

for you. It must be uncommon nice to have such a pupil."

"Many thanks!" ejaculated Miss Golding, with a toss of her head.

"Poor old Carey has come to grief I am sorry to say; used to be, decidedly, hospitable to me in my green days, when he drove as smart a turn out as any in Dublin; saw lots of the best company, too. I wouldn't neglect him on my account now."

"Have they smelt turns out in Dublin?" she returned with naive surprise. "No, I am sure Mr. Tulloch, you wouldn't neglect your poor relations. But are you sure your cousin Kate's bright eyes have nothing to do with your sound memory and polite attention?"

"Kate's eyes? Oh! no; they are not my sort at all. People of the same complexion rarely take to each other; contrast, strong contrast, is the great attraction."

"Why, you don't mean to say that she has red hair, Mr. Tulloch?"

"Red!" cried Jamie, colouring. "No, of course not; you don't consider—"

Why, Jamie, interrupted Kate, coming into the room, "I thought you never intended to come near us again?" She was looking almost her best in a pretty frock of thin gray stuff, and a large hat of black lace and ribbon with a few soft roses outside, and one, with some soft glossy leaves lying on her hair, under the gently upturned brow.

"There is very little of the poor re'ave about her look or manner," thought Miss Golding; "Tulloch comes pretty often I fancy."

"Mr. Tulloch is a sort of cousin of ours," continued Kate, with a faint tinge of patronage in her tone, as if introducing him.

"Oh! we know each other," said Miss Golding; "we have met once or twice."

"Sorry, Jamie, that we cannot keep you to tea, but Miss Golding is so good as to take us out driving, and that is what we don't get every day."

Here Alicia joined them, also dressed in her best (her best was generally black), and greeted Tulloch cordially.

"Come!" cried Miss Golding, "come along with us, Mr. Tulloch, and help to keep us going."

"Many thanks! Very sorry I can't, but I only ran out to inquire if Mr. Carey had returned. Couldn't have stayed I assure you; I dine with the Traverses to-day."

"Well, don't let us waste time. It is a lovely evening. Can't I set you down anywhere; we are going straight away over Hampstead to Finchley. Good-bye!—an revoir!" and Jamie Tulloch was left to his own reflections.

(To be continued.)

The Docks of Liverpool.

No description can convey an adequate impression of the vastness of the Liverpool docks, of their cyclopean architecture, of their gigantic trade. Liverpool, as a city, has claims to admiration—claims that are seldom duly honored by the multitudes who hasten through it on their way into or out of England. Still there are other cities more beautiful, more imposing. It is the labor of Ald. Philip Rathbone's life to make the son of the man who laid the foundation-stone of Elme's magnificent St. George's hall, may do much in Liverpool. The time has not yet come, however, when Liverpool requires a Ruskin. But if Ruskin may be forgiven for ignoring the city—or the "good old town," as it is used to be affectionately styled—they are to be pitied if they do not make full use of the opportunity of seeing and studying the most splendid dock system in the world. In the olden world the marvels of construction were the palaces, temples, amphitheatres; the wonders to-day is making, to leave for the admiration of the touring New Zealand, are bridges, viaducts, canals, docks. It is the era of commerce. When it is over, when mankind evolves to a state of scientifically ordered pleasure and idleness, when invention and enterprise rank as capital crimes against the felicities of existence, then will our distant and degenerate posterity gaze on the mighty ruins of the Liverpool docks with a reverence akin to that with which we gaze at Baalbek, the colosseum, the mediæval cathedrals and castles, the Athenian Acropolis, the Pyramids. In all, the docks, canals and basins have a quay space of over 26 miles, in addition to which Birkenhead boasts nine miles more, making a grand total of 35 miles; besides which there are graving docks with a gross floor length of 14,919 feet.—Pall Mall G. zette.

## THE VERY BEST.

IS NONE TOO GOOD.

YOUR SPRING MEDICINE SHOULD BE HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

Having It, You Have the Best.

If you are suffering from the after effects of the grippe, if you are troubled with indigestion, or a victim of dyspepsia; if you feel worn and weary and generally run down after the cars of the winter, or from the effects of advancing years, or from any other cause, you need a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. You need it now. Such a course is not expensive, and it works wonders. This is not a mere assertion, but a true statement borne out in the experience of thousands of Canadians.

Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers, at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd., St. John, N. B.

A Pigeon that Kills Chickens.

N. D. Elting of Ohio, tells a curious story about a pigeon that has the instincts of the butcher bird. One of his friends living in front of, owns a large male pigeon which takes delight in killing chickens. The friend found two or three weeks old dead on the ground with their necks broken, but couldn't account for it, till one day he saw the pigeon alight near a chicken, and pouncing on it break its neck. The pigeon flew away without eating its victim. Why this was done, if it was not for fun, is not known.

## THE ENCHANTED CASTLE

Along the white road amid the vast stillness of the winter night, there was a gleaming, like the dust of diamonds, whose particles sparkled into minute flames when the moonlight glanced athwart the snow, which seemed to sing beneath the tread of two passers by, so crisp and frosty it was.

"Christel, oh little Christel! dost thou feel how my love binds me fast to thee?" murmured a youth's voice, and handsome Jean took the hand of the maiden, whose red lips quivered as if in response to the glistering of her beautiful eyes.

With her slender fingers smoothing down a lock of fair hair that was in danger of straying into her eyes, the girl spoke as follows: "I think Rose will be at the reveillon (midnight feast), so let us hurry on. Dost thou know her lover has given her a gold cross and also a ring of gold with an agate setting? Last month my grandfather gave me a gold cross, too, but it is so small a one! What will he give me, I wonder, for a New Year's gift?"

Poor, handsome Jean pressed her hand, and swiftly, softly, bent down and imprinted a burning kiss upon it. But pretty Christel seemed not to notice what he had done, and sighingly continued: "Many, many jewels have great ladies. Is it not a fine thing, Jean, to be a great lady, with jewels and gold—to be rich and beautiful?"

The poor fellow gazed with gloomy, yet yearning, love-gleaming glances upon her; for his love for her was no less timid than deep, no less helpless than ardent, and impressed upon him a look of wild sorrow. If riches had only been his, how he would have lavished them on the girl beside him! And now, in a maid, bewildered way, he dared to bend over, as if to kiss her brow; but Christel drew back.

"Stop!" she cried, warningly. They walked on in silence, until, when the woodland grew sparse, a red, flickering light invited them to enter the house.

Eleven o'clock struck in some distant church tower, and the first clang of a bell trembled athwart the clear out of door shadowiness. Christel, listening, turned toward her companion, and with wistful eyes, whispered: "If we could only believe the old folks, Jean!"

"What dost thou mean, pretty Christel?"

"Dost thou not remember, Jean, the legend of the Breche yonder?" and she pointed through the window to a lofty crag, coldly shining above the forest, "the legend of the rock that every Christmas eve is cleft asunder, and remains thus apart while midnight completes its twelve strokes—the legend of yonder rock and its hidden treasures? Surely, Jean, thou canst not fail to remember? What if we venture up there; what if it all should be true, Jean?"

Incredibly was in her voice and eyes, yet she smiled so longingly that the youth said: "Let us go, then, dear maid. Let us discover if it is all true."

So taking leave of the kind people assembled for the reveillon, they set forth once more, gaining faith with every forward step that led them toward the crag, as they both silently recalled the ancient story, handed down from sire to son for ages, of a castle that once reared upon that height its gloomy, terror inspiring battlements, and bade defiance to all the peaceful countryside, until one night, along with its sacrilegious lord and his accursed wealth, it was on a sudden swallowed up by the yawning maw of the mountain, which the wrath of God cleft asunder, leaving the hideous gap that frowned from afar upon the forest and the fair plain blooming beneath it. Many a witness there had been, so said the old folk, of the prodigies occurring at the Breche just at the hour when in universal joy the Christian world celebrates the birth of the Redeemer, and miracles are permitted to astonish and awe mankind. Had the great rock not been seen to open, as a door turns upon its hinges, letting one gaze into dark passages that suddenly shone with the subterranean splendor of the long-lost treasure, whose fabulous masses of flashing gold and scintillating heaps of precious stones—the harvest of woe and bloodshed—were for an instant revealed, to be as swiftly sealed fast within the mountain again until another twelve months had fled into the past?

At length Christel broke the silence by murmuring, "Oh, Jean, if it really be true, shall we not, while the hour is striking, shall we not stop down and leave for-ward and pick up a ring, a necklace? Say, Jean, shall we not? We'll be so quick—a ring, a necklace, a string of pearls, a diamond brooch! Only just to think of it, Jean!"

"Thou wilt try for me, wilt thou not, dear Jean?" she urged, again appealing to her lover.

"Yes," he answered, with burning eyes and firmly compressed lips, "yes, my Christel! I will try. Come, let us walk faster! Come, my darling!"

She looked at him adoringly: "Oh, Jean, how kind thou art!" she murmured, and was about to proffer her lips for a kiss; but there came such a sadness into Jean's eyes that she felt a vague shame steal upon her, and hinder her from doing more than to give him her hand.

Turning aside from the road, they plunged into the snow beneath the ancient spruce trees. Immense masses of ice groined and termed ready to split beneath their footsteps as they crossed fissures of unknown depth; often they would slip and come near sliding down some precipitous slope. Jean even had to carry

Christel in places, a task anything but disagreeable, if such danger had not constantly threatened. She found, and lest they should arrive beyond the hour of midnight, and thus be too late for the acquisition of any of the beautiful, fabulous things locked up within the mountain. Lightly he strode along, sturdy, yet gentle, bearing the maid in his strong young arms, as though she had been a mere babe; now and then he pressed her to his breast to reassure her, and felt her beautiful silky hair ruffle under his rapid breathing; and, finally—though she did not know it—he touched his lips again and again to its wavy strands. But for the peril, he was happy, oh, so happy! ready to climb to the top of earth's loftiest peak with a song in his heart!

But the sky grew cloudy, veiling the moon and stars, while like petals detached from the flowers in some enchanted, a few snowflakes fell slowly through the seemingly still air. The huge Breche loomed threatening above the spruce forest, and far, far below the valley lay dimly white, like the ghost of a landscape. Jean, setting his precious burden down, pointed to a spot where the rock appeared beneath a bluish layer of ice, and simply said: "It is here."

Then they both sat down upon a stone to await the mysterious scene at the midnight stroke. Shivering with cold, and a little frightened, Christel drew near to Jean, ever keeping her eyes fixed on the bluish spot in the ice; while the youth again, toward her hand and endeavored to let her feel silently how strong and willing he was to protect her. He did not watch the ice upon the rock; his eyes were turned skyward to gaze on the moon, while re-issuing from a cloud, appeared reddish, as in an eclipse, and a few stars also came fresh into view athwart the mist and the sparsely falling snowflakes.

Hark! Remote, muffled, like a voice from out the past, amid the vast stillness, a prelude tinkle ascends. The first stroke of the midnight hour sounds! The mystery must now, if ever, unfold itself. Jean, with fast-beating heart, Jean and Christel rise to their feet, in silent expectancy awaiting the miracle, and both now resting their eyes upon the ice-covered rock. The air still vibrates with the first stroke of midnight when, as though smitten by the spear of some pagan deity, the rock is rent asunder, gaping wide almost at their very feet; while a deep, dark, cavernous passage appears, that gradually becomes luminous from the entrance of the outer semicircle, as well as from the increase of the mystic inner glimmering. On either hand walls of deep shadow by contrast intensify the brightness of the subterranean corridor, which descends by a gentle incline, in all its weird, spectral splendor, into the bowels of the mighty mountain, its surface sparkling like a brook's wherein the stars are mirrored. Wandering and awe-stricken, the youth and maiden gaze upon the marvelous sight now displayed. So astonished are they that, for an instant, they forget the brevity of their opportunity for possessing themselves of aught of the treasure.

The second stroke of the hour recalls it to them, however, and while Christel stretches out her hands eagerly toward the sparkling cavern, Jean, disdainful to make use of a ruined flight of steps leading upward into the mountain, leaps down directly into the shining mass and is lost to view in its dizzy splendor; but the shock of his leap causes the gold to clink and knock together with a sound that makes the sweetest music to the ear of the young girl who stands without, now feverish with anxiety also, lest the magic spectacle vanish ere she can profit thereby, and she shudders with apprehension as the third stroke of the twelve resounds. Faint and far, from the forest valley, Jean's feeble voice, like a faint, far-off cry, is heard, as he calls to her to speak, in the precious cavernous, stoops down and gathers handfuls of big gold disks linked together by tiny chains, and, after flinging them out of the cavern, he picks up a diadem with an open setting of imperial diamonds and emeralds blazing like white and green fires, intermixed with rubies whose tint is like snow touched by the rosy light of dawn, and with topaz radiantly yellow as the sunlight itself. This crown of fabulous worth he likewise tosses out into the snow, so as to gather an armful of pearl necklaces beautiful beyond expression; costly girdles of amethysts, sapphires, and turquoises, polished but uncut, and held in place by gold filigree; rosaries fit for a queen, wherein every tenth bead is a garnet, round and glossy as little crimson gooseberries; and wherein the remainder is composed of black and white diamonds arrayed alternately. Like Christel, Jean also grows anxious but not for himself, as the strokes fall from the distant clock. At the tenth stroke, with arms full laden, he stands upright and casts the rich burden at his fair companion's feet: then, clutching firmly the jagged edge of the rock, he draws himself together preparatory to making a spring upward and outward.

He can see Christel close beside the cavern entrance, kneeling in the snow, her blonde hair disheveled by the wind that has begun to blow, and streaming back into the shadows. Her eyes laugh at him, despite their fever and anxiety of expression, and seem to caress him with their fond, fervid gaze.

Hark! Another stroke of the clock! Jean is ready to leap out; but he hears the cry of her whom he loves, a cry that is like a supplication: "More, more!"

He pauses and looks at Christel, and, with close set lips, but a heart full of forgiveness, lets go his hold of the rock and

plunges down again into the inexhaustible treasures. He fetches a ring, and holds it high, like a symbol of victory, flings it with its gold-encircled, greet, blood-red Oriental ruby towards the girl, whose hand makes a movement to catch it. Suddenly the twelfth stroke echoes through the wind stirred air. Quick! quick! Oh, Jean, ere it be too late. But the last vibration has ceased.

Noiselessly, even as it uncles, does the rock shut to once more, and the snow begins to fall fast, its great white flakes dancing impishly round the maiden kneeling all alone with her eyes still fixed upon the glorious ruby, not yet realized upon the horror of her situation, not yet awakened to the thought of the brave, loyal lover, self-sacrificed to satisfy her thirst for wealth.—Short Stories.

### MEN AS CUSTOMERS.

They Take What Is Given to Them and Then Go Away.

The saleswoman, whose duty it is to wait upon the gentleman customers, not being thus engaged, had gone to serve a lady, who proved to be an extremely hard customer to suit, calling for one style after another. The clerk was becoming discouraged and beginning to feel as if she didn't care whether or not a sale was made. At this point another saleswoman said to her: "Maud, there's a man," and came to relieve her of the uncomfortable customer.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Maud, as she started toward the counter where gentlemen's gloves were sold.

"What would you like to see, sir?" she asked of the man who was waiting.

"I want a medium shade of brown, with wide stitch on the back and fastened with a button instead of a clasp."

The saleswoman placed a varied assortment before him. Quickly selecting a pair he exclaimed: "Just what I want!" and had one glove fitted. It suited him exactly, and having paid for his purchase he left the store.

Now, what sort of gloves does the reader think this gentleman purchased? They were of a dark shade of brown, not medium; they had a narrow stitch on the back, not wide; they were fastened with a clasp, not with buttons.

Perhaps some man can answer this question. Why do ladies like to wait on men better than their own sex—because they are so easily pleased or because they do not really know what they want?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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Small bottles of pleasant pellets at the best price! Sold by druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 25 cents. Humphreys' Medicine Company, 111 William St., New York.

### BORN.

Digby, April 18, to the wife of C. W. Maize, a son.

Halifax, April 22, to the wife of W. T. Short a son.

Digby, April 12, to the wife of Fred Rice, a daughter.

Asheville, Mar. 30, to the wife of Herbert Parker, a son.

Brighton, Mar. 31, to the wife of David Sibley, a son.

Asheville, Mar. 10, to the wife of Herbert Parker, a son.

Digby, April 22, to the wife of Eder Turnbull, a son.

Lakeland, April 10, to the wife of Owen Duffy, a son.

Milton, April 10, to the wife of George O. Dexter a son.

Shubensadie, April 16, to the wife of Robert Gass, a son.

Sackville, April 16, to the wife of Professor Andrews a son.

Weymouth, April 15, to the wife of Ellis Bartlett, a son.

Sydney, April 2, to the wife of James H. Howard a son.

Arvonport, April 7, to the wife of James Welsh a daughter.

Hectanooga, April 9, to the wife of N. Goudy a son.

Halifax, April 19, to the wife of Clifford J. Kerr, a daughter.

Bedford, April 22, to the wife of W. H. Clarke, a daughter.

Truro, April 14, to the wife of John Kelly, I. C. R. a daughter.

Falmouth, April 4, to the wife of Malcolm Morrison, a daughter.

Shelburne, April 19, to the wife of John Franklin, a daughter.

Weymouth Bridge, April 15, to the wife of Ellis Bartlett a son.

Shelburne, April 11, to the wife of Rev. James Luenden, a son.

Halifax, April 21, to the wife of Sergeant-Major Grimshaw, a son.

Partridge Island, Mar. 17, to the wife of Clifford Gilbert a daughter.

Point de Bute, April 14, to the wife of George C. Townsend, a son.

Malvern, N. S., April 13, to the wife of J. Frederick McNeil a daughter.

North River, Col. Co., April 17, to the wife of George E. Dickson, a son.

Maltdale, April 10, to the wife of Nelson Dalrymple to Emily Daw.

Sackville, April 15, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Gilbert Hicks to Laura Hicks.

Halifax, April 16, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Edwin Horne to Sadie Atkins.

Quoddy, April 14, by Rev. M. Harvey, Charles R. Miller to Edie Bulley.

Melvern, April 15, by Rev. I. L. Tingley, Joseph Gieson to Agnes Sarty.

Aylesford, April 15, by Rev. Mr. Bancroft, Arthur Reid to Hattie Beiridge.

Halifax, April 15, by Rev. N. LeMoine, William H. McKay to Susan Dwyer.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS

St. John, April 22, by Rev. Mr. Dewdney, Samuel T. Seeds to Lizzie Riley.

Elgin, A. C. April 12, by Rev. J. B. Young, Edgar M. Bishop to Maud Steeves.

Moncton, April 17, by Rev. John Prince, William Crossman to Mary Steves.

Upper Blackville, April 8, by Rev. M. P. King, John Arbo to Bertha Arbo.

Maltdale, April 15, by Rev. R. C. Quinn, James B. Kehoe to A. J. B. Forbes.

Weymouth, April 8, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, John Barr to Minnie McCormack.

Hopewell, April 22, by Rev. William Nichol, Alfie P. McLeod to Sina McDonald.

Annapolis, April 15, by Rev. J. Strothard, G. C. Dukeshire to Zilpha M. Dexter.

Parrsboro, April 22, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Frederic M. Munro to Innes Killam.

Lunenburg, April 10, by Rev. Oskar Gronlund, Allen Dexter to Emma Waters.

Smiths Cove, N. S., April 22, by Rev. W. L. Parker George Baiser to Keshah Cossett.

Wood point, April 9, by Rev. W. C. Vincent, Joseph H. Rockwell to Millie L. Snowdon.

Nine Mile River, April 8, by Rev. J. Layton, William Weatherhead to Emily McPhee.

Knowlesville, N. B., April 5, by G. A. Giberson, Harry Whitehouse to Lizzie Withrow.

Dartmouth, April 21, by Rev. Father Underwood, Joseph S. Martin to Elizabeth Hanson.

Guy's ranch, April 13, by Rev. J. W. Gardiner Frederick A. Henderson to Jane E. Gillis.

San Francisco, April 9, by Rev. M. M. Gibson Wilbert A. Snow, to Ida Nickerson of N. S.

Albion Mines, April 5, by Rev. A. Campbell, Alexander W. Munro to Margaret J. Cumming.

Milford, Mass., April 14, by Rev. B. McLellan, Edwin J. Dixon to Valerie L. Johnson of N. S.

Springfield, N. B., April 22, by Rev. D. B. Bayley, George Morley Hayes to Bertha A. Marvin.

Calgary, N. W. T., April 18, by the Bishop of Calgary, M. Wentworth Gray, to Maud K. Hole.

St. Pauls, Pictou Co., April 11, by Rev. W. P. Archibald, Kenneth McDonald to Minnie Cameron.

Beachmont, Mass., April 18, by Rev. Mr. Wood, Lyman J. Robbins of N. S. to Maud Dempster.

Halifax, April 15, by Revs. J. E. Goucher and J. W. Manning, Nelson B. Smith to Jean B. Dunsmuir.

Halifax, April 15, by Revs. J. E. Goucher and J. W. Manning, Ralph W. Butler to Gertrude Blanche Blackadder.

### DIED.

Milton, April 13, William Watt, 77.

Ohio, April 19, Benjamin Pitman, 73.

Westport, April 12, Charles Lent, 21.

Joliette, April 16, Ralph Dobson, 80.

East River, April 20, Alex Cameron, 37.

Yarmouth, April 18, Clifford Brice, 14.

Yarmouth, April 17, Thomas Sullivan, 62.

Meteghan, April 17, Mark B. LeBlanc, 77.

St. Stephen, April 17, May R. Webster, 33.

Lynnfield, April 20, James A. Johnson, 30.

Strathadam, April 18, Shephard McCoy, 38.

Port-au-pique, April 11, David Crowe, 75.

Little River, N. S., April 16, Peter Frost, 66.

Brigsteaton, April 18, Mrs. Nancy Rice, 81.

Coxheath, C. B., April 11, Neil McFarlane, 85.

Upper Caledonia, April 15, John L. Hattie, 60.

St. Eppit, C. B., Mrs. Murdoch Matheson, 80.

Bassend, N. S., April 17, John Meresara, 91.

Douglasdown, April 12, Margaret Stephens, 70.

Tower Hill, April 16, Mrs. Nellie Davidson, 90.

Chatham Head, April 18, Mrs. Alex Henderson.

Sand Point, N. S., April 14, William Hemen, 74.

Halifax, April 20, Julia, wife of Peter C. Fleming.