ON SECRET SERVICE.

Yes, sir; I have carried the Barnbor-ough mail for 30 years, seldom missing a day. Hard work? I have to tramp over 20 miles, sunshine or rain, every day but Sunday.

but Sunday.

You see that house over yon ler—that pretty white cottage with the lilac trees in front? Well, I was witness to a romance which was enacted there a couple of years ago—just as romantic as any novel that I ever heard of.

A widow, Mrs. Wilson, lived there—a refined, genteel old lady—and her daughter Miss Bessie. She taught the Barnborough Church school—a hard, dreary life that must be.

Every morning when she came down the gravel walk to the gate, on her way to school, she was almost certain to see me and she would wait until I came and bid me good morning so sweetly, and ask carelessly it there were any letters for them. But they seldom received any.

One evening I saw Miss Bessie walking with a genth man. His name was John Keen, and he occupied some position in connection with the general postoffice police inquiry department.

And I was glad when I found that he

glad of it, for l'est sure he would get of
the bottom of the matter.

I did not see Miss Bessie for a whole
week aiter that; but one morning there
she was, standing at the gate, 'waiting my
approach, her face pale and anxious.

'Any letters?' she cried eagerly, as soon
a she had said 'Good morning.'

as she had said 'Good morning.'

I knew that there was, for I had noticed a large square envelope addressed to her in a bold, handsome hand, with the post-

in a bold, handsome hand, with the post-mark 'Londonderry.'

After that I used to bring her a letter with that same postmark every week; and she always looked so contented and happy that when, at last, one morning I drew near the Wilson's gate and saw the slim, neatly-dressed figure awaiting me I hesit-ated to approach, for I knew that I had no letter for her.

o letter for her.

There was no letter for the next day, or Miss Bessie was always at ber post, but she grew so thin and pale that I hardly knew her, and I would just shake my head and hurry by, and so she realized that there was no hope.

there was no hope.

One day, as I was passing the cottage, I saw a messenger boy from the telegraph office standing at the gate. Then Miss Bessie ran quickly down the walk, and just as I came up she seized the brown envelope and tore it open.

Then the tottered a step forward and fell to the ground like one dead. I could not help seeing the telegram; it was like all such messages—brief and to the point. They know how to stab the poor heart the total. This was the message.

I rang the bell and her mother came out. A rang the best and her mother came out, mins Bessie was restored to consciousness, and, pale as a ghost, walked into the house leaning on her mother's arm, but you could see that all the light had gone out of her

Mrs Wilson wrote at once to the man Mis Wilson wrote at once to the man who had sent the telegram, requesting particulars, and soon received a reply stating that Mr. Keen had been missing for some time, was last seen in a boat on the lough, and finally a body had been washed up near Coleraine, so mutilated as not to admit of identification, but in the pocket a card had been found bearing a name which looked like "J. Keen," but was almost obliterated by the water.

looked like by the water.

One day I tound in my bag a large business-looking letter addressed to Mrs.

Wilson, and soon they told me the good news which it contained. A relative had

died leaving them some \$2000, and I think that I was as glad as they were, for they seemed like old triends to me.

Not long atter Mrs. Wilson had decided to give up the cottage, and take Miss Bessie to Brighten for a time, hoping to restore her health, which was talling rapidly. An impulse prompted me to ask for their seaside address.

One day, a month after, as I was passing the cottage—it was still unoccupied—I saw a man standing at the gate, and as I drew nearer my heart gave a great bound, and then stood still, for, dead or alive, it was John Keen!

was John Keen!
'But—but,' I stammered out, 'are you

But—but,' I stammered cut, 'are you really alive?'

He looked at me as though he thought me an escaped lunatic. So then I began and told him everything, just as I have told it to you, sir. His face was quite white when my story was finished.

'Mr. Jarvis,' he said, 'let me tell you I was sent away on a delicate mission, and it was necessary that my movements should be guarded and investigations secretly conducted. And then I wrote to Bessie, explaining the situation and telling her that she must not be surprised or troubled it she did not hear from me for a week, as I had promised to communicate my movements to no one.

'Two months afterward I returned from the expedition—successful, too—and I

"I'wo months afterward I returned from the expedition—successiul, too—and I learned that the wagon with the mail bags from the country town from which I had last written had been attacked, the driver willed, the mail robbed of all valuables and the letters scattered to the four winds of

or plaster. Full particulars 6c. (stamps. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* But, thank heaven, it was all a mistake,

ous, too, for the postmaster general has recompensed me handsomely for my successful services, and with my increased salary I am free to marry as soon as the little woman is ready.'

The wedding took place in good style not long afterward, for John would not hear of being separated from Bessie again, and—what do you think—I was the first to kiss the bride.

NOTHING OURIOUS ABOUT THEM. A Curiosity Seeker who Made an Unexpect

When a man is peculiarly quick to see possible advantage, and uses his clear-sightedness solely for his own benefit, other men are apt to be afraid of him. That was how it was with Ralph Bernal, a print connoisseur. He was so quick to see a valuble thing, and appropriate it before anybody else realized its worth, that dealers got frightened when he entered their

'What do you want for that?' he one day asked, as his eye fell on a certain sheet in a portfolio of old prints, It was a good copy of Hogarth's "Midnight Modern Conversation."

'Three guineas,' was the reply. 'I'll

the British Museum had to pay eighty-one pounds.

It was no wonder that dealers felt uneasy when he appeared. But on one occasion he proved himself too sharp. He entered the shop of a well known printseller, and found the shopkeeper's wife in charge. As he came in he noticed that she hastily put something away in a drawer. The instincts of the collector were instantly awakened.

'What have you got their, Mrs. Town?' he asked. 'Let me see it.'

'Oh no, sir, it is nothing you would care about," she replied.

'Come, come,' said Bernal, 'I know it is something good.'

whereupon the blushing lady displayed

something good.'
Whereupon the blushing lady displayed to the eager eyes of the virtuoso a pair of her husband's old socks, which she had been industriously darning when her inquisitive customer entered the shop.

ANOTHER OLD TIME ANECDOTE.

Victoria's Wedding Ring Made by Man Liv-The man who made Queen Victora's

wedding ring is still living in Philadelphia to-day.

'Ja! ja!' he nods when questioned about it. 'I made it. I learned the trade in Germany.' He learned it well, too, and his hand

through. This was the message:
"John Keen was drowned three days ago in Lough Foyle."

has not yet lost its' cunning, for he fills many orders from the large jewellers' firms in this city. But how did it happen that the com-

mission was given to you?

The old German took off his spectacles, and with an effort called up the details of the event.

'I went over from Germany to England, he answered, "to a shop in London to work. So! It was a big place. One day the word came to make the Queen's wedding ring. I had the specialty; I made all such rings; and so they gave it to me to do. That is all.

The wedding ring that signalized Victoria's alliance with with Prince Albert was one of the many instances of the Queen's preference for richness and simplicity. It was quite plain and more solid than is usual in ordinary wedding rings.

During the marriage ceremony Prince

During the marrisge ceremony Prince Albert wore it on his own finger, and taking it off at the proper moment passed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, His Grace handed it back to the Prince, who placed it on his bride's finger. Thousands of eyes saw the gold band pass between the two royal personages, and at the same moment the cannon fired a royal salute, and all London kuew that Victoria was

married.

A pretty incident is related of the return to Buckingham Palace, The Queen left the cathedral ungloved, and whether thy accident or design, Prince Albert inclosed her Majesty's hand in his own in such a way as to display the wedding ring to the best advantage. There were twenty miles of people who saw that wedding ring as Victoria drove back to Buckingham Palace And yet, the German who made it mentions the fact as an unimportant incident of his life, and lives on contentedly in a little Philadelphia store.— Philadelphia Press.

Nervous excitement is responsible for much that might pass for cowardice. The author of 'A Cuban Expedition' speaks of

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* · DON'T TOUCH.

Don't touch a cancer with a knife.
The knife is deadly. A cure has been discovered that needs no knife

one dreadful day, when he and his com-rades sat in a wet ditch and waited, con-cealed, while the Spandiards were so near that escape seemed almost impossible. The discomfort of our predicament—up to the middle in mud and water, with the rain couring down on us—was at the moment infelt, in our excitement and eagerness in watching the enemy. Little Joe Storey. who was next to me, was trembling all over. Suddenly he grasped my arm and

McPhall to Margaret M. Miller. Grand Etang, Jau. 25, by Rev. T. Richard, Isidore C. Chaisson to Irene Desveaux. Friar's Head, Jan. 25, by Rev. P. Fiset, Arsene LeBlanc to Miss Sophia Parrier. 'Oh, what shall I do? I must scream or fire off my rifle! I can't help it.'

I, too, felt that he would do either the Liverpool, Jan. 27, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Mr. Au-gustus Hardy to Miss May Fader.

ne or the other, and I whispered back the Truro, Jan. 26, by Rev. J. A. Rodgers, L. Clyde Davidson to Neilie M. McMullen. first thing that occurred to me. 'Storey,' I said, 'if you make the least

'Storey,' I said, 'if you make the least noise, I'll stab you to death j'
Then I told him to keep his eyes closed and try to think of something else, until he heard the first shot fired. After that he might shout as loudly as he like. I put one arm about his neck and drew him close to me. There, trembling, he rested like a quiet child. Presently his excitment wore off, and he became used to the situation; then he was heartily ashamed of his breakdown. But Storey was not a coward. He was a gallant little soul in action, and only his tortured nerves were responsible for this temporary revolt.

connection with the general postoffice police inquiry department.

And I was glad when I found that he often went down at nights from his lodgings—which were a mile or so on the way to the London and Brighton station—to the cottage, for I had somehow grown strangely interested in the Wilsons.

One day I heard that John Keen had been selected by the heads of the service to go to I reland to fully investigate some irregularities which had occurred in the post offices in the Ulster district. I was glad of it, for I felt sure he would get to the bottom of the matter.

And I was glad when I found that he totton to the cottage, for I had somehow grown strangely interested in the Wilsons.

And he was not quite at ease until it was in his hand. At the first glance he had seen that modern was spelled moddern. The addition of that "d" made all the difference in the value. It proved that he had fallen upon the rarest of the Hogarth impressions, and for this proof the British Museum had to pay eighty-one the time of his in auguration, and most the cottage. of the time she spends in her own apartments in solitary splendor. At times she comes to dinner in the public dining room comes to dinner in the public dining room
and sits at the head of one of the long
tables, surrounded by her dusky court.

Truro, Jan. 28, Maggie Brownell 19.

Newellton, Jan. 31, Frank Smith 40.
Halifax, Jan. 31, Basil Boonevie, 59.
Halifax, Jan. 17, Annie G. Lohnas 25. tables, surrounded by her dusky court.

On these occasions the members of her retinue rise solemnly as she enters the door andremain standing until she has tak, en her seat. When she has dined they rise again and keep their feet till her flowing silk shirts disappear though the door. Once in a while she lingers in the parlor after dinner and the guests of the hotel have a chance at royalty in full view. The lady in waiting stands submissively back of her mistress's chair and never addresses the Queen unless she is first spoken to. Usually the evening passes without a word en her scat. When she has dined they rise again and keep their feet till her flowing silk shirts disappear though the door. Once in a while she lingers in the parlor after dinner and the guests of the hotel have a chance at royalty in full view. The lady in waiting stands submissively back of her mistress's chair and never addresses the Queen unless she is first spoken to. Usually the evening passes without a word on either side and then the retinue takes its way to royal spartments. Milford, N. B., Feb. 1, Thomas Stewart 73.

Lower Economy, Jan 26 Mrs. McCabe 86.

Brookfield, Jan. 29, Thomas A. Brenton 55.

South Branch, Kent Co., William Walker 77.

Gairloch, Jan. 24, Alexander J. McKenzle 59.

Shelburne, Eleanor, wife of John M. Watson.

Knowelesville, Jan. 22. Joseph Whitehouse 85.

Kingston, King's Co., Jan. 13, Amanda Erb 14.

Dartmouth Feb. 4, Howard, son of Job Carter 21.

Hallfax, Feb. 5, Mina, wife of H. W. Cameron 26.

Malden, Feb. 7, Henrietta, wife of R. A. Saunders.

Moncton Feb. 6, Wm. D. son of Donald McDenald.

Milton, Jan. 27, Hattie, widow of A. J. Ritchie 59.

Liverpool, Jan. 26, Charity, wife of Capt. Rainse 38.

Hortonvillie, N. S., Jan. 25, Pharez Constantine 73. its way to royal apartments.

Trade D Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED.



#### BORN.

Truio, Jan. 24, to the wife of Mr. Noah Barrett, a Truro, Jan. 23, to the wife of Mr. Lee Russell, son. son. Amherst, Jan. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Ora Lamy, a son. Amherst, Jan. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moore, a son. Halifax, Feb. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Crowell, a

Oxiord, Jan. 21, to ward, a son.

aherst, Jan. 25, to the wife of Clarence O. David-son, a daughter, and Etang. Jan. 90 Stang, Jan. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. John Des ux, a daughter. wer Granville, Jan. 24, to Haines, a daughter.

mapolis Co., N. S., Jan. 25. to the wife of Edgar F. Miller, a daughter. North Brookfield Mines, Jan. 22, to Mr. and Mrs John Mosher, a daughter.

#### MARRIED.

Truro, Jan, by Rev. J. A. R. to Bessie L. McMullen.

W York, by Rev. John A. Becker, Miss L. McLean to Emil Nyler. aket, Jan. 24, by Rev. A. W. Ourrie, Jer White to May E. Hurlburt

ncton, Feb. 2. by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Jam Harvey to Alice Mitchell.

ith's Cove, Jan. 21, by Rev. T. J. Eston, B. H. Wooding to Carrie Bryant.

menburg, Jan. 8, by Rev. Benj. Hills, Selina Tanner, to J. Alder McDonald.

Shelburne, Jan. 4. by Rav. T. Howland White, Amon H. Noble to Leona Hinson.

Parriboro, Jan. 18, by Rev. James Sharp, H. E. Timmerman to Blanche Newcomb.

Midd efield, Jan. 30, by Rev F. E. Bishop, Mr. William Martin to Miss Lila Price.

Fredericton, Jan. 26, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, David J. McIntyre t.) Ada Waters.

Westport, Jan. 25, by Rev. J. W. Bolten, Mr. Colin C. Taompson to Miss Ethel Blugay. Boston, Jan. 19, by Rev. J. A. Paieley, Murdock Sut herlard to Miss Catherine McLean.

Cambridgeport, Jan. 19, by Rev. Charles Hall Perry, John Connor to Martha H. Jones.

Yarmouth, Jan. 12. by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Miss Odessie M. Floyd to David T. Nickerson.

Lakeville, Jan. 12, by Rev. A. G. Downey, Mr. John V. Whitney to Miss Maggie O. Bell.

Avondale, Jan. 8, by Rev. A. G. Downey, Mr. John A. Drake to Miss Delia M. Cameron.
Upper Rossway, Jan. 27, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas Mr. Medford Thomas to Miss May Odessa Coiltus.

Fredericton June. Jan. 24, by Rev. John A. Rob-ertson. Fenwick W. Pride to Miss Lillie A. Alexander.

DIED.

Truro, Feb. 1, Gladys I. daughter of J. H. Tre-

Harmony Feb. 2, Clessie A. daughter of George Crowell.

Boston, Jan. 28, Laura L. daughter of Henry A. Leverman.

Halifax, Jan. 29, James R.s on of James Griswold

Westfield, Feb. 8, Mary A. widow of the late James Williams 85.

Avondale, Jan. 10, Maria L. widow of Capt. Nelson Chambers 69.

Truro, Jan. 27, Euid, daughter of Dr. J. W. and Mrs. Angwin 10 months.

OIL

Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese

Render it the most effectual remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required.

cine is required.

No Emulsion so pleasant to take.

"I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the door tor. He ordered me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emission pronouncing my disease Bronchitis. After taking this spiendid Emulsion for ashorttrat V. Nickersson,

HERRIETTA V. Nickersson,

Lower Wood's Harbor, N.S.

COD 7

LIVER

### ominion Atlantic P'v

menburg, Jan. 27, by Rev. Benj. Hills, Harriet E. Zinck to Cyrus W. Parks. Ulinx, Feb. 2, by Rev. Father Daly, David F. Nolan to Jessie M. Hawbeldt. Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Upper Kent, Jan. 17, by Rev. S. B. Hillock, Geo. McPhail to Margaret M. Miller. **EXPRESS TRAINS** 

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve, Halifax 6.30 a. m., arv in Digby 12.50 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arv Yarmouth 3.38 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arv Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., arv Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.25 a. m., arv Halifax 5.46 p. m.
Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., arv Halifax 5.46 p. m.
Mon. and Thure.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arv Digby 10.00 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arv Digby 10.00 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arv Digby 8.60 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.15 a. m., arv Digby 8.60 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arv Digby 8.60 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arv Annapolis 4.40 p. m.
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and
baturday.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose between Halifax and Yarmonth. S. S. Prince Edward.

By far the finest and 'astest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tursday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains and "Flying Buenose" Expresses, arriving in Boston early nax thorning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Funday and Wyddysday at 4.39 p.m. Unequaled cusine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Falace-Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

27 Close connections with trains at Digby Tickets on sale at City Office, Il 4 Prince William Street, and from the Furser on steamer, from whom mue-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. OAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFKINS, Superinrendent.

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Cheapest. Quickest

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KLONDIKE. YUKON TERRITORY. Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska points, Februrary 16th, 23rd; March 2ad, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 20th; April 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.

Tourist Sleeping Cars for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (every Wednesday after Feb. 15th.) and Thursday at 2.00 p. m. Berth accommodating two, Montreal to Revelstrake etc., \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00.

Write for Pamblets etc. 'via "British Columbia" "Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields." "Vancouver etc., and all other particulars regarding trip, rates of fare etc., to

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897
the trains of this Railway will run
daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Picton and Halifax. 7.00
Express for Halifax. 13.10
Express for Sussex 16.86
Express for Quebec, Montreal, 17.10
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10
o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) 10.30
Express from Moncton(daily) 10.80
Express from Halifax 16.00
Express from Halifax, Picton and Campbellton 18.3 odation from Moncton,..... The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by

lectricity.

AT All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,

General Manager;

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

## Buy Dominion Express Co.'s Chambers 69. San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 18, Linnie Davison wife of S. J. Lank. Edmunton, N. W. T. Jan. 28, Jennie, wife of Dr. J. Darley Harrison 28. Cruto, Jan. 27, Edd. **Orders**

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