

The Bond Between Them.

Mrs. Lordin uttered a faint, frightened cry as a dripping little figure came into her presence that summer afternoon and put up both hands, saying: 'I've been in 23 river, mamma.'

She folded the boy to her in an embrace that soiled her immaculate bodice and dampened the frizzes on her forehead. Wet eyed and alarmed she asked for an explanation. Reggie gave it in his childish treble.

'So it was Gen. Dartmouth saved you, my child?' half sobbed the naughty beauty, forgetting everything in her ecstasy of joy over the return of her boy, her very all, from the swift waters of the river.

He had fallen in while at play, and the angry current was whirling him onward to the rapids below. Gen. Dartmouth, austere and stately, was taking his usual afternoon promenade when the accident occurred.

Although the child's screams brought many people to the scene none ventured to risk life save the General. He sprang at once into the river and snatched the boy from death at great risk to himself.

He treated the affair very coolly, and himself carried Reggie to the door of his own home, and bade him go at once to his mother. Then the dark-faced man with military bearing went to his hotel and exchanged his wet garments for dry ones.

Mrs. Lordin was one of the group of very pretty women at the Riverside Resort. She had been a guest at Willow cottage a month where her boy met with his mishap. She had noticed Gen. Dartmouth for the first time a week earlier. He had passed her once, lifting his hat with cool decorum. A hot fire had leaped into Millie Lordin's cheeks, and her heart gave a sharp bound; and the blood receded, leaving her very pale.

'How dared he intrude here?' she thought. 'I knew he was at Oakland earlier in the season, and sought this secluded nook, hoping to avoid the sight of his hateful countenance.'

To-day, with little Reggie folded against her widely beating heart, Millie Lordin realized how much she owed to the General. She sat swaying back and forth, the tears coursing down her cheeks. The thought of what might have been had he not been at hand when the cruel waters waters closed over the blonde head of Reggie quite unnerved the woman of the world.

She straightened herself up at length and sent the boy to his nurse. A maid entered with a card; it bore the name of George Dartmouth.

'It is well,' she said, 'I will see him and have it over as soon as possible. How I hate that man! Why has late been so unkind as to permit him to do me a service.'

She entered the drawing-room, never looking more beautiful, not even in the hour when she stood at the altar of the old South church, a bride of 18, seven years before. Her visitor turned from surveying a picture on the wall as she entered. Her visitor was very pale. She grew rigid the moment their eyes met. She noticed a great change in him since the hour of their parting, now some years in the past. There was a whitening of the abundant hair at the temples, a thinning of the cheeks, and a slightly perceptible stoop of the stalwart frame. He was only five and forty. It seemed to her that he had aged with unnecessary rapidity.

'I called to inquire after the boy, Millie,' said he, without offering his hand. Doubtless he wished to save himself from rebuff.

'He met with no harm. How can I thank you enough, Gen. Dartmouth?' cried Millie, forgetting herself for the moment, and extending both hands toward her visitor. Then she suddenly bethought herself, and withdrew her hands as swiftly as she had advanced them. His clear gaze ruffled her, and she looked aside, dumb and confused.

'I assure you, Mrs. Lordin, I am amply repaid for the little inconvenience the affair caused me by learning of the boy's escape from injury,' said the General, his gaze lingering on the fair face of the woman haughtily.

An awkward silence followed. The drawing-room contained no other occupants save these two. Had they been friendly the hour and place was every way calculated for a delightful tete-a-tete.

'I wish I might repay you in some way, General. Reggie is my all: had the fates been unkind and permitted him to drown I should have been in despair.'

'Is that all you have to say to me, Millie?' She bowed coldly. He regarded that pale, haughty face one moment, and a great agony rushed over his soul. He trembled throughout his stalwart frame; one moment thus, then he walked to the door; on the threshold he paused unintentionally.

'I got away from nurse and come to see you, Gen. Lordin,' cried a shrill, childish voice. Two small hands clutched the wrists of Dartmouth, and tried to draw him into the room. 'See, mamma's crin': won't you say something to her please?'

The General, taken by surprise, faced about and caught sight of Mrs. Lordin with her handkerchief to her eyes. The sight seemed to move him strangely. He suffered Reggie to draw him across the carpet toward his mother.

'Mamma, don't cry; the Gen. Lordin wants to speak to you. Tell her not to cry, Gen. Lordin. Her Reggie ain't drowned. Tell mamma how you did it please Mr. Gen. Lordin.'

The child's voice had a pleading ring, and its very sound seemed to effect the soldier deeply. He suddenly lifted the body in his arms and pressed him closely to him, printing a kiss on the smooth, soot cheek.

And Reggie flung both arms about the General's neck and kissed him in turn, seeming pleased at the friendliness of the man whose name was in everybody's mouth,

since he had recently received his party's nomination to Congress.

'Reggie,' cried his mother, 'go back to nurse at once, you naughty boy!'

The 'naughty boy' looked appealingly at his champion. The General stood irresolute, regarding him with a longing expression.

'He is our boy, Millie,' he said, and then started and trembled at the sound of his own voice.

He seemed to realize that he had ventured on dangerous ground, and in this he was not mistaken. She turned upon him with the menace of an aroused tigress.

'Not yours, but mine, George Dartmouth!' cried she, hotly, caressing the blonde curls that lay clustered like spun gold against her skirts. 'Think you I would permit him to bear your name after the act of his father made him an orphan, in part, at least? From that hour, three years ago, he has been Lordin, and the name of Dartmouth has not been mentioned to him. He knows you not; his father died years ago, and this boy will never know him as he really was. Go now, before—'

A stern, almost angry look appeared on the face of the listening man while the woman talked. He felt a keen sense of wrong now, and resolved not to permit her words to pass unchallenged.

'Madame,' said he, 'I would have quitted your presence before now but for this boy. I repeat it, our boy. You had no right to take from him the name of his father. It is an honorable one. No act of mine has ever tarnished it.'

'Think a moment,' interrupted the beautiful woman.

'What do you mean?'

'Do honorable men desert their wives and children? Was it a mark of manliness to fly from home, from wife and boy in the hour of financial calamity?'

'But you had means, Millie; and I knew that you would not be happy with me after my fortune was gone.'

'Ah! You knew this?'

'Yes. I was an austere man of 40 while you were young and vivacious. I was blind enough to think you loved me. I did not know till it was too late that it was my standing and wealth that you craved. You filled a high niche in the social world and was satisfied. My heart hungered for love, it was satisfied until the truth dawned one fatal day.'

'The truth?'

'She seemed to have lost her resentment, and was interested in what he was saying. Reggie cowered in his mother's skirts and listened, wondering, to the conversation he did not understand.

'That it was for money and social position you married your father's middle aged friend.'

'You say you learned this one fatal day?'

'Yes, by merest accident. I had gone out, but missing my glove, returned to overhear words uttered in the conservatory by you.'

'Indeed?'

'You were talking with your bosom friend, Almeda Winans. I heard plainly what was said. She laughingly reminded you of a former lover of yours, Albert Turner. In reply you said it hadn't been for my money and standing you might have been Mrs. Turner instead of an old man's slave.'

'Did I say that?'

'The woman's face was white as death, and she sorely to breathe. He stood up tall and stern continuing:

'The truth hurt me terribly. I felt like a criminal. Although there had been no coercion on my part, I could see that my money had won you and I was miserable. I think, but for our baby boy, I should have been coward enough to take my own life. The revelation of that hour broke my heart. Scarcely a month later the collapse of a bank nearly ruined me. I had \$50,000 in bonds; these I turned over to you through a friend, then quitted your presence forever. I knew that you could obtain a divorce at the end of two years for desertion.'

'It was to please me, that you left me?'

'The woman asked hurriedly.

'Certainly. I knew you wished to be free from bonds that were galling now that wealth was gone.'

'Gen. Dartmouth, what if I tell you that I never received those bonds you speak of?'

'asked she with changing color. 'What if I tell you that my bosom friend, Almeda Winans, disappeared at the same time you did, and that gossip coupled your names? What I said that day in the conservatory was the idle prattle of a silly girl, and meant nothing whatever?'

'You did not receive the bonds?'

'No. I have lived on the little left me by my father, who died soon after my disappearance. I have had to bear the stigma of being spoken of as a deserted wife. Can you blame me if I almost hated you?'

'Perhaps not, but I meant it for the best. Are you sure you were not in earnest when you told your friend that you married old Dartmouth for his money, Millie?'

'Was I so wicked as to say that?'

'I think my memory serves me correctly.'

Mrs. Lordin had sudden recourse to her handkerchief. The General stood in an embarrassed attitude.

'It was the boy who brought us together Millie. For his sake may we not part friends.'

He held out his hand. She did not see the movement, her eyes being hidden in the handkerchief. Reggie quickly divined the situation and seized and conveyed his mother's hand to that of the General.

'We part friends, I hope, Millie?'

'Yes, it—if we must part, George,' faltered a small voice from behind the handkerchief.

Vim Dr. Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills. FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

'Millie, do you mean—'

'I mean that I have been a silly fool,' she said. 'I never loved any one but you. Can you ever forgive me, George?'

The pitiful little sob that accompanied the request quite did the business for the General. He stepped nearer to her and said eagerly:

'It is my opinion that we have both been foolish, Millie. If it were not for that divorce—'

'There has been no divorce, George.'

'Is it possible? That you are still Mrs. Dartmouth?'

He trembled like one in a chill.

'I am still your wife, George,' she murmured.

While he stood irresolute a small voice pipped from below:

'Kiss mamma, Gen. Lordin! Kiss mamma! And Gen. Dartmouth did.—Waverley Magazine.

My Good Farm Gone.

Mr. Amos F. Wright, who now resides at 24 Portland street, Toronto, and was for years a prosperous farmer in East Hastings, Ont., says:

The advent of that dreaded disease, rheumatism, some 15 years ago compelled me to abandon active work. My disease baffled the skill of the medical fraternity, and refused to be subdued by all the patent medicines I tried. It has at last been conquered in two months by four boxes of Doctor Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

Mr. Wright makes a positive statement, over his own signature as follows:

Toronto, Jan. 25th, 1899.
The Dr. Ward Co., Limited,
71 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.
Gentlemen:

I am now so well satisfied that Doctor Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have mastered my disease, that I let you know by this letter the circumstances of the case.

I wish to give you a description of my sufferings. For 15 years I suffered from muscular rheumatism so badly that I was unable to dress myself without assistance. During the last three years I was almost helpless, and suffered constant torture and pain, so much so, that sleep was almost unknown to me. I was a confirmed invalid, and unable to do anything to help myself.

During the 15 years I speak of I consulted Doctors from Lake Ontario to California, paid doctors' bills, and spent for medicine the price of my good farm, without obtaining any relief whatever. I got worse, feeble and more helpless all the time, until I was forced to the conclusion that death would be my only relief. Two months ago I heard of Doctor Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills through one who had been cured. I have taken them to the extent of four boxes, and with marvellous results. By the time I had taken the first box I could feel the blood pulsating in my limbs. My muscles regained strength, and I had a faint hope that at last, after so many failures, I had finally found a remedy that would relieve me at last. My hope was fully justified, and I now state that after taking four boxes my hope of cure has been realized. The cure is an assured fact. Four boxes of these pills have built me up, removed the disease from which I suffered, I have now no muscular pain, and the elasticity of my muscles has come back. During the time I took Doctor Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills I suffered less pain in the two months than I did in twelve hours before I started them. I sleep and rest well now, have gained flesh and strength, and the prospect of a hopeless, helpless, painful existence until death relieved me has vanished. From a confirmed helpless invalid, racked by pain, and worried about the future, I have been restored to normal health, and it is all due to Doctor Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and to them alone. Yours very truly, Amos F. Wright, 24 Portland street, Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists or mailed on receipt of price by The Doctor Ward Company, Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

What He was Doing.

One day the police made a raid on a betting club, and taking the names of the men they caught, told them that they would have to appear at the police court the next morning—which they did.

After the magistrate had gone over a few of the prisoners' names, his worship said to one who had come rather late—

'What's your name, my man?'

'John Brown, sir.'

'And what are you by trade?'

'A locksmith, sir.'

'Well, what were you doing when the police made this raid?'

'I was just making a bolt for the door!'

Distressing Realism.

'The first act you know, is supposed to cover a period of twenty years.'

'What a long time between drinks!'

Trade Mark

SUSPENDERS

GUARANTEED

BORN.

Farrboro, Jan. 23, to the wife of A. Lamb, a son.

Truro, Jan. 26, to the wife of H. C. Fulton, a son.

Amherst, Feb. 2, to the wife of Walter Bet, a son.

Amherst, Feb. 2, to the wife of Jude White, a son.

Nappan, Jan. 30, to the wife of Albert Boss, a son.

Amherst, Jan. 21, to the wife of Mr. Hamm, a son.

Woodstock, Feb. 1, to the wife of John J. Troy, a son.

Earlton, Jan. 22, to the wife of Peter McKay, a son.

Newville, Jan. 27, to the wife of Harry Jeffers, a son.

Berwick, Jan. 30, to the wife of F. W. Abbott, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 24, to the wife of Wm. Warr, a daughter.

Halifax, Jan. 26, to the wife of Norman McDonald, a son.

Springhill, Jan. 27, to the wife of E. B. Fairbank, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 30, to the wife of W. S. Hutcheson, a daughter.

Newport, Jan. 3, to the wife of Daniel Dill, a daughter.

Ponhook, Jan. 15, to the wife of Robt. Mason, a daughter.

Windsor, Jan. 5, to the wife of Joseph Dykens, a daughter.

Windsor, Jan. 5, to the wife of Wm. Carson, a daughter.

Weymouth, Jan. 21, to the wife of E. O. Hallett, a daughter.

Kentville, Jan. 14, to the wife of H. H. Wickwire, a daughter.

Hantsport, Jan. 16, to the wife of Lewis Fielding, a daughter.

Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 26, to the wife of E. F. Pater, a son.

Toorbrook Mills, Jan. 22, to the wife of David Allen, a daughter.

Three Mile Plains, Jan. 29, to the wife of W. A. DeWolfe, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Antigonish, Jan. 31, Bloomfield Douglas to Maude Macdonald.

Newton Mass., Jan. 24, Freeman G. Ward to Louise Strong.

Halifax, Jan. 31, by Rev. A. C. Chute, James Mosher to Lora Byers.

Halifax, Jan. 31, by Rev. J. W. Armitage, Kenneth Innes to Adeline Radolph.

Oak Bay, Jan. 25, by Rev. E. B. Bell, Edward F. Doherty to Edith B. Young.

Bedford, Jan. 3, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, William Richardson to Annie Flynn.

Windsor, Jan. 26, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, James B. Gray to Lorraine Clark.

Canning, Jan. 29, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Ernest F. Bishop to Mary G. Dwyer.

Arctavia, Jan. 25, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Rowland Forbes to Ellen K. Spence.

Amherst, by Rev. W. J. Mihan, John W. Delahanty to Mary Ellen Ensland.

Keppel Falls, Jan. 11, by Rev. James Nixon, J. Fulton Collyer to Mary Moody.

Jamestown, Feb. 1, by Rev. I. N. Parker, Fenwick S. Taylor to Dora Elizabeth Young.

Aylesford, Jan. 21, by Rev. J. M. C. Wade, John E. Ray to Matel S. Corbin.

Aylesford, Jan. 25, by Rev. J. B. Morgan, Arthur W. Genser to Winnie E. Parker.

Bourgeois Cove, Jan. 28, by Rev. Father Dupis, Annie LeBlanc to Lizzie Babine.

Eastport, Jan. 19, by Dr. E. M. Small, city clerk, Harvey Cook to Georgianna Cook.

Lockport, Jan. 21, by Rev. J. B. Woodland, Leonard Thompson to Miss Viola Smith.

Diligent River, Jan. 25, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Albert Yorks to Teresa Vickery.

Port Maitland, Dec. 21, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Frank L. Irsk to Hattie I. Perry.

Port Hawkesbury, Jan. 25, by Rev. W. Purvis, Mar. Embree to Daniel Morrison.

Digby, Jan. 26, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Frederick W. Brooks to Hannah Pennell.

Lockport, Jan. 18, by Rev. J. B. Woodland, Elverson E. Pierce to Beatrice Crouse.

Bourgeois Cove, Jan. 18, by Rev. Father Crozier, William Bourque to Caroline Surette.

Argyle Sound, Jan. 11, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Anson R. VanAmber to Ira L. Goodwin.

Louisburg, C. B., Jan. 18, by Rev. T. D. Hart, Wesley S. T. mer to Catherine McDonald.

Aylesford, Feb. 1, by Rev. J. L. Read, Frank Hibber to Bessie Burgess Davidson.

Halifax, Wm. Thomas, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Conrad, 1.

Newport, N. S., Jan. 29, Sarah Jane, widow of the late Wm. Paulen, 76.

Fall River, Mass., Jan. 23, Margaret Pottinger, wife of Thomas Contell.

Fall River, Halifax Co., Jan. 23, Eliza, widow of the late John Miller 95.

North East Harbor, Jan. 29, Lydia Charlotte, daughter of Charles Hagar, 8.

South Maitland, Jan. 28, Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McMillan, 18.

North Sydney, Jan. 30, Edna Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Christie, 4.

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Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 20th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, M.E., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

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New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 5-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

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, Thursday and Saturday.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.43 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., Mon. ar. Thursday and Saturday ar. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., Mon. ar. Thursday and Saturday ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

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