

## MAJ. GWYNNE'S SISTER.

"It is quite useless waiting for me, Fred. It will take at least an hour to overhaul my machine and adjust those confounded bearings. You'd better run on to St. Albans and order a rattling good dinner for two at the George. By the time it's ready, I shall be with you again."

"It will be better than hanging about here when I can do no good," I agreed. "It was a nasty spill, and you may think yourself lucky to have got off with nothing worse than a few bruises and a little delay. 'Pon my word, I was afraid our tour was already at an end. Trust to me, Harry, old fellow, to have all ready for the inner man."

"Aye, I'll trust you for that," retorted my cyclist chum, Harry Holmes, as I gripped the handle-bar of my machine and vaulted into the saddle. "And not having to listen to your edifying remarks concerning my appearance, I shan't, perhaps, be so long repairing damages as you think."

With this friendly piece of parting banter, to spur me on, I pressed the pedals in earnest, and the next moment was speeding along the high road to St. Albans, distant some six miles.

I had traversed half the distance, when rounding a curve in the road I observed a lady cyclist a short distance ahead. Apparently something had gone wrong with her mount, for she was standing with it propped up by the side of the road, and was viewing surrounding objects with an air of evident dejection.

True to the spirit which prompts every cyclist to help another in distress, I slackened speed, and as I drew near, noticed that the lady was both young and pretty—a discovery which at once made the impressionable heart beat that she might be glad to avail herself of my services in some way or other.

My wishes in this respect were speedily gratified, for as I dismounted and politely inquired if anything had gone wrong with her machine, the young lady's face became suffused with the most winning of smiles.

"Oh, thank you, so very much, sir," was the response, spoken with the slightest trace of frigidity. "I must confess that I'm in a wretched fix. The handle-bar of my machine has become loose, and I haven't a tool of any description that will tighten up the nut. And to make matters worse, my brother, Maj. Gwynne, has lost me—or, I suppose, I have lost him; and I'm afraid he hasn't the least idea of my plight in such a bad one."

"Oh, we'll very soon set things right," I said, reassuringly, and the look of gratitude bestowed upon me made me think that I had never before met with so charming or so handsome a girl as this Miss Gwynne.

Whipping out my spanner, I adjusted it, and proceeded to tighten up the loose nut of the steering-bar. I noticed that the young lady's machine was anything but a good one. In fact, I was quietly telling myself what an inferior and old-fashioned mount it was, for so winsome and apparently well-to-do a rider, when, to my dismay, the screw broke short off and the nut attached to it rolled in the road.

"Now, here's a pretty go!" I blurted out, reddening with mingled confusion and vexation. What ever shall we do now, Miss Gwynne?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," was the reply, uttered in tones of consternation, which almost overwhelmed me, and made me call myself everything the reverse of complimentary. "And it must be at least twenty miles from home too; and my brother will, I am quite certain, never trouble himself to turn back to look for me. He'll simply keep on driving ahead. But, there, I suppose he is just like other brothers—quite useless as escorts."

"Well, I've landed you in this scrape, and you must allow me to see you out of it, that's all."

Secretly, I began to feel rather glad, as I perceived what a pleasant duty had suddenly involved upon me, and for the time, at all events, my chum Holmes was quite forgotten.

"But what can either of us do? You can't pick me up and give me a ride. Yours isn't a bicycle built for two, you know," and the young lady laughed with such perfect good humour that I felt quite at my ease again.

"I sincerely wish it was for once," I returned, boldly, and then, as she turned a pair of bright, laughing eyes upon me, I blushed at my unusual temerity, while I was growing positively eager to become the slave of this fair cyclist.

"I can only suggest," I added, "that as you are so far from home you will allow me to see you to some hotel while I try to get a new bolt and nut. Possibly you can tell me of a likely place to put up for an hour or two, as I am a stranger about here. I can easily manage to wheel your machine and my own along."

There's one great objection to such a thing," she said, after a pause. "The fact is, Dick—I mean my brother Maj. Gwynne—has left me without a penny in my pocket." She colored up charmingly at the confession, and went on: "Of course he doesn't know that and it's my own fault. I often go out without bringing my purse, but I declare I never will again."

She gave a little laugh as if to conceal her vexation, and added: "And so I can't accept your kind suggestion."

"On the contrary," I returned, more eager still, "it is a greater reason why I should not desert you, especially as your predicament is entirely due to my carelessness. You don't know how annoyed I am at having rendered your machine useless, and, under the circumstances, I feel in honor bound to repair the mischief; and if you will afford me the happiness of seeing you made comfortable, I can,

no doubt, very soon get your mount put right."

"Oh, but if I allow you to spend anything upon me it must only be as a loan. No, please don't interrupt—My brother must, and will, be only too happy to settle with you. Besides," the girl continued, with a smile, "whatever would he say to me if I allowed a perfect stranger to spend money upon me?"

"He'd say it served me right for my carelessness. But you will allow me, then, to see you made comfortable somewhere while I try to repair damages?"

"Really, I don't see what else I can do, under the circumstances," was the answer, with a little sigh, as if of regret. Then, with a light laugh and a mock-menacing tone, she added: "Oh, but won't I make it warm for brother Dick when we meet. A deal he cares about me. You see, he hasn't even troubled to run back to find out whether I've broken my neck or not—and, between you and me, he hates the idea of lost ground. But let us be moving, Mr.—"

A little hesitation, some apparent embarrassment, one half-shy glance at me, and my heart was no longer my own. I knew I was, even already, madly in love with pretty Miss Gwynne.

"Fred Brandon—quite at your service."

"Well, Mr. Brandon, there's a turning half a mile down the road which will take us to just the place we want. Then you will be able to run on to St. Albans to get what you need for my machine. There's no place nearer, and I'm afraid you will be very glad when you have done with such a very troublesome companion as I am proving."

"On the contrary, quite a pleasant interruption to my journey," I gallantly ventured, and I really thought that Miss Gwynne was the most charming and unconventional girl I had ever met. In fact, we presently reached the inn she had spoken of, all too soon to suit my newly-awakened emotions.

I found, on inquiry, that I could reach St. Albans quicker by taking some short cuts across the fields than by riding round the road, and so I determined to leave my machine at the inn. As for poor Harry, I was by this time utterly oblivious of his existence.

Looking in upon Miss Gwynne before leaving the house, I found her already enjoying an appetizing repast—a sight which momentarily gave me some qualms of conscience concerning the dinner I had promised my chum should be ready for him by the time he reached the George.

"Pardon me, Miss Gwynne," said I. "I haven't had a chance to settle with the landlord yet, and he may look for payment before my return. Except for a few coppers, this note, as it happens, is the smallest amount I have about me; so pray accept it as the loan, which you say you will insist upon, your brother, Maj. Gwynne, returning."

I delicately placed a £5 note upon the table, and then, blushing furiously at the rather curious look accorded me—which I recalled soon afterward—I hastened from the room.

Having procured what I wanted at St. Albans, I was back well under the two hours. Of Miss Gwynne, however, I could see no trace.

"Oh, the lady went soon after you left sir," said the landlord, in answer to my interrogations. "She said you'd know which way she'd gone, and she would take her brother's bicycle, as you'd arranged to come back for hers and to settle up with me."

"What?" I fairly gasped, "gone off on my machine—said I was her brother? And left me to settle up? Why, what on earth are you raving about man?"

"Ain't raving at all," snapped the landlord, eyeing me suspiciously. "But—but—I hope it's all right, She—"

"Hope it's all right," I interrupted, furiously. "It's all wrong. If she said I was her brother—and gone off with my almost new 20-guinea mount, and my £5 note, too! Oh, yes, it is all right for her, no doubt, and a very clever swindler that girl must be. That machine she left behind isn't worth the price of old iron. And you let her slip away under your very nose!"

I could hardly suppress a groan as I saw how neatly I had been deceived, for I felt very hard hit both in pocket and vanity—especially the latter.

"Well, it's your own fault, sir," the landlord retorted, gruffly. "If you let the girl soft-soap you've got no one but yourself to blame. And it's my belief that she ain't a girl at all, but a chap dressed up as such, so as to swindle gents easier. I had my doubts when she left, but now I'm sure."

"Ten to one you've been done up by a young fellow called Dan Ford, a clever bicycle-thief, much wanted by the police in these parts. He's better known as Dolly Ford, because he makes such a good looking girl when he dresses up. You ain't the first gent as he's swindled in just this same way. I dare say he's no sooner got out of sight of this place than he assumed his true character, and by this time your bicycle has put him miles out of reach, and maybe it's already sold."

To learn that I had been ignominiously duped by a common bicycle-thief maddened me still more; but the only consolation I had was in wishing all sorts of dreadful things toward the pseudo Maj. Gwynne's sister.

How Madame Patti Travels.

It is doubtful if any woman has a more delightful mode of living than has Adeline Patti. It can also be truthfully said that few women spend more money in the course of a day than she does.

She pays her bill for lodging and board and piano whenever she exercises her voice. It is a great treat for the other guests in the adjoining rooms.

A carriage and beautiful pair of trotters is another item of almost daily expense. Madame Patti drives with M. Nicolini every clear day that she does not have to sing in opera. She drives with her throat muffled in a creamy lace scarf to protect her from the chance of catching cold, and when far away from the road and crowd of the busy streets, she alights from the carriage and walks a mile or more. This is a regular constitutional, and is taken between four and five o'clock.

Her dinner occupies the hour preceding the drive. She eats very sparingly and takes but little exercise on the days when she is to sing; she also talks as little as possible, and receives no callers.

Isandhlwana, Zululand, 1894.

E. A. HIRST.

(From *Littell's Living Age*.)

To the right of the wagon road, about a mile from the hill is a deep donga or gully, where Durnford's mounted Bushos died side by side with their white officers, and here also died Captain Shepstone trying to save his chief. Again to the left, looking back up the road, we see the spot where Colonel Pullene, calling to Lieutenant Melville, said, "You, as senior lieutenant, will take the colors, and make the best of your way from here!" He then shook Melville's hand, and turning to his men, said, "Men of the 24th, here we stand to fight it out to the end." And here died a gallant officer with his men of the Old Warwickshire. Lieutenants Melville, Coghill, and Private Williams gallantly cut their way through the Zulu host with their precious charge, only to give up their brave lives on the Natal side of the Buffalo River. The flag for which they had done so much, was found among some rocks near where their bodies lay, and with most solemn parade given into the hands of the surviving portion of the 24th Regiment at Helpmakaar. They had not died in vain, for by their courage and devotion to their duty they had set an example to the world of how Britons will die in defence of their glorious flag. This flag was afterward presented to Her Majesty at Osborne, where she tied a wreath of immortelles to its staff-head in memory of the three brave men who gave their lives in its defence.

A Practical Joke on Balfour.

"During his (Hon. A. J. Balfour's) tenure of the Irish Secretaryship," says "A Lobbyist," in Macmillan's Magazine (July), "he received one morning in March (being St. Patrick's Day), at the House of Commons, an oaken octagonal shaped box about ten inches in length. On the box being opened a bunch shamrock, with a card bearing the inscription 'From a sincere admirer,' was found inside, and underneath a layer of some white compound through which could plainly be discerned a steel spring. Mr. Balfour is not a timid man; but the contents of the box were sufficient to excite uncomfortable thoughts of dynamite and infernal machines in the mind of the bravest. The chief secretary, therefore, deemed it well, before further explorations, to send for an official of the House of Parliament who is a bit of an analytical chemist; and on his arrival they both set to work to unravel the mystery in Mr. Balfour's room, much to the terror of the private secretaries who were momentarily expecting a terrible explosion. For a moment the chemist was puzzled; but, putting a particle of the compound upon his tongue, he discovered that it was simply sugar impregnated with lemon. On turning the box upside down, out rolled an antiquated corkscrew, a spiral spring, and a well worn nutmeg grater, and on the bottom was a paper bearing these words: 'Buy the whiskey you wish; you can then concoct the famous lemonade of Ballyhooley.'

Anticosti.

Messrs. Jules Depeches, George Martin, Paul Combes and Dujardin Beaumetz, of Paris, who have been on an exploration of the Island of Anticosti, of which they are likely, with a number of friends, to become the purchasers, returned here on Friday morning by the steamer "Eureka" in which they completely circumnavigated the Island, accompanied by Mr. Girardin, of St. Pierre, Miquelon, and Mr. Bureau of the Crown Land Department. Amongst other places visited by them upon the coast of Anticosti were English Bay, Strawberry Cove, Ellis Bay, Otter River, Beechie River, Jupiter River, S. W. Point, Salt Lake Bay, Chaloupe Bay, Health Point, Fox Bay, Bear Bay, Macdonald, Cove, East Bay and back to English Bay. They found much better harbor accommodation than they had expected. Wherever the Island was cleared there was good arable land, the hay seen by them being generally very good and four to five feet high. Horses seemed to flourish there and the Island was apparently well adapted for the breeding and fattening of cattle. A dense wood covered some million and a half of acres, and so far as they could get into it for the swarms of flies and mosquitoes at this season of the year, it seemed to contain a good deal of average size pine, spruce and birch, which will be more fully inspected however in the month of September. The explorers consider the fisheries of the Island of great commercial importance, the

principal being those of cod, salmon, trout, halibut and lobster. The latter are so plentiful that one of the party in half an hour caught in a small scoop net thirty two very good ones, and another in less than an hour took fifty two. They saw a bear and her cubs on the Island but had not much opportunity to find out about the fur bearing animals of the Island, except that quite a number of furs are exported from Anticosti. If they purchase the Island as it is evidently their intention of doing, these gentlemen will introduce moose, caribou and deer upon it. They will endeavor to develop its agricultural and fishing industries by encouraging the settlers that they will locate there to engage in both pursuits, in case of a season's failure of either one of them. They desire an emphatic denial to be given to the story that the Government of France is in any way interested in this Anticosti matter. If they purchase the Island it is simply a private transaction between them and its English proprietors, from whom they have the refusal of it up to the 1st October next.

I wish to make known to the public in general that I have on hand the best stock of carriages and farm implements ever offered for sale in this country. They consist of the following:

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES of different styles, PHEATONS, MIKADOS, JUMP-SEAT WAGGONS, open and with tops, CONCORD WAGGONS, (one and two seats), EXPRESS WAGGONS and a number of other styles too numerous to mention.

ALSO TRUCK WAGGONS, (one and two horse). I have both the IRON and SKANE AXLE WAGON. I have a SPECIAL LINE OF HARNESS MADE TO ORDER. I handle the world-famed MASSEY-HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS.

I have always an ENDLESS SUPPLY IN STOCK suitable for the different seasons of the year. I also keep THE DAISY CHURN on hand. I have a few SECOND-HAND WAGGONS for sale.

I would ask intending purchasers and others to call and examine my stock, as

ST. JOHN, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

1895, SEPT. 24 TO OCT. 4

The exhibition Association of the city and county of ST. JOHN, N. B.

Will open their fair, on their largely extended fair grounds south of Sheffield Street

SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

New buildings are in course of construction, for the accommodation of live stock and the exhibition of

Farm and Dairy Products.

Our exhibits will include: LIVESTOCK, AGRICULTURAL AND HOICULTURAL PRODUCTS, MACHINERY AND MANUFACTURES, FINE ARTS, ETC., ETC.

Cash prizes are offered in this LIVE STOCK, AGRICULTURAL

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Special favors will be arranged with railways and steamers for freight and passengers. Intending exhibitors should apply at once for forms of entry.

Applications or letters of inquiry should be addressed to CHAS. A. EVERETT, Managing Director.

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STOVES COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES AT LOW PRICES.

PUMPS, PUMPS, Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanese stamped and plain tinware in endless variety. All of the best stock which I will sell low for cash.

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For two or three months, for a personal canvass on a semi-political issue. From \$80 to \$150.00 per month, according to the volume and value of reports. Address, for full information, POLITICAL BIOGRAPHER, Montreal, Ont.

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Consolidating April 5th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Boston, London, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7:00 a. m. Returning, will leave Boston same day at 5 a. m. and Portland at 5 p. m.

On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Exeter with steamer for Chatham and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

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## [ESTABLISHED 1852.]

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It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nerve Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nerve Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nerve tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nerve Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great restorer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nerve Tonic, slanted constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. The great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

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All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nerve Tonic.

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As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nerve Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied, and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nerve Tonic has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the