

AS BY A MIRACLE.

Bound for the settlement beyond, Luke Sinclair and his young wife had been tramping through the forest since dawn; and for some little time she had hung, an unusual weight, on his arm. She was very silent too. But her abrupt start startled him.

"It's no use, dear," she said; "I can't walk a step further. I—I feel as if I were slipping away from you."

"You'll be better when you've rested a bit." And Luke caught her round the waist and bore her tenderly to a patch of mossy sward. "So that we reach Johnson's before nightfall—not that it signifies a jot if we have to spend another night in the open," he hastily interposed.

But, leaning on his breast, she lay with closed eyes. And surveying her ashen face, his heart sank within him.

"I'm about done," she gasped. "It's queer how fond I've got of those big tall straight trees the last few days—just as if they were friends sent to guide us home," she added dreamily, staring up through the leafy branches of the redwood which shaded them to the blue above. "It'll be hard on you, Luke, to have to bury me."

"Not to have seen that you were dead beat! But don't talk like that, Winnie," he said half angrily, his inward misgivings gaining ground.

"I'll fix the camp kettle and get you a cup of tea; you'll be all right in a twinkling."

"I'm only a fair-weather wife, after all," she murmured.

"You, my brave darling! I was a brute to bring you across the sea until I had a home ready for you."

"I urged you. And don't you ever reproach yourself, Luke. You'll be lonesome at first," she continued, with a supreme effort. "But something whispers to me that you'll have luck presently. And our child will be a woman by-and-by, please Heaven, and be all to you that her mother'd have been had she lived. When she's old enough, tell her of our wanderings over here—how beautiful it was—the country—after we left civilization behind us—and how happy we were, a pair of tramps trudging along together! You mustn't grieve at my leaving you; I should only hamper you. Kiss me."

Her voice had become fainter and fainter; and now a stupor came over her from which his wild appeals failed to rouse her. Seeing nothing, feeling nothing, with a tighter clasp of the beloved form, but hardly realizing even yet that the final parting drew nigh, Luke sat as if carved in stone. Poor fellow! his wife's collapse had been sudden—totally unexpected. They had been in America nearly a year; and from the day they landed, with a sunny hopeful temper which had smoothed the roughness of their journeyings, fatigue had seemed unknown to her—her vitality unquenchable. And, after some experience of the towns, on a report of the rapidly increasing prosperity of Johnson's clearing, in their youth and ignorance the two had gone forth into the Californian wilderness with the gay confidence of children bent on a holiday trip.

And this was what awaited them—a solitary grave in the dim depths of the forest.

It was a merciful oblivion in which Sinclair's senses were temporarily steeped.

But when the midday sun blazed down all was over, and the flapping wings and ominous cries of the birds gathering on the tree-tops restored him to himself. Depositing his lifeless burden on a bed of soft green moss, he staggered to his feet, and after warning off the feathered intruders and finding a suitable spot in a rocky bank at no great distance, he, provided with a pick, proceeded to hollow out a sort of cavern; for, with snatches of song with which his wife had been wont to beguile the road echoing in his ears, he lacked courage to pile the cold earth on her unshrunk remains. Besides—horrible yet consoling thought—the rock would offer resistance to beasts of prey.

But when, the interior lovingly strewn with leaves, he consigned the poor clay still so precious in his sight to its safe keeping, to seal up the mouth of the cavern was a terrible trial to him. Winnie wore a smile in her last sleep; and, faintly flushed, her face was no longer deathly. Again and again he paused in his labors. Nevertheless, his task was at length accomplished; and with no wish now to pursue his journey to Johnson's he determined to retrace his way through the forest.

Striding at a headlong speed that surmounted all obstacles, he encountered an old trapper, to whose enquiries he returned curt answers, which, coupled with his disordered appearance, excited Bill Blunt's suspicions. And when later he came upon the trampled sward where Luke's wife had breathed her last, and traces of a path to the bank hard by, he resolved on investigation.

"I'll look 'into it," decided the old man, noting signs of a recent disturbance of the soil and the cairn at the entrance of Winnie's tomb. "There will be work for Judge Lynch, I do not doubt."

The pieces of rock Luke had so carefully heaped dislodged; for a moment Bill stood transfixed. Then he leaned over the apparently sleeping young woman thus revealed.

"Get up, you gell," he commanded with uncouth kindness; "my but ain't fur off and 'Mellie'll see to yer."

But Winnie stirred no limb.

"Mussy 'us!" he exclaimed, with his fingers on her wrist. "If I hadn't chanced on the trail! I'll try her with a drop of spirits."

And he dosed her from his flask with such good effect that she opened her eyes.

"Where's Luke?" she demanded weakly.

"Confound Luke, if he's the villain as boxed you up," Bill said, in a deep undertone; "drink a drop more, gell; you're awful low."

Winnie, however, had relapsed into an unconscious state which was near akin to death. Every faculty seemed enchaind.

The old trapper surveyed her pityingly, and an inkling of the truth slowly dawned on him.

"It's more'n a swoon," he opined; "and the young chap might well have been deceived. I misjudged him. He was mad with grief. I shall have to close the opening agen and fetch 'Mellie."

The rocks replied. Bill hied home, to return within the hour with a portly negress.

Three days had elapsed since Bill Blunt's discovery, news of which had quickly spread, as news will, whether in desert or city. Winnie had awoke from her trance-

like sleep; yet, alarmed at her weakness, her self-denying hosts refrained from catechizing her, and jealously guarded the door.

But on the fourth day visitors arrived from Johnson's whom Mellie eagerly welcomed, wobbling aside to let them pass in. And, having ascertained that no stranger had been to the settlement, in a few rapid sentences Winnie imparted to the new arrivals the details they were burning to hear: how that she and her husband were making for the clearing when a terrible lethargy had prostrated her; and, convinced that she was dying, she had impressed this view on him; and how by-and-by everything had faded into blankness, and how she supposed that her husband had placed her in the rocky grave from which she had been snatched as by a miracle.

"But the worst is," Winnie ended sorrowfully, "I have no idea of Luke's whereabouts, and consequently I am unable to apprise him of our mutual mistake."

"No, a needle in a haystack ain't readily lighted on," sighed one of the party, a bony unprepossessing-looking woman. "I wasn't older 'n you when Brown, my husband, disappeared. In 'Frisco he couldn't be tracked, but we ain't in 'Frisco, and we've got to put up with it."

In a strange country, outside the pale of civilization, among strange people and penniless—Luke was lost to her for ever. With a bitter cry Winnie fainted.

Despite her angularity of frame and speech, Mrs. Brown was a kindly soul; ere long she revisited the hut, and when she quitted it again the forlorn young wife accompanied her.

Johnson's was not the thriving community which had been represented; but Mrs. Sinclair was the guest of all, and with a reviving hope that an opportunity might occur of communicating with her sister in England, in whose charge she had left the child, she regained her strength. Unfortunately few travellers stopped at Johnson's, and those few omitted to post the letters entrusted to them; and after repeated disappointments, puzzled to account for her sister's silence, she perceived clearly that if she would see her husband and little Mattie again, she must bid farewell to those who had befriended her and get to 'Frisco. No need to dwell on the journey thither.

Once settled in the city, with but one object in life, she toiled incessantly. Notwithstanding, three years—during which she had written no more letters—had rolled by before she was in a position to secure a passage in a "homeward-bound." And what might not await her on the other side?

Depressed and miserable, on arriving at Liverpool Winnie had been among the first passengers to land. But Medwin, where her sister resided, was many miles distant; the dusk was falling when she paused at the cottage gate.

"Miss Burton has removed, ma'am," a man across the road informed her. "She was married direct after Mr. Sinclair took Home Farm. She went to London. Miss Matty's with her father."

And she has feared she knew not what! Luke's wife sped airily toward.

But now, on the very threshold of home, her steps faltered, all the color forsook her cheeks, her brain swam. Through a window on the ground-floor she had caught a glimpse of her husband and child—also of a young woman and a baby. Supplanted and saved for this! In her wrathful indignation she could have killed the woman as she sat. Recalling that stony sepulchre in the dim shade of the Californian forest, better thoughts succeeded; she had forfeited her place among the living, and had no right there. She must relinquish all claim to Luke, who was not to blame, and when she had feasted her eyes on her darling—her miniature self—depart as she had come.

But her trembling limbs refused to support her; crawling to a bush within a stone's throw, she crept beneath it.

Presently Luke romped with the children, tossing the baby as he had been used to toss Matty; and the sound of their merry laughter maddened her. In another minute she would have betrayed herself: but a man came sauntering up the gravel walk and knocked at the front door, and she crouched lower.

"I was afraid, Louisa, that you would be gone," he said to the young woman who let him in.

And, recognizing the voice of her husband's brother, her heart beating violently, Winnie drew nearer to the window and listened.

"Baby's been so good, uncle, and Auntie let me nurse him," cried Matty, running to meet the new-comer.

"The goose I have been!" murmured Winnie, with a big gasp of relief. "But however am I to show myself without scarifying them—never to have thought of that! Jack's wife doesn't know me," she reflected. "I'll speak to her first."

And luckily in the porch Jack returned for his pipe. But Mrs. Jack had no faith in Winnie's assertions. Dubious of her sanity, she called to her husband lustily, and he and his brother came out together.

"Luke, dear Luke, she doesn't believe 'em!" Winnie said, forgetful of caution, bewixt a laugh and a sob. "She—"

A horrified ejaculation interrupted her. "Oh, indeed, I am no apparition."

No longer doubtful of her corporeal presence, in two strides Luke folded her in his arms.

Speechless with amazement, Jack and his wife followed them indoors.

Luke's recital of his fortunes since the terrible parting under the redwood was of the briefest. After Winnie's premature burial he had gone to San Francisco, and, finding a communication awaiting him apprising him that he had been left a legacy of £3,000, he had embarked for his native land forthwith. But his wife's romance proved too entrancing to be dismissed in a few words, and with sympathetic interruptions and frequent pauses for the benefit of exasperated Matty, the narration was prolonged to an untimely hour.

At this date people who are not acquainted with the Sinclairs' story are disposed to ridicule Luke's evident infatuation for his wife. But, given back to him from the grave, what wonder if she is doubly dear to him?

The most timid curate is brave enough to seek the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth.

There is always room in the tightest shoe for one more corn.

The man who climbs highest does not stop to look down.

A NOVA SCOTIAN'S STORY.

A FALL FROM A WAGON AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

Mr. Abel Wile, of Bridgewater, Relates a Remarkable Escape After Twenty Months of Suffering—How It Was Brought About. (From the Bridgewater, N. S., Enterprise.)

For some time past it has been talked about Bridgewater that Mr. Abel Wile, a well known farmer who resides a few miles out of town had been cured of a serious illness by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The Enterprise having published the particulars of many other cures occurring in various parts of the Dominion through the efficacy of this remarkable medicine, felt a curiosity to investigate this local case in order to ascertain just what benefits had actually followed the use of the medicine in question. With that end in view a reporter was sent to interview Mr. Wile. The writer had understood that Mr. Wile was an old gentleman, and his first impression was one of pleasant surprise, for instead of shaking hands with a feeble grey-haired man, behold, not a grey hair was to be seen, although some seventy-five years have passed over his head. Mr. Wile is now hale and active and his memory very clear, and he can tell many interesting stories of the early settlement of Bridgewater. When the reporter mentioned the object of his visit, Mr. Wile at once exclaimed, "Well, my dear sir, I might express it all by saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. This spring I was violently thrown from my wagon, and although I escaped having any bones broken, I sustained a severe strain in my right loin which seemed to paralyze that part of my side and stomach. I experienced great pain and weakness, which, despite all my efforts with different remedies, grew steadily worse, and for two months or more I suffered terribly. I could not properly digest my food, and I got but little sleep at night, and at last began to think that it was only a matter of a few weeks when I would go the way of all men. But a happy day came and ended my misery. We are all good Baptists in our family, and in a copy of the Messenger and Visitor my wife read to me of some of the marvellous cures brought about by the use of Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. My wife went into town and purchased some, and from the first Pink Pills seemed to go right to the root of my trouble and it was not long until I could sleep good sound refreshing sleep, for the first time in eight weeks. I continued taking the pills until I had taken a number of boxes, and from that time out I went about my everyday duties as well as ever, and I thank the Lord that such a boon as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has been given to mankind to help rid them of disease."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. at either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A VERY COSTLY MIRROR.

A Dandy at a Charity Fair Pays Dearly For a Lock of Hair.

The following incident occurred at a fashionable charity fair which was being held not long back in Paris. A young lady of smart wit and striking beauty presided at one of the stalls. Among the small crowd which pressed round the fair vendor was a young gentleman of much assurance, who gazed upon the lady with offensive freedom, and affected to admire the various fancy articles exposed for sale, but bought nothing.

"What will you please to buy?" asked mademoiselle, with an exquisite smile.

"Oh," replied the young dandy, with a languishing look, "what I most wish to purchase is, unhappily, not for sale."

"Tell me what you wish," responded the lady.

"Oh, no, I dare not declare my wishes."

"Nevertheless, let me know what you wish to buy?" persisted the fair saleswoman.

"Well, then, since you demand it, I should like a rignlet of your glossy black hair."

The lady manifested no embarrassment at the bold request, but with a pair of scissors immediately clipped off one of her beautiful locks and handed it to the audacious youth, remarking that the price was only five hundred francs. Her audacious admirer was thunderstruck with the demand, but dared not demur, as by this time a group had collected and were listening to the conversation. So he took the hair, paid over the five hundred francs, and, with an air of ill-concealed mortification, left the hall.

Appearances Against Him.

"I once had a gruesome adventure," said a well-known surgeon recently. "I had been up all night with a patient and had performed a critical surgical operation. I doubted if he would recover from the shock. In fact, it was touch-and-go, so that I could not take a minute's sleep."

About 2 a.m. I left and started for home, so exhausted that I totally forgot my appearance. I just caught a workman's train and jumped into a third-class carriage filled with laborers on their way to work. Though very sleepy, I noticed they eyed

me strangely. Those near me quickly moved away. One man next me got up and stood against the door. Nobody took the vacant place, though the compartment was crowded.

"Unaccustomed to being regarded as a pariah, I was puzzled. Several men gazed at me with an expression of horror and disgust. What could it mean? I began to feel alarmed."

"Just then I happened to look at one of my cuffs. It was saturated with blood. So was the other; my clothes were all spotted with blood; my absorption and subsequent exhaustion had prevented me thinking of the matter, and I had merely washed my hands before leaving. I now understood what was the matter. These people thought I had just killed somebody. Unhappily as I was, wearing an old hat, I must have presented a very sinister appearance. They were all horror-stricken."

"Not a word was said as I hastily jumped out on arrival. I walked rapidly home and felt glad to get back safely and to remove the traces of imagined crime from my person. I shall never forget that experience."

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"Shelburne, Ont., March 27, 1894. "I was for considerable time a sufferer from indigestion, experiencing all the misery and annoyance so common to this complaint. South American Nervine was recommended to me as a safe and effective remedy for all such cases. I used only two bottles, and am pleased to testify that these fully cured me, and I have had no indication of a return of the trouble since. I never fail to recommend the Nervine to all my friends troubled with indigestion or nervousness."

The testimony of this lady, given freely and voluntarily out of a full heart because of the benefits she experienced in her own person, have an echo in thousands of hearts all over the country. South American Nervine must cure, because it operates at once on the nerve centres. These nerve centres are the source from which emanates the life fluid that keeps all organs of the body in proper repair. Keep these nerve centres sound and disease is unknown. There is no trick in the business. Everything is very simple and common sense like. South American Nervine strengthens the digestive organs, tones up the liver, enriches the blood, is peculiarly efficacious in building up shattered and nervous constitutions. It never fails to give relief in one day. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.