

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 25, 1902.

DEATHS.

D-At Bluefield, West Virginia, on the 21st inst., Geo. W. ...

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived. Tuesday, Jan. 21. Cape Breton, 1901, from ...

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, Jan 22-24, stmr Ulanda, for ...

BRITISH PORTS.

St. John, Jan 25-26 (not sailed), stmr ...

SENT FREE TO ANY MAN.

VERY GENEROUS OFFER.

Lightly used FREE OF CHARGE. 100 ...

W. W. WARD, Box 513, Avon, N. Y.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Bonifay, Jan 21-Ard, schr Geo T Keene, ...

Interesting Lecture on Insects.

Chatham, Jan 22-On Tuesday evening ...

SPORTING EVENTS OF A DAY.

CURLING.

POINT WOLFE.

HOCKEY.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

SHARP'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED.

DO IT NOW.

TAKE.

FOR WOMEN.

FOR MEN.

FOR CHILDREN.

FOR THE ELDERLY.

FOR THE INFIRM.

FOR THE SICK.

FOR THE WEAK.

FOR THE OLD.

FOR THE YOUNG.

FOR THE MIDDLE AGED.

FOR THE INFANTS.

FOR THE ADULTS.

FOR THE SENIORS.

FOR THE INFANTS.

FOR THE ADULTS.

FOR THE SENIORS.

FOR THE INFANTS.

FOR THE ADULTS.

FOR THE SENIORS.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Babies that are well, sleep well, eat well, and play well. A child that is not lively, rosy-cheeked and constantly playful needs immediate attention or the results may be serious.

For Diarrhoea,

constipation, colic, fever, indigestion, sleeplessness, and, in fact, all the disorders to which children are subject these tablets have absolutely no equal.

They do not have a deadening and stupefying effect, but on the contrary, go right to the seat of the difficulty and by removing it cure the child and prevent a recurrence of the difficulty.

No mother should fail to have these tablets constantly in the house. There is no telling when they may be needed and the failure to have them on hand may mean much suffering, and, perhaps, the loss of a priceless life.

You can find Baby's Own Tablets at the drug store. If you do not, send the price, 25 cents per box, direct to us and we will forward them prepaid.

THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO. BROCKVILLE, ONT.



A HAPPY WEDDING.

By Sylvia Forest.

It was a daring act of the young man to dash up the blazing staircase and make his way through fire and smoke to the fourth story of the burning hotel, where the excited host suddenly remembered one of the guests—the only one who had not effected a timely escape—was quartered.

A loud cheer greeted Austin Douglas, as with ringed hair, and face and hands scorched and blistered, he reappeared, bearing in his arms a closely wrapped burden. As blanket after blanket was removed the spectators pressed forward, each eager to catch a glimpse of the beautiful young lady—surely it was for nothing less—for whom the gallant stranger had risked his life.

There was a mutter of surprise if not of disappointment, when the removal of the last wrap revealed—not a fainting beauty looking up gratefully in her deliverer's face, still handsome in spite of the traces left upon it by the recent fiery ordeal—but the form of a little shriveled old man, puffing like a porpoise to regain his breath. Before he could do so sufficiently to thank his preserver, the latter had disappeared in a crowd.

His uncle, Ansel Bourne, who had been a father to him since his own father died, had called him into the library that morning and without much preface signified his desire that Austin should accept for a wife the daughter of a very old friend of the uncle's, whom he was about to name when the young man interrupted with a flat refusal.

Mr. Bourne had been a kind benefactor to Austin, whom he had reared and educated unsparing of expense; and considering all he had done for the young man, and the handsome fortune he would one day leave him, the old gentleman, not unnaturally, felt entitled to exercise a certain degree of authority, now for the first time disputed.

Mr. Bourne grew angry, and to some bitter accusations of ingratitude added a very distinct threat of altering his will in case his nephew persisted in his disobedience.

At this Austin's temper rose in turn. "I shall never forget," he replied, "my many obligations to you; but I cannot permit them to be added to if the payment exacted is the surrender of my own manhood. From this hour I leave your home never to return."

It was on the night of the same day, while on his travels to seek his fortune, that Austin Douglas perished his life, not then particularly precious in his sight, to save that of an unknown stranger.

We shall not delay to speculate about the motive that led Austin to direct his travels toward a little country town, with a visit to which, a few months before, some warmly cherished memories were associated. It was there he had first seen Constance Waring, and that first sight had settled his fate. In short he had fallen desperately in love; and when he whispered the secret to Constance, and asked her to promise to be his, she had not said nay.

Constance Waring, her father having married a second time, and she and her step-mother not getting on well together, had gone to live with a maiden aunt, her deceased mother's sister, in the town where she and Austin first met.

To pay a parting visit to his sweetheart, and tell her of his alleged prospects, he esteemed a simple act of justice. When their love-making began he was the acknowledged heir prospective to his uncle's wealth. Now he had nothing but his own exertions to count upon, and Constance might be of the mind that that was a circumstance which materially altered the case. At any rate, it was but fair to lay the truth before her and leave it to herself to decide.

When Austin made his call, he found Constance in even greater trouble than himself. Her father had come a few days before to apprise her of an offer of marriage made her by an old friend of his on behalf of a young kinsman of the latter—an offer which Mr. Waring had already accepted, counting his daughter's inclinations as of little consequence as Ansel Bourne had those of his nephew.

When Constance tried to expostulate against this summary disposal of herself—to talk to beg a brief respite—her father's imperious temper lost all bounds. He gave her five minutes to decide between his permanent displeasure and yielding to his commands.

"Surely you would not force me to marry a man I cannot love," she pleaded piteously. "How do you know you can't love him?—unless indeed, there's another."

"Ms. Waring did not finish. A toll-like blush mantled Constance's cheeks, at sight of which her father's face grew purple.

"Give me your answer instantly!" he demanded with vehemence. "Do you accept the husband I offer you or not?"

"I cannot, father," she faltered, looking beseechingly through her tears. "Henceforth, then, you are no daughter of mine! Go, starve or beg with whatever vagabond adventurer you have chosen to bestow your heart upon if, indeed, he's added laudably, 'he will care now to accept so profligate a girl."

With these cruel and bitter words Stephen Waring turned his back upon his daughter, and she knew too well there was little hope of his relenting.

Such was the substance of the recital Austin heard from Constance's lips; and, strange to say, instead of looking sorrowful, his face actually seemed to brighten.

"I have already had an offer of employment in the counting-house of one of my father's old friends, to whom I telegraphed this morning," he said. "The salary is not large, but I think two might live on it."

Rising, he took Constance's hand, and looked earnestly into the deep blue eyes in which the tears were beginning to gather. "Shall we be married, dearest?" he whispered, "we are left to be our own masters now."

It was like the offer of a friendly haven to a tempest tossed mariner. Constance did not speak, but the timid pressure of her hand, which she returned the warm clasp of her lover's hand, gave back no uncertain answer.

It was on a bright Spring morning that two elderly gentlemen were seen hurrying by separate paths toward a little church in the outskirts of a country village. "Is that you, Waring?" cried Ansel Bourne, as they crossed each other. "I trust it's a pleasanter errand than mine that has brought you to this out-of-the-way place."

"I don't know what you call a pleasanter errand," growled the other; "my jade of a daughter whom I promised you as a wife for your nephew, and whom, for his disobedience, you have now married, and who, as you liked, it seems has taken me at my word, and is to be married to some jockanape here this morning—unless, luckily, I'm in time to put a stop to it!"

Before Ansel Bourne had time to answer, or the other to pass on, a handsome young man with a beautiful young lady on his arm, followed by the clergyman and a small group of friends, came out of the church door.

Constance Waring started and shrank back at the sight of her father; but before he had time to give vent to the angry speech that was rising to his lips, his eyes fell on his daughter's companion.

It was his turn to start. The handsome youth was the young man to whom he owed his life! For the little old man whom Austin Douglas had carried down the burning staircase, wrapped in so many blankets, was no other than Stephen Waring.

When in Bed

Put some Vapo-Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp and place it near the head of the bed. Then all the time the baby sleeps it will breathe in the healing, soothing vapor.

For the hard coughs and coughs of children, nothing equals Vapo-Cresolene.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, with a tin of Vapo-Cresolene, complete, 81.25; extra supplies of Vapo-Cresolene, 1.00. Write for literature to the nearest physician's testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 120 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

DO IT NOW. TAKE.

FOR WOMEN.

Run down, pale, weak, over-worked, nervous, and tired out with household cares; constipated, liver troubled, with rheumatic, catarrh, muddy complexion, blood thin and impure, need building up permanent displeasure and yielding to his commands.

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