

A GARDEN OF ROSES.

It was a settled thing in the minds of the villagers of Bracebridge that old Holloway was "all alone in the world." None came to visit him, and during the two years he had lived at Bracebridge he had never been absent from home for a day.

Old Holloway had two sources of happiness. His tiny cottage was known as Rose Glen. If you ever went to Bracebridge you would never dream of going away without looking over the wicket gate and inhaling the sweet perfume of the old man's roses.

But he loved the children more. He once said that, when their tiny faces were looking up at him and smiling, they, too, were flowers. Every child in Bracebridge knew old Holloway.

The old man heard their voices and came to the door. How those children danced and sang! They got hold of both his hands and his coat, and with merry laughter, pulled him across the lawn to his favorite tree.

Again the children took hold of him and pulled him along the path toward the wicket gate. They opened it, and the woman was still standing there, her pale face now flushed, her once dim eyes brighter still.

"My daughter, my darling Marion! I was cruel to send you away, very cruel. A father's love for you made me think it possible for ever a husband to love you as I did.

On the morning of the next day the children were on their way to school. They always passed Rose Glen, and old Holloway would invariably be at the gate. But this morning the children seemed more excited than usual; something had evidently happened, or was about to happen, which made their little hearts beat faster than ever.

It is a mistake to hurry about anything in this weather, to worry is still worse. When thirsty don't forget the claims that water has upon the attention.

"Would you like to see my little boy?" she asked. And all the children gathered round while the mother drew aside the seat from round her baby's neck, so that they might see it the better.

"Well, tell me who he is." Then one of the children took the woman by the hand and led her to the corner where the hill started towards the spot where the roses grew. The cottage was pointed out to her.

"That's Rose Glen," the child said. "Yes, I can smell the roses here. Oh, how sweet!" the woman murmured, looking at the cottage.

"That's where he lives," the little one went on.

"Yes," said a child older than the others. "Mr. Holloway—"

The woman gave a wild scream, which almost made the children run from her in dismay. She had nearly fallen to the ground. But she was herself again in a moment.

"Oh! my children, my children," she cried, pitifully, "don't turn from me—don't be frightened—don't be afraid of me! I love you, every one. Come nearer to me."

A wild gladness overspread her face. Her lips quivered, her eyes sparkled. Some sudden resolve had come to her. She drew her hand nervously across her eyes; then, turning to the little ones about her, she quickly, she asked:

"And if I let you take my child to him—what will you do?" They were quiet for a moment. Then the elder child, who had spoken before, said:

"I will carry him ever so careful. You can come, too."

"I can come, too," she murmured; "I can come, too." Silently she placed the baby in the little girl's arms. The children trooped down the hill toward the house, the woman following them with hesitating steps.

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LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body.

Results from Using

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kas., writes: "I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

CHECKMATED.

Dudley Smith, of Mangrove House, Sydney, was a young, handsome fellow with plenty of money. One morning he sat in his library and pondered, as he had often pondered before—and on the same subject—viz., how to get a wife.

"Hang the money," he exclaimed, "I wish I'd never had a penny, and then, but other, then I should have been too poor to marry at all. Why couldn't I have just wealth enough to satisfy my wants and nothing more? By jove! a fine idea. I'll toil them—the mean adventuresses!"

A furious pull at the bell-rope brought the housekeeper to the room in a hurry. "Pack up your traps, Mrs. Bull," he exclaimed abruptly, "for I am going to close the house for the present. Meanwhile, your wages can still go on, and that of such domestics as you consider indispensable."

A week later saw Mr. Smith safely domiciled in a quiet, second-rate lodging in Surrey Hill, and shortly afterwards he began to sell his diamond rings, pins, seals, and other paraphernalia of fashionable life. His grand clothes soon began to appear seedy and threadbare, and these he replaced by cloth of rougher cut and plainer hue.

In George street one day he met a carriage containing some of his former friends, who had been absent from town since he closed his house. He thought they would not notice him, but each inmate of the carriage bowed politely as of old.

"I will, if it be in my power so to do, darling," he exclaimed. "Well, poor papa is rather short of money—won't you lend him a few thousands?"

"But I have heard, my dear fellow," cried his auditor, abruptly, "and that is why I came. I know you need! friends now, if ever; and the fact is—my daughter Rosa—that is, sir, I mean I came to offer you the position of head clerk in my business establishment. Will you accept it?"

"Alone! well, I will think of it. But it is a long way from my lodging-house." "Hang your lodging-house! You can live in my family as a—well, a sort of guest, you know."

"Dudley Smith looked keenly at his visitor. "Sir, you are one man out of ten thousand, I said, by the way. "Tut, Mr. Smith; sympathy is a strong feeling, and I feel deeply for your unfortunate case, believe me."

Again Dudley looked at him.

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Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents. This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

The Original and Genuine!

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply GORGEOUS as a dessert!"

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Mr. Baitman was a wealthy man—very wealthy, he was called—and of course Mr. Smith thanked him, and he accepted the offer. Once costily settled in the Baitman mansion, it was not long before he began to wonder why he had not mentioned Rosa Baitman before. She did not seem to feel above him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their positions; and she treated him as cordially—more cordially, he thought—than heretofore, before the change in his fortunes. He would not have been human had he not learned to love her.

The climax came when she gave a grand party. Then, before the élite of the whole city, she did not hesitate to receive attentions from him which but one construction could be placed. One cannot wonder he thought her a heroine, and asked no further proof that she could love him. Next day they met in her father's library, where he waited to see her.

"I have loved you so long," she said; "and I loved you never love me. You were so suspicious before you lost your wealth that all women were mere adventuresses; I was heartily glad when papa said you had lost it, and—"

"You sent him to negotiate with me?" cried Dudley, finishing the sentence intuitively, and giving it labial emphasis. "I loved you so," she murmured deprecatingly.

"I do not doubt it, dearest," and Mr. Dudley Smith believed himself the happiest of men. They were married. The wedding was very unpretentious, as became the bridegroom in strained circumstances; and he was in constant ecstasy as he thought of his fortune still remained. He sent for Mrs. Bull to return and re-open the house and put it in full condition, receive its mistress. Meantime they remained at her father's residence.

"Dudley," said his wife, one day, "I have a favor to ask of you—will you grant it?" "I will, if it be in my power so to do, darling," he exclaimed.

"Well, poor papa is rather short of money—won't you lend him a few thousands?" "Me! why, you know—"

"Oh! I know what you have been pretending," was the quick reply; "but then you see, dear, it wasn't so—you never lost your money."

Dudley Smith leaped from his chair as though he had been shot. "How did you find that out?" he gasped. "I knew all the time. When I heard that you were penniless, papa went directly to your banker and learnt the contrary. I think we managed the game very shrewdly, dear husband."

"I think you did, rather," answered the dear husband, glancing upon his better half; "you have checkmated me with a vengeance; but do not flatter yourself, madam, that I'll endure it."

"How can you help yourself, dearest? We are married now. Will you take a trip to Fiji, or to England, or will you apply for a divorce?"

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON. ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indiantown at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Hampton at 2:30 o'clock p.m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Red's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. DAILY LINE (SUNDAY EXCEPTED). FOR BOSTON COMMENCING JULY 4th, and continuing until September 1st, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, Mornings at 12:30 (Standard), for Eastport and Boston. Tuesday and Friday Mornings for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. and M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. (LTD.). The following is the proposed sailings of the S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. MAY.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. JUNE.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. JULY AND AUGUST.—From St. John—Daily Trips, (Sundays excepted). SEPTEMBER.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Steamer sails from St. John at 7:30 a.m., local time, return trip, sails from Annapolis upon the arrival of the morning express from Halifax.

Travellers. APPLETON'S Canadian Guide Book. Part 1, EASTERN CANADA. Part 2, WESTERN CANADA. Modelled after the plan which experience has proved the most satisfactory for Tourists and Travellers. Price, \$1.25, each part.

For sale at the Bookstores or mailed upon receipt of price by J. & A. McMillan, - St. John, N. B. Office for Agriculture, Fredericton.

Harry Wilkes, 1896. THE Standard Breed Hambletonian Stallion Harry Wilkes, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the Season of 1892 at St. John. TERMS—\$25.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, EASTPORT. I have had Rheumatism for five years. I found nothing to give satisfactory relief until I used Scott's Cure for Rheumatism, and it has proved a perfect cure.—Yours truly, MRS. MARGARET MCCARTHY.

Scott's Cure FOR RHEUMATISM is the greatest discovery of the age for the immediate relief of RHEUMATISM. Applied to a bruised surface, it will instantly relieve pain and allay inflammation. Scott's Cure is a preparation that no household should be without.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, King Street (West), St. John, N. B. For sale by all Druggists. Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50.

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RAILWAYS.

GRAND EXCURSION THE BEST OFFERED IN ST. JOHN. Eastport, St. Croix River, St. Andrews, Calais, St. Stephen, St. George and Lepreau. Tickets for the round trip good for Eight Days with liberty to stop over.

Only \$2.50. The Shore Line Railway and International Steamship Company have united to give the people of St. John the biggest trip for the smallest money ever offered, viz:

ST. JOHN TO EASTPORT, by the splendid steamers of the International Steamship Company, thence up the picturesque and historic St. Croix River to St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen, and return to St. John by Express Train of the Shore Line Railway.

The trip can also be made from St. John outwards via the Shore Line Railway, leaving St. John East, per Ferry, at 11 a.m.; West, at 1:30 a.m., continuing from St. Stephen to St. Andrews or Eastport by the Frontier S. S. Co., and returning to St. John by the I. S. S. Co., Steamer, on Saturday.

Special Saturday Excursions.—Persons can leave St. John by International Steamship, Saturday morning—visit Eastport, St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen, and return by Special Train, arriving home Saturday evening. These tickets however good only on date of issue.

ON SATURDAY ONLY \$2.00 Tickets for sale at George Phillips, William Street and at the Ticket Office of the International Steamship Company and Shore Line Railway. For special terms for large parties, apply to C. E. Leachler, Agent I. S. S. Company or G. G. Ruel, Treasurer Shore Line Railway.

HARVEST 3 Excursions VIA THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TO POINTS IN MANITOBA AND THE Canadian North West, Leaving ST. JOHN, N. B. at 4:25 a.m. AUGUST 16th and 23rd, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1892.

Tickets will be good to return at any time within 60 days from date of sale. For rates of fare, and all other particulars, see advertising matter or inquire of nearest Railway Ticket Agent.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Agent, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Summer Arrangement. On and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8:10 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11:50 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:45 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4:45 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8:50 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth 11:05 a.m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8:15 a.m., arrive at Annapolis at 11:50 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:45 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4:45 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8:50 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth 11:05 a.m.

Through tickets may be obtained at 150 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRONZELL, General Superintendent Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway. After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00; for Port du Chêne, 10:30; for St. John, 12:00; for Sussex, 12:45; for Quebec and Montreal, 2:10. Will arrive at St. John, 10:00 a.m. Express, 6:30; from Quebec to Montreal (excepted Monday), 2:45; from Port du Chêne, 12:40; from Halifax, 12:50 from Halifax, N.S.

KEEP COOL! ICE Wholesale and Retail. ORDERS through Mail or Telephone promptly attended to. Telephone No. 414. Office: Leinster Street. Parties going out of town, can have ice delivered at regular rates until their departure and upon their return to the city. 3 mos. MRS. R. WERTS L.

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