

## NOT FOR GOLD.

"Janet's fortune! How much is it, mother?" said Ronald Mitchell, as he carefully measured the anchovy for his boiled salmon.

"How much, Ronald? Nothing less than the whole Cross-me-loof estate, besides ten thousand pounds good money in the Bank of Scotland."

"Too little," replied Ronald, shaking his head in a meditative manner. "I could not sell myself so cheap."

"But there is the lassie forbye; she is not bad-looking, and she is a careful housewife and a good Christian."

"Doubtless, mother, she is better than she's bonnie; but I know a girl worth ever so much more than Janet McDonald."

"That will be Baillie Johnson's daughter?"

"You do me too much honor. I do not aspire to a woman six feet high, especially when her temper is of equal proportions."

"Well, Isabelle, has a bad temper. But Janet is different; she has no vice, and—"

"No heart."

"She has plenty of money."

"And no intellect."

"But she has interest enough to send you to Parliament."

"I don't want to go there, mother, and I do want my dinner, and you are taking away my appetite." And Ronald drew moor-cock toward him, and helped himself so liberally that Mrs. Mitchell may be excused for altogether doubting the fact.

Then there was a few minutes' silence, which did not deceive Ronald; he knew it was the lull before the breaking of the storm. His mother's attitude of indifference and listlessness was all assumed; he was perfectly familiar with it, and knew—

for none had better reason to know—what a proud, restless spirit it hid.

She was only hesitating now to open the subject which lay nearest her heart, because Ronald maintained a neutrality of perfect silence; and she knew that if she began the dispute, she gave him, at the opening of the argument, all the advantages which belong to the defendant.

While she was hesitating, a servant brought in a card and gave it to her.

"It is Wylie, Ronald," she said; "you had better go and see him."

"Why so, mother? I know nothing about the property. You and he have always managed it. Besides, I have an engagement at half-past seven."

"But something must be done. Every year the rents are decreasing. My income will soon be at starvation point."

Ronald looked up, and smiled incredulously.

"Oh, yes. I keep up an appearance, of course, and I suppose I shall always be able to do that, for I am not one of the foolish women who spend as they go. I have laid a little by to help the future; but what is to become of you?"

"Heigh ho! I have a good angel, I suppose."

"A good wife would be more to the purpose, and if you would only marry Janet McDonald, she would bring you a fine estate; besides, she is a prudent lassie, and would help you to keep the gear well together."

"How do I know that Janet would have me?"

"I have already spoken to her."

"It was throwing words away, mother. If there is anything else I can please you in, I shall be willing and obedient, but I dare not cast my life away—not for gold, at least."

"Yet, you are going to do it for a pretty face."

"You are mistaken. I have my price, I suppose; but neither land nor beauty are able to buy me."

"The conceit of men is wonderful; it passes the comprehension of women. Where are you going this evening?"

"To Mrs. Sorley's."

"To see Miss Eve? Very well, Ronald. Remember, if you decline to accept Janet McDonald as your wife, I also decline to receive Eve Sorley as my daughter. I suppose the right of rejection is left to me as well as you."

"Not equally, mother. You cannot make Janet my wife; but I, by marrying Eve, can make her your daughter."

"I deny it, sir, for in such a case you would no longer be my son. Good evening, sir."

"Mrs. Mitchell *victrix* as usual," said Ronald, laughing softly to himself, and slowly refilling his glass. "Here is a new turn in affairs. I must go and see what Eve says about it."

On his way there he tried not to think of the subject; it perplexed and annoyed him; but Eve had a way of letting sunlight into everything, and whatever she said, of course he should do. Eve, watching and listening in the shadow of the crimson draperies, heard the echoes of his long, swinging steps, and divined in them something new, even before she saw the strange light in his usual merry eyes.

"What is the matter, Ronald? I do not believe I shall call you 'Sans souci' tonight; you looked troubled."

"You may call me the 'Disinherited Knight,' for I think my trouble will amount to that."

"What have you been doing?" said Mrs. Sorley.

"My sin is one of omission, madam. You see, Mrs. Sorley, I am only a part of the estate to my mother. She wants to invest me properly, just as she does the interest on her loans and savings. At present she allows me five hundred pounds a year; but if I refuse to carry out her plans, she will withdraw it, I am sure. Then what am I to do?"

"Ask Eve."

Eve met the questioning face with one of confidence.

"Go to work, sir, and make five hundred pounds a year, I will marry you when you can earn three hundred pounds. What do you say to that?"

"That you are the wisest and loveliest and bravest little lady in Christendom," and he fairly lifted her in his arms and kissed her.

"Put me down, Ronald, and listen to what I say. You are six feet two inches high, and strong as Hercules. You never have a headache, and are just twenty-two years old. 'Disinherited'! Pshaw! Your inheritance is in your own keeping. The world is given to the children of men; go into it and take your portion."

Nothing strengthens a man in trouble like the sympathy and help of the woman he loves. Ronald went from Eve's pres-

ence gifted with a definite purpose and an appointed task. The inward change had its outward evidences. It was perceptible in his firm, rapid tread, which had lost its usual lazy swing; in the manner which he ascended the steps two and three at a time, and in the impetuous way in which he flung hat and gloves on the hall table and entered his mother's presence. She was half sitting and half lying in a large duchess chair, lazily dipping her toast into a glass of mulled wine; but at Ronald's entrance she partly turned her head and said, in a sleepy manner:

"Your energy is exhausting and unnecessary, Ronald. I wish you would be more gentlemanly."

He tried to obey her, as he had always done, but he was too excited to-night. Before he got half across the room he stumbled over a small ottoman, and then kicked it out of his way.

"What is the matter with you, sir? What kind of company have you been in to bring such a riotous influence back with you?"

"I have been with two of the noblest women in the world, mother."

"Indeed! I am sure I should never have thought so." And the sneering accent was very perceptible.

"I told you I was going to Mrs. Sorley's, and I have been."

"Very well, sir; that is enough. I am not curious about the family. We will change the subject, please."

The habit of obedience was so strong that he remained silent—if silence that might be called in which every attitude was eloquent with resistance.

"The two Wilkies were here tonight. They wish you to join a fishing excursion to the Trosachs. I told them I was sure you would go."

"You are mistaken, mother. I shall be better employed, I hope."

"Mrs. Mitchell raised her eyes incredulously, but asked:

"How?"

"I am going to try to find some work to do."

"Work!" almost screamed his mother. "And, pray, what can you do?"

"Indeed, mother, very little; but I can learn. I have been taught nothing useful; my education is superficial, and no profession has been given me. I am not even fit for a clerkship. I see nothing before me but manual labor, unless you continue my allowance while I study law or medicine."

"You have begun at the wrong end of your story, sir. Now be pleased to begin your argument properly. What led you to form this resolution?"

"Your remark this evening. You declared that if I married Miss Sorley I should no longer be your son."

"Quite correct."

"Then, as I am determined to marry Miss Sorley, it becomes necessary for me to consider on some way of supporting her and myself."

"True; for you can hardly expect me to support a young woman I detest. As for continuing your allowance, I shall do no such thing. I will give you a month to reconsider your conduct, and if at the end of it you will still prefer this—"

"Miss Sorley, mother?"

"This girl, sir. You can take her, and go your own way. That's all I have to say, sir."

But it was easier to determine to work than to find the work to do, and if it had not been for the strengthening influence of Eve, Ronald would, perhaps, have become discouraged. The month drew to a close, and still no employment had been found.

"What shall I do, bright eyes?" said Ronald, one evening. "It seems as if there was no place in the work-a-day world for me."

"Oh, yes, there is; only you have not found it yet. And do you know, Ronald, mamma and I have been talking over your going to America?"

The suggestion was not new to the young man; his own heart had been giving him the same advice from the very first; and, the subject once broached, soon assumed a tangible form. It was thoroughly discussed and arranged for, and Ronald's place taken in a steamer, leaving two days before this month of grace expired.

During all his trials and preparations, Ronald's home—never a happy one—had been becoming daily more wretched. His mother wearied him with alternate reproaches and entreaties, and his friends pitied or abused, advised or laughed at him. Still, the last night he was to spend under his mother's roof he made another effort at reconciliation.

"I have a miserable head-ache to-night," he said. "Kiss me, mother for the sake of old times."

"Certainly, Ronald, if the kiss implies that you have recovered your senses, and are willing to follow out my plans for your welfare."

"I cannot give up Eve, mother. Forgive me this."

"You are old enough to choose between us. It is Miss Sorley, her kisses must suffice you."

"At least, mother, shake hands."

"You are sentimental tonight; a thing I have no use in the world. Obedience is the test of love."

"Well, good night, mother."

"Good night, sir."

And thus they parted, never more to meet in this world.

Hard as his parting was with Eve, it did not sadden him like the unnatural "Good night, sir," of his mother. In the former there was love and hope, and the promise of a happy reunion.

After Ronald's departure, Eve waited hopefully and happily for the good news she was sure would come. Nor did she wait in vain. In two years Ronald had completed his study for the law, and opened a small office in a flourishing town in Western New York. For some time his practice was small, but at the end of the fourth year he was making more than enough to claim the redemption of Eve's promise.

Mrs. Sorley accompanied her daughter to America, and lived many happy years with the young couple. Ronald is always a warm defender of that much-abused character, mother-in-law.

As years rolled on, the little vine-covered cottage was added to and enlarged, until it became the pride of the town; and Judge Mitchell's handsome house and gardens, his thoroughbred horses and numerous servants are certainly evidences of an income vastly above the five hundred pounds a year he refused to accept as equivalent for manhood's noblest rights and privileges.

Ronald is a portly middle-aged man now, and Eve, though still beautiful, has lost the early bloom of youth; but up and down the long piazzas, and through the shady arcades of elm and chestnut, many beautiful boys and girls play, walk or read, uncontrolled by any element but a will and patient love. For Ronald has a still a sad remembrance of a home cheerless and loveless and all its splendor, of a childhood unblest by fairy-love or mother's kisses, and of a youth in which everything was to have been sacrificed for interest and ambition.

Mrs. Mitchell still lives. If her heart ever softens toward her son, she never suffers it to make any sign. She is apparently as indifferent to his later honors as she was to his early struggles and trials. It is likely even that she may outlive her busy, hard-working son, whose brain and heart carry the cares and sorrows of many he sides his own, for—

"The good die first, and their hearts are dry as summer dust. Burn to the socket."

Yet never has Donald Mitchell regretted the day in which he chose love before land, and a true wife in preference to ten thousand pounds. Ask him today if he would part with even one memory of the real life which commenced for him with that decision, and he would answer, proudly and confidently: "Not for gold."

## BABIES AND APES.

Some Experiments Showing Surprising Resemblances.

An infant was crowing loudly and lustily somewhere at the back of the house. The sounds were inarticulate to outsiders; but Dr. Robinson, the baby's father, if he heard them, would doubtless be able to interpret them as the interesting remains of the Simian tongue. For Dr. Robinson, whenever during the last two or three years he found a leisure hour in his busy life, has studied the ape in the babe. It was in order to obtain some detailed information on this subject from the author of "Darwinism in the Nursery" that our representative (who now writes as follows) had called on Dr. Robinson at Lewisham:

"The article is intensely interesting," I said to the doctor, "but there is not enough of it. We all want to know more about your experiments with the young apes. What are the actual discoveries your experiments led to?"

"Simply this, that every new-born child, unless it is sickly or otherwise imperfectly developed, has a most wonderful power in the flexor muscles of the forearm, and will support the whole weight of its body, during the first few hours after birth, for a period varying from ten seconds to two minutes and a half. Now, everybody knows that in monkeys the power of grip is very fully developed; quadrupeds can do anything with their hands and arms, and in cases of danger this power is a chief means of self preservation. I have now experimented on 150 babies—some of them an hour or two, some a few days old—and in two cases only have they failed to hang by their hands, even the tiniest supporting the weight of its body for ten seconds, most of them much longer, and in a few cases they have clung to a finger or a stick for two minutes and a half. And even in the two cases failure was due to other causes than the infants' lack of muscular strength. I ought to say that I never attempted to experiment on weak children, who might be injured by the exposure."

A blanket was placed below the child, so that when it dropped it dropped on a soft, warm surface. Whenever it was possible the experiment was made and the photograph taken in the presence of the mother."

"On the face of one, at six minutes, sat stolid indifference; two more looked energetic, though placid, as they stuck with their round little fists to a branch at the end of which appeared two hands, looking very gigantic in comparison to the very youthful performers. Some others were evidently expressing their feelings in the Simian tongue, for their mouths—tremendous-sized mouths they seemed—were wide open. The miniature legs, absurdly small in proportion to the arms, were drawn up; to babes looked, indeed, like tailless infant apes."

"Observe the big toe," Dr. Robinson went on. "I have noticed over and over again that in the case of young infants it is turned outward, like a thumb, as in the case of monkeys, whose hind feet are an additional pair of hands. And whenever I have held a finger, or a stick, close to the infant's feet while it was hanging by its arms there has been an attempt at clutching the stick with the feet. This seems to me another instance of the survival of the ape's instincts in the human child."

"Another curious fact that struck me was that even when a child had been hanging by its hands for over a minute—this seems a short period, but just try to hang to a horizontal bar, supporting the weight of your body by your hands only, for a minute or two—it let go more because it was tired. Sometimes I gave it my finger to clutch as soon as it had dropped on to the blanket, and could feel by the energetic grip that the little animal was by no means exhausted."

That Christmas Money.

In the next few weeks people will talk Christmas more than all other subjects combined. And very many will count their pennies to see if they will go around. And some will realize for the countless things offered for sale, "that money talks."

Yes, and many a poor tired clerk will wish that they too could talk—back. To give unselfishly without thought of return is the true Christmas spirit; but how many times, oh human nature, will the thought occur this month "Now if I make so and so a Christmas present, wonder if I will get a return next year."

The growing Christmas present custom comes hard among certain classes, who do not always have plenty of ready money; among farmers and people near towns, who keep poultry the egg supply, is a great source of Christmas money, because prices are always very high at this season. If the old hens will only shell out the eggs now, thinks many a mother, I can soon get back all the money taken for Christmas. The surest way we have heard of to get it back is this—E. A. Hubbard of Hatfield, Mass., says, "About one year ago I sent \$5.00 for six cans of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make my hens lay and in January my 28 hens laid 29 dozen eggs. I have sent \$5.00 this year for six more cans and the Farm-Poultry monthly."

Certainly that Christmas money came back in short order. Mrs. Warren Delano, Hampden, Me., said recently to the manufacturers of this wonderful powder "I sent \$5.00 for Farm-Poultry two years ago, and six large cans of Sheridan's Powder. It is the very thing needed. Last winter my hens did so poorly I almost lost heart, but this year, 50 hens have cleared me \$125.00. 'All for a little courage and Sheridan's Powder, her hens paid her more than double the average usually allowed per hen, so that her Christmas money returned manifold. Hundreds, a word to the wise is sufficient: Make your wives a Christmas present of six cans of Sheridan's Powder and take no other. For 50 cents I. S. Johnson Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packs; five packs for \$1.00; or for \$1.20, one large 25-cent pack of Powder, postpaid; six cans for \$5.00, express prepaid. The best poultry paper—Farm-Poultry one year, and a can of Powder for \$1.50."

## Fiddling to Wolves and Foxes.

Going recently with a violin player to the Zoological Gardens, it was resolved to learn how far the old story of wolves being terrified by music is correct. When the violin was played to the common European wolf, it set up its back, and drew back its lips into a fixed and hideous sneer, showing its teeth to the gums, with its tail between its legs. The Indian wolf showed signs of extreme and abject fear. It trembled violently, its fur was erected, and, cowering down till its body almost touched the ground, it retreated to the furthest corner of its cage. When the music was played at the back of his cage, where the musician was invisible, its alarm was in no degree abated. It crept to the door to listen, and then sprang back and cowered against the bars in front of the cage, and so continued in alternate spasms of curiosity and fear. The jackals and some of the wilder foxes were only less alarmed than the wolves. The female jackals ran back to their inner den and hid themselves. The male erected its fur until it appeared as rough as an Esquimaux dog, and crept backwards and forwards with its lips curled back, opening and shutting its mouth, growling whenever a strong discordant note was struck. The scene at this time was extremely amusing. The prairie-wolves next door sat down to listen, the African jackals sat on a shelf and watched, and the performance was overlooked from a distance by a nervous but highly interested row of foxes of various sizes and colours, all sitting on the party-walls which divide their cages from the wolves and dingoes. It was like a picture from an illustrated edition of *Esop's Fables*. The foxes in the large cages came forward readily to listen to the music, though the usual experiment of striking a discord startled them greatly. But the rough fox from Demerara, in a small cage behind the building, was so violently alarmed that the keepers requested that the music might cease for fear the creature should "have a fit," to which ailment it appears that foxes and wolves are very subject.—*Spectator*.

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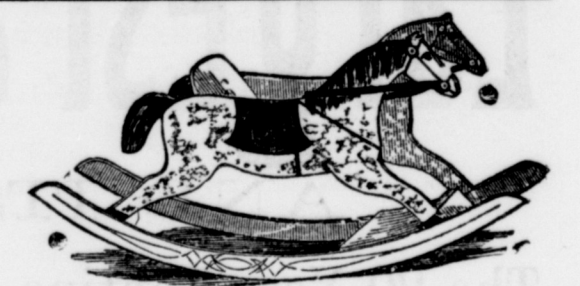
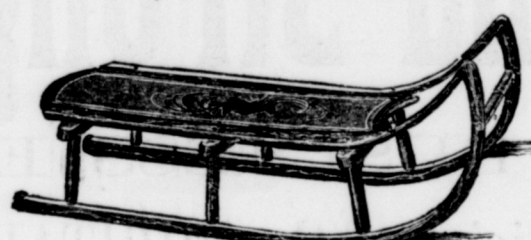
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