

His Second Choice.

And you are really going to fall into that trap, Dick?" said Hettie Morgan indignantly.

Mr. Richard Carisforde looked calmly at his wrathful little cousin.

"I don't exactly phrase it in those terms, Hettie," said he, quietly. "If you mean to question whether I am intending to offer myself to Miss Deerhaven, I can only answer you yes."

"It's a trap, and I insist upon it, that it is," said Hettie, vehemently. "Oh, dear, why will men be so wise on all other subjects, and so idiotically blind when women are concerned? Julia Deerhaven is an ill-tempered, scheming—"

"Hettie!"

"She is not your wife yet; no, nor even your fiancée, thank goodness," persisted Hettie; "and something may happen to open your eyes before you have hopelessly committed yourself."

"Hettie," said Mr. Carisforde, restlessly turning a lead pencil round and round his fingers, "what has occurred to give you such a prejudice—an unfounded one, as I sincerely hope—against Miss Deerhaven? She is certainly pretty, and—"

"Pretty? Yes," said Hettie with a shrug of her shoulders, "so is a spotted tiger pretty after its fashion, and a black and yellow leopard."

"And amiable?"

"No," interrupted Hettie, emphatically. "Her temper is anything but the temper to make a man's life happy."

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't think so," said Hettie, with an air of calm assertion. "I know it; she is ill-natured, shrewish to her poor old father and mother, unamiable in every relation of life."

"You misjudge her, Hettie, I am sure," pleaded Mr. Carisforde, with a troubled look.

"Oh, of course," answered Hettie, satirically, "that's always a man's argument. I only hope you won't find my judgement correct when it is too late to mend matters. At all events she is industrious, or she would never have undertaken to lead the district school."

"Yes; because she wants more money than she can screw out of her father for dress, ornaments and inappropriate jewelry."

"Now, you are uncharitable Hettie."

"Oh, am I," retorted Hettie, with a toss of her pretty little head. "Just you wait and see for yourself, that's all; only don't say that I haven't warned you."

And she flitted out of the room like a butterfly in high dudgeon.

"Richard Carisforde sat with contracted brows and grave, thoughtful eyes, as he still turned and twisted the cedar pencil between his fingers."

Could it be possible that there was any shadow of truth in what Hettie Morgan had been saying to him. No; surely not—and yet—the reflection would keep recurring to him that if it was so, what a very disagreeable discovery it would be to make to late. He thought of Julia Deerhaven, fair, serene and dew-eyed as an angel—surely she could be taught but what she seemed. Hettie must be mistaken; and yet Hettie was pretty shrewd in her conclusions, quick to understand, and an adept in reading all the signs of character.

"Is there no way of deciphering this riddle?" sighed the would-be lover. "Oh, for a wise woman to unfold the mysteries of futurity—for a clue to the hidden meaning of a sweet voice or a gentle glance! I remember how, as a boy, I used to write in my copybook, over and over again: 'All is not gold that glitters.' Can it be possible that I am destined to live over the significance of the words? If Julia Deerhaven is not perfect, then women are more of dissimulators than I have any idea."

And Mr. Dick Carisforde, too unquiet to sit still, went for a long walk, whose winding took him past the one story school house where Miss Deerhaven taught young ideas how to shoot, at the rate of twenty-four dollars a month, and in sight of the lower farmhouse, under the hill, where Farmer Deerhaven himself dwelt, trying to force a precarious living out of the sterile and rocky soil. For the fair Julia was the eldest of seven young Deerhavens, and money didn't grow on every blackberry bush in the pasture meadows, by any means, as the poor tiller of the soil found to his cost.

It was no very tempting casket to enshrine the jewel of Julia Deerhaven's rich blonde beauty—yet Richard Carisforde stood looking at it as lovers will gaze upon the homes of those they have learned to worship, until the purple clash came down, like a royal curtain all glittering with stars, and a light flashed out of the lowly casement, where perhaps, even then, Julia was lightning her mother's household cares with the tender ministrations of filial love.

He stood quite silent and unmoved for full ten minutes—then started as if from a magnetic trance.

"I can but try it," he said, as if addressing some other presence than his own individuality. "It seems a strange, unnatural way of solving the riddle, but I am placed just now in a position where conventional form and mere surface inquiry are actually worse than nothing. I will go back again to the pictured visions of my boyhood, and temporarily play the part of the disguised sultan who visited the streets of the eastern city, seeing life as from his throne he never could have had the opportunity to behold its various phases. Hettie's real friendship for me deserves that the matter should be tested—and if she is really right, why then—"

Mr. Carisforde, did not finish the sentence—it was not an alternative upon which he liked to look.

Miss Deerhaven, released from the duties of preceptress of the little schoolhouse at the cross-roads, was stretched upon the

kitchen lounge, in no very picturesque dishabille, her feet thrust into loose slippers, her yellow hair pushed back, and a novel in her hands, while the six younger Deerhavens were playing about the floor, and their mother, flushed and wearied with her long day's work which was not yet approaching its end, bent over the cooking stove when a knock sounded on the outer door. Miss Deerhaven started to her feet.

"If it should be anybody!" she exclaimed sotto voce, "and I such a figure!"

"Oh, pahaw!" said Joseph, the eldest boy. "Julie's visitors all go to the front door, and old Carisforde has gone to New York, 'cause Miss Hettie told me so when I took a pail of blackberries up there to sell this mornin'!"

"Will you stop your noise," said Miss Julia, imperiously, "or I'll give you something that will make you!" Mother, why don't you go to the door?"

"I thought perhaps you were going, my dear," said the farmer's wife, humbly.

"Well, I'm not," said Julia, petulantly. "I should think you might know enough for that, and me in this dress! Hurry up, why don't you?"

Mrs. Deerhaven obeyed her pretty daughter's not very dutiful injunction, and found herself confronting a tall, slouching-looking fellow, with his hat drawn down over his eyes, and both hands in his pockets.

"Heard as how Farmer Deerhaven wanted a hand to help along with his hayin'," was the explanation of the errand that had brought him, "and, bein' as I was out of work—"

"Mr. Deerhaven isn't in," said the farmer's wife. "He's after the cows."

"Well, now, if that ain't too bad!" said the hand; "and me come all the way from Smith's Forks!"

"But I expect he'll be back presently," said Mrs. Deerhaven; "won't you sit down and wait a spell?"

"Don't care if I do," said the stranger, dropping his whole weight upon one of the flat-bottomed chairs. "Praps Miss, there would give me a glass of water."

Julia stared haughtily at him without deigning to notice his request, while Mrs. Deerhaven, moving slowly and wearily across the floor, brought him a gourd-shell full of clear, dripping water from the cedar pail by the door.

"Ain't lost the use o' her limbs, nor nothin' has she!" drawled the harvest hand. "Why?" asked the mother. "No, of course not—but why do you ask?"

"Out our way, gals don't lop down on sofas and let their mother do all the work!" exclaimed the new comer, "unless they've got rheumatiz or chills and fever, or such-like ailment!"

"Mother!" interrupted Julia, sharply, while the indignant color rose to her cheek, "if you don't stop those children's racket I shall go up-stairs and stay—they're enough to drive one crazy! As for you, sir!" to the man with the slouched hat, which he had not had the courtesy to remove. "I'll trouble you to mind your own business."

"Sartinly, mam," answered the farmhand with a chuckle—and Julia vented the wrath she could not reasonably expend on him in a sounding box on the ear, bestowed on Augustus Frederic, her third brother, who broke into a howl.

"Ma," cried the promising youth, "ain't she to stop? She's all the time knockin' me round, and my arms are black and blue where she hit me last night? It is, you cross thing!" with a grimace at Miss Deerhaven, whose eyes shone just then with anything but a dove-like expression, and "I'll be glad when old Carisforde marries you, and takes you off away from here, so the—ere, now!"

And Augustus Frederic fled to his mother's skirts for protection from the up-lifted hand of his elder sister, while Julia burst into angry tears!

"It's too bad!" she sobbed, "they're just a pack of aggravating little wretches, and you back them up in it—mother, you know you do! I hate them all—I hate home, I wish I was well out of it!"

The harvest-hand rose slowly to his feet, doffing the broad-brimmed hat that he wore, and unfastening the folds of a cotton pocket-handkerchief that was twisted about his throat by way of substitute for a necktie.

"I am afraid I am one too many in this little domestic tableau," he said quietly, and Julia started as if a galvanic shot had struck her at the clear, calm sound of Mr. Richard Carisforde's voice. "They say listeners never hear any good of themselves, and perhaps I may be charged with enacting that part; but old Carisforde has certainly heard much that may be productive of good to himself. I beg leave to wish you a very good evening."

And Mr. Carisforde bowed low and retired, before Julia Deerhaven could summon up sufficient presence of mind to speak a single sentence.

He went back to where Hettie Morgan was sitting at her needlework, by the shaded lamp.

"Hettie," he said, "you were right about—about Julia Deerhaven. I beg your pardon for ever doubting you. But one thing is certain—I shall never marry now!"

Men often say this, but they seldom keep their word. Mr. Carisforde did marry before the year was out, and his bride was Hettie Morgan, the pretty cousin who had bravely ventured on such a timely warning! Nor did he ever regret his second choice!

Tree Climbing Fish.

India has fishes which climb trees and migrate from stream to stream in dry season. Florida can match her with a great snail which climbs trees and feasts on the young birds, like his fellow robber, the

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blue crab. The shell of this snail is opaline, and almost as transparent as glass. Its shape is odd and handsome. This snail is edible and not unlike those found on the coast of France and which are so much in demand in the markets of Paris. In some places they are so abundant that a shake of a tree will bring down a bushel of them.

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, see signature on each bottle of Polson & Co. Get Putnam's.

The Bravest Are the Tenderest.

That the 'bravest are the tenderest' was once more demonstrated in the fight at Santiago Bay. Captain Philip of the Texas made a dash for the Spanish ships the moment they put their noses out of the harbor. When the yellow and red flag was pulled down on the Almirante Oquendo, the commander of the Trevas gave the order to his men: 'Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying.' The direction was as chivalrous as it was characteristic.

Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED.



BORN.

Halifax, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Arcott, a son.
Lunenburg, to the wife of Capt. Benj. Smith, a son.
Sussex, Aug. 15, to the wife of Geo. Crawford, a son.
Oxford, Aug. 7, to the wife of C. O. Black, a daughter.
Halifax, Aug. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McDonald a son.
Windsor, Aug. 18, to Rev. Henry and Mrs. Dickie a son.
Lunenburg, Aug. 11 to the wife of Dean Wagner, a daughter.
Truro, July 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Stevenson, a daughter.
Truro, Aug. 13, to the wife of Mr. David Young, a daughter.
Berwick, Aug. 15, to Dr. J. R. and Mrs. March, a daughter.
Oakhill, Aug. 9, to the wife of Archie Rhodenizer, a son.
Lunenburg, Aug. 17, to the wife of W. J. Acker, twin boys.
Windsor, Aug. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Palmir a daughter.
Prospect, Aug. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Durling a daughter.
Biltown, Aug. 6, to Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Vincent, a daughter.
Truro, Aug. 7, to the wife of Mr. Thos. Hennessey, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Aug. 6, to the wife of R. A. Bachman, a daughter.
Halifax, Aug. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Muirhead, a son.
Three Mile Plains, Aug. 13 to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shaw, a son.
Vindora, B. C., Aug. 7, to the wife of Chas. A. Munro, a son.
Welsford, July 28 to Mr. and Mrs. Frank McConnell, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Aug. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. L. Murray Goodwin, a son.
Yarmouth, Aug. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald W. McLeish, a daughter.
LaHave, Branch, Aug. 9, to the wife of Reuben Mailman, a daughter.
Richibucto, N. B., Aug. 14 to Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Leary, a daughter.
Bridgewater, Aug. 10, to the wife of Chas. W. Thomson, a daughter.
Central Economy, Aug. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McLeish, a daughter.
Richibucto Village, Aug. 7, to the wife of Alphe Thibodeau, a daughter.
Three Mile Plains, Aug. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dill, twins, son and daughter.

MARRIED.

Hilo, July 12 by Rev. Mr. Babbiste, Fred E. Haley to Nellie Haley.
Barrington, Aug. 15 by Rev. Fdw. Crowell, W. F. Page to Jessie Crews.
Bear Island Aug. 3 by Rev. Mr. Sykes, Geo. H. Jonah to Alice A. Brown.
Millford, Aug. 17 by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Burton Cook to Sadie S. Gaston.
Port Morien, Aug. 9 by Rev. William Grant, Hugh Matheson to Maggie Brann.
Port Hood, Aug. 11 by Rev. E. S. Bayne, Milton Smith to Lottie May Smith.
Dooktown, Aug. 10 by Rev. A. F. Robb, Adam Russell to Mary E. Parker.
Everett Mass., by Rev. Charles M. Hall, Harry S. Jacobs to Carrie M. Burris.
Dorchester, by Rev. Perry B. Davis, George B. McDougall to Laura Robson.
Halifax, Aug. 15 by Rev. J. McMillan, Jas. F. Morash to Angela M. Devlin.
Brooklyn, Aug. 11 by Rev. A. W. Currie, Henry D. Pitman to Ada B. Brittain.
Montana, Aug. 3 by Rev. W. W. Love, Charles S. Caird to Sarah Fort Ferris.
Ottawa, July 30 by Rev. J. M. Snowden, Sydney C. D. Roper to Ella Maud Smith.
Tracy Mills, Aug. 10 by Rev. Wm. DeWare, Mary Waken to Ada Farley.
Blackville, Aug. 16 by Rev. Thos. Corbett, Ransey McCahey to Mary Ann Porter.
West Leicester, Aug. 16 by Rev. D. Daniel, W. Saxby Blair to Lena Zeila Blair.
St. Stephen, Aug. 14 by Rev. Thos. Marshall John S. Scott to Kathleen M. O'Brien.
Middleton, Aug. 11 by Rev. H. S. Baker, Jas. K. Lynch to Lillian G. Burney.
Oxford, Aug. 10 by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Postford McNut to May E. Thompson.
Broad Cove Banks, July 19 by Rev. D. McDonald, John McKay to Maggie Cameron.
South Unalake, Aug. 13 by Rev. Dr. Hertz, Richard Conroy to Lucy Withrow.
Port Lorne, Aug. 13 by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Lorimer Sabean to Maude Wishart.



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STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

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Fredericton.
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Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.
Stmr. Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 6 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.
GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th.
Leave Hampton for Indiantown,
Monday at 5:30 a. m.
Tuesday at 3:30 p. m.
Wednesday at 2:00 p. m.
Thursday at 3:30 p. m.
Saturday at 5:30 a. m.
Leave Indiantown for Hampton,
Tuesday at 9:00 a. m.
Wednesday at 8:00 a. m.
Thursday at 9:00 a. m.
Saturday at 4:00 p. m.
CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

DAILY SERVICE.

Lve. St. John at 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:15 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1:45 p. m., arr. St. John, 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:23 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12:40 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:18 p. m.
Lve. Halifax 8:45 a. m., arr. Digby 1:35 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr. Halifax 3:45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8:35 a. m., arr. Digby 10:25 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10:30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3:35 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 8:30 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3:30 p. m., arr. Halifax 4:50 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B. express trains 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 MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4:00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Farnborough.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 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.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Hampton..... 5:30
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:00
Express for Halifax..... 11:50
Express for Sussex..... 12:45
Express for Quebec..... 17:40
Express for Hampton, Montreal..... 18:20
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22:50
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:20 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:30 for T. no.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Hampton..... 7:15
Express from Sussex..... 8:30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 17:00
Express from Halifax..... 17:00
Express from Hampton..... 21:50
Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 1:25
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 11:25
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Exhibition Excursions

Tickets on sale from St. John, N. B. as follows:

For Toronto to Exhibition.

August 30th, 31st, Sept. 1st, 3rd and 6th at \$20.00 each, and Sept. 2nd and 5th only, at \$16.50 each, all good for return until Sept. 15th.

Eastern Maine State Fair at Bangor.

August 26th, to 29th, at \$5.00 each, and Aug. 30th to Sept. 1st, at \$4.00 each, all good for return until Sept. 6th.

For Maine State Fair at Lewiston.

September 2nd, to 5th, at \$7.00 each, and Sept. 6th and 7th at \$5.00 each, all good for return until Sept. 12th.

Labor Day.

To points on line Montreal and East Sept. 3rd to 6th good for return until Sept. 6th at single fare.

Harvest Excursion to Canadian North West.

August 30th, and Sept. 13th only; good for return within 90 days. The following rates, Winnipeg, Portage La Prairie, Brandon, Deloraine, Reston, Estevan, Binscarth, Moosemin and Winnipegos \$28.00 each; Regina, Moose Jaw and Yorktown, \$30.00 each; Prince Albert and Calgary, \$35.00 each, Red Deer and Edmonton \$40.00 each.

Further particulars of C. P. R. Ticket Agents.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. B.