

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

I was first attracted to my future wife by a song. Have you ever tried to remember by what means you were drawn toward the object of your affections? I assume that you have affections, and are lucky enough to possess an object who reciprocates them. If you have not, pitiable indeed is your lot. It was doubtless something she said, or did, or looked, the first time you saw her; for, believe me, all true love is born at first sight, although the victims of the tender passion may not even themselves be aware of it.

My only excuse for starting in this strain, upon such a hackneyed topic as love at first sight, is that the strange experience turns upon love and the absence of it. My Mary had written some words to the tune of the "Stepanie Gavotte," which was so popular some ten years ago, and she was singing them to her own accompaniment the first evening I ever met her. They were not, perhaps, of the highest order of merit, but they touched me deeply at the time, and have since. Here are a few of the lines:

When we are sick, and no friends nigh,
The long and lonely hours of pain to cheer,
Not all the gold on earth can buy
The touch and words of love, its tender care.
Of all the good that earth can yield,
There's nothing half so sweet as love divine;
For, through life's battle, 'tis a shield
On which the sun will always brightly shine.

Well, we were married, and, after some years—years of love and perfect trust—I sank down to the very lowest depths of poverty. It was all my own fault—so people said. But no man can struggle with fate. Destiny is the "divinity which shapes our ends;" all we do is to "rough hew them."

No money and no immediate prospect of any, scant food, and shabby clothing; these are poor circumstances for seeing life through rose-colored glasses.

"Well, we have each other, and we shall always be together," I said one day, trying to look upon the brighter side.

"If we only had a little money," Mary answered, bowing her fair head down upon my knee, "just enough for our own wants, and to bring up the little one properly, we could be quite happy."

It was almost the first reproach to me—as for as such I felt it—the first bitter thought of her loving, patient heart that was expressed aloud; and I said, in tones even more bitter:

"My darling, I would sell my soul for gold, if gold would make you happier."

And it came to pass that one of those spirits, good and bad, that are always flitting about in the air, although we see them not, heard me express that wish, and instantly reported it at headquarters. That night, as I sat alone in our wretched room my wife being out at the time—I conjured up many thoughts of the wretched present that was, of the happy future that might have been, if—ah, there are terribly great potentialities in the little word, "if," only it is as useless to sigh over them as it is to wish happy and innocent childhood back again.

Suddenly I realized that I was no longer alone, although I had heard no one enter the apartment; it was the sense of a strange presence filling the whole place, which sent a cold shiver through me. I turned round, and perceived a tall, thin, elderly gentleman with gray hair, a pale face, and clear-cut features, standing behind my chair.

"The Evil One!" I exclaimed, starting up.
"Exactly so," he answered, "or, rather, his representative; for we have lately converted ourselves into a syndicate, and now trade as 'Mephistopheles and Co., Limited.' The joint stock principle is a favorite one of ours. The unwary put their money in the slot—and my friends dispose of it as they please. We managed it very easily. Seven little demons signed the articles of association, and the thing was done."

"What do you want with me?" I asked, I quite took the old gentleman's visit for granted; it is strange how readily we accept the marvellous when it actually comes to us.
"Pardon me, what is it you want with me?"

"I did not send for you."
"You expressed a wish to dispose of your soul; and, as we are very attentive to our business in all its branches, I thought I would call upon you."

"You would give me wealth, then, and want my soul in exchange?"
"Well, not exactly in the old style. We don't do business that way nowadays. People do not care for brimstone pure and simple. They like it sweetened with treacle, but the brimstone is there all the same. I will give you wealth unbounded. Place your hand in your pocket, and you shall always find gold—gold to meet every wish you may express—on one condition."

"Name it," I cried, eagerly.
"That you lose love—that you forfeit the love of all men and women."

"Gold would buy everything—even human love," I said, bitterly, musing on the proposed bargain. "Wealth would be all sufficient. It would place me beyond the need of any other solace. It would buy—yet, stay. Yes; my Mary said, if she had gold, she would be happy. I accept—I accept your terms gladly."

When my wife returned home, I rushed to her with outstretched arms, but, to my surprise, she drew herself coldly away from me.

"Do not come near me! do not touch me!" she said in hard tones, such as I had never heard her use to me before.

There was a set, stony look in her face as she half-averted it, and gazed into the red, glowing depths of the fire—a larger fire than the grate had contained for many a long day past.

"Why, what is the matter, my love?"
"Love! Do not dare to use that word to me. You do not understand the meaning of it. While I have been out to-night, away from you, I have thought of many things. The scales have fallen from my eyes. I have learned to understand that, if you had really loved me, you would never have brought me down to this. I have learned to be sick of you and of your poverty."

Terrible, cruel words these between us who have toiled and suffered together. Ah, I understand! It is the spell beginning to work! great heavens! I have lost her love! But I have means to regain it, in spite of all the evil fends.

"Poverty, my darling!" I cried, "yes, I know; but you shall suffer from that no longer."
And burying my hands deep in my pocket,

etc, I drew them forth full of gold, and cast the shining pieces in her lap.

"It is mine. No one can dispute my right to it. Heaven knows, I have paid dearly enough for it! It has been bequeathed to me. I can explain no more; but be satisfied with this, Mary, that we shall always be rich, and never want for anything again."

There was a glitter of pleasure in her eyes, but they were turned away from me. I stretched out my arms to her beseechingly, despairingly; but she never rose, never moved a step toward me. The mass of gold seemed to widen and to lengthen, until it became a great stream of hard shining metal that flowed between us.

I realized now that she loved me no longer. But I had made my choice of my own free will—I had made it for her sake—and must fulfil my destiny. For refuge from this cold indifference I sought my little She sat down clinching her hands and looking beseechingly at John.

"Go—hurry!" she said.
John went out to the baggage-car and sat down on his orange box again.

"She might be wrong, being so nervous like," he reflected, and he proceeded to go over every detail of the algebraic process.

The train rattled on across the grey plain; the lizards scurried out from under the rails when they began to hum, and watched the train from under a convenient safe brush just as they had done twice a day for the two years the road had been in operation; and the two trains steadily approached each other. The moments seemed hours to the young school-teacher.

"Why don't he stop?" she gasped.
At last John had verified his result to his satisfaction.

"That's right, sure," he said to himself, as he put his note-book into his pocket. Again he looked at his watch, and saw that it lacked eight minutes of twelve. He walked slowly toward the engine.

"Jake," he called to the engineer, across the tender, "I reckon there'll be a collision in about five minutes if you don't pull up."

The engineer, who had never known him to indulge in a joke of any kind, took one look at his face and brought the train to a quick halt.

Just ahead, the track curved to the left through a deep cut. While John ran ahead and placed a torpedo on the track the train backed off several hundred yards. John stood with his watch in his hand and waited.

Four minutes of twelve—three—one—at a quarter of a minute before 12 o'clock the rails began to sing, and on the dot of twelve No. 27 came roaring through the cut, stopping at the report of the torpedo.

John closed his watch with a snap.
"Don't tell me algebra's no good," he said, placidly waiting for the other conductor.

"Why didn't you stop at the flag station?" he asked.
"I was past before I knew you were coming on," said John. "All you've got to do is to back up and let me pass at New Babylon."

A Stutterer's Bet.
A stutterer went into a tavern the other day, and there met a few friends. They began chaffing him respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one pert little fellow, who had made himself the most conspicuous of the lot by his impertinent remarks, said:—"Well, old man, I'll just bet you sodas and brandies all round you can't order 'em without stammering."

"De-done," was the unexpected answer, and to the astonishment of the bystanders, all of whom were unaware of his being, as is often the case with stutterers, a first-class singer, he beckoned the waiter, and sang out the order without the slightest hitch. Then, turning to his tormentor, he said:—"N-n-n-now y-y-you c-can p-p-pay!"

Insulting the Army.
Four English ship captains had a novel and rather unpleasant experience in Buenos Ayres, not long ago. While their vessels were unloading in port, the quartette of captains went to the roller-skating rink, and had an enjoyable evening. On their way back in a street car they had a general laugh at the antics of the native skaters, who were mostly military men, and, on alighting from the car, were immediately arrested for "insulting the army."

They thought at first it was a joke, but the police cast them in a cold and dingy prison, and it required the efforts of the British vice-consul, coupled with a threat of sending to Montevideo for gunboats, before they were released.

A Pleasant Time in Store.
Young Slimley (on his first visit)—From what you say of my Cousin Jack, he must be a jolly fellow and I wish he'd hurry up; I am anxious to see him.

His Uncle Rob—Yes; it's time he was back. You'll find him a lively boy. He can lick any farm hand on the place; and when he heard you was coming, he swore if you had dude clothes on, as much as a high collar, he'd wallopp the daylight out o' ye! And, I see you hev got on a high collar.

Flowers Which Make Bees Drunk.
Professor Lawson Tait says there are certain orchids that secure the fertilization of their stigmas by making bees drunk. In no other way could they get these insects to cut up the necessary antics to carry the pollen to the proper place. Every such flower is a veritable public-house, licensed by Nature. The beverage supplied is distinctly alcoholic.

Apropos of the fact that those who "came over in the Mayflower" mostly bore such surnames as Winthrop, Haythrop, Lothrop and Lathrop, the Cornhill Magazine tells of a New York parvenu who loudly proclaimed to a Plymouth Winthrop: "My people came over in the Mayflower."

"Indeed!" was the crushing answer, "I didn't know the Mayflower took steerage passengers."

"I have always wondered," said the newly arrived missionary to the genial cannibal, "what became of my predecessor?"

"Oh," returned the cannibal, "he has gone into the interior."

A Scotch minister was asked, in a droughty time, to pray for rain. "Weel a weel," he replied, "I'll pray for't to please ye; but lent a drop ye'll get till the change o' the mune."

Doctor: "What ails you, madam?"
Lady: "I've got an ingrowing toe-nail."
Doctor: "Please let me see your tongue."

Music Soothes the Soul.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes the Sick and Diseased Body Healthy and Strong.

Onward all ye weary, nervous, weak and pale,
Use that mighty Compound, which can never fail;
It will strength and vigor give to old and young;
It will build the body, strengthen nerves unstrung.

Onward then ye weary, nervous, weak and pale,
Use that mighty Compound, which can never fail.
By this Compound's power, fell disease must fly,
Health will lift its banner, o'er us all on high;
The broken-down and wearied, all will strength regain,
Perfect health and pleasure will for us remain.

Onward then ye weary, etc.
Thousands of our people who once suffered long,
Now rejoice in vigor, feel robust and strong;
That remedy of virtue, Paine's Celery Compound,
Saved them from the perils that compassed them around.

Onward then ye weary, etc.
Onward then ye people, hearken to the sound!
Victory will follow Paine's Celery Compound;
Disease and pain can never 'gainst our lives prevail;

While we use this Compound we can never fail.
Onward then ye weary, etc.

THE APPENDICITIS FAD.

Popular Errors About Grape Seeds Exploded by a Physician.

A prominent doctor, who has performed a score of successful operations for the removal of that troublesome and inexplicable part of the human anatomy, the vermiform appendix, says that the general impression that appendicitis is caused by the presence in the appendix of a cherry stone or a currant seed, or a seed of any kind, is entirely erroneous.

"I have not found a seed in the appendix of a single one of my cases," he said. "A small bit of digested matter gets into the little sac, if the neck of it is open far enough to receive it. It may remain there for years and cause no trouble, and then again it may bring on appendicitis almost immediately. Where the patient is in good health, in four cases out of five the operation for removing the appendix is successful."

Fashion Note.
Little Dick—What are you cutting out of that paper? Little Johnny—Something I don't want mamma to see. "What is it?" "It's a article wot says wooden slippers from Holland are coming into fashion."

Father-in-Law—"I am ruined, all is lost!"
Son-in-Law—"Ahem! Then I married for love, after all."

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THE LAZY FIRST BASEMAN.

His Ingenious Plan to Prevent Matches Being Played

The Retired Left Fielder was telling the story. "Hank McGinnis," he said, "was the greatest first baseman I ever seen. He could play the bag outter sight when he was a mind to, but he was the laziest man in twenty-seven counties and he didn't play no ball when he could get outen it. He was allays turnin' up with a spiked foot or a split thumb or somethin', an' generally made out to lay off more'n half the time. The summer we were playin' in the Western League, though, we struck a manager who was into Hank's curves. He took him to one side when the season began an' tol' him that he would stand no grats. He marked out to him that if he didn't play every day he would get laid off and lose his pay. Sore heels and thumbs was barred.

"Hank, bein' lazier than ever that year, was consider'ble stirred up about this. He didn't have no likin' to play, but he was hot after the long green, an' he kep' playin' along an' kickin' like a bay steer all the time. Finally he got a couple of days' lay off an' went to see his mother, so he said. He got back on time and complained of being sick, but the manager tol' him 'tigit inter th' game or lose twenty cold blunks, an' he got in. Nex' day we couldn't play. They was a big rain. Jus' before the time 't call the game the day after they was another big rain—an' it went on like this fer straight thirty days. It would allays rain jus' before the game, whether we was home or away. Hank he got fat loafin', around, and was on first rate-ferms with hisself. Finally the manager had to let out some of the men to reduce expenses, an' Hank got the run. Then the rain stopped.

Now, what do you think that man done so's he could get his money without workin'? Seems he knew somethin' about rain makin, an' when he took that trip home he got his chemicals together and didn't do a thing but made rain every afternoon jus' before the game."

No Love For Alma Mater.
Caller—"You graduated at the Studihard College, didn't you?" Miss De Style—"Yes; but I wouldn't advise anybody else to go there." "I heard it was a fine institution." "On the contrary, it is miserably managed. Why, on graduation day I was compelled to appear in a plain white dress, not a bit better than the ones worn by the poverty-stricken creatures who took all the prizes."

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French Dress Sateen, 17c. per yard; Regular price 25c.
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French Colored Lawn for Blouses and Dresses at 25c. per yard.
Large assortment of Striped and Checked Gingham for Dresses, 27c. to 40c.
French Washing Cretonne from 25c. per yard.
Butcher's Linen for Ladies' Costumes (all shades) \$1.25
Cotton Frills for Dresses (all shades) 23c.
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THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. These are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 3rd July, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,
Agent "YOST TYPEWRITING MACHINE,"
Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST" which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes.

Yours very truly,
E. T. C. ROWLES,
Barrister.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., June 28th, 1894.
IRA CORNWALL, Esq.,
City.
Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly,
MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.
YARMOUTH, N. S., July 27th, 1894.
Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and because it saves a great deal of expense. I find the position a great convenience for locating the position. The type-guide (consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment). I would recommend any interested purchaser to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. E. K. SPINNEY,
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