

NED.

"Ned! Ned! Where are you Ned?"
 Ellie Colebridge's tone was one of anxious impatience, as she came into the sitting room of her pretty country house seeking consolation, advice and assistance. The window curtains parted, revealing in the deep window-seat a little figure curled up, pouring over an open book.

"What is the matter?" inquired Ned, with a sleepy, drawing voice.

"Matter?" said Ellie, dolefully, "read that letter. No, you will go to sleep over it. I'll tell you what's in it. The Claxtons are coming this afternoon."

"I thought they were to come next month?"

"So they were, and here Charley has gone for a week to Boston, and Maggie left this morning. She is only the eleventh girl I have had in six weeks."

Ned pucker up a pretty rose-bud of a mouth, drew her brows up over a pair of large, dreamy, brown eyes, and it must be recorded, shocking as it is—Ned whistled: "There's no luck about the house," as clearly as a plough-boy.

"Oh, Ned, what can I do?" said Ellie, "there are four people, and how can I entertain them and do all the work and cooking for such a family?"

"Four?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, their son Harry and daughter Laura."

"H-m—yes. I've heard Charley talk of them."

"Don't you know them?" Ellie asked, amazed. "I thought they were Charley's most intimate friends."

"Very true; but, though Charley is my brother, you must remember while he was at Harvard, forming the acquaintance of the Claxtons and various other people, I was with Aunt Jane at Baltimore, and going to school and learning housekeeping—oh!" cried Ned, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her. "Oh, Ellie, have you got some calico dresses and big aprons?"

"Of course I have!"

"So have I—where the Dutchman had his anchor—at home! But, Ellie, lend me some of yours, and I'll be your Maggie!"

"Edmonia Colebridge, are you crazy?"

"I can't bring you any references from my last place," persisted Ned, her brown eyes dancing, "but if I don't suit, you can discharge me!"

"But, Ned, Harry Claxton is coming, and Charley said—thought— and here Ellie stopped, confused."

Ned tossed her curly head in magnificent disdain.

"You need not tell me what Charley said," she said, scornfully, "I can imagine! I hate a match-maker! But, Ellie, I want my own way. Remember you are not to interfere with me, Mrs. Colebridge. I don't want no ladies poking about my kitchen," as your last girl but two used to say."

Ellie remonstrated once more, but feebly.

"But, Ned, you are company just as much as the Claxtons."

"I am your sister now," was the reply. "Where are the calico dresses?"

"In my room. It is lucky James boards at home."

"By the way, tell James to hold his tongue. It is time you were getting ready, if you are going to the station."

"But, Ned—"

"There, you have no more to say. My name for the next week, by the way, is Jane. Ned is rather too remarkable for a servant-girl. I am morally convinced there was a streak of insanity in our family when I was christened 'Edmonia.' Charley made 'Ned' of it before I was a year old. There, my dear—go. You will be late."

Very trustfully, Mrs. Colebridge brought her guests from the station. During her short acquaintance with her husband's sister, Ned had exactly verified Charley's description of her. He had told his wife:

"Ned is the dearest girl in the world, but dreamy and fond of books; knows more actually at nineteen than most women do at thirty of books, music and drawing. She will be literary, I guess; but practical, never."

To this dreamy girl, who confessed to having written poetry, Ellie had, under the pressure of circumstances, trusted the household affairs for four unknown guests. They were to have come nearly a month later, and Charley was to have been at home, and a paragon of a girl secured somewhere. It must be confessed that Ellie carried a smiling face over an anxious heart, as she led her guests to their rooms and descended to the kitchen. Ned was there, with all her curls twisted into a demure knot at the back of her shapely little head; a blue calico, rather roomy and long (Ellie being the larger of the two), but half hidden under a great checked apron and a narrow linen collar, transforming her into the neatest of servants. Upon the table stood a pan of biscuit, light as down, brown and tempting; broiled chicken lay upon a great dish near the fire; coffee sent forth aromatic flavors, and a spice of tea mingled therewith.

"Be off!" was Ned's salutation. "You are not to come here for a week!"

Laughing, light-hearted Ellie went to the dining-room. All the best china, silver and glass upon a snowy damask cloth, upon the table, baskets of cake light as a feather, glass bowls of strawberries, cream and sugar in silver pitchers and bowls, radishes upon cool green leaves, even glasses of flowers were there. She stood admiring, while Ned brought in the chicken and biscuit, the coffee and tea, and demurely rang the bell.

"You can ring if you want me," she said, putting the bell upon the tea-tray, and dropping a saucy courtesy before vanishing into the kitchen, "and Ellie, we breakfast late."

"Thinking it would be too bad to present Ned yet to her guests, Ellie did not touch the bell, noting that there was an evident enjoyment of their fare amongst her guests. She could not altogether enjoy the social evening that followed, though Harry Claxton was as entertaining as Charley had promised, Laura gentle and lovely, and the old people cordially pleasant. Everything was charming but the uneasy certainty that Ned was washing dishes, setting breakfast biscuit and cleaning up in the kitchen."

Ellie fully intended to get breakfast on the following morning, and never opened her blue eyes till the dressing-bell rang vigorously at eight o'clock. By the

she was dressed her guests had assembled in the sitting-room, and there was nothing to do but open the door to the dining-room and usher them in. The dainty table, sparkling in the morning light, was spread temptingly. New-laid eggs, like golden balls, were fried upon slices of ruby-colored ham; a beefsteak to tempt an epicure, broiled tender and juicy, flanked the ham and eggs; watercresses, all sparkling with dew-drops; potatoes, fried to a crisp brown; aromatic coffee, fragrant tea and muffins of golden tint waited upon good appetites.

Mrs. Claxton could not restrain her admiration.

"What a treasure you must have in the kitchen," she cried, "if you did not come down until we did."

"I have not seen her this morning," was the truthful reply. "She is a treasure!"

"Have you had her long?"

"Only since yesterday."

"Ah! I hope she won't drink. These extra-good girls are so apt to develop some glaring defect like drinking," said the old lady, and wondered what was so intensely funny in her innocent remark, as Ellie broke into a peal of musical laughter.

Five days went by, and Mrs. Claxton said to Ellie:

"Do you know, Mrs. Colebridge, I have never seen your treasure. She does the rooms while we are at breakfast, and I never saw such neat rooms; and she sets a table so perfectly you never have to ring for anything."

"You will see her tonight," said Ellie; for Ned had actually made time to go to town and secure a twelfth domestic, who was being trained while Ellie spoke; "and I shall have the pleasure, also, of introducing Charley's sister, Edmonia."

"Ah!"

This was from Harry Claxton, who looked up from the newspaper.

"I want to meet her so much," said Laura; "we heard of her very often when Mr. Colebridge was in Cambridge."

"She is very talented, is she not?" Harry asked.

"We think so," Ellie answered. "She plays on the piano better than any amateur I ever heard, and sings remarkably well. She was the best scholar in the school, where she graduated, and she—don't tell her I told you—writes poetry, real poetry, not merely rhyming lines."

"H-m!" thought Harry. "A tall, raw-boned, strong-minded female."

And while the thought was in his mind there entered a little brown-eyed maid, with long auburn curls, a complexion like a blush-rose, and soft, full draperies of blue and white muslin. A little creature, with a low, sweet voice, and eyes full of dreamy beauty.

There was undeniably a falling off in the culinary department, though Ned and Ellie slipped away often to superintend the performances of "No. 12," as Ned called her; but if the others found the table less tempting, Henry Claxton only knew the parlor had gained a new charm.

In their college days Charley had told him often of the brown-eyed sister in Baltimore, and some of the graceful letters had been given him for perusal. He knew that Edmonia was talented and pretty; he found her beautiful and modest as a violet. The hours beside her, in the garden, in the parlor, on the moonlit porch, sped by like minutes, and the party lingered on till Charley came. Then, that he might not be cheated of his visit, they were coaxed to remain a week longer, and still Harry never tired of the soft-brown eyes, the low, sweet voice and the modest, refined manner of Edmonia Colebridge. They learned duets together, and they would talk, never tiring, of books and the current topics of the day, till the man found himself wondering at the rare intellect within the curly head.

Charley looked on, well pleased, but upon Mrs. Claxton's fair matronly face rested a shadow of anxiety. When the visit had extended over three weeks, Laura having left for a previous engagement, bearing Harry's regrets for breaking the same, Harry dared his fate, and won Ned's confession that she gave love for love.

And Mrs. Claxton, in Ellie's room, thus accounted for the shadow upon her brow.

"You see, dear, I am old-fashioned in my notions, and I believe in educating girls for wives and housekeepers as well as for parlor companions. As soon as Laura left school, I taught her to cook so that she can either superintend her servants, or if necessity requires it, take their places. Yet, she is not the less a graceful lady, I think."

"You are right. She is as lovely a girl as I ever met," Ellie said, half-guessing what was coming.

"And dear, that is what worries me about Harry's choice. I think Edmonia is one of the most charming girls I ever met, pretty as a flower, graceful, modest and accomplished. But she seems to me so dreadfully helpless and dreamy. I don't know how often I have found her curled up like a kitten in the window-seat, her eyes seeming to be looking miles away, and her hands lying idly before her. You know, dear, she writes, too, and literary women are so often impracticable. To be sure, Harry will have money enough to give her every comfort, and he has a good start in his profession. But still, dear, I could wish his wife had some knowledge of housewifery ways, and was not so dreamy."

Ellie smiled, and said:

"Do you remember our invisible girl, Mrs. Claxton—the one who was here when you first came?"

"Yes, my dear. I have often wondered why you sent her away. The one you have now does not compare to her. I never ate such biscuit. Why did she leave? Did she drink, after all?"

"She did not leave. She only changed her name to Edmonia Colebridge."

"My dear!" cried the astonished old lady, "you are only joking!"

"I was never more serious in my life," said Ellie, and gave a detailed account of her perplexities and Ned's devotion.

"She did everything," Ellie said, "so as to leave me time to entertain you. And she is the smartest needle-woman you ever saw. To be sure, she hates it, and likes books, music and writing better, but her Aunt Jane insisted upon her learning all the domestic accomplishments; and she said: 'If I had to do it, I was determined to learn to do it well.'"

"Well, well, who would dream she hid so much energy under that sleepy manner. You have lifted the only care from my mind, my dear. I can congratulate Harry now with my whole heart."

GOOD FORM IN VISITING CARDS.

Sentiment in All Its Phases May be Expressed by Them.

Mr. Howells says somewhere, "Most women can express any sentiment under heaven with cut flowers."

And the same is true of the visiting card—joy or grief, congratulation or condolence, gratitude, regret, cordiality, or even disapproval or repudiation.

A society woman, recently becoming vexed past her patience with the somewhat vulgar vagaries of a well-known dame, left her card upon the offender with the address scratched off.

A perfectly final act!

It is a mistake to believe that stationers make the fashions in cards in their own interests, as is sometimes asserted, when, in fact, there is a perfect etiquette in this currency of courtesy.

To meet all these requirements of courtesy a very large quantity of cards is required by those to whom the exercise of social amenities is the rule and daily life.

It was, therefore, a merciful dispensation which abolished the custom sometime ago in vogue, of leaving a card for each member of a family, and, if the caller were married woman, of adding as many of her husband's, "dealing both packs," as a lively young matron put it once. Now it suffices to leave your own card for the lady upon whom you call, if she is out or engaged, and your husband's for her and for her husband.

If there are daughters in the house who are in society, leave one card of your own and one of your husband's for them, collectively.

If you cannot be present at an afternoon tea to which you are bidden, send your card on the afternoon of the "at home."

It is equivalent to your presence and cancels the social debt. Of course, if you attend, you leave your card in the hall, or with the servant who announces you. If the men of your family have been invited, and cannot be present, leave their cards also. If a man is asked and cannot go, he should send his card by messenger or post if he has no relative to take care of his visiting obligations.

Cards of condolence are delicate assurances of sympathy, and a graceful attention. If possible, they should be left in person, but may be sent.

A card with "congratulations" written upon it may be sent to the parents of a newly-born infant, an engaged friend, or to those newly wed. If the parents only of the bride are your friends, send your card to them with "best wishes" inscribed.

If you cannot attend a church wedding send a card or cards to those who invited you. If the invitation was issued in two names, respond to both upon the envelope, in which two cards should be inclosed and sent by mail or messenger upon the day of the marriage. If you go to the church leave your card, or send it, within a week.

It is not good form to write notes upon visiting cards, anything which savors of an abbreviation of courtesy as this does, being invariably in questionable taste.

Introductions by card are sometimes simpler than by letter. The name of the bearer is in such cases written above that of the giver, prefixed by the word "introducing." This card is then placed in a small envelope, left unsealed, and bearing on the lower left hand corner, "Introducing Mr. and Mrs. —," with the full name written out.

When presented, or forwarded, the person introduced incloses his or her own card, with the address written or engraved upon it. This style of introduction is much more personal than by note or letter.

—Julia Hayes Percy, in *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The mind is the atmosphere of the soul.—Joubert.

The poor man's friend is Kerr Evaporated Vegetables for soup because he gets 10 quarts soup for a trifle is convenient and delicious. All grocers.

K. D. C. is "worth its weight in gold," "sells like hot cakes," "is all it is recommended," "an excellent remedy," and the "best dyspepsia remedy ever offered to the public." See testimonials.

Manners carry the world for a moment, character for all times.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Sold! Sold!! On what? Its merits!! K. D. C. a household word! Cure guaranteed! Test it! A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

There is no power on earth or in heaven that can undo what has once been done.—Robertson.

I came to the Wilmot Spa Springs in 1881 very much troubled with dyspepsia which had afflicted me for many years. By using the waters freely I was entirely cured.

—Mrs. R. N. RICHIE.

Annapolis Royal.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.—Franklin.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." K. D. C. has been tried and tested and has proved itself to be the King of Medicines, the Greatest Cure of the Age, and the only Perfect Dyspepsia Cure in the market.

Nothing appears more surprising to those who consider human affairs with a philosophical eye, than the easiness with which many are governed by the few.—Hume.

Millions of people are suffering from dyspepsia. Now is the time to be cured. The best dyspepsia cure ever offered to the public—the world-famous K. D. C.—is now within the reach of all. Do not suffer longer, but ask your druggist for it or send direct to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

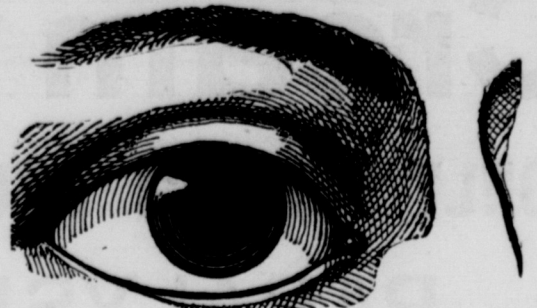
The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies in it, and blessed are the eyes that find it! It is the men's divinity which hides within the actual, transfiguring matter of fact into matter of meaning for him who has the gift of second sight.—Lowell.

Effects of Tight Lacing.

There is the young woman who pulls in her belt until her face is purple, and then goes to the doctor for physic or a skin lotion. You mildly suggest "Lacing."

"Oh," she simpers, "it never hurts me; I can breathe." To appeal to a woman about her health has long ago proved useless in these matters, but every woman is jealous of her beauty. A tightly-laced girl may be lovely at eighteen; she will be hideous at thirty. Why will not the physicians touch and awaken the chord of vanity? But the doctors are dull or careless. They give a pill where they should loosen a string. A physician was once heard to admit he could not discover the complaint of a blooming flower of fashion, who was yet constantly in his hands. I could have told him, for I had seen her getting herself into her gown that morning. And how ungraceful, how lacking in all voluptuous abandon and forceful elegance, the movements of these strapped automations, not to mention the red nose, the roughened complexion, and the startled, pained eyeball!—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

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1892.

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Intercolonial Railway.

After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:05; for Point du Chene, 10:20; for Halifax, 11:40; for Sussex, 16:20; for Quebec and Montreal, 16:55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9:30; from Point du Chene, 12:35; from Halifax, 19:20; from Halifax, 22:30.

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TWO TRIPS A WEEK

FOR BOSTON

COMMENCING Nov. 2, the S. S. *City of Monticello*, will leave St. John for Boston, via New York, every MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, at 7:20, standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8:30 a. m., and Portland at 9:30 a. m., for Eastport and St. John.

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These sailings will continue until further notice.

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EXCELLENCE.

RHEUMATISM. Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA. Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

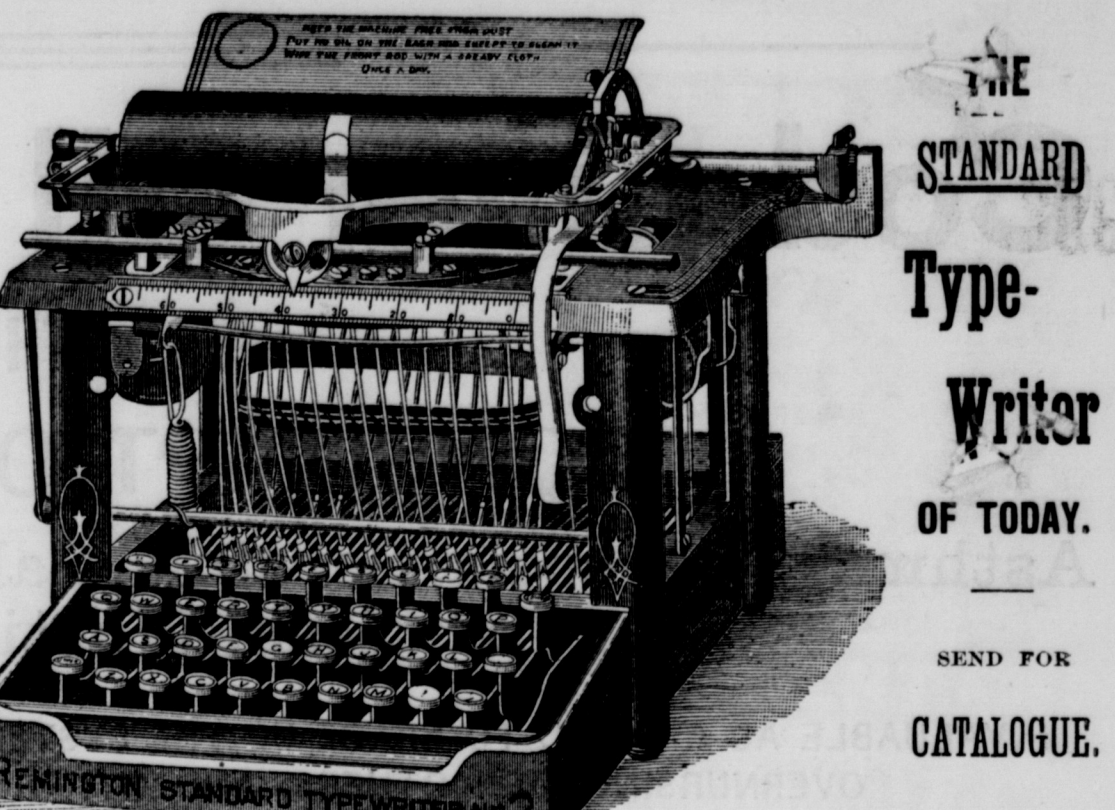
SCIATICA. Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

STRAIN. Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK. Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

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