

A Romance.

Old Paulo Serati sat beneath the tree in his front yard during the long summer day and listened to Angela Argenti read to him. She lived on another street, but she was a firm friend of old Paulo, and there was not a day that passed that she did not come and read to him.

She was bright and pretty, with long eyelashes and deep black eyes that looked up into the old man's face, mirroring the love she had for him in her heart. There were times too, when she would tell him that it was not necessary to read so much, and then she would sing some of the good, old fashioned tunes that he had sung when he was a boy on the farm.

Her laughter, too, used to lighten up the gloomy house, and old Paulo used to say:

'Ah, my lass, you must get a good husband.'

This always caused her to toss her head and laugh, showing two rows of pearly white teeth.

'You are already married,' she would retort, and his wife would often join them in this good-natured joking.

'There is not a girl in all Italy any prettier than you,' old Paulo used to tell her, 'and I don't believe there is one your equal in Milan. I like you so well my lass, that I am anxious to have you marry some good man. The good father was telling me just the other day that I must look after you.'

'But my own father and mother can do that,' she would answer. 'You do not seem to realize that they are living and that I am very happy with them.'

'I know,' said Paulo, 'but I don't think that they can look after you as I do. Why, I've known you since you were a little baby lying in your mother's arms and cooing whenever I came near you.'

'We are good friends,' she would say.

'That we are,' he would answer, and times when you don't come when I expect you, I realize how dear you are to us. Neither wife nor I think that the morning or afternoon is perfect if you don't come in to see us. Your father told me the other day that I would spoil you; that you had begun to have ideas of marriage, as I spoke about a few minutes ago.'

'There is no one I know of,' she answered.

'There are so many young fellows around here who would like to marry you, that I know,' he answered.

'I don't love them,' she would say, with a shake of her head. 'The man I marry must have my love.'

'That's right, Angela,' he said, 'you must marry for love and not for wealth, but still you must be sure that your husband can support you.'

'Oh, I will,' she replied.

Then she took up the book she was reading aloud to him and went on, while he lighted his pipe and sat looking at her. Sometimes when she read for a few minutes she would stop and the two would sit perfectly still, looking up through the trees at the sky, always the bluest in Italy.

They were occupied with their own thoughts and once she suddenly asked him:

'How is Martino?'

'He is well,' answered Paulo. 'He is in St. Louis in far-away America.'

The two sat for several seconds, and then he said: 'He is a good son.' Yes he is a good son,' he repeated.

The girl looked at him and nodded assent.

'Yes he is good—and handsome,' she added, for she had seen his photograph, though she had never seen him. Then she sang a few lines of a love song and as if suddenly recollecting herself, stopped abruptly. She was blushing and an odd light was in her eyes when she picked up the book and resumed her reading.

The old man looked at her a moment. She was conscious of his scrutiny, and held the book up in front of her face. He noticed that her little hands trembled.

Then he nodded his head and laughed and chuckled to himself. He thought that he had learned something that perhaps even she did not know.

Martino Serati had prospered in America.

He was a poor but hardworking Italian lad when he came to this country. His knowledge of the language was limited, but he started in to learn the American ways and the American language.

'It is slow,' he said to one of his friends once, 'but I will learn after awhile. Others have had to learn and so will I.'

'You must marry an American girl. Then you will always have someone to talk to you in the language,' replied his friend.

'I will become a native of this country,' Martino responded, 'but I will marry an Italian girl. I don't know who it will be,' he hastened to add, 'for I don't intend to marry until I am prosperous; until I can support a wife in the manner in which she should be supported. You know I hope some day to have a home of my own, out in the suburbs of some city. There I can have room to stir around in and not be huddled together like we are compelled to live in the tenements and in the crowded city streets.'

'You want to sit out in the yard like the old people in Italy, eh?' said his friend. 'Do you often think of that?'

'Very often,' responded Martino. 'My father and mother, I warrant, are at this instant sitting out in our yard.'

His voice choked, and two big tears came. But that was a dozen years ago, and he was a young man, and was unacquainted with the country and the customs and was often homesick. But he learned rapidly. He bought a reader and he soon mastered the language, and aside from this he heard the language all the time.

Martino first lived in New York, but he

did not like it there, and so he came West, finally settling in St. Louis. His fruit business prospered, and he accumulated considerable wealth, which he invested in property. The city grew out and around 4,213 Shaw Avenue. He lived there and owned the property. Time dragged along. He was lonely.

'You ought to be married,' one of his friends told him. 'I remember you said once that when you were able you would marry some Italian girl.'

'But I didn't know of any,' he answered. 'Wasn't there one in Italy?' his friend asked him.

'None,' he replied.

But the subject reverted to his mind a dozen times. He thought about it much of the time. He looked ahead into the future, and saw himself married, with a family around him, and spending the last days quietly and peacefully like his old father over in Italy.

'I will write to my father,' he said. Old Paulo Serati held the letter in his hand and laughed aloud and long.

'Martino wants us to find a wife for him, he said to his wife. 'He likes America, but he knows where the beautiful women live; where the good wives come from. It is here in Milan; here in Italy.'

'We can find him a wife,' she answered. Then Paulo laughed and laughed again. 'Here comes Angela,' he said. 'I will let her read the letter.'

When Angela came up to them she saw that both her friends were much pleased over something.

'We have a letter from Martino,' he said, 'and I want you to read it. See what he says.'

The girl took the letter and read it.

'Have you found him a wife?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Paulo. 'I think I know a girl who loves him now. She will make him a good wife. She has never met him though.'

'Who is it?' she asked, her voice being so low that it was with difficulty that she was understood.

'You,' said Paulo.

She threw the letter down on the chair and ran out of the room and to her home. There she told her parents what her friends had decided.

'But that is a long way,' said her father.

'Not for a girl to go to the man she loves,' she replied, 'for I do love him. I believe I've loved him ever since I was large enough to love anybody.'

'He is a good man, too,' said her father. Old Paulo and his wife came over and told her parents what she had told them.

'I have written to him several times about Angela,' said Paulo, 'and he knows her almost as well as I do. I will tell him that I have selected his wife.'

That very night the letter was written and mailed. Next day it was speeding for St. Louis.

There was great excitement in that neighborhood. It became rumored around that Angela, the prettiest girl in the vicinity, was going to St. Louis, America, to marry Martino Serati. Several of the people around knew him. They remembered when he packed up and left for the New World. They knew, too, that he was sturdy and honest, and had prospered. The girls flocked around Angela. It was romantic, they declared, that she was going to marry a man she had never seen; also that she was going so far.

For days they were very busy at her home. There were so many clothes to be made, and there were also friends to call on and bid adieu. But the time slipped by, and almost before she was aware of it the day had come for her departure.

She went over to Paulo's house and walked about the yard and looked about the house. She knew that Martino would want to know all about it and how his parents were. She wanted to be sure that she had not overlooked anything, from the chintz cover to the table in the sitting room to the trees out in the yard.

She was very happy, for she told her parents and also Martino's father and mother that she knew she would be happy, for she did love Martino, and she believed that he would love her. Paulo was certain of this and so assured her.

Finally all the adieux were said and she had started for America. The trip was a long and tedious one, particularly the ocean voyage. Sometimes she thought that she would never reach land again, and after reaching land she wondered how long it would take her to get to St. Louis.

There was much to interest her and the time flew by in the train, and soon she saw the city. Her heart beat violently as the train rushed up through the yards, passing scores of cars that were being switched here and there, and then the train came to a standstill. It was such a big place that she was a bit frightened at first. There was a big crowd around, too, and she was a little afraid that Martino would not be able to find her.

She recognized him at once, from the photograph, and he knew her, too. Then she knew that her worry was over, for she was safe, she knew, with his arm around her and his kiss still hot on her lips. The marriage was yesterday afternoon in the little church on Manchester Road. Today a letter will start for Milan, and there will be four supremely happy people in that city when the letter is received.—St. Louis Republic.

Where He Drew the Line.

Among the first stories recorded by T. E. Pritt, in his 'Anglers' Basket' is one about a Scottish laird who was relating the story of a fine fish he had caught one day to his friends at the dinner table. 'Donald,' said he to the servant behind his chair—an

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old man, but a new servant—'how heavy was the fish I took yesterday?' Donald neither spoke or moved. The laird repeated the question. 'Weel,' replied Donald, 'it was twal' pund at breakfast, it had gotten to aughteen at dinner time and it was sax and twenty when ye sat down to supper wi' the captain.' Then, after a pause, he added, 'I've been tellin' lees a' my life to please the shooters, but I'll be blowed if I'm going to tell lees noo, through my old age, to please the fushers.'

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Mrs. Laura E. Newell of Zeandale is the most prolific song writer in the United States. She writes both sacred and secular songs, but prefers the former. Mrs. Newell is only 43 years old, and, although she has attended to the duties devolving upon a mother of six children she has found time to write 4000 poems, most of which have been published.



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Halifax, Feb. 13, to the wife of Robt. Burns, a son.
Truro, Feb. 11, to the wife of Mr. J. E. Price a son.
St. John, Feb. 24, to the wife of St. Clair McKie, a son.

Digby, Feb. 24, to the wife of H. B. Churchill, a son.

Jardineville, Feb. 11, to the wife George Orr, a son.

Burlington, Feb. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Marshall.

Amherst, Feb. 21, to the wife of Walter Bent, a daughter.

Digby, Feb. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Haines, a daughter.

Moncton, Feb. 24, to the wife of Charles Long, a daughter.

Amherst, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Munroe, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Brough, a daughter.

East Boston, Feb. 8, to Capt. and Mrs. Moses Ross, a daughter.

Amherst, Feb. 14, to the wife of W. C. Richardson, a daughter.

Digby, Dec. 20, to the wife of W. E. VanBlarcom, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Schurman, a daughter.

Sussex, Feb. 19, to the wife of Walter McMonagle, a daughter.

Lower Stewiacke, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sutherland, a son.

Clarks Harbor Feb. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Crowell, twins.

Peters' Mills, Kent, Feb. 15, to the wife of James Maloney, a son.

Margaretville, Feb. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. David H. McLean, a son.

Higginsville, Halifax Co., to Mr. and Mrs. George Higgins, a son.

Westchester, Cumberland Co., to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Giles, a son.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Smith, a son.

Kingston, Feb. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. William Margeson, a daughter.

Port Maitland, Feb. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ellis, a daughter.

Port Maitland, Feb. 29, to the wife of Norman A. Black, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 22, to the wife of Police Officer Andrew Sullivan, a daughter.

Musquodoboit Harbor, Feb. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. William Usher, a son.

Partridge Island, Parrsboro, Feb. 13, to the wife of James Gilbert, a son.

Conquerall Bank, Feb. 18, to the wife of Jacob Higgins, a daughter.

Musquodoboit Harbor, Feb. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. William Colritt, a son.

Musquodoboit Harbor, Feb. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bowlings, a daughter.

Meagher's Grant, Halifax County, Feb. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Grant, a son.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Feb. 21, Mr. John Fitzpatrick to Miss Maud Leahy.

Boston, Feb. 22, Charles Henderson to Annie Jones both of St. John.

Truro, by Rev. H. F. Waring, Henry Fraser to Cassie Biewanger.

Hants Co., Feb. 16, by Rev. Joseph Hale, John Richibucto, Feb. 17, by Rev. H. A. Meek, John Haines to Kate Kennedy.

Truro, Feb. 17, by Rev. A. Clements, Albert Thompson to Annie Clyke.

Halifax, Feb. 21, by Rev. William Ainley, Fred C. Campbell to Nettie Brady.

Halifax, Feb. 21, by Rev. Father Murphy, Joseph McDonald to Sadie Eagan.

Digby, Feb. 23, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Elward Chute to Kate B. Daley.

Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 9, by Rev. C. Byrne, Laura E. Bockler to Fred L. Bellnap.

St. John, Feb. 2, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Ernest B. Williams to Susan Ann Davis.

Port Maitland, Feb. 21, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Harry Hilton to Ada Wetmore.

Yarmouth, Feb. 17, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Benjamin J. Samuel to Lizzie L. Meune.

Colchester, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. A. McKensie, Gordon McLaughlin to Laura Wilson.

St. Stephen, Feb. 9, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Ralph T. Horton to Nellie Murchie.

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

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.58 p. m. Tu. and Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., arr. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.

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

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr. Digby 10.09 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 9.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

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

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Tourist Sleeping Cars

for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (daily except Sunday) at 2.00 p. m. Friday's Car is attached at Carleton Place. Berth accommodating two, Montreal to Revelstoke etc., \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$3.00.

Write for Pamphlets etc. via "British Columbia" "Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields." "Vancouver City's guide to the Land of Gold." Tourist Cars etc., and all other particulars regarding trip, rates of fare etc., to

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Asst. General Passer 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, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00

Express for Halifax.....13.10

Express for Sussex.....16.35

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, Pictou and Campbellton.....16.00

Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

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