

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Postmaster and subscribers to the following notes of the newspaper laws:

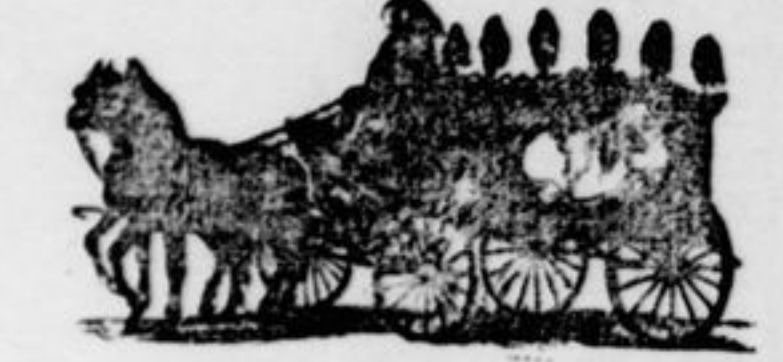
- If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.
- Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.
- If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the published continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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**"YE MERRIE CHRISTMAS,"**  
A HUMAN FESTIVAL THAT ANTE-DATES THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH.

Rites and Observances in Pagan Times—Santa Claus Many Centuries Old—Christmas Celebrations 200 Years Ago—Present Customs in Various Lands.

At this season of the year, when all the world is bent on merry-making, it becomes a matter of interest to trace up the origin of some of the customs which make Christmas what it is. Many pretty observances which delighted the children and grown folks of three hundred, four hundred or five hundred years ago have been lost completely. Perhaps it is just as well, for if they had been retained, others which were not of a delightful or elevating character, might also be in use, to the destruction of the religious character of the Christmas festival.

Few mothers and fathers who will adorn a Christmas tree for their little ones with many colored candles on Christmas Eve know that they will be doing precisely what the Romans of old did hundreds of years ago. It was a pagan feast which the Romans celebrated, however, the date being February 2.

In the time of the Romans this day was sacred to Februa, the presiding deity, from whose name the word February, or the fruitifying month, was derived. On this day the Romans burned candles in her honor to keep away the malign spirits who were always at war with a benignant providence; and it is said that Pope Sergius, finding it impossible to extinguish these heathen candles, reapplied them to the service of the Virgin, and instituted Candlemas, when the LIGHT OF THE TORCHES was supposed to frighten the devil away from the houses or churches in which they were burned.

Here, then, is the origin of the candle-bearing Christmas greenery which becomes the elegant Christmas tree of to-day.

With the exception of the Christmas tree, few of the old customs remain. The toy-covered fir tree was first used by the heathen Scandinavians of long ago. Their religion was as fantastic as the mythology of ancient Greece, and Rome, and as crude in some respects as that of the most depraved savages. But the use of the fir tree was one of its few beautiful features, and the fact that it has survived and has given joy to millions of children for countless generations fully atones for their objectionable customs.

To decorate the festal halls everything that lived above the snow was brought in to make the surroundings gay and indicate the worship of nature as represented by Orion Bel and Freya. The holly, which grows largely in Sweden and the North of Germany, and the mistletoe, which obtained a sacred character from its apparently spontaneous and magical growth, defied snow and winter, and were the evergreens most easily obtained.

In Rome, palmetto leaves and the long, tapering plumes of the palm that all who know the Riviera have so often admired on the shores of the Mediterranean were used in the winter festivities, and from these the Christmas tree, or Christ tree, as it was originally called, is derived.

The season appointed by the Church in which to celebrate the birth of Christ without exactly being arbitrary—for there is little doubt that the rainy season in Judea wasn't chosen by the shepherds for open air watching of their flocks by night was selected as many other feasts long before Christianity was founded, on account of the winter solstice, when the year had completed a revolution, or, as was then supposed, the fiery wheels of PHOEBUS' CHARIOT had once more rolled round the earth.

At this period, which the Romans first instituted as the beginning of the year, the Celts and Germans celebrated, as do the Japanese at the present day, the renewing of life in the dead earth, the power of nature being again on the move beneath the snow of winter.

For the twelve nights, beginning December 25 and ending on January 6, the English Twelfth Night, and the French Fete des Rois, or Feast of the Kings, the ancestors of the Siegfrieds and the Lohengrins held their Yule festival in honor of the fiery wheel of the sun-god. For the root of our word "wheel" and of the Scandinavian "yule" are one and the same.

As the Church in the early Middle Ages instituted dramatic representations of divine legends, at a time when reading and writing were monopolized by religious orders and all impressions on a people's fancy had to be made through the eyes and ears, one of the most popular mysteries, as these early stage plays were called, was the Christmas story—the birth of Christ.

These representations of the Christ-episode, as they were called in France, and Germany, are still exhibited in churches, Catholic and Lutheran, all over Europe. From the early hymns sung by the peasants as well as by the monks at these mysteries came the Christmas carols, or noels, as they are called in French.

Some of these "mangers" are produced with care and elaboration, and though they do not give the dialogue and conversations of the old times they give the holy representation in places with movable figures, who nod and kneel, and on the entry of the three kings or wise men of the East, offer their presents with uplifted arms.

**YOUNG FOLKS.**

**BIRDIE'S CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST.**  
Birdies, birdies, birdies,  
Have you had ought to eat?  
I have had my breakfast,  
And cakes and candies sweet.  
You look so cold and hungry;  
Come down upon the ground,  
I'll see if in my pockets  
Some crumbs cannot be found.  
Perhaps you don't like candies,  
Nor cakes so crisp and sweet;  
Maybe I'll find some barley;  
Or corn, or oats or wheat.  
Here, sparrows, little rascals,  
Go tell it all around.  
That in my yard at Christmas  
breakfast shall be found.  
To-day when all the children  
Are happy and are glad,  
No chirping little birdie  
Should be hungry, cold or sad.  
Let's lift this precious bundle  
Of plum and golden wheat.  
So that every bird at Christmas  
May have something good to eat.

**HOW JOCKO WAS CAUGHT.**  
The little town of Merle was all excitement. Cook's great united circus and menagerie was billed to show, rain or shine, the following Friday afternoon and evening. All day long the billboard was surrounded by an admiring crowd of open-mouthed boys and girls, who wondered if the Japanese would really swallow swords and the comical looking little monkey truly ride upon the backs of Shetland ponies, as pictured out on the bills.

In the eager, excited group were Carl, Paul and Annie Bush, three children whose prospects of seeing the show were not at all bright. Their father had died three years before and the family was left to destitute circumstances. Mrs. Bush took in sewing and did anything else she could find to do; and, by being prudent, she managed to keep her little flock together.

At last the long-looked-for day arrived. The big white tents were up long before most people of the place were stirring.

Among the first to reach the grounds were the Bush boys. Carl, the elder of the two, got a chance to carry water, for which work he was given a ticket. In the afternoon, the trio of children went down town to see the street parade.

When little Annie saw the open cages of wild animals, the spangled bareback riders, and the grided chariot with its big brass band, she could not keep back the tears, so badly did she want to see the performance. Carl had set his heart on seeing the show, but when he saw the tears in his little sister's eyes, he quickly abandoned the idea of going. He pressed the ticket in her hand, and insisted that she go in his stead.

On the way home she told them, to their delight of the boy clown and his wonderful trained ponies; of Jocko, the little monkey that performed all manner of tricks; of the queer man that ate balls of fire; of the beautiful animal made for the center pole. Up he went reached the top, made his exit through a small hole and escaped.

That night the show left town, but something happened that was not down on the bills. Jocko, in performing a difficult trick, made a slight mistake and was given a stinging cut from a long whip in the hands of his cruel master. Like a flash, the little animal made for the center pole. Up he went reached the top, made his exit through a small hole and escaped.

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teriacial foliage has been cut and thrust aside, and the virgin soil trodden into a black mud. After a rain, this mud is many feet deep, and no living creature except an elephant, a buffalo or rhinoceros could labor through it. The elephant makes his way by lifting one foot at a time, and inserting it deep into the slough in front, withdrawing another with a sound like the popping of a huge champagne cork. Nothing but a ride on an earthquake could be compared with the sensation of being run away with by an elephant. As for stopping him some one has well said that you might as well try to stop a runaway locomotive by pulling with your walking stick on the funnel as seek to check an elephant at such a moment with a good.

**RULES FOR YOUNG FOLK.**  
Never shout, jump, or run in the house.  
Be prompt at every meal hour.  
Shut every door after you and without alarming it.  
Never interrupt any conversation, wait patiently your turn to speak.  
Never sit down at table, or indeed anywhere, with soiled hands or tumbled hair.  
Carefully brush the mud or snow from your boots before entering the house.  
Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.  
Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.  
When told to do or not to do a thing by either father or mother never ask why you should or should not do it.

**BE NOT DISMAYED.**  
God bless you, merry gentlemen!  
May nothing you dismay—  
Not even your finances when  
You find 'tis Christmas day.

**DUNN'S BAKING POWDER**  
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND  
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**THEY COUNT BY THE SCORE**

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The Same Verdict Comes From Old and Young, Male and Female, Rich and Poor, and From All Corners of the Dominion.

If it is the case that he who makes no blades of grass grow where only no had grown before is a benefactor of the race, what is the position to be accorded that man who by his knowledge of the laws of life and health gives energy and strength where languor, weakness and anticipation of an early death had before prevailed? Is not he also a public benefactor? And how who have been down and are now up through the use of South American Nerveine give their opinions on this subject. John Boyer, banker, of Kincardine, Ont., had made himself a hopeless invalid through years of overwork. At least he felt his case was hopeless, for the best physicians had failed to do him good. He tried Nerveine, and there are his words: "I gladly say it: Nerveine cured me and I am to-day as strong and well as ever." Samuel J. Meador, was cured of neuritis of the stomach and bowels by three bottles of this medicine. James Crawford, of Windsor, at 70 years of age, suffered from an attack of paralysis. His life, at that age, was despaired of. But four bottles of Nerveine gave him back his natural strength. A victim of indigestion, W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, says: "Nerveine cured me of my suffering, which seemed incurable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts." Peter Esson, of Paisley, lost flesh and rarely had a good night's sleep, because of stomach trouble. He says: "Nerveine stopped the agonizing pains in my stomach the first day I used it. I have now taken two bottles and I feel entirely relieved and can sleep like a top." A representative farmer, of Western Ontario, is Mr. C. J. Curtis, residing near Windsor. His health was seemingly completely destroyed through his gripe. No medicine did him any good. "To three bottles of Nerveine," he says, "my restoration to health and strength. Neither man or woman can enjoy life when troubled with liver complaint. This was the sentiment and feeling of W. J. Hill, the well-known ballist of Bracebridge. "I was so bad," says he, "that one of my medical attendants said that I was dying, but, thank God, I am not dead yet. From the first few doses I took of Nerveine I commenced to feel better, and am to-day restored completely to my usual health." A resident of the Maritime Provinces, in the person of S. Jones, of Sussex, N.B., says: "For twelve years I was a martyr to indigestion, constipation and headache. The treatment of several physicians did not help me."

Newspaper space is too valuable to permit of further additions to these earnest words of testimony from those who know just what they are talking about. In the common language of the day, they have been there, and are so bad. The dozen cases that here speak for their counterparts by the hundreds, not only in the province of Ontario, but in every other section of the Dominion. South American Nerveine is based on a scientific principle that makes a cure certain, no matter how desperate the case may be. It strikes at the nerve centers from which flows the life blood of the whole system. It is not a medicine of patchwork, but is complete and comprehensive in its application.

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