

THE BARRAGE OF CALVIN'S CHRISTMAS

By Helen Gray Cook
When you hear the fleecy host
Here among the startled stars...

Clang! Clang! Each to his station!
Clang! Clang! To hear the way
While we keep the soldiers of salvation...

In the morning blue and mild, of the
While the blessed bells were calling,
Thrilled the sunbeams through the wire;

In the morning, blue and mild, for a
woman and a child,
D'ed a man of gentle will, plunging
on to fight the fire.

Ring, swing, bells in the steeple!
Ring the Child, and ring the Star, as
sweetly as ye may!

Ring, swing, bells, to tell the people
God's good will to earthly men,
The men of every day!

"Thirty-four" swung out again, with
her mighty, bounding team.
Horses' hoofs picked them on, and
they leaped as at a goal.

Many a mother, gazed from hence,
Yonder woman straight ahead, stony
still with sudden dead,

And the little woman child, with her
waxen child in arm.

O, God's will, how swift they are! Oh,
the Cross that hides the Star!
Oh, the fire-gong beating fierce
through the bells of Christmas day!

Just a second there to choose, and a
life to keep or lose—
To the curb he swung the horse,
and he flung his life away!

Ring, swing, bells in the steeple!
Ring the Star and ring the Cross, for
Star and Cross are one!

Ring, swing, bells, to tell the people
God is pleased with many men,
and deeds that they have done!

The Keeping of a Tryst.
She walked past the show window
two or three times, turning the corner...

The wax figure which sat facing
her, looking through some of the glass,
had been looking at her for some time...

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to allow a mere matter of dollars
and cents to stand between her and
her dear one.

Three days after this incident was
Christmas Eve. As usual, she had or-
dered a dainty dinner a day. There
was no in-lit guest to disturb its
beauty; no later engagement to mar
its harmony by unnecessary haste.

In the early evening of the day she
had determined to keep this one
evening to herself.

It was within a few minutes of the
dinner hour when the young husband
returned. The music box was play-
ing an air with a sentimental inter-
est for them both—"Know'st Thou
the Land?"

The music of the room was
prettily accompanied by the
instrument, a violin, a piano-forte.

There was a subtle, of course, soft
shaded lamp and a seductive atmos-
phere of Orientalism.

He hurried to his dressing-room. Ex-
cited and excited, when to the great
drama for his buttonhole and, he
was arranging the flower, there was
a soft knock.

"Dinner is served!"

She was sitting at the table facing
him. The long light, when the great
haste was upon her, she had
caught him in the conventional
back of a velvet chair.

"I am sorry I am late," he comman-
dered.

He was not fatigued by the work of
the day, by his heavy
luggage and dress, but the per-
fume, the dim light, the music and
flowers relaxed the nervous tension.

She did not answer, but sat as if
waiting, expectant. Her mouth,
the eyes, half veiled by long lashes,
completed the smile of the arched
lips; the hair, carefully coiffured,
caught the flickering gleam of lamplight.

Quick as a flash, she was, he noticed
with a start, on the bosom of grow-
ing violets.

He leaned over her, and with pos-
sionate eagerness, pressed his lips on
the fluffy curls.

He heard a slight laugh. He
turned, and in the aperture of with-
drawn curtains his wife stood, the
blue eyes the Cupid's bow, the
golden hair—the living semblance of
the waxen figure.

The man who had looked at her,
noted the position and posture, and
he was thinking of his wife's
Christmas Eve, the third since they
had parted. And he did not even know
where she was.

Well, they were not the only ones
who had made a mistake in marriage.
Perhaps they had less cause than
some, but what matter the cause when
the result is the same? In the truth,
the completion of human motive and
action, the result may be as potent as
the greatest wisdom of the world.

In leading to a certain end—two dis-
positions existing at the future of two
lives spoiled—as well as the greatest
crime against wedded faith.

How like the room seemed, and yet
how unlike! She had nothing
changed since she left—not even the
disposition of the furniture—yet the
atmosphere of a woman's van-
ished presence was over all.

Three years ago, since she had
left, she had not seen him, clashing
in the joyous manner of one to whom
the tragedies of life are unknown. He
mentally repeated the amusing no-
tices they had brought to and from
these last Christmas days, with each
other. Three years, only three years,
yet centuries might be less fraught
with the hopelessness of regret. Three
years ago, and he was ignorant now
of her whereabouts. Perhaps the wide
ocean separated them—perhaps death
itself intervened.

He put the growsome thought aside.
Death had she—no well like the poles
They were not more dissimilar.

Yet a haunting dread possessed him.
Why had he been so cruel, so hard?
Why had he hesitated to retract his
word? Why had he been so cold and
needless all those past three months?
Oh, the false pride which had ruled
their lives! And the tragedy had not
even the merit of ending.

Where was she? Was she keeping
tryst as he was on this Christmas
Eve? Did she remember the solemn
promise, once made, to spend it apart
from the world, together?

He went to the decanter, poured
out a glass of the potent liquid and
drained it; then with his head bowed,
sat and slowly reviewed the past.

He would not die alone. He would
keep his tryst. He laughed again and
the merriment of the past, thinking
the growsome sound for a call.

He was lifting the top of a box-couch
in a corner of the room, and the mis-
placed cushions and cover were on
the floor at his feet.

He had drawn the cloth from the
face of the wax figure and it looked
at him with a quizzical smile on
its curved lips the dainty elaboration
of costume and curls unchanged.
How like it was!

Was this after all but a dream?
Was this the figure in a room, as
there is in this shadowy existence?
Had there ever been a woman whom
he adored with the whole strength
of his passionate, undisciplined nature?

He soon would be glad if he allowed
himself such liberties.

He had on the occasion heard a
half-humorous, half-sentimental mood
replace the tragic thoughts of the
past hour. He was hardly in keeping
with the lights and flowers and the
rejoicings of the wax figure.

He reached his room by the time he
had reached the top of his reflection
and had commended his toilet.

He remembered how he had hurried
his dressing for that night. He could
not resist the temptation to look at
the wax figure before he retired.

The picture had stopped. Only the
flicking of the music box broke the
silence. "Know'st Thou the Land?"

The music-rooms was but half-lighted.
The wax figure was in the corner of
the room, as if she were the
past companion of his with a half-forgotten
pain of sense of consciousness. He
could not even recall how he had caught
his foot on the rug and saved himself
from falling by the back of the carved
chair. Just as he was about to
retire, the picture was completed by the wax
figure at the round table, with its
centricity of noble carvatures.

The intervening years were blotted
out. He forgot all—the quarrel, the
separation, the loneliness and regret.
It seemed to him that he had not lived
a day beyond that Christmas Eve, to
the coffee which had been added
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Death of a Prominent Water
Nationalist.
We regret to announce the death of
Mr. John McCrossan, Strabane, which
occurred on Sunday. In the old days
of the Land League Mr.
McCrossan was a very valuable
voice to his country's cause. He was a
fearless and able speaker, and, being
of a fearless nature, took a prominent part
in many protracted meetings. As a
Poor Law Guardian he fought the cause
of the laborers against powerful odds,
and to him principally is due the honor
of inducing the Local Government
Board to send down a sealed order
directing the guardians to put the
Laborers Act in force in the Strabane
Union. During the past twelve months
Mr. McCrossan had been in very poor
health, and but a few weeks ago a
stroke of paralysis had rendered him
incapable of presenting him with a
recognition of his many public services.
The subscription list is not yet closed,
and as he has been blind his wife and
a very large family
subscriptions will be gratefully received
by Mr. B. Foley or Mr. John McCrossan,
the secretary, at the Strabane
Union, who have already subscribed also
the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, M.P., and
Mr. O'Hagan, M.P., M.H.A., M.P., Light
Hon. Sir James Hamilton, M.P., Mr.
George Cunningham, M.P., as well as
a large number of other gentlemen of the
diocese. For many years Mr. McCrossan
represented the town as a
Member of Parliament, and owing to his
efforts many much needed reforms were
effected. He was also the father and
founder of the Irish branch of the
Irish National Foresters, of which he
was several times Chief Ranger—Dublin
Nationalist.

UNQUALIFIED.—Mr. Tho. Brant, Ty-
nemouth, N.S., writes:—I have to thank
you for recommending Dr. Chase's
Electric Oil for bleeding piles. I was
troubled with them for nearly fifteen
years, and tried almost everything I
could hear of or think of. Some of them
would give me temporary relief, but
would not effect a cure. I have now
been free from the distressing complaint
for nearly eighteen months. I hope you
will continue to recommend it.

Some people are born free, some
achieve liberty, while some are weaker
than Great Britain and have liberty
 thrust upon them, remarks this
"Daily Journal."

At any rate, the British War Office
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Children Have Catarrh. As they grow Older it Leads to Consumption and an Early Death—Many Saved by the Timely Use of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. For the beginning of consumption, which claims as its victims the young men and young women, we need go back to childhood, when the careless boy gets contracted a cold in the head as the result of wet feet or exposure to cold and dampness. A cold in the head very soon develops into chronic catarrh, and neglected catarrh just as readily becomes consumption. Mothers are learning to save their dear ones by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, the only catarrh remedy which can be successfully used for children. The improved balm, which is given with each box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, is so simple that a child can use it, and so effective in sending the preparation to the diseased parts that relief is prompt and permanent cure is effected in a short time. The right time to use Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is when there is cold in the head. A small quantity will quickly cure the cold in the head, clear the air passages and prevent further trouble and danger. If the child is too small to use the balm, the mother should blow the remedy into the nostril. The result cannot possibly be otherwise than beneficial. Relief will be prompt and lasting. Heed the warnings of mothers who have neglected "cold in the head" in their children, and afterwards follow ed them to consumptive graves. Save the child—while it can be so easily done by this popular treatment. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box, blown free, at all druggists, or by mail from Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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