ther time when pale with woe we meet

JOHN HUBERT'S LUCK.

Poor John Hubert! Ill !uck had followed close at his heels for many a long year until it seemed as natural a sequence to his every undertaking as good fortune is to other men. But deep within his honest breast was a well-spring of hope, bubbling to the surface in ne'er coasing ripples and giving to his face its sunny smile, his eyes their happy outlook, spite of mistortune and disappeintment. It fairly overran its boundaries when he whoed and won pretty Meta Allen for his bride, and the year they spent together was a year of perpetual sunshine, spite of the dark cloud of poverty which hung over their humble cottage and made it so hard to provide even their simple wants. But Meta sung over her work like some bird building its nest, and John found labor pleasure with the memory of his bright fireside before him.

But there came a day when the poor girl's song died on her lips, as they grew white and pale, leaving only a sid, lingering smile about them, and the cheery fire burned low, unheeded, and a shadow—not of poverty, but the great, grim terror, which brouds over the palace alike with the hovel—shut out the sunshine, and sweet Meta Hubert's eyes, with one lingering look of love in their depths for the strong man sobbing like a child at her bedside, closed for the last time, while the feeble flame of life flickered and went out. For a little while black darkness entered into John Hubert's soul. Even the waters of the spring seemed dried up, but, lo! his young wife had not left him uncomforted. Baby fingers clutched at his heart stringe; a baby's crystirred the waters of hope once more, and the months grew into years and he traced in the little one's eyes the same look which had shown in her mother's his very soul went out to the child who was as daughter and wile both, and the well-spring of hope once more bubbled and sang. It was for her dear sake, 12 long years after his young wife had been laid to rest, that he determined to leave the grave kept ever green and turn his face westward. His farm was mortgaged, onderful gold country.

It bore little evidences of its hidden

It bore little evidences of its hidden treasure when at last it was reached, Meta looked dismayed at the rough men who formed the settlement, when, clinging close to her father's hand, they entered among them. She could not understand the amazed looks they cast on her. She did not dream that with her golden hair falling in curls below her waist, her great blue eyes timidly upraised or drooping with the long brown lashes, fringing the delicate cheek, it was as though an angel had and denly appeared in their midst. Some of them had wives and children of their own at home, and tears aprang to eyes which had known no moisture for years.

'This is no place for such as she,' growled forth one mun, indicating the child with a glance, but John answered, not without vinguity:

a glance, but John answeren, not without dignity:

'Her place is by my side. She knows no other friend. Her mother is in Heaven.' So no more was said, and John Hubert's claim was marked out with the rest. and the little girl was soon as much at home as though she had known no other lite. But the feeling with which she had impressed the men never died away. To them she seemed more angel than child, and when her yellow hair came floating in the breeze seem a more anget man conto, and when her yellow hair came floating in the breeze and she would suddenly dance up to any group, the coarse jest about to be uttered would be silenced—the muttered curse be sent back to its fountain head.

sent back to its fountain head.

So the years went by until Meta grew from childhood, a pure, sweet flower in this far-off wild. The nugget which would have made his fortune he passed by, while those on right and left of him gathered it. But the old smile, the old, uncomplaining honesty, made him a general tavorite, and no one felt-even a pang of envy when at last, after five patient years of toil, the rumor spread through the camp that success had crowned his efforts; that John Hubert had struck gold and carried enough to his little cottage to enable him to go back a rich man to his home again. They had no bolts, no locks, in this rude district. Each man was to the other a brother—a brother marked, perhaps, with the brand of Cain upon his brow, the result of a quick word, a momentary anger, but never a blow in the dark or the assassin's hidden steel. So a great thrill of horror and amaz; shook the little community to its centre when the day after John Hubert's luck had come to him he was found cold and liteless in his bed, smiling as though he had no time to awaken from some happy dream, but with the cold steel through his hea t.

Who had done this thing?

No need to ask why it had been done. The missing gold proclaimed the motive The murderer had been thief as well. No stranger had entered the camp; none of their number were missing. Each man feared to look in the other's face. Silently, sadly, they laid the poor body in the ground. A rude burial, but few, whate'er the outward pomp, receive such silent meed of griet.

Six months later, and Meta Hubert and some to the struck silent meed of griet. So the years went by until Meta grew

the outward pomp, receive such shear meets
of griet.
Six months later, and Meta Hubert and
young Roger Rollins walked side by side
on the outskirts of the camp. Her face
was pale, her eyes had in them an expression born there since her father's cruel
death, and she listened with resolution aleady formed to the young man's words.

'Will you not marry me, Me'a? Have I not loved you ever since you came among us a little girl? True, darling, the wealth for which I have so patiently toiled has not yet come to me, but it will come. Keta. I know it,—I feel it, and then I will take you away from all these sad associations, but while you must be here let my love cheer and comfort you.

'It does, Roger; it does. I will contess to you tonight what I have never before acknowledged. I do love you, or, raiber, I would had I room for love in my heart—room for any other feeling than the determination to bring my father's murderer to justice. How do I know but that you, speaking with sudden impetuosity, 'are the man p'
Roger Rollins' face grew ghastly pale as

Roger Rollins' face grew ghastly pale as *Meta!

me aimost whispered:

'Meta!'

'Forgive me—oh, forgive me!' she cried, noting his pallor. 'I did not mean that, Roger, except that we know not whom to to suspect, and I am almost maddened with suspense and grief, Poor father! He had toiled so long, with ill-luck ever pursuing him, and when at last the tide of fortune turned—Roger! Roger, who could have begrudged him at the end P'

'God only knows, Meta darling. Leave vengeance in His hands. Be my wife and forget your misery in our happiness.'

'I cannot—I cannot!' she answerd, a dry sob in her throat, as the bright future she pictured faded before her. 'I might doubt even you, Roger—even you!'

The words came back to her as a prophecy—a prophecy she little meant—she only realized when verified—when, one short week after, the men came to her with triumph in their eyes and voices and told.

The words came back to her as a prophecy—a prophecy she little meant—she only realized when verified—when, one short week after, the men came to her with triumph in their eyes and voices and told her that they had discovered her father's murderer. Go need to question who. The name rang like a clarion through the camp, to her ears like a dirge, since it was the name of the man she ead loved and trusted—Roger Rollins.

Working in his claim he had cricd out that he had discovered gold, and the men, rushing to the spot, found his words indeed true; but, on further investigation, the gold was found to have been placed there, and when removed from its tempor sry bed—so unskillful'y deposited as to make detection almost inevitable—John Hubert's long lost treasure was revealed. The murderer, by his impatient greed, had betrayed himselt. He had only looked aghast when told of his crime and, silent and pale, lay bound awaiting his speedy trial—his certain death.

Meta listened shudderingly to their words, each falling like a dull blow on her unprotected head; then, with a moan as of some stricken animal, she buried her head in her hands, refusing to be comforted. The memory of his pallor at her idle words again rose before her, his certain hope that fortune would come to him, but over all and through all a something in her inmost soul declared his innocence.

It was jnightfall. The camp slept, save when the little guard, slert and wakeful, surrounded the prisoner, when suddenly a ghost appeared upon the scene, and a challenge rang out on the night air.

'It is I,' replied a voice. 'May I say a word to the prisoner,' when suddenly a ghost appeared upon the scene, and a challenge rang out on the night air.

'It is I,' replied a voice. 'May I say a word to the prisoner?' and Meta Hubert stepped in their midst. 'Yes,' they answered, and withcut further parley she approached the spot where he lay fettered in chains.

'You here?' he questioned, raising a haggard face to here.

'You here?' he questioned, raising a

proached the spot where he lay fettered in chains.

'You here?' he questioned, raising a haggard face to hers.

'Yes, Roger,' she answered, very gently.' I am come to tell you I believe you innocent. Nothing can save your life, I fear, but I want to give you proof of my words. I want to be your wife before you die.'

'Mets!' exclaimed the young man.' Thank Heaven! No.'as my wife, darling.

You shall be no felon's widow even in man's sight. In God's sight I am innocent! He only knows how that gold was placed within my claim, but as I soon shall be summoned to His presence, it hever soiled my hands. Your words have wrung this from me—your belief in me—else I should have gone silent to the grave. Now, darling, leave me, lest you unman me for the morrow.'

As silently as she had come, her pleading in vain, Meta passed away.

The trial was very short, the testimony conclusive and the verdict that the next morning at daybreak Roger Rollins should die. In van Mets protested her belief in his innocence, in vain appealed for mercy. They thought grief had unsettled her reason, when, as the shades of evening were gathering, a man staggered into the camp mortally wounded. He had wandered beyond the guards and in an encounter with two or three stray Indians met his death. He was one of their number—a surly, silent fellow, but one now needing their attention and care. Two of them sat by his bed as the slow hours wore on, and one, bending over him, said:

'You won't see daybreak, old fellow. If vou've anything to, say—any message to leave—say it now.''

'So soon?' he answered in a broken voice. 'I am going now where I sent poor Hubert.'

'What?' they questioned, aghast.

'Yes, I murdered him; not the boy you have out there in chairs.

'Yes, I murdered him; not the boy you have out there in chains. Then I did not dare use the money, and after a time I learned to love the girl. She spurned me—would not give me even a kindly glance, and one night I heard her tell Rollins that she cared for him. Mad with jealousy, I watched my opportunity, and in the dark-

were true. He had gone beyond the reach of their vengeance. They lest him te the marcy of his maker.

But ere another day drew to its close the solemn words were said which made Meta Hubert Ryger Rollins' wite. Her father's fortune was hers now with which to build a home far away from these and scen's, but, looking into her husband's face, with its proud, hopeful trust, she felt with her hand in his she could go anywhere. But sometimes, when her fairest hopes have been realized, jin the evening twilight, while waiting the happy husband's and father's return, she tells the ichildren gathered at her knee the strange story of Phil Carlton's confession.—New York Ledger.

INFLUENCE OF LUCK.

The Chinese Believed That | Gordon wa the Luckiest of Men.

From London Truth comes this story of the great Sir Charles Napier; When Sir Charles Napie- had conqu

Mehemet Ali he found it impossible to orce or coax the wily Egyptian into signforce or coax the wily Egyptian into signing the treaty which only would make his victory effective. He had nineteen interviews with Mehemet, in which the Englishman by turns argued, flattered and threatened his autagonist, who listened day after day with the same immovable, smiling counts agree.

day with the same immovable, siming countrance.
One day Sir Charles, in speaking of England, said casually that it 'was governed by a lucky woman.' A strange flush passed over the palas's countenance, but he made no answer. As soon as Napier was gone Mehemet sent for the English consul, who was an Egytian, and demanded:

'You were in London when the English usen was crowned. Were the omens bad queen was crowned. Were the omens bad or good ?'
'All good,'
'You think that good luck is written on

her forehead?"

'I did not think upon the matter before, but now that you ask me, I believe that it is. When she asked Allah to help her in her work her eyes ran over. Allah loves the innocent."

'No doubt of that,' said Mehemet, anxiously. 'She must be lucky.'
Early the next morning he sent for Sir Charles and signed the treaty. English power and English cannon he could brave, but not 'the luck' written upon the forehead of a good woman whom he had never seen.

seen. General Gordon's remarkable influence over the Chinese was in a large degree over the Chinese was in a large degree over the Chinese was in a large degree due, it is stated, to their belief in his extraordinary luck. During the l'ae-Ping rebellion he was followed by an army who did not comprehend either his ability or his religious zeal, but who believed that he was protected by an invisible Being who led him to victory. No sword could wound him nor bullet kill. A certain black ebony cane which he carried was supposed to be the magic talisman which brought him victory, and General Gordon was shrewd enough always to carry this cane when he led them into battle.

These superstitions seem absurd to us, but they at lesst snow that the ignorant men who hold them believe in an invisible Power who can give good or ill tortnne at His will. Are they more toolish than the educated, busy man, who recognizes no power in life stronger than his own will and effort?

STREELEG BY ROHOES.

The Ship was in a Dense Fog and They
Steered by Sounds.

An interesting paculiarity of Alaskan navigation is thus described by Mr. La Verne W. Noyes in the Chi Herald. He extols the he

Herald. He extols the beauty of the seenery and the smoothness of the water—by the inland steamer route,—and says:
The channel is toriuous and full of rocks and whenever a fog is encountered, every movement of the ship is fraught with danger.

and whenever a fog is encountered, every movement of the ship is fraught with danger.

I was awakened about three o'clock one morning by a long blast of the steamer, s whistle. This struck me as unusual, for vessels are rarely met on that trip, and there are comparatively no settlements. A moment later I heard the captain and the pilot on the bridge over my stateroom in a lively colloquy.

'I tell yon it's all right there!' said one of them, excitedly. 'It must be, or we'll be on the rocks in a minute!' That was enough for me. I tumbled out of my berth and halt-dressed, rushed on deck, just as the whistle gave another unearthly screech. It seemed to be answered immediately by another whistle near by, and I managed we were meeting a steamer.

'What did I tell you?' cried the pilot. 'There she is, all right!'

After waiting ten minutes or more, hoping to be able to catch a glumpse of the strange craft. I accosted the captain and asked him where the other steamer was. My question nearly gave him an epileptic fit. We had run into a dense fog, and our pilot was guiding us in that crooked channel and among those treacherous rocks by the echoes sent back from the mountains

********* DON'T TOUCH.

Don't touch a cancer with a knife. The knife is deadly, A cure has been discovered that needs no knife or plaster. Full particulars 6c. (stamps. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

Wolfville, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. L. M. Baird a

Springhill, Dec. 4, to the wife of Mr. Dan McKen-Dalhousie, Nov. 29, to the wife of Mr. Cons Gaul a son

entville. Dec. 8 to the wife of Mr. F. W. Stead-man a daughter.

wer Selms, Dec. 4, to the wife of Mr. Fred H. ringfield, N. B., Dec. 9, to the wife of Capt. W.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Dec. 8, by Rev. J. F. Dustan, Chas, T. Conrod, to Harriet Myrar. Lunenburg, Dec. 1, by Rev. Benj. Hills, James A. Hebb to Letitia E. Geldert.

Wolfville, Dec. 6, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Watson Lightieot to Aunie Rogers. Beach Meadows, Dec. 1, by Rev. C. Duff, John F. Bagley to Annie B. Mouzer. Shelburne, Dec. 4, by Rev. W. S. H. Morris, Her-bert Smith to Eleanor Bower. Newioundland, Dec. 7, by Rev. J Gee Willia B. Strange to Annie Parsons.

Brooklyn, Nov. 30, by Rev. Charles Duff, Robert D. McLeod to Linda A. McLeod. Wallace Station, Dec. 1, by Rev. Mr. Astbury, Dimock Hopper to Jennie Naira.

Atkinson to Frances Bell Graduals.

Charlesville, Nov. 27. by Elder Wm. Holli lay, Mr.

Oscar Malone to Miss Barah Nickerson. New Glasgow, Dec. 1, by Nev. G. P. Raymond, Alexander M. Martin to Libbie McCabe.

John Smith io Jennie Frances Whewell.
Kentville, Dec. 7, by Rev. George McMillan,
Charles Stephen Silver to Kate McIntosh.
Salmon Creek, Chipman, Dec. 8, by Rev. D. McD.
Clarke, Murray Starkey to Esther Baird.
Guyaborough. Nov. 24 by Rev W. I. Croft, Frank.
lyn Hendegson to Lillian Cordelia Luddington Salins, Kings Co., Dec. 9, by Rev. A. D. Archi-bald, Robert E. Ray to Mrs. Elizabeth Ryder. Woodward's Cove, Grand Manan, Nov. 27, by Rev S. H. Bayley, Frank C. Lussell to Eva. L. In-

Rev. A. C. Mackintosh, Stanley H. Peppard to Ona A. Brownell.

DIED.

Mexico. Dec. 2, W. H. Gibson, 45.
Ohio, Nov. 26, John R. McInnis, 38.
Ontario, Dec. 2 id, Isabella Pearson.
Halifax, Dec. 9th, Gortrude Shorten.
Huron, Nov. 27, William Durkee, 81.
Hantsport, Dec. 6, Joseph Lyons, 83.
Halifax, Dec. 7, Charlotte Brown, 46.
Halifax, Dec. 7, Charlotto Brewn, 46.
Halifax, Mr. Charles R. Wetmore, 68. Halifax, Mr. Charles R. Wetmore, 66.
Antigonish, Dec. 6, Peter Ronnan, 82.
Hebron, Nov. 27, William Durkee, 81.
Lunenburg, Nov. 18, Corbett Pearl, 14. Walton, 30 ult. Captain D. Robarts, 66. Lnnenburg, Nov. 13, Corbett Pearl, 14. Moncton, Dec. 10, John McDonald, 21. Jemseg, Dec. 13, Mrs. F. W. Springer. Five Islands, Dec. 7, George Cellan, 14. Greenwich, Dec. 4th, Mary A. Roop, 86. Halifax, Dec. 8, Georgeona Goodwin, 17. Lunenburg, Nov. 94. Greenwich, Dec. 7, George Cellan, 14.
Greenwich, Dec. 4th, Marry A. Roop, 84.
Halifax, Dec. 8, Georgen Goodwin, 17.
Lunenburg Nov 24. Flora Crawford, 22.
Hillaboro, Nov. 30, John McDonald, 69.
Moncton, Dec. 12, Robert Coughlan, 23.
Lunenburg, Nov. 24. Flora Crawford, 22.
Fainsec Jct., Dec. 12, Reuben Trites, 68.
Clitton N. S. Dec. 5th, Danial Stewart, 60.
Hillsboro, Dec. 12, Mvs. Thomas Korr, 81.
Shubenac dile, Dec. 7, Thomas Copper, 75.
West Head, Dec. 14. Harvey J. Newell, 3.
Williamsdale, Dec. 9th, Janet Atkinson, 92.
Brooklyn, V. Y. Nov. 29, James Russell, 61.
Halifax, N. S. Dec. 8th, William Hickey, 46.
Gloouester, Mass., Nov. 36, George Harrison.
Aylesford, Nov. 23, Mrs. Hannah Loomer, 66.
St. Margaret's Bav, Dec. 7, Sophia Reyno, 61.
Ballile, N. B. Dec. 9th, Robert McLaughlin, 83.
Aylesford, Nov. 23, Mrs. Hannah Loomer, 66.
Boerne Texas, Dec. 3rd. William Elits Bragg, 27.
Samon River Lakes, Guysboro, Tillie M. Rogers.
Gasperaux, Dec. 7th, Dewayne Eric Davidson, 1.
Antigonish Harbor, Nov. 2, Samuel Mahony, 90.
Dartmouth, N. S. Dec. 8th, James Oliver Mills, 40.
Lower Gasperaux, Dec. 4th, Janette M. Martin, 13.
Halifax, Dec. 8, Charles Stewart Thornton, 6 mos
Danvers, Mass., Nov. 15, Lydis Weston Ross, 35
Centrevale, C. B. Nov. 27, Roderick S. McNeil, 20.
Roxbury, Mass. Dec. 12 Caleb Edward Belyea, 73.
North Sydney, Nov. 30, Mary Elizabeth McLeod 22.
Ludian Mountain, Dec. 7, Eva V., child of Robert Kelly, 1.

Indian Mountain, Dec. 7, Eva V., child of Robert Kelly, 1. St. Margarets Bay, Dec. 7 Sophia, wife of Lewis Reyno, 61.

St. John. Dec. 13, to the wife of Jan

lisc, N. B., Dec. 1, to the wile of Paul Lagers

Salmos River, N. S., Dec. 6, to the wife of James Dever a son. Great Village, Dec. 5, to the wife of Mr. Jotham Finlay a son. Grand Navrows, Dec. 1, to the wife of Mr. E. A. McNeil a son.

tt's Bay, Nov. 15, to the wife of Mr Steele a daughter. rlottetown, Dec. 6, to the wife of Mr. Rober

West Roxbury, Nov. 28, James R. Best to Mary B.

Acadia Mines, Nov. 35, by Rev. J. D. Spidell, Edward T. Ross to Della Morrison.

ward F. Ross to Della Morrison.

Bridsetown, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. Strothard, Norman A. Brooks to Emma Levy.

Middleton, Nov. 30, by Rev. E. E. Locke, James E. Brooks to Clars R A. Bent.

Derby, N. B. Dec. 6, by Rev. F. G. Johnstone, George Taraldson to Jane Scott.

Bridsewater, Dec. 2, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, J. Willis Boilver to Sadle E. Joudrey.

Amherst, Dec. 1, by Rev. D. A. Steele, J. Oran Atkinson to Frances Bell Crandall.

Truro, Dec. 8, by the Archdeacon of Nova Scoth John Smith to Jennie Frances Whewell.

Charlestown. Mass., Nov. 20 Mary wife of Timethy Q. West, 58

Q. West, 68

North Sydney, Nov. 27, Winifred child of Wm. and
Elizabeth Buffet, 7 wks.

Greenwood, Nov. 25, Wille, infant son of of Mr.
and Mrs. Arthur Paterson, 1.

Dartmouth, Dec. 10, Alexander child of Alexander and Alice Fatterson, 5 mos.

Hallax, Percy N. and Francie E. sons of Emma
jand frederick Jollimore, 19, 18.

Royal Mail S.S. P.

EXPRESS T

Tays. and Fri.
Lve. Halitay 7.45 a m., arv
Lve. Digby 12 42 p. m., arv Y
Lve. Digby 12 42 p. m., arv
Lve. Yarmouth 7.16 a. m., arv
Lve. Digby 11 25 a. m., arv
Lve. Tarmouth 8 09 a. m., arv
Lve. Digby 10 14 a. m., arv
Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fr.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar
Lve. Digby 3 20 p. m., arv A

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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897

ANADIAN

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TICK now on sale to Teachers and Schola: and colleges on presentation of proper from Principals; and will be on sale to ctal Travellers December the 18th, to the Public from December 21st to Jan the one way first class for

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COMMENCING Oct 26th, one of the steamers will leave Yarmouth for every WEDRESDAY, and 6ATURDAY after arrival of the Express train from Ha Returning, leave Lowis wharf. Boston TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12, noon, close connections at Yarmouth with the Indiantic Atlantic and Coast Railway to all per Eastern Nova Ecotia,

Stmr. City of St. Joh Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY mo Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne port, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returnin Fickford, Black's wharf, Halifax, every DAY at 3, meannecting with ateamer ton on Wednesday evening, for Yarmo

Steamer Alpha, Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUE, and FRIDAY Afternoon, Returnine, leave mouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY of clock p. m for St. John.

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W. A. CHASE.

Becretary and Treasurer.

Lewis Whari,

Yarmouth, N. S., Nov. 5th; 1897.