

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1893.

THE GRODER DYSPESIA CURE CO., Ltd.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating what Groder's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

I eat as I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now, I sleep as sound as a child, I do all my own work without the aid of a servant and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it at all before taking Groder's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing so valuable a remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me, I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE.

At the Ball.

Continued from Front Page.

Well, well, I have an idea all the same that if he could have brought himself to overlook her origin—her grandfather a clod-hopper, her father a day laborer—to overlook the fact that she didn't belong to us by right, that she was like any other mushroom growth, Jack Murray would have been before the Prince here.

Just then the girl on the other side of the rose-curtain, trembling ever so little, raised her head to Jack Murray's shoulder, as space cleared, and their turn in the dance came, took the time of the tune, and slipped away.

Do you mind those tabbies? asked Jack Murray, as he clasped her.

Oh, no. Why should I? To be sure.

One must pay the penalty of one's indiscretions, she said. If I had not listened, I should not have heard. What does it matter any way? You would not suppose those women had young daughters of their own.

But as she swam on in the dance, with the beating of the dream music, the flashing of the recurrent colors, the heavy breath of the blossoms, she noted none of these things she loved so much in her girl's nature, wondering what was this, those tabbies, as he called them, had said of Jack Murray, as they sipped and tasted behind the rose-curtain? In earnest? Why shouldn't he be in earnest? In earnest about what? Whoever heard of Jack Murray being in earnest about anything?

Handsome, careless Jack Murray, pulling now at his mustache as they paused, and looking at her with an absent-minded gaze as if he saw not her, but the coast of France behind her. But what did it matter to her heart bubbling with her own happiness; tender words ringing in her ears; a kiss yet warm and pulsing on her lips.

Yet the gossip she had just now heard, and that look in Jack Murray's dark eyes, made her remember a time in those days of delight when she first came home to Mrs. de Morne's, where Jack Murray was, so to say, the pillar of the house, and he had found occasion to say to her, and the shock of it had been cruel.

When a girl comes into this world of the privileged few, a pretty girl, a girl with a great fortune, but a girl sprung from nowhere and nobody, she must be wise enough to hold herself well in hand.

What do you mean, Mr. Jack? she had asked, defiantly, over the great basket of orchids that had just been handed to her.

I mean, he answered, that she will be married for her money, not for her good looks, or for anything else at all, and that she should never let any nonsense of love get the better of her. If a prince married her, she might allow herself to love—if she could. She might allow herself to love him with some chance and security of happiness in love, for he could marry her for herself. He would be the only one who could afford it. But any other husband, she would have to remember always, was brought by money to her feet, that he was purchasable, and so a rather contemptible whelp.

grandmothers would rise in their respectable old graves, if I married with blood less blue than that they have given me. Blue blood in this country! Felicia had retorted.

At any rate, he said blood traceable through—

All its gutters! she cried hotly. He laughed at her spirit.

I am not laughing at you, he said; I am giving you advice, disinterested advice. No, fortunately I am not purchasable. My worthy mamma and her daughters would lead anyone, any—any woman of the people, you know, a pretty dance if I should marry her—poor thing! I shall hardly give them the chance. I have a weakness for blue blood myself.

He had not, perhaps, known at that early time, either accurately or fully her previous condition, or he would not have been so brutal; he was amusing himself then with her surprise and anger. She recalled it all in a flash, as she saw him looking at her in this way now. But such a thing as that could not pain her to night, although that glance puzzled her.

He might well have looked at her, and have seen nothing else for the dazzlement of it all; her perfect shape, outlined in the white velvet, all whose front was covered with a golden network that seemed to flow from a knot of rubies at the breast; and in each mesh of which glittered a diamond spark, giving an indescribable sheeny splendor to every movement, to every breath, and making her look, as the light streamed over her, like some young goddess.

But Jack Murray was one of those imperturbable fellows who have the air of having had a history, and yet who have never been known in an affair; whom women had long ago given over any idea of charming; his praise, fame to any debutante, his indifference something to be overcome; so entirely master of himself as to be allowed a degree of mastery over others, which, in anyone else would be impudence if not insolence.

Well, she thought now, as she adjusted her glove, he was amusing himself now too. For all that those women had chattered why should she suppose he was more in earnest about her now than ever before, than about all the other women who had smiled on him?

He had been you might almost say, a part of Mrs. de Morne's establishment, going and coming ever since she had entered it; and Mrs. de Morne's home was hers since she came from school. He was a fact of the universe; he had, indeed all but coached her; he had told her what was desirable and what was to be avoided, and now the idea of anyone supposing he meant anything by it at all.

She hated to remember it; it seemed a sacrilege; but still she would confess to herself that there had been a time, when she first knew Jack, that if he had meant anything—if his glance had been any tenderer for her than for other girls, any more lingering, she herself—

An well, young girls were fools, she said. She could have loved Jack Murray. Yes she recalled the possibility; it was never anything but a possibility thank heaven!—yet a blush of shame mounted her forehead now at the thought of it.

She had known from an early day that he regarded her as at an immeasurable distance of birth and breeding and would as soon have thought of allying himself with the cook's assistant.

Yet she would have made him a good wife—a faithful, loving wife. But, as it was, she had never let herself go; she had never really cared; she had observed that advice of his and she thanked goodness for it.

And then, those tender words, sounding in memory, were ringing in her ears again, and it was her turn to be taken out in the figure by another.

Well, she said, when she came back, you, perhaps, see the Azores, but are you quite sure you make out the coast of France?

I was looking further, he said; at the Transylvania mountains, at the Castle Hegeralya, and the Tokay vineyards there. Don't look surprised; I have been there. It is a real castle, and they are real vineyards, where wine for kings is grown. Arpad Hegeralya is a real prince, and a prince of good fellows, too, and those diamond sparks in your array are a mere dust beside the jewels the Princess Hegeralya will wear.

color that stayed there afterwards as if sunshine had fallen through a rose upon her cheek. He pulled his mustache more savagely, though, directly.

She is happy when she is in that fellow's arms, he muttered. I thought she was different from the others. But they're all alike. Affections are dust in the balance beside a title.

Qu'as tu, mon pauvre Jack? asked Mrs. de Morne. Is it that there is not a friend left in the world?

Philosophical observations on society, that is all!

Be less philosophical, if it so spoils play. If you will not dance yourself, let others dance, Felicia, for example. Look at her. She reminds me of a sunbeam on water, she glitters so, she floats so. Ah, she is young! What a thing it is to be young!

And to be happy.

I should think, to hear you, you grudge the dear girl her happiness.

Only, he said, between his teeth—only to make it myself.

Just then the one with whom she had been dancing drew aside the curtain of woven roses, deep crimson, palest pink, and white and golden, holding it in an appreciable moment, with his head bent and his eyes fell upon her, while the light, sifting through the flowers, shed, for that instant, all the colors over her, gleaming and glancing in her jewels, and then Felicia and he stepped behind it into the banqueting room.

Isn't it the dowry this time, murmured Jack. Hearts are trumps, and I should like to break his neck for him! And she? Will she sell her soul for the coronet of a princess?

To be sure, Arpad Hegeralya was something more than a title, with his strength and stature like that of his unconquerable old Slav ancestors, with their spirit looking out his clear eagle's eye, with the gentleness of mothers of some southern race in his manner, with his voice of music, his air of courtesy, his bearing of command. Yes, he was a prince among men, and wore his purple by right divine.

And yet Jack had thought, till Hegeralya came upon the scene, that the fruit was ripe for his own hand, that he had but to make the motion, and it was his, and he had been dallying as he had dallied through all his five-and-thirty years, enjoying the present moment too much to bring about the next, uncertain if, after all, he really—really—And now he was ready to curse the delay that had not made sure of every thing while he might, that had not made this perfect creature his, blue blood or not to the contrary, the spirit that had never let care enough for anything to make it his by any effort!

It was in the swift moment when Jack Murray was thinking these thoughts—having left Mrs. de Morne's side when the two returned from their stay in the banquet-room and having had to endure a fusillade from Charlie Exminster and Deshon about his funeral face in a banquet room, that a sudden cry, a sudden movement, and a sudden clashing stop of of the music, were followed by the instantaneous thrust of a powerful arm and he saw that one of the huge silver chandeliers with its hundred lights had fallen down its chains just over his head, a weight and a blow that would have cast him into outer darkness, but for the powerful arm that had seized and sent it in another line, sliding to the floor in a directing grasp, relieved at once by the throng of guests and servants that sprang to help. Hold it and extinguish the lights before harm could be done.

It was the affair of an instant; but in that instant Jack saw from what he had been saved, and who had saved him, and saw Felicia looking at them both with a sparkle in her eyes—was it of terror at his danger, or of admiration of the arm and soul that had averted it.

He had a chance to ask her the question himself, somewhat later in the night when, in a convenient pause of the cotillion, he wandered with her into the conservatory, and brought her an ice, and sat by her in a corner sheltered by some thick banana-trees.

There was still the flush upon her cheek the smile about the corner of the perfect mouth the light like a violet planet's a beam of the light that never was on sea or shore in those wide innocent eyes of hers, that he had seen when she was dancing.

Could it be possible that such a being was only one of the rabble of American girls mad for titles, possessed of an idiotic romanticism which made them fancy some peculiar virtue inherent in a tiara?

I suppose, he said that heroic deeds can be done in a ball room as well as on a battle field. And you feel like giving the strong, right hand its reward? An action done through native heroism is its own reward, she said quietly.

you suppose that a prince of the noblest nobility in all Europe is other than playing with you? That he really wishes to marry you?

She hesitated a moment. But Jack Murray had been the confidant of the house, and why not have it out now?

I know he does, she said, calmly, and went on with her ice.

I suppose to Dann millions will not be unacceptable even to—

You flatter me, she said.

You think he would lay the Hegeralya princelom at your feet if—

If I were a poor girl, as those women remarked? I think we won't discuss it.

Pardon me, I think we will. It is a matter of some moment to me. I have been your friend too long to be thrust aside.

That is true, she said.

But she looked up a little annoyed at his tone, and still more so at his glance.

Why shouldn't I ask you? I have a right to frankness from you. Are you going to accept Prince Hegeralya?

Since you have a right to frankness—I have accepted him.

He started, in spite of himself.

But in a moment. Do you expect to be happy? he asked.

Why not?

Can you bear the contumely, the contempt, the bare surferance of that nobility, who will resent your existence, and, having to receive you, will scorn you?

Will it be worse than the scorn of the high-bred dames who share your blue blood? dames who share your blue blood? she laughed. The Princess Hegeralya can bear much, she said.

That is it, then! That is why I ask! Felicia, are you selling yourself for this coronet, this title—for the sake of being called a Princess? Will it give you anything in the way of enjoyment which you haven't now, or cannot have with your own wealth? Will castles, hunting lodges, palaces, be more than so many gilded cages, under the conditions in which you will live in them? Can a free American girl breathe while in the air and intrigues of courts? Is there any title on earth, warming with his own eloquence and bitterness, so lofty, so noble as that of an American? Don't you agree with me, as she was still silent, that to be an American citizen is to have compassed the last and fullest point in civilization, beyond the reach and power of princely or other titles and coronets.

Shall I answer your questions categorically Mr. Jack, one by one, before they are too many, or shall I answer them en masse, as it were? she said lightly and laughing; yet with something a little ominous in the glitter of her eye, and a certain heart-beating to be divined from the tumultuous glistening of the jeweled meshes of her dress. Strictly speaking perhaps, I should not answer them at all. Is there not almost an impertinent liberty taken in asking them?

There can be no impertinence between friends! he exclaimed.

Well then let me see, she laughed. Where did you begin? Am I selling myself? No. Will I have more happiness than I can have through my own wealth? Yes. Will my home seem like a prison? Never. Can I breathe the air of intrigues and courts? The Princess Hegeralya will have nothing to intrigue for. Is there any title given among men loftier than that of a free American? It depends altogether upon the American. Can I bear the contumelious lip of nobles to the manner born? I am an American sovereign myself, prouder than all and any of them. Do I agree with you that civilization has nothing finer than the possibilities afforded in being born an American, and that a man who is an American citizen should be on a higher plane than that of any titled dignity whatever? I do. Let me think—was there anything else? Isn't this rather serious business for a ball room?

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Yes, it was a foolish speech. I forgave it long ago. We are the best of friends I hope.

How beautiful she was, with the calm gaze of her starry eyes, the unwonted flush upon the cheek, the sweetness of the serious mouth, the flicker and glitter of her dress like a separating atmosphere.

Is it too late—is it too late, Felicia, to be more! he murmured, passionately, his hungry eyes more eloquent than he

She did not heed the question, but sat listening to the music of the wild Hungarian waltzes that stole with a muffled melody about them. Then she rose and looked in the direction of the dance. But she paused and was silent for the space of a few heartbeats, while he still surveyed her.

To a woman, Mr. Jack, said Felicia, after a moment, one is neither a noble nor a peasant, a patriot or a citizen of the world. He is a prince he is a backwoodsman. It is all the same; he is her lover.

You are marrying Prince Hegeralya with that thought? he asked hoarsely.

I am marrying Prince Hegeralya, said she, looking up with an enchanting smile, because I love him. Then she turned, and in quite another tone, she said: Shall we go back now? That ice was quite refreshing. When I was a child, at my play, piping wells with the little German children, or riding on a log in a saw-mill, I should have thought it a morsel for the gods, if I had ever known of gods. I am afraid that we have missed a figure. Did you ever hear such music out of Eden.

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