

things taken away." The suggestion was adopted.

"Papa says he is afraid there is a touch of cast in the air, so he will read the paper you brought, Dick, where he is. I believe the dear likes forty winks after luncheon or dinner, but will never acknowledge it. What were you talking so eagerly about, Alie, as I came up?"

"A most delightful idea, Kate. Dick is going to take us to the theatre to see Baucault's play, and we are to dine with him. Won't that be lovely?"

"What! all of us?" cried Kate, her eyes lighting up joyously.

"Yes, I hope to get a box at the Adelphi next week. I'll let you know. Then you must come in good time and dine in my rooms, honoring them at the same time; and we'll be all very jolly together."

"Of course you shall! You are too delightful, Dick."

"I'm very glad you recognise my value. Hitherto you have been somewhat blind to my many perfections. This is rather a nice bit of garden run wild. One can almost forget we are in a suburb."

"Yes, it is pleasant now; but it was tearfully dreary when first we came. When all the houses are built at the other side, and the place made trim it will be horrid; but heaven knows where we shall be then," she ended, with a sigh.

"Exactly! Prince Charming may have come and whisked you away to Fairyland!"

"I fear we have ceased to believe in princes or fairylands," said Alicia. "The last two years have been 'eye-openers,' as the Americans say."

"Mr. Wincks will be my Prince Charming," murmured Kate, thoughtfully.

"What is the new work, Kate?" asked Travers presently, after some miscellaneous talk. Whereupon she began at the beginning, and described both her interviews with Wincks, greatly to the amusement of her hearer.

"Copy legal papers, Kate!" he exclaimed. "I am afraid you will never manage that, my sweet cousin."

"Oh, yes, I shall," she returned, with a little decided nod of the head. "I am determined to acquire a good legal hand."

"You will not make enough to buy your shoe-strings! Don't cramp your pretty hand trying it!"

"Oh, yes, I shall! I mean to become a proficient! Here is Papa! I will go in presently, and then, if you follow, I will show you all the trouble I have taken and the small result of it."

When Travers followed her a few minutes after, he found she had spread out various sheets of paper, all covered with writing, on a table at the end of the room.

"Why, Kate, you have been industrious!"

"These are by no means all I have done. I have torn up a great many. I have made about five copies of this page every day since Mr. Wincks gave it to me! I have kept the first and second, then a few specimens, and there—there is the last. Isn't it an improvement? I wrote it this morning before I went to church."

"This is a most unexpected development, Kate!" said Travers, drawing a chair to the table, and looking carefully over the papers.

"I did not expect such energy and perseverance from you. You have made immense progress. How long have you been at work?"

"I began last Thursday morning. No, you thought me a baby. So I was till last year, Cousin Dick. Now I feel quite old and strong, and different—as if I had gone to sleep a mere child—a happy, unconscious child, and in the night a solemn angel had told me I must work and think, and be a woman."

"A first rate angel that, Kate," said Travers, lifting his eyes to hers with a tender kindness of expression that was as balm to her troubled young spirit.

"Yes, Dick. It was not a lovely angel with wings, you know, but a strong angel, with a staff in his hand. However, this, pointing to the papers, "does not look like angelic work, but it is the first my hand has found to do. Then it is such a comfort to stay at home. I should hate to go into other people's houses as poor dear Alie does. She is very brave and good, Dick."

"You are both trumps—no, diamonds of the first water. I am proud of my kinswomen." He held out his hand, Kate put hers in it, and returned his pressure with frank cordiality.

"Now you have praised me, you must praise my work," she exclaimed. "Just look at my twenty-first—Whereas, isn't it lovely? and here, 'This indenture.' It is quite artistic."

"It is amazing. How soon are you to see your fair god-father again?"

"On Wednesday. I shall do a heap of copies before that. I want to write quickly as well. It will be so delightful to earn a little money. I have thought of learning shorthand, but I must have lessons, and they cost money, and that is a difficulty."

"I don't think they would be worth the trouble or cost," returned Travers, thoughtfully, as he slowly twisted his long moustaches. This man, Wincks, will surely raise your father's salary, for his experience must be valuable."

"I hope so," returned Kate; "but I imagine my new friend is more just than generous. At any rate I am going to make him very fond of me."

"Poor old boy, his fate is sealed!" cried Travers, laughing.

"And his sister's too. She is much more formidable, but I must make a conquest of her too. Oh, Dick, how can people live such a poverty-stricken life as they do? I suppose they are comfortably off, for our landlady says Mr. Wincks subscribes to all the Church charities. Her husband is something or other in the church—clerk I think—and yet we are millionaires compared to them. We have each other to save and help, and we are sure of the day after tomorrow. Why, there is air, and sun, and life, and a good true friend like you, Dick, to brighten us up, while poor little Wincks has only his mill wheel to turn; till he is dulled and dimmed beyond any sense of enjoyment." She was busy putting her papers together as she spoke.

"My dear Kate you are positively eloquent!"

"Don't laugh at me. I dare say I talk too much, but I like to talk. Let us go back to the garden and settle everything with papa about that delightful party to the play."

The following Wednesday evening was wet and gloomy, but Kate covered herself up in a waterproof, rolled up her "copies," and started in spite of her father's remonstrances.

"Well, I'll come and look for you in an hour's time and just walk indoors," he called after her. "It is no weather to stay outside."

Kate was a little late this time, so she found Mr. Wincks established in his reading chair with a thick volume, and his sister busy with some delicate darning of a tablecloth.

"It is a bad evening," said the little man, rising, with something like a smile on his small grim face.

"It is not raining quite so heavily now," returned Kate, "but," addressing Miss Wincks, "I thought it better to leave my clock in the hall; it is too wet to bring in here."

"That was well thought of," returned the lady of the house.

"And now let me see how you have got on," said Mr. Wincks.

With a beating heart Kate unrolled her parcel and flattened it to the best of her ability.

"I hope it is not a very bad attempt! I have tried hard." She looked imploringly at him, while the soft colour rose in her cheeks as she hung upon his words.

"Ahem! This is not so bad," said Mr. Wincks, after some agonising minutes, which seemed an hour of suspense to Kate.

"Yes, you have taken pains. That's right. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

"How nice and kind you are!" cried Kate, resisting an inclination to take his hand and squeeze it, fearing that the cast-iron sister might disapprove, which she certainly would; indeed, the warm tone of gratitude with which she spoke was slightly offensive to Miss Wincks, as smacking of too much equality between the protégé and her benefactor. Between employer and employee.

Hearing it, she took one or two unequal stitches, but a dim sort of smile flickered in her brother's eyes as he replied, shortly, "Diligence deserves recognition! I have a short deed by me, my own property, or of course I should not experiment upon it. I shall let you copy it, but if I consider the writing at all defective I shall not pay for it, and I shall require you to copy it again."

"I am quite willing to do it over and over again," said Kate enthusiastically. "I would not expect pay for indifferent work, and you think I may manage to write like a clerk by and bye?"

"Well, yes. When there's a will there's a way. I will give you a fortnight to copy the document, for you will want more practice before you begin it. Then there are various phrases frequently repeated, which may mislead you and cause error."

"Yes, it is awfully puzzling," returned Kate, "but I take great care and always stick a pin in the word I have last copied. I was always losing my place, before I thought of that."

"I should think pin-holes would look rather curious and unbecoming in a legal document," said Miss Wincks, solemnly, and much scandalised.

You would not see them. I always rub a paper knife over them, and you can't see them," cried Kate, radiantly.

"I will fetch the document of which I spoke," said Mr. Wincks, and he left the room.

Silence reigned for a minute or two. Then Kate could hold her tongue no longer. She rose and took a seat near Miss Wincks. "How beautifully you darn," she said. "I can only darn stockings, and that not particularly well. My sister can darn linen and everything else better than I do. But I like knitting. Then while my fingers are at work my thoughts may wander in any direction."

"You should always think of what you are doing," said Miss Wincks's sententiously.

"Do you always think of your stitches?" asked Kate, in a tone of wondering curiosity.

"You were knitting something the last time I came. I wished so much to ask about the pattern, but I was afraid you might think it a liberty. But perhaps," insinuatingly, "you will show it to me one day, if I am a good girl!" and her sweet, smiling eyes seemed to hold Miss Wincks' cold, steady optics.

"It is of any use to you, I should be happy to teach you one or two of my patterns. Young people ought to be industrious."

"Yes, indeed, Miss Wincks, and then it is miserably dull to be idle."

"I am glad you think so—I am generally pretty free of a Tuesday afternoon," said Miss Wincks, a little ashamed of yielding to the advances of a girl she was determined to distrust, but feeling Kate's attractive personality, "and if you care to come in about half-past four I might give you a few hints."

"Thank you ever so much, I shall come gladly."

Here the entrance of Mr. Wincks interrupted her. He held a paper folded lengthways, and a long envelope, into which he proceeded to put it, and Kate's specimens of her calligraphy.

"There," he said, fastening it, "I trust you will soon acquire facility. It is an unusual occupation for a young woman, but perseverance can conquer many difficulties."

"Then I shall not fail for want of trying! And oh, Mr. Wincks, your sister is as kind as yourself. She says I may come to see her, and she will teach me some new patterns in knitting. Is not that delightful?"

"I trust it may prove so!" returned Wincks.

Here the front door bell rang somewhat loudly.

"Ah, I am sure that is papa!" cried Kate. "I will put on my cloak at once so

as not to keep him." She took the papers from Mr. Wincks. "I hope to make a great improvement before I come again. On Tuesday, about half-past four, dear Miss Wincks, and many thanks for your permission."

She was gone, there was a murmur of voices outside, a pleasant laugh, and the front door was closed with some noise, and a silence which might be felt settled down on the brother and sister, while the ticking of the clock made itself heard.

At length Mr. Wincks spoke with his tongue.

"I am pleased, Bess," he said, "that you gave that young person permission to come and see you. You may be of service to her, and she seems to be industrious and deserving."

"Yes, Sam, but does it strike you that her manners are rather free, a little wanting in respect to persons of our age and your position, considering her father is your subordinate?"

"No, she is not wanting in respect, but these people are gentry and accustomed to the society of their equals. Their father would be a very capable man if he had perfect honesty, though scarcely trustworthy, because he is slight, but the daughter—there are many young women like her, Bess? I am no judge."

"I cannot say exactly. I am disposed to believe her earnest and industrious, only for her manner, and I do not quite like that."

Mr. Wincks cleared his throat with a loud "hem," but no words followed. He took up his heavy volume and read till bedtime.

It was delightful triumph to Kate to be able to tell Cousin Dick of having opened her siege of Miss Wincks with decided success, and she reported the conversation, mimicking the voice and manner of both brother and sister to the great amusement of her father.

"That's just him!" he exclaimed when she reproduced Wincks' little peculiarities.

"Faith, you'd think it was himself speaking."

"Don't think that I am nasty and ungrateful," said Kate. "Mr. Wincks is a dear good soul to me, and I am going to love him dearly."

"Verily he hath his reward," exclaimed Dick. "Let us drink his health and more power to him, Mr. Carey."

They were all at dinner in Travers' rooms previous to the visit to the theatre which for a wonder fulfilled even Kate's brightest anticipations and proved a storehouse of happy recollection through many a month of chequered experience.

So Carey and his girls settled down to their new life, which was by no means all sunshine. It had its bright spots, however, most of them due to Dick Travers, but some to Samuel Wincks, in whose good graces Kate steadily progressed.

(To be continued.)

## W. K. MOLLISON.

Of Mollison Bros, St. John.

### VICTIM OF COLD IN THE HEAD, THROAT AND CHEST.

Pillow Saturated With Blood From Excessive Fits of a Racking Cough—At Once Relieved and Then Completely Cured.

W. K. Mollison, of the well known wholesale dry goods house of Mollison Bros., & Co., St. John, needs no introduction to the public.

What he says needs no embellishment. He tells of a remarkable cure and recommends a great remedy. Here are his words:—

"About the first of February (last month) I contracted a cold that settled in my head, throat and chest. It was accompanied by a severe, racking cough, so much so that one night I woke from a fitful sleep to find my pillow saturated with blood."

"Next day I got two bottles of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. I began taking it and it gave me relief at once. After four days I found the cough had entirely disappeared. I continued taking the remedy and find that I am perfectly cured of the cold."

"I have no hesitation in most highly recommending Hawker's balsam to anyone suffering from cough or cold."

Thousands bear the like testimony. Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry is sold by all druggists and dealers in 25 and 50 ct. bottles and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N. B.

A Serious Affair.

Clara—"Oh, mother, we had such fun at the party! Young Smith proposed that he and I should go through a mock marriage ceremony—just in fun you know; and it was too funny for anything. Afterward, some of the older people who heard of it said we were really married; but we're not, are we?"

Doting Mother—"Of course not. Besides, young Smith couldn't support a wife if he had one."

"Oh, it wasn't that Smith. It was the other Smith, from Gold City, the one who owns a bonanza mine, you know."

"Eh? That Smith? My dear, a marriage like that before witnesses is binding."

—N. Y. Herald.

## QUEBEC LARGELY OF ONE OPINION.

M. E. Bernier, M. P., St. Hyacinthe, and F. Bechar, M. P., Iberville, Que., Solid for the Measure.

There are other questions besides that of remedial legislation, in which the people of Quebec and those of the entire Dominion are intensely interested. It is a matter of individual concern, when one is a sufferer from catarrh. This was the case with M. E. Bernier and F. Bechar, two well-known members of the House of Commons from Quebec. With many other members of Parliament in that Province, they had used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and today have given their signatures to the statement, telling of its beneficial effects to any who suffer from this disease. They know all about it, for they have tried it themselves, and whatever view they may entertain of other matters, on this they are solidly of one opinion. Sample bottle and Blower sent by S. G. Detchon, 44 Church St., Toronto, on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

"I am pleased, Bess," he said, "that you gave that young person permission to come and see you. You may be of service to her, and she seems to be industrious and deserving."

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(To be continued.)

## MARRIED.

Belleisle, March 18, by Rev. J. B. Giles, Thomas L. Hall to Edith Tiesner.

Salisbury, March 25, by Rev. R. S. Crisp, Asael Nichol to Maggie Lewis.

Halifax, March 24, by Rev. A. C. Borden, J. D. Hamilton to Lizzie Nautilus.

Brookline Mass, March 9, Ernest Forbes to Abbie Smith of Shelburne, N. S.

Parrsboro, March 6, by Rev. J. Sharp, George Wilson Fields to Mary Grant.

Kentville, March 5, by Rev. R. A. Ackman, Robert E. McAloney to Bessie Egan.

Sussex, March 25, by Rev. James Gray, Frederick Myers to Susan M. Carson.

St. John, March 25, by Rev. H. W. Stewart, Wm. Fielden to Louisa Anderson.

Steveston, March 25, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Robert S. Purdy to Laura J. Fick.

Jolicure, March 4, by Rev. John A. Clark, George B. Irvine to Eliza A. Oulton.

Truro, March 18, by Rev. James McLean, John Morton to Edith Hart.

Belleisle, March 19, by Rev. J. B. Giles, John E. Sanction to Mrs. Fannie Walsh.

Fredericton, March 25, by Rev. Willard McDonald, George Briggs to Jennie Grant.

Dalhousie, March 25, by Rev. George Fisher, Harriet Macdonald to Mary Jamieson.

Sackville, March 17, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Hance Albert Cole to Georgina A. Wry.

Lunenburg, March 17, by Rev. Jas. L. Batty, Jos. Conrad to Mrs. M. O'xner.

Milford, March 24, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, R. R. Stevenson to Jessie Woodworth.

Laurencetown, March 25, by Rev. J. E. Warner, John Warwick to Annie Duncan.

Chatham, March 22, by Rev. J. Van Wyck, William E. McNeil to Edith Hart.

Yarmouth, March 25, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Geo. H. Crandall to Clara L. Burton.

Dennysville, March 9, by Edwin R. Gardiner, Moses E. Long to Lizzie Dudley.

## BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

**RISE SUN STOVE POLISH**

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Partnership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, doing business at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, under the name and style of W. C. Pitfield & Co., has this day been dissolved by the mutual consent of the parties to its existence.

Saint John, N. B., Jan. 2nd, A. D. 1896.

WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, HEREBY CERTIFY—

(1) That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.

(2) That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of such articles as are usually bought and sold by dealers in dry goods, cloths, &c.

(3) That the names of all the General and Special partners interested in said partnership are, as follows:—

Ward C. Pitfield who resides at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, is the General partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at Hampton, in the County of Kings, in the said Province, is the Special partner.

(4) That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of thirty thousand dollars to the common stock.

(5) That the period at which the said partnership is to commence, is the third day of January, A. D. 1896, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the third day of January, A. D. 1899.

Dated this second day of January, A. D. 1896.

Signed, WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED that on this second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety six, before me, James A. Belyea, a Notary Public in and for the Province of New Brunswick by Royal Appointment, duly appointed, admitted and sworn, residing and practicing at the City of Saint John, in the said Province, personally appeared at the said City of Saint John, Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, the co-partners named in the foregoing and annexed Certificate of Co-partnership, and severally acknowledged that they signed, sealed, executed and delivered the said Certificate of Co-partnership as their respective act and deed and to and for the uses and purposes therein expressed and contained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the second day of January, A. D. 1896.

[L. S.] J. A. BELYEY, Notary Public.

Boston, Mar. 24, Ada C. wife of William D. Clarke, 33.

Douglasville, Mar. 10, John Henry, son of James Bass.

St. John, Mar. 26, Jane, widow of Dr. Henry Cook, 87.

Pictou, Mar. 19, Maggie W. wife of Rev. Robert C. Quinn.

New York, Mar. 18, Augusta, wife of Capt. J. B. Early, 42.

Early, 42, Emma, wife of Benjamin Young, 42.

South River, Antigonish, Mar. 8, Donald McDonald, 65.

Pembroke, Mar. 27, Laura M. daughter of George Port Mouton, N. S., Mar. 7, Melissa, wife of Peter Latham, 42.

Chicago, Mar. 25, John Quinn, son of John Quinn, of St. John.

Marquette, Mar. 17, Matilda, wife of Preston Wheeler, 24.

Aylesford, Mar. 21, Mattie E. daughter of John N. Coleman, 38.

New Glasgow, Mar. 19, Malcolm, son of Alexander St. John, Mar. 26, Alice daughter, of David and Sarah Ellison, 3.

St. John, Mar. 26, John Alston, eldest son of John and Annie Alston.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 189