

JUST LIKE HER.

Theodore Shy was an exceedingly bashful man, and when, after much debating in his mind, he decided to take a wife, his thought at once turned to a matrimonial paper as the best means for attaining his object. Not that he was unacquainted with any being on whom he would have been willing to confer the title of Mrs. Theodore Shy; but such was his innate bashfulness, that he dreaded his determination being ascertained by his friends, and himself consequently ridiculed. Chafed he would certainly have been, but as Theodore was in every respect an eligible party there was no reason to expect ridicule.

Theodore Shy, at the time of contemplating this serious step, was thirty-six years of age. Passably good-looking, good-tempered, good-natured (good natured ally fellow he was sometimes styled by his borrowings), he possessed a good house, a good income, and all he required was a good wife to make his home happy.

While matters were at this stage, Theodore was brought to a full stop, and for this reason—he could not connect a suitable advertisement.

“Of course,” he said, “I don’t want an old wife, but I can’t advertise that I want a pretty young girl—and I shall certainly want her to be good-looking. And what else? Let me see. Modest, musical, amiable, domestic, loving, cuddlesome, hang it! I can’t do it. It was ever discovered to my regret that I should never hear the end of it.”

He was in this dilemma for two days, when he determined to seek the advice of a lady friend—a young widow, who had often commiserated him on his solitary lot. It is surprising that, being so bashful, he should have actually sought the advice of a lady; and that lady, too, one who would possibly have no objection herself to becoming Mrs. Theodore Shy. But, strange to say, that had never occurred to him. Mrs. Ready was an old friend whom he had known before her marriage, and was the only person he felt he could take into confidence, being assured of her sympathy and discreetness. She had married, when only nineteen, a young lieutenant in the army, who, three months afterwards, was considered enough to leave his wife a widow. She was at this time twenty-five years of age, and exceedingly pretty. Theodore often thought that she bore a strong likeness to the widow-woman in whose eyes Uncle Toby endeavored to find the imaginary something. He had not, however, considered the possibility of her likeness in character to the aforesaid widow, and, acting on his first impulse, he lost no time in paying the visit of the late Lieutenant Ready a visit.

He saw the young widow in her morning room, and she met him with extended hand and a smile of welcome.

After talking of the weather of yesterday, the prospects of ditto for today and tomorrow, Theodore sought an opening to the subject of his call.

“I wish to seek your advice on a matter of great import to myself.”

“Yes.”

“There is no one else of whom I should care to ask this advice, and feeling assured of your sympathy and help, I determined to be guided by your counsel, if you would be so good as to give it.”

The widow, much surprised and impressed by his extreme seriousness, repressed her inclination to laugh, and said she would be pleased to help him in any way in her power.

“Thank you, you are very good,” and, taking the widow’s hand, Theodore rather profusely expressed his gratitude.

“Well, the fact is,” he said, relinquishing her hand—which she made no attempt to withdraw—“I am contemplating marriage, and knowing you—knowing you to be—”

“Yes,” said the widow, demurely.

“Knowing you to be more experienced in such matters, and being so kind—so good—so—”

Here the pretty widow blushed, and looked lovelier than ever.

“Yes,” he said, in a low tone, moving a little nearer to him. “And—”

“And so disinterested.”

“Here she gave him an unutterable look of reproach.”

“I thought I could not do better than ask your advice as to the lady I wish to marry.”

Mr. Ready looked puzzled. Was he not going to propose after all? “Who is the lady?”

“Well, ah! the fact is, I don’t know.”

“Don’t know?”

“No,” he went on hurriedly. “You see, I expect there would be a great deal of chaff at such an old bachelor as myself getting married, and, I am anxious to avoid it.”

Theodore had, by some process of reasoning, come to believe he was too old to dream of marriage. The widow thought otherwise, and ventured to say so.

“Well, at any rate,” he said, “my friends think so, and would ridicule the idea, so I’ve been thinking of using the columns of a matrimonial paper for the purpose.”

The widow looked abashed.

“What do you want me to do, then?”

“The fact is,” he confessed, “I can’t make out such an advertisement as I should like and I want you to help me to word one if you will be so kind.”

Mrs. Ready was amazed, and not a little disappointed. She had tried her best to create an impression on this man and the only impression she had left was that she would make a counsellor. And now he came to ask her advice as to whom he had better marry! She thought she knew, but, unfortunately, it would not do to say.

Writing materials being on the table, the widow sat down, and took a sheet of paper on which to commit notes.

“First of all,” said the lady, “what sort of a wife do you want?”

“But what do you call youngish? You don’t want a girl of sixteen?”

“No, of course, not so young as that.”

“Seventeen?”

“No.”

“Eighteen?”

“Older than that. I am double that age you know.”

“Oh, are you? Well, then, about what age shall I say?”

“How old are you? I really beg your pardon. I mean about what age?”

The widow smiled complacently.

“I don’t mind you knowing my age. You know very nearly yourself. I am twenty-five—getting quite old. So you think a lady of my age would suit you?” she said merrily.

Theodore was certain of it.

“Now we have the first requirement. Do you wish to say whether she is to be slim or—or shall we say ‘bonny’?”

“I wouldn’t put that,” said Theodore perspiring. “It looks too— Well this is awkward. Just what I felt when I tried to draw an advertisement I do not like either very thin or fat people.”

“What shall I say, then?”

Theodore looked again round the room, and came to the conclusion that the widow was of the proportions he desired.

“Like you,” he said. Having only just contemplated matrimony, he had never bestowed a thought on the widow’s charms until now; and, fast becoming helplessly in love he wished he had gone and shot himself before he came on his present errand.

“But, you foolish man, how can I put that? What am I?”

“You’re an angel.”

She laughed merrily.

“Then I must put ‘of angelic proportions.’”

“No, let us leave that out altogether.”

“Very well. Is she to be pretty?”

“Preferably.”

“Good-looking, at all events?”

“Yes.”

“Like myself?” coquettishly.

“That’s impossible!”

“Is it! Then shall I say ‘of good appearance?’”

“Yes, dubiously; ‘though it sounds like a barmaid’s requirement.’”

“Any preference as to height?”

“About your height.”

“Well, how tall am I? I’m sure I don’t know.”

“Have you a measure?” said Theodore.

She had one on her chateleine, and as it never apparently occurred to either that the simplest method would be to detach the chateleine, Theodore felt much embarrassed while he performed his task, measuring the pretty widow first from the ground to the chateleine and then from the chateleine to her crown of hair. Indeed, so hurried was he that the operation had to be performed no less than three times before he was at all certain as to her height.

“Five feet five,” he pronounced.

“Is she to be musical?” continued the widow.

Theodore paced round the room. Musical! A hitherto unthought of possible calamity now presented itself to himself. Musical!

What an escape! Suppose he had rashly engaged himself to a musical being who was not musical; idly, who was ‘shoddy’ musical? It would have been the one thing to make him commit suicide!

Meanwhile the widow, probably guessing what was probably in his mind, for she knew him to be a lover of music, left her visitor for a moment. But what was that Theodore heard? A most lovely voice singing softly with such thrilling sweetness that his whole soul was moved. Ah! what would he not give to possess the owner of that voice! Whoever could it be? Not the widow?

But it was, and at that moment she re-entered the room.

“Have you made up your mind?” she said merrily.

“Yes, I want some one that is really musical.”

“Well, but every girl will say she is that.”

VERY CHEAP AND VERY GOOD.

“Advice,” says the proverb, “is cheap.” So is air. So, commonly, is water. Yet air and water are each worth more than gold; and advice, even when it costs nothing, sometimes turns out to be more valuable than if every word had been a diamond. Here is a short letter that illustrates the point.

“Eight years ago,” says the writer, “my daughter, Mrs. Salter, of Wellingham, fell into a languid, weakly state of health. Her appetite was poor, and after everything she ate she had most excruciating pain at the chest, which would continue for hours. She also complained of great weight and a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach. As time went on the grew weaker and weaker, and was unable to go about her duties. Nothing that she took did any good until a friend called her attention to Mother Seigel’s Curative Syrup. After having taken the Syrup a short time all pain and distress left her and she enjoys good health.”

This was the foundation on which the advice we are to speak of was based. Our excuse for breaking in upon the writer at this part of her letter is that the facts narrated by her naturally divide themselves into two sections. We now quote the second one:—

“In March of last year (1892) my daughter Rosa began to feel ill and out of sorts. She also had a poor appetite and weight and fullness at the chest after meals. Later on a short dry cough set in, and she complained of pain at her kidneys. Whilst over at Wellingham on a visit, her sister, Mrs. Salter, advised her, to use the remedy that cured her. Believing the advice to be good, Rosa bought Mother Seigel’s Syrup and began to put its virtues to the proof in her own case. In a few days the cough was gone, her appetite improved, the pain left her, and she has been in the best of health ever since. I now keep a bottle of the remedy in the house, and if I or any of the family are ailing a dose or two sets us right. You are at liberty to publish this statement should you desire to do so. Yours truly (Signed), Mrs. A. Flaxman, Hill House Farm, Yoxford, Suffolk, March 28th, 1893.”

Another example: “As a girl,” says Mrs. Maria Girdlestone, “I suffered from extreme weakness, pain at the lungs, and a hacking cough. No one thought I would live long. However, I got on fairly well up to the early part of 1890, when I was taken with a strange sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. I had a bad taste in the mouth, particularly in the morning. My appetite failed, and after eating the least thing I had an awful pain at the chest. I was troubled with cold, clammy sweats, and the cough and retching shook me greatly. In spite of all the medicines that were given me I got weaker and weaker. Indeed, a doctor at Norwich told me I would go into a decline. At this time my brother advised me to take Mother Seigel’s Curative Syrup, saying it had benefited him, he having used it for weakness and asthma. I took the Syrup and soon felt relief. My appetite returned, my food digested, and I gained strength. So good now, whenever I feel any symptoms of my old complaint, I know what to do; the Syrup quickly sets me right. Yours truly, (Signed) Maria Girdlestone, Marlingford, near Norwich, March 23rd, 1893.”

Here we have instances in which the value of timely and intelligent advice is very apparent. The disease was the same in all, and hence the good results of the same advice in all. The cough, which seemed to threaten consumption, the pains in the chest and kidneys, the alarming cold sweats, the weight and distress after eating, the nervous prostration and advancing weakness are all symptoms of the one complaint—which attack all and deceive so many—namely indigestion and dyspepsia. Men suffer from it widely and women universally. Not the lungs but the stomach is the trouble nine times out of ten.

Remember that, and when anybody advises you to try Mother Seigel’s Curative Syrup, take that advice, for it is based on common sense and experience.

WORE THE DIAMOND IN HIS LEG.

A Story of the Way the Orloff Stone Was Taken From Persia to Russia.

Gus Fox a dealer in diamonds on Fourth street, has a story about the famous Orloff diamond, named after Count Orloff, the first European who bought it. Fox says: “It was originally the eye of an idol in Trichinopoly. It was stolen, according to the accepted account, by a Frenchman, who escaped with it to Persia, where he sold it for the equivalent in our money of \$8,000 to a Jewish merchant.

“The Jewish merchant sold it to an Armenian named Shafraz, who had traveled in Russia, and conceived the idea of taking the diamond to that country and selling it to the Empress Catherine for a great sum. Shafraz paid him \$60,000 for it.

“Having secured the stone, the next question with Shafraz was how to get it to Russia, or rather how to conceal it when he was searched by robbers, as he was sure to be on the road. The journey was a long and perilous one, and thieves abounded everywhere. Shafraz thought of swallowing the stone when he should be taken by the robbers, but was obliged to give that plan up, as the diamond was too large to swallow.

He began to feel he had a white elephant on his hands, when a thought occurred to him. He secured a sharp lance, made a cut in the fleshy part of his left leg, and thrust the diamond into the wound. He sewed up the cut with a needle and a silver wire. It healed, leaving the diamond unbedded fast in the leg, quite out of sight.

Then he started for Russia. On the way he was seized by robbers again and again, and was thoroughly searched. Being an Armenian, and suspected of going to trade, the thieves marvelled greatly at finding nothing of value upon his person.

“He arrived in Russia at last, and after extracting his diamond, visited the empress. He was willing to sell it for about \$150,000, but the empress had not so large an amount in cash for the purchase, and Shafraz preferred to go on to Amsterdam, the seat of the diamond-cutting industry, where he had the stone polished.

“Here Count Orloff, an extremely wealthy Russian, saw the diamond, and was filled

with a determination to secure it for the Russian crown. He did secure it, but Shafraz extracted from the Russian government, \$400,000, an annuity of \$20,000, and a title of nobility. He died a millionaire.

“The Orloff diamond weighs 195 carats, and is about the size of a pigeon’s egg. It is small r than the Koh-i-Noor, in the possession of the English queen, which is supposed to be worth \$3,750,000.”—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Horseless Carriage for a Locomotive.

The gentleman who has amused himself of late by using a motor car in Westminster has been a little “too previous,” as he found to his cost at Bow street, although it is noticed that he stated that he had driven his vehicle for five years. It came upon him with a shock of pained surprise that his harmless vehicle could be called a locomotive, but the law, though possibly a “hass” is clear. So the motor carman found he had committed three offences: (1) in allowing a locomotive out between the prohibited hours of 10 and 6; (2) in not being preceded by a man with a red flag, and (3) in driving the locomotive at a greater speed than two miles an hour. A promise, however, not to offend again, but patiently to await the promised legislation, got him off with quite a small fine.—Westminster Gazette.

Maj. Shiris, of Course.

Famous old Gov. Henry A. Wise of Virginia, was directly or indirectly the source of many a good story. Here is one that I do not think has found its way into print: One day at a political gathering he was approached by a well-dressed individual, who shook hands warmly with him. The governor was a bit bothered, and confessed he could not recall the hand-shaker’s name.

“Why, you must remember me, governor,” said the latter. “I’m from Richmond. I made your shirts.”

“Why, of course,” said the governor, with all a politician’s tact. “Gentlemen, this is my very excellent neighbor, Maj. Shiris.”—Washington Post.

A Complete Cure.

“Yes, sir, doctor,” said the callow youth as he sat down before the stern family physician, “I’m in love. It’s a bad case, too. I think of her all day and I dream of her all night. She’s fair and lovely and all that, but she’s fickle, inconsistent and changeable. Sometimes she has me walking on air, and then again I’m so blue that I wish a comet would knock the world galley west. You don’t know what it is, doctor, to be wild with joy one day and mad with pain the next.”

“What’s her name?”

“Margaret Teasley.”

“What, that little pink and white Teasley girl, with blue eyes and taffy-colored hair?”

“Her hair is golden, doctor, and her face is divine. She’s an angel.”

“Nothing of the kind. She’s a minx, a regular little deal. Why don’t you marry her?”

“She won’t consent. I’ve asked her twenty times and she just laughs at me. I can’t stand it much longer, doctor.”

“I’ll give you something for your liver and then I’ll give you a little gratuitous advice. Just you go up to the house this evening and say: ‘Here, Maggie, we’ve had enough of this foolishness. Now play ball. Either say straight from the shoulder that you’ll have me or you won’t have me. That’s the way to do business and then stand pat. I want to know what what’s. See?’

Next day the youth came to report.

“Well, how did it work?” asked the doctor.

“O, charmingly, doctor; like magic. You’re a born matchmaker. You should run a matrimonial bureau, doctor. The old gentleman didn’t do a thing but kick me out and serve notice on me that if I ever came again he’d cane me.”

“That’s all right. You’re cured, and that’s all I have to do with the case.”

OUR MAIL.

Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some

from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B.A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes:

GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1892 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsook me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness.

For some months I tried doctors’ and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B.B.B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases.

J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

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

BORN.

Shelburne, June 2, to the wife of E. M. Bell, a son.

Riverside, June 23, to the wife of Arthur Wier, a son.

Windsor, July 12, to the wife of E. A. Dill, a daughter.

Hantsport, July 7, to the wife of Henry McLellan, a son.

Hantsport, July 7, to the wife of Harry Brown, a son.

Westville, July 10, to the wife of Wm. Pickett, a son.

Chatham, July 13, to the wife of T. M. Gaynor, a son.

Westville, June 19, to the wife of T. F. Higgins, a son.

Westville, July 7, to the wife of Benjamin Roy, a son.

Digby, July 5, to the wife of Ansel Siron, a daughter.

Westville, July 12, to the wife of John McDonald, a daughter.

Yarmouth, July 14, to the wife of Alex. McMillan, a daughter.

St. John, July 20, to the wife of F. E. Ketchum, a daughter.

St. John, July 19, to the wife of R. C. Weldon, a daughter.

Truro, July 8, to the wife of Brantford Gratto, a daughter.

Truro, July 11, to the wife of W. M. Stevens, a daughter.

St. John, July 19, to the wife of George Turnbull, a daughter.

Digby, July 8, to the wife of George H. Nickerson, a daughter.

Navwiganawik, July 13, to the wife of Alfred Langs, a daughter.

Westville, N. S., July 10, to the wife of Duncan McGregor, a son.

Yarmouth, July 17, to the wife of Capt. Percy Parker, a son.

Star’s Point, N. S., July 14, to the wife of Arthur C. Starr, a son.

Southville, N. S., July 3, to the wife of Joseph Comcan, a daughter.

Port Hawkesbury, July 9, to the wife of D. McDougall, a daughter.

McBourne, N. S., July 5, to the wife of Fred McGray, a daughter.

Marysville, N. S., July 17, to the wife of Prof. C. L. Chisholm, a son.

Annapolis, July 14, to the wife of J. Bernard Ritchie, a daughter.

Westville, N. S., July 10, to the wife of Robert W. McDonald, a daughter.

Carleton, Yarmouth Co. N. S., July 12, to the wife of T. H. Uhlman, a son.

Valparaiso, South America, May 30, to the wife of Charles S. Robbins, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Kingston Village, N. S. July 10, John Banks to Mary Croch.

Rockland, July 5, by Rev. H. J. Shaw, Hermon H. Shaw to Bertha Swin.

Advocate July 7, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Joseph Bowden to Rosa Spicer.

Falmouth, June 4, by Rev. J. Murray, Wallace D. Wiles to Helen A. Boyd.

Halifax, July 14, by Rev. Mr. Simmons, James F. Burnett to Laura Hooper.

Springfield, July 6, by Rev. J. Webb, John Chittick to Mrs. Louisa Burgoyne.

Bridgewater, July 8, by Rev. H. Simpson, Freeman Deal to Bertha K. Mallman.

Windsor, July 5, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Capt. L. Mosher to Eva M. Roberts.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 23rd June, 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pungwash, Picton and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....12.20
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chen.....12.35
Express for Sussex.....16.35
Express for Robtsey.....20.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney.....22.30

Buffet sleeping cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.30 o’clock and Halifax at 20.00 o’clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday Excepted).....6.05
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday Excepted).....6.55
Express from Sussex.....8.30
Accommodation from Pt. du Chen.....12.35
Express from Halifax, Picton and Campbellton.....13.00
Express from Robtsey.....15.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are electrified by steam from the locomotives and thus between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1895.