

The Daily Examiner

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THE DAILY EXAMINER

DECEMBER 24, 1897.

CHRISTMAS!

Once more the bustling Christmas season has roused our city. Once more our streets are enlivened by the whirl of hurrying shoppers, rushing to and fro, from shop to shop, searching for the nicest and prettiest things with which to gladden the hearts of the little ones.

Christmas! what a magic word it is! what visions of by-gone days it brings back to the old folks—visions of the old family gatherings and of the faces once such great factors in their lives: visions of steaming and sputtering hogs-heads and plum puddings; visions of the old holly and mistletoe days. And the children, how they look forward to it with anxious expectancy and with child-like faith in the coming of Santa Claus.

The influence of Christmas extends over all sorts and conditions of men; high and low, rich and poor all have their old customs to keep up. Santa Claus is the benefactor of the children of Queens and Kings as much as of the children of the meanest cottagers. Our Queen, who has by God's mercy been spared to us for another Christmas, is, doubtless, at this moment making preparations for the happiness of her children, and grandchildren, and great grandchildren in common with the humblest mother in the land.

How universal is the observance of Christmas? Wherever the religion of Christ has superseded heathen idolatries, there will the birthday of its Founder be commemorated. Throughout the vast extent of the British Empire, on which the sun never sets, Christians will unite to celebrate this great festival. The gallant British soldier, even now fighting against heathen hordes in India, and the sailors ploughing with great ironclad ships the seas on all parts of the globe, on Christmas day will suspend their warlike operations and keep holiday the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace. We may even hope that the gold-seekers in cold and rugged Klondyke, whose desire for gold nuggets prompts the risk of life and health, will lay aside the pick-axe and shovel and assembling around the log hut fire, talk of their friends and relatives at home.

Christmas is perhaps the oldest Christian festival. Our Saxon ancestors were wont of yore to gather at yule-tide around the open fire-place, and when the fat ox had been cooked whole on the spit, the great earl would dispense his hospitality to the poorest of his vassals. Down through the long centuries Christmas has come, as year after year rolled by, bringing its message of "peace on earth; good will towards men." On that day, great cathedral organs will sound to the praise of Him who was born in the manger at Bethlehem; and this note will be echoed by the organists: choirs in obscure country villages, and will be carried on and on until the hearts of all true Christians will thrill with responsive vibrations. That this Christmas may be to all our readers a truly happy one, is the earnest wish of THE EXAMINER.

THE FORESTERS.

Court Craquad, No 580 Canadian Order—Forester's Dinner at Hampton.

The dinner on Tuesday evening the 21st inst., under the auspices of the above society took place at the beautiful residence of Bro. Charles French, Hampton. Forty-eight couple sat down to a banquet prepared in finest style by Mrs. French. The dining room was beautifully decorated for the occasion. On entering, a beautiful wreath was suspended with the letters "C. O. F." artistically executed by skilful hands.

Amongst the number of invited guests present were Rev. T. Hicks and wife of Tryon, Matthew Smith, wife and family, Pleasant View; A. E. Trowsdale and wife, James Inman, Esq., Mrs. T. N. Sturdy, Mrs. George Myers and several others.

Letters of regret on account of inability to attend were received and read from Rev. D. Price, Tryon, S. H. Cater Esq., of Halifax, Organizer for the Maritime Provinces the Secretary of the Court of Charlottetown C. O. F., and others. Rev. S. J. Andrews, a member of the Court was unavoidably absent.

A stirring speech by Bro O. B. Wadman and the singing of the National Anthem terminated the most successful Forester's Dinner ever held in this part of the country. Craquad, Dec. 21, 1897.

Tennyson's Fondness For the Sea.

In his preoccupation with ideas of poetic workmanship Tennyson walked about the world forever prepared to seize with delicate exactitude impressions of physical beauty. In all his journeyings he was watching for effects, for conditions, for phenomena, which he could use as the illustration or the ornament of moral ideas. And the first place must be given to his incomparable study of the sea. It is evident that the movement of water was the physical fact which in the whole of nature gave Tennyson the most acute pleasure. All of us know the exquisite and we may have thought "Audley Court" closes. Here is the source of it. In a note made at Torquay in 1842, "I saw a star of phosphorescence made by the buoy appearing and disappearing in the dark sea. The sea on the coast of the English channel displaced him. It is "not grand," he wrote, "only an angry, curt sea."

"The finest seas I have ever seen are at Valentia on the west coast of Ireland. Mablethorpe, in Lincolnshire and in Cornwall. At Valentia the sea is grand, without any wind blowing and seemingly without a wave. But with the momentum of the Atlantic behind it dashes up into foam—blue diamonds it looks like—all along the rocks, like ghosts playing at hide and seek. When I was in Cornwall, it had blown a storm of wind and rain for days and all of a sudden fell into perfect calm. I was a little inland of the cliffs when, after a space of perfect silence, a long roll of thunder, from some wave rushing into a cavern, I suppose, came up from the distance and died away. I never felt silence like that."—Edmund Gosse in North American Review.

An Antique Treasure House.

Perhaps the wildest of all the many wild suggestions in Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" was the existence in Kukuland of a mighty treasure in a cave, the entrance to which was protected by a falling door of stone. It at once struck the reader that the treasure was improbable because the foreign race who dug out the diamonds would, as fast as they appeared, send them on to their employers. A correspondent of the Birmingham Post, however, declares that Messrs Neale and Johnson, who are exploring Zimbabwe in Rhodesia, have satisfied themselves that a native story of the existence of a great building with massive stone doors, never yet opened, is true. They have not been able to visit it because they could not store water enough for the journey, but they believe it could easily be visited, as the natives are of the submissive kind. It is hardly probable that a building erected by adventurous miners would be so protected unless it were a storehouse of some kind, whether of weapons or of treasure, and we might find in it clear evidence as to who the builders of the Zimbabwe works were. It is as yet only a guess, though a guess with much probability, that they were Phœnicians.—London Spectator.

Dairy and Creamery.

A cheap device for maintaining cream at an even temperature is a wooden box stuffed with hay or straw. Put the cream can into the box and pack the hay tight around it.

First class dairy butter often sells for from 2 to 4 cents more a pound than the best creamery butter, where the farm dairy people understand their business and are willing to take necessary pains to make their product fine.

A dairyman who watched closely two of his cows found that one ate \$3 worth of feed more than the other, but gave him \$30 worth of milk more than the other did in the same time.

When cows are fed on ensilage, do not give it to them till after the milking is over. Whenever any food is given that may possibly taste in the milk, like cabbages, turnips or ensilage, milk first, feed afterward. It is the food the cow takes just before or while she is being milked that flavors the milk. This is a universal rule and must be heeded. It goes to show that milk is secreted while the milking process is in progress. Cows are better to be fed in all cases after they are milked if this is practicable.

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IN THE RIGHT SEAT.

The Old Lady Knew Exactly What She Was About.

As the Broadway car stopped on the south side of the square an aged woman stepped aboard. She was plainly but comfortably dressed, and the style of her garments proclaimed her a foreigner. The car was only partially filled as she stepped aboard, and yet she deliberately sought a place among the smokers on one of the three rear seats. The conductor, concluding she was taking the seat through ignorance, ran to her and caught her arm.

Then this dialogue ensued: Conductor—Take one of the front seats, madam. These are reserved for the smokers. Old Lady (mildly)—Er-r-r-zeeet-swi-brararu.

Conductor—I say, these seats are for the smokers. Ladies don't sit here. Old Lady (earnestly)—Ski-tooraru-uzz-zing-tum-buraw.

Conductor (raising his voice)—Smoke-pipes, puff, cigars, tabak. Choky, smoky.

Old Lady (smiling)—Pesky-hoparoo—all-ba-zingtum-bosh.

Conductor (looking around)—Say, does anybody aboard the car understand this blamed lingo?

No response from passengers. Conductor (loudly)—Ladies don't sit here. They take the front seats; the front seats, do you understand? These seats are for smokers—men who smoke—whew, whew!

Conductor here imitates a man sneezing and choking. Old lady smiles, but resolutely refuses to leave her seat.

Conductor—Say, will you take a front seat? Old Lady (with much dignity)—Say, vot's de matter mit you?

Conductor falls back aghast and says no more. Old lady thereupon reaches among the back breadths of her skirt and, pulling out a short black pipe and a match, proceeds to enjoy a comfortable smoke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Evening the Score.

Lord Justice Kay, who died recently, knew law and was rude to every lawyer who didn't. An assertive queen's counsel, who had not taken his snubbing as he ought to, once persisted in his argument. Kay was amazed. He thundered: "I thought I could teach you law! I knew I couldn't teach you manners!" "That is so, my lord," blandly replied the Q. C., and the laugh that followed was on his side.—Argonaut.



The dead-letter office sustained by our government is not the only one. Death runs a dead-letter office, to which are consigned thousands of intended letters that the would-be writers never wrote because of premature death, as a result of their own reckless disregard of health. There are letters of love and hate, affection and fury, pleading and forgiveness and borrowing and lending. Letters to sweethearts and rivals, husbands and wives, and sons and daughters. They never reach their destination, for they were never written. Death stamps them "only intended"—and the world is full of tears.

The man who wants to live to realize hopes and ambitions, to do deeds good or bad, to carry out cherished intentions, must pay some attention to health. The best rule of health is—"when out-of-secrets take the time." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for working men and women. It grids up the body and brain for the tug of daily toil. It gives edge to the appetite and makes digestion perfect. It fills the blood with the life-giving elements that build firm flesh, healthy tissue, responsive muscle and vibrant nerve tissue. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. An honest druggist won't urge a substitute.

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Send for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Free. Enclose 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy. Cloth binding 50 stamps. It is a thousand page book with over three hundred illustrations; formerly sold for \$1.50.

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"It's been nearly two days sence anybody could accuse me of bein impolite enough to talk wit' me mouth full."—Washington Star.

Cowardly Vengeance.

"Stryker must be of a revengeful disposition."

"Why?"

"You remember that Miss Anghty who snubbed him so at the lake?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's married her."—Detroit News.

Used to It.

Small Boy—Say, mister, your tire's flat.

Mr. Barnes (the eminent tragedian)—"Sdeath, 'tis even so! Methought I heard a hissing, but deemed it not worthy of attention."—Cincinnati En-

A mirror could not lie if it wanted to. The glass has nothing to gain by flattery. If the roses of health and plumpness and beauty are leaving your face, your mirror will tell you so. Health is the greatest beautifier in the world. When a woman sees the indication of ill health in the face, she may with almost absolute certainty look for the cause in one or both of two conditions—constipation and dearrangement of the organs distinctly feminine. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure permanently and positively any so-called "female complaint." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure constipation. There is no reason in the world why a woman should not be perfectly healthy. She will gain health strength and flesh. Hollows and angles will give place to fullness and grace. She will be that noblest and most beautiful of all creation—a perfect woman.

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R. K. Jost

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