

The Little Runaway.

A wee toddler had strayed away—only one from a street swarming with children, but the whole neighborhood was astir. It was just after the supper hour when the child was missed. Housewives were busied with duties and the men had hied away to a place convenient for obtaining voting returns, for it had been a day of political contest. In a vacant lot the boys of the neighborhood were playing ball, and a little further away a group of girls were talking and laughing. The mother, missing the patter of little feet, became uneasy, and on looking about found the gate ajar. Her anxious enquiries soon spread the news and a group of women and children collected. Mothers looked anxiously over their little broods to see none were missing. 'Perhaps, she's with her father,' suggested a neighbor. The mother shook her head. 'Where are all the men, anyway?' asked another. 'Gone to hear the election returns,' was the answer. 'Shure men niver are around when they're wanted,' came from an Irish neighbor. Houses and yards were searched, but nowhere could the little one be found. The commotion attracted the attention of the ball players. 'What's the matter?' called the pitcher. 'Baby Lester's lost,' was the answer. Presently the pitcher lost interest in the game, and pocketing the ball announced, 'I'm going to look for the kid.' 'No, you're not,' came from the batter. 'She'll turn up all right.' The pitcher started away. The side having their innings protested vigorously, even forcibly, against this desertion. But, the boy persisted, and others joining him, the opposing party had to yield, and the boys called the group on the street. Searchers were sent out in every direction. At each new clue the distracted mother hurried away, only to return the more disheartened. The shadows began to fall, and yet no tidings of the lost one. 'Do you think she could have gone down to the railroad track?' queried a dismal neighbor. 'Oh! murder!' ejaculated the Irish neighbor, then soothingly to the mother. 'Now don't ye be worrying. Shure the lamia niver 'ud cross the track. The gate-man would hold on to her.' The mother's tears were aroused and she hurried off, only to find no child had been seen in that vicinity. Searchers kept returning, but brought no tidings of the wanderer. Every likely and unlikely place had been searched. The women stood around not knowing what to do next, even the children were awed into quietness. The chirping and quarrelling of the sparrows sounded strangely loud. Sick with dread was the mother's heart. 'Do you suppose she could have gone down to the lake?' suggested a by-stander. 'If she has she's drowned sure,' exclaimed the dismal neighbor. 'Why! don't you remember that little boy last summer, who—'

now the look of fear in the eyes I need to hers, as she lifted the hands to strike, haunted her. 'Oh! my God! have pity and give my baby back to me,' she pleaded, 'and I will never again strike her in anger.' The moon, now risen, shone with kindly light on the upturned face, and calmed the longing heart. Through the open door of the cage a wee birdie had flown—a fledgling with wings not yet fitted for flight. It was the first freedom, and baby knew she was doing wrong. But, glancing back and seeing no pursuer, with a gleeful laugh she toddled away. A small dog—a playful thing—was worrying a piece of paper. His saucy bark was an invitation to frolic and play. Baby, with happy gurgles, accepted the invitation. Doggie catching up the paper ran ahead shaking it and frolicking, his pursuer chasing merrily. When she approached he would dodge and bark and, catching up the paper, again ran ahead, the little one following gleefully. A coal cart lumbered past. The driver looked curiously at the child and drew rein bringing his horse to a walk. Then, gushing his shoulders and giving the reins a pull, muttered, 'Oh! her mother's about some place, no doubt! Get 'ep! get 'ep!' then, as if in answer to an inward protest—it's none of my business anyhow. I'm too hamed tired and hungry. Let people look after their own kids. Get 'ep! get 'ep!' Once a child peeped through a fence called, 'Hallo little girl! But the runaway, disdainful to answer, acted as if she heard not. Presently, doggie tired of this sport, dropped the paper and trotted away. Baby followed calling 'Bow-wow! bow-wow! bow-wow!' but was soon left in the rear. Aggrieved at this desertion she stopped the tender mouth twitched, and tears started. A golden winged butterfly flitted luringly past. Baby started in pursuit over a grassy lot. The little feet stumpled and the pursuer fell into a bed of dandelions. 'Pity, pity flowers,' and chubby fingers were soon busy. She lay there contentedly, kicking up her heels and playing with the flowers, but, after a time looking up, realized her loneliness. The sun had set and a grayness was creeping over the world. The vacant lot was as a wilderness to the child mind, and she grew frightened. 'Mamma! mamma!' wailed the baby. 'Mamma! mamma! mamma!' the little form quivering with sobs, but mother and she were not the call. The lost one threw herself on her face sobbingly, but sleep, blessed sleep—soon came and troubles were forgotten. A policeman seeing a bundle of clothes back in a grassy plot went to investigate. There lay a bonnie lassie with sun kissed curls sobbing in her sleep. 'A lost baby, eh! And stooping down in his arms gently gathered the little prisoner. On delivering her to the officer in charge at the police station the fringed lids raised, and two blue eyes gazed wonderingly for a moment at the strange man. Then struggling to release herself she cried, 'Mamma! mamma! I want mamma!' A short pause—then the small prisoner commenced to show anger and tears. 'Me tell 'ou,' with a shake of the body and a stamp of feet, 'Me want mamma.' No mamma appearing baby cried lustily. One of the men stepping out soon returned with some cakes and baby permitted herself to be coaxed into good nature. When quieted the officer took her on his knee and began to question. 'Who's baby are you?' 'Mamma's baby.' 'What does mamma call you?' 'Me's mamma's little sweetheart.' But no further information could be gleaned. A drunken woman, struggling and swearing, was brought into the station. The child watched with innocent questioning eyes. The poor creature stopped suddenly as she saw the little one, and with eyes fastened on the child unresistingly permitted herself to be led away to the cell. When the officer left her, tears were streaming down her cheeks and she was muttering, 'An' I used to be like that! Oh God! an' I used to be like that.' Presently the curly head drooped, the fringed lids closed, and baby was in the land of sleeping eyes, the dandelions clasped tightly in the chubby hand. When the father lifted her she looked up, and seeing the familiar face, murmured, 'Pa! pa! me's pa pa's Mamma!' Then noticing the closed dandelions, held them up. 'See! pity 'towers done to 'eep, by bye wake up and be just like 'towers.' On the threshold she turned and called, 'Bye, bye.' A kiss floated from the tips of dimpled fingers and the little prisoner had flown. Queer Little Republics. There are a number of small R republics in the world about which so little is known that not one person in a thousand could tell you anything about them, yet each is a little kingdom in itself, with a president and council to govern State affairs, and its own peculiar trials and troubles to worry the people. As regards position the smallest R republic in the world is that of Tavorara, an island about five miles long, with an average width of a little more than half a mile, situated about a dozen miles to the north-east of Sardinia. The total population of the whole Republic does not exceed sixty, but they elect a president every six years and a council of six members, all of whom serve the State without pay. The women of this island go to the polls and vote with

the men, and ever since it became a Republic, in 1886, all public business has been transacted without turmoil, the elections taking place without any high party feeling or undue excitement. The smallest Republic in the world as regards size is the Republic of Goust, which is situated on the flat top of a mountain in the Besses Pyrenees, South of France. It is an older Republic than the United States, having been in existence since 1648, and enjoys the distinction of being recognized by both Spain and France. The president is elected from an elder college consisting of twelve peasants, who are chosen every twelve years by the people. The president is also tax collector, assessor and judge. Goust is certainly a unique place, for it has no church or clergy, the people worshipping in churches beyond the limits of their country. Neither have they any burial ground, and when a death occurs among them the body is slid down to a cemetery in the valley below. In this valley, too, all the baptisms and marriages take place. A Reconstructant for Women. PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND Rebuilds and Strengthens the Disease-Injured System. It Bestows on Women What They Most Require. Full Nervous Energy and Rich Nourishing Blood. The System Is Perfectly and Permanently Built Up. The healthy, vigorous and ruddy-checked woman with bright and sparkling eyes is a joy to all around. At home and abroad she attracts both old and young, and her influence is all-powerful. The half-sick and invalid woman is a sad sight, and her presence chills the very atmosphere that surrounds her. Backache, sidosches, headaches, neuralgia, nervous prostration, irregularities, rheumatism and liver and kidney complaints seem to be the peculiar misfortunes of women of every class. To the women who suffer from any of the ills mentioned, Paine's Celery Compound comes in as the great reconstructant bringing to sick women the great essentials of health—full nervous energy and rich, nourishing blood. Thousands of testimonials from women establish the fact that when Paine's Celery Compound is used the nerves are braced, the tissue is built up, poisons are expelled, the blood is made pure, the brain is clear and active, and the cloudless face and beaming eyes proclaim a condition of perfect health. See that you get genuine Paine's Celery Compound; see that the name "Paine's" and a stalk of Celery appear on the wrapper and bottle. A Modern Poetess. With a gesture expressive of firm resolution, as if the affair were quite settled, the Countess Madeline pointed to her lacquered Japanese cabinet that shimmered in the lamplight and said, very gravely: 'Open one of those drawers, Valentine, and be sure that you choose the right one. Each drawer contains an answer to the prayer which you have addressed to me for the past six months. If you open that which contains the answer 'Yes,' I will be yours and will marry you as soon as you please. But take care that you do not get the wrong answer; for, if you do, you will never see me again.' 'Alas!' said Valentine, there are two chances to one against me. How cruel you are, my darling!' 'Well,' said the countess, 'if I marry you I can at least lay the blame on Fate.' The young man hesitated a long time. His hand wandered from drawer to drawer not venturing to touch any, and his heart sank with the fear of choosing wrongly. At last he shut his eyes and opened a drawer at hazard. Oh, rapture! the little piece of pink paper when unfolded, disclosed to his glad eyes the exquisite word 'Yes.' In ecstasy he clasped the blushing Madeline in his arms and covered her face with kisses. She did not deny him. Valentine, being but a bashful swain,

never knew that he had backed up against a foregone conclusion. The three drawers that had held his cards of fate had been 'stacked.' Didn't Find Out. As showing how inquisitive persons are righteously discomfited sometimes, at the very moment when information seems within their reach, we quote this dialogue from an unidentified source: 'What a beautiful lounge!' 'Yes. That's a birthday present from my husband. He always gives me a present that costs him as many dollars as I am years old.' 'That's nice of him. It reconciles one to growing old. By the way, I have a lounge at home like that, but not nearly so fine and we paid thirty-eight dollars for it.' 'Is that all? This—this didn't cost nearly as much as that.' A PHYSICIAN is not always at hand. Guard yourself against sudden coughs and colds by keeping a bottle of Pain-Killer in the house. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 20c 50c BORN Windsor, Feb. 2 to the wife of Richard Hayes a son Windsor, Jan. 23, to the wife of Frank War, a son Sussex, Jan. 23 to the wife of James Fris, a son. Athol, Jan. 31, to the wife of John Smith, a son. Halifax, Jan. 28, to the wife of H. E. Flick, a son. Amherst, Feb. 1, to the wife of Wm. Fellers, a son. Halifax, Feb. 3, to the wife of Wm. McKay, a son. Springfield, Jan. 31, to the wife of W. B. Embrce, a son. South Ohio, Feb. 2, to the wife of Jacob Cann, a son. Amherst, Jan. 29, to the wife of Mr. Bert White, a son. Sand Cove, Feb. 2, to the wife of Dr. F. E. Rice, a son. Amherst, Feb. 4, to the wife of Charles Gould, a son. Hartford, Feb. 4, to the wife of Mr. Jesse Durkee, a son. Hawk Point, Jan. 23, to the wife of Oscar Penny, a son. New Glasgow, Feb. 4, to the wife of Robt. Graham, a son. Amherst, Feb. 4, to the wife of Mr. L. D. Wood, a son. Halifax, Jan. 29, to the wife of C. W. Johnson, a daughter. Milton, Jan. 27, to the wife of Mr. James Hunt, a daughter. Truroville, Jan. 27, to the wife of Howard Baxter, a son. Amherst, Feb. 7, to the wife of Roger Chapman, a daughter. Amherst, Feb. 6, to the wife of C. L. McLeod, a daughter. Annapolis, Jan. 26, to the wife of Mr. S. Rippy, a daughter. Yarmouth, Jan. 31, to the wife of Dr. Ross, a daughter. Cheбоque Point, to the wife of Wm. Bodreau, a daughter. Cheбоque Point, to the wife of Fred Bodreau, a daughter. Pembroke, Jan. 26, to the wife of Isiah Doucette, a daughter. Bridgetown, Jan. 26, to the wife of Mr. Norman Crowl, a son. Clark's Harbor, Jan. 22, to the wife of Mr. Chadsey Crowl, a son. Windsor, Jan. 31, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Kilcup, a daughter. Milton, Queens, Jan. 27, to the wife of Mr. Frank Reardon, a son. Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 16, to the wife of Wm. Rises, a daughter. West Fann on, Feb. 3 to the wife of Mr. Ephraim D'Asturionk, a son. Clark's Harbor Jan. 24, to the wife of Capt. A. Brennan, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, Feb. 4, to the wife of Mr. Davis Hopkins, a daughter. Hawk Point, Feb. 1, to the wife of Mr. Howard Nicholson, a daughter. MARRIED. Annapolis, Feb. 6, by Rev. F. M. Young, A. F. Beals to Mary Bishop. Gahaway, Jan. 16, by Rev. D. Sutherland, David Water to the late Lucie. Turket Feb. 5, by Rev. H. D. Bamrick, William Law to Anna C. Willman. Boston, Jan. 10, by Rev. S. G. Gunn, Thasch Taylor to Mary J. Ferguson. Enfield, Feb. 7, by Rev. Fr. Young, James McDonald to Mrs. M. Burns. Halifax, Jan. 11, by Rev. C. Mackinnon, Harold L. Croobie to Lucy M. Auld. Liverpool, Feb. 5, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Lemuel Wainbold to Susan Dorcy. CHITO Jan. 24, by Rev. I. W. Parker, Scott B. McNutt to Ada J. Graham. Everett, Mass., Jan. 20 by Rev. S. J. Gunn, Frank J. Foy to Catherine Kerr. Milton, Jan. 29, by Rev. W. L. Archibald, John B. Jolimo to Magie Venot. Boston, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. H. Malhoter, George W. McKee to Rachel McKee. Truro, Feb. 7, by Rev. W. J. Morison, Charlton Crowe to Minnie A. Giddens. Providence, Feb. 8, by Rev. B. Ellis, Emily J. Hamilton to Henry A. Wyman. Stellarton, Feb. 1, by Rev. W. M. Tait, Hugh McVeno to Mrs. Elizabeth Cunningham. Yarmouth, Jan. 24, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Frederick U. Bryant to Alice C. Murphy. Yarmouth, Feb. 7, by Rev. W. F. Parker, James A. Veno to Mrs. Emily Townsend. Truro, Feb. 7, by Rev. R. G. Smith, Gilmore McDonald to Mrs. Annie C. Vance. Chatham, N. B., Feb. 8, by Rev. D. Henderson, George B. Fraser to Rosa C. Jack. Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 8, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Murdoch Fraser to Mary B. Robinson. Digby, Feb. 8, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Ambrose Sheppard to Lizzie A. McWilliams. East Liverpool, Jan. 31, by Rev. Joseph Brownell, Walter S. Atkins to Lizzie B. Dyer. Little Stonemaas, Feb. 7, by Rev. J. Brownell, Robert A. Walton to Mand Tremblay. Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 22, by Rev. E. C. Gunn, Lavence E. Hamsdell to Isabella McSkhill. Orlena Lake, Feb. 1, by Rev. Edw. H. Morgan, Capt. Laurence Williams to Emma Mother. Washington, D. C. Feb. 1, by Rev. Randolph E. McKim, Lewis S. Smith to Anna H. Casey. Dufferin Mines, Jan. 29, by Rev. J. D. McGillivray Frank A. Waterman to Georgina F. Nowhook. DIED. Windsor, Feb. 10, Robert Snow. Pictou, Feb. 1, James Fraser, 67. Amherst, Feb. 6, Grace Parker, 4. Halifax, Feb. 6, Robert Faherty. Halifax, Feb. 4, Mary Ginnings, 90. Pictou, Jan. 29, Mrs. Chas. Reid, 44. Halifax, Feb. 6, James O'Rourke, 96. Milton, Jan. 19, Bess O'Rourke, 96. Chatham, Feb. 6, Elizabeth McKee. Woodstock, Feb. 4, Samuel Wats 74. Weymouth Feb. 4, Henry Brooks, 68. Halifax, Feb. 11, Edward Robson, 65. Brooklyn, Feb. 1, Archie Funn, 36. Casterville, Jan. 27, Jas. Percy Bannock. Digby, Feb. 2, Mrs. Maria Everett, 67. Weymouth, Feb. 6, Henry Brooks, 68. St. John, Feb. 11, Clara McFadden, 24. Boston, Feb. 8, Rebecca McLellan, 17. St. John, Feb. 11, James Bostwick, 3. St. John, Feb. 12, Frederick Obrien, 73. Arlington, Mass., Mrs. Robert Ellis, 57. Halifax, Feb. 11, Mrs. Samuel Story, 55. Halifax, Feb. 11, Mrs. Maria Everett, 67. Digby, Feb. 2, Mrs. Maria Everett, 67. Belleville, Jan. 27, Mr. Frank Babine, 34. Loch Lomond, Feb. 13 James Bryden, 46. Orton, Feb. 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr, 70. S. Marins, Feb. 8, Mrs. James Cross, 88. St. Chaszteook, Feb. 6, John Smith, 63. Toronto, Sept. 30, Mrs. Cathie Raymond, 68. Termouth, Feb. 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr, 70. Antigonish, Jan. 20 Janet MacDonald, 56. Pictou, Jan. 28 Mrs. Nancy MacDonald, 76. Malden, Mass., Feb. 4, Mrs. George Johnson. Malden, Mass., Feb. 4, Mrs. George Johnson. Washington, D. C. Jan. 20, Gabriel V. Ogden. London, England, Jan. 23, George C. Snow, 29. Grand Lake, Feb. 4, Isaac Ambrose Palmer, 75. West End, Feb. 11, Mrs. Richard Fitzgibbon, 78. Cape Island, Feb. 4 Mrs. Freeman Nickerson, 66. Waltham, Mass., Feb. 3, Lawrence F. Berry, 63. Gloucester, Mass., Feb. 4, Mr. Chas. Williams, 76. Springfield, Carleton Co., Jan. 16, David B. Forrester, 14. West Head, Cape Island, Feb. 5, Mrs. Wm. Smith 72. South Framingham, Mass., Feb. 3, John Lightbody, 74. Halifax, Feb. 11, Infant of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Malin 10 mos. St. John, Feb. 12, Gertrude Infant of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Haslam. RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC Travel in Comfort — ON THE — Pacific Express. Lv. Halifax — 7:00 a. m. Mo To W Th Fr Sat Lv. St. John — 4:10 p. m. Mo To W Th Fr Sat Ar. Montreal — 8:35 a. m. Mo To W Th Fr Sat Lv. Montreal — 9:45 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su Ar. Vancouver 12:30 p. m. Su Mo To W Th Sa A TOURIST SLEEPER On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change. Daily berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Moosehead, \$4.50; Calgary, \$5.50; Vancouver and Seattle \$8.00 For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B. Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Jan. 1st, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lv. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday; ar. Digby 10:00. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:40 p. m., ar. at St. John, 3:35 p. m. Steamship "Prince Arthur." St. John and Boston Direct Service. Leave St. John every Thursday, 4:30 p. m. Leave Boston every Wednesday, 10:30 a. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lv. Halifax 6:30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lv. Digby 12:45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3:30 p. m. Lv. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., ar. Digby 11:45 a. m. Lv. Digby 11:45 a. m., ar. Halifax 3:30 p. m. Lv. Annapolis 7:30 a. m., ar. Digby 9:30 a. m. Lv. Digby 3:30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p. m. S.S. Prince George. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Boston every Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent. For close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S. Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, trains will be daily, (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:35 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12:05 Express for Sussex..... 12:40 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 11:30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 12:10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. Sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex..... Accommodation from Moncton..... Express from Halifax..... Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... Accommodation from Moncton..... All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager Montreal, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.

Mr. Bliss. The Auditor. In the matter of Mr. F. T. and the Dominion deputy post to the fact absence was as set forth follows: 'I beg to an Order in authorizing Mr. Frederick clerk of the September. 'As you been practicing the authority, since was, I understand ten days in summed work, notwithstanding from actual in the present statute application of provisions as follows: 'In case son which error in chief clerk of absence twelve months. 'In my absence a September. This does case. Mr. way mail between St. John was so much every mail his trip the mail