# PROGRESS SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899

### A Woman's Blandishments.

Kept on the keen edge of hourly expectation, weeks and moatts may yet pass without any summons from the Foreign Office troubling the quiet of a Queen's messenger. Long intervals of listless in-activity are liable to be broken in upon by fists directing him to pack up and proceed instanter 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 Telewski. 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 Rassian 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 rattied up the street and stopped below my rooms. It brought a message from the Foreign Office. I had to start at once for S. Petersburg.

To meet urgent commands of this sort, I always keep my travelling bag ready pack ed; 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 gua'd it once was.'

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

The hansom 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 tehalf of a bearer of weighty secrets of State. My cab and another, from which a lady alighted, drew up that Cecile would not resume the topic. 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 wicketgate, however, I chanced to brush past the young ledy atoresaid, and the crozier-like heat of her umbrells 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 weil I snatched a glimpse of eyes-big, blue, and unfathom-

Calais-dusk and chill. But I gave no more than the child in age-had doubtlessgirl before me.

that, Hal would be the next stoppage. Hal-and good-bye!

'You are not smoking, Cecile said, in deprive you of that.'

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

'But I shall think that you deny yourself on my account,' she went on. 'I like the smell of cig ir smoke. You travelled him who has never felt the power of a from Charing Cross to Dover in a smoking- pretty woman's blandishments. compartment, was it not ? And you were

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 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.' hastened to say; 'I omitted to fill my case, but I've plenty of cigars in my brg With that I unstrapped and unlocked the portmaneau, rummaging in it for the box of Havanss which I had brought with me. The better to get at it. I was compelled to disembogue some of the contents and lay them on the seat. With the rest I took out the Foreign Office dispatches.

'What a strange package!' Cec le ex-claimed 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 misspprehension 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 egate; ergo I, as an emissary of Eng-

heed to the oncoming of night : I had eyes, ly tollowed me from the Foreign Office. ears, thoughts, only for the betwitching How she came to know that I was the bearer of dispatches to St. Petersburg I We were close on Enghien now; after | cannot for the life of me hazard the wildest guess.

The papers themselves had been taken charge of by the British Minister at Brusan interval of our chat. 'Do not let me | sels; by him, on receipt of instructions from home, they were forwarded to their destination before I could set foot to

> Yes, I lost my berth. I deserved to do so, I know. I was blind, infituated fool ; but let the term be applied to me only by

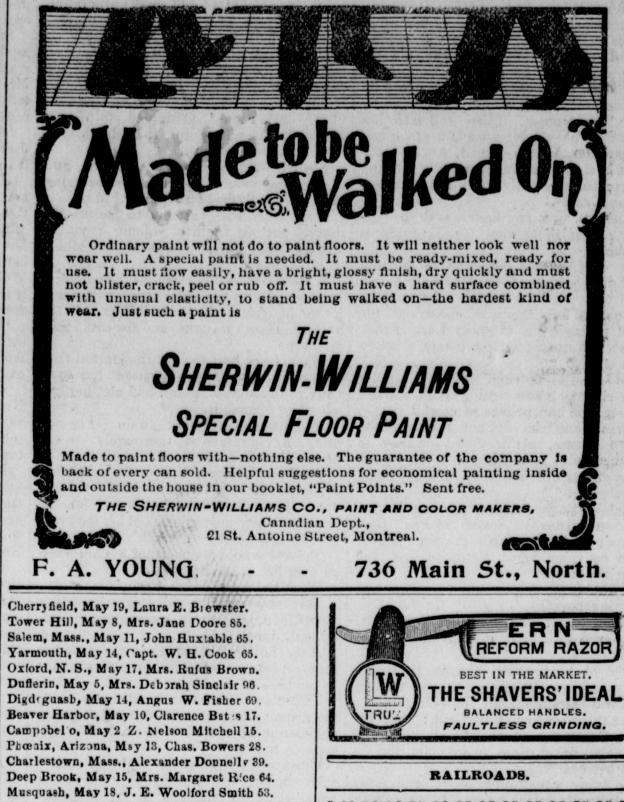
Furthermore, I must cry guilty to the smoking on board the boat till I-till-then.' So she has observed me more narrowly the papers I carried with me had no reference to Nihilism at all, but dealt with a matter at that time sorely exercising the public mind-the Russo Atghan ques-

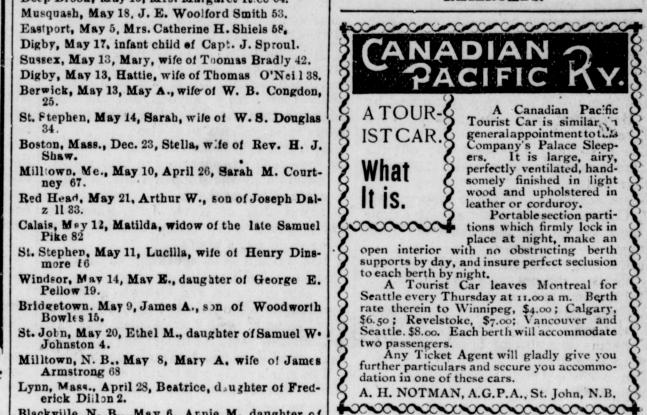
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able as the sun-kissed sea. Still, after all, I secured the corner seat I coveted. Lolling back in it I smoked and mused contentedly. First. my thoughts hinged upon my mission. Recalling what I had read in the morning's paper I put this and that together, 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 deckchair 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 conceited enough to feel piqued at the oversight, and to resent the constant intrusion of a podgy urchin who, waddling unsteadly over the planks seemed to claim a totally unwarrantable share of her inter-

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 | fleshy part of my arm. I gripped tight hold have shot head-foremost down the com- of her uplifted wrist. She dropped the panion way had I not cast aside my just | weapon, and with the def ness of a juggler rancour and sprung to his aid. This act | caught it again with her other hand on its occasioned my second contretemps with descent through the air. Miss Great Eyes. She, too, had seen the

youngster's danger; she, too, had hastened to his assistance. Our hands clutched his back unconscious. clothes at the same moment; we stooped together to lift him up-and our heads came into collision ! It was awkward, cer- in the station master's house, whither I had tainly; but between us we saved the bantling's neck.

My solicitude for the injured forehead of to our informal introduction. She was not | side of the bed. English-that much I had at once gathered trom her slight accent. Cecile Balard was a native of Hal, in Belgium. She had been on a visit to friends in London. Yes,

land, was the servant of a company. Thus, as the train slowed into Engliev, I soothed my conscience. While putting my bag to rights again, I mentally prayed My bubble of hope burst as soon as the engine's snort announced our de parture. "Are they what you call samples ?" she asked quietly.

Eh? 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 it I broke the

seals.' She leaned over and let her band drop lightly on mine. A stray coil a flaffy hair brushed my brow, her breath fanned my cheek like a warm perlume, 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 Mdle. 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 hilted poniard from under her wraps, and sprang upon me. Throwing up my hand to ward off the blow, I received the blade in the

A sudden twinge-no acute pain-shot across my shoulders. I reeled, and fell

It was dawn-break when I opened my eyes again. I lay on a broad tour-poster been carried, well-nigh dead from loss of blood, when the train entered Hal. The staticn master's wife and the doctor who

my lovely tellow passenger paved the way had attended to my wounds stood at the '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

she was alone. She had made the journey | was neither bag nor woman in the cirmany times, and knew perfectly how to risge. I had been discovered there alone. proceed. The difficulty of luggage she Oh, the shame and disgrace of it! I sup-

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Springhill, May 14, to the wife of Edward Wi son, 8 800. Campobello, May 9, to the wife of Filmore Chute,

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

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

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

St. John, May 12, to the wife of William E. Corbett, a daughter. Bridgetown, May 16, to the wife of Arthur Corn-

s 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, May 10, to the wffe of William

Newell, a sol Windsor, April 21 to the wife of Sergeant Cun-

ningham, a son. Campobello, May 11, to the wile of Edgar Mitchell, a son,

Campobello, May 7, to the wife of Robert McKinney, a daughter

St. Stepten. May 9, to the wife of Earle McLaughlin, a daughter.

Port Saxon, May 13, to the wife of Louis A. Mc-Lean, a daughter.

Brookline, Mass., May 8, to the wife of Arthur M. Watson, a daughter.

Leamington, Cumb Co., May 11, to the wife of Herbert Huster, & daughter.

MARRIED.

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

Pentfield, by Rev J. A. Robertson, William S. Best to Susan Dunbar.

St. John, May 16, by Rev. G. O. Gates, James Brickley to Clara Johnston.

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

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

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

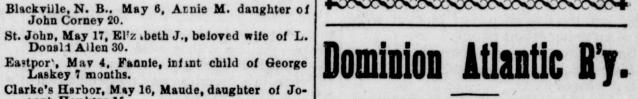
Sussex. May 17, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, William A. Wetmore to Carrie M. Jenner.

Monctor, 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. Welton to L'thie T. Fanjoy.

Lawrencetown, May 10, by Rev. T. Astbury, Emaline A. Stevenson to Wallace E. Illsley. New York, May 16, by Rev Fr



On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamsnip and Train service of this Railway will

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Edward.

Monday, Wednesday, 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.

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St. John, May 19, Lizzie, infant child of John Mc-

Somerville, Mass., May 12, Elsie A., wtdow of the late James C. Watson.

St. John, May 18. Gladys W., infant child of Ed-

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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.

MANHATTAN

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
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