

## A GIRL WITH A MIND.

"I can only repeat, I am very sorry, Mr. Darley."

"Forgive me," Frank tremulously interrupted. "It is not that you personally dislike me?"

"No, oh, no!"

"Or that—that there is—any one else—"

"No. Not at all."

"But you think you could never grow to—to care for me as I wish?"

"Well"—she hesitated, reflectively—"perhaps it would be more satisfactory if I tried to explain my reasons."

"I should be very grateful, Miss Seaforth, if you would," he said, humbly.

"Well, you know, Mr. Darley," she began, with a quaint little touch of egotism that might have amused him if he had not been so very much in earnest, "I am not like most girls."

He was fully prepared to acknowledge that, but not, perhaps, in the sense she intended.

"Matrimony has never been my ideal of a woman's life," she went on, with a philosophical gravity which was too daintily charming to have made a convert of any man. "It has always been my great desire to fit myself for doing some of the great work of the world from which women are now excluded by custom and prejudice, and I cannot accept any duties that would interfere with this ambition. I shall never marry, because it is my aim to have opinions and a mind of my own; and those things a husband will not tolerate in a wife."

Frank made a gesture of dissent, but she went on, quickly—

"I should want to continue my studies—the household would be neglected. No, I shall never marry. Love could not satisfy me for the loss of ambition. I have so many earnest things to think of. I have no time to spare on the trivialities that fill the lives of some girls. We have each our work to do, and you will soon forget me. I may, up my mind long ago that I would never marry, and I never shall!"

He looked into the sweet demure face, lighted for the moment with a rather self-conscious expression and saw there no sign of hope at all.

She was only just twenty too young yet to have formed such a stern determination. He told her so, but she smiled tolerantly and assured him he was wrong. All his argument and entreaties failed to move her. She said it was folly for a man to allow the whole tenor of his life to be affected by the love or disregard of any girl. She reasoned with him seriously, saying that he would see that she was right, and recognize how impossible it was for a husband to be happy with a studious abstracted wife whose interests were quite outside her own household.

All he could say only made her the more determined to convince him she was right; and at last, in sheer despair, he asked her to allow him to wait and speak to her again in a year. She advised him not to do so, for her resolution was absolutely fixed; and in the end, only yielding to his importunities after distinctly warning him that she should never alter her mind, or give him any other answer than she had given him already.

Ten minutes after he had gone, her younger sister Grace came unexpectedly into the little study, and found her quietly crying among her books.

She hurried her handkerchief out of sight at once, and with as careless an air as she could assume, assured her sister that there was nothing at all the matter with her.

"I'm afraid I—I have been reading too much," she said, "and it has—it has made my eyes ache."

"Or your heart?" asked Grace, shyly.

"Now, my dear child," said Clara, firmly, "I am too busy to—"

"Oh, fads, fads!" cried Grace, holding up an accusing forefinger. "You know you have been crying; and I don't wonder at it. Of all the cruel, heartless—"

"Grace!"

"Well, didn't I see him come downstairs, and do you think his face told no tales?" cried Grace. "He is in the drawing-room with pa now, and—I don't know how you could be so wicked! I call it wicked obstinacy, because I am sure you like him; but you want people to think you so superior and strong-minded—"

"How dare you, Grace! You do not know what you are saying!" exclaimed Grace. "Have I not always said I would never marry; and do you think I will change my views for the first man that asks me to? You are too thoughtless and frivolous to understand what—"

"Oh, I know," said Grace, with mock meekness, "I am not a girl with a mind as you are. I am only—"

"You are a very silly child," responded Clara. "Now, run away, my dear, I have—"

"Yes, I know. But I feel very sorry for poor Mr. Darley and I believe you are sorry yourself for being so obstinate. And even if I haven't got a mind in one way, I've a great mind, in another way, for your sake, and his too, to make you marry him. So there! And I will. You see if I don't!"

Before Clara could answer her, and had swept defiantly out of the room, and closed the door.

"She is in love with him herself, and does not know it," reflected Clara.

And, certainly, before long, it seemed as if she really was.

Frank continued his frequent visits to the house, but usually when he came Clara went up to her study, and she seldom came down to see him unless somebody terched her.

He would sit chatting to old Mr. Seaforth in the drawing-room or he would stroll with Grace in the garden, and as often as not, go away without seeing Clara at all.

Clara upstairs in her study, would know he was there, and almost without owing it to herself, would long in her secret heart to see him, but was afraid or ashamed to go down of her own accord lest it should be thought that her resolve was failing.

Yet when her sister came to fetch her, although she professed to be put out by the interruption, and that she went down merely as a matter of courtesy, she was so glad they had sent for her, and so glad to go, that she could hardly maintain the pretence that she was not.

Although she kept so assiduously to her study, she found, by degrees, that her books and her work generally were losing much of their interest to her.

Often she would find herself gliding into

pensive day-dreams, with her pen suspended idly over manuscript, or reading with out knowing what she read, forgetting at last even to read—forgetting everything but that, in her self-satisfied pride, she had been blind to the promptings of her own heart, and had said what she wished she could unsay, and when the prescribed year was past, he might give her no opportunity of unsaying it.

For it happened, when Frank came, and went away without seeing her, she had watched him from behind her window-curtain, and he did not go alone.

Grace nearly always went with him, chatting brightly by his side, and when she came back, he would usually accompany her, and part from her at the door of the house, right under her window where she could not see them, and then go away again, alone.

Frequently, too, she saw them walking side by side in the long garden, talking together so earnestly, as if they were wrapped up in their own happiness, and had forgotten her altogether.

What could it all mean? It could have but one meaning for her. She was not jealous. She told herself repeatedly that she was not jealous; and yet, many a time when they thought she was too busy to be disturbed, she sat in the little study alone, crying bitterly to herself.

Many a time when her heart ached so, she owned in a passion of remorse that she loved him, and had loved him all the time. But she was too proud to let her sister know that she had seen them, or in the least repented what she had done.

On those occasions when she went down to see him, she spoke and treated him with careless indifference and he seemed constrained and ill at ease in her presence.

She could not but notice how when Grace addressed him, he would turn to her as if with a feeling of relief, and while he was answering her, his own genial, natural manner returned to him, as though there were a perfect understanding and sympathy between them.

Long before his time of probation was over, she felt instinctively that her sister was her successful rival, and he would not ask her again to be his wife. She said nothing, but expected every day that Grace would come and tell her—that she would dread to hear.

And yet, since she knew it must come, she tried to convince herself that the sooner it came the better, for then she would grow resigned to the inevitable, conquer herself, and settle down again to the solitary, studious life which she had once thought more than sufficient to satisfy every desire of her heart.

She could not say that to herself, but she did not believe it. She did not believe that her old ambition could ever be to her what it had been. If anything of their lost charm should return to her studies, they could never now refill the void they had left.

Meanwhile, she more and more neglected them, and found them irksome. She grew so saddened and pale that her father was alarmed, and insisted that she should spend more time in the garden and less over her books; and though she knew he ascribed her altered looks to a wrong cause, she humored him, to relieve his anxiety.

It happened that one sunny afternoon when she was seated in the garden alone her eyes strayed involuntarily from the page she was trying to read, and she felt to thinking again as she had thought so often of all that had happened since the shadow of her own folly had first fallen upon her.

She had no pride in her knowledge now; it had become as dust to her. She envied her younger sister. She would have liked to have had Grace's soft nature with no learning, no ambition, nothing but Frank's love, but—

But the tears were in her eyes, and such idle longing was all in vain. She was so absorbed in her tearful musings that she did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps or know that any one was near, till a sudden shadow came between her and the sun, and glancing up with a start, she saw Frank Darley looking down at her.

She rose in some confusion, and shook hands with him, and the next moment he was seated beside her.

"Miss Seaforth—Clara!"—he hesitated—"have you forgotten? You said I might speak to you again—in a year. The year ended yesterday."

She had not forgotten, but she dared not trust herself to speak. It could not be he was merely going to say he loved her no longer, and tell her about Grace!

He went on in a low, earnest voice, and said again what he had said to her a year ago. And she listened quietly, almost humbly, with a sense of blessed quiet growing upon her, and a glad conviction that her tears and suspicions had been unfounded, that he had never changed toward her, or even dreamed of change, but that her own indifference had made him constrained in her presence. Her own self-seclusion had compelled him so often to come and go without seeing her; and almost before she knew how it happened, she was sobbing out all that she had feared and felt with her tearful face hidden on his shoulder.

She kept nothing back. She no longer felt humiliated at owing her weakness, but told him all her regret, all her suspicions—everything.

"How could you have thought such a thing of me?" he asked, half reproachfully.

"When I could not see you, I was glad to see Grace. She gave me hope. We were always talking of you, and she assured me you did care for me, and that when I spoke to you again, I should find it so. Often we walked here in the garden, and often when I was going home without seeing you, she happened to be going shopping, and walked with me, and sometimes I saw her back home afterwards: for we were talking of you all the way, and I never felt tired of the subject."

It came to Clara all of a sudden, while he was speaking, that Grace—the cunning little rogue that she was!—had systematically cultivated Frank's society, and planned those goings-out with him so as to arouse her jealousy, and make her realize that she did love him.

She had declared she would make her do so, and weak-willed as she generally was, she had kept her word this time, while Clara, for all her superiority, had said one thing and done another, after all.

Yet she did not resent the younger sister's triumph, but silently forgave her at once, and with only the merest, most momentary touch of humiliation.

"You know, Frank," she whispered,

shyly, "I was always so proud of—of being a girl with a mind, and—"

"And so you are, sweetheart," he said, quietly; "but you are a girl with a heart as well!"

## MINING IN ONTARIO.

Revelations Concerning the Minerals of That Province.

It would be strange if, after all these years, Ontario should prove to be a great mining as well as a great agricultural province; yet it would appear that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility. A correspondent of the Globe recently pointed out that at the Toronto exhibition samples of ore from the Ledyard mines, in Belmont Township, only one hundred miles from that city, and in the well-settled county of Peterboro', were exhibited, and attracted some attention as might be expected. It comes almost as a revelation to those who have any knowledge of mining to know that there exists on this property a practically unlimited supply of ore, running from \$10 to \$18 per ton, and even as high as \$25.40 per ton, according to mill test; and more than this, the percentage of sulphurets is double that of the Alaska ore, and the gold contained therein instead of \$40 runs from \$60 to \$250 per ton, in concentrates from the mill. These facts are not mere matters of tests from small samples, but the results of practical work now being done on the property of the Ledyard gold mines, where a Huntington mill is now at work with a capacity of about fifteen tons of ore daily.

The surrounding country abounds in rich auriferous ores, and yet the establishment and operations of these mines causes less comment than the erection of an ordinary saw-mill. The Ledyard mines include in their property, which covers some hundred acres, some of the richest veins yet discovered, and, as they are close to Havlock Station, on the C. P. R., can obtain supplies cheaply and promptly. If millions can be made in Alaska from \$3 ore, it need be only a matter of enterprise, labor and capital to make the Ontario mines yield up their hidden wealth much more freely. Fifty tons per day of ore at \$10 per ton would yield \$100,000 per annum profit, and there is no reason except the astonishing apathy of our people to prevent its accomplishment on even a much larger scale.

According to the Miner there are four mines in the Slocan to-day putting out ore that goes over 1,000 ounces to the ton. They are the Antoine, the Nonpareil, the Goodenough and the Ruccan, where it enlarges. On the Antoine Jack Thompson and two men have been at work for eight weeks putting out 1,000 ounces ore, and they reckon that they have \$15,000 to \$20,000 worth on the bank. From the Nonpareil thirty sacks of ore, about one ton in all have been brought down to Kaslo for shipment. This ore assayed over four thousand ounces to the ton. Its smelter returns will be interesting. There are other mines that can put out equally high grade ore, but we think it a fact worth recording that these four mines are actually at present putting out ore containing over 1,000 ounces to the ton.

We learn from the Nakusp Ledger that the placer miners on the Cariboo creek have been playing in hard luck of late. A month ago high water destroyed all the improvements, and now a second flood has totally wrecked everything. Last week it snowed heavily in the hills, followed by warm weather. This caused the biggest flood of the year, the water rising as much as three feet in four hours. The bridge gang have pluckily begun all over again repairing their shaft, dam and wheel; as has also J. McDonald. N. Demars has his wing dam finished. The Goat Canyon Company have stopped operations for the season, their dam and boxes having been carried away and their shaft flooded. They had bottomed on six feet of pay dirt but were compelled to abandon the work. Many other companies suffered loss through the floods.

CANADA'S DAIRY PRODUCTS.

She Sends More of These to England Than Any Other Country.

It is no small thing for Canada that we are now sending more and better cheese to Great Britain than any other nation in the world. This year our export of this article to the Mother Country was nearly double that of the United States, and it is generally admitted that Canadian cheese is synonymous for the best cheese. Although in some respects unfavourable, the past season has been a successful one to our dairymen. For April and May goods from ten to ten and a half cents per pound was obtained while in June and July prices ranged from nine and an eighth to nine and a half cents. During the drought there was a marked depreciation of values. August cheese sold at ten and half cts., although the product of some select factories brought as high as eleven and a half cents. It looked for a time as if twelve cents would be reached, but the expectations on that score were disappointed. However, the season was a good one. Its results emphasize the fact that it is wise to sell whenever the goods are ready for shipping. For their success in this line of production Canadians have themselves to thank. They have gone scientifically into the business of making cheese, and have adopted the most modern methods. But they have not yet by any means reached the limit of their success. With the improvements that experience will suggest, it is altogether probable that the sales will be increased, but that higher prices will be commanded. New Zealand is the only country that is rapidly increasing its shipments of cheese to the British market, but it is very far behind Canada in the race for supremacy. It seems strange that while we are making advance in respect of one branch of dairying, we are not making much headway with another. This is because exports of butter are not of the uniformly high class that commands the market. Every poor shipment of butter is a blow at the reputation of

this country. The question may yet arise whether in the interest of dairying some Governmental supervision over the butter trade should not be exercised. It must be admitted that our cheese interests have prospered mainly because of the paternal care governments have exercised over them. The market for butter is much larger than that for cheese, and with a high class article should be equally profitable. Canadian farmers should be encouraged to go in and possess it.

## ANECDOTES OF THE QUEEN.

She Approved of a Trousing That Was Administered to Wales.

Appropos of the queen's recent sojourn at Balmoral a north of Scotland newspaper has been gleaming from among the Deedie peasantry some new stories about her majesty's early visits to her Highland residence. One of these relatives to the boyhood of the Prince of Wales.

The prince on one occasion, when he had temporarily escaped from the surveillance of the parental eye, played a trick on a young country lad whom he saw approaching with a basket of eggs. The lad was a tough Aberdonian and could not brook this injury, so he turned to, and, doubling his fists, gave the prince a thrashing, in spite of the latter's protest that he was the Prince of Wales.

"Prince an' a' though ye be," said the boy, "ye'd nae business tae break my eggs." Just then the queen appeared, having seen part of the fray. She quietly said: "You are quite right, my lad; he had no right to break your eggs, and he richly deserves what you have given him." Her majesty afterward made inquiries about the boy and sent him to school at her own expense.

Another story relates to her majesty's visit to the cottagers in the neighborhood. On one occasion, when she had been making calls among the cottage women, she dropped in, on her way back to the castle, at the house of an old woman who did not know her visitor. The old lady was both talkative and querulous, and, referring to a fete at which the queen had been present that day, complained about people, including her own household, "running like mad to see a common clay woman." Her grievance was that she had to wait till her folks returned in order to get her tea, for she was too feeble to make it herself.

"KISS ME, JACK, AND LET ME GO."

Once, long ago, I was witness to a duel in California. The two men had been bosom friends, but had quarrelled about (of course) a woman. Splendid fellows both—young, brash, and ambitious. As they stood in a clear space among the pine trees near Sacramento, pale as lilies, steady as rocks, weapons in hand waiting for the word, the rising sun shining athwart the line of vision, they presented a picture too often seen in 1826. The pistols cracked almost simultaneously. One man stood erect, evidently untouched; the other fell upon his back and lay straight and still. Seconds, surgeons, and spectators rushed to his side. He was "all there," mind as well as body. "No, don't disturb me," he said coolly to the doctor, "I'm shot fatally and shall die in five minutes. Call Jack and be quick." Pistol still in hand, his antagonist came and bent over his erstwhile chum. The excitement among the crowd was intense; the dying man alone was calm. "Jack, my darling old boy," he said, "forgive me and forgive her. Kiss me and let me go." A minute more and he was dead, with Jack lying across his body, crying like a baby.

After I have told you another and very different story, I'll show wherein they teach the same lesson.

There is no tragedy in this one; nevertheless it is of wider human interest than the other. A woman had been ill more or less all her life. The details are commonplace enough, and yet they will appeal to millions who care nothing for the jealousies of young men in love.

"At times," she says, "I suffered from pains at the back of the head, and a sense of weight, and felt tired and weary, yet it was not from work only. I had a strange feeling, too, of something hanging over me, as of some evil or danger that I could not explain or define."

"My appetite was variable; sometimes I could eat anything and again I could not touch any food at all. But I was never laid up, as it were."

Please note the last sentence. It may seem like the weakest but really is the strongest point in this lady's statement. We will tell you why in a moment.

She goes on: "Still I was often in misery, but got along fairly well until August, 1890, when I had a severe attack of rheumatism. First the great toe of my right foot and the thumb of my right hand grew hot and painful. After a time the trouble extended to my back and hips. I could not straighten myself; I was almost bent double. Month after month I was like this, getting little or no sleep at night. Medical treatment proved of no benefit to me. In December, 1891, the pain almost drove me mad. My face was swollen to nearly twice its natural size, and my eyes were so covered by the enlarged lids that I could scarcely see. There was a constant ringing in my ears, and the doctors said I had erysipelas."

"For days and days I could not walk across the floor, and for some time I was able to move about only by taking hold of the furniture or other objects. When all other means had been tried and had failed Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was recommended to me. A single bottle did me a great deal of good. I kept on with it, and soon was stronger and in better health than for forty years, previously. I still take an occasional dose and continue in good health notwithstanding my age (48), and the 'change of life.' I tell everyone what the Syrup has done for me, and give you permission to publish what I have said. Yours truly (Signed), (Mrs.) MARY JANE MILNES, 18, Walker's Buildings, Brewery Lane, Thornhill Lees, near Dewsbury, Yorkshire, October 12th, 1892."

Now for the lesson of both these incidents; what is it? This; that it is not people in desperate extremities who suffer most. Pain is in proportion to the resistance to disease. Those who surrender, who are in despair, who give up, have present punishment largely remitted. Dying persons are the most comfortable of all. Hopelessness and dissolution administer their own anodynes. Those who are not laid up, who are ill and yet work and struggle, need pity and help. This lady was one, and to such Mother Seigel always proves a friend.

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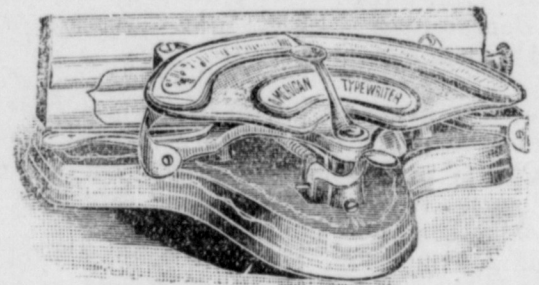
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