

LOVED THE GOVERNESS.

The train shot out of sight in the blackness of the night; a pencil of light from the station lamp, shimmering upon the wet platform, dimly outlined the figure of a young girl clad in a waterproof. A carriage drew up, and the curtains closely drawn, and a loud but not unpleasant voice called out:

"This way, please." A drive over a rough road brought them to a commodious residence, surrounded by grounds ample enough for a park. As it was late she was shown at once to a room.

She arose early the next morning, awakened by the brightness of the atmosphere and the sweet singing of the birds. She had given her name as Kate Conover, and had come to accept the position of governess in the family.

Presently the lady of the house knocked and entered the room. Evidently she was much pleased with the new arrival, for her eyes rested upon a sweet, frank face, a graceful, compact form and an attire as neat as it was sensible.

"I hardly expected to find you so young," Mrs. Cameron said. "No?" asked Miss Conover, "still—you will find me proficient."

"Oh, to be sure," Mrs. Cameron hurriedly said. "Please walk down to breakfast."

The breakfast room reached, she said: "Miss Conover—Brice Rutherford, my nephew."

The name startled the young lady so much that her self-possession almost failed her. She bowed in recognition of the introduction, and then turned her attention to the two children who were to be under her charge.

During the morning meal she cast several furtive glances at Brice Rutherford, not quite sure whether he was the man who had driven her from the station or not. He was reticent then—he seemed to be reticent now. He was young, handsome, refined, with perhaps rather an exalted opinion of himself.

It was not remarkable that during the summer he began to take considerable interest in the pretty little governess. He was thrown almost daily in her society, and her frankness was especially charming to him, because he was not much disposed to be frank himself.

His interest at last assumed a more fervent shape, and finally led him to make a declaration of love. A look of triumph crossed her face, but it escaped his notice, for she was seated in the shadow.

"This isn't unexpected," she replied, but— "Brice Rutherford frowned at the remark, and waited for her to conclude it. "You see, you don't know anything about me," she said, starting in afresh.

"Oh, but I flatter myself I do," was his reply. "I never act without proper consideration."

"I mean as to my—antecedents," Miss Conover said. "As to my—purposes—"

"I don't care about your antecedents," he interrupted. "And as for your purposes I hope one of them will be to make me as happy as you can."

"Well, I am glad that we understand each other, and—"

"But, I don't know that we do," interrupted she, in turn. "I know that you proposed to me, but I cannot recall that I accepted you."

"Oh!" he ejaculated, with a crestfallen look. Miss Conover laughed softly, and said: "I am willing to hold your offer under advisement."

"That will not satisfy me," he replied. "But it must," rejoined she. "I think I am according you a great deal."

"Well, maybe you are," he said, with a grimace. "I can't say that I'm excessively grateful."

"I'll give you my answer in September," Miss Conover replied. "That isn't far off, you know."

"Well, no, it isn't," assented he, and that closed the conversation.

In the early part of September business took him to the city, and he was absent a week. When he returned to his aunt's country seat he found that the pretty little governess was no longer there. He was almost dumfounded.

"Where is she?" he asked. "I don't know," replied Mrs. Cameron. "Among her friends, no doubt."

"She is coming back?" "No, much to my regret and the disappointment of the children."

Brice Rutherford stared at the carpet. "Did she leave a message for me?" he asked.

"A letter, at least," replied Mrs. Cameron. "I notice that there is one on her bureau directed to you."

He hurried upstairs in a manner not in keeping with his habitual dignity. When he opened the envelope he was surprised to find one of his own letters in it, although he had never written to her. A look of consternation spread over his face as he read it.

In his boyhood he had had a little sweetheart, named Rose Ralston. It was stipulated between the parents of both that the two should be married when they were old enough.

He was sent to school on the Continent, where he stayed until he had attained his majority. He then wrote home declining to renew the stipulations. Indeed, so emphatic was he, that one or two sentences were unkind, because uncalled for.

"It isn't from her." "Eh! Who then?" "Why did she masquerade here under another name?" evaded Bryce. "Why should she masquerade anywhere?" "My dear boy, I can't answer that," Mrs. Cameron said. "I am not convinced that she did."

"Well, it doesn't matter much anyhow," Rutherford rejoined, which was a bold falsehood, for he knew that it mattered a good deal to him.

A year later found Kate Conover standing in a grove in the Yellowstone Park. She was looking down a long vista of charming scenery, her face bronzed, her form plump, and the blue in her eyes deeper and sweeter than ever.

She heard footsteps behind her, and on turning around beheld a handsome, sun-browned tourist. A second, and her face grew very red, for the man was Brice Rutherford. She had punished him, to be sure; but she had also punished herself.

It relieved her of her embarrassment by offering his hand with easy gracefulness. "I'll now take your answer," he said. "What answer?" she asked, with renewed blushes.

"This is September," he reminded. "Oh, to be sure," Mrs. Cameron hurriedly said. "So it is, but I named last September. I left you my answer."

"But there wasn't anything in it for me, or else I was too stupid to see it. It may have implied—"

"Yes, it implied," she interrupted with a charming little laugh. "Oh, bother that idiotic letter!" Brice cried.

"And your stumpy, romping, freckled faced, tomboy sweetheart, Rose Ralston," added she, quoting from the letter.

"I meant nothing by it and I'm sorry I wrote it," replied Brice, getting red in the face in turn. "I could not foresee that I'd afterward meet Rose Ralston in Kate Conover and fall in love with her. You have two names and you should not be punctilious about assuming a third. Mine is at your service. Please give me the answer you promised."

"Well, Brice," she said, her blue eyes dancing with fun. "I am not able to recall the question with much distinctness. If you will repeat it, in the same attitude, with the same fervor and with the same wild waiting look in your eyes, perhaps I may be able—"

"Oh, I couldn't," interrupted Brice, laughing. "One such effort in a lifetime is enough. I haven't yet recovered the energy which I expended on that occasion. You intend to accept me, but you are too—too—modest to say so. I will not insist, you know."

"Oh, thank you," she replied. "It is a—great relief to me."

And, as they were married before the close of the year, it is presumed that they reached an understanding at last.

A Female Machinist. One of the prettiest girls in Connecticut, Nellie Paterson by name, has completed a four years' apprenticeship to the machinist's trade. She is working at her lathe and vice in a factory, and it is averred there is not a mechanic in the whole shop who can do a better "job" or in less time than the fair young workwoman. Four years ago, when Miss Nellie began to think of the means whereby she must earn her living, she surveyed the whole field of woman's work, and determined to cross the conventional "line of demarcation."

She was a bright girl, with a great deal of Yankee cleverness and with considerable ingenuity and inventiveness. She is able, according to the accounts of her chivalrous compeers, to block up a piece of work on the planer, and uses the drill or handles the file as well as any man in the shop. She is, of course, not afraid of the grease and the grime, and it is considered that "her beauty is not in the least marred by any swipe of dirt across her dimpled cheek or spot of oil on her dainty nose."

Her hands are strong, though they are not so white as those of some of her sisters. Not only is she a great favorite with her fellow-workers, but she is "the pride of the little country village where she lives."

A Tricky Young Woman. Young Julius Jones loved Susan Slade, and oft in dulcet tones He vainly had besought the maid To take the name of Jones.

"Wert thou but solid, then, he sure, 'Twould be all right," said she; "But Mr. J., whilst thou art poor, Pray think no more of me."

Poor Jones was sad; his coat was bad, His salary was worse; But hope suggested "Jones, my lad, Just try the power of verse!"

He sat him down and wrote in rhyme How she was in her spring, And he in summer's golden prime: And all that sort of thing.

The poem praised her hair and eyes, Her hips with honey laden, He wound it up, up in the skies, And mailed it to the maiden.

She read it over, kept it clean, Put on her finest raiment, And took it to a magazine, And got ten dollars payment.

—Irwin Russell.

THINGS OF VALUE. It is essential that ability be marked. It might be lost sight of in the crowd. K. D. C. relieves distress after eating and promotes healthy digestion.

One trouble with the matrimonial match is that young people are apt to make light of it. K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion or Dyspepsia or money refunded.

It is safe to say that he who nurses his wrath does not draw on the milk of human kindness for the sustenance. K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid and gas, and restores it to healthy action.

After about three o'clock every day a man begins to think maybe it is tomorrow when he will do the deed that will make him famous. Be a well man, a free man, a happy man, by taking K. D. C.—the great restorative for all stomach troubles.

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always; like God, to love always—this is duty.—Amiel.

You want K. D. C.—you want to be cured of dyspepsia. Then take K. D. C. and be cured of dyspepsia.

A PETROIT MIRACLE.

A GREAT TRIUMPH FOR CANADIAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Particulars of One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record Described by the Detroit News—A Story Worth a Careful Perusal.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 29th, 1892.—A case has just come to light here, the particulars of which are published in the Evening News, which will be read with considerable interest by all Canadians, as it records the remarkable achievement of a Canadian medical discovery, which has already, in its own country, won great and enduring fame. At this added triumph there is no doubt the fellow countrymen of the proprietors will rejoice, as it sheds lustre on Canadian science. The story is told by the News as follows:

The following paragraph, which appeared in the News a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so wonderfully remarkable that it demanded further explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the News' readers to report it to them fully. It was so important then that it attracted considerable attention at the time. The following is the paragraph in question:—

"C. B. Northrop, for 28 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has succeeded at a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. The disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved, not only in looks, but in condition, till he has regained his oldtime strength.

It had been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change had been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement, and not only so, but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief.

He had been in the care of the best physicians, who did all they could to alleviate this terrible malady, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y., wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person cured at Lockport had obtained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article published in the Hamilton, Ont., Times. The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle," and told the story of a man in that city, who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment and appliances only to be told in the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person alluded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Little William St., Hamilton, Ont.) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after having been pronounced permanently disabled and incurable by the physicians, was paid the \$1,000 disability insurance provided by the order for his members in such cases, for years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbearable and life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after he had been paid the disability claim he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man whom medical experts had said was incurable, was going about the city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonderful recovery in detail, and it was thus as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of the information that led to his equally marvelous recovery. One could hardly conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. His injury came about in this way: One day nearly four years ago, he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. He was weak, pale and fast sinking when his timely information came that he had a remedy. He was informed of the case of death. Those, who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store on an invalid's chair, would not recognize the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall in Hamilton, and the person in Lockport, he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Basset & L'Hommedieu, 95 Woodward Avenue, and from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration. It agonized him with all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this terrible condition when he began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have restored him to health.

Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderful remedy, and replied that he understood the proprietors claim it to be a blood builder and nerve restorer; supplying in a condensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. It is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, and all diseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of

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memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale. Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living example that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and the pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment. This case is one of the most remarkable on record, and as it is one right here in Detroit and not a thousand miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrop is very well known to the people of Detroit, and he says he is only too glad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If any of the News readers want any further information, we feel sure Mr. Northrop would willingly oblige them, as he has the writer in relating these facts to him.

INSTRUCTION. Mr. Frank Soloan learned the New Shorthand in the two weeks of Christmas vacation and wrote over 60 words a minute the second week. "I was under the impression it took years to learn." SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Windsor, N.S.

Shorthand J. ADIES and GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a thorough knowledge of shorthand and type-writing and an acquaintance with the duties of a business amanuensis, should enter for our evening course—in session every evening (Saturdays excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. HARRY PEPPER, Conductor of Shorthand Department, St. John Business College and Shorthand Institute.

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WINTER SAILINGS. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO'Y. (Limited). S. S. "City of Monticello." ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. WILL, on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of November, sail from the Company's pier, Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 7.30 local time, for Digby, and Annapolis, returning same days sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby. These sailings will continue until further notice. HOWARD D. TROOP, President.

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For further particulars enquire of Railway Ticket Agents. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 10, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.05; for Point du Chene, 10.30; for Halifax, 11.45; for Sussex, 10.30; for Quebec and Montreal, 10.55. Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9.25; from Point du Chene, 12.55; from Halifax, 10.20; from Halifax, 22.30.

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