What the Express Brought.

With a roar and a rattle, the six o'clock express train rushed across the bridge that spanned the narrow river on the Derwent farm, near Concord, and Alice Derwent, the farmer's pretty, dark-eyed daughter, stood on the vine shaded porch, looking after it with an unconscious sigh.

'So many come by you, so many go by you, out into the great, wide, beautiful world,' she thought, as she gazed over the fertile valley farm and out through the break in the circling blue mountains, from whence a trail of smoke came floating back. 'I wonder if you will ever bring me anything? or carry me away? or muut I live my lile out to the bitter end, shut in by these quiet hills?"

'Supper-ready, mother ?' called out the hearty looking farmer, halting in the glow of the bright firelight on the open hearth, as he came from toddering the stock, tollowed by his son, I homas, who was the living, breathing image of his sire.'

'To be sure it is,' replied his bustling little wife, who had just such eyes and hair as bonny Alice, and just the same sweet smile, 'Isn't it always ready, father when the train goes by? Come Alice!'
'Alice is out there looking for her tor-

tune, mother,' said Tom, 'It is coming by that train. I know all about it.' Alice smiled and shook her head at her saucy brother, as she took her seat at her

tather's side. Little did any of them think how many a true word is spoken in jest, or that the fortune which the evening express was to bring the daughter of the house was even

then nearing their hospitable door. Mrs. Derwent poured out the teastrong, hot and tragrant.

'Squire Seaton, up in the big house yonder, don't often get such tea as this, with all his staff of servants,' said, Tom looking across the valley to the brick and freestone palace of the one millionaire in joy, while Alice drew her bewildered moththe village.

'Poor man!' sighed Mrs. Derwent. 'I do pity him! His wife and daughter dead, and his only son so wild and wilful, and a wanderer all over the world. Only last week he told me, with tears in his eyes, that he had heard of his boy, and that the young man had been seen lately in Leadville, intoxicated and poorly-dressed, in a gambling saloon. Yet, when he wrote there—and wrote kindly—his son had disappeared. If it was our Tom, Elihu, I should just break my heart. Tom if you ever do grow unsteady, and run away like Philip Seaton, you will give your mother her death-blow. Remember that!'

'Thank God, it isn't Tom, Martha! I'm sorry, too, for the man and for the boy. Mr. Seaton owns that he turned his son out of his house in New York, in a fit of anger and that the boy swore never to enter his house again. Bad temper on both sides, you see; and so-Why, Martha, what on earth is that ?'

Farmer Derwent might well ask the question, and rush from the tea-table to the door, followed by his wondering wife and children.

A procession of four of his neighbors was coming up from his garden gate. At the gate stood a horse and a light express wagon, and from the wagon the four men had listed an inanimate body, and were bearing it toward the house.

'The six o'clock express had run off the track a mile or two up the valley,' said Deacon Jones, as he and his two sons and his brother in-law reached the porch with their senseless burden. 'Ever so many people hurt, but able to go on as soon as they got righted. But this poor fellow is so nearly dead that we thought we had better bring him here, being as it was the pearest house, and send for the doctor. We knew that your wife could nurse him back into health if any one could, Mr. Derwent.'

'You're right there, neighbors. Bring him in,' said the farmer.

His wite led the way to the best bedroom, next the parlor. Tom sprang on the back of his swift sorrel colt, and set off for the doctor.

Half an hour later the supper table was cleared, and Alice Derwent sat pensively by the kitchen fire, while her father and mother were busy with the doctor in the spare-room; and Tom, hurrying to and fro on their errands, stopping once or twice to inform her that the stranger was young and handsome, but dressed like a laborer, and that the doctor said it was a near chance whether he lived or died.'

Two weeks passed on. The doctor came and went each day the neighbors tar and near volunteered their servicesall except Squire Seaton, who lived his usual secluded life in his great mansion, buried in his books and knew nothing of the stranger who lay at death's door.

'Poor boy! Alice, I wish you would go in and sit beside him awhile,' said Mrs. Derwent, on the first evening of the third week of illness. He is asleep now. If he wakes you can call me. If we only knew his people. I would send for them. I fear he will not last long.

Alice went in, and took her place in the nurse's chair. Tears of pity dimmed her eyes as she looked at the wasted figure in the bed-the pale, thin face, the fast-closed eyes, the hollow temples under the waving brown hair.

'I wish his mother or father could come!'

she said aloud. The heavy lids blue eyes looked at her imploringly. 'My father !' whispered the sick man. Bring him-tell him-I was coming-

Seaton-Seaton-' The taint voice died away. The eyes

again were closed. Alice stood an instant like one struck dumb. She had never noticed the resemblance before, but now she could trace the firm lines of the old squire's countenance in that pale pinched facs.

'Sleeping still? That is a good sign,' said her mother, coming in ready to re sume her place, for the night.

Alice hesitated for a moment. Never before had she acted by or for herself in any matter of moment.

But the sound of voices might arouse the slumberer. Her father and Tom had gone on a household errand to the viltage; there

was no one else to consult. Finally she threw on her waterproof, drew its heavy bood over her head, and sped across the valley to Squire Seaton's

Even the well trained servant wore an astonished face as he ushered this mysterious visitor into his master's study.

Squire Seaton looked up from his book, and his usual pallor increased to a ghastly bue as be listened to the breathless girl.

'My son—my boy—my Philip at your father's house? And dying, you fear? Asking for me? Coming to me? Wait! I'll go with you, of course-I'll go to my poor boy! But-the room is turning round-I think I must be going blind!'

Alice sprang to his side. The gray head fell on her shoulder. Tenderly she smoothed the silvery hair, away from the high forehead, and bathed the pale tace with the cold water and fragrant essences which the frightened servant brought.

The old man revived to find her ministering to him thus. And it was almost like tather and daughter that they took their way across the valley together, he leaning on her arm, and listening greedily to all town. that she could tell him of his long-absent, long-mourned son.

'It is my father's voice! I hear his step! shall get well if te will only forgive me! said the invalid, greatly to Mrs. Derwent's surprise, as the house door sottly opened to a stranger's touch.

He struggled up from his pillows, resisting her attempt to soothe him.

'Father, I am sorry-longive me!' he said, in a firmer voice, as Alice entered, followed by the aged man.

And then Squire Seaton came, feebly but swiftly into the room, and held his son to his heart, sobbing aloud with gratitude and er into the kitchen and told of her expedition to the house of the lonely millionaire.

Joy seldom kills; and there is a revivitying power in love and happiness combined, far beyond the skill of all earthly physicians, or the virtue of all earthly drugs. So it happened that, as the spring months deepened into summer, Philip Sea-

ton, strong and well once more, stood beside bonny Alice, in the porch one evening to see the six o'clock express flash by. 'At Leadville, when I was utterly reck less, and utterly penniless, too, a letter from my father reached me,' he said, in a low tone. 'It was so kind, so sad, that it seemed to turn me from my old courses on the moment. Just as I was-in the rough

garments of a miner-I set off to return to my father, like the prodigal son. And God led me here!' There was a long silence; the sun sank out of sight beyond the circling mountains: the first chill of evening was in the air.

'In my anger I swore that I would never enter door of my father's home,' the young man went on. 'But it was not his home! Here I may enter, purified, repentant, forgiven, it on the good angel of my new life will go with me. Will she, Alice ?'

He took her hand. 'But your father!' stammered Alice. am only a farmer's daughter! And you-'I an not worthy of your love in any way. But my father begs you to be his

daughter, Alice. Say yes!' She did say it. And so the greatest forturne of her life- the brightest happiness of both their lives—came on that evening train. - Saturday Night.

That Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only Unfailing Cure

For all Kidney Diseases—They Have Cured all Cases for Which They Have Been Tried-No other Remedy Has This Record.

Bridgewater, N. S., Oct 31.-There can be no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced man or woman that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest Kidney remedy on earth. The record of cures effected by this wonderful medicine, places it in the proud position of the only positive and unfailing cure for Kidney Disease, known to

In every township, village, town and city in the Dominion Dodd's Kidney Pills have been used in cases of Kidney Disease and every time they have been used, they have cured.

It there should be anyone who still doubts that Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively cure Kidney Disease of any form, that person should ask Mr. John S. Morgan of this pl ce, what his opinion is.

Mr. Morgan has written the story of the case—for he was a victim of Kidney Disease, and was made sound and well by Dodd's Kidney Pills, when the doctors had given up trying to help him.

For eighteen years Mr. Morgan endured the terrible agony of this complaint. The doctors could do him no good, and patent medicines were worse than useless. His weight decreased forty pounds, and he was weak crippled and nervous.

Finally in despair, he began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Almost immediately he was relieved. In astonishment he continued Spry Bay, Oct. 12, by Rev. W. W. McNairn, Althe use of the medicine, and when he had used twenty boxes, health and strength had returned to him. Now, robust and vigorous he cannot sufficiently praise the

medicine that saved him. Dodd's Kidzey Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50 or sent on receipe of price. by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto, Oat.

Our heaviest burden is our triend's good

Ready for Duty.

J. W. Scherer, in his 'Daily Life During the Indian Mutiny,' says that when the rains fell, bringing with them fever and cholera, the horrors of the campaign were, of course, redoubled. When the outbreak came, some men, bolding isolated positions until the last moment of safety, were compelled to fl e through almost incredible difficulties and dangers. One man, Mowbray Thomson, when interrogated about the hardships he had undergone, spoke of them with the utmost simplicity, as if they were ordinary circumstances to be looked for in the day's work' of life.

"Some years after a London banker, sit ting next me at dinner, began talking about Thomson, and asked me if I had met him. I told him that I had seen him every day for a year or two.

"Well,' said he, 'I met him once in London and I shall never forget an answer he made to a question of mine.'

"What was the question?" 'I asked him, 'When you got once more among your countrymen, and the whole terrible thing was over, what on earth was the first thing you did?'

"Did!" cried he. 'Why, I went and reported myself as present and ready for

A sign which was productive of much discussion was read by the patrons of a laundry establishment in a little country

It was printed in large letters on a piece

'Closed on account of illness till next Monday, or possibly Wednesday. I am not expected to live. Shall be unable to deliver goods for at least a week, in any

She: 'An editor has always to have great command of language, does he not ?' He: 'Oh, yes; he frequently orders four or five thousand words at a time.'



BORN.

Sussex, Oct. 19, to the wife of John Andrews, a son. St. John, Oct. 22, to the wife of John Irwin, a son. Windsor, Oct. 19, to the wife of Frank Sheppard, a Glenwood, Oct 12, to the wife of Archie Morrell, Salem, Cumb., Oct. 6, to the wife of Hazel Johnson

Westport, Gct. 18, to the wife of Arnold B. Crocker Clark's Harbor, Oct. 23, to the wife of Isaac Swim,

Yarmouth, Oct. 26, to the wife of W. H. Gridley Monet n, Oct. 26 to the wife of Frank Gibson, Richibucto, Oct. 26, to the wife of Philip Woods, Campbellton, Oct. 20, to the wife of J. A. Steeves,

daughter, Windsor, Oct. 23, to the wife of Patrick Rooney, a Springhill, Oct. 17, to the wife of John Mullay, a Westville, Oct. 9, to the wife of John Dooley, a

Amherst, Oct. 19, to the wife of Wm. B. Bowser, a Milton, Queens, Oct. 18, to the wife of Wm. Ford, a daughter

Chatham, Oct. 28, to the wife of W. L. T. Weldon, Freeport, Oct. 27, to the wife of Bernard Morrel, a

Haiifax, Oct. 23, to the wife of Roderick McDonald, a daughter. Loggieville, Oct. 15, to the wife of Frances P. Loggie, a daughte Bridgetown, N. S., Oct.,3, to the wife of Herbert

Marshall, a sor St. Croix N. S., Oct. 19, to the wife of Capt. E. Brinton, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Oct. 25, Ralph E. Smith to Winifred Lancaster, Oct. 26, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Harry Willis to Grace Elis. Halifax, Oct. 25, by Rev. A. C. Chute, H. L. Dennison to Eva Forre t. St. John, Oct. 27, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, James Ingraham to Dora Rider. Westport, Oct. 19, by Rev. C. J. Pineo, St. Clair Dakin to Gertrude Benson. Barrington, Oct. 22, by Rev. J. E. cosline, Burns Christie to Drusilla Smith. Westport, Oct. 19, by Rev. Mr. Bolton, Mr. Geo. Conneil to Carrie Backman. Barton, Oct. 25, by Rev. G. D. Harris, Chas. E. Smith to Miriam Urquh rt. Moncton, Oct. 26, by Rev. W. B. Hinson, Gains ! Steeves to Meta H. Pearson. Glassville, Oct. 19, by Rev. J. K. Beairsto, Sterling

A. Bricknell to Minnie Flint. St. John, Oct 29, by Rev. John Read, Moses G. Brown to Addaletta Pangburn. mar. Henley. Bear River, Oct. 19, by Rev. D W. Shurman, Dr. L. H. Morse to Mary L. Clarke.

Shelburne Oct. 25, by Rev. W. H. S. Morris, Mr. J. Edward Young to May Bruce. Halifax, Oct. 22, by Rev. P. R. Soanes, Henry Faulkner to Liddie Ann Mitchell. Calais, Oct. 26, by Rev. Chas. G. McCully, Frederick J. Matheson to Anna Yeoman. Hebron, Oct. 22, by Rev. J. W. Tingley, Jacob Henry Cann to Laura Sanders Cann.

Salmon Creek, Oct. 26, by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, Isaac W. Hutchison to Clara Porter. Moncton, Oct. 26, by Rev. J. Millen Robinson, Robert & Coleman to Isabella Scott.

is made to put on buildings-to stay on buildings. It is made by special machinery according to thoroughly tested formulae. It is better than any handmixed paint because it is always uniform, always right. The next best paint that's made is far behind

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397 Washington St., New York. 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

Yarmouth, Oct. 19, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Jas. Albert White to Mary Francis Logan. Weymouth Bridge, Oct. 27, by Rev. Mr. Miller, Herbert L. Silver to Maricn E. Burrill. of brown paper, and pinned to the door of Belleiele Creek, Oct 28, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles the shop It ran thus:

Rev. D. B. Bayley to Eloise Charlton. New Glasgow, Oct 20. by Rev. A. W Nicolson, Rev. Wm. Purvis to Amanda Lockhart.

Wakefield, Mass., Oct. 16, by Rev. J. E. Millerick Dr. Israel M. Lovitt to Agnes H. Forbes. Sable River, Oct. 12, by Rev. W. H. Edyvean, George H. Deinstadt to Nina H. Chivers.

Yarmouth, Oct. 26, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Frederick W. Boyd to Euphemia Blanche Rogers. New Mexico, Oct. 11 by Rev. A. J. Emmerson, Rev. John L. Keil to Aimee Beatrice Hilton. Wolfville, Oct. 19, by Rev. Kenneth Hind, Edmund F. L. Jenner to Elizabeth Adelaide Thomson. Dorchester, Mass., Sept. 21, by Rev. A. K. Mac-Lennan, Kenneth MacLeod to Mary Mac-

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 20, by Rev. Albert L. Mer-shon, Manning Force Stires to Pauline Kath-erine Dickson.

DIED.

St. John, Oct. 30, John Bardsley 86. Halifax, Oct. 24, Joseph Murphy 65. Halifax, Oct. 26, Thomas C. Allen 47. Hillsburn, Oct. 9, Wm. Longmire 96. Boston, Oct 22, N. A. Doubleday 52. St. John, Oct. 28, Robert L. Smith 45. Windsor, Oct. 20, Martha M. Brown 51. Chatham, Oct. 10, William Sargeant 62. Port Maitland, Oct. 20, Calvin Sollows. Hantsport, Oct. 21, William B. Salter 68. Plympton, Oct. 16, Mrs. Sabine Savary 98. Halifax, Oct. 23, Nehemiah K. Clements 48, San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 10 John Annand. Saranac Lake, N. Y., Oct. 2, Ada Montagu. Mar halltown, Oct. 25, Rossa Robicheau 34. Digby County, Oct. 18, Mary A. Turnbuil 66. Newcastle, Oct. 11, Edith Touchie 11 months. Dartmouth, Oscar B., son of Arch John on 18. East Pubnico, Oct. 17, Phæbe A. Belliveau 67. Barrington Passage, Oct 18, Richard Fulier 68. Truro, Oct 22, Victor, son of Wm. Cream 5 months. West Advocate, N. S., Oct. 23, Lettie Knowlton 24. Boston, ct. 8, Martha J wife of Captain T. C. Ryan

Grand Lake, Halifax, Oct. 15, Mrs. Lizzie Isenor Dartmouth, Oct. 1, Harold N., infant son of Nelsone

Halifax, Oct. 3, Hiram R. son of John E. Tridar 11 weeks. Halifax, Oct. 24, Eleanor widow of James H. Lind-Dartmouth, Oct. 23, Margaret, widow of John Wil-

Waterville, Oct. 22, Caroline R. wife of Am brose Windsor, Oct. 21, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chebogue Point, Oct. 21, Oscar L. son of Frank R.

Boston Mass., Oct. 22, Margaret, widow of Nugent Bathurst, Sept 19, Etta A. daughter of Charles Mc-St. John, Oct. 30, Mary A. widow of the late Sam-Point de Bute, Oct. 22, Ethel, daughter of Mr. Jo

Dartmouth, Oct. 25, Avis R. wife of T. Grassie Bridgetown, Oct. 26, Nancy, widow of the late Hillsburn, Oct. 5, Reginald B., son of Bernard Longmire 5 months.

Hortonville, Oct. 20, Phebe, relict of the late Ezekiel B. Harris 83. Halifax, Oct. 4, Lilian M. daughter of Chas. W. Downie 10 weeks. Oak Point, Kings Co., Oct. 29, Elizabeth, wife of Daniel Marley 60.

Port. Williams, Oct. 22, Wilfrod R. infant son of H. L. Ratuse 3 weeks. St. John, Oct. 29, Ethel B. infant daughter of Geo. B. Drake 5 months.

Charlestown, Mass., Oct. 22, Annie A., wife of Charles E. Gilchrist 38 Marvsville, N. B. Oct. 27, Kathariae A. daughter of I. Bright Cudlip 5 months.

Los Angeles, California, Oct. 9, Mary W. wife the late Capt. Mendal Crocker 81. Gagetown, Queens Co., Oct. 24, Henry J. son of the late Major Frederick DuVerne: 69.

BAILROADS.

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Leave Montreal from Windsor Station at 2 p. m. every Thursday for Seattle, & , and from Carleton Jct. every Friday, at 7 p. m. for Vancouver.

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A. H. NOTMAN,

A. St. Geul. Passr. Agent.

St. John, N. B.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

Fredericton.

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.36 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. Stmr. 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 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clitton 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,

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamsnip and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arv Digby 10 00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arv St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6. 30 a.m., arv in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p.m., arv Yarmouth 3.35 p.m. Lve. Halifax 800 a.m., Tuesday and Friday. Lve. Digby 12 50 p m., arr. Yarmouth 3 00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arv. Digby 11.43 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arv. Halifax 5.45 p. m Lve. Yarmouth 8 35 a. m. Mon. and Thur.

Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Haliax 3.32 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., arv Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arv Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way

on Flying Bluenose express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. S.S Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and 'astest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, 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 cusine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains ers 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 Parrsboro. Close connections with trains at Digby.

Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William

Street, at the whart office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all informed tion can be obtained. P. GIFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway,

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898
the rains of this Railway will run
daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pic'ou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 16.30 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 for Truro.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Monc-All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.