



### Formal Opening

OF THE

# Hotel Baths

Hotel Street,  
Next to  
Young Hotel

## Saturday Eve., Dec. 29, 1906

The greatest amusement and health resort ever established in this Territory will open its doors with an invitational aquatic exhibition on the above night.

**SWIMMING POOL**—This great Bathing Pavilion contains a fresh water swimming pool 45x75 feet, in which there are 158,000 gallons of pure artesian water. This water is changed every 48 hours and has a continuous flow of 1,000 gallons every hour.

**TURKISH BATHS**—Well appointed Oriental Turkish Baths with lounging room and sleeping apartments. Open all night. Medical massage a specialty.

**BOWLING ALLEYS**—In connection will be conducted up to date Bowling Alleys. Equal to any in the United States.

**PHYSICAL CULTURE**—In all its latest developments will be taught privately and in class. Results absolutely guaranteed.

**LADIES' DAYS** (Ladies Only). Tuesdays and Fridays, 8 a. m. to 12 m.

**BUSINESS MEN**, Tuesdays and Fridays, 12 m. to 7 p. m.

**PRIVATE PARTIES UPON APPLICATION.**

**RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED.**

**HOURS** 7 A. M. to 10 P. M.

**PRICES**—Plunge, 25c; Turkish Bath, \$1.00 (including plunge), all-night, \$1.50; Bowling, 25c; Physical Culture, Massage, Swimming Instructions upon application, Spectators, 10c. **MONTHLY RATES.**

### A DAY WITH CINDER CLAWS

(Continued from Page 13)

surprise he received no answer, and for an instant he felt strangely alone. Then suddenly there was warmth and light, and he found himself in the familiar living room, with the great logs burning in the big fireplace. And there, too, was the Little Chap, the eldest of a lively group of youngsters. It was evident to the minister that they could not see him, though he could see them all—the rough and tumble brothers with the Little Chap at the head, and the two sisters, the one next himself aspiring to little womanly airs when she could resist the delights of being a tomboy, and the other the baby of the family. The mother had her on her lap—such a mite of a mother, with light and laughter in her blue eyes in spite of the tired lines about her mouth. There was a jingle of bells outside, and in strode neighbor Francois, his dancing eyes and ruddy cheeks just showing above his great top of.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" he shouted as he came toward the fire, where he was at once the center of a boisterous group. "No, no Noel stories dese night. Haf I not you tole dem tousean times?"

"Are your stories really true, Francois?" asked the little sister breathlessly.

"True? Ah, you doubt dem? Know den, Francois tell notting but of true. Ole Cinder Claws—if you pad poy an girls you fin' out he verra true. An' de cattle at meednight—"

Francois crossed himself and shook his head so solemnly that the children were quite awed, and their mother laughed at their big, round eyes.

But Francois' solemnity did not last long. He was in a hurry to do his errand and be off.

"Pierre de Baptiste," he said to the mother, "he lefe you here some molasses jug of heem, 'n he ask me would I take him up for it, heh?"

So the jug was delivered, and Francois went on his way, leaving the youngsters gazing from the windows and talking in subdued voices of his strange tales.

"Francois says they are true," they persisted, and their mother only smiled and said, "Francois thinks they are true." Then she added in the voice they associated with Sunday, "Here is the only true Christmas story." And in that same voice she read it to them as she had so many times from the book with the thick leather covers, while they listened with their eyes bigger and rounder than ever.

When the reading was over the children trooped off to bed, the Little Chap bringing up the rear of the procession with John Elderson close beside him.

"There's no stocking-hanging or any such frivolity here tonight, is there Little Chap?" said the minister. "I forgot—you can't hear a word I say, and you wouldn't understand me if you did. I was only wondering what you'd think if you ever saw a crowd of modern youngsters on Christmas eve. Between you and me, though, I've often longed for your quiet version of the night before Christmas. The holiday rush never troubles you much in this corner of the world, does it?"

While he was speaking they had reached the attic chamber, where the Little Chap hurried out of his home-spin clothes, his teeth chattering, and snuggled down under the patchwork quilts. His eyes were wide open, staring hard through the chinks in the sloping roof at the frosty stars overhead. And soon the minister discovered that though what he might say was heard by no one but himself, he nevertheless could read every thought in the boy's mind.

"I wouldn't say so to mother, but somehow it seems as if the story in the

Bible is almost as strange as what Francois tells. I wonder how she knows which is the true one.

"Oh, Little Chap," said the minister, "you're foreordained for a heresy trial! You've begun asking Pilate's question early, and you'll grow gray before you find the answer."

"I hope it isn't wicked to think such things. If it is, old Cinder Claws will get me. Francois says he comes down the chimney after bad boys on Christmas eve. His eyes are like two sparks, and his long claws are all black with the chimney soot. Oh-h, Old Cinder Claws, don't come for me tonight. I never meant to be bad—honest, I never, and I won't fight Joe Sinclair again—not unless he dares me to, anyway, and I don't b'lieve he will, 'cause I kicked him so yesterday. Please, Old Cinder Claws, let me off this time."

And as the hobgoblin became more and more vivid to his childish fancy, the Little Chap drew the bedclothes tightly over his head in an agony of terror.

"Well, well," cried John Elderson, "I'd almost forgotten that bad half-hour with Old Cinder Claws. Christmas eve does have its troubles, doesn't it? It's wicked that that old demon should be your Santa Claus. Never mind—one of these days you'll find yourself grown up, with a small daughter on your knee, and remembering these early terrors of Cinder Claws, you'll take pains to tell her that there is no such person. And then, what will be your surprise to have your well meant assurance met with a wall of disappointment over her shattered dreams of Santa Claus, who (strange as it may seem), you have never discovered to be quite another personage from the hobgoblin of your youthful Christmases? And what would you say to see yourself, years hence, in full regalia, a gray beard, with a pack on his back, playing old Santa for the edification of a crowd of frolicking youngsters? So, we live and learn—Old Cinder Claws is only a bad dream, after all, Little Chap."

After a while the boy's fears subsided so that he dared uncover his head and look up again at the stars still shining upon him through the crevices, and, though he did not understand why, some way their quiet light brought with it a sense of safety. He drew a long breath. "I guess he's gone," he said himself. "Perhaps he wasn't looking for me after all. I wonder what time it is. I wonder if it's nearly 12 o'clock. Francois says that when it comes midnight on Christmas eve all the cows kneel down in their stalls. I'd like to see them do it, but I tried last year to keep awake and I couldn't."

It was so still for a few moments that John Elderson began to think the boy had really dropped off to sleep, but pretty soon there was a whisper: "It must be 'most midnight. I wish I could see them, just once."

Evidently he had come to some sort of a decision in the matter, for in a moment he crept out of bed and dressed as quickly and quietly as possible. Then he took one of the patchwork quilts and wrapping it closely about him crept down stairs and out to the big barn, where the cows were stabled.

"See here, str," John Elderson wanted to say, as he followed on, "if you had gone through the living room you'd have seen your mother just covering over the embers for the night, and then you'd have known I wasn't so late after all. What's more, she would have seen you and sent you back to bed, you young rascal. However, you'll reap your reward when she puts the cough mixture on in the big kettle tomorrow and doses you for the cold you're sure to have."

The dozen cows stirred in surprise at such an unusual interruption of their slumbers, and they looked round somewhat uneasily as a figure in a gay patchwork toga climbed to the hay-mow whence there was an unbroken view of their stalls.

"Burrow into the hay and keep warm Little Chap," said the minister, quite "Now, there, you can watch whatever goes on down there among the cattle. What would Francois say if he could see you now? But no—I'm the only soul alive who knows where you are or what you're doing, and the only one who understands what it all means. This trying to keep awake is the hardest work you ever did, isn't it? There, you're nodding already. Well, the barn can't be much colder than your attic chamber, and your nest in the hay is warm enough, so that you can sleep safely. You ought to get in a good two-hour nap and then there'll be time to spare before midnight."

The boy was already asleep, and the minister watched him as he lay there so small yet sturdy, and sleeping as only a tired child can.

"Sometime, Little Chap," said John Elderson with a sigh, "you'll be willing to exchange the softest couch in the world for this bed of yours out here on the hay-mow, if only it can bring with it such healthful sleep."

So the hours slipped by. The stars that had bade the boy good night wheeled slowly down into the west, and new ones took their turn at watching over him. Midnight came and went, but he did not waken to see whether the cattle knelt as the legend claimed they did. It was only when they grew restless in anticipation of their breakfast that the Little Chap roused up and looked about him. It came back to him slowly why he was there, and he had to struggle to keep back his tears of disappointment. He watered and fed the cows as usual, but with his solemn eyes looking into theirs as if he expected to find there the answer to his puzzle.



### HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

There are hundreds of men and women who have not eaten a hearty meal for years. Their stomachs have "gone back" on them. In such cases the Bitters will be found very helpful. It strengthens the stomach and cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Poor Appetite, Heartburn, Bloating Cramps or Kidney ills.

### BY AUTHORITY

#### NOTICE OF SALE OF GENERAL LEASES OF PASTORAL LANDS.

At 12 o'clock noon, Saturday, December 29th, 1906, at front entrance to Judiciary Building, Honolulu, there will be sold at Public Auction, under the provisions of Part V, Land Act 1895, (Sections 278 to 285, inclusive, Revised Laws of Hawaii), General Leases of the following described portions of Public Land:

- 7550 acres, more or less, of the land of Nienie, Hamakua, Hawaii, to be used for pastoral purposes. Term, 21 years from September 8th, 1907. Upset rental \$1764.00 per annum, payable semi-annually in advance.
- 4130 acres, more or less, of the lands of Katooku-Kapulea, Hamakua, Hawaii, to be used for pastoral purposes. Term, 21 years from September 8th, 1907. Upset rental \$391.20 per annum. 11,990 acres, more or less, of the payable semi-annually in advance, land of Kaohu 3rd (Slopes of Mauna Kea), Hamakua, Hawaii, to be used for pastoral purposes. Term, 21 years from September 8th, 1907. Upset rental, \$500.00 per annum, payable semi-annually in advance.

All of the above leases will contain provisions regarding fencing of boundaries, removal of pests such as "Thimble Berry," "Ivy," etc.

The Government reserves also the right to resume possession at any time of such portion or portions as may be required for public purposes or for settlement purposes under Sections 4 and 7, Land Act, 1895.

585 acres, more or less, of the land of Pauahi, Kohala, Hawaii, to be used for pastoral purposes. Term 6 years and 6 months from January 1st, 1907. Upset rental, \$351.00 per annum, payable semi-annually in advance.

For plans and full particulars regarding reservations, fencing, tree planting, removal of pests, etc., apply at office of undersigned, Judiciary Building, Honolulu.

JAS. W. PRATT,  
Commissioner of Public Lands,  
Honolulu, November 28th, 1906.  
3552—Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22, 28.

#### NOTICE OF SALES OF PUBLIC LAND SITUATE AT WAIANA, OAHU, T. H.

At 12 o'clock noon, Monday, December 21st, 1906, at front entrance to Judiciary Building, Honolulu, there will be sold at Public Auction under the provisions of Part IV, Section 17, Land Act 1895, (Section 276 Revised Laws of Hawaii), the following described Public Land:

336.0 acres, a little more or less, of remnants of Agricultural Lands, together with 491.35 acres of coral and sandy land located at Waianae-Kai, Oahu.

Upset price, \$69,656.75. Terms, Cash, U. S. Gold Coin.

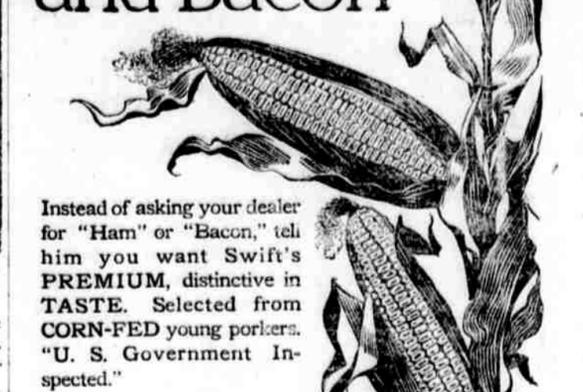
For plans and further particulars, apply at office of the undersigned, Judiciary Building, Honolulu, T. H.

JAS. W. PRATT,  
Commissioner of Public Lands,  
Honolulu, T. H., Dec. 1st, 1906.  
3553—Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.

He trudged back to the house in rather a dejected mood, but breakfast on Christmas morning was too exciting for anyone to brood much over their own troubles. At each plate stood a fearfully and wonderfully made doughnut man with currant eyes, and there was also a parcel, wrapped and tied to lend a charm of mystery, containing a pair of new red mittens. The delight with which these gifts were hailed would have been a revelation to the mission children, and John Elderson made some striking comparisons as he watched the scene.

"Bless me!" he said. "When have I seen children's eyes dance as yours do here this morning? Oh, Little Chap, I wish I could take you and all the rest back with me to purify the fountains of our Christmas joy. You don't know how much we need you with your happy ignorance of all that makes his blessed time a season of burden-bearing. Will you come with me? Say

# Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Instead of asking your dealer for "Ham" or "Bacon," tell him you want Swift's PREMIUM, distinctive in TASTE. Selected from CORN-FED young porters. "U. S. Government Inspected."

Theo. H. Davies & Co., Wholesale Agents.

## DO YOU KNOW?

DO YOU KNOW OF PEOPLE AROUND YOU WHO HAVE BEEN BURDENED BY HEAVY FUNERAL EXPENSES COMING UNEXPECTEDLY?

AVOID THIS YOURSELF BY JOINING THE HARRISON MUTUAL BURIAL ASSOCIATION. Do you know what the benefits of the Association are?

A \$100. funeral to any member in event of death, no matter if he has just joined the Association.

Do you know how little is the cost? Only a membership fee of \$6.00, which is for life, and an occasional small assessment to pay the funeral expenses of a deceased member.

Since organized 4,343 certificates have been issued and 319 members buried. The greatest cost to any of the 319 buried members was \$7.50!

JOIN NOW BEFORE TOO LATE.

## Harrison Mutual Burial Ass'n.

J. H. TOWNSEND ..... SECRETARY

## "SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE



Try Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:—About two years ago a very fine, well bred mare I own got what seemed to be a bad sprain of the off fore fetlock, which made her very lame; I blistered her and let her run out for about four months, when I took her up she was better but still lame and got worse when worked. I then tried another kind of blister with about the same results.

Last Spring I bought a bottle of your Save-the-Horse from your agent in this city. After treating the mare with this for about two weeks I gave her some slow driving; she improved very much, and by the time I had used up the bottle I was able to drive her twenty or thirty miles without any apparent bad effects. She now goes sound; I also with the same bottle removed two wind galls from her hind legs.

Hoping that this will be of some benefit to you, I am, your truly,  
MARTIN BURNELL, 401 California St.

Positively and permanently cures Spavin, Ringbone, Thoroughpin, Gurb, Splint, Capped Hock, Wind Puff, broken down, bowed or strained tendon or any case of lameness. Horse can be worked as usual and with boots, as no harm will result from scalding of limb or destruction of hair.

\$5.00 per bottle, with a written guarantee, as binding to protect you as the best legal talent could make it.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton N. Y. Formerly N. Y. TRADE SUPPLIED BY HOLLISTER DRUG CO., HONOLULU, HAWAII.

# CreamPureRye

# The WHISKEY

America's Finest Production

Rich and Mellow

## Lovejoy & Co.,

Agents.

902-914 Nuuanu Street. Phone Main 308  
Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors.

# A Victor For Christmas

A million dollars could not bring all these artists together for a single performance. Yet you can hear them as often as you like on a Victor.

Think of it! Eames, Caruso, Sembrich, Scotti, Melba, Plancon, Schuman-Heink and the other Grand Opera stars all at your command. Even the great Tamagno, whose actual voice is forever stilled, sings to you again.

## Bergstrom Music Company, Ltd.,

Odd Fellows Bldg., Fort St.

that you will, and bring Christmas in and sisters. Their merry voices slowly your hearts to us." It seemed as if they must hear him dim, and at length vanished altogether, and follow as he stretched out his hands to them in his earnestness. And then suddenly as if only just aware of his presence the Little Chap came towards him with a half-rebent backward glance at the group of brothers

and sisters. Their merry voices slowly died away, and even their faces grew dim, and at length vanished altogether, and the Little Chap laid his hand on John Elderson's, and their eyes met as before. "I will go with you," he said. "I will go with you everywhere."—Grace Bay-