

"As A Man Sows,"

When Dick Tremayne, Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twentieth Queen's Own Royal R. vers, went down to Stretton on leave, he was about the unluckiest man possible, in the opinion of his friends, to fall in love at first sight. The unexpected, however, always happens, and in accordance with this trite but true saying the gallant soldier fell an easy victim.

The whole affair was absurd, he knew. The mere idea that he, Dick Tremayne, heir to a brother's title and an acknowledged eligible in the matrimonial market, should ever give a serious thought to his sister-in-law's pretty governess was, in itself, ridiculous. Nevertheless, it was a very pleasant pastime, in the dusky evenings out on the moonlit terrace, to saunter along with the prettiest girl he had ever met. The few days of his leave fled swiftly, and to Joyce Cardew they were laden with sweet memories, while Dick himself was really, unfeignedly sorry as the time drew near for his departure to join his regiment, which was going out to India.

One evening, when the scent of the roses filled the cool air with fragrance and the night breeze sighed in the poplars on the lawn, he came very near to destruction. They were on the terrace, looking down into the somber darkness of the plantation, where shafts of silver moonlight pierced the black shadows and threw fantastic shapes on the lawn beyond.

They were silent, and Dick looked furtively at his companion's sweet face, spiritualized by the mystic moonlight; her blue eyes shone darkly in her pale face, and the hair, which was the envy of many, dusky auburn in color and curling distractingly over her shapely head, made a picturesque framing to her delicate loveliness.

Presently, he spoke suddenly and with vehemence. Taking her hand in his, intoxicated by her loveliness and the strange influence of the stillness, he murmured words which brought a bright flood of color to her cheeks and a glad light into her eyes. "Joyce! Are you there?"

Lady Tremayne's voice broke the magic spell, and he dropped her hand; they turned to the house and Joyce went in.

"Can you write those few notes for me?" said Lady Tremayne, not noticing the girl's brilliant eyes and the unusual color in her soft cheeks, and Joyce, writing at the table in the library, her heart beating fast and the light still in her sweet eyes, lived over again those few dangerously sweet moments.

Presently voices on the terrace caused her to start; it was his voice and the other? Roger Temple, her ladyship's cousin.

The two men were sauntering up and down in the dusky coolness. "Pretty! I should think so, indeed!" said Temple's voice. "Are you cutting in at the last moment, old fellow?"

"Not I," said Dick's voice, with a laugh; "though I nearly did for myself just now; she looked so confoundingly pretty, don't you know, and goodness only knows what I was saying—what I might have said—if Grace hadn't come out just in the nick of time. Uncommon name. Joyce, isn't it? After all, one must amuse one's self in a place like this, and la petite does charmingly poor passer le temps. Let us go in."

The voices died away into silence as the men joined Lady Tremayne in the drawing room. Joyce sat on still and cold; the pile of finished notes before her. The candle burnt down, and went out with a sputter, and still she sat in the dark, where Lady Tremayne found her, and alarmed at the sight of her pale, tired face and heavy eyes sent her to bed, while downstairs Dick was inquiring the whereabouts of pretty Miss Cardew.

When he left next day he found himself thinking of her with very real regret. If she had not been poor, and if he had not been leaving England, he felt that he could have risked it after all; though, by the way, she had bid him good-bye with a cold composure, which left him no loophole for a repetition of last night's scene. While she? If he could have guessed the depths of her feeling, even then at the last moment he might have spoken again and saved himself a bitter reaping.

Three years have passed. Dick Tremayne has received his promotion and is on his way home. During his voyage his thoughts turn again, as they have done many times before, to Joyce, and his long remembered last evening in England. Thinks of her with late remorse, mingled with a pleasant feeling, for he has not made up his mind to speak to her at last and ask her to make him more happy than he deserves to be?

It is a dull, dreary November afternoon when he arrives at the Manor House, and he feels an agreeable sense of expectancy as he alights at the familiar door. A vapory fog envelopes everything, and the thought of the warmth within and Joyce is very pleasant to him.

"Lady Tremayne is out," says the old outler, "and no intimation of Captain Tremayne's arrival has been received, but Lady Cardew is in the drawing room."

Dick wonders who she may be as he goes into the cozy drawing room, which is illumined only by the dancing fire light. A delicious perfume of flowers fills the air, and as he enters some one rises from a seat near the fire, a slender figure in white. As she advances out of the shadow a fiery tongue of flame leaps up and lights upon the sweet fair face, and a great joy falls upon the man.

It is Joyce.

He starts forward with outstretched hands, and eager, glad words rise tumultuously to his lips.

"Don't you know me, Joyce?" he cries; "and then a look of recognition comes into her eyes, but he does not notice the little

frown which wrinkles her forehead for a moment.

"Of course I remember you, Captain Tremayne," she says; and to his ears her voice seems to have become sweeter. He had had no idea that she would have developed in three years into the lovely woman who now stands before him, with a new dignity and sweetness which become her well.

"I am evidently an unexpected guest," he says, laughing, as they sit down in the pleasant glow of the bright fire; "but I do not regret that, as I have met you—first."

A smile crosses her lips, and she looks into the glowing fire.

"You did not expect to see me here still, I dare say. Are you home for long?"

"Yes, I hope so; and then when I go out again I do not intend to go alone." He is very confident of his position, and not the least glimmer of doubt darkens his present happiness.

"Joyce," he continues, softly, "have you never guessed that I love you dear? Do you remember that evening we spent in the garden here before I went away? I have never ceased to think of you, and now, ah! Joyce, I love you, I love you. Forgive my long silence and make me happy at last."

The eager words break from his lips in a torrent, and then she looks at him with a smile. Her sweet, clear voice strikes him as almost cruel when she speaks.

"There is nothing to forgive," she says, coldly. "We are both quite aware that that past you speak of was purely a matter of amusement. One must amuse one's self in a place like this, you know. And, after all, it was simply poor passer le temps."

He looks at her uncomprehendingly, till a glimmer of the truth breaks upon him with terrible force. There is no hope.

"Joyce," he cries desperately, "is this all you say to me after years of devotion?"

His absolute selfishness startles her, and words rise to her lips which might have torn the veil somewhat roughly from his eyes, but she checks them, and rises from her seat.

"What more can I say?" she says, sweetly. "We are all fools at some time of our lives, and we were no exception to that rule. Ah, Ted, is that you?"

The door opens and a man enters. Joyce lays her hand on his arm. He is a tall, fine looking man, broad-shouldered and stalwart. "Captain Tremayne," she says, turning to Dick, with a smile, "I must introduce my husband, Sir Edward Cardew. Ted, this is Sir John's brother."

The two men shake hands, and Dick, reading the absolute trust and love for her husband written in Lady Cardew's sweet eyes, mentally curses his folly, and knows that what he has said that surely he has also repaid—and the harvest is bitter.

—The Daughter.

THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE.

He Acts Much the Same as Other Men, Even Though a Sultan.

It is said that hardly one of the sultans of Turkey has died a natural death, and it may be added, with equal truth, that comparatively few of them have led a natural life. The reigning sultan is however, one of the exceptions, and the following extract from "The Sultan and his Subjects" is a faithful picture of his simple and arduous life:

He rises at six o'clock, and works with his secretaries till noon, when he breakfasts. After this he takes a drive, or a row on the lake within his vast park. When he returns he gives audiences to the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and other officials. At eight o'clock he dines, some times alone, not unfrequently in the company of one of the ambassadors. Occasionally his majesty entertains the wives and daughters of the ambassadors, with other Pera notabilities at dinner. The meal, usually a silent one, is served in gorgeous style, a la française, on the finest of plate and the most exquisite of porcelain. In the evening Abdul-Hamid often plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He is very fond of light music.

He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frock coat, the breast of which, on great occasions is richly embroidered and blazes with decorations. The present sultan is the first who has done away with the diamond sigrettes formerly attached to the imperial turban or fez. The President of the United States is no more informal than the Sultan in his manner of receiving guests. He places his visitor beside him on the sofa, and himself lights the cigarette he offers him. He is himself an inveterate smoker; the cigarette is never out of his fingers. As the Sultan is supposed to speak no languages but Turkish and Arabic, his majesty though a good French scholar, carries on conversation through a dragoman. Quite recently, a very great lady had the honor of dining with his majesty—the first Turkish sovereign, by the way who has ever admitted a Christian woman to his table. After dinner, the lady noticed a mouse trap, which had been forgotten, on one of the chairs.

"Oh!" said the sultan, "that is an excellent trap! It was sent to me from England, and I have caught ten mice in it today!"

Looked His Part.

"What a firm, expressive mouth that young man in the den seat has!"

"Yes; he's the champion pie eater at all the local cakewalks."

VEGETABLE CANCER CURE.

The new treatment (no knife or plaster) has cured hundreds, why not try it. Full particulars &c. (stamps.) STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Best of Results

Always Follow the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Two Cases in Which They Restored Health and Strength After All Other Means Had Failed—What They Have Done for Others They Will Do for You.

From the Colborn Express.

There are few if any people in Murray township, Northumberland county, to whom the name of Chase is not familiar. Mr. Jacob Chase, who has followed the occupation of farmer and fisherman and fishdealer, is especially well known. He has been a great sufferer from rheumatism, as all his neighbors know, but has fortunately succeeded in getting rid of the disease. To a reporter he gave the following particulars. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for upwards of twenty years, at times being confined to the house. At one time I was laid up for sixteen weeks, and during a portion of that time was confined to my bed, and perfectly helpless. I had the benefit of excellent medical treatment, but it was of no avail. I believe, too, that I have tried every medicine advertised for the cure of rheumatism, and I am sure I expended at least \$200.00 and got nothing more at any time than the merest temporary relief. At last I was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and from that time I date my good fortune in getting rid of the disease. A continued using them for several months and daily found that the trouble that had made my life miserable for so many years was disappearing, and at last all traces of pain had left me and I was cured. I say cured, for I have not since had a recurrence of the trouble.

As proving the diversity of troubles for which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a cure it may also be mentioned that they also restored Mrs. Frank Chase, a daughter-in-law of the gentleman above referred to, to health and strength after all other means had apparently failed. Mrs. Chase says:—"I can scarcely tell what my trouble was, for even doctors could not agree as to the nature of it. One said it was consumption of the stomach, while another was equally emphatic in declaring that it was liver trouble. One thing I do know, and that is for years I was a sick woman. I know that I was afflicted with neuralgia, my blood was poor, and I was subject to depressing headaches. My appetite was not good at any time, and the least exertion left me weak and despondent. A lady friend who had been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advised me to try them, and as they had also cured my father-in-law, I determined to do so, and I have much cause for rejoicing that I did, for you can easily see that they have made a well woman of me. I took the pills steadily for a couple of months, and at the end of that time was enjoying the blessing of good health. It gives me much pleasure to be able to bear public testimony to the value of this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It was a Klondike Then.

It is fifty years since the sensational discoveries of gold in California. There is a plan on foot to celebrate the anniversary. Fifty years ago, according to the geographies of that time, California was a damp, foggy, misanthropic wilderness, in which Indians, ferocious wild animals and fevers beset the adventurer. It is to-day one of the greatest and richest States of the Union.—Savannah News.

Saving the Heathen.

Stranger (in Brooklyn).—Where are all these gentlemen going?

Resident.—They are going to bid farewell to a popular missionary to China who has been very successful in teaching the heathen the gospel of love and peace.

"I see. And where is the gang of boys going?"

"They are going to stone a Chinese funeral."—N. Y. Weekly.

BORN.

Chatham, Dec. 31, to the wife of James Speian, a son.

Sydney, Jan. 5, to the wife of James Howard, a son.

Sydney, Dec. 20, to the wife of E. T. McKen, a son.

Sydney, Dec. 20, to the wife of John McDermid, a son.

Hantsport, Jan. 1, to the wife of John Rolph, a daughter.

Kentville, Dec. 20, to the wife of J. Rooney, a daughter.

Port Hastings, Dec. 20, to the wife of Alex. G. Bailie, a daughter.

Halifax, Dec. 8, to the wife of Staff Sergeant Morris, a daughter.

Scott's Bay, Dec. 24, to the wife of Joshua Huntley, a daughter.

Forest Glen, Dec. 29, to the wife of Mr. W. Edson Ryan, a son.

Summersville, Mass. Nov. 30, to the wife of Edward O'Neil, a son.

Summer Hill, Dec. 15, to the wife of James McKinn, a daughter.

Mount Uniacke, Dec. 27, to the wife of Mr. W. McLearn, a son.

Malden, Mass. Sept. 22, to the wife of Robert D. McArthur, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Amherst, Dec. 22, by Rev. E. Ramsay, Allan Peck to Maggie Wall.

Blue's Mill, C. B., Dec. 23, M. T. M.P. Blue to Maud McLeann.

Farrshore, Jan. 3, by Rev. James Sharp, James A. Collins to Eva Berryman.

Kentville, Dec. 20, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Fred Young to Ethel Barnaby.

Windsor, Dec. 23, by Rev. E. Howe, Wm. Pad-dington to Annie Marney.

Digby, Jan. 4, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Robert S. Sydney to Malinda A. Peck.

Truro, Jan. 6, by Rev. E. F. Adams, David H. Dickson to Emma Whipple.

Acadia Mines, Dec. 30, by Rev. J. A. Mackenzie, Alex. Leslie to Ada McKie.

Gloucester, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. A. Forber, Duncan H. McKay to Kate McInnis.

St. John, Jan. 5, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, W. A. Fowler to Essie Troop Shaw.

Levis Head, Dec. 28, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, Reuben Abbott to Augusta McMillan.

Amherst, Dec. 25, by Rev. E. Ramsay, Harry Spence to Laura Anne Allen.

Canning, Dec. 15, by Rev. J. R. West, Lindsay J. Burgoyne to Idella B. Parker.

Conard, Dec. 29, by Rev. F. J. H. Axford, Wm. J. Robinson to Agnes Louise Cox.

Kingston, Dec. 22, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Fred Leander to Edith May Montgomery.

Springhill, Dec. 29, by Rev. G. F. Johnson, James A. Thompson to Mary J. Storey.

North Sydney, Dec. 22, by Rev. D. McMillan, James McKelgan to Annie Gray.

Fort Maitland, Dec. 25, by Rev. G. W. Macdonald, Warren Solows to Bessie Fraser.

Calais, Dec. 22, by R. V. S. A. Bender, William J. French to Edith May Montgomery.

Aylesford, Dec. 20, by Rev. J. M. C. Wade, M. A., Fred E. Dennison to Maude Nichols.

Fredericton, Dec. 29, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, John E. Langley to Annie M. Sutton.

Shubenacadie, Dec. 29, by Rev. J. Murray, Archibald McCarty to Laura M. Winkrow.

Dublin Shore, Dec. 30, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Annie C. Smith to James Lemuel Bell.

Middleton, Dec. 28, by Rev. Andrew Boyd, Rev. Ralph G. Straine to E. M. Stewart.

Chipman, N. B., Dec. 29, by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, Andrew C. Muir to Eudora E. DeLong.

St. John, Jan. 5, by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, Charles R. Forbes to Margaret A. McNaughton.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 28, by Rev. J. P. Sullivan, Mr. Ronald L. Leonard to Kate A. Jamieson.

Sable River, Dec. 29, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, William H. Strang to Joseph H. Freeman.

Charlottetown, Dec. 25, by Rev. Jas. Simpson, Harry Jenkins to Gertrude G. Carbonell.

Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 19, by Rev. George L. Collyer, William A. Cann to Mabel F. Heath.

Port Greville, Jan. 5, by Rev. John Reeks, Capt. Harris L. Hatfield to Bessie E. Kerr.

Yarmouth, Dec. 30, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Benjamin H. Redding to Miss Sarah D. Brown.

Amherst, Mass., Dec. 30, by Rev. G. A. Phinney, George T. Chalmers to Annie L. Paik.

St. Stephen, Dec. 25, by Rev. Frederic Robertson, Georgianna I. Meredith to Walter McLaughlin.

Dorchester, Mass., Dec. 24, by Rev. Frederick F. Upham, George E. Stone to Florence T. Reynolds.

Phillips Brooks, Boston, Oct. 6, by Rev. Albert E. George, Thomas E. Gibson to Esther A. Moore.

Upper Masquodouit, Dec. 29, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, William P. Hamilton to Louisa M. Chaplin.

Kentville, Dec. 31, by Rev. Canon Brook, D. D., Percival D. D. D. to M. D. C. M., to Carrie Louise O'Key.

DIED.

Arichat, Dec. 23, John Bew, 81.

Halifax, Jan. 3, John Atwell, 70.

Waeig, Dec. 27, John Nixon, 78.

Calais, Dec. 19, Thomas Colmer, 48.

Milton, Dec. 27, George F. Todd, 68.

Est Bay, Dec. 29, Donald McInnis, 60.

Hastings, England, William Skinner, 30.

St. John, Jan. 5, Alexander Thompson, 74.

Ok Hill, Dec. 13, William F. Kennedy, 60.

Scott's Bay, Dec. 31, Mr. Joseph Steele, 51.

Coal Harbor road, Jan. 5, Thomas Wier, 84.

Concord, Dec. 31, Mrs. Richard Starr, 83.

Economy, Dec. 27, Mr. James Drummond, 92.

Barrington, Dec. 31, Miss Essie Hopkins, 24.

Robbinston, Dec. 22, Andrew J. Stanhope, 38.

Milton, Dec. 26, Mrs. Louisa Archibald, 74.

Hantsport, Jan. 5, Mrs. Mary Lois Francis, 70.

Sheet Harbor, Jan. 1, Mrs. James Findley, 89.

Emmalee, Dec. 30, Mary, wife of Stuart Smith.

Halifax, Jan. 5, Maude May Hayward, 4 years.

Milton, N. B., Dec. 28, Ireland W. King, 91.

Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 5, Daniel M. Sweeney, 69.

Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 4, Mrs. Chas. Dakin, 73.

Hearts Point, Dec. 21, Carmilla Lillian Hagar, 11.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 15, David R. Thomas, 63.

Truro, Jan. 1, Louise, daughter of David Young, 2.

Louisburg, Dec. 23, Captain Edward Kennedy, 74.

Barrington Passage, Dec. 30, Mrs. Margery Tre-ry, 67.

Mar Hill, Dec. 19, Lizzie, wife of James Forsyth, 39 years.

Grand Junction, Colorado, Jan. 2, Geo. F. Leonard, 88 years.

Central Argyle, Dec. 28, Delina, wife of Herbert Hines, 38.

Calais, Dec. 18, Sarah E., wife of William Richardson, 80.

Thompson, Jan. 3, Margaret, widow of the late John Ross.

Little Bass River, Jan. 1, Margaret, wife of Levi Fulton, 65.

Kingston Station, Jan. 4, Emma C., wife of A. C. Van buskirk, 42.

Windsor Forks, Dec. 22, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Carson, 27.

Milton, Dec. 31, Ediza, widow of the late William Hill, 64.

Tower Hill, Dec. 31, Mary J., widow of the late Andrew Logan, 34.

Woodstock, Jan. 2, Rose Ann, beloved wife of Colin Campbell, 45.

Hantsport, Dec. 22, Carl, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Yeaton, aged 1 year.

Jacktown, N. B., Dec. 24, Rebecca J., wife of Richard Alexander, 94.

North Sydney, Dec. 25, Bridget Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Gannon, 28.

Ow's Head Harbor, Dec. 28, Susanna M., widow of the late William Palmer, 70.

Plymouth, Dec. 29, Winifred Maud, child of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Sims, 1 year.

Windsor, Dec. 29, Marion Gertrude, child of Mr. and Mrs. Louise Gentles 3 years.

Halifax, Dec. 31, Edith G., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sutherland, 2 months.

Tatamagouche, Dec. 6, Lillia, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Keughen, 14 days.

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J. B. STONE

C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

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

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).