THE FREE PRESS.

THURSDAY MORNING, Dec. 22, 1881.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas is really come,
And Santa Claus is out to-night;
Even the winds are happy,
Tossing the flakes so white.

So I'll jump into bed and cover
My eyes, which are wide awake,
And when Santa Claus comes down the Chimney,
A look at his things I'll take.

But I wonder if up in heaven,
The angels have stockings to fill,
And whether good Santa Claus fills them,
As they lie in their cribs so still.

Do you think they use clouds for their pillows,
And, instead of a candle, a star?
I'm sure I would like to go up there,
If it wasn't so very far;
But I haven't yet prayed to the Saviour,
To ask Him "My soul to keep."

Yes, I'll pray; but instead of "I lay me,"
I'll ask—Please don't let me go to sleep;
For I want to see Kriss with his candies,
And his basket that's full to the brim;
And I'm sure my prayer will be answered,
So I'll sing him my new Christmas hymn.

I'll sing it over and over,
To fill up the long, long time,
Till I hear the tramp of the reindeer,
And the bells with their merry chime;
But I'm tired, so I'll just begin it—
That dear little Christmas hymn:

"Jesus, the blessed child King,
Has stars in His tree, to light
The way of the little pilgrims
To Heaven—" Is Kriss in sight?
But no, I'm only dreaming,
I dream, I dream—

G-o-o-d-n-i-g-h-t.

A Visit to Santa Claus's Shop.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Tommy and Rosy went to bed on Christmas Eve. Their stockings had been hung up, and they wished very much for next morning to come. Sallie Ann was Rosy's dolly, and she wore stockings. One of them had to be hung up with the others.

In ten minutes Tommy and Rosy and the dolly were all fast asleep. In the middle of the night Tommy woke, and found Rosy sitting up in bed. She was looking at something. Tommy wanted to know what it was. He turned over, and what should he see but Santa Claus himself!

The dear old man was buttoned up to his chin in a coat of white fur. He was busy filling the stockings.

"There!" said Santa Claus, "I've forgotten Rosy's doll, and I shall have to go all the way back and get something for it."

"I wish you'd take me with you," said Tommy, boldly.

"An' me too, if you please, Mister Santa Claus," added Rosy.

"Halloo!" shouted Santa Claus, "you awake, youngsters!"

"Yes, sir," answered Tommy, "and we want you to take us to ride in your sleigh."

"Well, well, well!" laughed the old man. "Santa Claus can't refuse the children anything; make haste, I've no time to lose."

Out of bed jumped the two children. "Don't wait to dress," said Santa Claus. "I'll put one of you into each of my big pockets, and you'll be warm enough. Come on!"

Out on the roof they went. There stood the sleigh, drawn by eight tiny reindeer. Santa Claus got into the sleigh, and drew the fur robes over him. Tommy and Rosy, peeping out of his pockets felt very nice and warm.

"Come, Dasher! on, Dancer! hie, Comet!" said Santa Claus to his team. "Away we go!"

And away they did go, right in the air and through the falling snow-flakes. Over the tops of the houses and trees, over the towns and cities, faster, faster, faster they went, till they came to Santa Claus's country.

"Here everything was of snow,—trees, streets, houses, all made of snow. It was as light as day, for high in the pink sky hung a great bright silver moon.

"Is that your house, Mister Santa Claus?" asked little Rosy as they passed a beautiful castle all built of ice.

"O, no, my dear!" said Santa Claus. "My house is made every bit of rock candy. Here we are now. Hie, Prancer and Cupid! stand still!"

Santa Claus jumped out of the sleigh with Tommy and Rosy still in his pockets. Sure enough, there stood Santa Claus's house, all made of white, yellow, and red rock candy, and lighted up from top to bottom with Christmas tapers.

"I'll take you right into my workshop," said Santa Claus, bouncing into a big room where hundreds of little men were at work. They were tying up toys, books, and candies into thousands of parcels. These were to go at twelve o'clock by Santa Claus's express to all parts of the world.

At the sight of so many lovely things Tommy and Rosy both jumped out of Santa Claus's pockets.

"Oh!" screamed the workers, "where did the earth children come from?"

"I brought them in my pockets," said Santa Claus. "I forgot this little girl's doll. Hurry and find a gift for it, my men, for I must away again."

The tallest of the little men went to find the gift. Others gathered about Rosy, who was too frightened to speak.

"Isn't she lovely!" said one, touching her long curls.

"Yes, indeed," added another; "she is prettier than the prettiest wax doll we ever made."

"She must be cold; let's give her one of our little seal-skin coats," said a third, helping Rosy into a warm fur coat.

"Let's put candy in the pockets," said a fourth, stuffing the pockets with sugar plums.

"Let's give her a cap to match the coat," said a fifth, putting a cunning cap over her yellow curls.

"Let's all kiss her," said a sixth.

But at this Santa Claus popped Rosy back into his pocket. "No, no," said he, "you might change her into an elf like yourselves."

Tommy, who was never frightened at anything, had mounted a bicycle, and was flying up and down the hall. The little men, forgetting their work, ran up and down after him, playing on trumpets, horns, fifes, and drums.

"Bless my beard!" cried Santa Claus, "I never heard such a din in my life. Come, you youngster, the doll's gift is found, and I'm going to take you right back to bed."

"No, you don't," shouted Tommy, "not unless you let me ride this bicycle."

"You can't," said Rosy. "I can," added Tommy, "I know I can!"

"I'll go with you," said one of the little men; "I can ride in the air like Santa Claus."

The little man got on Tommy's back, and away they went! Rosy and Santa Claus were in the sleigh, Tommy and the little man on the bicycle. On, on, on! faster, faster, faster! Tommy shouted in glee. Suddenly the wicked little man bit Tommy's ear. He screamed, and knocked the elf off his back. The little man jumped on one of the reindeer.

Tommy was no longer able to ride on the snow-flakes, and began to fall—down, down, down! O, how frightened he was! Down, down, down! The bicycle turned over two or three times, and down he went, head first, into—bed.

Yes, when Tommy opened his eyes he found himself in bed.

He only dreamed this story. Rosy was asleep beside him. The stockings were twice as big as when hung up. Right in the middle of the room stood a splendid new bicycle.

The early sunshine was coming through the nursery window. It was Christmas morning.

The Return Home for Christmas.

Cold, dark, and stormy! The solitary passenger thought the train would never arrive. What if it should be snowed in? The thought was not to be tolerated. He had said he would be at home on Christmas, and he *must* go. Then as he walked up and down the lonely platform, he wondered if they would expect him—"had mother grown any older?—would the children know him? What a curse these railroads are to a country, cutting across the farms, and never on time"—but a shrill whistle and a glare of light soon changed the young man's thoughts. In the warm and lighted car, he said to himself—"a railroad is a great blessing; how could I have ever reached home without its aid?"—What a busy time these days before Christmas have been in the old farm house, to be sure! The good old mother has gone about as if she had some important secret; she shut her lips sternly as if to keep from telling it, but the more she closed them, the more of a smile they wore. What pies have been made and set in array upon the pantry shelves, where he used to look for them! She did not forget how fond he was of a certain cake. His room was made to look just as he left it that morning. At last, when everything that only a mother can think of had been done, she put on the same dress that she wore when he went away, and she seated herself as usual. She was perfectly calm; it is true, she went to the window every now and then, but that was only to see if it was still snowing—she listened—no! it was not the whistle, only the dog. It was a full quarter hour to the time. Yet it seemed as if that whistle had sounded every other night long before this. What if on this night before Christmas, of all nights in the year, it should not sound. It seems as if it never would come; at last the fluttering of the dear old heart told her that it had sounded—"If he should not come!"—"No, he *said* he would be here on Christmas, and he always kept his word." The station is not so very far away, and what a long, long time it seems!—The quick ear catches the crunching sound of the snow under foot steps.—The door opens and admits him back to the home he left not a long time ago as a boy! In from the storm and the darkness, into that light like which there is no other on earth—the light of home! Home! we have no other word for it, and it is said that the word belongs to no other language than ours.—It may stand for a log cabin, or a stately mansion; it does not mean house, but *home*. Tired with travel he soon goes to his room, and as he thinks over the events of the meeting, he recollects that a dear old voice said—"I knew that he would come, for he said he would."—Happy the man whose early life has so won the confidence of the mother; happy the mother who can so speak of her son. Blessed are these holiday times; what joy they bring to homes all over this broad land. Blessed be these homes—schools and colleges do much, but it is in these homes that is laid the foundation for the best that is in us. Happy is he who can in these holiday times return to and be sure of a welcome at the old home.

A Lady's Experience.

Mrs T. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay some time; and the morning I obtained the St. Jacobs Oil I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room, and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well, and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half and I am almost free from pain. It is a wonderful medicine.

HONESTY.

It is commonly said that you cannot make an honest man believe that white is black and VICE VERSA, but those who have grey hair, by using the "CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER," will find that this apparent difficulty is easily overcome. For sale by J. E. McGarvin, 50 cents per bottle.

A. D. NOYES, Newark, Mich., writes:—"I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone, and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?"

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If so, it may be from the LEPROSY of the 19th century, CATARRH. THE CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY will restore you to enjoyable health. It not only cures Catarrh, but all other diseases at the same time. Price $1 per bottle. For sale by all Druggists and Medicine dealers. Send stamp for 48 page pamphlet containing treatise on Catarrh, and certificates of the cured to T. J. B. HARDING, Dominion Agent, Brockville, Ont.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

Holloway's Pills.—Enfeebled Existence.—This medicine embraces every attribute required in a general and domestic remedy. It overturns the foundations of disease laid by defective food and impure air. In obstructions or congestions of the liver, lungs, bowels, or any other organs, these Pills are especially serviceable, and eminently successful. They should be kept in readiness in every family, being a medicine of incomparable utility for young persons, especially those of feeble constitutions. They never cause pain or irritate the most sensitive nerves or most tender bowels. Holloway's Pills are the best known purifiers of the blood, the most active promoters of absorption and secretion, whereby all poisonous and obnoxious particles are removed from both solids and fluids.

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AN ARTIFICIAL GASTRIC JUICE

This is not a patent medicine (secret remedy), the formula is printed on the label attached to each bottle.

MALTOPEPSYN cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Intestinal and Wasting Diseases, Constipation, Nausea, Chronic Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum, and most of infants' troubles, which generally arise from the stomach.

50 CENTS FOR 48 DOSES, OR ABOUT 1 CENT PER DOSE

Regular sized bottles containing 1½ ozs., with dose measure attached, 50 cents, for sale by all Chemists throughout the Dominion.

Avoid taking liquids of any sort, more than is absolutely necessary to quench thirst, as the excessive use of liquids is the cause of half the Dyspepsia in the world. Maltopepsyn is a powder, agreeable and easily taken, supplies to the stomach the actual Gastric Juice.

Prescribed by the leading Physicians throughout the Dominion, in their regular practice. Maltopepsyn is also used to a large extent in Hospitals, Dispensaries and Infirmaries.

SPECIMENS OF TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED FROM PHYSICIANS.

"The Maltopepsyn was given in a marked and distressing case of Indigestion with the most rapid, pleasing and beneficial results." WALLACE, N. S., Oct. 4, 1880. Z. W. KEMPTON, M. D.

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Secure some of our Cheap, Cheap Bargains.

We are not leaving Guelph, but bound to sell Goods.

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