

BIRTHS. At St. Martin's, on the 10th... MARRIAGES. At St. Martin's church... DEATHS. At Centerville, Caroline Co...

SHIP NEWS. PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived Tuesday, Jan. 14. From London, via Liverpool, via Southampton...

BRITISH PORTS. From London, via Liverpool, via Southampton... FOREIGN PORTS. From London, via Liverpool, via Southampton...

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Feeble Girl, Feeble Girls

In young girls we look for abundant health and strength, rosy cheeks, firm, plump flesh and constant cheerfulness. How often, however, we meet young girls who seem prematurely old, broken down, feeble, pale, listless, thin and irritable.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

are the natural, logical and sure cure for feeble girls. They are not purgative pills, but a tonic—blood-building, nerve-strengthening and possessing qualities which act directly upon the organs responsible for the trouble.

If they are given to young girls who are not thoroughly healthy and normal, you will see the effect at once in a brightening of spirits, in an increase of weight and in a disappearance of all the symptoms of premature feminine weakness.

Miss Edna Packer, Everton, Ont., writes: "About a year ago I was troubled with headaches. As time wore on my condition grew worse. I became so weak that the least exertion would exhaust me, and my heart would give me great trouble. If I stopped to pick anything up I would become so dizzy that I could only walk with difficulty."

These pills are the only pills of the kind, and you must be sure to get the genuine. You can tell the genuine because the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" appears on every box.

Feeble Girl, Feeble Girls

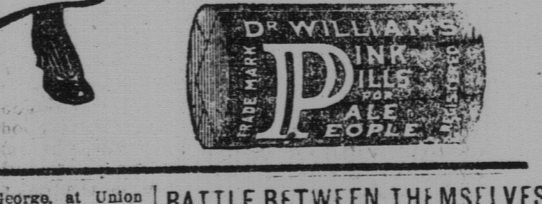
John Swan, from Ross; Edna Hiram, from Halifax; Mrs. J. L. Maxwell, from Lunenburg; Lord Ormond, from Newport News; Manchester Commercial, from Manchester; St. Nicholas, from London; Lord Ormond, from Newport News; Manchester Commercial, from Manchester; St. Nicholas, from London; Lord Ormond, from Newport News; Manchester Commercial, from Manchester; St. Nicholas, from London.

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BATTLE BETWEEN THEMSELVES. Columbian Troops, Finding No Fox, Shoot and Kill Each Other. New York, Jan. 16.—News of a serious mistake in which a force of government troops fought another body of government soldiers, thinking it was composed of Colombian revolutionaries, has been brought to North Market wharf.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, October 21, 1901, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Shipping Notes. St. Martin, Jan. 15.—The schooner Comrade, which was disabled some time ago by striking the East Quaco breakwater, has been repaired by John McComber and James Watson.

Business Men. Are just as anxious to discover and employ well trained and talented help as young people are to secure good positions. In fact, we cannot begin to supply the demands upon us for such help, especially for young men who can write themselves.

Bone Grinders. Portable Forges, Drilling Machines, Mangle Mills and Steam Rollers. J. B. Thompson's Machine Works, 45-53 Smythe Street, St. John, N. B.

AN ACTRESS' CHOICE.

She Married and Left the Stage—Then the Story.

Being a womanly woman at foundation, she always expected to marry. Easy expected instead of hoped because she had constantly too many admirers to doubt her opportunities—to her mind it was simply a question of meeting the right one.

She felt sure that when the right man came she would be willing to give up everything for him; indeed she contemplated with time when her triumphs and ambitions for fame and freedom would be exchanged for the proud serenity of wifehood.

Upon these occasions she had experienced a distinct sensation of fretfulness. She had unconsciously given the admirer a fair chance to prove himself the right man, but had always been disappointed.

Perhaps he lost his head and went down on his knees, that always immediately settled it. She was much too proud and too humble a woman to be willing to marry a man who went down on his knees about it.

Or he lost his head and threatened to shoot himself or drink himself to death or jump in the bay.

She permitted men who loved her certain privileges—they might kiss her hand, come to the theatre and see her play and give her flowers and feel miserable about her.

Upon three or four occasions when a man's devotion stirred in her a certain degree of interest she had rigidly demanded time to find out and to make up her mind.

To find out meant to satisfy herself that the man in question and the right man were of one identity. To make up her mind meant to decide whether right man or not, she would have him.

The candidate, having failed to stand this test, she had, directly she was so assured, dismissed him promptly and gently.

By what subtle sign of authority she would recognize the right man, she did not know. He would be big, she was sure of that—and very gentle—he would meet her mentally and tenderly, master her physically and would be above all her little arts and caprices, but he would admire them; he would be too dignified to go down on his knees from not being able to help it, yet quite fond enough of her to do it.

Really, her life was delightful; she lifted her white arms into her pretty lace wrapper and laughed to herself as she settled for her little rest before retiring. Her parlor was warm and the light, softened by colored shades; a bit of sandal-wood among the logs sent a spicy fragrance out with the heat.

It was a notion of her own, this half-hour rest before retiring. For the sake of it she usually came home at once from the theatre.

Going out to supper and sitting up and drinking wine were stupid; besides such a course would soon spoil her good looks. A warm, all by herself, half hour in her room, with the crackling of her fire for company and her milk punch and biscuit for refreshment, was much nicer.

It was nice to feel that the comfort around her was all of her own making, and to know herself in the midst of it to be very pretty and very sweet, and alone in spite of the ones she could check off on her fingers as at that very moment who were miserable on account of her.

As a rule, men had sought her out and met themselves as charming as they found possible, and were permitted, but Craig Demmon attracted her.

He was big, undeniably a gentleman and by nature a savage. He fell promptly in love with her, and his personality riveted her attention in an insistent way which she made no effort to oppose.

To face his savagery and do as she pleased in spite of his fierce jealousy she found an exhilaration; to command a creature so much bigger than herself and to feel his strength and not his weakness obeyed was an excitement.

To look into his savage, sombre eyes and melt them with a smile in her own was worth doing and interesting. One day he asked her to be his wife, adding that unless she gave him some definite answer, he would see her no more. She was much interested.

"How much time do you want?" "I don't know."

"I will wait awhile." "Much better go I want to be put on time. I don't think I shall care for you anyhow, and even if I did you're so ugly maybe I would not marry. Go away and let me alone."

"Don't be foolish," he answered. "I will wait awhile." During the 'awhile' he saw a great deal of her; he curbed his temper, was always gentle, always devoted, made no effort to kiss her, half strangled a man at the club who suggested that all actresses were alike and looked at her as if he hated her.

She grew frightened and meek and made an abject study of his face. One day he spoke harshly to her, she cried out that he must not—that she loved him.

Thereat he took her in his arms, kissed her and asked her to be his wife. A month after that time she married him.

Her manager protested and a good deal of money was paid over. To the wife he said: "You're a fool. If you ever want to come back to the stage, let me know."

Demmon carried her off to Europe. He was strong, gentle and devoted. There was little trace of his savagery except a fierce jealous guardianship over her.

Now and then he ordered her around. Once she protested vehemently; he looked at her and answered, "You forgot you belong to me."

He gave her all the money she wanted, bought her anything she fancied and insisted upon her dressing richly and indulging in extravagance, but once, when she received a cheque for a story she had written, he tore the bit of paper in pieces, saying, "I will give you all the money you want. Don't forget."

She was happy—oh, yes. Her one thought was to please him, and to please him made her happy. She gave up all her own fancies and endeavored only to meet his moods. She kept up all of the pretty pettiness and caprice that had pleased him originally, because sometimes it amused him to see her childish and exacting—she knew when to be silent, though, and how to efface herself.

She read the papers faithfully, and by dint of study and close attention to which she came she got a fair grasp of the principles of the party opposite to her husband's and argued with him very well.

To such men as he presented she made herself very charming—he liked to have other men admire her; herself, she took no interest in attracting them, and she was always a bit afraid of being too successful and so annoying her husband. Besides that, her husband made her heart ache; he loved her dearly, but he did not tell her so very often, and sometimes when she made mistakes he called her stupid.

Of course she did make mistakes sometimes. Being very anxious to please him her instinct was not always true. There were times when he liked to have her creep to the side of his chair and push her soft hair against his face, saying nothing meanwhile unless the little caressing breath from her lips could be called speech, but then again this annoyed him, and he had to be let alone.

Being very fond of him, it was hard to come near or pass him without reaching out a hand to touch his shoulder or cheek, and this fretted him dreadfully when he was not in the mood. Also there were times when she wanted him to take her in his arms and be good to her and find out how she felt, or when she wanted to cry and be miserable and be petted and coaxed out of it; all this was childish and foolish, but—oh, dear, how her heart ached sometimes.

He loved her—of course she knew that—so there was no need that he should let her see all the time; besides, he had not what an unflattering companion he found her, and he praised her tact and sense and the way she kept her pretty looks.

She was happy when she was with him, only happy when she pleased him, and she used to cry her pillow wet very often.

At the coming of the child her husband was distinctly displeased, when it died the mother grew sullen.

They got back to America; a letter from her old manager intimated a contract for the coming season. She signed, let all her jewels and with her maid returned to New Orleans.

SHARP'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND and AISED Cures Croup, Coughs, Colds, 50 YEARS IN USE. Price 25 cts a bottle.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. DON'T BECOME AN OBJECT OF AVERSION AND PITY. Cure Your Catarrh. Purify Your Blood and Stop the Offensive Discharge. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Kerr & Son. MEN AND WOMEN. BONA FIDE SALARY WORK. Representing us as young people are to secure good positions. In fact, we cannot begin to supply the demands upon us for such help, especially for young men who can write themselves.