cabin 'way off 'fom de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n' qua'l des so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keerful gwine frough de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chimney. Any yudder time Ann' Sukie done be'n settin' by de fiah er noppin' an' er smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat he ain' gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She layin' down, an' done had 'er head kivered up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shucks, platin' an' ole hoss collar w'at he gwine ter sell nex' day fo' ter git de Crismus dram wid. An' he had free big ole niggerkiller 'taters roasin' in de ashes fo' de brekfus.

"Ann' Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo' know hit's er gittin' late?'
'Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, yo' des' shet up yo' mouf. I know w'at yo' studyin' 'bout, yo' ole fool. Yo' lemme 'lone, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'.'
'Den I sorter hum low:

"Pateroller, pateroller, let Ike pars,
Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty fas';
Sorry fo' lame nigger gets dar las';
Do, Mistah Pateroller, let Ike pars.

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hearn me, 'case he stop right still an' cock he yeah side-ways an' listen an' den mumull out



"LAWD ER MASSY, IKE, HE'S COME!"

sump'n 'bout 'Ne' min', I git yo' sassy rascals yit. See 'f I don' tell ole marse."

"Ann' Sukie say: 'W'at yo' er mut-terin' an' mum'lin' 'bout, Ike? I does wish yo'd come on ter bed an' quit stir-ri'n' up dem coals.'

"Unc' Ike say: 'I's er-talkin' ter my-se'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' bus'ness. Sukie, yo' de bigges' gump I evuh seed. Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess 'bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo' ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwin ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, siree, bob! Ole mis' des' ru'nt yo', an' yo' ba'kin' up de wrong stump dis time, fo' sho' yo' is.'

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter ti'ed, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'ter de ole man done laid down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout crops an' 'bout 'ligion an' 'bout anyting fo' ter worry Ann' Sukie, who ain' sayin' noffin' 'tall. A'ter long time Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' 'gin ter sno', an' den Ann' Sukie rise up an' look all erroun' des' as cunnin'lack an' den drap down lack she's er sleep.

"Dey wus er little chunk er fiah w'at kep' er winkin' an' er blinkin' in de h'ath, but we done be'n er watchin' frough dat hole twel we gittin' ti'ed, an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house. I clumb right easy up de co'ner an' out'er de aidge er de ruff, an' 'fom dat I eased erlong twel I got ter de chimney. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an' 'gun ter git ready fo' de cirks. De chimney wus about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chimney an' w'en I fotch de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:

"Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she ax' me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea.

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des as 'e come in sight Ann' Sukie squalled lack er crippled coon, 'Lawsd er massy, Ike, he's come!"

"Des den de clof tetch'd de little blaze er fiah, an' hit blazed way up, an' hit stifled me twel I los' my holt, an' wid er clitter clatter, rip an' ker blim, I landed down in de hot ashes, right on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed up wid Unc' Ike's taters.

"I never bearn sich er row 'twix' dis an' jedgment. Ann' Sukie she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'ter me an' Ike!' An' she went er spinnin' out frough de dead teaweeds. Unc' Ike, he done riz, an' w'iles I scufflin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle an' wus des er lambastin' me.

"A'ter w'iles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don' hit me no mo'! Hit's Ceeze, Unc' Ike! Please don' hit me no mo'! But de ole scamp, gittin' madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kep' er peltin' me an' er sayin': 'Yes, yo' rasc'l, yo' done ru'nt my taters! Yo' b'en singin' 'bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin you!"

"Bout dat time ole marse he come to'ds de quatahs, an' he cotch Jack an' Tom des as dey wus er gittin' ovah de fence.

"W'ats de mattah, Sukie?"
'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house, er ras'lin' wid Ike.'

"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n de do' ole marse grab me.

"Dem ole critters den 'gin ter tell all so'ts er tales, an' dey 'cuse me er tryin' ter b'un de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse fo' ter buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme a' hunderd.

"Ole marse lis'n, an' a'ter erwiles he 'gun ter snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain' nevah said nuffin' 'bout buckin' down 'fom dat day twel dis. But Ann' Sukie—u-m-m! Dat ole pusson had er spite 'gin me evah sence, an' de vey' minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' fo' sump'n' ter sling at me. 'Peabs ter me dey ain' nevah goin' ter fo'git 'bout Ann' Sukie's Sandy Claws.'—New York Evening Post.

We have 100 barrels of

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In different varieties. Spies, Baldwins, Greenings, Wealthies, Fameuse, Alexanders, which we are selling at very low prices for the holiday trade.

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Going Out of
Business.

For the present at least we have decided to discontinue the Meat and Produce business carried on by us for the last 4 years. We take this opportunity to thank our numerous friends and customers for the general patronage they accorded us and also to ask those indebted to us to kindly call between this date and February 3rd, 1903 and arrange for the same. We will sell balance of stock on hand at slaughter prices. Shop open every evening this week. We are agents for the McLaughlan Sleighs and Cutters.

VENESS BROS.

Prince Edward Island
RAILWAY.Tender for Wharf at Murray
River, P. E. I.

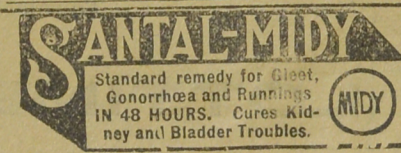
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside, "Tender for Wharf," will be received up to THURSDAY, the 15th day of January, 1903, for the erection and completion of a Crib Wharf at Murray River, P. E. I. Plans and specification may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Charlottetown, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, I. C. R. Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager
Government Railways.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B. 20th December, 1912
Dec. 20—d171

MONEY TO LOAN.

Large sum of money, in amounts to suit applicants, to invest in Real Estate security at lowest term of interest.

R. W. McLELLAN,
Carleton St.
Feb. 14.—dw1f.

Sore
Throat

Many people, especially children, are suffering from sore throat and coughs, caused by the damp, cold weather. It is easy to slip from sore throat or a slight cough into serious illnesses. A few doses of

Staples'

Syrup of Tolu
and Wild Cherry

Will heal a sore throat and cure a cough. 25 cents. Prepared and sold only at

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The only Soft Coal that will give satisfaction in stoves or furnaces. Plenty in stock. Price reasonable.

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SOON AS

You can afford it, you intend to insure your life. So did the man who died yesterday. There's no time for opportunity like the present, and

Union
Mutual
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Cover the entire quota of requirements.

Why not decide the matter? We'll correspond or talk with you—exactly as you say.

A variety of plans adapted to any necessity.

Albert J. Machum,

MANAGER.

St. John, N. B.

Why eat Salt Junk which the lower animals will not eat? Why then should man be less fastidious? Send your Meats to

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and they will be deliciously cured and properly smoked. Mince Meat, best quality, with Suet, cut fine and thoroughly mixed 10 cents per lb. Bologna, Head Cheese and Fresh Sausages always on hand.

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Proprietor.

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Dolls,
Fancy Goods

NOVELTIES

We have a large stock of Games and Toys, which we will clear at cost, to make room for

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GOODS

We will sell

Pianos and Organs

At special prices for Xmas.

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Queen St., opp. Normal School.

INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, October 12th, 1902, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN	
No. 2 Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....	7.50
No. 134 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	18.00
No. 26 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....	12.15
No. 8 Express for Sussex.....	17.10
No. 4 Mixed for Point du Chene.....	13.15
No. 10 Express for Halifax and Sydney.....	23.25

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN	
No. 9 Express from Halifax and Sydney.....	6.20
No. 7 Express from Sussex.....	9.00
No. 133 Express from Montreal and Quebec.....	13.50
No. 25 Express from Halifax and Pictou.....	17.40
No. 1 Express from Halifax.....	18.40
No. 81 Express from Moncton, (Saturday only).....	24.55
No. 3 Mixed from Point du Chene.....	16.50

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight. Moncton, Oct. 10, 1902.