

CHRISTMAS OLD AND NEW.

The century nears its closing year,
Yet Christmas bells are full and free
As when the home halls rang with cheer
And grandpa kept the jubilee.

The stockings by the chimney deep
Were like your own, my pet of three,
Of softest wool from white faced sheep
And buckled high above the knee.

The chimney, oh, it was so wide
'Twould hold the gifts for fifty boys,
And Santa had an easy slide
When he came down with grandpa's toys!

The toys were not the dainty stuff
Your fingers grasp with childish glee,
But homely, and a trifle rough
When grandpa was a child of three.

A "comforter" dyed green and red,
A knitted cap and overshoes,
Of seasoned hickory, a sled,
Perhaps a ball too big to lose.

But grandpa liked the Christmas then
And what old Santa brought to him
As really as the little men
Who see bright trees in parlors dim.

For love is love the great world o'er;
God's love the Bethlehem story tells
From year to year, from shore to shore,
Wherever ring the Christmas bells.

—Boston Transcript.

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. Nora brought up the dress nicely folded, and Marie sprang to take it from its wrappings and lay it out on the bed.

As Marie lifted the dress and shook its rich folds a slip of paper fell to the carpet. It was madam's bill, and I was a little startled as my eye ran over it—\$200! But then the trimmings, a rich lace and cord d'or, were perfect. It was an expensive dress, but I didn't think it would be quite that, and Mr. Gordon had said that money had been getting tight for some months back. I wouldn't show him the bill just yet, so I thrust it into a drawer of my dresser and turned to Marie, who stood waiting to dress me.

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 to-night. Business affairs will keep me down town till 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. Stableton.

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 feet 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 unfashionable garments of bygone days, and yet, strange to say, each garment was recognized by me as something that I had worn in those 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 invest itself with the accessories of a picture, and a thin mist hid the others from my sight.

A child of 15 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 enfolded 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 honeysuckles that twined 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 to-night. 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 toward 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, and 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 open 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, bronze 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 he 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 behold 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 "Panic," written as 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, the 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 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 upstairs. 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 loophole of 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, amid 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!" and he drew forth a little vial labeled "laudanum" from his vest pocket. "But you have saved me darling."

"Charles, we have 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 me 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 my last folly—my ball dress.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How Catarrh is Cured in Maine.

People in Maine are not so slow for if Canada has a good thing why they simply come to Canada for it. This is why Mrs. James A. Tweedie, of Jay Bridge, Maine, has sent for sixteen outfits of Catarrhzone for friends in her locality. This lady gives very full particulars why she done this. Her daughter fourteen years old, had doctored for Catarrh obtaining no benefit, tried lots of other remedies but all failed—recommended by a neighbor to try Catarrhzone. Instead of despairing as she had good reason for doing, obtained Catarrhzone and before it was done, as she states, she was completely cured. No wonder she recommends it. Child had dropping in the throat, hawking, spitting, father thought she was going into consumption, could not sleep at night and adds: I only wish any one suffering from Catarrh to give it a fair trial; any druggist will enable you to do this for they all sell it—your money back if Catarrhzone does not benefit you. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

She laid her face against her mother's breast and sobbed.

"My poor child, what is it?" the older lady asked. "Has Reginald been cruel to you?"

"No, mamma," the bride replied, "it is not that. It is all on account of a terrible discovery. I—"

"Ah," the fond mother exclaimed, "then he did not tell you all before it was too late! Oh, my poor child! Oh, the monster! There is a dark page in his life! Ah, how can man be so base! How!"

"He found the photograph of me sitting in a wash bowl," the stricken one interrupted, "that you had taken for a baby food advertisement!"

Then they sat there, dumb with grief.

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GENEROSITY.

"Do you think republics are ungrateful?" asked the statesman.

"No, sir," answered the professional politician. "If you know how to work it, you can coax as much salary and incidental profit out of a republic as you can out of any form of government I know of. As a matter of fact a republic is one of the easiest institutions on earth."

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AWFUL TRAGEDY.

ATTEMPT TO EXTERMINATE A WHOLE FAMILY.

SEATTLE, Wash., Dec. 7.—Wm. Seaton, aged twenty-two years, formerly of Decatur, Ill., attempted last night to exterminate an entire family of his relatives at South Park, nine miles from Seattle. With an axe he smashed in the heads of four people, leaving them for dead, then shot one man in the back and attempted to kill a deputy sheriff. Before being captured Seaton was shot twice, but not fatally, by Deputy Sheriff Kelly. The only one killed outright was Seaton's uncle, Daniel Richards. Seaton broke in the head of his sister, Mrs. Roy Clark, but her recovery is hoped for. The other victims were two children aged about ten years. The skulls of the little ones were crushed and then the bodies were thrown into a manger in the barn. It was supposed they were dead, but a late report from the county hospital says that the skull of one of the children had been raised and there is hopes of recovery. The other child will undoubtedly die. A man named Kennedy, who got in Seaton's way after the tragedy, was shot in the back, but not seriously. Seaton fired three times at Kelley before Kelley brought him down with a shot which took effect in the head. Seaton told the following story: "I was disgusted with the actions of my sister, and after I had struck her in the head with an axe I came to the conclusion that I might as well make a clean sweep. I smashed the skulls of the children and then threw their bodies into the manger. Returning to the house I saw my uncle asleep on the sofa. I chopped his head almost off." While telling his story Seaton gave no evidence of insanity.

How Are Your Nerves?

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Bill—Did you know old Skinfint?
Jill—Sure.

"Did you know he died?"
"Yes; and he left a lot of money behind him."

"I suppose because he couldn't take it with him."

"You got that right. Among the bequests he left a dollar to each of his brothers."

"And how many brothers did he have?"
"Oh, \$3 worth, I believe."—Yonkers Statesman.

E. W. Grove

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Bill—You can't keep some men down.
Jill—Is that so?

"Certainly it's so. Now, when a man commits his first act in a downward course what do they do with him?"

"Don't know."

"Why, he's immediately sent up, isn't he?"

COOK'S NEW BLOOD PILLS.

"Cats don't go to heaven, do they mamma?"

"No, my dear."

"I know why they don't mamma."

"Because they couldn't enjoy themselves, for there's no nights there."

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