

✱ BESSIE. ✱

'It's only Bessie Raven,' said Mrs. Liddington to her niece, Mrs. Enfield, a blooming city matron, who had brought her two boys to the country for the summer. 'I wouldn't let Hal and Felix associate with her on any account, if I were you. There's no good in any of those Ravens—a vile, low set.'

Mrs. Enfield looked pityingly at the brown-faced, bare-legged, little gypsy, who had slunk around the back door, a basket of late luscious blackberries on her arm, and the deep blush that betokened how plainly she had overheard Mrs. Liddington's careless words still dyeing her cheeks.

'Only Bessie Raven!' How often she had heard that phrase. How bitter a meaning did it convey to her ears.

'There are no trout there! You might throw a bait and wait a year, and you wouldn't get a bite!'

It was a deep, solitary ravine, where, in attitudes of intense eagerness, Hal Enfield and his brother Felix were holding their fishing rods, awaiting the expected bite, while Bessie Raven's brown face and big black eyes looked out at them from a natural oval frame of bushes and vines, as she held her basket in one hand and her tattersun bonnet in the other.

'I know where you can get good fishing,' she said.

Hal Enfield, a self-sufficient little aristocrat, by nature as well as by education, drew himself haughtily up.

'I don't know that we asked any information from you,' said he, haughtily. 'Have the goodness to be about your business.'

'I won't!' retorted Bessie Raven, with an ominous flush in her dark eyes. 'It's a free country, ain't it? And I've as much right here as you have!'

'Very well,' said Hal, rising and gathering together his tackle. 'I'll go, then. Com's, Felix.'

But Felix, the younger brother, had no idea of leaving his cool, shady nook, for a whim of Hal's.

Hal stalked away in high dudgeon, Felix remained behind to cultivate the acquaintance of Bessie Raven.

'If there are no trout here,' said he, composedly eyeing the brown gypsy face among the leaves, 'where do they hide?'

'I'll show you, said Bessie, with alacrity. 'Just a piece further on. There's lots of 'em—only everybody don't know it. Come on!'

And the two children spent a long summer's morning together under the green trees.

Until just as Felix Enfield was turning to go home, half apprehensive that he had missed the farmhouse dinner, he did not perceive that the little gold cross he wore attached to his watch-chain was gone.

'Oh!' cried he, 'where is my—'

He stopped abruptly. For in the very moment in which he spoke, he perceived half-hidden in the folds of the bosom of Bessie's tattered dress, the gleam of some golden ornament. Involuntarily he caught at it—it was his own.

'You little thief!' cried he, 'you must have stolen it!'

Bessie stood sullen and silent, her eyes cast down, her bare feet impatiently patting the velvet grass below. She could not deny it—she scorned any attempt to justify herself.

'Bessie,' said the boy slowly, 'what made you do it? Don't you know that it is wrong to steal?'

'Wrong!' cried out Bessie, passionately. 'Why is it wrong? You are rich and I'm poor! You've got everything, and I've got nothing! Why shouldn't I help myself when I've got the chance?'

Felix Enfield looked at her. Verily there was more in her creed than he had realized.

'I'll tell you why, Bessie,' said he. 'At least, I'll tell you what I think about it.' So, in his boyish way, he unfolded the philosophy of meum and tuum.

Bessie Raven listened in surprise. She had never been reasoned with before. No one had ever taken the trouble to explain matters and things in general to her.

'Oh, Felix!' she cried out, with a great sob in her throat. 'I see it all now. But no one ever told me before. And father was lost at sea, and mother had us little ones to take care of, and somehow everyone's hand was against us, and we had to fight our way along, so I got somehow not to care about anything.'

'Don't cry, Bessie,' soothed the lad. 'Don't fret, that's a good girl! Here—take the gold cross and keep it. I don't care much for it.'

So they parted. At home Felix found that his father had come to take them up into the mountains for a few weeks, before they returned to the city home—and so he never got the chance to tell Bessie Raven good-by.

Ten years afterward! Three and twenty is a dangerous age for flirtations, but Felix Enfield had never been seriously smitten until that time when he crossed the Atlantic in the steamer Will o' the Wisp, and fell in love with the captain's Spanish-eyed daughter.

'If you don't marry me,' said Felix, with comical earnestness, 'I'll throw myself into the sea.'

'There's not much danger of that, said Miss Richfield, quietly.

'But I am in earnest!' protested Felix.

'So am I,' said the damsel with the blue-black eyes.

'Don't you love me?' pleaded Felix.

'I don't dislike you,' demurely answered Miss Richfield.

'Then I shall hope,' declared Felix.

'Hope is a commodity that is free to all,' said the young lady.

But at the voyage's end Mr. Enfield was deeper in love than ever.

'Look here, Miss Richfield,' said he; 'if you don't say you'll have me I won't leave the steamer's deck! I'll go back and forth perpetually between New York and Southampton.'

'I don't think papa would care for so permanent a passenger,' said Miss Richfield, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

'But, really, do you know, Miss Richfield, I believe you are engaged already.' She colored a little.

'Why?' she asked.

'Ah! you think I have no eyes. You think I haven't perceived that you always wear a black velvet ribbon around your neck—a black velvet ribbon, from which is suspended some trinket of gold, hidden in the lace frills of your collar. Is it a gauge?'

'Yes,' Miss Richfield calmly answered, 'it is a gauge of true love. If I ever am married—'

'If,' almost scornfully ejaculated the lover.

'Well, when I am married,' Miss Richfield corrected herself, 'it will only be to the gentleman who gave me this.'

'Then I may consider myself rejected!' slowly spoke Felix, with a face of the bitterest chagrin.

'Not quite,' said the dark-eyed damsel softly, as she drew the golden talisman from her throat and held it toward him. 'Don't you remember who gave me this?'

He uttered an exclamation of recognition.

'It is the gold cross I gave years ago to Bessie Raven!' cried he.

'Yes,' she said, quietly, 'and I am Bessie Raven.'

'You?'

'Yes. My mother died shortly after you gave me this. My uncle, who had just returned from the West, adopted us all. Two of my sisters are in boarding school. My brother is being educated in a German university. And I am my uncle's adopted daughter, known only by his name.'

'But, Bessie, you said you would marry the one who gave you that!' cried out Enfield.

'So I will,' confessed Bessie, laughing and blushing, 'if he is still infatuated enough to persist in waiting me.'

They were married within a month—a regular true love match—and old Mrs. Liddington finds her old grand-aunt-in-law to 'only Bessie Raven!'

'And really, says she, complacently, 'I don't think Felix could have made a better match!'

GUMPTION AND A FILE.

By the Use of Both Commodities a Boy Won Fame and Fortune.

If a boy has any 'mechanical' faculty, if it comes handy to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—'gumption' it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served a man who tells his story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

When I was fourteen years old, he says, it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy Wanted.' I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

'Do you want a boy?' I asked of the clerk.

'Back office,' he said.

I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped inside. It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

'Where did you learn to close doors?' said the man at the desk.

I turned around quickly.

'At home, sir.'

'Well, what do you want?'

'I came in to see about the boy wanted,' I answered.

'Oh!' said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. 'Sit down,' he added; 'I'm busy.'

I looked back at the door.

'If you don't mind,' said I, 'and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting.'

'Eh,' he said, quickly. 'All right. Go ahead.'

I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put my file back in my pocket

and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me.

'Any parents?' he asked.

'Mother,' I answered.

'Have her come in here with you at two o'clock,' he said, and turned back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.

Relieving Skin Diseases.

Relieved by one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment in ten minutes. It radically cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema. No case too long standing to be filed on a fair trial. For babies, scald head, common at teething time, it is without a peer. 35 cents.

Roman's Used Hollow Bricks.

Hollow wedge bricks were used by the Romans for constructing arches at their baths at Bath, England. According to The Engineer, the roofs of the dressing rooms were covered in some instances with flat brick arches, and as these would have fallen by their own weight if constructed in the ordinary manner, hollow voussoirs were moulded with a cylindrical projection on one radial side and a semi-cylindrical cavity to correspond on the other. The bricks were about one foot from intrados to extrados and ten inches wide on the back. They were finished well and apparently of fire-burn, ordinary clay.



WEAR *Trade Mark* **SUSPENDERS** GUARANTEED

BORN.

Halifax, to the wife of R. P. Anderson, a daughter.
Sydney, March 2, to Capt and Mrs. J. C. Peters, a son.
Springhill, March 12, to the wife of Geo. Canning, a son.
Springhill, March 7, to the wife of Dan Beaton, a son.
Springhill, March 6, to the wife of Jude Gould, a son.
Halifax, March 10, to the wife of C. Winter Brown, a son.
Beech Hill, Feb. 27, to the wife of Albert Trenholm, a daughter.
Wellville, Feb. 25, to Dr. and Mrs. H. Lawrence, a son.
Sydney, March 3, to the wife of Alex J. Grantmyre, a son.
Halifax, March 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hartling, a daughter.
Upper Alton, Illinois, to Mr. and Mrs. DeBlois, a daughter.
Truro, Feb. 23, to the wife of Mr. L. M. Ellis, a daughter.
Halifax, March 8, to the wife of F. J. Marotte, a daughter.
Halifax, March 12, to the wife of James J. Mahar, a daughter.
Truro, March 2, to the wife of Mr. Adam Harling, a daughter.
Woodstock, March 5, to the wife of Dr. E. S. Kirkpatrick, a son.
Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin, twins.
Great Village, Feb. 24, to the wife of Mr. Joseph Geddes, a son.
Canada Creek, Feb. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. LeBaron, a daughter.
Long Island, Maine, March 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Neil O'Hanley, a son.
Round Hill, N. B., Feb. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Shaw, a daughter.
Bass River, Feb. 25, to the wife of Mr. C. R. Thompson, a son.
Milton, Quebec, March 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Harlow, a daughter.
Great Village, March 1, to the wife of Mr. L. C. Layton, a daughter.
Woodstock, Feb. 23, to the wife of Dr. T. F. Sprague, a daughter.
Polet River, Salisbury, Feb. 23, to the wife of Mr. J. A. Jones, a daughter.
Long Island, March 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh O'Hanley, a daughter.
Long Island, C. B., Feb. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. John D. O'Hanley, a daughter.
Springhill, Valley Road, March 7, to the wife of Mr. Nicholson, a daughter.
North Alton, King's, Feb. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Obediah Veno, a daughter.
Easton, Digby Co., Feb. 12, to the wife of Mr. Hanford Grant, a daughter.
Edgerton, Digby Co., March 8, to the wife of George Jones, a daughter.
Harvey Corner, Albert Co., March 5, to the wife of Jonathan Robinson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Liverpool, Feb. 26, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Geo. B. I. to Sadie Conrod.
Georgetown, Feb. 22, by Rev. D. Cameron, Donald McRae to Flora McInnis.
Halifax, Mar. 10, by Rev. A. Hawkins, A. E. Monamy to Millie Barnes.
Halifax, Mar. 1, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Malcolm McIvor to Bernice Brown.
Woodstock, Mar. 2, by Rev. J. G. Harvey, Clarence Nicholson to Sarah Cox.
Yarmouth, Mar. 5, by Rev. E. E. England, Capt. Geo. T. Watt to Ella Philpot.
Halifax, Feb. 2, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Mr. Maurice Flynn to Miss Hersy Carter.
Baddeck, Mar. 8, by Rev. D. McDougall, Daniel F. McRae to Rachel McDonald.
Malden Mass., Feb. 16, by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Frederick East to Grace Darling.
Woodstock, Mar. 9, by Rev. Dr. Chapman, Charles D. Wetmore to Josephine Watts.
Brookville, Digby Co., by Rev. E. Crowell, M. A. Charles M. Raymond to Ora M. Hall.

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).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Tu., and 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. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 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 8.40 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 Bluebonnet between Halifax and Yarmouth.

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

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

For close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 14 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

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Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska points, March 16th, 23rd, 30th; April 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.

Tourist Sleeping Cars

for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (daily except Sunday) at 2.30 p. m. Friday's Car is attached at Carleton Place. Berth accommodating two, Montreal to Revelstoke etc., \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00.

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

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, Pungwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....13.10
Express for Sussex.....16.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Montreal at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.20
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from 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. POTTINGER, General Manager.

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

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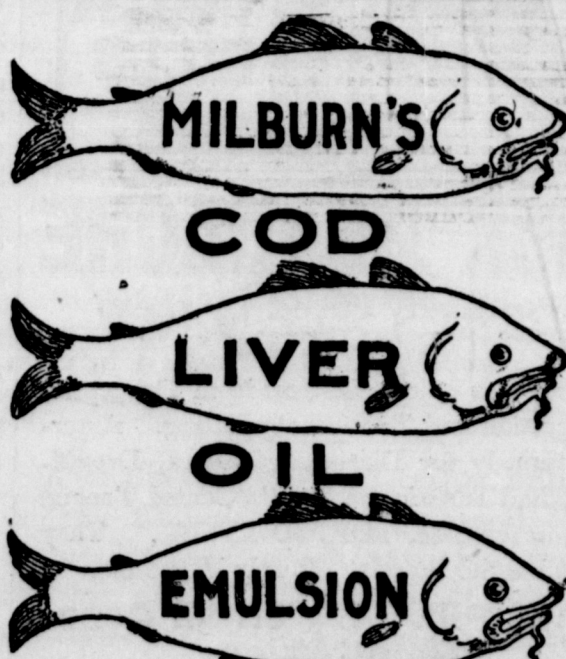
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