

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

The crash had come at last, and as in way of most catastrophes, it had fallen with the egg-headed force of absolute unexpectedness 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 read therein than his own servants, who ape their betters to the extent of always guessing at what their superiors know.

As the tiny sheet of scented paper fluttered from his limp fingers he glanced at Dick Frant's face. The whole characteristic of his wife, Olive, as she had become since the sun of prosperity had shone upon her, and since luxury, and fine living, and soft lying had broken down the enforced austerity of a simply-bred English gentlewoman, and had impinged that beast of the flesh that lurks in the bodies of the saintliest of humanity.

As he bent with gloomy brows and tightened 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 overcrowded the wide mantelboard.

He began, and in a few words, for he was not a verbose man, told his story. 'And you want to see her,' said Trevannon, slowly, as Frant stopped. 'For what reason?'

'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—and you—you are a gentleman, and will not speak of this to any one.'

'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 passed into the warm vestibule of the hotel, up the first flight of the wide stairs, and down a brilliant lit corridor.

'Here is Mrs. Frant,' cried Lord Trevannon, flinging open a door. 'Now you can speak.'

With a low cry a woman rose from before the fire and faced the two men. 'My husband here!' she murmured, 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 himself. '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,' interrupted Dick Frant. 'He is too much our friend.'

A questioning gleam came into Mrs. Frant's blue eyes as she looked from one man to the other.

'His calmness seemed to reassure the lovely woman standing by the fireplace, for the color crept back into her face, and the 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 a sufficient punishment to you, for you are a proud woman. I cannot now offer you forgiveness for that would be to dishonor myself. But I ask you to come back home with me.'

'Back!—home!—with you?' cried Mrs. Frant. 'I ask you to return to my roof—to silence all gossip and scandal—for the sake of your children.'

Olive Frant's expression was not very pretty as she raised her fine eyes and looked her husband in the face.

'For the children! I am to give up my best years of life—my ambitions—my prospects of a great marriage—for the children?' cried Frant, with a cold, clear voice.

'Mrs. Frant waived aside the piteous appeal. 'Your wealth will not make it difficult for you to give her another mother. For myself, my own future contents me. You will give me freedom, of course?' she said, with the first note of anxiety breaking through the evenness of her charming voice.

'For what purpose?' cried Frant. 'That you may go from bad to worse? That you—'

'That I may become a countess,' she answered smiling and dimpling all over her beautiful face. 'A countess? Then—the man who has done this base thing—Trevannon!'

My duty here is finished,' said Frant, quietly, and arising from his place by the dead woman's pillow. 'She wanted the last grasp of the hand she loved before she drifted out into the dark waters. They sought for you in vain—I was fated. You know she hid away me once—and when 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—Pick-Me-Up.

HIS VEILED VISITOR.

A Musical Director of a Strange Meeting With a Stranger.

One 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 aspiring young singers, who, with the intention either of obtaining a place in his company or of finding out just how well they are suited for the theatrical profession, insist on being permitted to come before him and have him test their voices. It is tiresome work, sometimes, but he has to appear patient, and, what is more difficult, express his opinions with perfect candor.

Probably Mr. Bill Simonsen, musical director of the Camille d'Arville Opera company, has 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.

'Some days,' said he the other day, 'it seems as though I should go crazy, for too many voices, I like troubles, never come singly, and when one is forced on my ears, there is sure to be another one. But on the last Thursday of my stay in New York, just before we started out on our successful tour with 'Madame!' I had an experience, which I shall remember as one of the most interesting in my whole career. About a month ago I received at my summer home a letter from a lady 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 early in the day to write, but would I not 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. She wanted to make particular terms. In the first place she insisted that there should be no one within hearing of her voice when she should sing to me. Then she demanded that I should sing without my seeing her. If I would sing in a screen in the room, behind which she would stand, it would be very much of a favor. On these conditions she would come and no others. I thought it was very strange, but put it down to her shyness, and agreed to the terms.

'Well, Thursday came, and the hour when I was to hear the singer. I went in the afternoon to the theatre where Miss d'Arville was rehearsing with her opera company, and waited in the music room for my visitor. In a little while there drove up to the doors a magnificent carriage, with footman and coachman and grandly liveried. Out of it jumped a lady, heavily veiled, but of a magnificent figure and evidently young. Coming into the theatre she inquired for me and was sent up to where I was waiting. 'Will you pardon me,' she said, 'for not telling you my name? This letter which I have signed with my letters is a nom de plume, and I prefer to remain anonymous. For certain reasons, I prefer to maintain an incognito, but I trust that you will appreciate my desires, and make no effort to find out who I am.' Very strange, thought I, but I passed it over and asked if she were ready to sing. She handed me some music, which I found to be Gounod's 'Ave

Maria,' a difficult selection at the best and hardly the one to be usually chosen by aspirants for the stage. 'Now,' said my strange visitor, 'I have your promise not to seek my identity, and to let me sing veiled and behind a screen. When you are ready, I am.' Then she stepped behind a large screen that there is in the room, and announced that she was prepared. 'I played the introduction to the music, and she started to sing. Her first notes showed me that she was not only possessed of a beautiful voice, but one that had been splendidly trained. As she progressed I became more and more surprised, for the strange woman was really a singer whose equal I have seldom heard. Her voice was full and strong, yet so delicate and sweet that its tones brought out of the grand song a meaning and an expression I had never before discovered in it. I was simply dumbfounded, and as she finished I sat there too much surprised to say anything. In the midst of my wonder and admiration, she came out from behind the screen. 'Well,' said she by way of introduction. 'Madame,' I replied, 'your voice is marvellous. Who are you?' My unknown laughed. 'It would do you no good to know,' she said, 'so there is no need of your being so serious.'

'But,' said I, 'I should be at least permitted to see your face. A lady who so good a voice means and to possess of a most interesting face. Won't you remove your veil?'

'I would rather not,' said she, 'especially as you have complimented me with a quick movement, she pulled away the quick veiling that covered her face. I would have given almost anything to have seen her countenance. She was most awfully disfigured. How, I can scarcely describe, for she replaced her veil so quickly. But I saw enough to make my heart sick.

'I beg you pardon,' I stammered, 'I would not have said that. My friend, 'Don't apologize,' said the woman, 'it was my fault. But—well, Mr. Simonsen, I thank you for what you have said of my voice. Try to think as well of me as possible, and forget that you saw my face.'

Before I could say any more she was gone, and from that moment she drove away in her carriage to this day I have not seen or heard of her again. Whenever I take my place to conduct a performance I cannot help glancing over the theatre to see if she is in the audience, and when I impel me to look for this strange singer.

KILLED BY IMAGINATION.

The Soldier Thought the Pin Prick of a Friend Was a Bullet.

'In my opinion,' remarked the college professor, who rose from the ranks during the last war to the position of colonel, 'the imagination of men does more injury to the cause of courage than all the appliances of war yet discovered. I had a remarkable case happen to me during the battles around Richmond. That is to say, it happened to another man, but I was part of it. It was on a skirmish line, and I was lying behind a log with two other men—I was only a private then—one of whom was an inveterate joker, and the other was one of the imaginative kind of soldiers. In fact he was so imaginative that he was almost scared out of his wits, and when bullets and shells began flying through the woods, cutting off saplings clipping limbs all around us, and barking the top of the log behind which we lay, I thought the fellow would burst a blood vessel, or go crazy, or do some other fool thing unbecoming a soldier. Tom, the joker, noticed the man's terror and called my attention to it. Then he reached out and dragged in a 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 slipping the pin-pointed stick along toward the unsuspecting victim. Having got it at the right distance he waited for a smashing volley of bullets, and just as it came he prodded the man. Well, it was really funny to see the fellow 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 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.'

Letters Come.

Letters come day by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Head-ache, still others of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

Mr. T. G. Ludlow, 334 Colborne Street, Brampton, Ont., says: 'During seven years prior to 1886, my wife was sick all the time with violent headaches. Her head was so hot that it felt like burning up. She was weak, run down, and so feeble that she could hardly do anything, and so nervous that the least noise startled her. Night or day she could not rest and life was a misery to her. I tried all kinds of medicines and treatment for her but she steadily grew worse until I bought six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters from C. Stork & Co., of Brampton, Ont., for which I paid \$5.00, and it was the best investment I ever made in my life. Mrs. Ludlow took four of the six bottles—there was no need of the other two, for those four bottles made her a strong, healthy woman, and removed every ailment from which she had suffered, and she enjoyed the most vigorous health. That five dollars saved me lots of money in medicine and attendance thereafter, and better than that it made home a comfort to me.'

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Truro, June 24, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, John W. Vancow to Mrs. Mary C. Rose.

Pictou, June 23, by Rev. Wm. F. Archibald, James I. Ross to Miss Boyd.

Woodstock, June 23, by Rev. C. T. Phillips Miles, E. Harris to Ida Boyd.

Cape Island, June 23, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Orlando Atkinson to Doris Ross.

Newcastle, June 20, by Rev. P. G. Snow, W. J. Loggie to Elizabeth K. Kestor.

Truro, June 20, by Rev. J. Shipperly, William Athony to Maggie Hamilton.

Tenby Cape, June 20, by Rev. A. Daniel, James A. Webster to Maggie E. Bell.

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

Maryville, July 1, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, William Robertson to Ella Cain.

Dartmouth, July 1, by Rev. W. Ross, John E. Walker to Blanch Thompson.

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Intercolonial Railway.

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

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes 'Trains will leave St. John' and 'Trains will arrive at St. John'.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

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Royal Mail Stmr. PRINCE RUPERT. Lvs. St. J. at 7:00 a.m., arr. Digby 9:30 a.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS.

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COMMENCING June 29th to Sept. 21st, Steamers of the Company will leave St. John: MONDAY, 29th.

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On and after Saturday, April 18th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailings; leaving Halifax every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 6:30 a.m. for Indianapolis and intermediate ports.