

## MADAME INFELICE.

"But why," I persisted eagerly, "are you so sad, Madam? You who have fortune and fame?"

"Fame?" interrupted Madam, turning her large eyes upon me slowly; such mournful eyes they were—luminous with unshed tears. "What is fame she continued; 'nothing but the empty bauble which an idle, thoughtless public gives in return for a life's sacrifice'."

"Still, the plaudits of the world, the commendatory remarks of the press, the adoration and all must be very gratifying to a woman's heart."

"Gratifying. Ah, child, it is to me like the sound of a funeral knell."

You are surprised—true, I had forgotten—you cannot understand. I have never spoken much of myself—no, my life has been a delusion to the world. As an actress I act my part well—for the rest who cares? Surely not the public. No, they pay to be amused—tragedies are too plentiful in real life, why speak about them? Your American audiences are more kind than our French people, and yet you, too, are curious. Yes, I will tell you of my life—the dear price I paid for fame. There are three tragedies in our lives—birth, marriage, death. I have passed through all, and they have left me soulless. Listen. Years ago my home was in a little hamlet on the coast of France, where the wild waves beat almost to my door, and the sea-gulls ate from my bare hand. There I lived with my young husband—my beloved Eugene. Our life together was a perfect heaven of ecstasies. I can see him now as he came bounding into our room, each step being a kiss. But ambition crept over our hearthstone, and hand in hand we eagerly plunged into the vortex of the world's temptations, seeking wealth and fame upon the theatrical stage. He was handsome, talented, a genius—we should be famous, the manager promised. But the months went by, and I will not tire you with a recital of the hard hours of study, the weary nights of labor, the struggles, disappointments, disillusion. My poor Eugene, disheartened, broken in health, would fain have turned back; but our contracts were made far ahead, our manager was obdurate in his demands, and we went on. It was finally decided that we should forsake tragic roles and essay comedy. With that end in view, our appearance was generously advertised in one of the larger cities of England, but the climate affected my darling. I saw his face grow pale, while his hands burned with fever. 'Give up,' I said to him. 'You are ill.' But no, he struggled on through the opening night, and at last fell fainting in my arms, while a selfish, indifferent crowd jeered and hooted. Our performance was a failure.

"For three days my darling was ill, very ill. In despair, I hung about his pillow, but the hour came too quickly when I must go to the theatre and smile. Oh, the rage, the hatred I felt towards them! What cared they for the noble life that was battling with death? What cared they for my bleeding heart? They wanted smiles, not tears."

"The papers, too, were relentless—they condemned my performance; even insinuated that Eugene was inebriated, not sick. The third night came—Eugene was unconscious. 'Let me stay with him,' I begged. But the house was sold out; we were billed to play a popular comedy; I must go on. Will I ever forget that wretched performance? I felt nothing—saw nothing but that dear white face lying on a hospital cot."

"At last the curtain came down; I was free! The rouge was still on my cheeks as I rushed through the long bare halls, past the wide dormitories, and into the private ward where lay my love. The night was bleak and cold, a moaning wind and driving rain beat drearily against the windows; and mingled with the noise was the labored breathing of a dying man. A kind-faced sister met me at the door. 'You will be brave,' she said gently. 'Yes, yes,' I feverishly cried, and she let me go alone. Do people often live through such trials? Are they sane afterwards? Can the inexperienced understand such agony? Do they know what it is to have the God's blood drip drop by drop? Why don't God let us go mad, stunt our senses, or let us die?"

"How handsome he looked; the dark curls on his white brow, his broad chest rising and falling tumultuously, his brave heart fluttering like a bird's. The hours dragged by. I tried to pray, but could not; the words were meaningless, incoherent. The doctor came back again, but would not meet my eye. It was now four o'clock; the gray dawn crept slowly up."

"If he will but live till sunrise," I told myself, "there may be a chance." I awoke a fit of coughing seized him, and let him weak but conscious. Those dear eyes looked at me again. 'My love,' he whispered, 'do not grieve; you shall never be alone, for even beyond the grave my soul will live in yours.'"

"The light in the sky grew broader, and, as the whistles in the town blew six, he sighed like a tired child, and I knew that a great and brave soul had gone out with the coming of the morning light. I could not weep, could not cry out in agony, but half of my life had passed over the Borderland. Oh, the heartlessness of this world! That night we played a farce—a farce! The theatre was packed to suffocation; the audience was anxious to see the widow of the now great actor. Frenzied, maddened, I played on—my laugh the wildest of them all. The next morning I read of my fame—achieved in a night over the corpse of my love. Oh, the horror of it! How vain is ambition. How empty is fame. The years have rolled on, and I am now the world-renowned Madame Infelice—synonymous of sorrow."

"As I act, and that great swaying sea of white faces looks across the row of glaring lights, I see it not, but in its stead a narrow mound in a lonely, neglected church-

yard, where the surf dashes against the French coast, while my tired heart cries out for the 'touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.'—Aimee H. Neil.

## HOPE ENTHRONED.

LIFE PROLONGED AND ITS USEFULNESS GREATLY EXTENDED.

The Ruthless Hand of Nature Permits Only the Survival of the Strongest but Medical Science Secures the Survival of the Weakest.

From the Cornwall Standard.

The science and art of medication holds a unique place in the esteem of the entire civilized world, because by a judicious application of progressive science relative to the art of healing innumerable triumphs are won in the struggle for health. The profession of medicine we may safely say, is no sinecure, its triumphs and success are rehearsed daily by the million. Those who are in the vanguard of this movement are our greatest benefactors. Their discoveries are a boon to humanity; they have given relief to thousands who would have dragged out a miserable and more or less brief existence. Dr. Williams by means of his Pink Pills has earned and enjoys the gratitude of untold numbers who were on the verge of isolation or death, because their case defied the skill of the ordinary medical practitioner. The ruthless hand of nature permits only the survival of the strongest, but the tender ministrations of medical science, as exemplified in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, secure the survival of the weakest, which is in harmony with the divine injunction, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not please ourselves."

These famous pills have given strength to the apparently hopelessly weak, and vitalized and invigorated fragile and debilitated constitutions, enthroned health and strength, thus increasing every value and enhancing every joy. In substantiation of the reputed merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills read the following testimonial of one of Glengarry's responsible citizens. Samuel Neil, of the village of Lancaster, is one of the best men of the county. "For three successive winters," says Mr. Neil, "I suffered from severe attacks of la grippe. Owing to the exhausting effects of these attacks I was unable to attend to my business half of the time. The last attack I had was in December, 1895. It was the most prolonged and the subsequent effects the most trying. All the winter of 1896 I was under medical care and being somewhat advanced in life I presented a very frail appearance. My weakness was so pronounced that I became a victim of weak turns, and even with the assistance of a cane I was liable to fall. Attempts to walk were risky, and often to be regretted. I was troubled with a dizziness in the head that rendered locomotion difficult and unpleasant. Besides this general weakness I had pains in my shoulders, something like articular rheumatism in its fluctuations and severity. After a five months treatment I was not any better, in fact the doctor gave me very little encouragement. He said I had palpitation of the heart and it must run its course. The truth is I felt so weak that my hope of recovery was about nil. About the first of May I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was the dizziness left me, day by day my pains vanished into imperceptibility, and I began to feel myself again. The improvement continued until I was able to follow my business with unexpected vigor. I am increasing in flesh and in the general signs of good health, and I unhesitatingly attribute my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

New Use for the Phonograph.

The exploring expedition under Lieutenant Hourst, which recently returned from the upper reaches of the river Niger, carried phonographs with which the war-songs of the natives were recorded.

## BORN.

Yarmouth, Feb. 4, to the wife of A. H. Poole, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 4, to the wife Leslie Trask, a son.

Yarmouth, Jan. 31, to the wife of Robert Muise, a son.

Kenville, Jan. 20, to the wife of Judge Chipman, a son.

New Glasgow, Jan. 27, to the wife of K. Stewart a son.

River John, Feb. 2, to the wife of M. G. McLeod, a son.

Digby, Jan. 27, to the wife of William Winchester a son.

Hantsport, Jan. 20, to the wife of Michael Keddy, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 2, to the wife of Wm. Van Horne, a son.

Kentville, Jan. 20, to the wife of Cutler L. Dodge, a son.

St. John, Feb. 4, to the wife of George A. Ricker a daughter.

Milton, Jan. 29, to the wife of George Randall, a daughter.

Wind or, Jan. 27, to the wife of J. W. Blanchard, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Jan. 31, to the wife of Howard Jeffrey, a daughter.

West Pubnico, to the wife of Hilarion Amiro, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Jan. 27, to the wife of William Winchester a son.

Harvey, N. B. Jan. 29, to the wife of Thomas Goody, a son.

Harvey, N. B. Jan. 29, to the wife of William Pearson, a son.

Plymouth, Jan. 30, to the wife of Capt. James L. Hemen, a son.

Woodstock, Feb. 1, to the wife of J. Allan Dibble, M. P. P., a son.

Tusket Wedge, Feb. 3, to the wife of Capt. Vincent Richards, a son.

St. Martin's, Jan. 16, to the wife of Frederick Greer, a daughter.

Maugerville, Jan. 31, to the wife of Rev. Mr. Colston, a daughter.

Maple Grove, Hants Co. Jan. 27, to the wife of James Hennigar a son.

## MARRIED.

Musquodoboit, Feb. 2, John F. Bayes to Matilda Dillman.

Doaktown, Jan. 27, by Rev. M. P. King, Edward Storey to Agnes Arbo.

Halifax, Jan. 19, by Rev. Wm. Ainley, James Burridge to Lily Walsh.

Halifax, Feb. 2, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, William J. Davies to Sophie Morris.

Baccaro, Jan. 26, by Rev. J. H. Davis, T. Leslie Smith to Della Skidmore.

St. Croix, Jan. 27, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Johnson Harrison to Serena Pettis.

Sydney, C. B. by Rev. E. B. Rankin, William M. Vought to Ida Ingraham.

Halifax, Feb. 3, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Thomas Anderson to Mary Morris.

Orleton, Jan. 24, by Rev. L. S. Tingley, Ralph A. Israel to Lydia Outhouse.

Bear River, Jan. 14, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Nelson McKay to Annie M. Ray.

Yarmouth, Jan. 28, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, W. S. Sanders to Jane Weidman.

Harvey, Jan. 27, by Rev. W. T. Bishop, James Stevenson to Annie Brewster.

Wallace Bay, Feb. 3, by Rev. G. W. Tuttle, Rev. Wm. Furdie to Maria Hart.

Yarmouth, 21, by Rev. J. T. Deinstad, Edward M. Sherman to Amelia Hurbart.

Bear Point, Jan. 21, by Rev. W. Millar, Jeremiah Goodwin to Sarah J. Smith.

West Delta, Jan. 27, by Rev. John Lee, Lemuel J. Croft to Fannie L. Bailey.

Lawrencetown, Jan. 27, by Rev. J. H. King, Frank O. Foster to Marian A. Kelly.

St. Stephen, Jan. 27, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, William E. Barreau to Sadie I. Lord.

Windsor, Feb. 3, by Rev. J. C. Cox, Senator Thomas Temple to Alice M. Cox.

Upper Peninsula, Jan. 13, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Edgar H. Swaine to Etta Thomas.

Halifax, Jan. 20, by Rev. W. Ainley, Wm. H. Frederickson to Elizabeth Palmer.

Boylston, Jan. 20, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Rufus W. Whitman to Mrs. Nellie McDonald.

Mahone, Jan. 31, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Emmerson C. Ernst to Essie Eisenhauer.

Canning, Mar. 1, by Rev. Robt. McDonald, W. Parker Anslow to Lena Nicholson.

Calais Feb. 3, by Rev. S. G. Davis, Rev. H. D. Maxwell of Vermont to Sarah Love of St. Stephen.

## DIED.

Halifax, Feb. 4, W. F. Foster.

Kentville, Jan. 30, Carrie Parsons.

St. John, Feb. 6, John Peterson, 88.

Orleton, Jan. 31, Jacob E. Rose, 61.

Truro, Jan. 28, Mrs. Martha Beattie.

Spryfield, Feb. 3, Edward Roche, 91.

Truro, Jan. 29, Elisha C. Gourley, 99.

Ottawa, Feb. 4, John P. McCarty, 34.

St. John, Feb. 4, Moses E. Cowan, 67.

Port Elgin, Feb. 4, Mrs. M. A. Somer.

Red Head, Feb. 3, George McAlfee, 71.

Halifax, Feb. 2, George B. Filmore, 40.

Foly Mountain, Jan. 27, Ezekiel D. Smith.

Five Islands, Jan. 20, Mrs. Willard Walsh.

Kentville, Jan. 29, Harold W. DeWolfe, 22.

Vancouver, Feb. 3, Harry Morris, Weeks, 39.

St. John, Feb. 6, Charles Upham Hanford, 78.

Hardwood Hill, Pictou Co., Robert Stewart, 78.

Village, Yarmouth Co., Mrs. Hannah Snow.

Gag's River, N. S. Jan. 26, Wm. McKean, 89.

Upper North River, Jan. 9, Mrs. Daniel Uplam, 71.

Conquer Bank, N. S., Jan. 25, Philip Cross, 74.

Baccaro, Yarmouth Co., Mrs. Mercy Reynolds, 76.

Halifax, Jan. 31, Harriet, widow of John Gibb, 77.

St. John, Feb. 5, Susan, widow of Eli S. Northrup.

Hillsburn, Jan. 22, Rose wife of James Halliday.

Truro, Jan. 19, Selina J. D. widow of Silas Corbett, 81.

Boston, Jan. 3, James Taylor, formerly of Halifax, 74.

St. John, Feb. 4, Mary C. widow of James A. Mulan.

Bear River, Jan. 24, Harriet wife of Obadiah Parker.

Kentville, Feb. 2, Oates, son of Frederick and Annie Batten.

Jangle, C. B., Catherine Ferguson, widow of Wm. Mason, 70.

N. B. Earlstown, Jan. 27, Henrietta, widow of Hugh Munroe, 50.

St. John, Jan. 25, Mary, widow of Donald E. McPherson, 69.

Acadia Mines, Jan. 27, Maggie, daughter of John A. Clark, 12.

Yarmouth, Jan. 30, Walter C. son of Thomas and Mary Carr, 5.

Hopewell Hill, Feb. 4, Charlotte, widow of John R. Russell, 69.

Upper Woods Harbor, Jan. 9, Fred child of Charles and Ellis Malone.

Newcombville, Feb. 28, Jerusha A., daughter of John Menier, 34.

St. John, Feb. 4, Eileen A. daughter of Hugh and Nellie McFadden, 7.

Halifax, Feb. 4, Earl, child of Mary and Chas. Seaboyer, 9 months.

Halifax, Feb. 5, William J. son of Michael and late Annie Curley, 27.

Halifax, Jan. 31, Allan R. son of the late Charles and Hannah Cox, 18.

Windsor, Feb. 1, George E. child of George and Bessie Ashton, 3 weeks.

Halifax, Feb. 4, Cassie, daughter of Mary and the late Daniel Sullivan, 39.

St. John, Feb. 4, Elizabeth D. child of William and Mina Fraser, 10 months.

St. John, Jan. 5, Byron, son of George C. and Elizabeth McPherson, 69.

Bear River, Jan. 25, Annie I. infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Davis.

Dennison, Ohio, Feb. 1, Mrs. (Dr.) Curry, late of Cruchville St. John N. B.

Annapolis, Feb. 7, Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Jas. Fitzgerald, formerly of St. John.

Saultville, Jan. 26, Evangetine, daughter of the late E. J. and Helen Potter.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

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Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

Windsor, Feb. 5, Laura A. child of Herr Lothar and Elizabeth Bobar, 16 months.

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