## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

# CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT.

The sentry on guard at the barrack gates halted, and gazed intently at one of the upper windows of the officers' quarters.

A thin wreath of smoke was curling from the chinks of the shutters.

The alarm was given, and in a few moments the barrack square, wakened into ing his iron-grey moustache and pacing the a tive life, resounded with the blare of bugles, the rol! of kettledrums, and the tramp of marching feet. Fire engines were Bridget, tossing her prim-capped head in telegraphed for; the hydrants were set at work. By this time forks of flame were darting from a dozen windows. A squad ot brave tellows scoured the married men's quarters and brought the women and childrep safely out. Then the horses were led from the stables and hobbled at a safe distance from danger. So far it seemed as cident, several times, and she loves him. if disaster to life would be avoided

The barracks engine was manned by a offence in the Articles of War. That squad of giants, but despite their exertions the fire fiend was gaining ground. A vol-canic burst of flames in the right wing told that the canteen had caught, and the gallant Ethel away. Lilac Lancers groaned in their hearts at the thought of so much good whisky being many years been a widower, and had looked forward to his daughter being a com-panion to him. Besides, he loved her dewasted

By the time the town engines dashed up, the whole facade of the barracks was in flames.

Then a murmur of horror went through the crowd-soldiers and civilians-that watched the holocaust. The pet of the regiment was in the building-- the colonel's fair-haired, winning-faced daughter who ion and confidante, lighting up my quarters had come to pass a lew days of her school among the ladies of the regiment. And holidays with her father in his quarters: the girl for whom any man in the "Lilacs" would have laid down his life, because she only the other day since my old comrade, was the apple of the old chief's eve, and because she was as proud of the regiment as the regiment was of her. a rum dog Jack was! He said, shaking

There was her window, high up above those three rows of flaming others, and my hand, Blaine, old boy, we've ridden side by side with death straight in front of even those in line with it were one by one darting out tongues of fire, while their us before now. We did at Balaclava, and panes splintered and fell. It was of no again at Delhi. We've been friends since avail to rear ladders against the lurid wall we were boys, and, hang me, if, when my beneath; nothing human could pass through | boy's a man, if he doesn't marry your girl, that sea of fire.

But the soldiers' creed is that difficulties are made to be overcome, and it occurred to Trooper Fenton that since that window could not be reached from below, it would have to be from above.

fellow won't have the impudence to pro-A groan burst from the grey-haired colonel as at that window on which all eyes pose." were fixed a tace appeared, the face of a fair girl pale with despair, the face of his a card tray. child. Many a time and oft he had faced death without a tremor; to see that face get." roared the colonel. "Why, here's old there was more than any death. It was Jack Cheniston himselt. I wonder what's all they could do to keep him back from in the wind." rushing headlong into the blazing pile to die with her.

But a might cheer goes up from a the only arm of a gentleman of about his

a man who had gone through fire to save her, even when the hero happened to be my life 1 shall live those moments over **Eagar's** her, even when the hero happened to be five feet eleven, handsome and twenty-two "I think it would be as well," she sug-gested, "i Ethel went to stay with her "But it would be a shame for me to claim

your love as the reward." Aunt Mary until the season begins and she "Frank ! Frank !" she cried, passiongoes to town : by that time this absurd in-

fatuation may have passed away."

there is no punishment prescribed for the

dreadful Dan Cupid snaps his fingers at

discipline. All you can do is to send

The old colonel groaned. He had for

votedly, and it pained him to think of her

young life being blighted by a hopeless

"What airy castles we build," he growl-

ed. "All these years I have been dreaming

ot the time when she would be my compan-

with her presence, and taking her place

now its all going to be different. And, by

Jove ! talking of castle building, it seems

Jack Cheniston, pledged her health on the

I'll cut him off with a shilling.

whiskers bristlier than ever-

dav she was born. And. ha! ha! ha! what

room furiousiy.

passion

ately. "It is not gratitude alone that I bring you. I bring you the love of my heart, foolish girl that I am. I begin to read the "To you think the fellow is in love with her too ?" inquired Colonel Blaine, gnawtruth. I love one who has no love for me. You risked your brave life for me, but you do not love me. "My dear Robert," exclaimed sister

"My dear one, I love you as I never loved before, or can love again. It is only the air, "do you imagin e I have canvassed tor your sake that I hesitate to claim your Private Fenton or his comrades to solicit inlife, to fetter that bright, glad life to formation on the subject? You are in possession of the facts as fully as I. The mine."

They started at the sound of advancing young fellow has saved Ethel's life. footsteps. Ethel uttered a cry as she recog-She looks on him as a hero; as indeed he nized her father. is. They have met, more or less by ac-

The colonel shouted, "Ethel, ungrateful Even suppose he returns her affection, child!"

And the general roared, "Frank, you villain! So I've found you at last! What on earth are you doing in that masquerade ?"

"Her Majesty's uniform, sir," said the private. saluting.

Remains there aught more to be told? Only that Trooper Frank Fenton Cheniston was then and there reconciled to his father; that Ethel Blaine was forgiven by hers; that the trooper was bought out of the Lilac Lancers, and shortly afterwards gazetted as a sub-lieutenant, by his full name, in the same regiment; that a few months later he married his colonel's daughter; and that the two old cronies, Colonel Blaine and General Cheniston, kept their bargain after all .- Cassell's Journal.

#### EXCHANGING REMINISCENCES.

How It Began, Was Carried on and The **Result of It.** 

"Do you know, my dear," she suddenly said as she looked up from her work, "do vou know that next week will be the twentieth anniversary of our wedding ?"

"Is that so? By George! how time flies! Why, I had no idea of it."

"Yes, we have been married almost twenty long years," she continued, with "Man proposes," said Miss Bridget Blaine sententiously, and her brother rasped out, his cheeks redder and his white good husband to me, darling." something of a sigh. "You have been a

"And you have been a blessed little wife to me, Susan. Come here and let me kiss "Confound it ! 1 hope that trooper you. There !"

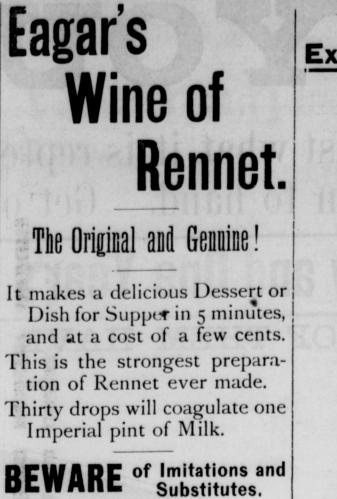
"I was thinking today-I was thinking The colonel's body servant entered with of-of-

"Of that sickly-faced baboon who used to walk home with you from church before I knew you ?" he interrupted.

"Who do you mean?"

"Why, that Brace fellow, of course." "Why, George, he wasn't such a bad

gaged in apparently endeavoring to shake fellow.' "Wasn't he? Well, I'd like to know of a worse one, and there you were as good



FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND

GROCERS.

### **Extracts from Letters:**

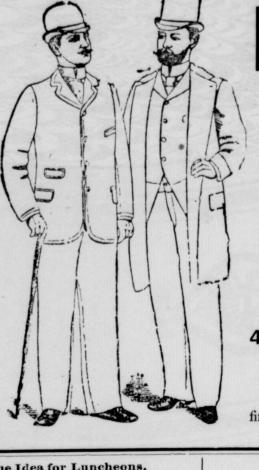
One says :-- "I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says :-- "Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my triends."

Another says :-- "I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs, ---- has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one. sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply GORGEOUS as a dessert"

Another says :-- "I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sext it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

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16

thousand throats. See ! a man has sprung up a ladder reared against the side wall of the barracks, and, climbing like a cat from sill to parapet, has reached the root, along which he is crawling cautiously, a coil of stout rope looped over one arm.

It is a race against fire, for the window next to hers is now alight, and from her own bursts a volume of smoke that enwreathes her. He is in line with her now; with a running noose he has made fast his rope to the chimney stack. He calls to her, and his voice rouses her from the stupor of despair. Leaning over the parapet he lowers the other end of the rope and shouts to her to place its loop around her. Those beneath hold their breath while with all his strength he hauls. She has reached the parapet, is in his strong arms; though the danger is not all past, for, half-blinded by smoke, he has to traverse with his burden that narrow ledge. But British soldiers have a way of making a path of danger a beaten track ; others have followed up the ladder, and ere long have relieved him of that fainting form. The pent-up suspense at last has burst its floodgates; every heart and every voice in the vast multitude beneath swell in a mighty cheer.

"Who is the brave man?" the officers exclaim as they press round the blackened, exhausted torm lying prone, scorched, and almost senseless. Then along the crowd runs the answer-

"Trooper Fenton, the gentleman ranker !"

Trooper Fenton became more than ever an object of interest to his comrades. He had excited no little curiosity heretofore. He was beyond doubt a "geetleman ranker," though he was peculiarly reticent about his family and connections. At times he let fall remarks betraying a familiarity with subjects, people, and places not usually accessible to a private soldier, and his speech and manners were essentially those of a man of breeding.

On one occasion a civilian, endeavoring to draw him out, said to him bluntly, "You are not a common soldier, Fenton," and the "gentleman ranker" replied with more asperity than was usual to him-

"Certainly not. There is no such thing. No man who wears her Majesty's uniform, whatever his rank, is common, sir."

But whatever his social position had been prior to accepting her Majesty's shilling his officers found him respectful, obedient and smart, while his comrades were not long in discovering that he was light-hearted, sang a good song, played the banjo to perfection, and was active enough with his hands when need arose to put down a bully or a blackguard. The regimental riding master looked upon him as a marvel.

It was not long before Colonel Blaine discovered with considerable dismay that his only daughter had fallen deeply in love with her gallant rescuer. He was aghast. He was filled with gratitude towards this private soldier who, at the risk of his own life, had saved Ethel's; but Colonel Blaine's social code was of the most orthodox type, and he regarded any such attach-

his sister, who had informed him of her dream. Ethel, I must part with you for predicted."

own age, with, if possible, whiter hair, eyebrows, and moustache, and a more purple as engaged to him.' complexion than his own.

In another moment the colonel was en-

A few hours later Colonel Blaine and General Cheniston sat tete-a-tete over their wine at the dinner table, Ethel and her aunt having accelerated their departure in order to give the old cronies as much time as possible to chat over the days "when

Plancus was Consul." Pending the rehabitation of his quarters the colonel had taken a little villa near the barracks. They drew their chairs to the open window of the dining-room overlooking a stretch of trim sward.across which the summer dusk was falling, and puffed their big cheroots as they reviewed their bygone days.

"What a time since we met last," observed the general-"eighteen years !"

"Yes, just after my Ethel was born." "Charming girl," said the general with a sigh. "Ah-h-h!

"What's the matter ?"

"I was thinking of a jocular bargain we made over our glasses, that your baby girl should marry my rapscallion of a boy. "What, hasn't he turned out well? Where is he now, and what is he doing? In

the service?" "Goodness knows where he is," groaned the old general. "You know, Dick, I'm a peppery temper. Well, he's as bad, if not worse. We had some words, and told him to clear out of my house and go and get his living, and the disobedient young scamp took me at my word, and I've never set eyes on him since, or heard a word about him. He bolted, sir-left his father's house just because I told him to

scuttle out and go to blazes." "I'm truly sorry," grunted the colonel. "Parents have a good deal to put up with." He was thinking as he spoke how it would have smoothed things over if Jack Cheniston's son had come along and taken Ethel's heart my storm.

"Let's take a turn round the garden," said he after a pause, "before we go up to the drawing room and have some music.'

Side by side they paced the lawn in the dusk, fighting their battles over again, talking of days and comrades dead and gone

What was that gleaming white against the garden wicket? A girl's form, cloaked and hooded in a soft, white, diaphanous shawl, and by her side a private of the Lilac Lancers in undress uniform.

A groan broke from the old colonel. In a tew disjointed words he gave his old comrade an outline of the story and implored his advice.

"Pack the girl off indoors," spluttered the general, "and we'll deal" with the fellow.

In the shadow of the trees they advanced unpreceived. The lovers had no eyes save for each other.

The trooper was speaking, looking passionately down on the white, wistful face uplifted to his.

"I was to blame," he said ; "I ought to ment between his daughter and one of his have remembered earlier the difference in own troopers as little short of a calamity. our stations. I must remember it now, "Thank goodness!" he exclaimed to and we must awaken from our foolish

"Yes, George, but you know you were keeping company at the same time with that Helen Perkins.'

"That Helen Perkins! Wasn't Miss Perkins one of the loveliest and prettiest young ladies in Liverpool ?" "No, she wasn't. She had teeth like a

horse! "She did, eh! How about that stoopshouldered, white-headed Brace?"

"And such big feet as she had! Why, George, she was the laughing-stock of the

"Nothing of the kind-nothing of the kind! She was a young lady who would have made a model wife.

"Then why didn't you marry her, and all her moles, and warts, and mushroom eyes ?"

"Don't talk that way to me! Her eyes were as nice as yours !'

"They were not."

"They were. I believe you are sorry because you didn't marry that Brace !"

"And I know that you are sorry because you didn't marry that beautiful and accom-

plished Miss Perkins !" "I am! Oh? I though you said I had

been a good husband to you ?"

"And didn't you call me your blessed little wite?"

Then he plumped down and began to read the mortgage sales and advertisements in the paper, and she picked up her sewing and gave the cat a gentle kick. These old things will come up now and then, and somehow neither side ever gets entirely over them.

They Agreed on Tipperusalem.

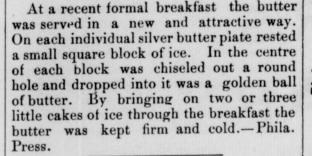
The Brandon Bucksaw says of Tipperusalem City, Oklahoma: "It was founded last year by Timothy P. Grady and Col.H. M. Kautmann, upon whose holdings it was built. Now, Mr. Tim Grady is a steadfast Irishman, while Col. Kaufmann is proud of an ancestry which followed Moses to the promised land. Mr. Grady wanted to call the city after his old home-Tipperary. Col. Kaufmann was equally anxious to name it Jerusalem. A squabble resulted, and for a time it seemed as though the town was going to be divided into two distinct municipalities. Finally, however, a settlement was affected. Young Pat Grady fell in love with Rebecca Kautmann, and through their interference the old men shook hands and agreed to compromise matters by calling the place "Tipperusalem." Thus it will remain until some fool ordinance people come along and change it."

tic steamer that a worthy Teuton was talking about weather forecasts.

is. You better don'd take no stock in dem

as I can.' "But my dear sir," said a person stand-

"Vell, dat ish so," said the Teuton; "but I tell you vat it is, dat storm vould haf come yust de same if it had not been



A penny was recently tound imbedded in the heart of a peach. This corroborates the claim of the Delaware growers that there's not much money in this business. -Philadelphia Times.





This young lady has two brothers and a sister; each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The publishers of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY will give a Fine Ladies' Gold Watch to the person who first can make out the faces of the two brothers and sister; to the second a Mantel Clock; to the third a Coin Silver Watch; to the fourth a beautiful pair of Pearl Opera Glasses; to the fifth a Silk Dress Pattern; and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer this Picture Rebus correctly, until one hundred prizes have been awarded, if there should be that number answering correctly. Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus, and make a cross with a lead pencil on the two brothers' and sister's faces, and send same to us with five two-cent postage stamps, for two copies of the LADIES' Pic-TORIAL WEEKLY, our populai illustrated journal. Answer to-day and enclose ten cents and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address, "F" LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, 192 King St. West, Toronto, Canada. C

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Meterological Item. It was in the smoking room of an Atlan-

"Look here," he said, "I tell you vat it vetter predictions. Dey can't tell no petter ERBINE BITTERS

ing by, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

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