

Ode to the Owing.

You may talk about the tariff, and protection, and free trade, and pay perances for expressing human ills. And "improving trade conditions," and the boom that will be ours. But the way to stir up business is to pay your little bills. If you owe the printer twenty, and he owes the printer five, and five more to the coal man, and to the ice man five. Your payment of the twenty helps along the business men. And the payment they can make in turn make other people thrive.

Idle money in your pocket doesn't do you any good. Unless your bills are all paid up in full it isn't yours. Just pay up all you're able, as you wish that others would. That's the recipe for hard times that invariably comes. If you pay what you owe others, others still can then pay you. It's the circulating dollar that the pulse of business thrills. So set your money working, and then watch what it will do. For the way to stir up business is to pay your little bills.

Her Christmas Gift.

Young Rivington Wayne had made a success of his twenty-four years of life, rather a remarkable success for one so young. He had two pictures 'hung,' and an offer from the National Academy for another, and more than his share of notice from the newspapers and society. Moreover, he had remained comparatively unspoiled.

He had come to New York armed with a letter of introduction from his aunt, Miss Carter, of Virginia, to Mrs. Morton. He had heard all his life of Anne Morton, of her great social success as Miss Van Alen and as the wife of Judge Morton, and then as his widow. He had a sort of a vague idea of what his friend of his aunt's should be like a middle-aged matron with a hint of former beauty. Instead he had been quite dazzled by this quietly creature, who was Anne Morton. She had seen his wonder and smiled. Others had wondered before and some had even been bold enough to ask her how she did it.

There had been a small dinner party that evening, just starting for the theatre, and her woman's tact had made it possible for him to join them. They had entered their box at the beginning of the second act, and he could see the little sensation they made. Indeed the audience quite lost the first words of the leading tenor's song in watching Mrs. Morton and her party. And he felt glad. He could not have told why.

The next evening found him by Mrs. Morton's side. He was one of many, to be sure, but they found moments when they resumed their rather serious conversation. He was visionary, as all geniuses are, and he found it rather dampening to his enthusiasm when she made common sense amendments to some of his most brilliant notions. But he liked to be with her, and gratified his wish, and he gratified it so ardently that Mrs. Morton had decided to scold him as he deserved.

So on Christmas Eve when he called he was taken to her den instead of the drawing room where he usually found her. He stood for a moment enjoying the scene of coziness—the flames in the small fireplace flickering on the crimson walls, the rare etchings and rich rugs and Anne Morton's beautiful face, in which no vestige of age appeared.

"It was good of you to come to-night," she said. "I wanted to have a quiet little talk with you."

"Thank you," he said frankly, as he drew an easy chair before the fire. "You are very kind to me—kinder than anyone else has been—and I am grateful."

She smiled. "It has not been entirely disinterested, and, of course, for your aunt's sake I would have done the same. But it has been a pleasure to know you and show you to my friends. Remember, you are rather a famous young artist—and a philanthropist, too," she laughed.

"Don't talk about philanthropy," he said plainly annoyed.

"But that is what I want to talk about."

"Well," he said resignedly, "I promise to answer any questions. I suppose it is the prison picture?"

"Yes, I want you to confess, Mr. Wayne, that you were not entirely unselfish when you refused to sell that picture to the National Academy and gave it to the prison."

Instantly his manner changed. From the young society man he became the artist. He spoke very quietly.

"Mrs. Morton, through the notoriety of that gift I have sometimes almost doubted my motives, and in such moments I have despised myself. At other times I have known myself better. I think of the long months I spent studying the prison types for one of my pictures, and the impressions I took of the life, rude and strong; and I can see the stages through which I came to my resolution. I spent many hours watching those poor creatures, deprived of home, air and pleasure, some for years and some for life. I went back to my studio and painted for them a picture of the Virgin Mother and her child. With every stroke of the brush I thought of them; I was doing it for them. Then I had that offer from the Academy for my picture—their picture—and, God knows, it was a struggle to keep my purpose. But it was their's; they had been my inspiration. And—well, I couldn't have respected myself if I had sold their picture."

He had risen nervously, and stood by the mantel, looking down upon her. Her words struck him as peculiarly cold and unsympathetic.

"That was good and commendable, Mr. Wayne, and I should like to say that I agreed with you; but I can't."

"No," he drawled. "I hardly hoped that you would." Yet he had thought that she, with her rare sympathy, would understand him. He continued:

"This is the first time I have spoken of this. Of course I have read the criticisms of the gift, but I have said nothing. People might think what they wished; I did not care." He was hurt and disappointed.

"You see it entirely from the side of the 'Other Hall,' she said. "But I feel the loss to the cultured class, the people who are educated to the appreciation of all that is truest and best in the picture. We

are the losers and they are the gainers? Do those convicts see what is grandest and best in the work, and do they appreciate the skill, the coloring, the technique?"

"Technique! No," he exclaimed impatiently. "They see the soul. The idea is as plain to them as to you, with all of your study."

"Ah, yes! But Mr. Wayne, they are in prison, every woman there for some crime—bideous and unforgivable—and it is right to give to them such a pleasure as the presence of the beautiful painting?"

His face was a study, and he showed his impatience. "You speak to Mrs. Morton, sitting there in luxury—you who have never known a want—you judge these poor creatures, whose crimes are a natural sequence to their lives. I have gone to the dens where they were herded, and I wonder why God Almighty lets us live when we permit suffering like that."

"This time it was not the soul of the artist that swayed him, but his humanity. His mind turned to a large workroom, bare and grim, but for one spot on the wall where hung a picture—a mother with the tender love of the universe looking in the face of a child, the yearning, patient gaze that had brought tears to many eyes. Her voice roused him."

"Tell me, Mr. Wayne, do they really love it?" she spoke so softly he knew he had touched her.

"If you could but see them," he answered. "Yes, there were mothers who wept for lost children and for themselves; and young girls who recognized the mother face, and they wept, too. I had a letter from the warden yesterday, and he said there was a marked change in their manner—not even a muttered oath near the picture."

Her face had softened, and she had tears in her blue eyes. She held out her hand to him. Instinctively they both rose. He took her hand. There was a thrill in the touch of her fingers. "I love you so," he said. He bent his head closer and closer, and pressing his lips to her forehead said "Good," then quickly left the room.

She sank down in her low chair by the fire and covered her face with her white jeweled hands, the tears trickling slowly through her long slim fingers.

She sat there for a long time, wondering why she had let him kiss her. She looked into the red embers and thought of the past—a past she thought about less and less as years went by. As it to a spectator in a play, in the fire. She could see, in a tiny house in Paris, this girl, so beautiful and so young, gradually falling in love with the young English artist boarder. She could see the stern mother's face when the young people confessed that they had been married. It was an awful day when young Arnold had been brought home in an ambulance dying. Then came his death and the long illness of the girl, the birth of her child and days of unconsciousness, until one spring morning the girl's eyes fluttered open.

Mrs. Morton sobbed aloud. She saw the girl turn to touch the child at her side—her own little one. Her weak hands put back the shawl: Anne Morton could hear that awful cry ringing in her ears even now as the girl found nothing. Then she had sought her poor invalid mother to speak. The mother, with a great effort, had tried to tell her, but with a gasp had fallen back dead.

Anne Morton shivered as the thought of the young girl sitting, ill and weak, day after day, almost crazed by the loss of husband, child and mother. She remembered the rich aunt from New York, who came one of those sad days and took the girl from the little home in the Rue Verte.

Wayne had decided to start for Virginia the night after Christmas, and he called to say good-bye to Mrs. Morton early in the evening. He found her in the drawing room. "You have spoiled me, Mrs. Morton, for this room, by showing me one so much prettier. Won't you take me in there again?" She hesitated, and he continued: "Beside, I am tired, and there is not a restful chair here."

She led the way. There was a little constraint of memory upon them both as they sat there, she in her low chair before the fire.

"What have I done, Mrs. Morton?" he asked. "I feel as I used to when father called me 'Rivington Arnold Wayne.'"

It was harder than she thought to tell this youth in whom she was so much interested that he must not be with her so constantly in the future, but she did it in plain sentences that he could not misunderstand.

"Oh, I wish you hadn't said that," he said, simply. Then he explained. You see I am leaving for Virginia to-night, so this is not necessary. I came to say good-bye and I think it is nearly time for me to go back to the hotel."

He pulled out his watch. He saw her glance for a moment at the two rings which hung there in place of a real.

"They were my mother's, he said, holding them in his palm, glad to change the subject.

"They are so small. She must have worn them when quite young. Mrs.

Wayne was a large woman when I knew her."

"Oh, but they are not Mrs. Wayne's." There was a look of surprise on Mrs. Morton's face.

"No," he said, in answer to it. "I was not her child. They found me in an orphan asylum in Paris when I was two years old and adopted me. I have tried to find my own mother many times since Mother Wayne's death. They say that a tall, fair woman, dressed in mourning, brought me to the asylum. She stipulated that I was to keep as a second name Arnold, with these rings, which were my mother's. Some way I never thought that my mother ever gave me up willingly. I think I must say good-bye to her. I have never told this to anyone before."

"Do you know anything more about your mother," she demanded.

"Yes; detectives found a tiny boarding house in the Rue Verte, where she had lived, but it ended there." He was already repenting his confidence, so he said, rapidly. "The woman had died, and my mother had been taken away one day by a beautifully-dressed woman—and that is all. I think I must say good-bye to her."

"May I see the rings?" she interrupted. He handed them to her. She was very pale, and her eyes glowed with excitement as she held them. In the gold band she read: "John to Annie," and in the little old-fashioned diamond ring was "J. to A."

"My God!" she exclaimed with white lips. In an instant he was on his knees beside her, frightened and sympathetic.

"What is it, Mrs. Morton? Are you ill?" She took his face between her hands and kissed his forehead. He was surprised and joyous.

"Then do you love me? Answer me, Anne," he said. Her blue eyes were swimming and her voice was broken with sobs. "You are my son."

His arms dropped and he reached out wildly for support.

She told him her story in rapid, tearful sentences—of her husband, John Arnold; of the little child and its disappearance; of the death of her mother and the arrival of her aunt, Mrs. Van Alen, who took her to New York. She concluded simply: "And you are that little child." She sank into a chair and great tears barred her face.

He was struggling to understand her. He had loved her; she had called him her son; she was his mother. He stood looking at her in bewilderment.

But when she dropped her hands and cried: "Oh, Rivington, my son!"—all the tenderness of years in that cry—he took her in his arms with a great sob, saying over and over again: "Mother, my own mother, my mother!"

TIT FOR TAT.

A well-known artist received a circular from a whisky firm inviting him to join in a competition for a poster. Only one prize was to be given, and the unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the firm.

He replied as follows: "Gentlemen: I am offering a prize of \$2 for the best specimens of whisky, and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen bottles of each kind should be sent for examination and all whisky that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the carriage be paid by the sender."

This letter ended the correspondence.

O. S. Doen, of Clinton, says not to go on suffering as he did for years with Salt Rheum, when a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure you.

Dr. Chase's Ointment cured Hiram Frey, of Norwood, after suffering ten years with Eczema of the leg.

Chase's Ointment also cured his little girl of Eczema on her face.

BORN.

Parrsboro, Dec. 6, to the wife of O. L. Price, a son.

Parrsboro, Dec. 6, to the wife of Henry Pettis, a son.

Moncton, Dec. 16, to the wife of John Strangell, a son.

Digby, Nov. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Trapnell, a son.

Spa Springs, Dec. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Reed, a son.

Bridgewater, Dec. 11, to the wife of E. E. Manning, a son.

Blomidon, Dec. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brown, a son.

Springhill, Dec. 11, to the wife of Henry Cottenden, a son.

Leake's Lake, Dec. 9, to the wife of Chas. Morris, a son.

Port Hood, Dec. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McLean, a son.

Halifax, Dec. 15, to the wife of F. B. Northrup, a daughter.

Hilden, Dec. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. John Wynn, a daughter.

Moncton, Dec. 14, to the wife of John Landry, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Nov. 26, to the wife of Irvin Yorke, a daughter.

Nebraska, Dec. 13, to Dr. and Mrs. A. Ross Hill, a daughter.

Springhill, Dec. 14, to the wife of James Lockhart, a daughter.

Sackville, Nov. 10, to the wife of Richard W. Stone, a daughter.

Dartmouth, Dec. 8, to the wife of William Robar, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Dec. 6, to the wife of Newton Pugsley, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Dec. 7, to the wife of Thomas Hatherly, a daughter.

Admiral Rock, Dec. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Williams, a son.

MARRIED.

Tacoma, Washington, Dec. 1, John Sayre to Annand Deborah Hill.

Halifax, Dec. 16, by Rev. J. F. Duffan, Jas. D. Drake to Nellie Stewart.

Halifax, Dec. 16, by Rev. Mr. Simmonds, Donald McLean to Eliza Walker.

Halifax, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. D. Siddell Edward T. Ross to Della Morris.

Parrsboro, Dec. 14, by Rev. E. Howe, Wm. Pudington to Annie Marner.

Halifax, Dec. 13, by Rev. Wm. Dobson, Albert N. Bagnall to Maudie McDonald.

Jamaica Plains, Mass., Dec. 8, James Ross Dunn to Martha Maud Tomlinson.

Clark's Harbor, Dec. 8, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Crowell Newell to Susie Kenny.

Dartmouth, Dec. 15, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, James R. Cole to Sarah J. Lee.

Richmond, Dec. 8, by Rev. J. F. Duffan, Charles Tupper Conrod to Harris Myrar.

Stellarton, Dec. 1, by Rev. E. H. Burgess, William R. Sutherland to Maggie Tapper.

Sydney, Dec. 3, by Rev. James A. Forbes, John A. Robertson to Maggie McLean.

Peggy Cove, Dec. 14, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, Benjamin Umish to Annie Murphy.

Bridgewater, Dec. 3, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, J. Willis Boliver to Sadie E. Joadrey.

Gay's River, Dec. 15, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Joseph Annand to Margaret F. McWilliams.

Mahone Bay, Nov. 24, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, St. Clair Wilbert Hill to Eva Hill.

Halifax, Dec. 15, by Rev. Rev. E. P. Crawford, Stuart D. Suggett to Maud Harlan.

St. Stephen, Dec. 1, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Robert Steen to Florence Trimble.

Dartmouth, Dec. 15, by Rev. Fred Wilkinson, Charles Gay to Annie McElmon.

Mahone Bay, Dec. 15, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Arthur H. Moran to Katie M. Wentzell.

Yarmouth, Oct. 25, by Rev. F. R. Langford, Mr. John J. Harris to Minnie Maria Crawford.

East Boston, Dec. 24, by Rev. D. W. Staples, Howard Ashton Crowell to Edna Effie McCallum.

Shannon, Queens Co., Dec. 15, by Rev. C. B. Lewis, John W. Patterson to Mrs. Annie Bell Kyles.

Gurby, Dec. 16, by Rev. Rural Dean Mellor, Charles Schomberg Elliott to Minnie Clary Selden.

Pictou, Dec. 15, by the Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, assisted by Rev. W. T. D. Ross, Rev. John M. Calais, to Anna Margaret Ferguson.

DIED.

Elgin, Nov. 24, Donald Hood 76.

Halifax, Dec. 16, John Sullivan 74.

Halifax, Dec. 16, Thomas Hartley.

St. John, Dec. 20, Benjamin Bell 58.

Hantsport, Dec. 6, Joseph Lyons 83.

Moncton, Dec. 17, Eddie Thompson.

Chatham, Dec. 13, Joseph Bridges 42.

Halifax, Dec. 16, Mary A. Tomney 20.

St. Pierre, Dec. 16, Emily Frecker 63.

Springhill, Dec. 7, James Ferguson 44.

Truro, Nov. 18, Mrs. Robert Green 36.

Walton, Nov. 33, Capt. D. Roberts 64.

Springhill, Dec. 13, W. E. Gilman 45.

Shubenacadie, Dec. 7, Thos. Cooper 75.

Lorne, N. S., Dec. 8, John Robertson 49.

St. John, Dec. 19, Robert J. McJunkin 26.

Windsor, Dec. 10, Mrs. L. D. Rankine 29.

Clam Harbor, Dec. 6, Henry Bixland 63.

Halifax, Louis, son of Walter U. Jones 20.

Truro, Dec. 13, Mrs. L. Logan Barnhill 22.

Mount Pisgah, Dec. 13, Joseph Crossby 73.

Springhill Junction, Dec. 10, John Paul 65.

Shepody Road, Dec. 14, Margaret Hunter 80.

Wallingford, Conn., Dec. 5, Wm. Bolton 86.

Est. Amherst, Dec. 15, Ruth E. Chapman 64.

California, Nov. 29, Mrs. Harriett B. McInnis 40.

Weymouth Falls, Nov. 28, Margaret Robert 77.

Dartmouth, Arthur G. son of C. W. Waterfield 5.

Upper Canada, Dec. 6, Mrs. Zachariah Power 82.

Charlestown, Mass., Dec. 14, Alexander Henderson.

Ankerst, Dec. 15, Frances E. wife of James Roach.

Windsor, Dec. 5, Minnie wife of Robert McAlidin 29.

Truro, Dec. 13, Rebecca, wife of Herbert Layton 27.

Willow Park, Dec. 14, Maria, widow of John Foran 58.

Lunenburg, Dec. 8, Mary, wife of George Himmelma 67.

Allston, Mass., Dec. 11, Anna E. wife of Edward Cook 33.

Midstream, Dec. 15, Smith E. son of Noah E. Hicks 8 months.

St. John, Dec. 17, Eliza A., relict of the late David Miller M. D.

Boston, Dec. 6, Wm. H. Jordan son of the late W. B. Jordan 69.

Brook Village, C. B., Dec. 11, Joseph H. son of Alex. Jamieson.

Archibut, Dec. 8, Isabella LeBlanc daughter of the Hon. Isidore LeBlanc.

Halifax, Dec. 10, Ethel I. daughter of Henry S. and Eliza Williams 9 months.

Westchester, Dec. 10, Mrs. Atchinson relict of the late Thomas Atchinson 92.

West Somerville, Mass., Dec. 10, Mehtabel M., widow of the late Henry Lavers 78.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

Lve. St. John at 11.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parrsboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Tu. & Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.

Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Yarmouth 5.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.09 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train, and "Flying Bluenose" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Retaining leave: Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unusually fine cuisine on Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr. P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pungwash, Pictou and Halifax.