

JUST LIKE HER.

Theodore Shy was an exceedingly bashful man, and when, after much debating in his mind, he decided to take a wife, his thought at once turned to a matrimonial paper as the best means for attaining his object. Not that he was unacquainted with any being on whom he would have been willing to confer the title of Mrs. Theodore Shy; but such was his innate bashfulness, that he dreaded his determination being ascertained by his friends, and himself consequently ridiculed. Chafed he would certainly have been, but as Theodore was in every respect an eligible parti there was no reason to expect ridicule.

Theodore Shy, at the time of contemplating this most serious step, was thirty-six years of age. Passably good-looking, good-tempered, good-natured (good natured as his brothers), he possessed a good house, a good income, and all he required was a good wife to make his home happy.

While the matter was in this stage, Theodore was brought to a full stop, and for this reason—he could not conceive a suitable advertisement.

"Oh course," he said, "I don't want an old wife, but I can't advertise that I want a pretty young girl—and I shall certainly want her to be good-looking. And what else? Let me see. Modest, musical, amiable, domestic, loving, cuddlesome—hang it! I can't do it. If it was ever discovered that my advertisement I should never hear the end of it."

He was in this dilemma for two days, when he determined to seek the advice of a lady friend—a young widow, who had often commiserated him on his solitary lot. It is surprising that, being so bashful, he should have actually sought the advice of a lady; and that lady, too, one who would possibly have no objection herself to becoming Mrs. Theodore Shy. But, strange to say, that had never occurred to him.

Mrs. Ready was an old friend whom he had known before her marriage, and was the only person he felt he could take into confidence, being assured of her sympathy and discretion. She had married, when only nineteen, a young lieutenant in the army, who, three months afterwards, was inconsiderate enough to leave his wife a widow. She was at this time twenty-five years of age, and exceedingly pretty.

Theodore often thought that she bore a strong likeness to the widow-woman in whose eye Uncle Toby endeavored to find the imaginary something. He had not, however, considered the possibility of her likeness in character to the said widow, and, acting, on his first impulse, he lost no time in paying the relic of the late Lieutenant Ready a visit.

He saw the young widow in her morning room, and she met him with extended hand and a smile of welcome.

After talking of the weather of yesterday, the prospects of ditto for today and tomorrow, Theodore sought an opening to the subject of his call.

"I wish to seek your advice on a matter of great import to myself."

"There is no one else of whom I should care to ask this advice, and feeling assured of your sympathy and help, I determined to be guided by your counsel, if you would be so good as to give it."

"The lady, much surprised and impressed by his extreme seriousness, repressed her inclination to laugh, and said she would be pleased to help him in any way in her power."

"But what do you call yourself? You don't want a girl of sixteen?"

"No, of course, not so young as that." "Seventeen?"

"No." "Eighteen?"

"Older than that. I am double that age you know."

"Oh, are you? Well, then, about what age shall I say?"

"How old are you?—I really beg your pardon. I mean about what age?"

"The widow smiled complacently. 'I don't mind you knowing my age. You know very nearly yourself. I am twenty-five—getting quite old. So you think a lady of my age would suit you?' she said merrily."

Theodore was certain of it.

"Now we have the first requirement. Do you wish to say whether she is to be plain—or shall we say 'bonny?'"

"I wouldn't put that," said Theodore perspiring. "It looks too— Well this is awkward. Just what I felt when I tried to draw an advertisement. I do not like either very thin or fat people!"

"What shall I say, then?"

Theodore looked again round the room, and came to the conclusion that the widow was of the proportions he desired.

"Like you," he said. Having only just contemplated matrimony, he had never bestowed a thought on the widow's charms until now; and, last becoming helplessly in love he wished he had gone and shot himself before he came on his present errand.

"But, you foolish man, how can I put that?"

VERY CHEAP AND VERY GOOD.

"Advice," says the proverb, "is cheap." So is air. So, commonly, is water. Yet air and water are each worth more than gold; and advice, even when it costs nothing, sometimes turns out to be more valuable than if every word had been a diamond. Here is a short letter that illustrates the point:—

"Eight years ago," says the writer, "my daughter, Mrs. Salter, of Wellingham, fell into a languid, weakly state of health. Her appetite was poor, and after everything she ate she had most excruciating pain at the chest, which would continue for hours. She also complained of great weight and a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach. As time went on she grew weaker and weaker, and was unable to go about her duties. Nothing that she took did any good until a friend called her attention to Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After having taken the Syrup a short time all pain and distress left her and she enjoys good health."

This was the foundation on which the advice we are to speak of was based. Our excuse for breaking in upon a writer at this point is that we are so far from the place named by her naturally divide ourselves into two sections. We now quote the second one:—

"In March of last year (1892) my daughter Rosa began to feel ill and out of sorts. She had a poor appetite and began to put her virtues to the test in her own case. In a few days the cough was gone, her appetite improved, the pain left her, and she has been in the best of health ever since. I now keep a bottle of the remedy in the house, and if I or any of the family are ailing a dose or two sets us right. You are at liberty to publish this statement should you desire to do so. Yours truly (Signed), Mrs. A. Plaxman, Hill House Farm, Yoxford, Suffolk, March 28th, 1893."

Another example: "As a girl," says Mrs. Maria Girdlestone, "I suffered from extreme weakness, from the lungs, and from hacking cough. No one thought I would live long. However, I got on fairly well up to the early part of 1890, when I was taken with a strange sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. I had a bad taste in the mouth, particularly in the morning. My appetite failed, and after eating the least thing I had an awful pain at the chest. I was troubled with cold, clammy sweats, and the cough and retching shook me greatly. In spite of all the medicines that were given me I got weaker and weaker. Indeed, a doctor at Norwich told me I would go into a decline. At this time my brother advised me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying it had benefited him, he having used it for weakness and asthma. I took the Syrup and soon felt relief. My appetite returned, my food digested, and I gained strength. So that now, whenever I feel any symptoms of my old complaint, I know what to do; the Syrup quickly sets me right. Yours truly, (Signed) Maria Girdlestone, Marlingford, near Norwich, March 23rd, 1893."

Here we have instances in which the value of timely and intelligent advice is very apparent. The disease was the same in all, namely indigestion and dyspepsia. Men suffer from it widely and women universally. Not the lungs but the stomach is the trouble nine times out of ten.

Remember that, when anybody advises you to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, take that advice, for it is based on common sense and experience.

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with a determination to secure it for the Russian crown. He did secure it, but Shafras extracted from the Russian government \$400,000, an annuity of \$20,000, and a title of nobility. He died a millionaire.

The Orloff diamond weighs 195 carats, and is about the size of a pigeon's egg. It is smaller than the Koh-i-Noor, in the possession of the English queen, which is supposed to be worth \$3,750,000.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Horseless Carriage for a Locomotive. The gentleman who has assumed himself of late by using a motor car in Westminster has been a little "too previous," as he found to his cost at Bow street, although it is noticed that he stated that he had driven his vehicle for five years. It came upon him with a shock of pained surprise that his harmless vehicle could be called a locomotive, but the law, though possibly a "hare" is clear. So the motor carman found he had committed three offences: (1) in allowing a locomotive out between the prohibited hours of 10 and 6; (2) in not being preceded by a man with a red flag, and (3) in driving the locomotive at a greater speed than two miles an hour. A promise, however, not to offend again, but patiently to await the promised legislation, got him off with quite a small fine.—Westminster Gazette.

Maj. Shires, of Course. Famous old Gov. Henry A. Wise of Virginia, was directly or indirectly the source of many a good story. Here is one that I do not think has found its way into print: One day at a political gathering he was approached by a well-dressed individual, who shook hands warmly with him. The governor was a bit bothered, and confessed he could not recall the hand-shaker's name.

"Why, you must remember me, governor," said the latter. "I'm from Richmond. I made your shirts."

"Why, of course," said the gentleman, with all a politician's tact. "Gentlemen, this is my very excellent neighbor, Maj. Shires."—Washington Post.

A Complete Cure. "Yes, sir, doctor," said the callow youth as he sat down before the stern family physician, "I'm in love. It's a bad case, too. I think of her all day and I dream of her all night. She's fair and lovely and all that, but she's fickle, inconsistent and changeable. Sometimes she has me walking on air, and then again I'm so blue that I wish a comet would knock the world galaxy west. You don't know what it is, doctor, to be wild with joy one day and mad with pain the next."

"What's her name?" "Margaret Teasley."

"What, that little pink and white Teasley girl, with blue eyes and tawny-colored hair?"

"Her hair is golden, doctor, and her face is divine. She's an angel."

"Nothing of the kind. She's a mix, a regular little devil. Why don't you marry her?"

"She won't consent. I've asked her twenty times and she just laughs at me. I can't stand it much longer, doctor."

"I'll give you something for your liver and then I'll give you a little gratuitous advice. Just you go up to the house this evening and say: 'Here, Maggie, we've had enough of this foolishness. Now play ball. Either say straight from the shoulder that you'll have me or you won't have me. That's the way to do business and then stand pat. I want to know what what's the result.'"

"Well, how did it work?" asked the doctor.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS

BORN.

- Shelburne, June 20, the wife of E. M. Bell, a son. Riverside, June 23, to the wife of Arthur Wier, a son. Windsor, July 12, to the wife of E. A. Dill, a daughter. Hastingsport, July 7, to the wife of Henry McLellan, a son. Hastingsport, July 7, to the wife of Harry Brown, a son. Westville, July 10, to the wife of Wm. Pickett, a son. Chatham, July 13, to the wife of T. M. Gaynor, a son. Westville, June 19, to the wife of T. F. Higgins, a son. Westville, July 7, to the wife of Benjamin Roy, a son. Digby, July 8, to the wife of Ansel Brown, a daughter. Westville, July 12, to the wife of John McDonald, a daughter. Yarmouth, July 14, to the wife of Alex. McDonald, a daughter. St. John, July 20, to the wife of F. E. Ketchum, a daughter. St. John, July 19, to the wife of R. C. Weldon, a daughter. Truro, July 9, to the wife of Brantford Groat, a daughter. Truro, July 11, to the wife of W. M. Stevens, a daughter. St. John, July 19, to the wife of George Turnbull, a daughter. Digby, July 8, to the wife of H. Nickerson. Nauyasigwanik, July 13, to the wife of Alfred Langstroth, a son. Westville, N. S., July 10, to the wife of Duncan Mc Gregor, a son. Yarmouth, July 17, to the wife of Capt. Percy Parker, a son. St. John's Point, N. S., July 14, to the wife of Arthur Starr, a son. Northville, N. S., July 3, to the wife of Joseph C. Gaudin, a daughter. Port Hawkesbury, July 9, to the wife of D. McDougall, a daughter. Melbourne, N. S., July 5, to the wife of Fred Mc Gray, a daughter. Marystown, N. S., July 17, to the wife of Prof. C. L. Chablain, a son. Annapolis, July 14, to the wife of J. Bernard Ritchie, a daughter. Westville, N. S., July 10, to the wife of Robert W. McDonald, a daughter. Carleton Place, Yarmouth Co., N. S., July 12, to the wife of H. J. Uelman, a son. Valparaiso, South America, May 30, to the wife of Charles S. Robbins, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Kingston Village, N. S., July 10, John Banks to Mary Crocker, a daughter. Rockland, July 5, by Rev. H. J. Shaw, Hermon H. Shaw to Bertha Swin. Advocate July 15, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Joseph Bowden to Rosa Spicer. Falconbridge, June 4, by Rev. J. Murray, Wallace D. Wiles to Helen A. Boyd. Springfield, July 14, by Rev. Mr. Simmons, James F. Burnett to Laura Hooper. Bridgewater, July 8, by Rev. H. Simpson, Freeman Deal to Bertha McMillan. Windsor, July 8, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Capt. L. Mosher to Eva M. Roberts. Truro, June 29, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, J. W. Lepper to Bessie M. Harvie. Bridgewater, July 8, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, Freeman Deal to Bertha McMillan. Cape Island, June 25, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Orlando Atkinson to Dora Ross. Nerepis, June 16, by Rev. J. R. McDonald, Susan F. Lunnam to George R. Barton. Bridgewater, July 8, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, William Varner to Aleia R. Holmes. Boston, July 9, by Rev. F. T. Holmeswood, Tweedy Ferris to Clara Hughes of N. S. Northampton, July 15, by Rev. Chapman, Rev. Newton S. Dow to Sarah E. Gill. Everett, Mass., June 25, by Rev. W. H. Meredith, Joseph M. Hall to Annie M. Good. Cape Sable Island, June 20, by Rev. J. W. Smith, George A. Ross to Annie Nickerson. Bridgewater, June 21, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, George Wentzel to Drisilla Rodenhiser. Bathurst, July 16, by Rev. Thos. W. Street, John Henry Chamberlain to Annie M. Good. Carleton Place, N. S., July 8, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, Rev. Wofford M. Ryan to Bertha C. Burgess. Liverpool, N. S., July 8, by Rev. A. W. M. Hartley, Frederick MacCallister to Carrie M. Wetmore. Pictou Landing, July 16, by Rev. J. B. McLean, Simon H. Fraser to Miranda McPherson. Burlington, N. S., July 15, by Rev. J. B. Angwin, Dr. F. J. A. Cochran to Annie L. Angwin.

DIED.

- Glasville, N. B. John Millie, 81. Falmouth, July 6, George Sealey, 62. Truro, July 11, John D. Christie, 44. Falmouth, June 6, G. B. Goodwin, 78. Calais, July 8, Joseph B. Harvey, 72. Milford, July 8, Mrs. M. A. Ward, 82. Elgin, July 10, Michael O'Connor, 80. Old Ridge, July 9, George Christie, 65. Calais, July 7, Mrs. Jane Creighton, 77. Carleton Place, July 14, John Long, 47. Dufferin, N. B., July 9, John Mackay, 79. Yarmouth, July 10, Emma Gardner, 88. Falmouth, July 9, Cornelius Goodwin, 76. Green Harbor, June 27, Charles Arle, 7. Pomeroy Ridge, July 12, Stephen Hall, 88. Calais, July 10, Mrs. Anne McMahony, 78. Bathurst, July 11, Adelaide M. J. Lee, 60. East Dover, July 17, Laurence Connors, 46. St. Thomas, June 30, Dennis McCafferty, 83. Catham, July 4, Jane E. widow of John Bell. McVeigh, Annapolis Co. July 13, C. E. Gates, 70. Pictou, July 15, Annie E. wife of John E. McLean, 52. Fort La Tour, N. S., July 15, A. Eusebio Crowell, 29. St. Stephen, July 9, Mary J. widow of Thomas Baker. Adelaide, Australia, May 8, William R. Evans of N. S. 61. Bathurst, July 11, Adelaide M. J. Lee, 60. Wilmot, July 10, Charlotte, wife of Manning McGregor, 83. Andover, June 20, Fulton Johnson, son of the late Andrew Mackay, 84. Middleton, June 26, John H. son of Isaac and Louise Thomas, 71. Pictou, N. S., July 13, John H. McGivern, M. D. of New York, 69. Lower Musquodoboit, July 7, Jessie A. daughter of George Landells, 6. Westport, July 10, Edna Gover, child of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Gover, 6. Birchtown, Shelburne Co., N. S., child of Chas. and Eliza Warrington, 3. St. John, July 19, Ethel O. Neva, daughter of the late W. and Alma Day, 16. Boston, Mass., July 17, Diana, wife of John Hinton formerly of New York, 70. Carey, Me., June 21, David Bushman, son of Geo. and Nancy Alexander, formerly of N. B., 28.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 22nd June 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table with columns for destination (Campbellton, Pictou, etc.) and departure times.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Table with columns for origin (Halifax, Moncton, etc.) and arrival times.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Summer Tourist Tickets. Now on sale to points West, North West, and on Pacific Coast.

SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS on sale to local points on Atlantic Division.

Royal Mail Steamer. PRINCE ROBERT. Lvs. St. John at 7:00 a.m., arr. Digby 9:30 a.m., etc.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Table with columns for route (Halifax to Digby, etc.) and times.

Buffet Parlor Cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth on the Flying Bluenose.

INTERNATIONAL I...S.S. Co. DAILY LINE TO BOSTON.

COMMENCING June 29th to Sept. 21st, Steamers of this Company will leave St. John: MONDAY, 2 p.m., for Boston, Liverpool, London and Southampton. TUESDAY, 6 p.m., for Boston direct.

STAR LINE STEAMERS FOR Fredericton AND Woodstock. EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

MALL Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "OLIVET" leave St. John every day (Sunday excepted) at 9 a.m., for Fredericton and Woodstock.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after MONDAY, July 8th, the steamer Clifton will leave for Hamilton at 9:00 a.m., for St. John, returning will leave on Tuesday, July 15th, for Hamilton.