

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 time 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 tonight. Business affairs will keep me down town late.'

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 portraiture 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 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 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.'

Catarrhzone, 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. Polson & 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 is 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 were 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. Slugger 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 Foote twins died easy deaths on infield pop-flies. There we 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, swish 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!' 'Rock you?' Bull Thompson roared. 'Rock you?' 'We'll rock you, stoney 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. Slugger 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. Perry-Davis' Cough Cure 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. Pagwash, Dec 8, to the wife of E P Elliott, a son. Parrboro, Dec 8, to the wife of C Kelly, a daughter. Halifax, Dec 11, to the wife of Arthur Clancey, a son. Newellton, Nov 14, to the wife of Fred Smith, a son. Richibucto, Dec 10, to the wife of John LeBlanc, a son. Richibucto, Dec 11, to the wife of Wm. Harnett, a son. Chatham, Dec 10, to the wife of Hugh Harrison, a son. Parrboro, Dec 10, to the wife of Burton Holmes, a son. Amherst, Dec 12, to the wife of Edmond 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. Parrboro, Dec 7, to the wife of Holford Tucker, a daughter. Amherst, Dec 13, to the wife of Albert Bishop, a daughter. Colchester, Nov 28, to the wife of Willis Rhode, a daughter. Parrboro, Nov 19, to the wife of Wm Moore, a daughter. Amherst, Dec 7, to the wife of Chas Reynolds, a daughter. Oshawa, 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 Creighton, a daughter. Liverpool, Nov 30, to the wife of Sylvanus Daup hney, a son. New Ross Road, Dec 3, to the wife of Freeman Kynock, a son. Chelsea, Dec 2, to the wife of Edward Butler, a daughter. Victoria Mines, C B Dec 6, to the wife of J P Ratchford, a daughter. MARRIED. Salisbury, Nov 29, James Grosz to Adelia Tower. Chicago, Ill, Duncan O MacKay to Blanche Miller. Vancouver, Dec 4, S T Wallace to Carrie Doherty. Campbellton, Dec 5, Robert Smith and Sarah Glover. Hopewell Cape, Dec 5, Geo O Tingley, to Edith Bennett. Linkletter Road, Dec 5, Albert E Wood to Mary J Harvey. Murray River, Dec 23, William J Nicol to Mary J Philie. Halifax, Dec 22, Walter M Gouge to Mary E Keatings. Yarmouth, Dec 6, Edward S Williams to Lois A Clemons. Charlottetown, Dec 13, A B McLeod, to Miss Ethel B Armour. Yarmouth Dec 3rd, Mr William M Smith to Miss Sarah King. Woodstock, Dec 5, Mr William Hussey and Mrs Mary Wort. Watertown, Mass, Nov 29, Albert H Melvin and Helen Marr. Head of River Hebert, Dec 5, Albert Jeffers to Eldora McAlooney. East Whitman, Mass, Nov 29, John A Follansbee to Elizabeth Atkinson. Murray Harbor South, Dec 6, Alex Wm. Van Iderstine to Sarah Macleanna. Westmorland Co., Dec 5th, by Rev J E Tiner, Luther Jones to Edna E Steeves. DIED. Amherst, Dec 9, Agnes Nokes, 30. Halifax, Dec 14, Alex R Henry 26. St John, Dec 17, Wm W Jordan, 63.

St John, Dec 18, John Burns, 74. Chester, Dec 12, Edward Smith, 41. Maine, Nov 29, Daniel Chalmers, 70. Ottawa, Dec 8, Mrs George Everett. Esdraslon, Dec 1, Mr Alex Gillmore. Charlottetown, Dec 8, John King, 62. Ruskin, Dec 6, Wm Sanderson, 62. Scuenecady, N Y, Mary L Lewin, 19. Halifax, Dec 12, Richard O Barry 58. St John, west, Dec 16, John Murphy, Port 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. California, Nov 29, George Dickson, 70. Dartmouth, Dec 14, George W Jackson. Halifax, Dec 14, Capt James Griffin, 78. Vascouver, Dec 10, Mrs Mary Foley, 77. Chatham, Dec 13, Ronald MacLachlan, 74. Gasperaux, Dec 10, Daniel Davidson, 85. Charlottetown, Dec 7, Annie Koughall, 38. Amherst, Dec 9, Mrs Samuel Goldberg, 40. Stanley Bridge, Dec 5, Mabel Goddies, 17. Charlottetown, Mrs Donald Moseacher, 78. Malden, Mass, Dec 2, Jeremiah Simpson, 28. Chelsea, Mass, Dec 3, Margaret Halliday, 64. Harvey, A co, Dec 5, Mrs Gilford Smith, 70. Boston Mass, Dec 15, Mrs Arabella Huestis. Stanley Bridge, Nov 28, Mrs John Mackay, 69. North Rustico, Nov 16, Mrs John Houston, 82. St John Dec 16, Edward Morton L Jamieson, 59. Charlottetown, Dec 9, Mrs Daniel MacDonald, 42. Fairview, Dec 19, Johanna Gertrude McGrath, 10. Flynnton, Dec 4, infant of Mr and Mrs Arch O'neil 1. Kingston, Lot 31, Dec 12, Archibald McFayden, 72. North Beaver Bank, Dec 14, Mrs William Lively, 35. New Prospect, Parrboro, Dec 3, William McRae 38. Moles River, Kent Co, Dec 3, Mrs George Elizabeth 63. Kingston, Kings Co, N S, Nov 28, Mrs Ellen Bruce. Wittenburg Colchester, Nov 29, Miss Charlotte Pulsifer, 80. 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, displacements, inflammations, ulcerations & ulceration of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians sent on application. Write for FREE BOOK. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

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. P. 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 days from starting day. A. J. HEATH, D. P. 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 added to one and one third fare beyond Montreal, good for return until Jan. 20. 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, 7.20. Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.15. Express for Sussex, 16.49. Express for Quebec and Montreal, 17.05. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 22.1. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax, Verdun, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex, 8.30. Express from Quebec and Montreal, 12.40. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene, 16.00. 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 TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.