IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

The crash had come at last, and, as in way of most catastrophes, it had fallen with the aggravated force of absolute unexpect-edness on the person who was destined to

edness on the person who was destined to feel it most.
When Dick Frant broke the seal—a tender pink in color, and stamped with a tiny spray of olive leaves—of his wife's last letter to him, he was more ignorant of what he was about to real therein than his own servants, who ape their betters to the extent of always guessing at what their superiors know.

own strain. Who specially at what their superiors know.

Amid the chastened glow of the artistically-shaded lamps, and the thousand evidences of limitless wealth and boundless extrawagance that filled Mrs. Frant's boundor, Dick first learnt that his wife had left him. The note—for it was no moremerely stated the fact, and gave him the address at which she might be found for a few days. A curtly-expressed phrase of thanks for all his kindness prefaced the signature. Their was neither contrition, shame, nor regret in any single line, nor was the name of the man she had gone to join mentioned.

join mentioned.

As the tiny sheet of scented paper fluttered from his limp fingers to the ground Dick Frant smiled grimly. The whole circumstance was so wonderfully characteristic of his wile, Olive, as she had become since the sun of prosperity had shone upon her, and since luxury, and tine living, and soft lying had broken down the enforced austerity of a simply-bred English gentlewoman, and had pumpered that beast of the flash that lurks in the bodies of the saintliest of humanity.

feet, and once more ran ms eyes over the too few lines.

'I have left you.' Of course you will take steps immediately to free yourself. We shall be at the hot to Metropole for at least a week, then we go to the Riviera.'

'We.' For the first time he fell to wondering who was the man who had done him this great wrong. Was he some one whom she had met but litely during her last few months' brilliant progress through

taken in her own name, especially as that other man was with her.

While he was still wondering how he should manage to see his wite, a swittly passing figure pulled up short before him and a fresh young voice cried: 'By Jove' Is that you, Frant?'

There was more of astonishment than cordiality in the tone; but Dick Frant who for three days had eaten his heart out in shameful and friendless solitude was only conscious that a friend, one of his own set, atood before him, and his two hands went out and caught the other by the arm "Trevannon! You! My dear boy, how are you?"

Lord Trevannon dexterously twisted his coat sleeve from Frant's grasp before he spoke.

"O! So-so. These English springs are beastly trying though. I'm off to where the east winds don't blow directly."

As the young man spoke a sudden thought fished into Frant's weary brain Lord Trevannon was his friend, Despite the 15 years that separated their ages, the two men, both in financial business and in private life, had been for many monts past in cordial sympathy one with the other. They had no secret from one another even since Christmas twelve month, when Frant had got Trevannon on another even since Christmas twelve month, when Frant had got Trevannon of a very ugly scrape with a girl at the Casual Theater. Trevannon saight be of assistance now. He saight have heard—such news fifes so fast with whom his wife was at this moment he was a family friend, assist at the insterview that was to come.

As Trevannon finished speaking, Frant in the hould see once more of the decide looked down on the woman who had ruined her own and his living him was been been as summoned, living or dead, it was Laddy Trevannon Entire in should should should be should should should should should should should should store the bodies looked down on the woman who had ruined her own and his levent as a farial to die alone, and as he cannot be found in any of his accustomed haunts we wentured—

Toward the end she roused a little. The last year had slipped from her memory, an

while the lovely roses in her cheeks died in a creamy pallor.

Even in the shock of this sudden meeting Frant noticed that his wife only expressed astonishment at seeing himselt.

'I met your husband outside, Mrs Frant. He expressed a desire to see you,' said Trevannon, quietly, 'and as—'
'Lord Trevannon will not speak of this,' interposed Dick Frant. 'He is too much our friend.'

his great manion in Grosvenor place. The answer given to the constant stream of business people who flocked to his city offices was that Mr. Frant was at home ill. Callers at the Grants' private house were told that Mrs Frant was out of town. City husbands and West End wives put their heads together and came to the conclusion that something was amiss in the Frant mange.

The early spring afternoon of the third day had already closed in, and the lights were twinkling through a damp, blurred atmosphere, when Mr. Frant turned into Northumberland avenue from Trafalgar Square. His coat collar was pulled up as high as his tawny mus'ache, and his hat of soft felt was draged almost over ears and eyes. He walked very fast, and seemed afraid of being seen.

Within 20 yards of the Metropole he stopped short. His wife was there; she said so in her letter; and with all her tau'ss hed din ot think she would descend to a petty lie—but how was he to find her? It was cracely likely that her rooms were taken in her own name, especially as that other man was with her.

While he was still wondering how he should manage to see his wife, a swiftly passing figure oulled up short before him who had been his wife; for it was to Lord Trevannon's house he was summoned, and, living or dead, it was Lady Trevanno's house he was summoned, and, living or dead, it was Lady Trevannon's house he was not dead when he arrived, bloughs onear the borderland of Time and

began, and in a few words, for he was not a verbose man, told his story.

'And you want to see her,' said Trevanion, slowly, as Frant stopped. 'For what resson?'

'To tell her that despite the wrong she has done me, I want her to come back. Not as my wife, Trevannon, but as the mistress of my home and the mother of her two children. The world need know nothing—that and you—you are a gentleman, and will not speak.'

'Do you think she will go with you?' asked Trevannon's cold, clear voice out of the foggy darkness.

'I shall not ask her in my name—but in the name of her son and of her baby daughter. I do not think any mother can withstand the cry of her children,' said Frant, simply.

With a gesture, Lord Trevannon signed the other to follow. Swiftly they pessed the other follow. Swiftly they pessed in the warm vestibule of the hotel, up the first flight of the wide stairs, and down as brilliant lit corridor.

'Here is Mrs. Frant,' cried Lord Trevannon flinging open a door. 'Now your an epeak.'

With a gesture, Lord Trevanno signed the other to follow. Swiftly they pessed in the the swift of the wide stairs, and down as followed the other to follow. Swiftly they pessed in the there is Mrs. Frant, 'cried Lord Trevannon' flinging open a door. 'Now your reason' flinging open a door. 'Now your speak.'

'My husband here!' she murmured, while the shock of this sudden meeting Frant noticed that his wife only expressed work, sometimes, but he has to appear patient, and, what is more difficult, express got and the place in his company to singer the patient, and, what is more difficult, express got and the place in his company to singer the patient, and, what is more difficul

woman, and had pumpered that beast of the flash that lurks in the bodies of the saintliest of humanity.

As he bent with gloomy brows and fightened mouth above the dying fire, his unseeing eyes flashed into vitality as they lighted on a photograph, pushed aside to make more room for the ivories and flower vases, the bibelots of china and silver that overcroweed the wide unantleboard. He drew it forth. It was faded in tint, hopelessly inartistic in pose, old-fashioned as regarded gown and coiffure, but the face that looked back at him was that of an angel; the large eyes and wide brow were candid and pure as a child's, and the little mouth, half parted as though in happy speech, seemed as fresh as a dew-kissed rosebul.

'How sweet she was in those days,' 'Back!—home!—with you?' cried Mrs.

'How sweet she was in those days,' to return to my roof—to the color crept back into her face, and the little mouth, half parted as though in happy speech, seemed as fresh as a dew-kissed rosebul.

'Lord Trevannon with 'He is too much of the past year. During the summer, when the past year. Our fight as espirators of so many turn towards the mate the spirators of so many turn towards the the tage, he averaged twenty a day.

'Some days,' said be the other day, "it seems as though I should go crazy, for bad slight trembling that had shaken her frame ceased.

Olive,' began Frant, slowly, 'I have only a few words to say. I intend to ask you no questions; your own shame must be sufficient punishment to you, for you. for you for you for you. for y rosebud.

'How sweet she was in those days,'he murmmured. 'How pure—and yet how brave when she put her little hand in mine and swore to face poverty and the world—won fortune—and—lost her. Heavens! what irony! To gain what one fights for—and to lose what one has.'

He stooped to pick up the letter at his feet, and once more ran his eyes over its too lew lines.

'I ask you to return to my root—to silence all gossip and scandal—for the sake of your children.'

Olive Frant's expression was not very prospect, and once more ran his eyes over its too lew lines.

'For the children! I am to give up my set years of life—my ambitions—my prospects of a great marriage—for the children!'

'Muriel has cried for you for three days,' cried Frant.

'I ask you to return to my root—to that she was very desirous of having me me hear her voice when I should come to delience all gossip and scandal—for the sake of your children.'

Olive Frant's expression was not very prospect of the city. She knew that it was rather please make an engagement? I did so, setting the time for that Thursday and wrote to her to that effect.

'On Wednesday I received a letter from her in the city. She knew that it was rather please make an engagement? I did so, setting the time for that Thursday and wrote to her to that effect.

'On Wednesday I received a letter from her in the city. She knew that it was rather please make an engagement? I did so, setting the time for that Thursday and wrote to her to that effect.

'On Wednesday I received a letter from her in the city. She knew that it was rather please make an engagement? I did so, setting the time for that the city. She knew that it was rather to be city. She knew that it was rather of your children.' On which is the city. She knew that it was rather of your children.' On which is a letter from a lady in New York, who said that she was very desirous of having me her all every desirous of having m

Letters Come.



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my duty here is finished, said Frank, quietly, and arising from his place by the data of the dark wa'ver. They sought for you in vain—so—I was fetched. You know he the end came—I think she was at peace."

He laid his hand on the clay-cold brow, as though in everlasting farewell; then, looking neither to the right nor left, he turned and passed from the house into the gray dawn of the already waking street—Preck-Me-Up.

HIS VEILED VISITOR

A Musical Director has a Strange Meeting with a stage.

Ole of the duties of a musical director of a large comic opera company is the trying of voices As soon as it is learned that such a gentleman is in the city, he is immediately besieged by all sorts of aspring young singers, who, with the intention either of obtaining a place in his company or of finding out just how well thy are suited for the theatrical profession, insist on his generated to come before him and have him test their voices. It is tiresome work, sometimes, but he has to appear sominom with perfect candor.

Probably Mr. Silli Simonson, musical director of the Camille d'Arville Opera company, his listened to the singing of more than five hundred aspirants in the past year. During the summer, when the aspirations of so many turn towards the stage, he averaged twenty a day.

"Bost," said if y vigour voice is a summer of the past year. During the summer, when the aspirations of so many turn towards the stage, he averaged twenty a day.

"Bost," said if y vigour voice is a summer home is forced on my cars, there is sure to be another one. But on the last Thursday of my stay in New York, who said that she was very desirous of having me hear her voice when I should come to the city. She knew that it was rather is sure to be another one. But on the last Thursday of my stay in New York, who said that she was very desirous of having me hear her voice when I should come to the city. She knew that it was rather is not in the subject of the tity of the the work of the process of the proposed to be such as a summer hom

KILLED BY IMAGINATION

The Soldier Thought the Pin Prick of a Friend Was a Bullet. special content of the content is specially to free yourself. We shall be at the lote! Metropole for at least a week, then we go to full to work dering who was the man who had done him this great wrong. Was he some one whom she had met but lately during her last twe wonds? Lover, the memory of whom had elept during the first yourself of lawney five her and the first host of anxiety breaking through the great drawing-rooms of the West End. Was he some one of locking him this great wrong. Was because of the work of the "In my opinion,' remarked the collège professor, who rose from the ranks dur-

stick cut from the trees above us by a bullet, and fixing a pin in it proceeded to have his fun. The man was at the far end of our log, ten feet from Tom, and I was just beyond Tom on the other side, and, I am free to confess, was nervous enough to wonder at Tom's manner at such a time. However, I couldn't help watching his movements, and actually laughed to see him siling the pin-pointed stick along toward the unauspecting victim. Having got it at the right distance he waited for a smashing volley of bu'ltts, and just as it came he prodded the man. Well, it was really funny to see the chap jump and yell and roll over, and we both fairly howled. But it wasn't so funny when the man didn't move after his first startled action, and Tom looked around to me in a sacred kind of way. His surprise found expression in an oath and he called to the man. There was no answer, and he called again with the same result. Then he crept over to him and gave him a shake. That brought no response either, and Tom dragged him around so that he could see his face. It was an ashy blue, with the eyes staring wide an ashy blue, with the eyes staring wide open, and the man was as dead as Julius Caesar, with never a mark on him save, perhaps, that one pin scratch in his back."

BORN.

Halifax, June 23, to the wife of M. Einister Halifax, June 23, to the wife of R. M. Syr 501.

Balifax, June 15, to the wife of E. W. Manefield, a son. Truro, June 14, to the wife of Fred Anderson, a son.

Pugwash, June 17, to the wife of D. P. Lewis, a daughter.

Halifax, July 2, to the wife of James Rosboro:gh, a daughter.

Butes, a son. Butes, a son.
Upper Stewiseke, June 20, to the wife of Luther Dickie, a son.
East Halifax, June 20, to the wife of William O'Leavy, a son.
Kings, N. S., May 17, to the wife of John W. Robinson, a daughter.

uth Berwick, June 27, to the wife of H. D. Woodworth, a daughter. Louisburg, June 16, to the wife of Capt. John Power, a daughter.

Powgr, a daughter.
Levelburg, June 18, to the wife of Councillar Le-Valke, a daughter.
Truro, July 2, to the wife of R. F. Archibald, a con.
Boeton, June 20, to the wife of R. A. Carder, a son.
Shelburne, June 20, to the wife of E. M. Bill, a son.
Sydny Mines, June 18, to the wife of Roderick
accounty Mines, June 18, to the wife of Roderick

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Tenny Cape, June 20, by Rev. A. Daniel, James A.
Webster to Maggie E. Rolf.

Newcastle, June 20, by Rev. D. McIntosh, George,
Oak to Margaret McDougall.

Marysville, July 1, by Rev. F. D. Davidson
William Rideout to Ella Cain.

Dartmouth, July 1, by Rev. W. Ross, John E.
Walker to Ellanch Thompson. Caledonia, June 29, by Rsv. A. V. Morash, Gordon McKenzie to Amanda Knight. uro, June 30, by Rev. J. G. Angwin, James W. Angwin to Gertrude M. Riche.

Port Hill, P. E. I., June 25, by Rev. C. McKay, Cyril Dobie to Eliza Dougherty. St. Peters' C. B., June 30, by Rev. J. Calder, Wm. McLeod to Katie A. Nicholson. eymouth, June 18, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, William Hamilton to Mrs. Emma Baker. Mai'land, June 23, by Rev. J. Shipperley, John W. Esau to Annie L. Densmore. Frank duptill to Cora Palsiver.
Upper Stewische, June 29, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Solomon Wright to Susan Wright.
Carbun, River, June 28, by Rev. G. S. Carson,
Port Eigin, June 29, by Rev. A. W. K. HerdmanSydays Brownell to Saile Walton. Cape Sable Island, June 20, by Rev J. A. Smith Geo. A. Ross to Ancie Nickerson.

Kingston, P. E. I., Jane 25, by Rev. Chas. McKay, Prof. H, H. Shaw to Mary Clarke. Lockport, June 29, by Rev. D. McKinnon, George S. McLetos to Minetta Wamback. Fredericton, July 1, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, John W. Fowlie to Jennie L. Robertson. Ellerhouse, N. S., June 25, by Rev. Mr. Dawson, Carey M. Dimock to Maggie Foster. Milltown, N. B., June 23, by Rev. J. D. Hawley, Albertus Falon to Katherine Dowar. Cape Negro, June 13, by Rev. Jabes Appleby, George P. Swayne to Nettle McKay. Baskerville, N. S. June 3, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Adolph Yargean to Louise Bronchle.

Tatamagouche, June 24, by Rev. Dr. Sedgew Lamuel Tattrie to Fennie J. Tattrie. Caribou, June 23, by Rev. G. S. Carson, Thomas F. Johnstone to Catherine W. Robertson.

Sydney, C. B., June 24, by Rev. J. A. McGlashen Albert O. Lealle to Catherine J. Beaton. New Glasgow, June 25, by Rev. James Carruther Charles G. McKeen to Arabella McKay. Newton, Mass., June 24, by Rev. G. K. Harris George Albert Aston to Mary a Turner. New York, June 24, by Rev. G. T. Lewis, Dr. M. B. Lewis of Yarmouth to Mary Etterahank.

Milton, N. S., June 25, by Rev. J. D. Free Chas. J. L. ffin, M. D. to Clara A. Freema Windsor, June 25, by Archdeacon Weston-Jones Henry Martin Bradford to Florence May Locke xbury, June 25, by Rev. Alfred Chipman, Alvah Hovey Chipman to Mabel DeWitt both of St John.

nora, Kings Co., N. S., June 16, by Rev. W. J. Fowler, Adam D. McLean to Flora Mc-Clutcheon.

DIED.

Long Island, Me. June 24, Effelina, wife of Donald McKinnon.

Glace Bay, C. B., June 9, Mary, wife of Neil J. McKinnon. Bremner, 30.

Leatherton, June 17, Anne, daughter of the late
John Smith. Halifax, June 17, Edward F. son of E. H. and M. E. Mansfield. tou, June 23, Elizabeth D. widow of William Sutherland, 81. Talifex Hospital, July 1, Mrs. Ryan, widow Thomas Ryan, tou, June 23, Elizabeth Douglas, wife of William Middle Sackville, June 23, Eunice, widow of Morton Estabrooks, 47. emptville, May 21, Eli Nathaniel Travis, 76.

and Kate Daley, 22 months. and Kate Daley, 22 months.
Little River, June 29, Rills A. daughter of the late
George and Carrie Cole. 21.
Galedonia, June 29, by Rev. A. V. Morsah, Gordon
McKennis to Amanda Kuight.
St. John, July 6, Ethel B. daughter of Rillsabeth
and the late Edward Elliot, 16.
St. John, July 6, Ethel B. daughter of Joseph and Mary Seymour, daughter of
Joseph and Mary Seymour, 13.
Halitan, July 2, Wells W. Ayent, only child of
Rishew and Jennis Mills, Tmonths.

Mail.ew and Jennie Mills, P. months.
Blomidon, June, 24, by Rev. W. N. Hutchins,
Ence Lyons, to Bessie B. Woolsver.
New Glasgow, June 30, by Hev. A. Hebertson,
George E. Cavanagh, to Agnes Rauth Chisholm.
New Glasgow, June 29, by Rev. Jas. Carrathers,
Hehry Clarence Cowle, to Caligatians D. McDonald.

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crew v but good months of Jerry ed could trained to 1876, and have no slightest. construct training I fact worth twenty y quarters Lawson's

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The seget a Jerry H go after his crew lieves that six days w rest, than even a days' work be the m done. In asks that a her grountemptation