

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

TERMS - FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free." - Euripides.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

VOL. 35.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1895.

HE IS COME. Slowly falls Night's sable mantle...

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The Festival That Charles Dickens Loved so Well.

HIS IMMORTAL PEN PICTURES

Of Pure, Unaffected Happiness - The Christmas Dinner of the Great Author...

CHRISTMAS TIME

That man must be a misanthrope, indeed, in whose breast something like a joyous feeling is not roused...

SESSION AT THE PICKWICK CLUB

lady with the black eyes and Mr. Snodgrass kissed Emma and Mr. Weller...

THE FLOWING BOWL

Then, after the dancing and the fun, "All up," cried Mr. Warden...

CHAMBERLAIN'S

ness and Impatience we awaited the annual Christmas story from the pen of the master...

know to the latter. And the Christmas in "Pickwick"...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen old Winkle had just suspended, with his own hands, a huge branch of mistletoe...

Then he sketches the tears from his pen and describes the joyous Christmas at Moor Farm...

WHAT TO BUY FOR PRESENTS. A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM WATSON'S DRUG STORE. Whisks, Atomizers, Soap Boxes, Purse, Dressing Cases, Puff Boxes, Brush, Comb and Mirror Sets...

THE FINEST LOT OF PERFUMES EVER SHOWN IN CHARLOTTETOWN. Consisting of Plain and Fancy Bottles, Jars and Flagons, singly and in Boxes and Baskets, at all prices from tacts to \$10.00, suitable for everybody.

A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY. Of Which Our Window Will Give Some Idea. Whether you want to buy or not, come in and see these things. We will have much pleasure in showing them to you. THEY ARE MARKED LOW.

WATSON'S DRUG STORE.

and on all kinds of brackets, a good massive old silver candlestick with four branches each...

When Mr. Pickwick awoke late the next morning he had a confused recollection of having, severally and confidentially invited somewhere about five and forty people to dine with him...

"Do you remember the dinner in 'The Cricket on the Hearth'?" "Tackleton had brought his leg of mutton...

neither saw nor thought about her as he was at that moment, but had before him some imaginary rough sketch or drama of her future life...

"When things are very bad," said Trotty, "very bad indeed, I mean; at least at the worst, then it's Toby Veck, Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon..."

"And so," said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father, for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me, is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, a-bringing," said Toby. "But they're always a-bringing up some new law or other."

"And according to what I was reading in the paper the other day, father, what the judge said, you know; we poor people are supposed to know them all. Ha, ha! What a mistake! My goodness me, how clever they think us."

"Yes, my dear," cried Trotty, "and they'd be very fond of any one of us that did know 'em all. He'd grow fat upon the work he'd get, that man, and be popular with the gentle folks in his neighborhood. Very much so."

"He'd eat his dinner with an appetite, whoever he was, if it smelt like this," said Meg cheerfully. "Make haste, there's a hot potato besides and half a pint of fresh drawn beer in a bottle. Where will you dine, father? On the post or on the steps? Dear, how grand we are! Two places to choose from."

"The steps to-day, my pet," said Trotty. "Steps in dry weather, post in wet. There's a greater convenience in the steps at all times, because of the fitting down, but they're rheumatic in the damp."

"Then here," said Meg, clapping her hands, after a moment's bustle, "here it is all ready! And beautiful it looks! Come, father, come!"

Since his discovery of the contents of the basket, Trotty had been standing looking at her, and had been speaking too, in an abstracted manner, which showed that though she was the object of his thoughts and

neither saw nor thought about her as he was at that moment, but had before him some imaginary rough sketch or drama of her future life...

"When things are very bad," said Trotty, "very bad indeed, I mean; at least at the worst, then it's Toby Veck, Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon..."

"And so," said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father, for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me, is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, a-bringing," said Toby. "But they're always a-bringing up some new law or other."

"And according to what I was reading in the paper the other day, father, what the judge said, you know; we poor people are supposed to know them all. Ha, ha! What a mistake! My goodness me, how clever they think us."

"Yes, my dear," cried Trotty, "and they'd be very fond of any one of us that did know 'em all. He'd grow fat upon the work he'd get, that man, and be popular with the gentle folks in his neighborhood. Very much so."

"He'd eat his dinner with an appetite, whoever he was, if it smelt like this," said Meg cheerfully. "Make haste, there's a hot potato besides and half a pint of fresh drawn beer in a bottle. Where will you dine, father? On the post or on the steps? Dear, how grand we are! Two places to choose from."

"The steps to-day, my pet," said Trotty. "Steps in dry weather, post in wet. There's a greater convenience in the steps at all times, because of the fitting down, but they're rheumatic in the damp."

"Then here," said Meg, clapping her hands, after a moment's bustle, "here it is all ready! And beautiful it looks! Come, father, come!"

Since his discovery of the contents of the basket, Trotty had been standing looking at her, and had been speaking too, in an abstracted manner, which showed that though she was the object of his thoughts and

neither saw nor thought about her as he was at that moment, but had before him some imaginary rough sketch or drama of her future life...

"When things are very bad," said Trotty, "very bad indeed, I mean; at least at the worst, then it's Toby Veck, Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon..."

"And so," said Meg, busying herself exultingly with the basket, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father, for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's no law to prevent me, is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, a-bringing," said Toby. "But they're always a-bringing up some new law or other."

derstood, than the hotnose pinner. Taking into account the number of animals slaughtered yearly within the walls, the waste of the quantity of tripe which the carcasses of those animals, reasonably well butchered, would yield...

"Who eats tripe?" said Mr. Filer, warmly. "Who eats tripe?" "Trotty made a miserable howl. 'You do, do you?' said Mr. Filer. 'Then, I'll tell you something. You snatch your tripe, my friend, out of the mouths of widows and orphans.' 'I hope not, sir,' said Trotty, faintly. 'I'd sooner die of want!'"

"Divide the amount of tripe before mentioned, Alderman," said Mr. Filer, "by the estimated number of existing widows and orphans, and the result will be one pennyworth of tripe to each. Not a grain is left for that man. Consequently he's a robber."

Trotty was so shocked that it gave him no concern to see the Alderman finish the tripe himself. It was a relief to get rid of it, anyhow. Poor Trotty!

I am ravelling the best for the last - Christmas dinner. Bob Cratchit, with Tiny Tim and all the rest of the little Cratchits. What a picture it is! I smell the savory goose. I see the steam rising from the plum pudding and yes, ah, yes, I hear the rattle of Tiny Tim with his blessing for all.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit. Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for expenses, and she laid the cloth, and set the table, and assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons, not forgetting Master Peter Cratchit, plunged a fork into the sauce, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar.

Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearning to show his lines in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, his boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, the young Cratchits danced about the table, and staid Master Peter Cratchit to the kitchen, while he (not proud) searched his collars nearly choked him; blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbled up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all fowls, and that the Cratchit family, to which a black swan was a matter of course - and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house - Mrs. Cratchit, wearing a cap, ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter marshalled the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda, looking on as the apple sauce; and the dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set their faces to study, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to eat. At last the dishes were set out, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly along the carving, wished to be sure of her portion. The long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round, and Mrs. Cratchit cut and served with a good grace and good will. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly along the carving, wished to be sure of her portion. The long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round, and Mrs. Cratchit cut and served with a good grace and good will.

"When Christ was born in Bethlehem 'Twas night, but seemed the noon of day! The stars whose light Was pure and bright, Shone with unwavering ray; But one, one glorious star Guided the Eastern Magi from afar."

This night, O Earth! a Saviour germinate; Drop down, ye heavens, your sweetness from above! This night is closed the iron book of life; Opened this night the endless book of love. - Aubrey de Vere

AN OLD SONG. Time - The night before Christmas, 'Backward turn backward, O Time! In your flight, Make me a child again, just for to-night."

Holiday Humor. Wishing a poor man a merry Christmas is much cheaper than buying his turkey for him.

Now is the time for me to educate their wives regarding the proper price for a box of first-rate smokable cigars. When a man carries a Christmas tree through the streets he looks as if he can't get any other way.

My husband doesn't want me to make him a Christmas present. "And will you?" "I must. I need things I can't get any other way." Love is blind, but if you offer your wife a seal plush sacque for a Christmas present she will be able to tell if it isn't the genuine article before she feels it.

What a beautiful sight the household and world at large would present if with half the that sticks out through an extra-thin covering. A pair of under-sized gloves and a pair of over-sized slippers would please me, and I think, my dear, that if you would get me a pipe that won't draw it would make the day seem really like an old-fashioned Christmas."

Why sits the scribe in silence down, With looks so glumly grim? Why does he let his eyebrows lower - Oh, what's a-eatin' him?

His boss demands a Christmas sketch of vice, how and why, and how. Without one word (Oh, cruel wretch!

CHRISTMAS GENES. We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song That comes down through the night From the heavenly throng. And we greet in the lovely Evangee they bring, And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King. - S. M. No. 2

And ye, beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the gliding way, With painful step and slow, Look now for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing; Oh! rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing. - E. H. Sears

O star! which leads to Him whose love Brought down man's ransom free; Where art thou? midst the hosts above, May we still gaze on thee? In heaven thou art not set, Thy rays earth might not dim, Send them to guide us yet, O star which led to Him!

At Thy nativity a glorious choir Of angels in the fields of Bethlesem sung To shepherds watching at their folds by night, And told them 'the Messiah now was born, Where they might see Him, and to Thee they came, Directed to the manger where Thou lay'st, For in the inn was left no better room. - Milton

Wherefore from His throne exalted Came He on this earth to dwell, - All His pomp a humble manger, All His court a narrow cell? From this world to bring to this Peace, which of all earthly blisses, Is the brightest, purest bliss. Well, then, let us haste to Bethlesem, - Thither let us haste and rest; For, of all Heaven's gifts the sweetest Sure, is peace, - the sweetest, best. - Violante De Coe

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure 'Twas our suffering nature bore; 'Twas to give us heavenly treasure He was willing to be poor. Come, ye rich, survey the stable Where your infant Saviour lies; From your full of'erflowing table Send the hungry folk supplies. - Mrs. More

The shepherds went their hasty way, And found the lonely stable shed, Where the Virgin Mother lay; And now they check'd their eager tread, For to the stable that in her bosom clung, A mother's song the Virgin Mother sung. - Coleridge

When Christ was born in Bethlehem 'Twas night, but seemed the noon of day! The stars whose light Was pure and bright, Shone with unwavering ray; But one, one glorious star Guided the Eastern Magi from afar. - Aubrey de Vere

This night, O Earth! a Saviour germinate; Drop down, ye heavens, your sweetness from above! This night is closed the iron book of life; Opened this night the endless book of love. - Aubrey de Vere

AN OLD SONG. Time - The night before Christmas, 'Backward turn backward, O Time! In your flight, Make me a child again, just for to-night."

Holiday Humor. Wishing a poor man a merry Christmas is much cheaper than buying his turkey for him.

Now is the time for me to educate their wives regarding the proper price for a box of first-rate smokable cigars. When a man carries a Christmas tree through the streets he looks as if he can't get any other way.

My husband doesn't want me to make him a Christmas present. "And will you?" "I must. I need things I can't get any other way." Love is blind, but if you offer your wife a seal plush sacque for a Christmas present she will be able to tell if it isn't the genuine article before she feels it.

What a beautiful sight the household and world at large would present if with half the that sticks out through an extra-thin covering. A pair of under-sized gloves and a pair of over-sized slippers would please me, and I think, my dear, that if you would get me a pipe that won't draw it would make the day seem really like an old-fashioned Christmas."

Why sits the scribe in silence down, With looks so glumly grim? Why does he let his eyebrows lower - Oh, what's a-eatin' him?

His boss demands a Christmas sketch of vice, how and why, and how. Without one word (Oh, cruel wretch!

Why sits the scribe in silence down, With looks so glumly grim? Why does he let his eyebrows lower - Oh, what's a-eatin' him?

His boss demands a Christmas sketch of vice, how and why, and how. Without one word (Oh, cruel wretch!

Why sits the scribe in silence down, With looks so glumly grim? Why does he let his eyebrows lower - Oh, what's a-eatin' him?

His boss demands a Christmas sketch of vice, how and why, and how. Without one word (Oh, cruel wretch!

Why sits the scribe in silence down, With looks so glumly grim? Why does he let his eyebrows lower - Oh, what's a-eatin' him?

His boss demands a Christmas sketch of vice, how and why, and how. Without one word (Oh, cruel wretch!