

The Mutiny at Renwood.

First and last it cost ten thousand dollars a year, more or less, to live at the Renwood. But it was worth it.

The Renwood was the most aristocratic apartment in the city.

There may have been other buildings whose stairways were made of finer marble, whose plate glass was a trifle heavier and whose telephone wires got crossed less frequently, but they were not occupied by people with such large incomes and such impeccable records as was the Renwood. It was a great feather in one's cap to have the name of living there.

There was nothing like it for gaining social distinction.

Families that had recently found the way to wealth and were still on the lookout for the road that led into society's exalted sphere, had been known to resort to every plan that could be devised by inventive minds for reaching the desired haven without avail; but as soon as they took rooms at the Renwood all prejudice was swept away and they sailed triumphantly on to their goal.

If a woman gave a tea and the society columns of the newspapers contained paragraphs descriptive of the assemblage of wit and beauty at the home of Mrs. Mark, who is residing at the Renwood this winter, that good woman's reputation as a social leader was straightway established.

When somebody else went shopping and said, "Send it to the Renwood," the clerk knew at once they were dealing with a person who contemplated as one of the most sparkling lights in that upper world of which they caught faint glimpses over the counter now and then, and they humbled themselves accordingly.

It was considered a great honor to correspond with any one who was domiciled at the Renwood, and Renwood women frequently received notes which they were compelled to answer through common courtesy. The recipients of these replies, however brief and formal they may be, always took particular pains to show them and remark casually:—

"I received a letter from my friend Mrs. Blank, who lives at the Renwood," and everybody even in the fourth and sixth circles of our great complex social system seemed to take an air of exclusiveness from the little transaction and felt themselves raised several degrees in the estimation of the world.

But it required a great deal of wire pulling to secure accommodations at the Renwood. People who wished to reside there had to put in their applications months before-hand, and just as would-be incumbents of appointive government offices and lucrative positions in corporations file their positions and await their turn.

The Renwood contained but twenty-five apartments, and as people seldom moved and the list of applications was lengthy, it seemed a foregone conclusion that there were a good many anxious aspirants who would pass through time and eternity without finding shelter beneath the Renwood's roof.

Another thing which made admission difficult to any except recognized social lights was the rigid examination through which each new tenant was required to pass. Men who had come through civil service examinations with an average of 99 per cent., and still others who had taken their degrees at West Point, Annapolis and Yale fell down on the questions put to them by the proprietor of the Renwood.

Age, pedigree, occupation and amount of wealth possessed were sworn to before a notary public, and those interesting family histories were pasted in a folio-sized, morocco-bound book, which has kept on a special table in the reception room, where other residents of the Renwood might refer to it at any time and see just whom they were associating with.

It would be difficult to determine who was responsible for the ultra exclusiveness of the Renwood.

It certainly was not the proprietor. He was a plain unassuming man, whose tastes were inclined decidedly toward simplicity rather than ostentation, and when he bought the site of the Renwood and put up his fine building he had no intention of making it other than a first-class apartment house which should rank with others of its kind.

He proposed to conduct his business in a modest, quiet way, and when he found that his house was becoming a regular Mecca for the swell set, the shock of the surprise very nearly incapacitated him for business. The first member of the fashionable class to come to him was Mrs. Clyde Moore.

After that the Renwood seemed to grow into favor without any special effort from any one.

Mrs. Moore unconsciously served as a brilliant orb which attracted numerous satellites to circle round her, and before Mr. Merrick was aware of what was taking place his fortune was made.

The unexpected social maelstrom in which he found himself helplessly floating around was very bewildering.

The Renwood—like many another thing whose popularity can never be explained—had acquired unparalleled celebrity without any adequate cause, so far as he could see, and it took some time to learn to accept the situation philosophically.

There were a good many times when he longed for a brief period during which he could assume once more the careless habits of former days, but his business acumen bade him cater to fashion, who had taken him firmly within her grasp, and he stood valiantly at his post, managing his property and collecting his wonderful rentals.

Up to last November there had been no changes made in the place for a good many months. Then the family that had occupied apartment No. 19 for the past

two years went to Denver and gave some body else a chance. The lucky one who was first on the list was a woman.

She passed through the examination with one mark to her discredit; she was a widow. Somehow the Renwood had always discriminated against widows.

The other women in the house, especially Mrs. Hannibal Wade, who had gradually grown to be regarded as a leader, and who had helped to revise the latest catchisms, objected to them.

"If you can help it, Mr. Merrick," Mrs. Wade said to the proprietor one day, when she was in the act of her confidential talks upon him, "never take widows in the house."

"The most of them have worried one man into the grave or the divorce court, and their sole object in living is to entrap other victims. I am afraid I shall have to give you a warning now, Mr. Merrick, that if you ever take a widow in the Renwood I shall be forced to leave you."

The friendly advice and admonition ought to have been sufficient cause for the instant dismissal of the case of the widow, Mrs. Raynor, but she averaged such an extraordinary percentage on other points that the genial landlord could not summon the hardihood to refuse her admission.

Mrs. Wade charged to be away at the time and Mrs. Raynor had been occupying apartment No. 19 for more than a week when she came home.

One of Mrs. Hannibal Wade's strong points was a display of fine indignation whenever occasion demanded it, and she came out with unusual brilliancy in her chosen role when she examined the records in the morocco-bound book and learned what had been done in her absence.

She went to the proprietor about it at once.

"I see," she said, "that you have broken the rule which was tacitly agreed upon some time ago between you and your patrons and have let No. 19 to a widow. It is needless to state that I am greatly surprised at such a breach of faith on your part. Can you give me an explanation, Mr. Merrick, that will justify such a course?"

"Well, Mrs. Wade," returned the proprietor, phlegmatically, "I am sorry if I have offended you, but I fail to see how I have violated any agreement."

"This Mrs. Raynor came to see me several months ago about taking a suite of rooms here and I promised to let her know as soon as there was a vacancy. I assure you, Mrs. Wade, that even you can take no exception to her. She is good looking—but not so handsome as yourself," he added, diplomatically.

"She is forty-five years old, and unmarried. She belongs to an excellent family and is rich enough to start a national bank of her own if she cared to do so. I wish you would call on her, Mrs. Wade, I am sure a acquaintance would banish prejudice."

But Mrs. Hannibal Wade's righteous wrath was not to be appeased by any excuses which the unscrupulous landlord could produce in his own defense.

"No," she returned, "I do not care to know her. She may be all right, but she is not to be trusted and ought not to have been permitted to come here."

"However it is not late to remedy the evil. Surely, Mr. Merrick, you can get her from the house on some pretext or other at the end of the month. If you don't I am afraid you will have trouble."

As a general thing the latest arrivals at the Renwood were accorded a royal welcome. Teas, dinners and receptions were given in their honor, and they were installed in their new quarters with great eclat.

But no such hospitality marked the coming of Mrs. Raynor. To be sure, the great events of the Renwood's society calendar came and went as usual, but the handsome widow was religiously excluded from them all.

"She means mischief," said Mrs. Hannibal Wade. "She will bring discredit upon our house. It is our duty to issue a bull of social excommunication. Perhaps that will bring Mr. Merrick to his senses."

The general animosity manifested toward Mrs. Raynor became more active as the end of the month drew near.

This intense bitterness was greatly aggravated by the outspoken admiration of the men, who were strongly disposed to champion the cause of the woman who had apparently done nothing to merit such severe condemnation, and it was undoubtedly an indiscreet remonstrance which Mr. Hannibal Wade urged against the injustice of the case which prompted his wife to seek another interview with Mr. Merrick.

"That Mrs. Raynor has now been here a month," she said, "and I trust you have hit upon some plan whereby we may get rid of her."

"No," said Merrick, slowly; "I can't say that I have."

"I hope you understand the case, Mr. Merrick," she said, severely. "There is mutiny at Renwood. You have rented an apartment to a woman who has no natural protector and who smiles and flirts with our husbands, sons and brothers, who, I am sorry to say, seem to be highly gratified by such proceedings."

"Mr. Merrick, I, with the other influential families now here, have made Renwood what it is. I am proud of it—I am proud of living at Renwood. I should hate to go elsewhere. But I shall leave at once if Mrs. Raynor does not."

"As I understand it," said Mr. Merrick, cautiously, "You object to Mrs. Raynor simply because she is a widow?"

"Certainly. As I have said before, she has no natural protector. She has nothing to do but make trouble for other people. I consider her dangerous."

"Well," said Mr. Merrick, dejectedly, "I'll see what can be done about it."

A few minutes after Mrs. Hannibal Wade had left the room Mrs. Raynor came in. The widow's handsome blond face was flushed, her eyes were swollen and the bit of handkerchief she carried in her hand was limp and damp as if with tears.

Mr. Merrick, she said, "I have come to complain to you about the way I am

treated here. What have I done that I should be ostracised? I never heard of anything like it. I have long wanted to live at Renwood, Mr. Merrick, because of the unusual advantages your patrons enjoy but if this thing is to continue I must go away. It is breaking my heart."

She raised the web of a handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Merrick fumed for a moment in silence.

"Madam," said he at length, "I'll stand by you, if every family moves out to day and I have to put 'for rent' signs in every window. I won't see a woman imposed upon in this way. They object to you, Mrs. Raynor, because you are a widow."

"Oh, gracious, I can't help that."

"Of course you can't," returned the proprietor sympathetically. "That is, you haven't helped it, although I wouldn't be afraid to wager you could have done so a score of times."

The pretty hand that held the tear-bedewed handkerchief trembled violently. "Oh, Mr. Merrick," she said, and there was a pitiful little quaver in her soft voice that made honest Mr. Merrick sink back in his chair in a tremor of sympathy.

"You don't know what we poor widows have to bear. We are always under suspicion and the awfulest things are imputed to us, whereas we are really the kindest, most sensible, most honorable women in the world."

"I'm sure of that," replied Mr. Merrick. "And they have trampled upon my feelings and my reputation solely because I am a widow," she went on mournfully. "Oh, Mr. Merrick, it is an awful thing to be a widow."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Mr. Merrick, promptly, "and I can't keep one in my house."

"Then I'll have to leave the Renwood, after all the trouble I've taken to get in here."

"I didn't say that," returned Mr. Merrick, slyly. "I said I wouldn't keep a widow."

Mrs. Hannibal Wade came down an hour later to consult Mr. Merrick again.

The widow was sitting close beside him, and Mrs. Wade looked at her scornfully. The mutiny had reached a climax and there was no longer any necessity for preserving even a semblance of forbearance.

"Mr. Merrick," she said, "have you come to a decision in the matter? Shall she go or stay?"

"Stay," was the prompt reply.

"And on what conditions, pray?"

"On the condition that she becomes my wife," said Mr. Merrick.—Waverley Magazine.

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Amherst, April 11, to the wife of Howard Welsh, a son.
Nappa, April 11, to the wife of Frances Smith, a daughter.
Wentworth, April 5, to the wife of Jas. Lunn, a son.
Hantsport, April 8, to the wife of John Reid, a son.
Shediac, April 11, to the wife of Dr. E. A. Smith, a son.
Middleton, April 10, to the wife of Thos. Marshall, a son.
Moncton, April 10, to the wife of E. H. Hall, a daughter.
Stillwater, April 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Bentley, a daughter.
St. Croix, April 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smye, a daughter.
Amherst, April 4, to the wife of Peter Landry, a daughter.
Bale Verte, Mar. 23, to the wife of Woodford Chapman, a son.
St. John, April 17, to the wife of Frank B. Carier, a daughter.
Springhill, April 9, to the wife of A. W. McMillan, a daughter.
Falmouth, April 8, to the wife of H. O. Duncan, a daughter.
Bridgewater, April 10, to the wife of Henry Orwin, a son.
Carlton Co., April 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Shederick, a daughter.
Richford, Vt., April 14, to the wife of Rev. James Simons, a son.
Lower Bay du Vir, April 1, to the wife of Manuel J. Manuel, a son.
St. John, April 11, to the wife of T. E. G. Armstrong, a daughter.
Mount Unacad, April 10, to the wife of Wesley Lewis, a daughter.
Three Mile Plains, April 11, to the wife of Peter Duncanson, a daughter.
Windsor Forks, April 8, to Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Brien, a daughter.

You know there is much more painting done now-a-days than of old, but did you know there is a far better way to do it? Painting is no exception to other things. The art has not stood still. You can still buy some white lead (it?) and some oil (are you a judge of that?) and find a neighborly painter and have some paint made; but as sure as you are alive there is a better way.

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Lower Meagher's Grant, April 9, to the wife of W. H. Glasgow, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Amherst, April 10, James E. Gould to Sarah Gould.
Tancook, Mar. 26, by Rev. H. S. Erb, Amos Levy to Jane Smith.
Havock, Mar. 3, by Rev. F. T. Snell, J. W. Fillmore to Selma Perry.
Jordan Falls, April 6, by Rev. J. Murray, E. Lyle Martin to Cassie Barclay.
St. John, by Rev. Fr. McMurray, Daniel Little John to Gertrude Johnston.
Liscomb, Mar. 29, by Rev. J. A. Hart, Chas. H. Edwards to Miss E. Barnard.
Stellaron, April, by Rev. J. Johnson, Lewis B. Fote to Mary MacKichan.
Oxford, April 10, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Michael Furlong to Cassie McDonald.
St. John, April 12, by Rev. Fr. McMurray, John J. Miller to Margaret Harrier.
Oxford, April 11, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, George Angove to Nellie Thompson.
Yarmouth, April 12, by Rev. E. D. Millar, Frank J. Leonard to Carrie M. Porter.
Halifax, April 12, by Rev. Mr. LeMoine, William A. Lawlor to Annie F. Hanoley.
Dartmouth, April 12, by Rev. Thos. Stewart, Webster Kiser to Mildred Williams.
Parker's Cove, Mar. 28, by Rev. Henry Achilles, Arthur Hudson to Amanda Hoaa.
St. Stephen, April 12, by Rev. A. A. Mackenzie, Arthur Ridgeway to Louisa Baxter.
St. John, April 12, by Rev. F. J. McMurray, Arthur Peterson to Nellie Fishery.
Newton Mills, April 11, by Rev. D. Squires, Fraser Howard to Christina Lindsay.
Upper Musquodobi, April 5, by Rev. D. Squires, Fraser, Archibald C. Cox, to Christina McKelzie.

DIED.

Digby, April 13, Ann Amira 68.
Tusket, April 8, Dorcas Weston 81.
Oxford, April 5, Albert Embree 49.
Lancaster, April 15, Samuel Fox 34.
Sussex, April 7, Fred A. Connell 71.
Yarmouth, April 8, Edward Ross 91.
St. John, April 19, Charles Conway 65.
Halifax, April 12, Charles Fanning 80.
Hampton, N. S., Mrs. E. B. Foster 87.
Coleche ter, April 9, Lena Chisholm 51.
H.ifax, April 9, Mrs. Lottie Cabitt 59.
Paroisse, April 10, Benjamin Daniels 74.
Woodstock, Mar. 26, Sylvester Smith 89.
Marshallow, April 12, Mary Abbott 55.
Yarmouth, April 8, Annie H. Dedham 72.
Brooklyn, N. Y., April 9, Geo. Hendon 70.
Mt. town, April 10, Edward Boardman 70.
Parker's Cove, April 3, Geo. G. Haddon 71.
Hammond, April 6, Margaret E. Cripps 48.
Hectanooga, April 6, Elizabeth Curlette 76.
Dartmouth, April 14, Arthur L. Campbell 3.
Tracy Mills, Mar. 19, Sebastian E. Smith 46.
Shubenacadie, April 10, Mrs. Wm. Fraser 62.
West River, P. E. I., Mar. 30, John Dillon 82.
Lancaster Heights, April 13, Andrew Long 49.
Wentworth, April 4, Roxanny Miers 2 months.
Anigonish, Mar. 29, Mrs. Mary A. Taylor 100.
South Boston, Mass., Mar. 23, Daniel T. Reid 42.
Port Williams, April 5, Mrs. Amelia Charlton 85.
St. Stephen, April 8, child of Frank Buzze 5 months.
Wickham, Queens Co., Mar. 25, Andrew McCreedy 66.
Bairdsville, Mar. 25, Jessie, wife of Geo. W. Imman 32.
St. John, April 14, Annie C., wife of William Warren 79.
Long Reach, Mar. 29, Rachel, widow of Joel Crawford 76.
No. th River, April 7, Letitia, wife of George Patriquin 84.
Black River, Mar. 31, Lizz e A., daughter of Alex. Dick 18.
St. John, April 11, Mary, wife of David L. Carmichael.
St. John, April 16, Mary, daughter of the late Alex. Scott 29.
Fredericton, April 10, Susan, daughter of Major Crepley 13.
St. John, April 14, Isabelle, widow of the late John C. Cavanaugh 47.

STEAMERS.

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

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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 3.35 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., Mon, arr, Thursday and Saturday.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.
arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

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Intercolonial Railway

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 13.30
Express for Sussex..... 16.40
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 16.30 o'clock for Quebec a Montreal.
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 express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 16.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 19.25
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 21.25
Accommodation from Moncton..... 22.5

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