

TRIAL BY FIRE.

There are colonels and majors and generals and some old captains who hold that Isabel Hampden was the most attractive woman who ever graced the frontier, and in their time most women seemed attractive because of their scarcity.

She had been brought up in garrisons and large cities, and by the time she was 22 she knew the world rather well. Moreover, she knew men—not girls and women, but men.

Because she had been allowed to live in posts during most of what should have been her boarding-school days, and because she was pleasant to look upon and converse with at an age when most girls are impossible, men had fallen in love with her pretty much ever since she could remember. It was said that she had refused all the bachelors in all the frontier regiments. This was not far from the truth.

A woman who had married one of the rejected ones said that refusing was a habit Miss Hampden had formed, and that it began to look as if she might never break herself of it.

In the nature of things this was repeated to the girl. Her good temper was one of her charms. "It is so much better a habit than accepting them all," she argued, sweetly. Nevertheless she wondered if there were not some truth mingled with the malice.

But Lieut. Loring was the last victim of her practice. He proposed to her, unfortunately for himself, just after she had met young Ardsley.

"I thought this morning that maybe I would marry you," said Miss Hampden. "But I've changed my mind, some way."

"Weren't you just a trifle prompt in determining my intentions?" he asked.

"Has the event proved me wrong?" she returned.

He lost his temper. "You are spoiled," he said.

"If you knew how often I have heard that! Yet I do not think I am. I am simply sincere, and you are a little too vain, all of you, to grasp the difference. I like you awfully well—no, now, don't misunderstand me. I don't love you. And you are too nice a fellow to be married to a girl who only likes you. No," she repeated. "I do not think I'm spoiled. I have been so placed that men were making love to me at an age when other girls were playing with dolls. It's partly because I'm pretty and partly, largely, because there are so few women out here. When I have been in the East I haven't made much of a sensation. I've grown a bit hardened, perhaps. Custom has dulled the edge—which was fearfully keen and cutting, at first—of being told that I am breaking a heart. But, though I am only 22, I've lived to see dozens of you marry and be happy. You'll do the same."

"O, no, I shall not," moaned Loring.

"O, yes, you will, Jack. And I shan't mind. Now I've promised to dance this with the new Mr. Ardsley, and if we stay out here any longer every one will guess what has happened."

"They'll know when they see me."

"Don't be a goose, Jack. It's only the heart that is trying to take itself seriously that exhibits the pain."

"Don't discuss a subject you know nothing about. You have no heart."

As Miss Hampden walked with Ardsley, she knew that Loring was wrong; that this tall boy fresh from West Point, as new in experience of the world as the brass buttons on his blouse, was the man she was going to love. He would love her, of course. It is to be feared that it did not enter her head that he might not. She saw a ring.

"Is that your class ring?" she said.

"Yes," he told her.

"May I see it?"

He gave it to her, and while she examined it he sat and admired her. Miss Hampden raised her eyes and met his. She smiled, but it was like no smile she had ever bestowed on a man before. He looked at her very gravely, and her hand closed tightly over the ring. In a moment she was studying it again.

"I like this. It's unusual," she said.

"I am glad you think so, as I conceived this design," he expected to be told that he was clever.

"Indeed?" was all she said, and that indifferently.

"How cool!" I rather thought you'd express surprise, and give me some credit. You are not addicted to flattery, it would seem."

"I am not. But I don't think it would have been flattering to be surprised that you have done it. It struck me as being quite the thing you would naturally do."

"That is very pretty."

"It is perfectly true."

It happened, oddly enough, that Ardsley chanced not to have heard of Miss Hampden's reputation by the next night. He was rudely awakened to a knowledge of it.

There were private theatricals in the hop room, and Miss Hampden was the leading lady. Now the suitor was quite recovered, and he meant to play a joke on those in the audience who were not—and there were some eight or ten, three of them married. He proposed to the heroine in nicely read lines, and was rejected by her with a perfection that spoke her practice. So the audience saw that; and it laughed.

When the laugh had subsided, the hero arose from his knees. He walked to the footlights and sighed.

"Ah! well," he said, "I have one crumb of comfort. I am not the only man in this place who is in the same fix."

The astounded Ardsley looked about him and he picked out the entire number by their faces. Miss Hampden dropped her head in her hands and laughed with the rest.

Between the acts, Ardsley made inquiries and learned the truth. He was bitten with a desire to obtain the unattainable, and he was not one to dally. He went behind the scenes.

"Whom are you going home with, Miss Hampden?"

"I fear no one will take me after the light Mr. Graves has put me in."

"May I do so?"

She nodded, and Ardsley went back to his seat.

"So you have refused the entire army?" he asked as they walked home.

"Not quite."

"The entire department?"

"Well a fair percentage of it," she admitted.

"Are you going to refuse me?"

"I can't say until you are offered."

"I offer myself now."

"And I accept now."

"Good enough! Will you announce our engagement to night at supper?"

"At the risk of being adjudged insane—yes."

"Put on this ring until I get another. It will fit your middle finger. Now I am in earnest."

"So am I," she said.

They were very much in earnest, the event proved; and the garrison derived unmixed pleasure from the total, unconditional, obvious surrender of Miss Hampden as she had always been in everything else. And Ardsley was equally infatuated.

He took back the class ring and gave her a diamond which cost him three months' pay. They were altogether happy. So, just a fortnight before the day arranged for their wedding, the gods demanded the first payment on their loan.

Ardsley was ordered off on a scout. Miss Hampden clung to Ardsley and cried like a little girl, and did not behave in the least like a woman who had seen countless scouts. And she let him go the wars remembering her standing with her arm against the wall and her head upon her arm, sobbing as if her heart were utterly broken.

Ardsley did not come back from the scout. He was in a fight on what should have been his wedding day. Others were killed and their bodies were recovered and buried, but Ardsley's body was never found.

There was a tale that a fire has been seen on the battlefield the night after the encounter, and in the midst of the fire a tree with a form which might have been that of a man against it. There were Indians grouped around it. Miss Hampden never heard the story. She never even guessed at what had happened until twenty years afterward.

She was the superb and spiritless wife of a mighty general, and she was accompanying her husband on a tour of inspection in the West. They were at an agency one day, and were visiting the tepees. It was the agency of the Indians that young Ardsley had fought two decades before; and the General's wife was nervously herself not to show that she remembered this.

The General was examining the trinkets that hung on a string around the neck of a half-blind squaw.

"Here is a West Point class ring," he exclaimed.

His wife repeated her words of twenty years past.

"May I see it?" she asked, coolly.

She took it in her hands and turned it about. She could make out the design, though it seemed to have passed through some heat that had melted it. There was no doubt in her mind.

Nevertheless, she looked inside. The heat had not affected it there, and the initials were quite plain even yet.

"D. A." she said; "it was David Ardsley's ring. The fire did not touch the letters. I understand now why they never could tell me which was his grave."

The General broke the string and picked up the class ring from among the scattered baubles. The squaw was chattering and whining and clawing around on the earth. The General held the ring out to his wife. She raised the dark eyes that had been so bright and happy the last time it had been held out to her.

"May I have it?" she asked.

The General put it in her hand, and the hand closed over it.

"Thank you," she said.—Utica Globe.

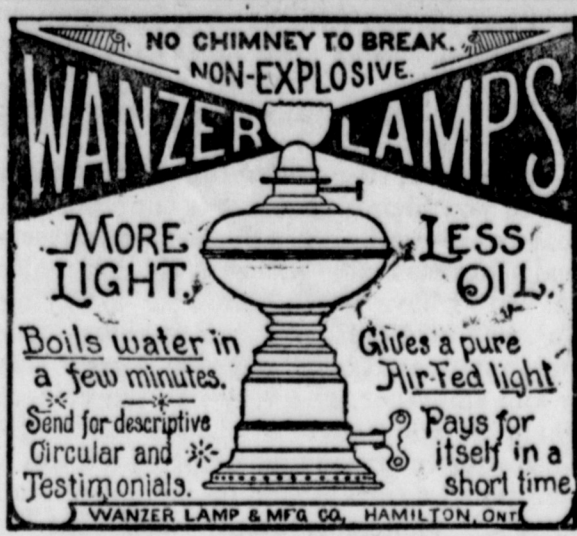
PACIFYING PATTI.

By a Deception as to the Size of Her Name on Posters.

It is strange how largely the happiness of a theatrical or operatic star is dependent on the size of the letters of his or her name as it appears on the handbills and programs. An incident in illustration of this is told in regard to Adelina Patti's appearance here at the time of the grand opera festival in the old Exhibition Building. She had ordered her name to appear on the handbills in letters an inch taller than those used in any of the other stars' names. When they were printed she sent for one and went at it with a tape measure. What was her wrath and mortification to find that, instead of an inch, the letters of her name were only taller by a half inch than those of Nevada, Fursch-Madi and Scalchi! She sent at once to her manager for an explanation.

The poor man was in sore straits. It was too late to have new handbills printed, aside from the expense of it, yet the great

Hundreds have been cured without knife or plaster by our pleasant
CANCER TREATMENT.
Full particulars 60 (cents).
STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.



diva must be pacified or she might fail them at the last moment. May the deception be forced to practice be pardoned him! He cut the handbills in two through the middle of Patti's name, and pasted the two pieces on a piece of paper within half an inch of each other; thus with the use of black ink he was enabled to elongate the letters the desired amount. A printer's boy assisted him to make a neat job of it, so that the deceit was not apparent. Armed with this he presented himself before the diva and measured the letters in her presence, assuring her that the other could not have been a correct copy. Patti was pacified, and the manager still carries the sin upon his conscience.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Marvellous Cure.

Mrs Alfred Rochette, No. 65 Abraham street, Quebec, was suffering for a long time from serious bronchitis, which was getting worse every day. It looked as if it would change to consumption. It was not very encouraging for her to be in this condition. Mrs. Rochette was without hope of getting relief and despaired of recovering in spite of all the medicines she was taking all the time. Her cough was so bad that she could not sleep during the night. She had no appetite and grew weaker and weaker every day. The time had come to find something to help her, when she decided to take Dr. Ed. Morin's *Creso Phates Wine* she was not disappointed in the results. As soon as she had taken the first bottle she felt a great relief. The cough lessened a great deal and sleep came back. After using the wine for a few days, she recovered her strength so much as to be able to attend to her family duties. Her appetite and the hope of recovering her health brought an entire change in her system. The history of this lady is repeated every day, and is a good advertisement for persons suffering from pulmonary diseases. They should try the medicinal value of Morin's *Creso Phates Wine*.

Long to be Remembered.

Wife—"We have been married twelve years, and not once have I missed baking you a cake for your birthday. Have I, dear?"

Hubby—"No, my pet. I can look back upon those cakes as a milestones in my life."

The pleasure in receiving a letter lasts no longer than it takes to break the seal. After that, comes the worry of answering it.



BORN.

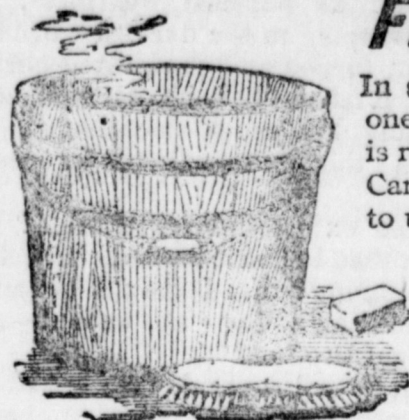
Shediac, April 18, to wife of A. J. Webster, a son.
Pictou, April 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fraser, a son.
Amherst, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. T. Comler, a son.
Rogersville, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, a son.
Amherst, April 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mountain, a son.
Boston, Mass., April 18, to the wife of R. J. Smith, a son.
Halifax, April 16, to Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hawkins, a son.
Shelburne, April 4, to Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarthy, a son.
Sussex, April 1, to the wife of J. W. Foster, a daughter.
Truro, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cox, a daughter.
Windsor, April 7, to Professor and Mrs. Bober, a daughter.
Canso, April 12, to Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Newnham, a daughter.
Sunny Brae, April 21, to the wife of Percy Chapman, a son.
Kingston, April 9, to Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Palmer, a daughter.
Yarmouth, April 18, to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Vickery, a daughter.
North Shore, April 9, to the wife of Rev. John Upper Northfield, April 16, to the wife of J. A. Lohnes, a son.
Amherst, April 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Estabrooks, a son.
Great Village, April 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bowers, a son.
Upper Northfield, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Fraser, a son.
Oak Point, Kings Co., April 20, to the wife of H. A. Carson, twin sons.
Jacksontown, April 18, to the wife of W. A. Connolly, a daughter.
North Sydney, April 15, to Mr. and Mrs. John MacDonald, a son.
Richibucto, April 18, to the wife of Mr. R. MacDonald, a daughter.

House Cleaning

Painting is part of it—just as much as soaping and scrubbing. There are spots that water cannot remove, and discolorations that scouring will not take away. Use the paint brush in such cases.

THE

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FAMILY PAINT



In small cans, is made to meet the thousand and one demands for a little paint about the house. It is ready to use. Dries quickly with a good gloss. Can be washed. Leading dealers keep it. Write to us if you don't find it. Book on painting free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS.

100 Canal St., Cleveland.
337 Washington St., New York.
2323 Stewart Ave., Chicago.
21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

Springhill, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Miller, a daughter.
Yarmouth, April 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graham, a daughter.
Yarmouth, March 31, to Rev. and Mrs. E. Crowell, a daughter, still born.
Bermuda, March 16, to the wife of Colwyn W. Volunian, a daughter.
West Branch, Kent Co., April 12, to the wife of Mr. G. W. Carruthers, a son.

MARRIED.

River John, by Rev. R. J. Grant, James Redmond to Jennie Gammon.
Newcastle, April 7, by Rev. W. Aitken, James I. Stewart to Janie Reid.
Elgin, April 20, by Rev. J. B. Young, Robert Collier to Annie Graves.
Yarmouth, April 11, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Lemuel Clow to Kate E. Bower.
Eastport, April 9, by Rev. S. W. Byram, Frank L. Butler to Clara W. Lord.
Baccaro, April 11, by Rev. J. H. Davis, John H. Smith to Rosa M. Crowell.
Bath, N. B., April 13, by Rev. S. J. Perry, Dexter Barker to Ida L. Stanlake.
Glasgow, April 12, by Rev. D. McLeod, Christopher Johnson to Agnes Warren.
Yarmouth, April 14, by Rev. E. Crowell, Harry Hall to Annie Whitehouse.
Gasperen, April 6, by Rev. J. Williams, Ambrose Davison to Helena Schofield.
Munich, N. B., April 16, by Rev. S. J. Perry, John Wright to Laura Fitzherbert.
Advocate, April 4, by Rev. D. T. Porter, Harry W. McNally to Nettie D. Elliott.
Elmsdale, April 20, by Rev. B. Dickie, Henry Wickwire to Margaret Tanner.
Nappan, April 20, by Rev. W. H. Evans, George M. Stevens to Martha J. Bacon.
Port Williams, April 7, by Rev. E. C. Ford, Ralph McDonald to Carrie A. Ferguson.
Tor Bay, April 16, by Rev. L. D. Donaldson, Capt. William Webber to Eunice Odesa.
Blackville, April 12, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Walter Palmer to Amy D. McInnis.
Woods Harbor, April 6, by Rev. Ernest Quicke, Desmond Stoddart to Eva Murphy.
Springhill, April 20, by Rev. J. M. Brancroft, James Albert Cain to Annie Gabriel.
Amherst, April 9, by Rev. E. V. Harris, Henry A. Archibald to Josephine F. Ackman.
River John, April 9, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Alexander Jondrie to Jessie Jondrie.
North East Harbor, April 9, by Rev. John Phelan, Sanford Greenwood to Maggie Smith.
Jamaica Plains, March 16, by Rev. G. W. Jones, Howard Curtis to Miss H. C. Bowden.
Campbell Settlement, April 21, by Rev. A. D. Archibald, John Campbell to Mary Wilson.
St. John, W. E., April 20, by Rev. G. A. Hartly, David Charles Taylor to Miss Ethel McLeod.
St. John, April 21, by Rev. J. W. Clark assisted by Rev. David Long, Patrick A. Crookshank to Amelia J. Brown.

DIED.

St. John, April 19, John O'Grady.
Cumberland, N. S., John McLean 31.
St. John, April 23, James Gibbons 75.
St. John, April 23, Wm. T. Millar 35.
Truro, April 18, Johnson Archibald 82.
Homesville, April 12, John Buckley 72.
St. John, April 21, J. Harry Leonard 67.
Welsford, April 17, George H. Scribner.
Westport, April 15, Benj. H. Ruggles 85.
Mt. Pisgah, April 20, Mary McCrossin 70.
St. John, April 18, Westley M. Brown 25.
St. John, April 18, Patrick J. McEvoy 64.
Rothessy, King's Co., Thomas Mathews 61.
Barbours, April 13, James D. McLean 20.
Truro, April 16, Alexander M. Morrison 17.
Tatamagouche, April 10, James W. Cassidy.
Richibucto, April 15, David W. Grieron 62.
St. John, April 24, Sergt. Samuel Wilson 73.
Sydney Forks, April 6, Mrs. John Howie 87.
Mt. Pisgah, April 15, Ivy Anderson 3 months.
South Branch, April 20, Percy Walters 5 years.
Tracadie, N. B., April 17, William H. Worrall 83.
Central Chebogue, April 18, Mrs. John Hemeon 67.
Rear Christmas Island, April 8, Mrs. McKenzie 84.
St. John, April 24, Isabella M. wife of W. G. Brown.
Springhill, April 21, Arthur, son of R. B. Murray 4.
Halifax, Arthur W. son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Banks 30.
Pictou, March 22, Henrietta C. widow of John Lawlor 57.
Springhill, April 17, Rubie E., daughter of Adam Main 1.
Dutch Village, April 19, Margaret, widow of Peter Doyle 86.
Milford, N. B., April 18, Fannie, wife of Frank Lodge 24.
New Glasgow, April 12, Christina M. wife of Peter Campbell 78.
St. John, April 20, Mary J. daughter of the late Charles Paton.
Malden, Mass., April 19, Letitia A. wife of James B. Steadman 35.
Truro, April 9, Walter R. son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Strang 7 months.
Belize, British Honduras, March 28, David W. Aitken M. D. 49.
Moorfield, April 15, Thomas, infant son of James Currie 2 months.
Milford, Hants Co., April 21, Sophia A. wife of Nathaniel Phillips 67.
North Sydney, April 16, Susan A. widow of the late Dr. A. McKenzie.
Dorchester, April 23, Caroline R. widow of the late Joseph Hickman 75.
The Falls, March 26, Christy, widow of the late Alexander Murray 85.
Amherst, April 10, Elizabeth M. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McKiever 8.
Halifax, April 18, Ella M. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Deal 6 months.
Fall River, Mass., Faustina E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Fraser 2 months.

Weymouth, April 14, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Israel L. Burdill 9 months.
McLellan's Brook, Pictou Co., April 12, Bessie T. wife of Alex. D. Fraser 72.
Southbridge, Mass., April 15, Allie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mahon 3.
Red Head, April 19, Emma F. daughter of Louisa and the late Thomas Bean 11.
St. George's, Bermuda, April 5, Robert W. son of Corporal and Mrs. Robert Forteous.
Halifax Cove, Guysboro Co., April 17, Mary E., widow of the late John G. Henderson 84.

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,

Lve. St. J. N. 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, Thursday and Saturday.

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 3.36 p. m. Tues. and Fri.
Lve. Halifax 7.46 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.46 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.09 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Yarmouth 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. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Buses between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains and "Flying Buses" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace 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. Man'gr.

P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

To The Klondike

VIA

ST. MICHAELS, ALASKA.

Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer "Danube" will sail from Vancouver, B. C. about June 14th, for St. Michaels, connecting there with River Steamer for Dawson City.
Fare for each passenger, with outfit not to exceed one ton, Vancouver to Dawson City \$500. Present rates St. John to Vancouver \$35. First class, \$25. Second class good only for continuous passage.
For rates via other routes, maps, descriptive pamphlets and other information furnished on application to

A. H. NOTMAN,

Asst. General Passr. Agent,
St. John, N. B.

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, Pictou, and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....15.10
Express for Sussex.....16.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.