

## A Woman's Blandishments.

Kept on the keen edge of hourly expectation, weeks and months may yet pass without any summons from the Foreign Office troubling the quiet of a Queen's messenger. Long intervals of listless inactivity are liable to be broken in upon by fists directing him to pack up and proceed instant to Cairo or Quito, as circumstances and Ministers see need.

So, that morning, it befell in my case. I had just laid aside the newspaper, after reading an article therein about the recent assassination of General Paulovitch, at Tamiey, by a Polish doctor named Telewaki. This worthy, with his wife, had made good their escape to England, and negotiations relative to their arrest and extradition were said to have been opened up by the Russian Government.

Whether it was by virtue of the vividly-pictured cruelties and horrors of Russian prison life, or whether by the arguments and brilliant periods of the leader-writer, I cannot say; but this I do know—that ere I had got half way through the article my sympathies were with the refugees.

However, while the glow of righteous indignation still pervaded me, a cab rattled up the street and stopped below my room. It brought a message from the Foreign Office. I had to start at once for St. Petersburg.

To meet urgent commands of this sort, I always keep my travelling bag ready packed; consequently, I reached the Permanent Secretary's room without any appreciable loss of time.

"The duty is one of great and pressing moment," that official explained. "We thought it well not to use the telegraph, as we have reason for believing that our cipher code is not the safe guard it once was."

As he spoke he handed me a slim package of documents, securely taped and sealed. This I deposited in my bag, which I strapped and locked while receiving my final instructions.

The handsome man was still waiting for me in the quadrangle, and, jumping in, I was whisked off to Charing Cross with all the speed a patriotic London hack could be made to exert on behalf of a bearer of weighty secrets of State. My cab and another, from which a lady alighted, drew up at the station together. Young and pretty, —so much I saw at a glance—but I was in too great a hurry to remark her further just then. I wanted to get a comfortable corner in the Dover train.

In my precipitate spurt for the wicket-gate, however, I chanced to brush past the young lady aforesaid, and the crozier-like heat of her umbrella caught in the pocket of my great coat. Before I knew it, the impetus of my rush had dragged the article from her grasp. Necessarily I had to stop and apologise. She accepted my excuses with a flashing smile that took my breath away. Through her veil I snatched a glimpse of eyes—big, blue, and unfathomable as the sun-kissed sea.

Still, after all, I secured the corner seat I coveted. Lolling back in it I smoked and mused contentedly. First, my thoughts hinged upon my mission. Recalling what I had read in the morning's paper I put this and that together, and—what do you make of it?

Almost the first sight that met my gaze, when I stepped on board the Calais boat, was the tall, shapely figure of Miss Great-Eyes, as, in ignorance of her real name, I had irreverently dubbed her. The deck-chair I had appropriated happened to be close to hers. During the first quarter of an hour I verily believe she looked toward every other portion of the vessel's deck, but never by any chance did those entrancing eyes stray in the direction of that particular square yard of it occupied by me. I was conscious enough to feel piqued at the oversight, and to resent the constant intrusion of a podgy urchin who, waddling unsteadily over the planks seemed to claim a totally unwarrantable share of her interest.

Yet, strangely enough, I was ultimately brought to bless the unstable feet of that child. In the course of his peregrinations round the saloon skylight, he stumbled over the leg of a deck chair and would have shot head-foremost down the companion way had I not cast aside my just rancour and sprung to his aid. This act occasioned my second contretemps with Miss Great-Eyes. She, too, had seen the youngster's danger; she, too, had hastened to his assistance. Our hands clutched his clothes at the same moment; we stooped together to lift him up—and our heads came into collision! It was awkward, certainly; but between us we saved the bantling's neck.

My solicitude for the injured forehead of my lovely fellow passenger paved the way to our informal introduction. She was not English—that much I had at once gathered from her slight accent. Cecile Balard was a native of Hal, in Belgium. She had been on a visit to friends in London. Yes, she was alone. She had made the journey many times, and knew perfectly how to proceed. The difficulty of luggage she avoided by having her boxes sent on ahead. Oh, it was simple, the travelling!

So fascinated was I with her guileless prattle, with the coquettish naivete which exhibited no suspicion of art, that Calais was reached all too soon for my liking. Incipient regret was tempered somewhat by the knowledge that our parting was not yet. The railway journey still lay before us.

Owing to Mdlle. Balard's lack of impediments, and to my immunity, as Queen's messenger, from the usual Custom-House examination, we suffered no delay at Calais. We got a carriage all to ourselves—Cecile, snugly hidden in wraps, sat in one corner; I, opposite her. My bag I placed on the seat beside me. It was growing dusk before we left

Calais—dusk and chill. But I gave no heed to the oncoming of night: I had eyes, ears, thoughts, only for the bewitching girl before me.

We were close on Enghien now; after that, Hal would be the next stoppage. Hal—and good-bye!

"You are not smoking, Cecile said, in an interval of our chat. 'Do not let me deprive you of that.'"

Thanking her for the permission, I pleaded a disinclination for tobacco just then.

"But I shall think that you deny yourself on my account," she went on. "I like the smell of cigar smoke. You travelled from Charing Cross to Dover in a smoking-compartment, was it not? And you were smoking on board the boat till I—till—then."

So she has observed me more narrowly than I had imagined. The discovery was pleasant.

"Well, if you insist upon it," I replied, "I submit."

I took out my cigar-case. It was empty I showed it to her, open.

"In looking after my comfort you have neglected your own," she said smiling.

"And most men, however they may feel, have an air of loneliness and misery if they are not smoking."

I could not stand that.

"You over-rate my self-forgetfulness," I hastened to say; "I omitted to fill my case, but I've plenty of cigars in my bag."

With that I unstrapped and unlocked the portmanteau, rummaging in it for the box of Havanas which I had brought with me. The better to get at it, I was compelled to disembody some of the contents and lay them on the seat. With the rest I took out the Foreign Office dispatches.

"What a strange package!" Cecile exclaimed quickly. "Something to do with your business, monsieur—with the business of the company whose agent you are?"

"Yes—yes," I replied, hastily shovelling the cigars into my case.

The misapprehension under which she laboured stood me in a good stead. I never said I was a company's agent; yet in a certain sense, it was the fact. A company is an aggregate of individuals working together for the welfare of each and all; the English nation is I trust, such an aggregate; ergo I, as an emissary of England, was the servant of a company.

Thus, as the train slowed into Enghien, I soothed my conscience. While putting my bag to rights again, I mentally prayed that Cecile would not resume the topic.

My bubble of hope burst as soon as the engine's snort announced our departure.

"Are they what you call samples?" she asked quietly.

"Oh? Oh, those papers! Yes, they're what we deal in—samples."

"I should so like to see them," Cecile added in soft tones. "May I?"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "They are strictly private—a sort of patents, you know. I have to deliver them intact. It would mean ruin to me if I broke the seals."

She leaned over and let her hand drop lightly on mine. A stray coil of fluffly hair brushed my brow, her breath fanned my cheek like a warm perfume, her mouth came temptingly close to mine.

"Need it be known?" she whispered. Look!

In her right hand she held out a duplicate of the Foreign Office seal.

For a moment my will seemed torpid; for a moment I wavered. Then my reason came back with a great brain throb.

The murder was out! Instinctively my hand went to the revolver in the pocket of my coat. What—against a woman? I let the weapon rest where it lay. Catching up the precious papers, I tossed them hurriedly into the bag snapped the catch.

"I must see them!" cried Mdlle. Balard. "I will see what is in them!"

"You cannot, mademoiselle! I answered firmly.

The mobile, Madonna-like face turned hard and rigid as marble—her lips tightened in bloodless pressure.

"My life!" her voice rose shrilly, "my life, the life of one who is the light of mine depend on it. You shall not cross me!"

Swift as sight, she flashed a silver bladed poniard from under her wraps, and sprang upon me. Throwing up my hand to ward off the blow, I received the blade in the fleshy part of my arm. I gripped tight hold of her uplifted wrist. She dropped the weapon, and with the deftness of a juggler caught it again with her other hand on its descent through the air.

A sudden twinge—no scathe pain—shot across my shoulders. I reeled, and fell back unconscious.

It was dawn-break when I opened my eyes again. I lay on a broad four-poster in the station master's house, whither I had been carried, well-nigh dead from loss of blood, when the train entered Hal. The station master's wife and the doctor who had attended to my wounds stood at the side of the bed.

"Mademoiselle—my bag!" I murmured, as soon as I could piece together my senses.

"Have you got my bag?"

"They did not understand. No, there was neither bag nor woman in the carriage. I had been discovered there alone."

Oh, the shame and disgrace of it! I suppose I must have fainted away at this juncture, for I recollect nothing more until the noonday sun chequered the floor with gold.

The stationmaster was in the room.

"They have both been found on the line," he said; "four miles this side of Enghien. The woman is dead."

"Dead!"

"She must have been killed in leaping from the train when it slowed at the curve. It seems, from letters in her possession—but perhaps monsieur knows—that she is the wife of a Pole, named Alexis Telewaki."

Now I understood it all. She and her husband were the Nihilists concerned in the death of General Paulovitch, and their had been a deep-laid scheme to gain access to the correspondence passing between the two Governments. With this end in view, the ill-happened girl—for she was little

more than the child in age—had doubtless followed me from the Foreign Office. How she came to know that I was the bearer of dispatches to St. Petersburg I cannot for the life of me hazard the wildest guess.

The papers themselves had been taken charge of by the British Minister at Brussels; by him, on receipt of instructions from home, they were forwarded to their destination before I could set foot to ground.

Yes, I lost my berth. I deserved to do so, I know. I was blind, infatuated fool; but let the term be applied to me only by him who has never felt the power of a pretty woman's blandishments.

Furthermore, I must cry guilty to the folly of reasoning on premises largely conjectural. It is no longer a secret that the papers I carried with me had no reference to Nihilism at all, but dealt with a matter at that time sorely exercising the public mind—the Russo Afghan question.

## Koladermic Skin Food

"For a Pure Skin."

Cures impurities of the skin, dissolves freckles, moth patches and other discolorations, brings blackheads and fleshworms to the surface where they dry and fall off. Koladermic Skin Food builds up the wasted and worn places, removes the facial defects caused by indigestion and stomach troubles, and imparts a baby-like softness and delicacy to the complexion. Koladermic is most refreshing and invigorating—a skin food in every sense of the word.

Let us send you particulars of the skin-ionic properties of Koladermic for your complexion's sake.

For Sale at all Druggists, price 25c.

THE KOLADERMIC SKIN FOOD CO.,  
STOUFFVILLE, ONT., CAN.

## BORN.

Moncton, May 14, to the wife of C. H. Acherson, a son.

Annapolis, May 13, to the wife of F. W. Pickels, a son.

Springhill, May 14, to the wife of Samuel Terris, a son.

Springhill, May 14, to the wife of Edward Wilson, a son.

Campbell, May 9, to the wife of Filmore Chute, a son.

Malden, Mass., April 14, to the wife of W. M. Corbin, a son.

Harville, May 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Connors, a daughter.

Springhill, May 14, to the wife of Arthur Paul, a daughter.

St. John, May 12, to the wife of William E. Corbett, a daughter.

Bridgetown, May 16, to the wife of Arthur Connor, a daughter.

Vancouver, B. C., May 7, to the wife of J. Thorne, a daughter.

Lower Bay du Vin, April 26, to the wife of Robert Gregan, a son.

Shelburne, by Rev. J. A. Robertson, William S. West to Susan Dunbar.

St. John, May 10, by Rev. G. O. Gates, James Brickley to Clara Johnston.

Halifax, May 17, by Rev. Geo. E. Ross, John Kidston to Bessie J. Geizer.

Newport, May 10, by Rev. W. W. Rees, Arthur Cochran to Maggie L. Eiler.

Deer Island, May 3, by Rev. A. D. Paul, George E. Ford, to Edna M. Lambert.

Sussex, May 17, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, William A. Wetmore to Carrie M. Jenner.

Moncton, May 17, by Rev. R. S. Crisp, B. Frank McKinnon to Annie May Tucker.

Princeton, May 6, by Rev. C. H. McElhiney, Samuel A. Wood to Clara McLaughlin.

Young's Cove, May 15, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Charles A. Wilson to L. L. T. Fanjoy.

Lawrencetown, May 10, by Rev. T. Astbury, Emma A. Stevenson to Wallace E. Hillyer.

New York, May 16, by Rev. Francis Edgar Mason, Vancrasier to Montgomery to Annie E. Russell.

Oromocto, Sunbury Co., May 8, by Rev. N. McLaughlin Parker A. McMin to Annie Kimball.

Charlottetown, May 18, by Rev. Geo. G. M. Campbell, Frederick Cannon Jones to Emma Amelia Beer.

## MARRIED.

Sydney Mines, May 10, John T. McLean to Catherine McDonald.

Penfield, by Rev. J. A. Robertson, William S. West to Susan Dunbar.

St. John, May 10, by Rev. G. O. Gates, James Brickley to Clara Johnston.

Halifax, May 17, by Rev. Geo. E. Ross, John Kidston to Bessie J. Geizer.

Newport, May 10, by Rev. W. W. Rees, Arthur Cochran to Maggie L. Eiler.

Deer Island, May 3, by Rev. A. D. Paul, George E. Ford, to Edna M. Lambert.

Sussex, May 17, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, William A. Wetmore to Carrie M. Jenner.

Moncton, May 17, by Rev. R. S. Crisp, B. Frank McKinnon to Annie May Tucker.

Princeton, May 6, by Rev. C. H. McElhiney, Samuel A. Wood to Clara McLaughlin.

Young's Cove, May 15, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Charles A. Wilson to L. L. T. Fanjoy.

Lawrencetown, May 10, by Rev. T. Astbury, Emma A. Stevenson to Wallace E. Hillyer.

New York, May 16, by Rev. Francis Edgar Mason, Vancrasier to Montgomery to Annie E. Russell.

Oromocto, Sunbury Co., May 8, by Rev. N. McLaughlin Parker A. McMin to Annie Kimball.

Charlottetown, May 18, by Rev. Geo. G. M. Campbell, Frederick Cannon Jones to Emma Amelia Beer.

## DIED.

St. John, Christian Stepler 74.

Calais, May 16, Gilbert Foster 68.

Fairville, May 19, Jas. Griffith 75.

Windsor, May 17, D. P. Allison 74.

St. John, May 17, John Harding 84.

Digby, May 9, Mrs. James Craig 58.

Pentfield, May 9, Elva L. Dakis 24.

Apoth, May 17, Shepherd Gray 57.

Morrisville, May 21, Daniel Morris 46.

St. George, May 16, James Maxwell 80.



**Made to be Walked On**

Ordinary paint will not do to paint floors. It will neither look well nor wear well. A special paint is needed. It must be ready-mixed, ready for use. It must flow easily, have a bright, glossy finish, dry quickly and must not blister, crack, peel or rub off. It must have a hard surface combined with unusual elasticity, to stand being walked on—the hardest kind of wear. Just such a paint is

**THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SPECIAL FLOOR PAINT**

Made to paint floors with—nothing else. The guarantee of the company is back of every can sold. Helpful suggestions for economical painting inside and outside the house in our booklet, "Paint Points." Sent free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS,  
Canadian Dept.,  
21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

**F. A. YOUNG 736 Main St., North.**

Cherryfield, May 19, Laura E. Brewster.  
Tower Hill, May 8, Mrs. Jane Doore 85.  
Salem, Mass., May 11, John Huxtable 65.  
Yarmouth, May 14, Capt. W. H. Cook 65.  
Oxford, N. S., May 17, Mrs. Rufus Brown.  
Dufferin, May 5, Mrs. Deborah Sinclair 96.  
Digby, May 14, Angus W. Fisher 69.  
Beaver Harbor, May 10, Clarence B. 17.  
Campbell, May 2, Nelson Mitchell 15.  
Phoenix, Arizona, May 13, Chas. Bowers 28.  
Charlestown, Mass., Alexander Donnelly 89.  
Deep Brook, May 15, Mrs. Margaret Rice 64.  
Musquash, May 18, J. E. Woolford Smith 53.  
Eastport, May 5, Mrs. Catherine H. Shields 58.  
Digby, May 17, infant child of Capt. J. Sprout.  
Sussex, May 19, Mary, wife of Thomas Bradley 42.  
Digby, May 13, Battle, wife of Thomas O'Neil 138.  
Berwick, May 13, May A., wife of W. B. Congdon, 25.  
St. Stephen, May 14, Sarah, wife of W. S. Douglas 34.  
Boston, Mass., Dec. 23, Stella, wife of Rev. H. J. Shaw.  
Milltown, N. B., May 10, April 26, Sarah M. Courtney 67.  
Red Head, May 21, Arthur W., son of Joseph Dalziel 11 33.  
Calais, May 12, Matilda, widow of the late Samuel Pike 82.  
St. Stephen, May 11, Lucilla, wife of Henry Dinmore 19.  
Windsor, May 14, May E., daughter of George E. Pellow 19.  
Bridgetown, May 9, James A., son of Woodworth Bowles 15.  
St. John, May 20, Ethel M., daughter of Samuel W. Johnston 4.  
Milltown, N. B., May 8, Mary A., wife of James Armstrong 68.  
Lynn, Mass., April 28, Beatrice, daughter of Frederick Dillon 2.  
Blackville, N. B., May 6, Annie M., daughter of John Corney 20.  
St. John, May 17, Elizabeth J., beloved wife of L. Dossil Allen 30.  
Eastport, May 4, Fannie, infant child of George Laskey 7 months.  
Clarke's Harbor, May 16, Maude, daughter of Joseph Hopkins 15.  
St. John, May 19, Lizzie, infant child of John McDermott 11 months.  
Somerville, Mass., May 12, Elsie A., widow of the late James C. Watson.  
St. John, May 18, Gladys W., infant child of Edward Shaw 15 months.

**STEAMERS.**

**SAILINGS**

**—OF THE—**

**STMR. CLIFTON.**

On and after Saturday 29th 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 Indian town same days at 4 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. FARLE,  
Manager.

**Star Line Steamers**

**For Fredericton and Woodstock.**

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7:30 a. m. standard.

Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5:30 a. m. standard for Woodstock. Returning will leave Woodstock alternate days at 7 a. m. standard, while navigation lasts.

JAMES MANCHESTER,  
Manager, Fredericton.

**MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y**

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Red's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter.

Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address,

**R. H. FLEMING, Agent.**

New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.

N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager,  
5-11 Broadway, New York City.

**ERN REFORM RAZOR**

BEST IN THE MARKET.

**THE SHAVERS' IDEAL**

SAFETY RAZOR.

**RAILROADS.**

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

**A TOURIST CAR.**

**What It Is.**

A Canadian Pacific Tourist Car is similar to general appointments to the Company's Palace Sleepers. It is large, airy, perfectly ventilated, handsomely finished in light wood and upholstered in leather or corduroy. Portable section partitions which firmly lock in place at night, make an open interior with no obstructing bulkheads or supports by day, and insure perfect seclusion to each berth by night.

A Tourist Car leaves Montreal for Seattle every Thursday at 11:00 a. m. Berth rate to Winnipeg, \$4.00; Calgary, \$6.50; Revelstoke, \$7.00; Vancouver and Seattle, \$8.00. Each berth will accommodate two passengers.

Any Ticket Agent will gladly give you further particulars and secure you accommodation in one of these cars.

A. H. NOTMAN, A.G.P.A., St. John, N.B.

**Dominion Atlantic Ry.**

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

**Royal Mail S. S. Prince Edward.**

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.  
Lve. St. John at 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:00 a. m.  
Lve. Digby at 1:00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3:45 p. m.

**EXPRESS TRAINS**

Daily (Sunday excepted).  
Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 1:00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:30 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:45 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:45 p. m.  
Lve. Annapolis 7:20 a. m., Moncton, Thursday and Saturday.  
Lve. Digby 3:20 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday.  
Lve. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

**S.S. Prince George.**

**BOSTON SERVICE.**

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out 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. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Bureau of steamers, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent,  
Kentville, N. S.

**Intercolonial Railway**

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898

trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, 7:00  
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 12:00  
Express for Quebec, Montreal, 12:30  
Express for Sussex, 1:15  
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney, 2:10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 for Truro.

Dining