

SAVED BY A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

It was late Christmas eve when my ball dress was sent home, and Marie, my dainty fingered French maid, had finished braiding my heavy black hair and adjusted my new headdress, an exquisite diamond bandeau.

I was contemplating my reflection in the mirror with much complacency when the door opened and Mr. Gordon came in. For a moment I was half frightened at his pale face and grave air, but he said: 'I only stopped for a moment, Mrs. Gordon, to say that I shall not be able to join you at madam's tonight. Business affairs will keep me down town late.'

Before I could ask him what he thought of my dress he passed out of the room, and presently I heard the street door close. It was nothing new for me to attend parties without the escort of my husband, for somehow he was always immersed in business; neither was it new for Mr. Gordon to look grave or pale, for he had lost his fresh color these late years.

At length I was ready and was driven to the home of Mme. Stapleton. One ball is so similar to another in the world of fashion that to recount how the hours passed in madam's drawing rooms would be to tax your patience. Sufficient to say that it was long after the midnight chimes had rung I was handed from my carriage to my own door by the most distinguished gentleman of my set.

The atmosphere in the drawing room was deliciously warm in contrast with the temperature of the sharp December night without. It was pleasant to sit there with my dainty slippers tucked over the register and the waves of lustrous silk bathing the carpet and reflect that I swam on the topmost wave of the sea of fashion in the city around me, and the Christmas chimes ringing out from the church towers and the warm air stealing up from the register soothed my senses to delicious calmness.

Suddenly, while I sat thinking from the dim corners of the drawing room seemed to glide out a train of figures, each dressed in unimpeachable garments of bygone days, and yet, strange to say, each garment was recognized by me as something I had worn in these days, and in the face of each figure turned toward me I beheld my own. The figures glided around me, then seated themselves on the opposite side of the apartment, each looking at me steadily and with my own dark eyes. Gradually the figure nearest my right seemed to vest itself with the accessories of a picture, and a thin mist hid the others from sight.

A child of ten summers stood in the yard of an old brown farmhouse, with the westerling light of the sunset streaming over the building and bathing her tiny fingers in a flood of gold. I did not speak even in a whisper while the picture of my entire childhood was unrolled before me, but thoughts like these glided athwart my brain: 'Was I once that happy hearted, wild, romping child whose greatest care was to please her parents and whose greatest grief the loss of some woodland pet?'

Even while I sat gazing the scene slowly faded, and out from the dim mists that had infolded the figure nearest the child rose fair and clear the second picture before me. A slender, beautiful maiden stood in the moonlight beneath the rustic porch draped with honey suckles that climbed over the farmhouse door. 'It was Daisy, but a child no longer. She wore a neat but simple dress of pale pink muslin, and a single white rose plucked from the bush beside the doorstep adorned her hair. Suddenly a firm step came up the walk leading to the farmhouse. It was a young and frank faced man who joined her, and Daisy blushed and they went in and sat down together in the moonlight by the west room window. Eloquence was not necessary to love in those days, and Daisy and Charles Gordon sat long in the moonlight and talked together. Charles always thought he must leave at 9, but he is in no haste tonight. Ten, half past 10, 11 goes by, and there they stand in the moonlight. When they part, a tender kiss burns on Daisy's cheeks and a slender gold ring gleams on her finger. She and Charles are betrothed, and she goes to her chamber to sleep the first dream of a happy plighted love.'

For a moment I stretch out my hands towards the maiden in the farmhouse, but the scene grows dim, the figures fade and another picture unfolds before my view. It was a bridal scene. Charles had grown more grave looking, for he was a business man now, and three years had added luster to Daisy's fuller figure. Both were trusting and beloved and saw none but clouds of gold in the long vista of their future. I could only sit and gaze longingly and eagerly while the phantom faded away from my gaze. Another picture now rose before me.

I saw myself clad in a cheerful morning robe. Charles had prospered in business, gold poured into his coffers, and with gold came fashion, with ambition and pride and a score of demons in her train. 'It whispered: 'You are young and you are beautiful.

In the great world you would be an acknowledged queen. Put your husband's wealth to use. Let not your beauty fade out in the nursery. Your child will get on well enough in the nurse's care. Live in the world and shine like a queen.'

And this was the beginning of the shadow which darkened the picture. I saw the glitter of the ball, the splendid furniture, the silver plate, the gay equipage and the stately apartments, and amid it all through the opened door of a neglected nursery I saw a pale, drugged 4-year-old child slowly dying. The end came. The tiny rosewood casket was closed over the features of the child who died of motherly neglect. I saw a strong man bend in convulsed grief over his dead boy and then go out silently and growing graver day by day turn to his business again. I heard frantic bursts of grief from the stricken mother's mouth and clasped my jeweled hands in anguish.

A long pause fell between, and then another, the last picture fell before me. I recognized its faithfulness at once. 'Ten years intervened between this picture and the preceding one. I had not changed save to fuller and perfected beauty. Everything was as plain as day—the magnificent furnishings of the home, with Persian carpets, costly tables, bronzes and marble statues and china and silver wares, and through these walls I moved, a cold and beautiful woman of ice.

I shrank from the portrait with dismay. But while I sat and gazed into the picture glided a pale, careworn man wearing the same expression I had often seen upon my husband's face. How changed it looked from the hopeful, manly Charles Gordon who had stood before me in the moonlight! He had been a grave and silent man ever since his boy died but there was now some fresh trouble eating away his life.

'What has brought this about?' I asked. In a moment my question was answered. Into the magic picture came a shadowy figure which pointed to the paper strewn table at which my husband sat. I gazed and beheld a revelation, and mechanically my eye ran over every paper he opened. The catalogue was fearful—a long array of bills—plate, furniture, statues, jewels, silks, a long array of which I recognized distinctly my own agency, and balancing this catalogue stood a tangled trade, empty coffers, with the word 'Fanic' written with a pen of fire. While he sat and unfolded each paper and laid it aside I stole nearer and gazed upon the one he had just taken. It was my latest bill for my ball dress. I made a movement to snatch it from him, and the spell was broken.

'What is it, Daisy? You asleep here and dreaming?' I started and to find myself seated in the great velvet chair and my husband standing beside me. 'Did I fall asleep?' I must. But you, Charles, you have not slept!' I said, for just then I noticed that he was in his coat and full dress.

'I have been up late, looking over some papers I brought from the store. But I was just going up stairs. You should be asleep before this,' he added, half reprovingly, his eye wandering with a sort of pained look over my toilet.

'Why do you not speak to me, Charles? You are in some great trouble. Oh, Charles, I have had a dream this evening that has shown me myself in my true light. I am nothing more than nothing. I am a drag instead of a helpmeet. Speak to me, Charles, and tell me that you do not hate me.'

'Can you bear the worst, Daisy?' he asked hoarsely, lifting his eyes to mine. 'Anything, anything, my dear husband. I have been blind, but the scales have fallen now. Tell me everything. Are we ruined?'

'We are,' he whispered in a thick, unsteady tone. 'The crisis has carried me down. I have dragged away the long hours of this night trying to devise some leopole to escape, but all in vain. I do not care for myself, but for you—you Daisy,' and he groaned in bitterness of spirit.

I could not bear it without a burst of tears; he so thoughtful, I so selfish. I pressed my lips to his burning forehead and said, amidst my sobs: 'No, Charles, not ruined for we have saved our love from the wreck.'

Charles looked at me steadily and a weight seemed to have been lifted off his head. His lips lost their grim expression and there was a ripple of tears in his voice.

'Daisy, you have saved me!' he said. 'Maddened by the thought of the morrow, I know not but the result might have been this—see I and he drew forth a little vial labeled 'laudnum' from his vest pocket. 'But you have saved me, darling.'

'Charles, we've both been mad!' I said with pallid lips, and striving, for his sake to subdue the terror that begirt my whole being when I realized how nigh my husband had stood to the wretched guilt of suicide. 'And God forgive for my want of sympathy in all your troubles and help me from this hour to be your faithful wife.'

And sitting there late in the night, my husband kneeling beside me and with his head upon my lap, I bent my cheek to his and the tears, baptizing our reunion, fell upon the folds of last folly—my ball dress, which means, do good as well as get good. This is how it operates—Pearl Lake Mill, Que., August, 1900. 'Enclosed find \$6.00, send six outfits to friends' as told lows—'A short time ago I wrote you for an outfit for Mr. Liberge, he would not now part with it for twice its value. I secured one in Montreal, having been informed of your remedy by my father—it has acted wonderfully in Nasal Catarrh of long standing. Signed, Thos. Sissons.

Mr. Sissons says a great deal more, but when a man sends for six outfits of Catarrh-remedy that means more than a bushel of words. Such action stands for conviction that he has discovered a remedy of superlative value. Druggists all sell

Catarrh-remedy, ask them to show it to you, ask them to let you try it. We will send it to you for \$1.00 or a sample for 10 cents. N. C. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

412 POUNDS OF BROKEN IDOL.

Downfall of the Lightfoot Lillies' Mascot When They Told Him to Slide. 'Well, why fit you never played base-base yourself?' asked a latter day fan of the very stout man sitting in the corner. 'You say you were the mascot for the famous Lightfoot Lillies of Jones county, and yet, with the exception of the time that they put you in to force the winning run in the thirteenth by being hit in the stomach, you never seem to have played yourself. After such successful daring you never asked to play again? I don't quite understand.'

The stout man gazed at the speaker searchingly for a few minutes, and then, apparently satisfied that the questions were asked in good faith, proceeded to unfold the one dark shadow in his otherwise sunny life.

'Have you never heard?' he began. 'Then now you shall hear, and though I think no blame should rest with me, you yourself shall judge of that. Listen. You have already referred to the contest in which I forced the winning run owing to the pitcher's inability to put the ball over the plate without striking my corporation. This, I believe was due to a law of physics which states that but one body can occupy the same space at the same time or words to that effect. But whatever the cause, I acquired a reputation for high class baseball second to none in Jones county, and at once got a regular position on the team. My figure being my stock in trade, Capt. Sluggo Burrows of the Lightfoot spared no pains in bringing me to physical perfection before the next game with the Roarers. Under a carefully selected diet of beer, butter, lard, potatoes and cod liver oil I rapidly rose from a meagre 320 pounds to the magnificent figure of 412.

'For the first eight innings of the great contest which ultimately proved my downfall, I fully sustained my enviable reputation for artistic ball playing. Three times the home rooters vied with one another in futile attempts to pay me suitable homage. I was truly more than queen. And then that fatal ninth with its brimful cup of gumless bitters. Four hundred and twelve pounds of shattered idol! 'In the last half of the ninth I reached first through my customary strategy. Later I succeeded in gaining third by a daring bit of base running while the Roarers' fielders were searching for Bull Thompson's liner on the other side of the centre field fence. Sammie Salmon and one of the Foots twins died easy deaths on infield pop-fies. There were: Ringtail Roarers, 17; Lightfoot Lillies, 16; two out. Thompson and yours truly on second and third bases respectively, and the invincible Home Run Hankins at the bat. All were breathless with suspense. The pitcher swung his arm back slowly and then, with bang! Home Run Hankins never missed his aim. I struggled bravely toward the plate, and in less time than it takes to tell it Thompson was at my back pushing violently. I doubled my efforts. A moment later Hankins himself caught up and joined in the single file struggle for home and victory. 'Twas do or die, and the people were like lunatics in their wild excitement. Spurred on by their cheers I was soon but five feet from the plate, with Thompson and Hankins still dancing at my heels. Then suddenly a voice rose clearly above the others: 'Slide, Willie, slide!' it rang out. Oh, fatal words!

At this point the fat ex-mascot was overcome by emotion and stopped short. It was some minutes before he could pull himself together sufficiently to go on with his sad story.

'Well,' he said at last, 'I slid. Diving gracefully forward, I slid a nicely calculated slide that brought my chest directly above the rubber. But the enthusiasm this occasioned among the Lillies was short-lived.

'Touch the plate, you fool, touch the plate,' Bull Thompson and Hankins yelled together. 'Now, would you believe it, sir, try as I would I couldn't. My corporation had been overstrained. Lying face down I was so high from the ground that my arms would not reach the plate.

'Rock me,' I cried. 'Rock me!' Bull Thompson roared. 'Rock you? We'll rock you, stone you, egg you, and—touch that plate, d'ye hear?' 'Rock me, I pleaded with tears in my eyes. 'You don't understand. Rock me like you would a rocking horse. Tilt me. I can't touch bottom.'

'Twas too late. While I had been explaining my predicament to those block-heads the Roarers' fielders found the ball and—er—well, we lost. Afterward I told Capt. Sluggo Burrows how it happened and begged for just one more chance. No

use. He said that any fool with my shape ought to have sense enough to slide on his back and that—but say, honest injun, now, do you think I was in any way to blame?

Table Decoration.

For dinner table decorations as far as coloring is concerned it is best to keep to the warmer tints. Avoid the use of white by itself and keep to shades of crimson, old gold or even bronze tones, the latter especially where there is a large display of old silver. The vases may be filled with well berried holly prints and mistletoe, with Christmas roses as a sort of undergrowth to the various stands. Frosted branches and sprays are always fashionable at this season and have a very charming effect. Their beauty may be much enhanced by a judicious use of bright ribbon bows. Lamps and candles must all have their shades to match the principal coloring used in the decoration. Tall tubes look very well on a large table, especially where space is a consideration—i. e., where the table is otherwise well laden with dessert or with silver bowls of bonbons.

IF TAKEN IN TIME THE D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd.

'Life is full of uncertainties,' said the mournful person. 'Cheer up, old man,' rejoined the jovial friend. 'You don't have to read the weather reports and the horse race news if you don't want to.'

THAT HACKING COUGH is a warning not to be lightly treated. Pjny-Bocman cures with absolute certainty all recent coughs and colds. Take it in time. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Hubby—What are you going to get me for Christmas? Wiley—How much are you going to give me to spend?

WE CLAIM THAT THE D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd.

BORN.

- Halifax, Dec 7, to the wife of J C Harris, a son. Newcastle, Dec 8, to the wife of John Roy, a son. Fargrave, Dec 8, to the wife of E P Elliott, a son. Parraboro, Dec 8, to the wife of K Kelly, a daughter. Halifax, Dec 11, to the wife of Arthur Chancey, a son. Newellton, Nov 14, to the wife of Fred Smith, a son. Richmond, Dec 10, to the wife of John LeBlanc, a son. Richibucto, Dec 11, to the wife of Wm. Harriet, a son. Chatham, Dec 10, to the wife of Hugh Harrison, a son. Parraboro, Dec 1, to the wife of Burton Holmes, a son. Amherst, Dec 12, to the wife of Edmund Gould, a son. Newellton, Nov 24, to the wife of Samuel Atkinson, a son. Yarmouth, Dec 5, to the wife of Berkeley Killam a son. Campbellton, Dec 6, to the wife of George Lutes, a daughter. Parraboro, Dec 7, to the wife of Holford Tucker, a daughter. Amherst, Dec 12, to the wife of Albert Bishop, a daughter. Colechester, Nov 28, to the wife of Willis Rhode, a daughter. Parraboro, Nov 19, to the wife of Wm Moore, a daughter. Amherst, Dec 7, to the wife of Chas Reynolds, a daughter. Ontario, Dec 8, to the wife of J A Matheson, a daughter. Newellton, Nov 12, to the wife of Mr Williams, a daughter. Chatham, Dec 6, to the wife of E Harry Smith, a daughter. Newellton, Nov 12, to the wife of Vincent Nicker son, a son. West River, Dec 4, to the wife of W O O'Leighan, a daughter. Liverpool, Nov 20, to the wife of Sylvanus Daup hazy, a son. New Ross Road, Dec 3, to the wife of Freeman Kynock, a son. Chelsea, Quebec, Dec 2, to the wife of Edward Butler, a daughter. Victoria Mines, C B Dec 6, to the wife of J P Hatchford, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Salisbury, Nov 29, James Gross to Adella Tower. Chicago, Ill, Duncan O Mackay to Blanche Miller. Vancouver, Dec 4, T Wallace to Carrie Doherty. Campbellton, Dec 5, Robert Smith and Sarah Glover. Hopewell Cape, Dec 5, Geo O Tingley, to Edith Bennett. Lunenburg, Dec 5, Albert E Wood to Mary J Harvey. Murray River, Dec 23, William J Nicoll to Mary F Kelle. Halifax, Dec 22, Walter M Gouge to Mary E Keating. Yarmouth, Dec 6, Edward S Williams to Lois A Clements. Charlottetown, Dec 13, A B McLeod, to Miss Ethel B Armore. Yarmouth Dec 3rd, Mr William M Smith to Miss Sarah King. Woodstock, Dec 5, Mr William Hussey and Mrs Mary Wort. Westport, Mass, Nov 29, Albert H Melvin and Helen Marr. Head of River, Dec 5, Albert Jeffers to Eldora McAloney. East Whitman, Mass, Nov 29, John A Follansbee to Elizabeth Alcott. Murray Harbor South, Dec 6, Alex Wm Van Idersline to Sarah Macleannan. Westmoreland Co., Dec 4th, by Rev J E Tiser, Luther Jones to Edna E Stover.

DIED.

- Amherst, Dec 9, Agnes Helles, 20. Halifax, Dec 14, Alex B Henry 24. St John, Dec 17, Wm W Jordan, 62.

- St John, Dec 18, John Burns, 74. Chester, Dec 12, Edward Smith, 41. Maine, Nov 23, Daniel Chalmers, 70. Ottawa, Dec 8, Mrs George Everett. Redrsalon, Dec 1, Mr Alex Gillmore. Charlottetown, Dec 5, John King, 62. Berlin, Dec 6, Wm Sanderson, 62. Scaevastedy, N Y, Mary L Lewis, 19. Halifax, Dec 12, Richard O Barry 58. St John, west, Dec 16, John Murphy, 70. Fort Hill, Dec 7, Francis Doherty, 75. Halifax, Dec 15, Mrs John Mahar, 50. Coldstream, Dec 6, Herbert Ellis, 20. Moncton, Dec 18, Mrs Price Bryan, 31. Chatham, Nov 29, George Dickson, 85. Dartmouth, Dec 14, George W Jackson. Halifax, Dec 14, Capt James Griffin, 78. Vancouver, Dec 10, Mrs Mary Foley, 77. Chatham, Dec 13, Ronald MacLachlan, 74. Gaspareaux, Dec 10, Daniel Davidson, 33. Charlottetown, Dec 1, Annie Koughall, 55. Amherst, Dec 9, Mrs Samuel Goldberg, 40. Stanley Bridge, Dec 5, Mabel Goddard, 77. Charlottetown, Mrs Donald Maccochran, 78. Malden, Mass, Dec 2, Jeremiah Simpson, 23. Chelsea, Mass, Dec 5, Margaret Halliday, 64. Harvey, A Co, Dec 5, Mrs Gillard Smith, 70. Boston Mass, Dec 18, Mrs Arabella Housley. Stanley Bridge, Nov 28, Mrs John Mackay, 82. North Rustico, Nov 16, Mrs John Jamieson, 52. St John Dec 16, Edward Morton L Jamieson, 19. Charlottetown, Dec 9, Mrs Daniel MacDonald, 42. Fairview, Dec 19, Johanna Gertrude McGrath, 10. Plymouth, Dec 4, infant of Mr and Mrs Arch O'aei 7. Kingston, Lot 31, Dec 12, Archibald McFayden, 72. North Beaver Bank, Dec 14, Mrs William Lively, 38. New Prospect, Parraboro, Dec 3, William McBee 38. Moins River, Kent Co, Dec 3, Mrs George Stevenson, 53. Kingston, Kings Co, N S, Nov 28, Mrs Elizabeth Bruce. Wittersburg Colchester, Nov 29, Miss Charlotte Fullerton, 90. Yarmouth, Dec 8, Sarah widow of the late George Churchill, 80.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, dysmenstrua, inflammations, leucorrhoea & irritation of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians sent on application. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Christmas and New Years. Holiday Excursions. Between Stations Montreal and East. One First Class Fare for Round Trip.

GENERAL PUBLIC. Going on December 21st to January 1st, 1901. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. On presentation of certificates, going Dec. 8th to 31st, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS. On presentation of certificates between points in Canada East of Fort Arthur, going Dec. 14th, to 20th, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901.

For rates dates and limits to points West of Montreal, see Agents, or write A. J. Heath, D. F. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

TO BOSTON AND RETURN \$10.50 via All Rail from St. John. Going Dec. 20th, to 31st, 1900. Return thirty days from starting day.

A. J. HEATH, D. F. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. School and college vacation—Local excursion tickets at single fare, Dec. 8 to 31, good for return until Jan. 31. Through tickets at single fare to Montreal, good to one and one third fare beyond Montreal, good for return until Jan. 31.

Commercial Travellers' tickets at single fare, issued Dec. 14 to Dec. 20, good for return until Jan. 4.

General Public—Local excursion tickets at single fare Dec. 21 to Jan. 1, good for return until Jan. 4. For through excursion tickets see posters.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., December 15th, 1900.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax..... 7.50. Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12.15. Express for Sussex..... 12.40. Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17.00. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 22.15.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal, passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2.10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.50. Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 12.40. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene..... 18.00. Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.15. Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 24.45. Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY OFFICE, 1 King Street, St. John, N. B.