

BESSIE.

"It's only Bessie Raven," said Mrs. Liddington to her niece, Mrs. Enfield, a blooming city matron, who had brought her two boys to the country for the summer.

"There are no trout there! You might throw a bait and wait a year, and you wouldn't get a bite!"

"I don't know that we asked any information from you," said he, haughtily. "Have the goodness to be about your business."

"I won't!" retorted Bessie Raven, with an ominous flash in her dark eyes. "It's a free country, ain't it? And I've as much right here as you have!"

"Very well," said Hal, rising and gathering together his tackle. "I'll go, then. Come, Felix."

Hal stalked away in high dudgeon, Felix remained behind to cultivate the acquaintance of Bessie Raven.

"If there are no trout here," said he, composedly eyeing the brown gypsy face among the leaves, "where do they hide?"

"I'll show you," said Bessie, with alacrity, "Just a piece further on. There's lots of 'em—only everybody don't know it. Come on!"

And the two children spent a long summer's morning together under the green trees.

Until just as Felix Enfield was turning to go home, half apprehensive that he had missed the farmhouse dinner, he did not perceive that the little gold cross he wore attached to his watch-chain was gone.

"Oh!" cried he, "where is my watch?" He stopped abruptly. For in the very moment in which he spoke, he perceived half hidden in the folds of the bosom of Bessie's tattered dress, the gleam of some golden ornament. Involuntarily he caught at it—it was his own.

"You little thief!" cried he, "you must have stolen it!" Bessie stood sullen and silent, her eyes cast down, her bare feet impatiently patting the velvety grass below. She could not deny it—she scorned any attempt to justify herself.

"Bessie," said the boy slowly, "what made you do it? Don't you know that it is wrong to steal?"

"Wrong?" cried out Bessie, passionately. "Why is it wrong? You are rich and I'm poor! You've got everything, and I've got nothing! Why shouldn't I help myself when I've got the chance?"

Felix Enfield looked at her. Verily there was more in her creed than he had realized it.

"I'll tell you why, Bessie," said he. "At least, I'll tell you what I think about it." So, in his boyish way, he unfolded the philosophy of meum and tuum.

But at the voyage's end Mr. Enfield was deeper in love than ever. "Look here, Miss Richfield," said he; "if you don't say you'll have me I won't leave the steamer's deck! I'll go back and forth perpetually between New York and Southampton."

"I don't think papa would care for so permanent a passenger," said Miss Richfield, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"But, really, do you know, Miss Richfield, I believe you are engaged already." She colored a little.

"Why?" she asked. "Ah! you think I have no eyes. You think I haven't perceived that you always wear a black velvet ribbon around your neck—a black velvet ribbon, from which is suspended some trinket of gold, hidden in the lace trails of your collar. Is it a gage?"

"Yes, Miss Richfield calmly answered, 'it is a gage of true love. If I ever am married—'"

"H!" almost scornfully ejaculated the lover. "Well, when I am married," Miss Richfield corrected herself, "it will only be to the gentleman who gave me this."

"Then I may consider myself rejected!" slowly spoke Felix, with a face of the bitterest chagrin.

"Not quite," said the dark-eyed damsel softly, as she drew the golden talisman from her throat and held it toward him. "Don't you remember who gave me this?" He uttered an exclamation of recognition.

"It is the gold cross I gave years ago to Bessie Raven!" cried he.

"Yes," she said, quietly, "and I am Bessie Raven."

"Yes. My mother died shortly after you gave me this. My uncle, who had just returned from the West, adopted us all. Two of my sisters are in boarding school. My brother is being educated in a German university. And I am my uncle's adopted daughter, known only by his name."

"But, Bessie, you said you would marry the one who gave you that!" cried out Enfield.

"So I will," confessed Bessie, laughing and blushing, "if he is still intimated enough to persist in wanting me."

They were married within a month—a regular true love match—grand aunt Mrs. Liddington finds her-elf grand-uncle-in-law to "only Bessie Raven!"

"I don't think Felix could have made a better match!"

GUMPTION AND A FILE.

By the Use of Both Commodities a Boy Won Fame and Fortune.

If a boy has any 'mechanical faculty, if it comes handy to him to use too', let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—'gumption' it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served a man who tells his story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

When I was fourteen years old, he says, it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy Wanted.' I pulled down my hair, bru had the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk. "Back office," he said. I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped inside. It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk. I turned around quickly. "At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?" "I came in to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"Oh!" said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. "Sit down," he added; "I'm busy."

I looked back at the door. "If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eb," he said, quickly. "All right. Go ahead."

I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put my file back in my pocket

The vivid fact about cancer is that it eats away the flesh. Knife and plaster have failed to cure our natural Home Treatment does cure. Full particulars to Stott & Jury, Bostonville, Ont. (stamps).

and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me. "Any parents?" he asked. "Mother," I answered. "Have her come in here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half-interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.

Relieved by one application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment in ten minutes (radically cures tetanus, salt rheum, eczema. No case too long standing to be fitted on a fair trial. For babies, scald head, common at teething time, it is without a peer. 35 cents.

Hollow wedge bricks were used by the Romans for constructing arches at their baths at Bath, England. According to The Engineer, the roofs of the dressing rooms were covered in some instances with flat brick arches, and as these would have fallen by their own weight if constructed in the ordinary manner, hollow voussoirs were moulded with a cylindrical projection on one radical side and a semi-cylindrical cavity to correspond on the other. The bricks were about one foot from intrados to extrados and ten inches wide on the back. They were finished well and apparently of fire-burnt, ordinary clay.

Man's Used Millow Bricks.

YAH! YOU CAN'T BUST THEM, THERE'S DOMINION.



WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

BORN.

Halifax, to the wife of R. P. Anderson, a daughter.

Sydney, March 2, to Capt and Mrs. J. C. Peters, a son.

Springhill, March 12, to the wife of Geo. Caning, a son.

Springhill, March 7, to the wife of Dan Beaton, a son.

Springhill, March 6, to the wife of Jude Gould, a son.

Hallifax, March 10, to the wife of C. Winter Brown, a son.

Beech Hill, Feb. 27, to the wife of Albert Trenholm a son.

Woolville, Feb. 25, to Dr. and Mrs. H. Lawrence a son.

Sydney, March 8, to the wife of Alex J. Grantmyer, a son.

Hallifax, March 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Hartling, a daughter.

Truro, March 2, to the wife of Mr. Adam Hartling, a daughter.

Woodstock, March 6, to the wife of Dr. E. S. Kirkpatrick, a son.

Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harrison, a son.

Great Village, Feb. 24, to the wife of Mr. Joseph Seddes, a son.

Canada Creek, Feb. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. LeBaron a son.

Long Island, March 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Neil O'Handley, a son.

Round Hill, N. B., Feb. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bass, a son.

Bass River, Feb. 20, to the wife of Mr. C. R. Thompson, a son.

Milton, Queens, March 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Harlow, a daughter.

Great Village, March 1, to the wife of Mr. L. C. Layton, a daughter.

Woodstock, Feb. 25, to the wife of Dr. T. F. Sprague, a daughter.

Fort River, Salisbury, Feb. 23, to the wife of Mr. A. Jones, a daughter.

Long Island, March 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh O'Handley, a daughter.

Long Island, C. B., Feb. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. John D. O'Handley, a daughter.

Springhill, Valley Road, March 7, to the wife of Mr. Nicholson, a daughter.

North Alton, King, Feb. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell, a daughter.

Easton, Digby Co., Feb. 12, to the wife of Mr. Hantford Grant, a daughter.

Edgemoor Landing, Albert Co., March 8, to the wife of George Jones, a daughter.

Harvey Corner, Albert Co., March 5, to the wife of Jonath a Robinson, a daughter.

Liverpool, Feb. 26, by Rev. H. B. Shaw, Geo. Be. l to his wife.

Georgetown, Feb. 22, by Rev. D. Cameron, Donald McRae to Flora McInnis.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Lvs. St. John at 1:15 a.m., arr Digby 10 15 a.m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6:30 a.m., arr in Digby 12:50 p.m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on flying business between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOBION STEAMER By far the finest and "safest steamer plying out of Boston."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Cheapest. Quickest and Best ROUTE TO THE

KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY. Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska points.

Tourist Sleeping Cars for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (daily except Sunday) at 2:00 p. m. Friday's Car is attached at Quebec.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Pictou and Halifax.....\$7.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex.....\$3.00

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If you've tried other Emulsions and find they don't agree with you, just get a bottle of MILBURN'S. It is pleasant to take, and won't turn the weakest stomach.

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Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages on every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Rapapace, Yarmouth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Canadian Pacific Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 steamships.

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Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.