

## A PIECE OF BREAD.

In 1870 the young Duke de Hardimont was at Aix, taking the waters. He had finished his luncheon, when, throwing a careless glance over the paper, he read the news of the disaster of the French arms at Reichshoffen.

He emptied his glass of champagne, threw his serviette on the restaurant table, sent word to his valet to pack up, and having caught the express to Paris, rushed off to the recruiting office, and enlisted in a regiment of the line.

And this is why, in the early days of November, 1870, having re-entered Paris with his regiment, which was attached to the corps of General Vinoy, Henri de Hardimont, private in the Third Battalion of the second of the line, and a number of the Jockey Club, was on outpost duty with his company, before the redoubt of Houtte-Bruyeres, a hastily fortified position protected by the cannon of the fort of Bicetre.

The place was forbidding, a road broken into muddy ruts and planted with broomsticks running through the polluted fields of the Paris outskirts; on the edge of this road a deserted little cabaret—a cabaret with trellised bowers where the soldiers had established their post. A few days before there had been some fighting there, and several of their broomsticks by the roadside had been snapped in two, while those left still showed on their bark the white scars of the bullets. The aspect of the house itself made one shiver. The roof had been ripped open by a shell; the wine-stained walls seemed bespattered with blood.

At the door of the cabaret the young duke was standing, his chapeau slung across him, his kept over his eyes, his numb hands in the pockets of his red trousers, under his sheepskin.

All at once he felt that he was hungry. He knelt down and drew from his knapsack, which rested against the wall near by, a lump of regulation bread, which, having lost his knife, he bit into and began slowly to eat.

But after a few mouthfuls he had had enough; the bread was hard, and had a bitter taste. And to think there was no getting any fresh before tomorrow's distribution, and then only at the good will of the commissariat! Ah, well! there was a deal just now that was pretty rough to bear, and, with a leap of memory, he recalled what in past days he had been wont to term his hygienic luncheons, when, on the morrow, after a supper a trifle too exciting, he would sit down on some window on the ground floor of the Cafe Anglaise, and have served to him the veriest trifle—a cutlet, perhaps—and the waiter, knowing his habits, would lay on the tablecloth, and carefully open a bottle of fine old leoville, which he then set down to repose in its wicker cradle. Deuce take it! those were good times all the same; he should never get used to this bread of poverty. And in a moment of impatience the young man flung his lump of bread into the mud.

At the same moment a private was leaving the cabaret; he stooped, picked up the bread, and going on a few steps, wiped it off with his sleeve, and began to devour it ravenously.

Henri de Hardimont was already ashamed of his action, and was looking with pity on the poor wretch who gave proof of such a good appetite. He was a tall, grunt fellow, ill made, with feverish eyes and a hospital beard, and so thin that his shoulder blades stuck out under the cloth of his worn great coat.

'Art thou then so hungry, comrade?' he said approaching the soldier.

'As thou seest,' he answered with his mouth full.

'Excuse me then. If I had known that thou wouldst have cared for it I would not have thrown the bread away.'

'It is not the worse for that,' replied the soldier. 'I am not so particular.'

'No matter,' said the gentleman. 'What I did was wrong, and I reproach myself for it, but I do not wish thee to carry away a bad opinion of me, and as I have some good old cognac in my can, we'll have a drop together.'

The man had finished eating. The duke and he took a mouthful of brandy; the acquaintance was made.

'And thou art called?' asked the private.

'Hardimont,' replied the duke, suppressing his little and prefix. . . .

'And thou?' asked the private.

'Jean Victor. . . . I've only just joined the company. I came from the ambulance. . . . I was wounded at Chantillon. . . . Ah, one is well off at the ambulance, and doesn't the nurse give you good horse soup? . . . But mine was only a scratch; the major signed my discharge, and, worse luck, out I had to go to begin again to die of hunger. . . . For, believe me if you will, comrade, but, as I stand before you, I have been hungry all my life.'

The word was horrible, said to a voluptuary who a moment before caught himself regretting the cuisine of the Cafe Anglaise, and the Duke de Hardimont looked at his companion with an astonishment approaching terror. The soldier was smiling mournfully, letting his wolf like teeth be seen, the teeth of the hungry, showing so white in his sickly face, and as it was aware that further confidence was expected from him.

'Look here,' he said, brusquely: 'look here, let us walk a little up and down upon the road to warm our feet, and I will tell you of things which most likely you have never heard of before. . . . I am called Jean Victor. Jean Victor quite short because I am a founding, and my only happy recollection is of the time of my early childhood in the asylum. The sheets of our little beds in the dormitory were white; we played under the big trees in a garden, and there was a good sister, quite young, as

white as wax—she was going into consumption—and I was her favorite, and often I chose to walk with her rather than to play with the other children. Because she would draw me close to her skirt and put on my forehead her thin, hot hand. . . .

But at twelve years, after making our first communion, nothing more than misery. The governors had apprenticed me to a mender of chairs in the Faubourg St. Jacques. It isn't a trade, you know. You can't get a living by it; to prove it, for the most part the master could only entice as apprentices the poor boys from the Asylum for the 'Young Blind.' And it was there that I first learned to suffer the pangs of hunger. The master and his wife—two old Limousins who worried themselves to death were terrible misers, and the bread which they cut into pieces for each meal, they kept for the rest of the time under lock and key. And every evening at supper you would see the mistress, with her old black cap, when she was serving the soup, heave a dismal sigh with each ladleful she took from the tureen. The other two apprentices, the 'Young Blind,' were less unhappy; not that they got more than I did, but they were not able to see the look of reproach that that miserable woman gave as she handed me my plate. My misfortune was to have a good appetite, but I ask you was that my fault? I served my three years of apprenticeship in a constant state of hunger. . . . Three years! and you knew all about the trade in a month. But the governors can't be expected to be up to everything; they have not an idea of the way in which the children are turned to account. . . .

Ah, you were surprised to see me take a piece of bread out of the mud? It's not the first time not by many, that I have picked up crusts out of the dust heaps, and when they were too dry I used to soak them all night in my water jug. At last when my apprenticeship was finished, and I took to my trade, as I have said, you couldn't earn by it enough to sustain a man. Oh, I tried many others. I had a good heart for work. I was a mason's laborer, a porter, a floor polisher and a dozen others! Bah! to-day it was the work was wanting; another time I lost my place. . . . But all the same I never had enough to eat to satisfy me. Tonnerre! What fury I have felt in passing before baker's shops! Happily for me at those times, I always remembered the good sister at the asylum, who so often impressed on me to keep honest, and I would even believe that I could feel on my forehead the warmth of her little hand. . . . At last, at eighteen, I enlisted. . . . You know as well as I do that the soldier has only just enough, and now—it's almost enough to make one lough—behold the siege and famine! You see now that I didn't tell you lies when I said that I had always, always been hungry.'

The young duke had a good heart, and, listening to this terrible lament, told him by a man like himself, by a soldier whose uniform made him his equal, he felt himself profoundly stirred.

'Jean Victor,' he said, 'it we both survive this frightful war we shall see more of each other, and I hope I shall be of use to you. But just now, as there is no other baker at the outposts but the corporal of the commissariat, and as my ration of bread is twice too much for my small appetite—it is understood, is it not?—we will share like good comrades.'

A hearty shake of the hands was exchanged between the two men, and as night was falling, and they were being harassed by watches and alarms, they re-entered the cabaret, where a dozen soldiers lay sleeping upon the straw, and, throwing themselves down side by side, they sank into a heavy sleep.

Toward midnight Jean Victor awoke; he was probably hungry. The wind had blown away the clouds, and a moon-beam, shining into the room through the rent in the roof, lit up the charming fair head of the young duke, sleeping like an Endymion. Still touched by the kindness of his comrade, Jean Victor was looking at him with naive admiration, when the sergeant of the platoon opened the door to call the five men who were to relieve the sentinels at the outposts. The duke was of the number, but when his name was called he did not awake.

'Hardimont, get up,' repeated the sergeant.

'If you'll be good enough to let me, sergeant, said Jean Victor, rising, I'll mount guard for him. . . . he's so fast asleep. . . . and he's my comrade.'

'As thou chooseth.'

And the five men gone the snoring began again. But half an hour after the sound of firing, sharp and very near, broke in upon the night. In an instant they had all sprung to their feet; the men hastened from the cabaret, and with finger on trigger, stole along stealthily looking along road, which showed white by the moonlight.

'But what o'clock is it?' asked the duke.

'I was to have been on the guard. Some one answered him.

'Jean Victor has gone in your place.'

At that moment a soldier came running along the road.

'What's happened?' they asked as he stopped breathless.

'The Prussians are attacking. . . . we must fall back on redoubt.'

'And our comrades?' asked the duke.

'They're coming. . . . all but that poor Jean Victor.'

'What?' cried the duke.

'Killed on the spot, with a bullet through his head. . . . he hadn't time to say 'Out!'

One night last winter, towards two o'clock in the morning, the Duke de Hardimont was leaving the club with his neighbor, the Count de Saulnes; he had lost a few hundred louis, and felt something of a headache.

'If you don't mind, Andre,' he said to his companion, 'we will walk home. . . . I want some fresh air.'

'As you like, 'cher ami,' although the pavement is horribly bad.'

They sent away their broughams, turned up the collars of their fur coats and walked toward the Madeleine. Presently the duke sent rolling something which he had struck with the toe of his boot; it was a large crust of bread, all covered with mud.

Then, to his amazement, M. de Saulnes saw the Duke de Hardimont pick up the lump of bread, carefully wipe it with his crest-embroidered handkerchief and place it on a bench of the boulevard under the light of a gas lamp, where it could well be seen.

'But what on earth is it you are doing?' said the count, bursting into a laugh. 'Ars you mad?'

'It is in memory of a poor man who died for me,' replied the duke, his voice slightly trembling. . . . 'Don't laugh, mon cher; you hurt me!—From the French of Francois Coppee.'

### The Duke's Fourpence.

A clever Englishwoman has recently written, 'There ain't nothin' scanty about a duke. Set him where you will, he makes the page look full.' This is a duke of fiction; a duke of fact may be a different person. A nobleman of this high rank, known in London as remarkably close in money matters recently hailed a cab to take him to Waterloo station. When there he alighted and handed up a shilling. The cabman, who naturally expected his tip, began to grumble.

'That's the regular fare,' said the duke promptly. 'And why did you take the longest route? Why didn't you drive through Hyde Park?'

'Cause Hyde park's closed,' said the cabman, who surmised with whom he was dealing.

'Hyde Park closed?' Why is that? asked the duke in surprise.

'Cause the Duke of—dropped a four pence there this mornin' and the gates are closed till he finds it,' replied the cabman, quite nocently.

First friend: 'Do you have good police protection out your way?'

Second friend: 'Do we? Well, I should say so. We have the prettiest servant girl in the town.'

He: 'There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman.'

'Indeed and when are they?'

'Before he is married and afterwards.'

YAH! YOU CAN'T BUST THEM, THEY'RE DOMINION.

WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Truro, Sept. 15, to the wife of John Ogilvie, a son. Clifton, Sept. 17, to the wife of George Yull, a son. Mosherville, to Capt. Ira and Mrs. Mosher, a son. Hantsport, Sept. 9, to the wife Horace Davison, a son.

Berwick, Sept. 13, to the wife of C. R. Borden, a son.

Truro, Sept. 19, to the wife of A. J. Campbell, a son.

Mt. Denson, Aug. 30, to the wife of Wm. McKinley, a son.

Windsor, Sept. 19, to the wife of Reginald Redden, a son.

Yarmouth, Sept. 16, to the wife of C. A. Kennedy, a daughter.

Truro, Sept. 20, to the wife of T. W. Blenkinsop, a daughter.

Sydney, Sept. 18, to the wife of John Menzies, jr., a daughter.

Truro, Sept. 10, to the wife of Mrs. Warren Bryson, a son.

Port Lorne, Sept. 13, to the wife of Patterson Foster, a daughter.

Ipswich, Mass., Sept. 11, to the wife of R. S. Abbot, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Sept. 15, to the wife of Capt. B. E. Merriam, a son.

Sheet Harbor, Sept. 12, to the wife of D. C. Richardson, a son.

Lower Onslow, Sept. 10, to the wife of Geo. W. Carter, a daughter.

Londonderry station, Aug. 3, to the wife of Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, a son.

Forest Glen, Colchester Co., Sept. 16, to the wife of Burpee Stevens, a daughter.

St. John, Sept. 21, George Pollock to Ada B. Smith. Kentville, Sept. 21, Robert S. Boyd to Minnie G. Langille.

Halifax, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, E. J. Bishop to M. Jean Smith.

Yarmouth, Sept. 17, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Jacob K. Hatfield to Dora A. Wilson.

Grand Manan, Sept. 3, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Alfred Penne to Julia E. Plant.

Chatham, Sept. 21, by Rev. D. Henderson, Albert Baines to Florence Kerr.

Kentville, Sept. 16, by Rev. Geo. Wilson, Clinto Shaw to Jennie Bafuse.

Moncton, Sept. 21, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, John A. Johnston to Mary Carter.

Bridgetown, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. R. Hart, George Gaskill to Mrs. Julia M. Hall.

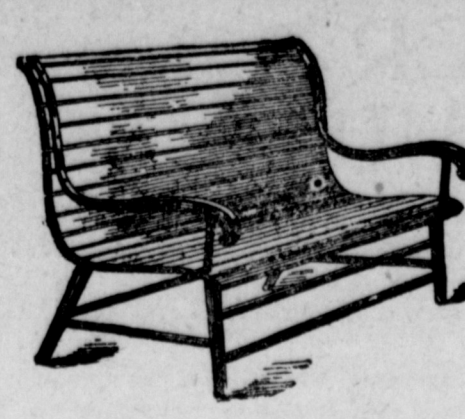
Loudest, Pictou Co., Sept. 21, Rev. W. B. MacDonald, to Lydia C. Kincaid.

Whiting, Me., Aug. 28, by Rev. F. W. Snell, Ashabel Card to Amelia A. Porter.

St. Andrews, Sept. 14, by Rev. A. W. Mahon, Charles H. Collins to Ida M. Rigby.

St. Stephen, Sept. 12, by Rev. Thos. Marshall, Samuel L. Harris to Bessie M. Smith.

Dorchester, Mass., Sept. 14, by Rev. M. R. Powers, George Dobson to Florence Grant.



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### STEAMBOATS.

## Star Line Steamers

—FOR—

## Fredericton.

(Local Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.30 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John. Steamer Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

## CHANGE OF SAILING.

On and after Monday, the 20th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

### RAILROADS.

## Dominion Atlantic Ry.

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 12.28 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.40 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.15 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. Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B unused express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

## S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express train, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p. m. Uniquely equipped with Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace (or Express) Trains. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

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

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, and from the Express train, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFINS, 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. . . . . 5.3 Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax. . . . . 7.0 Express for Sussex. . . . . 11.5 Express for Moncton. . . . . 16.4 Express for Quebec, Montreal. . . . . 17. Express for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney. . . . . 22.30.

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 12.20 for Truro.

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 Moncton. . . . . 21.50 Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted. . . . . 1.25 Accommodation from Pictou, Chene and Moncton. . . . . 11.25

All trains run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

Middle Musquodoboit, Sept. 7, by Rev. W. C. Perry. Alex. Smith to Esther I. Power.

Sydney Mines, Sept. 14, by Rev. D. Drummond. Alex. McDonald to Sarah Campbell.

Paradise, Sept. 7, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Maynard McKenzie to Myrtle J. Whitman.

Vanceboro, Sept. 7, by Rev. C. H. Raupach, Everett C. Hicks to Amanda Armstrong.

Scornerville, Aug. 31, by Rev. E. T. Pomeroy, Richard C. Christie to Lillian O. Knowlton.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 28, by Rev. J. Macgillivray, Stanley T. Chow to Minnie W. Murray.

Tatamagouche, Sept. 10, by Rev. J. Sedgewick, George L. Brown to Mary E. Langille.

Lawrencetown, Sept. 7, by Rev. L. F. Wallace, Henry F. Grant to Annie L. Bezaunson.

Scotch Village, Newport, Sept. 6, by Rev. Wm. Rees Joshua S. Lantz to Annie S. Wier.

Jamaica Plain, Sept. 6, by Rev. Ralph M. Hunt, Rev. Frederick M. Young, to Susan A. Walker.

Scotch Village, Newport, Sept. 10, by Rev. Wm. Rees, Howard B. Sanford to Cynthia G. Armstrong.

Ballybrack, Macleod, N. W. T., Sept. 14, by Rev. J. A. Gaffney, Edward F. Cummings to Mary J. Hughes.

Halifax, Sept. 20, by Rev. Father Morgan, assisted by Rev. Dr. Foley, Sergt-Major Long to Elizabeth M. Mahoney.

### DIED.

Halifax, Sept. 15, Mattie Ryan.

Yarmouth, Sept. 17, Ethel Cook.

Victoria, John David Munroe 49.

Calais, Sept. 1 Barbara Howe, 74.

Newport, Sept. 12, Annie Dill 45.

Calais, Sept. 7 Ann Baltimore, 75.

Sydney, Sept. 16, Jane Campbell.

Truro, Sept. 13, Tena May Fraser.

Halifax, Sept. 19, James Hunt 7.

Red Beach, Sept. 11 Russell Lane, 1.

Portantique, Sept. 4, Amos Hill, 23.

St. John, Sept. 12, James Drake, 73.

East Noel, Sept. 8 Gladys Hines, 3.

Hants, Sept. 5, Hugh McDonald, 84.

Alexander, Sept. 4, Sarah Averill, 98.

Calais, Sept. 15 Deborah Gardener 66.

Truro, Sept. 17, Rosina McDorman, 43.

Calais, Sept. 9, Marjorie Foster, 4 mos.

Halifax, Sept. 21, John Webster, 9 mos.

Calais, Sept. 14, Thomas Schofield, 54.