

[CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.]

entire absence from conceit. I have been knocking about the world for some years now, and I can heartily confirm that your instinct tells you—that hasty marriages are almost invariably repented of at leisure; that when a man marries a girl merely because she has a pretty face, it rarely brings either satisfaction. However pretty at first, in the nature of things beauty tarnishes, and the man sees another face, younger, fresher somewhere else, that takes his fancy. A woman should not only win her husband's heart, but also be strong enough to keep it. As her physical charms decline her mental ones should take their place; and that this may be so she should, in the first instance, only marry a man whom she thoroughly knows, loves, trusts, and admires, even as he does her. How can men be such fools as to risk their whole life's happiness upon a pretty face, which, as you said, a single hour may suffice to destroy?

There is a strange ring of scorn and contempt in his voice, and for a short time he falls again into reverie, which I do not venture to disturb.

'Let me see your programme,' he says, after a pause; and as I comply with his request, he examines it with care from the first line to the last.

A satisfied look steals over his face as he remarks—

'You are certainly a very discreet young lady. A fair field and no favor: one man one dance. Pray, did all your partners acquiesce meekly in your decision?'

I look up for a moment, and return him a smile.

'Perhaps not all,' I reply, with a faint laugh; 'but—'

'How did Sir Harry take it?' he queries with a critical expression in his eyes.

'Oh! he—was a wee bit tiresome,' I reply, guardedly; 'only—well, you see, as usual, you came to my rescue—your was the only name down on my programme—you had only taken one dance, so I told him I had decided not to give more than one to any partner; if you had taken two, I should not have had any loophole of excuse.'

'I am glad that I only took one,' then, he replies in an odd tone—colder, sterner, quicker, than he has been using before; 'but, as a rule, there is no harm in dancing twice with the same partner. Perhaps, I had better explain that personally. I never dance twice with one partner in the same evening; it is my invariably rule, and having made it, I shall not break it; but—well, more abruptly than ever, "no doubt you have guessed that I don't like Sir Harry."

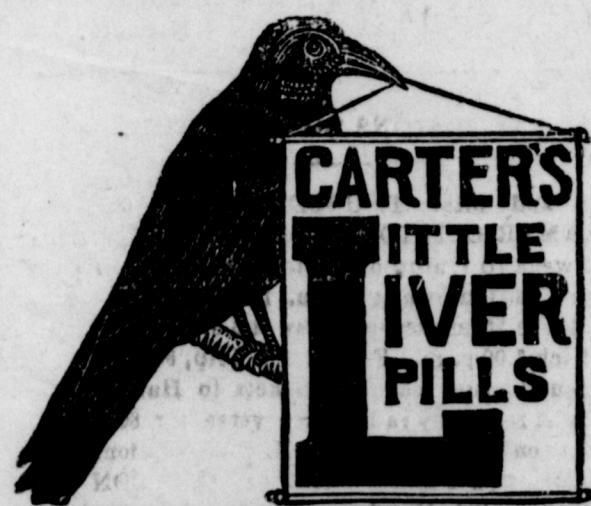
'I will be frank with you; I hate him, for a thousand reasons which I won't bore you with; only, I approve your conduct in limiting him to one dance in encouraging him as little as possible. He is astonished at the novelty of being repulsed by a girl like you; he is beginning to make it a point of honor to conquer you, and, seeing that he has a little wealth, and an undoubted position to offer you, he makes no doubt of his success in the end.'

'Well, I am sure that, as yet, you are heart and fancy free, so I will give you one word of advice—old to your opinions about matrimony, do not be flattered, coaxed, or bought, only marry a man you love and respect, and avoid Sir Harry as you would the plague; keep your priceless love for one more worthy of it than he is, and do not fall away from the standard you have set up yourself to follow.'

'Well, upon my word if your not the coolest hand for a debutante I've ever seen! It's disgraceful,' cried an indignant voice, as Sir Henry Grasmere halts in front of our retreat, and glance at us in unmistakable anger, 'it is an insult, and—and—I feel it my duty to inform Mrs. Dashwood how you have treated me.'

'Oh! dear, what is the matter?' I cry springing to my feet in consternation; have I done anything wrong?'

'You've cut my dance,' he replies, furiously 'the first time I have ever been so insulted. Not contenting yourself with giving me the least possible number, you actually sit my dance out with another man. I—I—'



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They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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I gaze from one to the other in annoyance.

Sir Harry is blazing; Sir Anthony looks pale, but cool and disdainful.

'I assure you, Sir Harry,' he says coldly 'that Miss Courtaine did not wantonly throw you over.'

'Confound you, sir! I don't want any excuses from you,' foams Sir Harry. 'I might have guessed to whom I was indebted for this insult. Do you think I haven't seen your game long ago?'

'Don't you understand that this is neither the place nor the time to enter upon our affair?' interrupts Sir Anthony, haughtily as he throws his head back and fixes his eyes full upon the others face, looking handsomer than ever in the subdued light.

'I should not dream of excusing myself to you; I am merely explaining, for Miss Courtaine, how she was unfortunate enough to miss your dance, which, I repeat was an accident, and for that, of course, I am more to blame than she, inexperienced as she is, this being her first ball. Are you satisfied?'

Sir Harry grunts out something in reply; he does not like the contempt in the other's face and tone, and it is easy to see that there is some secret antagonism between these two men of which the world does not dream.

'I suppose I must be,' he says sulkily, 'if Miss Courtaine will give me another dance in place of the one she cut.'

'I have only one, I reply reluctantly throwing a glance at Sir Anthony in the vain hope that he will claim it or do something to save me from giving it to my bet-nore. Truth to tell, I have kept this one free on the chance of Sir Anthony asking for another later on in the evening, but, to my chargin, he merely says—

'That it is all right, then. Give it to Sir Harry in place of the other.'

Then with a formal bow, he turns away and leaves us together, and Sir Harry, being somewhat mollified at the tardy recompense for my neglect, changes his resentful, angry tone to one of griefed surprise, insinuating, without putting into actual words, that forgetting him is a far greater offence than forgetting anyone else could be.

I sigh impatiently, and snatch away my hands, which he is trying to retain in his own, and say—

'I really did not forget you on purpose.'

'Let me see your programme,' he says, eagerly.

'Why?' I ask.

'I want to see how many Nigel had.'

'Only one,' I reply, with truthful regret.

'I feel sure that I saw you dancing with him a long time ago,' he persists.

'Oh, no! I reply promptly. 'I have had only one dance with him—just before you came up. You have made a mistake.'

Then the music strikes up, and we go through our dance.

I take care not to leave the ball-room at its close, but insist upon being taken to Aunt Janette.

I discover I have lost my programme, and, seeing Sir Anthony sometime later, ask him if he took it away in mistake.

After an almost imperceptible hesitation, he takes it out of his pocket, and hands it to me in silence.

Then Aunt Janette tells me it is time we made our adieux, and after doing so, and being seen to our carriage by quite an army of men, of whom, I regret to say, Sir Anthony does not make one, we return home, and in answer to Aunt Janette's question—

'How did you enjoy your first ball, Barbara?'

I reply, quickly—

'Oh, immensely, thank you,' after which I retire to my own room to ask myself the same question, viz.:—

'How did I enjoy my first ball?'

I answer it differently when alone. I could have enjoyed it, if—Sir Anthony had been different—less of a puzzle.

In appearance he is quite a young man, not a day over thirty, I should say, exceptionally handsome, and wonderfully fascinating—to me at any rate—and yet, something tells me that he is not the same to me that the other men are.

I like him more than I like them, he likes me less than they like me.

During that talk of love and marriage, for instance, he had not at all the manner of a young, eligible man discussing the point with a young lady.

He seemed to speak from some far off post of vantage, as if he had no interest in the topic as far as he was concerned.

He seems to like me as one man might like another, to be willing to be friends with me, but no more; there was no subtle shade of love or flirtation in his manner, and I miss it all the more since so many other men I know have ranged themselves to night as my admirers.

And yet a thrill of joy that is almost a pain runs through my veins, and as I examine my programme in the seclusion of my own room, I know now why he carried it away with him when he left me with my other partner. He guessed that Sir Harry might ask to see it, and he did not choose him to know that we had sat our five dances together, for Sir Anthony's dance is number six and Sir Harry's number eleven, and during all that time he and I sat together in the window recess.

It seemed but a minute to me; in reality it must have been the best part of an hour. Did he really find time so short in my society that minutes seemed seconds or—well I am content with the fact, and, on the whole, reply to my own question—

'Yes; I really did enjoy the first ball very much indeed.'

Some Tools for Making Millions.

Henry Clews began life as a messenger boy in an English woolen factory. He is now worth \$8,000,000, and attributes his rise in life to his belief in these simple mottoes:

It requires other things than ambition to become a millionaire; making every-

thing count for something is one of the other things.

Sobriety, honesty and industry are the three grades of a successful business career. Save without parsimony; spend without lavishness.

Sound health, a clear head, wise economy and, work, work will declare big dividends for any one who looks well after the original investment.

Shun wild speculations, and be satisfied with slow but sure returns for money invested.

COULDN'T TELL A KISSING BUG.

Jaakey Sontheimer's Solicitous Ignorance Spoiled His Good Looks.

Little Jaakey Sontheimer is so good natured, so innocent, so obliging, so popular, that one of his customers, on entering his place for an early forenoon beer the other day, was amazed to find him with his lips to twice their normal size, a badly skinned nose and a spacious discoloration surrounding his left eye, disfiguring his usually smooth and jolly features.

'Holy smoke Jaakey!' exclaimed the astonished customer. 'Who pushed you off the trolley car?'

'Somepotty vos not bush me der drolley gar off,' replied Jaakey meekly and sadly; 'but I shall zwee tollar poot quick gif somepotty if he shall dake me alretty und bush me der dock off wunst! I bet you, yes.'

'Haven't been sandelubbed, have you, Jaakey?' the customer inquired further.

'Sentglubbed!' responded Jaakey contemptuously. 'Foolsy dimes vill deer beer sot up, py chimineddy, for der sentglubber vot can do me like dese up! Sure!'

And Jaakey felt his swollen lips tenderly, stroked gently his skinned nose, and gazed dolefully at his black eye.

'What did happen to you, then?' persisted the customer.

'Dit you somedinks py der noosababers reat somedinks, ladely?' asked Jaakey. 'Somedinks oful!'

The customer said that he had read about many awful things in the newsbabers lately—murders, disasters and the like—but that he hadn't seen anything about what had happened to Jaakey.

'You haf not py de noosababers somedinks oful ret alretty of an insegg?' continued Jaakey inquiringly.

'An insect?' said the customer.

'Sure!' exclaimed Jaakey. 'An insegg. A puck.'

'A bug?' said the customer. 'What kind of a bug?'

'Vot kint?' said Jaakey. 'Dot kint iss vot just a leddele chew you py der lib wunst, und maype der nose somedinks all over, yet, so poovy quick you shall just swell und swell!'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jaakey's friend, 'you mean the kissing bug?'

'I bet you swee tollar, yes!' replied Jaakey. 'Der kissing puck. You vos somedinks of him ret somedinks ladely py der noosababers?'

'Oh, yes,' said the customer, 'I've read all about him Jaakey.'

Jaakey stepped back a pace or two, gazed as impressively at his friend as his charged countenance would permit, and with a comprehensive point with all the fingers of one hand at his face, said, slowly and solemnly:

'Dose vos him!'

The situation and the conditions were so comical that Jaakey's customer couldn't contain himself. He laughed long and loud, and Jaakey waited patiently till he got through.

'You don't mean to tell me, Jaakey,' said the customer, controlling his hilarity at last, 'that you expect to work that mug off on me as the result of a touch of the kissing bug? Why, it's a job worthy of J. J. J.'—that face of yours is!'

'Sure!' assented Jaakey. 'But der kissing puck vos done it, und I bet you dot!'

Scrofula.
Another permanent cure
by B.B.B. after two
doctors failed.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennett, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P.Q., states his case as follows:

'After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole.'

Next to war in its brutal manifestations is a great strike, as was recently shown in the mines of Colorado and among the street car employees of Cleveland. Then men and women, unreasoning under excitement and maddened by the words of unwise leaders, seek retaliation and revenge by armed force and by the destruction of property. It was in the midst of such ruthless demonstrations in Chicago, five years ago, that a slender dark haired gentleman hurried down the steps of Armour Institute to a company of workmen who were burning cars and tearing up tracks. An observer would have trembled for the man's life.

Facing the rioters, he asked for a hearing. His manner was urgent and determined, but it was that of a friend. With great earnestness he expressed his friendship for workmen, and declared his right to speak to them, and to be heard, for his life was given for the benefit of their families.

His plea was so sympathetically urged that they should see and know the work in which he was engaged, that a portion of the men were induced to go with him to the institute of which he is president. There

CAUTION This is the Can that is imitated



Its wonderful popularity causes the imitations. Beware of them.
Get the original "SEAL BRAND" Coffee.
ALL GOOD GROCERS.
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Listen! I tell you somedinks. I py der noosababers a whole lot yit of dot keessing puck peen reating, and I dink me I shall bedder look a leedle oud, alretty. So I all der dime vatch me for dot puck, and I shvear me ven I see him I shall snetch him so quick balt-hetted he vill vish he vos himself shetwring in a kettish chowder, by chimineddy! Listen! I dink me yesterty shall on Afnoo A valk a leedle, und vot you belief? On der shou'terplade of a young latty's silk vaist up der afnoo valking mit young chent yet, was a puck soosting! Sure!

'Py chimineddy!' I say, 'I bet zwee dollar dot insegg a keessing puck iss, und he vill dot vish bone of der young lady giimb, alretty, und chew her py der lib! I shall snetch dot puck so palt-hetted as a calm, py chimineddy!'

'Und I snetch dot puck on dot silk vaist shoulder plade, und I dink me I haf a wild cat shotten!'

'Chimmy!' dot young latty she vos squeel out, 'Der loafer my shtick pin puck a swigging iss!'

'Himmel!' I says, 'Dot vos der otul keessing puck puck latty! It vill your lib peen chewing yit!'

'Dot young chent he drab me und he say: 'A keessing puck! Vell, I vill der kint of a keessing puck show you vat I am!'

'Und he smash me onder chaw so I dink me if my boots I shall take off I vill my teeth find in my shtockings, py chimineddy. Und den he says, 'Now let me for his muder kiss him wunst, und he smesh me on der nose till I swear I can two blocks away hear it! Und den he says, 'Just one moe kiss before ve bart!' und he smesh me on der eye, und a dorchlight broccession on Afnoo A in der daytime I see alretty.

'Dot vos der kint of a keessing puck vot I am!' dot young chent shepeak himself out, und mit der young lady away he vented.

Jaakey paused in his recital a moment, then gave his face the comprehensive point with his finger and said:

'Der keessing puck. Dose vos him No?'

'Jaakey's friend admitted that the kissing bug was responsible, and Jaakey proceeded.

'Listen!' said he. 'If you shall tain tollar vant, just der man get me yot find dot keessing puck und py der noosababers brint him! Pring me here dot man, und I vill snetch and snetch him, und den shall I for his widow send to come und his shplinter shweep out, or I shall lawsuid her mit damages like efryding! Dot vot der kint of a keessing puck I am by chimineddy!'

And Jaakey shook his head fiercely and set up the beer.

MINESTRIKES.

In Its Brutal Manifestations It Is Next to War.

Next to war in its brutal manifestations is a great strike, as was recently shown in the mines of Colorado and among the street car employees of Cleveland. Then men and women, unreasoning under excitement and maddened by the words of unwise leaders, seek retaliation and revenge by armed force and by the destruction of property. It was in the midst of such ruthless demonstrations in Chicago, five years ago, that a slender dark haired gentleman hurried down the steps of Armour Institute to a company of workmen who were burning cars and tearing up tracks. An observer would have trembled for the man's life.

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His plea was so sympathetically urged that they should see and know the work in which he was engaged, that a portion of the men were induced to go with him to the institute of which he is president. There

they were shown how workingman's children were taught, free of charge, carpentry blacksmithing, printing, dressmaking, cooking; all the profitable trades for both sexes. He had heard, he told them, their shouts of execration against rich men. This was the work of a rich man, who gave almost without stint, that it might be successful and a benefit to the young people, for whom it had been established, and through them to their parents.

The hard faces softened. With eagerness and in full sympathy, the men assured Doctor Gunsaulus that they did not know there was such a school in the world. They had no complaint to make, and could feel nothing but respect for a capitalist who gave such unselfish consideration to the workman.

The antagonisms between capital and labor have not been caused by faults solely on one side. Positive blame belongs to one; negative blame belongs to the other. If there interests are ever peaceably reconciled, the rich man must lead in the reconciliation. It can only come when the capitalist does business from the standpoint of the citizen who seeks by his business talents to contribute to the public good, and who does this largely at the expense of his own personal gain. Then the needs and the hindering limitations of the laboring man will be sympathetically considered, and a more generous estimate placed upon the relative value of his labor.

As for the laboring man, no one can justly disclaim his right to organized effort in his endeavor to secure pecuniary recognition, but it should be organized effort looking to a legal and peaceful solution of the almost infinite difficulties he has to encounter. Labor-unions that use force alienate the sympathy and the moral help they need. Like Buffer in Dickens's tale, strikers only damage their cause when they violently espouse it.

Honor to the Spaniard.

A story of Spanish kindness to Americans should not be forgotten among the many records of American generosity to Spain. It is thus printed in a New York exchange:

While we were still at war with Spain Capt. Don Pedro Millet of the Spanish barkentine Gabriel, rescued the crew of a wrecked American bark, cared for them for twenty six days, and then refused positively to accept any remuneration. We take off our hats to our friends, our late enemies. There is true nobility yet in the blood of old Castile.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willie's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willie's English Pills are used.

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W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
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