

# Why She Refused Him.

Egalite did not think Miss Gair handsome; but her face had a beautiful expression. He had come to Berry Hill prepared to see a beauty. Everywhere he had heard of Miss Gair as perfection. He expected to find a woman of brilliant personal appearance and suave deportment. She was the half-sister of his friend, Fay Somers, and the heiress of Berry Hill. He found her a quiet, fair and gentle woman, with a breadth of white brow, an inexpressibly soft and brilliant smile, a musical voice, and a serious manner. He looked at her as she gave him half an hour's tete-a-tete before dinner, and could not imagine her either flirting or receiving compliments. And yet Miss Gair had the reputation of breaking hearts by the score. At dinner, she gave him a seat at her side. There were half a dozen other guests. There was a fountain jet at one end of the long marble dining hall, and the scent of the roses came in at the open French windows. There was a water lily in Miss Gair's dark hair, and links of gold on her white wrists. How softly and musically she talked with them all. After dinner they went to the billiard room. Miss Gair did not play, but she selected a cue for Egalite, wished him success and then went away to a sofa, where a group of gentlemen instantly gathered around her. The sound of her soft, occasional laugh distracted Egalite's attention. He played badly and lost the game indignantly so that it left him at liberty to seek her side again. He told himself that he was anxious to see wherein her power lay. How was she prettier or sweeter than a hundred other fair women he had known? He could swear that she was not, and yet he sat beside her, more contented than he had been in five years. 'Have you seen my swans, Mr. Egalite she asked. He had not. Shall we go and look at them? It was too warm to play billiards. The whole party went down to the pond. Miss Gair softly called the swans, which at first were not in sight. The form came abreast, swimming round a curve. They were noble creatures. The ladies cried out with delight. Miss Gair left to the others the pleasure of feeding them; though, when she walked on, the birds deserted them to follow her footsteps at the edge of the pond. The guests remonstrated at this, and she laughingly came back. If Miss Gair had been any other woman in the world, Egalite would have made a graceful compliment. But she said, quietly— 'They are accustomed to me; I have fed them so long! And he stood silently watching the composure of her pure face. Purly. He thought, for a moment, that that was the charm which held him. When he had heard her laugh, he thought it was the sweetness of her merriment. The next instant, as her glance wandered across the lawn and rested on the distant hill, he believed it to be a faint tinge of sadness which was on her. Whatever it was, it held him at her side for three weeks. He had not meant to stay so long. To be sure, shooting was good—but it was little he had had of it. Somers accused him of melancholy, Legare of laziness, Elliott of invalidism. No one suspected him of being in love with Miss Gair. She herself could not have suspected it. The morning of his departure came, and as he stood upon long, vine-shaded piazzas, she came out for a few friendly words of parting. He retained her hand. Figuratively, he threw himself at her feet and begged for hope. She looked startled for a moment; then her face grew pale and constrained. 'I have made a mistake.' 'You have.' Her voice was hard, stilled, and unnatural. 'I beg your pardon.' They stood apart.

A servant appeared at the hall door. 'The carriage is waiting for Mr. Egalite.' The man departed. Egalite did not venture to touch Miss Gair's hand again. She had never looked so lovely or inaccessible. He raised his hat. 'Good-bye Miss Gair.' 'Good-bye, Mr. Egalite.' How friendly that was! How hard and cold she had been, he thought, when he was in the carriage. After all, had she no heart? The next year he spent on the Continent. He saw the Alps, St. Peter's, the Seine, the Louvre. He ate grapes, and sent home wine from Berry. He watched Parisian coquettes, and sketched Florence beauties, but he never saw one Miss Gair. He came home at last. To be sure, home seemed a little dull, since there was no one to welcome him but an acid maiden sister and Frank, his horse; but one must work to live. There was news from Berry Hill. Fay Somers had been killed by being thrown from a carriage. Miss Gair had lost her property, and gone to live with an army surgeon. He was vexed to feel his cheek grow pale. Why should he shrink as if a lash had been laid across his head? Was he still so weak as to love a woman who had scorned him? All night his eyes were set wide open in the darkness. Now that he thought of her, poor, sad—no longer merry and so brightly beautiful, in soft and costly laces—he dared to call her 'Madge,' as he had heard others who loved her call her; and, as he pronounced the name, his heart melted over it. If he might see her once more, he would try again. And, thinking this, it came about that one September night found him among the green hills of Surrey. He was at an interior auction of the house, but near Madge Gair. His landlord said— 'Miss Mable Mathews lives in that brown house, with honeysuckle over it, that you'll see the looks of so well.' Charming young lady came here from London last spring—old lady's niece Miss Gair. Know anybody of that name? Thought perhaps you might bring her from London. The purple twilight was glowing over the landscape as he drew rein at the brown vineyard, beside the cottage. The old-fashioned garden sloped to the west. Clumps of pinks glimmered like snow in the shadows of the old yew trees which guarded the doorway. A few late roses drooped their crimson clusters around the gate as he opened it. There was a little sign among the lilacs and honeysuckles. A graceful figure, clinging vines in the hands and surprise in the lovely eyes, faced him. Mr. Egalite, this is very kind. You have not forgotten me. Never for a moment. And have you not retained? Relented? she faltered. He poured out his heart once more. She stopped him. Do you not know—have you not heard that I am poor—a beggar? I have been told—yes. But that has nothing to do with my loving you. Nothing! Nothing whatever. 'Then, sparkling beautifully with joy, I will let myself love you.' 'Madge!' he cried. He clasped her in his arms, bewildered by sudden happiness. She laughed softly, then her eyes filled with tears as she gently stroked his face. 'Do think I not happy too?' 'You? I hope so. But what is one heart more or less, to you who have offered so many? I have no one—but you.' 'And I have no one but you,' she said earnestly. 'Dearest, listen to me. Did you ever think of the snares that beset the path of an heiress? A woman who has wealth is courted for her money. Many men have courted me for my riches, but, my love, no one ever sought me out in my poverty but you—you whom I loved from the first, but dared not trust more than others. My reputed poverty, I am not so poor, after all.

The speculation which involved part of my wealth was not so great a success as was expected, neither was it so great a failure. I lost a few thousand from my hundred thousand—that was all. But report made me penniless, and my visit to my good aunt, in this old-fashioned neighbourhood, confirmed the impression that I had lost all. But, my friend, when we are married, I shall be proud of the master of Berry Hill.' The problem of 'whom Miss Gair would marry,' which the fashionable world had speculated upon for several years, was solved a few weeks later.

### TOLD BY A CIRCUS MAN.

Something New About the Big Accordion That the Giant Used to Play. These summer nights when I hear someone playing the accordion, it always makes me think, and the old circus man, of the great giant and his accordion. Of course we had to have an instrument made for him, to get one of suitable size. The giant enjoyed playing it, immensely; but fortunately for other people, he played it mostly away from cities, and in the winter, when windows were closed. He did give 'em an accordion solo occasionally, in the show, as a feature; but he did so many other things that the accordion was heard, even there, only incidentally and occasionally. It was when we were settled down in winter quarters, where the giant could suit himself in all his fancies, that he used to play the accordion most. 'Then, nights, when he felt in the mood he'd get out the great wind-box and play. It was about as big as a good-sized paring truck, the body of it was, or may be a little bit bigger than that, and of course it opened out considerable wider than that, in the playing. 'The giant would sit down before the fireplace in the room, which was a room, you remember perhaps my telling you, that was called up clear through two stories; he'd sit down in front of the fireplace and throw one end of that accordion on his knee, and lean back in his chair and play, keeping it up some times by the hour together; pulling the old accordion apart, wide open and then pushing it in together again, just the same as every accordion player does, first sounding notes and grand chords and that sort of thing, and now and then dropping into a tune. 'And say, let me tell you; he wasn't a bad player, either, after all. When he used to play 'Nellie Gray' and things like that, he almost used to weep himself, and I'm blessed if the rest of us didn't think it was pretty good, too. And out there in the country, and in winter with the windows shut, it never disturbed anybody. 'I've often wondered, since, what ever became of that big accordion? I suppose people would think it was a curiosity now.'

### A Fatal Sign.

One of the infallible signs by which we can tell when any man, or woman, or paper, or book, or church, or system has gone into fanaticism and is under the guidance of evil spirits, is when such person or thing claims to be the one supreme and only correct expounder of God's Word and the only true and inspired standard, ignoring God's other servants and denying the genuineness of other persons or things. When a man claims to be the only correct teacher of Bible doctrine on earth, he proclaims himself a self-conceited fraud. When a paper, magazine, or book claims to be equally inspired with the Scriptures and the only correct standard of doctrines, and denounces all other standards, it bears the imprint of the mark of the beast and the anti-Christ. When some holiness mission is started and trumpeted through the land as the only true blue, orthodox, God-inspired movement of the times, discrediting and criticizing all other missions, and workers, and churches, it is an infallible proof of self-righteousness and self-conceit, which will prove in the end to be a bloated enterprise of the flesh. Just as self-conceit, self-praise, and denunciation of others is an infallible sign of the spirit of an anti-Christ, so humbleness, self-doubt, and charity for others is the infallible mark of the true Christ and of those persons and things which are under the sway of the Holy Spirit. We must remember that God has thousands of elect children hidden away in the earth, who have as much or more truth than we, who are doing as great or greater work for him than we, who never heard about us, or our writings, or our particular mission, and from whom we could learn many a deep lesson could we be brought in fellowship with them. To keep the favor of God we must abide in the spirit of self-renunciation and self-doubt, esteeming the good works of others, and keep at the greatest work in the world.—Exchange. He—What a sultry day! There is not a bit of life in the air! She—O, yes there is. Too much! Both flies and mosquitoes.

## BORN.

Sydney, Aug 2, to the wife of Geo Barker, a son. Yarmouth, Aug 2, the wife of Max Allen, a son. Digby, Aug 3, to the wife of Geo Spencey, a son. Digby, Aug 6, to the wife of E Hoare, a daughter. Sprunghill, Aug 2, to the wife of F Casey, a daughter. Moncton, July 22, to the wife of Charles Sarette, a son. Newellon, July 17, to the wife of Mitchel Smith, a son. Fossil, Oregon, July 5, to the wife of Dr. B Shaw, a son. Leveville, N.B., July 8, to the wife of F Rockwell, a son. Bridgetown, July 7, to the wife of Filton Cameron, a son. Charlottetown, Aug 6, to the wife of W K Rogers, a daughter. St John, Aug 14, to the wife of Jora G Shewan, a daughter. Clark's Harbour, Aug 4, to the wife of Geo S, a daughter. Moncton, Aug 8, to the wife of S F Eublay, a daughter. Digby, Aug 3, to the wife of Arthur Tarabell, a daughter. North East Point, July 20, to the wife of Jethro C Keeney, a son. Moncton, Aug 6, to the wife of Color Sergeant D Henry, a son. Middle River, Aug 8, to the wife of Rev M A McKezic, a son. Montreal, Aug 9, to the wife of Major Z Taylor, a son.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, Aug 6, John Heron, Alice Thomas. Yarmouth, Aug 6, F J Vignault to Alice Crosby. St. John's, Aug 5, Wm Croft to May E. Ross. Digby, Aug 7, Hiram McLean to Mabel McKay. Dartmouth, Aug 7, Dr Ernest Moore to Ella Beck. Moncton, Aug 7, Rev Wm F. Debes to Blanche O'Brien. Sydney, Aug 7, Wilson O'Brien to Lillian Ross. Dartmouth, Aug 7, Wilson O'Brien to Lillian Ross. Parriss, Aug 7, Campbell Spicer, Kathie de Kersant. Yarmouth, Aug 7, William Allan to Alice Hersey. Digby, Aug 7, Isaac Jones to Geo. E. F. Fenwick. Yarmouth, Aug 6, Katherine Howe, to Allan W. Wilson. E. Sussex, Aug 7, James Miller to Blanche Thompson. Sydney, Aug 7, John Matheson, to Catherine Morrison. Wainey Pier, July 24, Alex Shaw, to Flora Morrison. Yarmouth, July 31, F. H. Harding to Annie Nickerson. Gaspere, July 20, Foy Morrison to Flora McQueen. Truro, Aug 7, Shepherd Langille to Jennie McDonald. St. John, Aug 6, William Fisher, to Maggie MacLennan. Bridgewater, Aug 1, William Freeman to Laura McKay. Antigonish, July 27, John McDonald to Mary Macdonald. Pointe de Bleu, July 16, Hebert Goodwin to Evelyn Carter. Alton, N. S., June 26, C. Rod Collicutt to Catherine Biskney. Annapolis, July 11, John T. Malone, to Agnes Waeian. Dorchester, June 24, Me. on Parker, to Sadie Lambert. Colchester Co, Aug 7, Repe Nelson to Anira M. Soudonhouse. No. Sydney, July 13, Coober Henderson to Margaret Chisholm.

## DIED.

Halifax, Aug 7, Eliza Griffin, 65. Halifax, Aug 7, Matthew Kerr, 80. Porsmouth, Ducaac McIsaac, 74. Woodstock Aug 6, Marie Hamm, 7. Halifax, Aug 9, William J Logan, 62. Carleton Co., July 29, J. A. Burke, 68. Moncton, July 14, Victoria McDonald. Ft. La. erce, Aug 7, John C Smith, 79. Lockeport, July 18, John McKenzie, 80. Halifax, Aug 8, Ellen Douglas Moxham. East Bay, July 16, Ronald McDonald, 87. Sussex, Aug 10, Margaret E. Hughes, 71. Antigonish, July 30, A. A. McMillan, 70. Antigonish, Aug 6, Miss Jane Hooper, 75. Liverpool, Aug 1, Florence G. Kitchin, 43. Jordonville, Aug 2, Miss Nellie Mount, 23. Digby, July 23, Mrs Helen W. Hagler, 65. Brook Village, July 20, Hugh McDonald, 69. Big Pond, C. B., July 17, Mary L. McNeil, 10. Avespo, Aug 4, Harry, son of Robert Shaw. Easton, July 30, Albert Dawson Stewart, 19. Sprunghill, July 23, Mrs Thomas Stewart, 83. Yarmouth, N. S., July 13, Elissa Huskins, 70. Sprunghill, July 26, Mary Louisa Landriga, 1. Saint S. Marie, Aug 6, Mr Wilson G Sims, 60. Cambridge, Mass., Aug 6, Philip A Gaudet, 60. Insa Cove, C. E., July 23, Michael McDonald, 69. Live pool, Aug 1, Florence, wife of C A Kilgus, 42. Scotch Village, Newport, July 30, Wm Dodge, 73. E. Sussex's River, July 27, Mrs Catherine McIver, 78. Halifax, Aug 12, Francis, wife of William Wood. Sprunghill, July 26, William Fletcher Grant, 10 months. Yarmouth, Aug 4, Asa, son of Mr and Mrs David Herbie. Sprunghill, July 29, Mary J Child of Mr and Mrs John K. V. Halifax, Aug 12, Francis, widow of the late Thomas Rind, 81. Boston, Jr. 16, Mary, widow of the late George McNeil. Upper Carleton, Aug 4, Margaret, wife of Thomas F. Mansel.

### In the Darkest Hour.

'We have the spirit of Christ, we can be hopeful and happy in the darkest hour. A good old commentator says: God's people have reason to mourn over their sins, their suffering, the buffetings of the deadly enemy, their fellow men, the abominable crimes of the day, the pervasion of thousands and the general blindness and hardness of men's hearts; but they can always rejoice in the Spirit in God and in Christ, in a blessed hope, in foretastes of future glory, and that their names are written in heaven. Then let us heed the exhortation, 'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice.' Lawyer—in this will you reply insist upon being buried at sea? 'Yes, you see, my wife says that when I'm dead she's going to dance on my grave.'—Life.

### Persons' Testimony the Best Argument for Christ.

If you have genius or tact, use it in trying to win souls for Christ. But do not try to win souls for Christ before you try to win souls with the power, or the luck, that you have. An earnest bungler in his work is worth ten times as much as a willing inactive man of genius and tact. Sometimes, indeed, evident evidence is more effective than genius and tact in action. A Christian invited a guest of cultivation, who was staying with him, to attend the church prayer-meeting on a Wednesday evening. The host hoped that some of the best speakers would talk that evening, and they did so. Then one of the plain men arose in the meeting, and said hesitatingly, 'My friend, I haven't much to say, but I do want to say that I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart, and that I wish you all had the comfort in his love that I have. The host was sorry that this man had made the higher part of the meeting; he was sorry on his visitor's account. As they walked home from the meeting, he related to a more finished address of one of the speakers of the evening, and asked if the guest didn't think that that was well said. Yes, it was very well, said the guest; but that man who told of his love for Christ, he took hold of my heart. And the host found that this evening, as often before, since a simple hearty testimony for Christ was more effective with the cultivated hearer than the most finished of an eloquent advocate of Christ's cause. 'You would win another to Christ, tell what Christ has done, is to you.—S. S. Times.

Wife Wentwork—'I should I don't get no rebuffs. We're Wadsworth—Me, too; I couldn't weather day liv'd me or wot after marriage.

### RAILROADS.

## Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hamilton	5.20
Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Suburban express for Pictou	11.05
Express for Pictou, St. John's, and Moncton	11.10
Express for Sussex	11.30
Suburban Express for Hamilton	17.45
Express for Quebec and Montreal	19.35
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Pointe de Guebe	13.90

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.00
Suburban Express for Hamilton	7.15
Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Moncton and Quebec	11.50
Suburban express from Pictou	12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou	17.60
Express from Halifax	18.35
Suburban Express from Hamilton	19.35
Accommodation from Pointe de Guebe and Moncton	22.45
Daily, except Monday	14.15
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time	
Twenty-four hours notation	

D. FOITINGER, Gen. Manager  
Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901.  
GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.,  
7 Kest St. John, N. B.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

### PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John's.  
Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.

(Eastern Standard Time.)  
All trains daily except Sunday.  
DEPARTURES.  
6.15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.  
PARLOIR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.  
9.10 a. m. Suburban Express to Wolford.  
1.00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Wolford.  
4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Wolford.  
5.15 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the "Imperial Limited" for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Fredericton.  
Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.  
Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.  
Palace Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jct.  
5.30 p. m. Boston Express, first and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballentine, Westfield Beach, Lingley and Wolford. Connects for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Pullman Sleeper of Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct.  
Fredericton Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Wolford.  
ARRIVALS.  
7.20 a. m. Suburban, from Lingley.  
8.15 a. m. Fredericton Express.  
9.15 a. m. Boston Express.  
12.55 p. m. Montreal Express.  
2.35 p. m. Suburban from Wolford.  
5.10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Wolford.  
7.00 p. m. Suburban from Wolford.  
10.15 p. m. Boston Express.  
C. E. USHER,  
G. E. A. Montreal.  
A. J. HEAL,  
D. P. A., C. P. R.  
St. John, N. B.