· Commence of the same

#### Literature.

### MILLIONAIRE.

Maimie Wrottesley dreaded the interview, yet she would not have foregone it. Even to hear from Ralph's lips what she knew she was going to hear was -well, a pleasure. But it was danger-

She was in her own room when her maid came to tell her that Mr. Ruyton had called. She was fingering the necklace of pearls that Mr. Donald Ferguson had sent her last week just as a trifling birthday present. It had cost hundreds, said the jeweller to whom her proud mother had shown it casually. There was also the little gold watch with the monogram M. W. wrought in diamonds on the back. That had arrived on Christmas Eve, an hour or two before Mr. Ferguson himself.

"It's no good," sighed Maimie; "it has got to be. Poor Ralph must see it."

Then she went down to "poor Ralph." He was standing gazing raptly at Maimie's latest photograph. It was in a gold frame, the frame the gift to Mrs. Wrottesley of the inevitable Mr. Ferguson.

"She deserves to be mounted in gold, and in gold she shall be mounted if you will allow me," Mr. Ferguson had said; and of course Maimie's mother had no objection.

"Mr. Ruyton," Maimie whispered. He turned and showed her his sadden-

ed face. "It's got to that, has it?" he said. "After being 'Ralph' for about a score of

years, too." "My dear old boy," then said Maime, impulsively, "circumstances have got to

be-accepted, and it's no use thinking anything else." "So I suppose. Circumstances embellished by about a million or so sterling." "You have no right to reproach me like

that!" "No?" Then I reckon no one has that right. However (Ralph pulled himself together and looked the gallant fellow he was) as I have no intention of surrendering without a murmur, let me say my little word and depart."

"What have you got to say?" asked Maimie. Her voice trembled ever so slightly.

"Why just this, Mainie, if you will excuse the liberty I take with your name: I love you as fondly as man can love a woman, and if I do not marry you I suppose I shall go single to the grave. But that wouldn't matter much, I expect. The main thing is this: I've had a lift in my department and my income is now eight hundred pounds per annum. On that, if you would look on me with favor

He hesitated. In spite of his restrained, half ironical humor the yearning tone got into his words.

"It is impossible, Ralph; quite impos-

sible." Ralph shrugged his shoulders.

"So I supposed," he remarked. "You may as well have my scalp, though. I've been told ladies enjoy these conquests when their sere-and-yellow-leaf time comes."

"You are cruel," murmured Maimie,

tearfully. "Am I? Then I apologize. Until three months ago I was under the impression that we were all the world to each other and that a suitable income was the only hindrance to me as an acceptable

suitor for your dear hand." "I never said so."

"No. It was your mother. Therefore I will infer nothing. Good by."

Maimie's blue eyes had tears in them. She knew now what this parting meant to her as well as to him. She did not put her hand into his for a moment or two. She did not even look at him.

It was not without a strong effort that Ralph kept from taking her in his arms in spite of everything. Those tears maddened him.

"Good-by, Maimie," he said again, "and good luck."

"Good-by, Ralph," she then replied. with a muffled sob in her throat. His hand closed upon her's and held it while

he could have counted ten." "I do not despair," he said, "for I both

suspect and hate my rival." There was a rustle of silk and in sailed Mrs. Wottesley. She had heard these last words and was angry.

"My daughter will marry Mr. Ferguson next month," she said with the stoniness of demeanor that must have reconciled her late husband to his early demise. "There can be no question of rivalry in this matter. Good afternoon, Mr. Ruyton. Ring the bell, Maimie, dear."

Ralph Ruyton went back to town both irritated and depressed. Not being a very original young man he could think of no more original way of fighting the great Donald Ferguson, late of Melbourne and Coolgardie, than of calling in the aid of a detective.

Mr. James Porter, the detective he engaged, encouraged him mightily by not laughing when he heard all Ralph had to say.

"You see," said Ralph, apologetically, "there's nothing really against him that I know of, but-"

"But there's a very large field of possibilities. Quite so. When does this

marriage take place?"

Ralph, dismally.

"We must thank Heaven for the in- t. ventions of telegraphy. You wish no ex- grapenses spared?"

plied Ralph.

city immediately. If Mr. Ferguson has any virtues and any failings I shall certainly hear of them there."

"Then I may really hope?" "To the extent of the few hundreds you can afford to spend in the matter,

Mr. Ruyton," said the detective. In these words there seemed to Ralph, after the expiration of a week, no encour-

Mr. Porter had absolutely nothing to tell him in derogation of Mr. Ferguson's pocket which had, perhaps, naturally ap-

peared his only assailable side. "I wish, sir," said the detective, "that my credit was as good as this Australian gentleman's. Folks smack their lips when they speak of him."

"Whereat Ralph groaned. "We may as well stop, then," he mur-

But Mr. Porter waved his hand in

rather a superior manner. "You just leave it with me," he said. "We're not done with him yet. I'll tell

And so Ralph went his way with a shoulder shrug and made all manner of foolish mistakes at the office, for the nearer Maimie's wedding day approached the less he was able to live like the promising young man he had been accountedbefore Mr. Donald Ferguson came on the

The last week arrived.

The impending marriage had been mending gown had been described in two or my dear?" three of 'the ladies' weeklies. Ralph's own particular chums, who knew how hard he was hit, had done their best with him-and failed. They could not con-Grimsby market. Neither could they rest.' persuade him that Maimie Wrottesley was a heartless minx and worth no true man's adoration.

Meanwhile Mr. Porter had not been

him. He has written and received no

the good detective, who preferred not to see Ralph until he had hit what he was aiming at, or was positive he never could hit it. Mr. Porter was, in fact, 'not at home' to Mr. Ralph Ruyton.

This, if Ralph could have known it. would have been yet one more of those pleasant arrows which the fates just then took delight in shooting at him.

As it was, he thought comparatively man at the office the next day. little about the detective and all about Maimie.

He had seen her and the Coolgardie man driving together (with Mrs. Wrottesley) in the Row, and he had seen them together in a Bond street shop. If he could judge by Maimie's face, she was prodigiously happy. And he did so

judge. Mrs. Wrottesley was wiser, She knew better. Now that the marriage was only three days distant this astute lady felt sure that nothing could keep her from being mother-in-law to a millionaire. But instinct told her so much that was in her daughter's mind that she longed intensely for the quick and safe transit of

these last three days. Needless anxiety you would have thought if you could have seen the marriage ceremony, which was duly celebrated with all the pomp exacted of the rich by Dame Fashion. There was not a hitch anywhere. True, Maimie was very pale, and once held her hand to her heart. But other brides did the same thing, and were not a whit less happy for it as wives.

Then came the breakfast, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were carried north.

Maimie hankered after the lakes for a honeymoon, said her mamma, and so Mr. Ferguson had engaged rooms at a Windermere hotel.

Matters had got thus far, indeed, ere Mr. Porter obtruded himself upon the unhappy Ralph. The latter was at the office, after an ineffectual luncheon, when the detective appeared.

"Well, Mr. Por-" Ralph was beginning with great irony, when the other stopped him.

"There's no time for talk, sir," he ex claimed, "come with me at once."

"But do you know--" "I know everything. That confounded ship only came in at eleven o'clock this morning, and I couldn't trust my

best to charter a special for us all." The detective spoke with unction. He enjoyed his clients surprise immeasur-

documents until then, I've thought it

hansom," he added. "The others are all ready at Euston."

It was Ralph's turn to feel faint. were better for him than sal volatile.

case," ran Porter's tale. I learned that quainted with another who had been from a Melbourne man who knew the parties. He vowed Ferguson was married to her eight years ago. That was They had picked her fellow up on the what he had to establish, and it's taken some doing, I can tell you, in the time.

"Up to a few hundred, you know," re- The wife herself and her eldest boy are evidence against the man, except what at Euston. She has the certificate, and she could give. Consequently he was ac-"Very good. Then I will be off to the the lad's face tells its own tale. Oh, it's quitted. I believe if we had been able just a beautiful bit of piecing throughout, to obtain evidence against him, he would and all we have uo do is to fix up the likewise have been sentenced to be hangrogue about supper time."

Ralph's feelings may be imagined. Happily there was no difficulty about the train. It could be so managed that carrying Maimie and ithe man who was

not her husband.

need he said except this: Maimie came near wishing there could be a collision, with her death as one of the consequenment was cast ruthlessly aside between no means the conventionally happy wife on her wedding day when she was invited to leave the train for the luxurious car-

riage that was awaiting them. But at the hote, much to the manager's chagrin, a dramatic scene had been prepared for them.

The millionaire's face was wreathed in smiles as he handed Maimie across the you soon enough when it's a hopeless threshold.

"At last!" he exclaimed.

exclaimed "Father!"

The next moment he started and swore. A woman and a boy had approached him. "Donald!" said the former and the boy

The woman's eyes were tear-stained and reproachful. They did not look at Maimie, however. "This is a plot, Who is in it?" then

cried the millionaire. He glanced at Maimie, whose agitation was unmistaktioned in the papers and Maimie's wed- able. "You don't believe this nonsense,

But Maimie only looked at the boy; that sufficed.

"I'm in it, Mr. Donald Ferguson, at your service," then said Mr. Porter, vince him that there were as good fish | handing the millionaire his card. "Furleft in the North Sea as any that reached | thermore, I have to place you under ar-

> Ralph stepped forward, trembling, with eyes for Maimie and no one else. "Maimie," he murmured, "shall I take you home?"

But for answer the bride who was no Ralph had called twice and not seen | bride could only stammer, "Oh Ralph!" and faint into his arms.

When she recovered her senses, Mr. The truth was that his client irritated | Ferguson was out of Westmorland and she was being excellently cared for by a sympathetic domestic.

The next morning Mrs. Wrottesley appeared on the scene in a prodigious rage. Nor was her rage much abated by the resignation-even bright resignation-of Maimie under this terrible blow.

As for Ralph, he had hurried back to town in the night, and was a changed

After the formal dissolution of the marriage that was no marriage even Mrs. Wrottesley thought her daughter might as well marry Ralph.

And neither Ralph nor Maimie cared for the slight slur that the Ferguson affair had cast upon the latter as a candi date for a husband.

There is nothing harder for a young mother than to find herself suddenly so placed that she is unable to come and go freely, as was her wont in the early married days before the baby came, while the father comes and goes as ever, and is not tied down at : ll. The father mus be very patient and sympathetic while the mother adjusts herself to this new life of hers, as a sweet woman soon will learn to do, for if he is thought less here he is planting seeds of failure which will grow to gigantic proportions. He must keep in touch with the mother in these days, that they may walk together later, and all through even to the end. -February Ladies' Home Journal.

## TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

Contributed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Hampstead, N. B.

Rise up ye Women that are at Ease

SAMPLES OF WHAT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

I could tell the Commissioners any number of cases showing the evils of the use of liquor, but the recital of them would take a much longer time than the Commissioners can give me. I will mention, however, three instances showing the evils of liquor. I have been instrumental in having two men sent to the penitentiary lately, one for conspiracy and perjury. Liquor brought these parties to that position. The next instance I would mention is that of a man in prison for highway robbery. Liquor brought him to it. The third man killed another in the penitentiary, and he himself was "I'll explain it as we go along in the hanged in the jail at Montreal. Liquor brought him to it.

There is another case I may mention where a woman respectably connected, However, Mr. Porter's subsequent words | became separated from her husband through drink. Ultimately she was sent "There was another woman in the to jail, and while there she became acmarried like herself. On leaving the prison she visited that woman one day. street. They sent for liquor. The husband of the woman who was living in the "In five or six weeks, I suppose," said However, they're a wide-awake lot in house went out. The two women and

and thanks quite as much to the man then got drinking and a quarrel true (who has a mighty fine ensued. One woman took an axe and t Ferguson) as to your hun- cut the head off the other and put it in a dreds, ... uyton, everything's clear. trunk. We arrested her. We had no ed, and no doubt the two would have been hanged the next morning. That very morning, at the very time the woman would have been hanged, he was this special arrived even before the other drowned at the Grand Trunk basin. The woman was sent to penitentiary for life.

Another case I may mention is that of Of the journey in both cases nothing a man, his wife and family. The parents were notorious drunkards and they had several children. They were so poor that the corporation cut off their water. ces. Mr. Ferguson's veneer of refine- It was very cold weather at this time of which I am speaking. They got drunk ed their clothes and other things over the were three and five, were found in the make a restful footbath.

morning by the neighbors locked in each other's arms, apparently as if they had been trying to keep each other warm, and they were frozen to the floor. They her drink .- From the evidence of Chief It will do most good. Detective Andrew Cullen of Montreal before the Royal Commission.

The best treatment for tired feet is a London and Windermere. She was by one day and began to quarrel, and scatter- to which a good sized lump of ordinary bring lower returns. Why then when floor. Two children, I believe their ages of bran in the bathing water will also permit dir anywhere in or about your

Poorly Fattened Poultry.

. It is impossible to walk through the markets at any time without seeing large were, of course, dead. There was so much | quantities of poorly fattened turkeys, ice that the neighbors had to get warm fowl and chickens. It is seldom that one water before they could take them from sees a poorly fattened hog in the market. the floor. The father and mother were If it pays to stuff with corn a hog that also lying on the floor, with their hands | won't net its feeder five cents a pound and feet frozen. I saw them in the hos- dressed, why isn't it good business sense pital; the man had his fingers frozen and to use some of that corn to fatten a bird the woman had her toes frozen. Some- that will bring twice as much per pound? time afterwards I was in a corner Will the same corn make twice as many grocery and she came limping in and got | pounds of pork as poultry? If not, it drink there. She did not care; she had would seem wiser to put the core where

.If dirt gets in the milk, you cannot strain it out or brush it out. It is there to stay, to make mischief in the milk, taints in the butter, and only a poor quality of prolonged nightly footbath in tepid water, cheese. In every case your products will washing soda may be added. A handful you know what the result will be, do you

WITHOUT CHARGE.

# End-of-the-Zentuny

AN EXTRAORDINARILY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

FOR LESS THAN THE

300 PAGE BOOK

FIRST, and properly, in making a choice of reading for the home you select your own home paper. However good may be the reading of other papers, there is none that comes home so closely to you as your local weekly. It is to further increase this interest by adding to our lists that the following liberal proposition is made to subscribers. We have been careful to form combinations only where we knew we were touching safe ground and could thoroughly recommend the publications offered. Read carefully every word of this offer for it means a saving of money to you.

# eca CDC aca

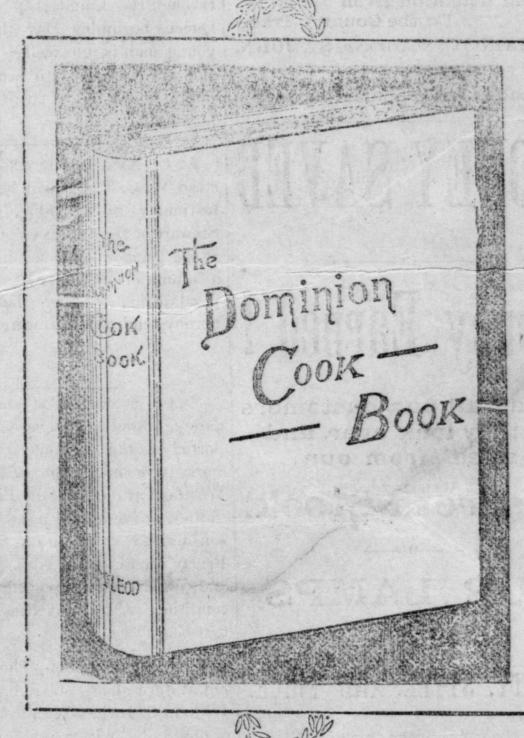
A GREAT METROPOLITAN DAILY

YIE are pleased to announce that we have been able to make most extraordinarily liberal arrangements with the publishers of one of the greatest of Canadian dailies-The Montreal Daily Herald.

The Herald has achieved a well-deserved reputation for the remarkable value it gives its readers. It is one of the most enterprising newspapers in the Dominion, and in thousands of home circles is welcomed on account of the great interest it manifests in subjects of special interest to the family. It is admittedly the favorite daily of the women of Canada. To the farmer and business man, it appeals through its accurate market reports and business columns. To the young men, through the attention it bestows on clean, manly sport. To the lover of fiction, through the excellent stories appearing regularly in its columns. To the politician, through the calm and moder-

ate tone of its editorial expressions. The only reason which prompted the publishers of The Herald to make us the offer, which enables us to club the two papers at the extraordinarily low price given below is their desire to immediately introduce the Daily Herald in large numbers in this neighborhood. The offer they now make will hold good for a limited time only.

It should be mentioned that subscribers to The Herald during the next few months will enjoy to the full the opportunity which that paper is offering to all readers to secure valuable books at merely nominal figures.



The . . . A Copy for Every Subscriber

N the best sense of the term this is an Ideal Cook Book-ideal in being a practical book-a book which the housewife will want to keep constantly by her side and can depend on, because of the simplicity and reliability of every recipe. Starting with a chapter on soups, naturally the first course, throughout its three hundred pages and over there are to be found more than 1,000 recipes, winding up with an excellent chapter on sick room cookery. Following the cookery section there is a department entitled "The Doctor," in which are recipes selected from eminent arthorities, and which will be found invaluable where the doctor is not readily available. The recipes are numbered throughout the book, and each is prefaced with a list of the ingre-

dients called for by the recipe, rendering it unnecessary for the housewife to read through the entire recipe and make calculation of what is wanted. Size of page is 5 inches by 8 inches, bound in handsome oilcloth covers. It would be a mistake to confuse this book with any paper-bound cook book that would go to pieces in no time.

## OUR BIG OFFER

an Ideal Local Paper, every week, from the present date to January 1, 1901...... \$1 00

THE MONTREAL DAILY HERALD, One Year ...... 3 00 THE DOMINION COOK BOOK, over 300 pages and more than 1,000 recipes, bound substantially in white cilcloth....

100 \$5 00 THIS

Wisdom suggests taking advantage of this offer quickly. If you are now a subscriber to either paper, and your time has not yet expired, by taking advantage of our big offer promptly, your subscription will be extended one year from date of expiry. Everything will go to you at once. The Herald, during the closing months of 1899, will make some wonderfully liberal offers to subscribers. The Cook Book is mailed to you promptly on receipt of order, and coming along Fair Time and Thanksgiving Day, and later Christmas and New Year's, you want this book beside you. Drop into the office the first time you are in town, or, if more convenient, sit down now and write a letter, enclosing amount, and everything will have our wrompt attention.

all communications to

Jas. A. Stewart, Gagetown, N B