

CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT.

I.

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 chimneys of the barracks.

The alarm was given, and in a few moments the barrack square, awakened into a life, resounded with the blare of bugles, the roll of kettle-drums, and the tramp of marching feet. Fire engines were telegraphed for; the hydrants were set at work. By this time forks of flame were darting from a dozen windows. A squad of brave fellows scoured the married men's quarters and brought the women and children, safely out. Then the horses were led from the stables and hobbled at a safe distance from danger. So far it seemed as if disaster to life would be avoided.

The barracks engine was manned by a squad of giants, but despite their exertions the fire fiend was gaining ground. A volcanic burst of flames in the right wing told that the canteen had caught, and the gallant Lilac Lancers groaned in their hearts at the thought of so much good whisky being wasted.

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 had come to pass a few days of her school holidays with her father in the barracks; the girl for whom any man in the "Lilacs" would have laid down his life, because she was the apple of the old chief's eye, and because she was as proud of the regiment as the regiment was of her.

There was her widow, high up above those three rows of flaming others, and even those in line with it were one by one darting out tongues of fire, while their panes splintered and fell. It was of avail to rear ladders against the lurid wall beneath; nothing human could pass through 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.

A groan burst from the grey-haired colonel as at that window on which all eyes were fixed a face appeared, the face of a fair girl pale with despair, the face of his child. Many a time and oft he had faced death without a tremor; to see that face there was more than any death. It was all they could do to keep him back from rushing headlong into the blazing pile to die with her.

But a night cheer goes up from a 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 roof, 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 enwrathes her. He is in line with her now; with a running nose 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 form lying prone, scorched, and almost senseless. Then along the crowd runs the answer—

"Trooper Fenton, the gentleman ranker!"

II.

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 "gentleman 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 gobsmacked. 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 attachment between his daughter and one of his own troopers as little short of a calamity.

"Thank goodness!" he exclaimed to his sister, who had informed him of her well grounded suspicions that Ethel Blaine was irretrievably in love with the dashing private, "there is no fear of this folly going further. They have no opportunities of meeting."

Miss Bridget Blaine sniffed. She had read an adage to the effect that Love was not affected with any undue veneration for locksmiths, and she had in mind sundry occasions on which Ethel went out driving or riding in the outskirts of Brestwick had, of course by chance, met Frank Fenton; and, with all proper allowance for discipline and social rank, no one could have expected a girl to pass without recognition

a man who had gone through fire to save her, even when the hero happened to be five feet eleven, handsome and twenty-two.

"I think it would be as well," she suggested, "if Ethel went to stay with her Aunt Mary until the season begins and she goes to town; by that time this absurd infatuation may have passed away."

"Do you think the fellow is in love with her too?" inquired Colonel Blaine, gnawing his iron-grey moustache and pacing the room furiously.

"My dear Robert," exclaimed sister Bridget, tossing her prim-capped head in the air, "do you imagine I have canvassed Private Fenton or his comrades to solicit information on the subject? You are in possession of the facts as fully as I. The young fellow has saved Ethel's life. She looks on him as a hero; as indeed he is. They have met, more or less by accident, several times, and she loves him. Even suppose he returns her affection, there is no punishment prescribed for the offence in the Articles of War. That dreadful Dan Cupid snaps his fingers at discipline. All you can do is to send Ethel away."

The old colonel groaned. He had for many years been a widower, and had looked forward to his daughter being a companion to him. Besides, he loved her devotedly, and it pained him to think of her young life being blighted by a hopeless passion.

"What airy castles we build," he growled. "All these years I have been dreaming of the time when she would be my companion and confidante, lighting up my quarters with her presence, and taking her place among the ladies of the regiment. And now it's all going to be different. And, by Jove! talking of castle building, it seems only the other day since my old comrade, Jack Cheniston, pledged her health on the day she was born. And, ha! ha! what a run dog Jack was! He said, shaking my hand, 'Blaine, old boy, we've ridden side by side with death straight in front of us before now. We did at Balacava, and again at Delhi. We've been friends since we were boys, and, hang me, if, when my boy's a man, if he doesn't marry your girl, I'll cut him off with a shilling.'"

"Man proposes," said Miss Bridget Blaine sententiously, and her brother rasped out, his cheeks redder and his white whiskers bristlier than ever—

"Confound it! I hope that trooper fellow won't have the impudence to propose."

The colonel's body servant entered with a card tray.

"Talk of the—I beg your pardon, Bridget," roared the colonel. "Why, here's old Jack Cheniston himself. I wonder what's in the wind."

In another moment the colonel was engaged in apparently endeavoring to shake the only arm of a gentleman of about his own age, with, it possible, whiter hair, eyebrows, and moustache, and a more purple complexion than his own.

A few hours later Colonel Blaine and General Cheniston sat *tele-tele* 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 rehabilitation 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 rascal 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 I 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 few 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 unperceived. 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 have remembered earlier the difference in our stations. I must remember it now, and we must awaken from our foolish dream. Ethel, I must part with you for ever—for your own dear sake."

"What is rank to loving hearts?" she said. "In all the world there is none nobler than you in my sight. When terrible death stretched out his arms and would have clasped me, you defied him and saved me. How can I think there is any nobler than you?"

"But, Ethel, you do not count what you would lose if we fled together—your position in life—"

"I owe you life itself."

"Your friends of your own station."

"Where were they when I stood there helpless, waiting in terror for the flames

that were rushing towards me? Oh, Frank, I lived a lifetime in those moments! All my life I shall live those moments over again."

"But it would be a shame for me to claim your love as the reward."

"Frank! Frank!" she cried, passionately. "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 truth. I love one who has no love for me. You risked your brave life for me, but you do not love me."

"My dear one, I love you as I never loved before, or can love again. It is only for your sake that I hesitate to claim your life, to fetter that bright, glad life to mine."

They started at the sound of advancing footsteps. Ethel uttered a cry as she recognized her father.

The colonel shouted, "Ethel, ungrateful 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 ought 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 you 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 something of a sigh. "You have been a good husband to me, darling."

"And you have been a blessed little wife to me, Susan. Come here and let me kiss you. There!"

"I was thinking today—I was thinking 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 Brice fellow, of course."

"Why, George, he wasn't such a bad fellow."

"Wasn't he? Well, I'd like to know of a worse one, and there you were as good as engaged to him."

"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 stoop-shouldered, white-headed Brice?"

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

"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 Brice!"

"And I know that you are sorry because you didn't marry that beautiful and accomplished Miss Perkins!"

"I am! Oh? I thought you said I had been a good husband to you?"

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

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 *Bucksan* says of Tipperusalem City, Oklahoma: "It was founded last year by Timothy P. Grady and Col. H. M. Kaufmann, 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 effected. Young Pat Grady fell in love with Rebecca Kaufmann, 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."

Meteorological Item.

It was in the smoking room of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was talking about weather forecasts.

"Look here," he said, "I tell you what it is. You better don't take no stock in dem vetter predictions. They can't tell no petter as I can."

"But my dear sir," said a person standing by, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish so," said the Teuton; "but I tell you what it is, dat storm would haf come just de same if it had not been predicted."

The River Nile.

Some one who has kept up with the rise and fall of the great old Egyptian river says that the Nile has a fall of but six inches to the 1,000 miles. The overflow commences in June every year and continues until August, attaining an elevation of from twenty-five to twenty-six feet above low water mark, and flowing through the "valley of Egypt" in a turbulent body twelve miles wide. During the last 1,000 years there has been but one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned.

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents.

This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made.

Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

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 friends."

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 sent 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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Business Men

want neat, well-fitting, tastily made Suits. We have got together a magnificent line of goods for this class. All colors, weights, sizes and prices—and every price made is a bargain. Drop in and see the goods yourself.

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The One Price Clothier,

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Do you need an Overcoat, Ulster, Cape Coat or Reefer, we sell the finest in the City.

Unique Idea for Luncheons.

At a recent formal breakfast the butter was served in a new and attractive way. On each individual silver butter plate rested a small square block of ice. In the centre of each block was chiseled out a round hole and dropped into it was a golden ball of butter. By bringing on two or three little cakes of ice through the breakfast the butter was kept firm and cold.—*Phila. Press.*

A penny was recently found 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.*

A Prize Portrait Rebus.



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 person who first 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 effected. Young Pat Grady fell in love with Rebecca Kaufmann, 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."

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UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7:25 a.m. Retaining will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a.m., and Portland at 5 p.m., for Eastport and St. John.

On Wednesday Trip the steamer will not call at Portland.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

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STEAMER CLIFTON.

THE above Steamer will make three trips a week during the season, leaving Hampton MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at 5 o'clock; returning from Indiantown on the same days, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at the usual landings.

HOTELS.

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The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.

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Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.



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WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 100 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w.c.s on every floor.

The parlors attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada. The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first and amply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel.

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FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

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WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Fall Arrangement.

On and after Monday, 17th Oct., 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m., arriving at Yarmouth 4.30 p. m.

LEAVE ANAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.25 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

CONNECTIONS—Windsor and Annapolis with trains of John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Burlington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIDGEMAN, General Superintendent

Intercolonial Railway.

After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Point du Chene, 10:30; for Halifax, 13:00; for Sussex, 16:30; for Quebec and Montreal, 22:10.

Will arrive at St. John from Amherst, 8:30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 8:30; from Point du Chene, 12:40; from Halifax, 15:30; from Amherst, 16:30.