

TWO LOVERS—ONE GIRL.

EASILY EXPLAINED—THE GIRL'S A ST. JOHN YOUNGLADY.

And of course, she is bright, vivacious, petite, engaging, pretty with all the beauty of a nineteen-year old Brunette—Which will be the Happy Man?

She was a St. John girl. Bright, vivacious, petite, engaging, pretty with all the beauty of a nineteen year old brunette, she made her way straight to the masculine heart. Young men who had fallen under the charm of her witchery raved over her, and dreamed of ivy-clad cottages with this one little specimen of charming womanhood as presiding goddess. Old men acknowledged the power of her black eyes and soft voice, and thawed out into genial sociability when she was present.

Fate led her to Fredericton, there to learn at the provincial Normal School how to manage the instruction of youth. She was an attentive student, punctual and capable. She was not indeed one of the goody-goody who spent all their time either at their lessons or in the school. No; she went in for a good time socially, and she got it. Scarcely was she well and comfortably settled in a private boarding house than she cast about her at once for a cavalier. She had not to seek long. Within two weeks of her advent to the celestial city she had already had one young gentleman waiting on her, and had cut him for his brother. Why she used the first young man so cruelly she herself could not even undertake to explain.

This young man then became her devoted slave. He was good-looking, or at least she thought so, and he spent his hard-earned cash, the profits of his work behind a bookstore counter as junior clerk, upon this dazzling bit of humanity. She liked him; I won't say she loved him, for the idea of love did not enter into her brain. The pair became inseparable and attracted some attention. Together they made the rounds of concert, rink, snowshoeing parties, and all the other outdoor amusements of respectable Fredericton.

Fatuous indeed as was this belief of his she came through the ordeal heart-whole, slightly attached no doubt to the young man who had made life so pleasant for her, but no more. It was his mistake if he thought otherwise. With an inconsistency utterly inexplicable in view of the intimacy of their relations she refused to correspond with him. She did not jilt him, she did not refuse to marry him; she simply acted on the old fashioned idea "out of sight, out of mind."

In the course of few months she accepted a school in a country district of the better kind. She came all life and animation to her work. She would be a staid, sober-minded schoolmarm. No more flirtations for her, no more young men, no extra vivacity, nothing but plain good sense. Alas for human particularly feminine resolutions! she could not leave her bright eyes at home behind her nor her sweet smile, and her engaging manners. As ill luck would have it she boarded in the same house with a professional gentleman, unmarried, goodlooking, cultured and—a born flirt. A gentleman withal, however, down to his fingers' tips. It he flirted he never left any broken hearts behind him, or broken promises, or spoiled lives.

At first he paid little attention to the new schoolmarm; with an artist's perceptions he recognized her beauty, but thought it immature and schoolgirlish. They ate at the same table, and sang the same songs, yet he heeded her not; she was only a schoolgirl. Winter came and with it snowshoeing and skating. Our professional gentleman was an allround athlete who delighted in out-door winter sports as much as the despised little school teacher. His interest in her began to awaken; she was something more, he thought, than merely a good looking girl.

She had grit, too, he learned from the trustees, in her management of unruly schoolboys twice her size. She was worth cultivating. Cultivate her he did, so that the pair became well-known for their utter fearlessness of snowstorms and inclement weather. A tramp of miles was nothing to them, nor could the coldest weather keep them from skating, when the ice was good.

She won him by her congeniality, by her ability to chum without the degeneracy of oliving. They, too, became inseparable;

and friends wondered whether our professional gentleman would not be at last caught. He deserted all his lady friends for this newcomer, and they in their several ways resented his desertion. The little teacher at one stroke had established herself in his esteem. Esteem it was and nothing more. He valued her company as much as he would have valued the companionship of some male friend having similar tastes with himself. The ways of the female heart are devious and inscrutable, so that it were hard to tell just how the good looking athlete affected the loving nature of a school-marm. It was evident, however, that his society was pleasing to her; yet this might mean nothing, as the society of a cultured gentleman must be congenial to the true lady. Envious tongues asserted that she sought him, going out of her way for that purpose; but this was a calumny. The little school-marm knew her place, and her own worth, and acted on the knowledge. Thus things went on until our professional gentleman began to ask himself how it was going to end. He had no notion of engaging a young girl's affections for the mere pleasure of the process. That would be childish and ungentlemanly. Besides, there had been no thought of sentiment in all his relations with her, and so far as he could judge, in her attitude towards him. For safety's sake, however, he thought it best to diminish the frequency of their intercourse. He began to plead professional business often when there was not a client to be had, simply to give her a reason for his not accompanying her. She showed no undue regret at being deprived of his companionship. She was frank enough to say that she missed him, but that was all.

He missed her, however, missed her more than he had any idea he would. She had wormed herself into his life in a way he could not explain. He began to realize that he could not live without her. It was at this moment that her Fredericton lover put in an appearance on the scene. Whether a whisper of her intimacy with our professional friend had reached him or not, we cannot say, but sufficient for the purposes of this narrative is the fact that he came inauspiciously on the scene just as the other was beginning to realize what the pretty schoolmarm meant to him. Here was a chance for her to play one against the other. To her credit be it said she proceeded to do no such thing. She bore herself towards our professional friend in the same friendly, chummy way as before. Nor did she refuse the proffered attentions of her quondam Fredericton lover. They went around considerably together during the few days of his stay, but the professional gentleman was absent at court during part of the time. On his return he disdained acknowledging the existence of the other fellow, and with an air that smacked suspiciously of ownership carried her off to snowshoe or skate as it such a thing as a rival did not exist. The Fredericton counter jumper made a gallant fight, but we fear he is outclassed. Just what the outcome will be for either the professional gentleman or the bright schoolmarm, we venture not to predict. It is "diamond cut diamond," and as great mystery hangs over the eventual ending of this platonic friendship as Frank Stockton managed to throw around the ending of his "Lady or the Tiger?" Perhaps at some future day we will be able to chronicle the further history of this case. Lou.

A MUSEUM OF NEWSPAPERS.

It Contains the First Copy of a Centennial Journal.

One of the most curious museums in the world is that containing hundreds of thousands of newspapers, at Aix-la-Chapelle. This quaint museum-library was founded some seven or eight years ago by Oscar Forkenbeck, a member of the well-known German family of that name. This individual collected newspapers as other people collect stamps or autographs. The whole of his income for something like forty years was distributed over newspaper offices of the civilized and uncivilized world, and he received every morning dailies published in thirty languages. By the year 1882 he found himself the happy owner of 10,000 files. He then hit on the excellent idea of founding a newspaper museum, and with this object in view sent a circular round asking the whole newspaper world to assist him in this great work. The continental press seem to have responded with enthusiasm, and now there is certainly no such collection of newspapers existing in the whole world. The museum contains a copy of the world's largest newspaper, viz. the Illuminated Quadruple Constellation, published in New York in the year 1859. The paper is similar in form to the surface of a billiard table, and measures 8 1/2 ft. in height by 6 ft. in width. It contains eight pages, each of thirteen columns, and these are each 48 in. long. The paper on which it is printed is extremely durable and strong, and each ream weighed 36 wt. Forty people were occupied continually for eight weeks in order to bring out the first issue of this remarkable newspaper, which it is supposed to publish once in 100 years.

A Typical Trait.

Mr. Swampsea—"It is strange what a blind, superstitious faith people have in physicians. They are the biggest set of humbugs on the earth. They know very little anyhow, and generally not half so much as an ordinary intelligent person. From the moment they step from the college they begin to dose and cut and slash—"

Bridget—"If you please, sor, Master Tommy hov cut his thumb and it do be bladin', sor."

FROM SUFFERING TO HEALTH

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN BRUCE COUNTY FARMER.

He Tells the Story of the Disease That Afflicted Him, the Sufferings he Endured and How He Found Release—Other Sufferers May Take Hope From His Release.

(From the Teeswater News.) Of all the ills that flesh is heir to perhaps none causes the sufferer keener anguish, and few are more persistent and more difficult to eradicate from the system than that nervous disease known as sciatica. The victim of an aggravated form of this malady suffers beyond the power of words to express, and it is with the utmost reluctance that the disorder yields to any course of treatment intended for its cure. Hearing that a rather remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. William Baptist, a respected resident of the township of Culross, a News reporter called upon that gentleman to ascertain the facts. Mr. Baptist is an intelligent and well-to-do farmer. He is well known in the section in which he resides and is looked upon as a man of unimpeachable integrity. He is in the prime of life, and his present appearance does not indicate that he had at one time been a great sufferer. He received the News representative with the utmost cordiality, and cheerfully told the story of his restoration to health, remarking that he felt it a duty to do so in order that others afflicted as he had been might find relief.

Up to the fall of 1892 he had been a healthy man, but at that time while harvesting the turnip crop during a spell of wet, cold and disagreeable weather, he was attacked by sciatica. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can tell what he suffered. The pain was almost unendurable and would at times cause the perspiration to ooze from every pore. Sleep forsook his eyelids. His days were days of anguish and night brought no relief. Reputable physicians were consulted without any appreciable benefit. Remedies of various kinds were resorted to and his condition was worse than before. The limb affected began to decrease in size, the flesh appeared to be parting from the bone, and the leg assumed a withered aspect. Its power of sensation grew less and less. It appeared as a dead thing and as it grew more and more helpless it is little wonder that the hope of recovery began to fade away. All through the long winter he continued to suffer, and the long spring was prevailed upon to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He commenced using them and soon felt that they were doing him good, and hope began to revive. By the time he had taken three boxes the pain was eased and the diseased limb began to assume a natural condition. He continued the use of the remedy until he had taken twelve boxes. In course of time he was able to resume work and today feels that he is completely cured. He has since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others with good results.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an un-failing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or for an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of the grippe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company at either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

A POLITE YOUNG MAN.

But He Wished that He Hadn't been Quite So Obliging.

There was a young man in a tramcar in Liverpool the other day who had good reason to be very angry indeed. The car was crowded, when a corpulent German, accompanied by an equally corpulent wife, elbowed his way inside. The woman was not at all pretty or attractive, and most of the male passengers did not even resort to any of the familiar tricks of the experienced passenger when he conveniently wants to overlook the fact that a lady is holding on to the top rail while he enjoys a comfortable seat.

But a well-dressed young man arose, and, touching the woman's arm to attract her attention, politely said—"Here is a seat for you, madam." The young man started towards the vacant seat, when her obese companion, with a sigh of satisfaction, settled down in the seat before she could reach it. The young man was surprised, but his surprise soon gave way to anger. At first he thought that the puffing old German had made a mistake, but he was soon convinced that the action was intentional. Tapping the man on the shoulder, he said quietly—"I beg your pardon, but I gave my seat up to this lady, and not to you."

"Oh, yah, dot is all right, mine frendt," said the fellow; "she vos mine vile!"

An Equivocal Compliment.

Carrying bullion to foreign Governments who have contracted loans with one of our great financial houses is a much coveted mission in spite, or perhaps because, of its responsibility. A confidential clerk and a couple of couriers go in charge of iron bound boxes and special trains, and lavish "tips" smooth the way for the precious burden. Once arrived at its destination, all due honors are paid to it and its custodians, though these honors are sometimes of doubtful character.

Quite recently an envoy arrived at a town in Eastern Europe with a large loan. The boxes were placed in a wagon for

conveyance to the bank, and their guardian took his seat with the driver. "Ah," said the latter as the heavy wagon rumbled over a somewhat frail bridge, "it's a long time since I drove across here. The mayor gave special permission for your excellency to use it?" "Indeed," said the envoy, highly flattered. "Aren't the public allowed to cross it?" "Not they," said the driver; "it's been closed as unsafe for years!"

An Invention for the Laboring Man.

The financial success of an inventor lies in his ability to hit the present need of the people. A thing that meets a general and long-felt want is sure to sell. Evidently this consideration was fully appreciated by the genius of whom the Indianapolis Journal has a story. Mrs. Hogan—"And why isn't the old man a-workin' now?" Mrs. Grogan—"Workin'! Its an inventor he is. He has got up a road-scraper that does the work of five min." Mrs. Hogan—"An' how minny min do it take to run it?" Mrs. Grogan—"Six. It will be a great thing for givin' employment to the laborin' man."

"Imitation is the Sin-nercest Form of Flattery."

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THE No. 4 YOST.

In presenting to the public our No. 4 Machine we feel that we have combined all the latest and best improvements of the most successful inventors and experienced mechanics.

The Carriage of this Machine contains many practical improvements, the usefulness of which will at once be apparent. Among those specially worthy of mention are the following:

The new and improved Release Key, whereby the carriage can be released as well when raised as when lowered, and can be positively stopped at a given point without the allowance of a single space for momentum. This instantaneous stopping will undoubtedly be much appreciated by rapid



SPEED.

THE SPEED OF THE Yost can be LIMITED ONLY BY THE ABILITY OF THE OPERATOR TO FIND AND PROPERLY STRIKE THE KEYS. THIS WE GUARANTEE.

In other words, its mechanism is contrived to respond instantly to the touch of the operator by the adoption of certain expedients, by the use of which—

- 1st—The touch is soft and even, and the depression slight. 2nd—The carriage feeds immediately after the type leaves the paper. 3rd—The escapement is so arranged as to be perfect and uniform. 4th—There is no ribbon movement to require attention or consume power. 5th—The arrangement of the keyboard conduces to great speed. 6th—Rapidity does not affect the alignment.

MANIFOLDING.

The construction of the Yost makes it necessarily the best manifolding machine extant. Having no ribbon, there is nothing to intervene between the paper and the sharp, penetrating outlines of the type, and in accomplishing this the first copy is never sacrificed, but can, on the contrary, be press copied (when a copying pad is used) three or four times.

The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

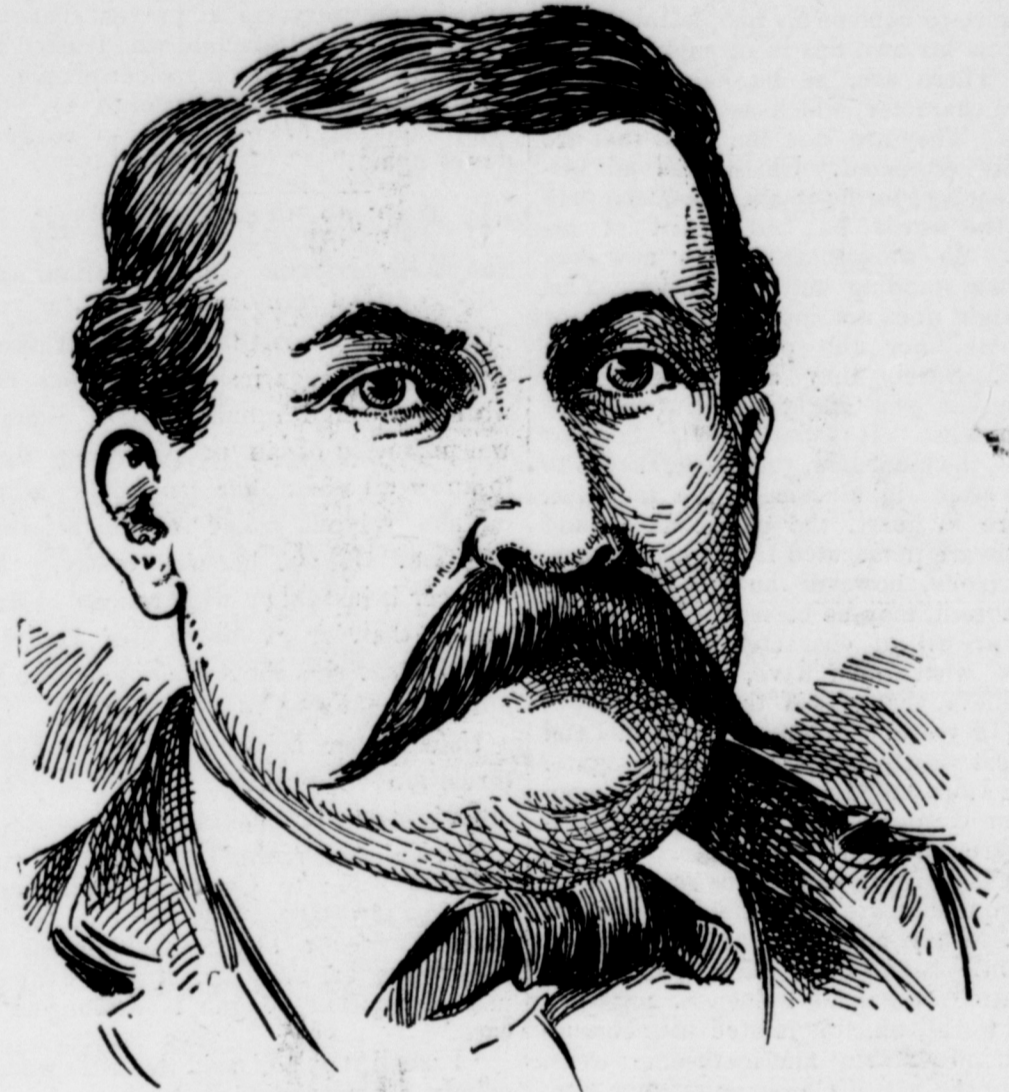
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When the Nerve Centres Need Nutrition.

A Wonderful Recovery, Illustrating the Quick Response of a Depleted Nerve System to a Treatment Which Replenishes Exhausted Nerve Forces.



MR. FRANK BAUER, BERLIN, ONT.

Perhaps you know him? In Waterloo he is known as one of the most popular and successful business men of that enterprising town. As managing executor of the Kuntz estate, he is at the head of a vast business, representing an investment of many thousands of dollars, and known to many people throughout the Province. Solid financially, Mr. Frank Bauer also has the good fortune of enjoying solid good health, and if appearances indicate anything, it is safe to predict that there's a full half century of active life still ahead for him. But it's only a few months since, while nursed as an invalid at the Mt. Clemens sanitary resort, when his friends in Waterloo were dismayed with a report that he was at the point of death.

"There's no telling where I would have been had I kept on the old treatment," said Mr. Bauer, with a merry laugh, the other day, while recounting his experiences as a very sick man. "Mt. Clemens," he continued, "was the last resort in my case. For months previous I had been suffering indescribable tortures. I began with a loss of appetite and sleepless nights. Then, as the trouble kept growing, I was getting weaker, and began losing flesh and strength rapidly. My stomach refused to retain food of any kind. During all this time I was under medical treatment, and took everything prescribed, but without relief. Just about when my condition

seemed most hopeless, I heard of a wonderful cure effected in a case somewhat similar to mine, by the Great South American Nerve Tonic, and I finally tried that. On the first day of its use I began to feel that it was doing what no other medicine had done. The first dose relieved the distress completely. Before night I actually felt hungry and ate with an appetite such as I had not known for months. I began to pick up in strength with surprising rapidity, slept well nights, and before I knew it I was eating three square meals regularly every day, with as much relish as ever. I have no hesitation whatever in saying that the South American Nerve Tonic cured me when all other remedies failed. I have recovered my old weight—over 200 pounds—and never felt better in my life."

Mr. Frank Bauer's experience is that of all others who have used the South American Nerve Tonic. Its instantaneous action in relieving distress and pain is due to the direct effect of this great remedy upon the nerve centres, whose fagged vitality is energized instantly by the very first dose. It is a great, a wondrous cure for all nervous diseases, as well as indigestion and dyspepsia. It goes to the real source of trouble direct, and the sick always feel its marvellous sustaining and restorative power at once, on the very first day of its use.

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