

A FRIEND'S DECEIT.

There was a dejected look on Paul Gardner's face as he seated himself at his writing-table, and in spite of himself, a sigh escaped him. He had come to the starting of the ways in his existence—was now confronting the fact that the career of honour, ease, and usefulness which, three or four years ago, he had mentally mapped out for his realization, was impossible of attainment. His lips were dead. Only one thing remained for him to do now. But that was surely the hardest of them all! That was the prime cause of his dejection; and that was the source of his sigh. His lip quivered, and his fingers trembled as he stretched forth his hand and took up a pen. For a moment he toyed nervously with it, as if unable to trace the necessary words on the paper before him. Then he wrote: "Dear Brenda—My heart fails me as I begin this task of honour compella the recognition that it is a necessary one. By the time this reaches you, I shall be many miles upon my journey. It seems but yesterday since I strolled here and opened my doors for the reception of patients. I had some £2000 then, and I believed that by judicious management, it would suffice until I had made a connection. In spite of energy, frugality, and, I believe, skill, my practice has yet to be begun. My waiting has been in vain, and my brass-plate insulting to attract the practical attention of those requiring medical aid. Now I have come to the end of my resources, and I must leave you—whom I love better than life. I have made up my mind to woo Fortune in a foreign clime. I know you love me, and the recollection of the many happy hours we have spent together will, in the future as in the past, be a cheering incentive to me in my work. But I dare not ask you to await my return. I hope for success, but I have hoped for it at the outset, and the future may possibly be as unpropitious, and the hopes as visionary as those of the past. No, however powerful my inclinations, justice to yourself compels me to relinquish the claim I have hitherto had upon you. Consider yourself free, dear Brenda, under no obligations to your old lover. Pray for me, and may God bless you. Ever yours as in heart, "Paul."

It was written at last. He dare not breathe a good-by—dare not utter one of those terms of endearment he had been so accustomed to use. His heart was quickly sinking within him. To pause for a moment would be a fatal hesitation. He did not read the letter through, but placed it quickly in an envelope, and hurriedly directing and sealing it, deposited it in the mantelpiece out of sight, as if he would forget its existence. At that moment the door opened, and Paul looked up as his friend, Mark Trevor entered. "Come in, Trevor, and don't mind the confusion," he said. "I'm glad to see you as I was just going to look you up."

"By Jove! Then you really intend leaving us?" said Trevor, elevating his eyebrows and attempting a smile. "I thought when you mentioned it last week, that it was the outcome of impulse and disgust. But my dear fellow, why this haste?—and Miss Heatheote—Brenda! You surely—"

drawn by D'Arcy himself—Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Can it be true? Can there be truth in those rumors after all? Can he love Brenda, and have concocted this villainous plot to ruin me? and as a conviction of the truth flashed upon him, it required a superhuman effort to hold himself in check. On arriving at the station he reiterated his innocence—but, of course, to know purpose. "May I send a telegraphic message?" he inquired. "The police will lead you any reasonable assistance, if you wish to communicate with your friends," was the reply. "I have just a dozen words. Write them to the person I name as soon as it is daylight: 'Beware of Trevor—he is at the bottom of my ruin. Am innocent—Paul,' to Miss Heatheote," and Paul gave him her address. "You have the words? You will not forget them?" "I can remember. They'll do no harm—any way, they won't," muttered the man. "As soon as it's daylight, depend upon me, sir."

There could be no question as to the outcome of the well-contrived plot against him. Paul Gardner saw that. Unless Trevor made a clean breast of his duplicity nothing but imprisonment awaited him. And it turned out as he feared. Trevor denied every word of Gardner's statement, even going to the length of saying that they had never met on the day that Paul stated the cheque was handed over to him. His intended flight, and his arrest just as he was about to leave the country, were construed into evidence against him. He was committed for trial by the magistrates, and eventually sentenced to three years' imprisonment. For months Mark Trevor shrunk at the thought of going near Brenda Heatheote. In spite of his craft and duplicity he could not summon the necessary courage to confront her, but eventually sought her out, and endeavored to persuade her that her impressions were false, that Paul was deserving of his fate, and that he—Trevor—was much injured by being dragged into this horrible affair.

"I don't know about that," was one of the ladies' replies to the canary. "I believe every word of it, and I know the man who sent it too well to think that, even in mistake, he would make such a charge falsely against one whom he professed to honor."

aw from his hiding-place that one of those was Max Trevor, and the other, he had no doubt, was the broken-down, morbidly-dominant medical man who was doing his bidding. The latter took a small phial from his pocket, and poured a little of its contents into a wine-glass. "How long before the end, now?" whispered Trevor. "Tomorrow, some time, I will finish," was the reply. Paul waited no longer. With a bound he entered the room, and confronted the two startled men. "Soundrels!" he cried, "what would you do? Poison him? Thank God my first act after liberation is to save life and not to destroy it."

LYDIA'S LOVER.

Lydia's mother kept a general boarding house. I remember perfectly that it was a cloudy morning, and most of the boarders in the dumps, when Mrs. Lawson said to her: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have something to say to you. I want to ask you if you'd mind dining in the parlor instead of the back parlor? It ain't so genteel, I know, but it's really quite snug, and the dinner comes in warmer. If no-body objects I'll make the change to-morrow."

He was good looking on a small scale, and he dressed wonderfully. I saw that he was not roasted chestnut or fruit stall, but he was not genuine, I felt sure, and that first day he began to make big eyes at Lydia. He was romantic, if you please, and I gave you my word that before the week was over she was madly in love with him. She sang with him now, not for me—she walked with him on moonlight nights. She looked awfully, and I might say pretty, too, and the women began to whisper together, and Mrs. Lawson began in a flutter. "You're such a kind friend, Mr. Chipper," said she, one day, "that I can't help telling you that I think my Lydia is going to be a countess. Count Nicoliopi is a most aristocratic. Well, she deserves it, and I'm sure she'll get it."

Lawson almost fainted when I gave her her pocketbook and silver. At last the count began to suffocate. The fat boarder heaped more than 200 pounds, and we let him up and looked at him. "Well, got anything to say?" I asked. "It was a small mistake," said the count. "I am one of those somnambulist which walk in dere sleeps and knows not what dey do." "That explains it," said I. "I suppose, then, you did not remember you had a countess living in South Fifth Avenue when you declared yourself a bachelor, and that you dreamed about your estates?" He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his palms, and ten minutes after was on his way down the street between two policemen. After I carried Lydia upstairs—we found her in a swoon on the parlor floor. I did not see her for two weeks. I sent her flowers every day—sixty people like them, you know—and one evening I found her playing softly on the old piano again. "Oh, Mr. Chipper," she cried, as I bent over her. "In the light of the red shaded lamp she looked as sweet and delicate as a wild rose."

THE WORKING KIND OF HAM.

Thomas Hovenden, the painter, who met an heroic death recently, began his artistic career in Richmond, Va. Soon after the war he did work coloring photographs and picking up such outside odd jobs as he could. It was while so engaged that he had a most unique experience. At that time the newly enfranchised negroes were luxuriating in the excitement of organizing societies, and one of the first and most prosperous of these was called the Rising Sons of Ham. After a great deal of discussion this order decided to have a distinctive banner. The debate over the design lasted all night. The committee which was to report the design brought in a majority and a minority report. The minority suggested a picture of a colored man rising from a cloud, and the majority wanted a representation of a ham of bacon with the sun emblazoned behind it. The majority report was adopted, and Mr. Hovenden was commissioned to paint the banner.

BORN.

Halifax, Aug. 22, to the wife of E. S. Eracey, a son. Carleton, Aug. 19, to the wife of Howard Crosby, a son. West Berlin, N.S., Aug. 14, Philip Fankingham, 74. Malaga, C.B., Aug. 16, Alex. N. McPayden 24. Four Mile Brook, N.S., Jessie C. wife of F. McLeod, 65. Upham, N.S., Aug. 22, Andrew Sherwood, 33. Halifax, Aug. 12, Margaret, wife of Robt. Falconer, 81. Halifax, Aug. 25, Everett Frank Neal, son of W. H. Neal 25. Woodstock, Aug. 15, Frank, son of Charles and Eliza Parker. Halifax, Aug. 21, Mrs. Johanna O'Brien of Killenny, 56. Earleton, Aug. 16, Murdoch, son of Rev. F. and Mrs. Mellis, 21. Yarmouth, Aug. 7, Elizabeth, widow of the late Thomas Kilham, 71. Strathmore, C. B., Jennie, daughter of George D. and Kate M. Loomis. North Head, Grand Manan, Aug. 19, Hannah, wife of Frederick Crow, 41. Halifax, Aug. 17, Hannah, infant child of Janet and William Hall, 1 month. Moncton, Aug. 26, Martha E. child of Robert and Annie Goarney, 4 months. Centerville, N.S., Aug. 22, Fred, son of William and Eliza J. Cameron, 20. Liverpool, N.S., Aug. 15, Lottie, daughter of William and Ellen Mason. North Sydney, Aug. 17, Edward, son of Dennis and Martha Connors, 10 months. Halifax, Aug. 24, Lillian Frances, child of Arthur and Mary Hunter, 10 months. Halifax, Aug. 23, Eliza Jean, child of Capt. and Mrs. W. F. Butler, 10 months. Stanley, N.S., Aug. 16, Josephine, wife of Charles Don, late of Woodport, N.S. B. 31. Halifax, Aug. 20, Arthur W. child of Emma and the late William Starling, 18 months. Halifax, Aug. 25, Charles Carter, adopted daughter of Susan and Samuel Wells, 25. North Head, Grand Manan, Aug. 15, Edna, only daughter of Alfred Thomas, 3 years. Halifax, Aug. 25, Bertha Alexander, infant son of Alexander and Emma Moffat, 2 months. Dartmouth, Aug. 25, Emma, youngest daughter of Mary and the late Edward Burwell, 11 months. Halifax, Aug. 21, knees, wife of J. McFarland, 30. Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, Aug. 15, Austin G. infant son of Sanford and Jennie Brown, 1 year and 5 months. Cabot Bay, Aug. 27, William Bruce, youngest son of Mrs. J. and L. L. MacGregor, Crawford 3 months. Halifax, Aug. 17, Mary Beatrice Allison, known in religion as Sister Frederica, youngest daughter of the late Jonathan C. Allison. Providence, R. I., Aug. 23, Mary Amanda, wife of William C. Greene, and daughter of the late Daniel and Charlotte Wigham of N.S.

five or six grains, and the collection of a pound would occupy several years. A hive contains 20,000 to 50,000 bees, of which only half are occupied in preparing honey—the rest caring for their young and their quarters. In a good day 16,000 to 20,000 bees can, in six or ten trips visit 300,000 to 1,000,000 flowers. For that it would be necessary that the locality should be favorable for honey making and that the nectar secreting plants should grow near a hive. A hive of 30,000 bees can then, under good conditions, make about two pounds of honey a year.

THE WORKING KIND OF HAM.

An Experience of an American Artist with a Society of Colored Men. Thomas Hovenden, the painter, who met an heroic death recently, began his artistic career in Richmond, Va. Soon after the war he did work coloring photographs and picking up such outside odd jobs as he could. It was while so engaged that he had a most unique experience. At that time the newly enfranchised negroes were luxuriating in the excitement of organizing societies, and one of the first and most prosperous of these was called the Rising Sons of Ham. After a great deal of discussion this order decided to have a distinctive banner. The debate over the design lasted all night. The committee which was to report the design brought in a majority and a minority report. The minority suggested a picture of a colored man rising from a cloud, and the majority wanted a representation of a ham of bacon with the sun emblazoned behind it. The majority report was adopted, and Mr. Hovenden was commissioned to paint the banner.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Aug. 22, William McDonald to Jessie F. Rogers. Truro, Aug. 15, by Rev. John Robbins, H. G. Gross to Clara Upham. Westport, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, David Welch to Minnie Hunt. Campbellton, Aug. 20, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Dubois to Julia Gorham. Malton, Aug. 13, by Rev. J. C. Jack, Lewis Putnam to Abbie F. Roy. Elgin, Aug. 14, by Rev. Thos D. Stewart, James Porter to Mary Jameson. Bellefleur, N.S., Aug. 8, by Rev. L. Burns, Harry Coates to Jennie Alward. Campbellton, Aug. 18, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Wise to Emma Thompson. St. John, Aug. 15, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Alfred S. Brown to Susie S. Roberts. Thornburn, Aug. 17, by Rev. Dr. MacLeod, Nell McDonald to Mary Fraser. French River, N.S., by Rev. H. Campbell, George Inglis to Hannah J. Brown. Aylesford, Aug. 6, by Rev. Mr. Bancroft, Walter Coates to Jennie Alward. Caswell, Aug. 7, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Alfred Pitt Wheaton to Jennie Foreman. New Glasgow, Aug. 9, by Rev. A. Rogers, George W. Coates to Mary Ford. Everett, Mass., Aug. 7, by Rev. Albert Watson, E. Kaulbach to Lillian K. Stick. Sunnyside, Aug. 12, by Rev. James Sinclair, John Swinham to Annie Ross. New Glasgow, Aug. 12, by Rev. B. Mutch, John J. Johnson to Annie M. Carter. Halifax, Aug. 17, by Rev. H. B. Brown, George Freepert to Charlotte Johnson. Gasparan, Aug. 17, by Rev. John Williams, Ferry B. Smith to Lillian S. Murray. Campbellton, Aug. 21, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Thomas McDougall to Lillian McLeod.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. Windsor, Aug. 16, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Lawrence Franklin to Annie Mink. Oxford, N.S., Aug. 19, by Rev. C. Manroe, George H. Weston to Annie M. Adams. New Glasgow, Aug. 22, by Rev. J. S. Carruthers, David West to Catherine; Gillis. Stellarton, Aug. 17, by Rev. E. A. Burgess, Ernest D. Filmer to Beattie M. Bacon. Bathurst, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. Selzer, Francis Coomes to Elizabeth Hornbrook. Fort Maitland, Aug. 11, by Rev. F. Beattie, James E. Phillips to Miriam. Parkers Cove, N.S., Aug. 1, by Rev. H. Achilles, George L. Babo to Zidie Grant. Salmon, Aug. 10, by Rev. Robt. H. Linton, Charles W. Ritchie to Mrs. E. Ian McEwan. Xaverit, Mass., Aug. 10, by Rev. W. H. Richard, Ernest D. Filmer to Miss Dixon. Walkers Cove, N.S., Aug. 1, by Rev. C. Dalop, Nathan Ross to Misses Armstrong. Yarmouth, Aug. 14, by Rev. J. L. Minor B. A. William Crosby to Beattie M. Bacon. Yarmouth, Aug. 15, by Rev. G. H. White, Melbourne Moses to Margaret Godder. Lower Canada, Aug. 27, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Charles G. Brown to Beattie M. Bacon. Oshorne, N. B., Aug. 7, by Rev. E. B. Colwell, William Rutland to Amanda M. Osborne. Phoenixville, Aug. 22, by Rev. J. Shipperley, John Carey of Monks to Lydia Dimock. Lynn, Mass., Aug. 7, by Rev. F. B. Johnson, David Crosby to Lodi E. Darke, formerly of N. S. Shelburne, Aug. 22, by Rev. Dr. White assisted by Rev. W. H. Morris, Elizabeth K. Hood, to Wm. Oakes. E. K. Lake, York Co., Aug. 21, by Rev. Harry Linton, B. A. Fred J. McBride of Littleton, Me., to Abbie McKean. Halifax, Aug. 21, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, George W. Bell and surgeon H. M. S. MacIntyre sons of the late Sir Sydney Bell of Colne Colney, Africa to Rosa Maton Parsons daughter of the late Edward Parsons M.D. of Southsea Eng.

DIED.

Malton, Aug. 22, Adam Ry, 62. Berwick, Aug. 14, Lewis Morris, 74. Halifax, Aug. 20, James F. Pratt, 32. Halifax, Aug. 19, John McAlpin, 57. Halifax, Aug. 21, John J. Murphy, 45. Halifax, Aug. 23, Daniel McTearan, 25. Antigonish, Aug. 14, August McQuaid, 37. Stellarton, Aug. 10, Finlay McLeod, 31. Annapolis, Aug. 16, Mrs. Eliza Pigott, 51. Selman, N.S., Aug. 17, Daniel Walker, 107. Halifax, Aug. 23, Johnny Taylor, 8 months. Lakeville, Aug. 12, Alexander Cooper, 15. Antigonish, Aug. 18, Catherine McLeese, 66. St. John, Aug. 21, Margaret Estella Daley, 15. Greenfield, Aug. 15, Martha Dawson, 5 months. Chertsey, Aug. 12, Capt. James W. Burgess, 65. Lower tranville, Aug. 15, Mrs. D. G. Coover, 68. St. John, Aug. 23, Jane, widow of John Gallagher, 90. Halifax, Aug. 14, Harriet A. widow of John Eison, 74. West Berlin, N.S., Aug. 14, Philip Fankingham, 74. Malaga, C.B., Aug. 16, Alex. N. McPayden 24. Four Mile Brook, N.S., Jessie C. wife of F. McLeod, 65. Upham, N.S., Aug. 22, Andrew Sherwood, 33. Halifax, Aug. 12, Margaret, wife of Robt. Falconer, 81. Halifax, Aug. 25, Everett Frank Neal, son of W. H. Neal 25. Woodstock, Aug. 15, Frank, son of Charles and Eliza Parker. Halifax, Aug. 21, Mrs. Johanna O'Brien of Killenny, 56. Earleton, Aug. 16, Murdoch, son of Rev. F. and Mrs. Mellis, 21. Yarmouth, Aug. 7, Elizabeth, widow of the late Thomas Kilham, 71. Strathmore, C. B., Jennie, daughter of George D. and Kate M. Loomis. North Head, Grand Manan, Aug. 19, Hannah, wife of Frederick Crow, 41. Halifax, Aug. 17, Hannah, infant child of Janet and William Hall, 1 month. Moncton, Aug. 26, Martha E. child of Robert and Annie Goarney, 4 months. Centerville, N.S., Aug. 22, Fred, son of William and Eliza J. Cameron, 20. Liverpool, N.S., Aug. 15, Lottie, daughter of William and Ellen Mason. North Sydney, Aug. 17, Edward, son of Dennis and Martha Connors, 10 months. Halifax, Aug. 24, Lillian Frances, child of Arthur and Mary Hunter, 10 months. Halifax, Aug. 23, Eliza Jean, child of Capt. and Mrs. W. F. Butler, 10 months. Stanley, N.S., Aug. 16, Josephine, wife of Charles Don, late of Woodport, N.S. B. 31. Halifax, Aug. 20, Arthur W. child of Emma and the late William Starling, 18 months. Halifax, Aug. 25, Charles Carter, adopted daughter of Susan and Samuel Wells, 25. North Head, Grand Manan, Aug. 15, Edna, only daughter of Alfred Thomas, 3 years. Halifax, Aug. 25, Bertha Alexander, infant son of Alexander and Emma Moffat, 2 months. Dartmouth, Aug. 25, Emma, youngest daughter of Mary and the late Edward Burwell, 11 months. Halifax, Aug. 21, knees, wife of J. McFarland, 30. Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, Aug. 15, Austin G. infant son of Sanford and Jennie Brown, 1 year and 5 months. Cabot Bay, Aug. 27, William Bruce, youngest son of Mrs. J. and L. L. MacGregor, Crawford 3 months. Halifax, Aug. 17, Mary Beatrice Allison, known in religion as Sister Frederica, youngest daughter of the late Jonathan C. Allison. Providence, R. I., Aug. 23, Mary Amanda, wife of William C. Greene, and daughter of the late Daniel and Charlotte Wigham of N.S.

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