

ALL AT HAZELDEAN.

Three Schoolmistresses Whose Lives Were Tinged with Romance.

MY PARENTS' QUARREL.

I was well aware that my father, who was a man of considerable literary ability, and mother had very early in their married life had a serious quarrel. However, the reconciliation that brought them together again must have been complete, for though they are both dead now, yet during the years I knew what it was to have them no days could have been happier or brighter than theirs. My father was possessed of independent means; my mother, I believe, was poor and an orphan. The marriage, I learnt in after years, was strongly against the wishes of my father's father; indeed, for some considerable period he refused either to see him or his wife, my mother. But the quarrel which cast a cloud over a happy life was never told to me during their lifetime.

It was only a few weeks ago that I found in the corner of a box a parcel which I am convinced now must have contained the story of their great quarrel. Untying the string I found a copy of 'A Love That Lasts for Ever,' a novel which had brought my father into prominence. My mother's diary was there, too, some odd letters, torn and faded, and in the pocket of the diary an advertisement cut out of a newspaper. A few words in the diary gave me the clue, and after several evenings' labor I had fitted the dates together, and the whole thing lay before me, piece by piece, which told the story. They lie on the table before me now. First there is a note evidently hurriedly penned by my mother to my father. It reads:

"You have deceived me. I found the letter lying under your blotting-paper on your desk this morning. Oh, Harry, Harry! But I am going away, where neither you nor anyone can find me. Good-bye.—Your broken-hearted wife, ADDIE."

An advertisement follows in this: WANTED A SCHOOLMISTRESS.—A lady is required to take charge of a village school. Age not more than 25. References to full particulars from Rev. Joseph W. Meach, The Vicarage, Hazeldean, Kent.

The next link in the story seems to be provided from some pages out of my mother's diary:

"May 13th, 1847.—My sorrow is great, but everybody is so kind to me. I know he has cruelly deceived me. Who is this Agnes he wrote to? Oh, to think that he should have used almost the same words of love to her as he often used towards me! I wish I could forget him, but I cannot. I see his face everywhere, and it is always looking at me. In the school-room when I am teaching the children; I cannot walk through the village street or across the meadows without seeing him there. But, oh! at night, when I am alone in my little room and looking over the children's copy-books, then he comes and speaks to me. I am weary tonight."

"June 10th, 1847.—I have been here a month—a long, long month. The summer is here, but all my sunshine is gone. I and the villagers have all a kind word for me. I write their letters for them sometimes. The other pages ran on in a similar strain, until August 3rd, when my mother writes: 'I am going to the vicarage to tea tomorrow afternoon. This makes my third tea there since I have been at Hazeldean.'

By August 4th the story has grown considerably. The writing is rapid, and some of it is scarcely discernible. There are spots on the paper as though my mother had cried whilst writing it. She says:—'I have just returned from the vicarage. I can scarcely write, my hand is trembling, my poor heart is breaking. What does it all mean? His father—Harry's father—my father. He was there. He lives here alone in the same spot that I do, but he does not know me. He does not know my real name here. I spoke to him—he spoke to me so kindly. Harry's father! Harry's father! He asked me to go and see him—a widower, he said, and without a dear one in the world. I saw the tears in his eyes when he said that. His right hand is paralyzed, he cannot use it but he pressed my hand with the other. What shall I do? Let me think a moment! Shall I tell him who I am, or shall I try to win his love first? What would be the good, for Harry is not with me now? I can't write any more to-night.'

"August 5th.—Mr. Oliver was passing by the school-house today just when I came out. He talked with me. If he only knew I was his daughter, would he speak to me then. I wonder! He wants me to go to his house tomorrow night to write a letter for him; his hand is quite powerless. His face looked paler than last night, and his voice trembled when he asked me. I said I would, and he seemed so relieved. How peaceful all seems tonight."

"August 6th.—Harry, Harry! I have written to him—to my husband—I wrote to him for his father. He wants to see him, he was his favorite boy; he wants to see his wife, for the woman his dear boy chose must have been good and loving. He told me all that I already knew, but I did not say a word. Will Harry answer? Will he reply by coming himself? He must, for it is an invitation from his father to 'Come home again,' the father who refused him and me. He must, for it is written with his wife's own hand—the wife who is wondering if there has been some great mistake, and who is longing to go home to him once more. How my father cried! He said, 'God bless you!' when I had finished writing to Harry, but he did not hear me say, 'God bless you,' too, for I said it in my heart. I want the days to be but moments now."

Then my mother's diary contains nothing more except two words written against the date—August 8th—but they tell everything: 'Happy again.' It was left to my father to finish the story, and he did so in that jolly and genial way of his which I often think over as I sit by the fire here, and in the clouds of smoke from my pipe look at the pictures of the past once again. It was on a slip of paper torn from his note-book, and it reads as follows:—'August 9th, 1847.—Plot for my next story. A young married author. He is busily engaged on a novel he is about to bring out, entitled, 'A Love That Lasts for Ever.' He has drafted out on a slip of paper a love-letter which he writes to Agnes, the heroine. The letter is very tender and passionate. The young married author leaves this letter on his desk. His wife finds it, and the foolish girl, without asking for an explanation, leaves him. She

goes as teacher to a village school. Here's father there. Hero's father has refused to see his son for marrying against his wishes. He suffers from paralysis in his right hand. He wants to see his boy again. Gets pretty young teacher—no other than his son's wife—to write. She does. Husband answers by coming down himself. His father seizes him by the hand; his wife anxiously and timidly waiting with tears in her eyes. Young author takes from his pocket a copy of his latest success—'A Love that Lasts for Ever.' He bids his wife turn to page 267. She, with trembling hands, does so. It is the letter, the very letter, the letter to 'Agnes.' Finale.—Husband, wife and father united together once again. I think that I am not far wrong in regarding this as the true story of my parents' separation and subsequent reconciliation.

TWO SCHOOLMISTRESSES.

On April 16th—and I have only just this moment remembered that this was the date of my mother's birthday—I told the foregoing story of 'My Parents' Quarrel.' This little story caught the eye of the vicar of Hazeldean, and recently I received the following letter from him:

"Dear Sir,—I have read your story, and I thought it was a very interesting one. The other little anecdote connected with the village school at which your mother was for a brief period the mistress, that was in 1847, and some of her old scholars here are now getting on in life, with children of their own, and from inquiries I have made many of them remember her well, and one of them the school children when she went away, all of which she inscribed with her own hand. The story I will send to you in the form of a schoolmistress, I shall be in town on Friday, when, if that day is convenient to you, I will call upon you to read to me some of the happy and homelike stories of real life I have met with for some time. Yours truly, 'E. LESLIE MACKIE.'"

Accordingly I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Mackie, and he has only just bidden me good-bye, and I will now tell what I heard from the mistress's lips. The present vicar of Hazeldean is a young man of thirty, and has succeeded his father, who died some two years ago, and who had held the living for twenty-three years. Mr. Mackie could just remember the late schoolmistress coming. His father was a most peculiar man, and when he advertised, twenty-three years ago, for a new schoolmistress, he stated that the applicant must be without encumbrances, as he considered that a woman either married or with children would not be able to give that care and attention to the scholars which she should, had she any important domestic and family duties to occupy her mind.

The applicant was a Miss Bunting. She came to see the vicar, dressed in black, and crape was conspicuous on her dress. She was very pretty, and remarkably intelligent, and easily got the post. She soon won her way to the hearts of the people of Hazeldean, and, indeed, her refined ways and striking face played havoc with the heart of a wealthy young gentleman farmer, and it was an open secret that he was in love with her. But she never encouraged his advances, gave up her whole thoughts to the school children, and it was noticeable that as years succeeded years, and the time of mourning must have long ceased with her, still she always dressed in black, very neat and very becoming, though after five years had passed away she allowed the crape to disappear. After the year had passed twenty years, and although nearing her fifth year at the time of the vicar's death, she still held the post.

"Now, sir," said the genial clergyman, "as you know, educational requirements progress by leaps and bounds, and it was a worry to me in one way. The methods of teaching today are not what they were twenty years ago. You must not think me hard-hearted, but the fact of it is I determined in some way, and as kindly as possible, to replace Miss Bunting by a younger woman. I had made up my mind to provide her with a room and allow her a trifle a week out of my own pocket, though the living of Hazeldean is not a particularly wealthy one, I assure you. I broke the news as quietly as possible to Miss Bunting, and tried to instil into her mind that she was acting from purely conscientious motives. She cried very much and left the vicarage for her home. I put an advertisement in the papers. I met her a few days afterwards, and she changed! Wherever I thought it would break her heart to leave the children—I never saw her brighter or happier. She had actually cast her black dress for one of a more happy color. Why, I could not understand. He takes the reply, and was very happy about it. She will now have her only friend in the world with her should obtain the post, and—well, I am so fond of children, and Miss Bunting was anxious about that!"

"This settled it. Further inquiries revealed that Miss Monckton was a very capable young person, her manner was gentle and self, and I engaged her, and she said she was prepared to commence duties as soon as I liked. When she left my study I sat wondering. Where had I seen that same face before? Those kind blue eyes and wavy nut-brown hair? It seemed to be some recollection of my early childhood, of somebody who used to play with me, and give me little presents, but who—who I could not remember."

"That same evening I was quietly sitting in my study preparing my sermon for the following Sunday. The verandah doors—leading on to the lawn—were open, for the weather was much warmer, and the last rays of the setting sun came full into my room, and seemed to light up the place. In the light of the sunshine over the lawn I saw a figure coming towards the vicarage. It was the new teacher, Miss Monckton. I rose and beckoned her to come in through the casement door, and she saw me. I stood waiting to receive her. I knew the face now well, and of whom it reminded

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

53 Pillsbury St. Boston, Mass. It cures all diseases of the blood, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is the best blood purifier ever known. It is the best remedy for all skin diseases, and for all diseases of the liver, kidneys, and bladder. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the stomach, and for all diseases of the bowels. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the lungs, and for all diseases of the throat. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the heart, and for all diseases of the brain. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the nerves, and for all diseases of the muscles. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the bones, and for all diseases of the joints. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the eyes, and for all diseases of the ears. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the nose, and for all diseases of the mouth. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the hair. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the feet, and for all diseases of the hands. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the body, and for all diseases of the mind.

CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You.

It was the very image of Miss Bunting when she first came to Hazeldean. "She had come on a strange, though happy, errand. She had heard of my offer of a room to the late schoolmistress, but they had decided to live together. I was not to think it unkind, and they loved one another very fondly, and they did not want to be parted. I told her I thought it most kind of her. "It is not kindness at all, Mr. Mackie," she said, "and would you like to know why?" "Indeed I should."

"Then," she answered, "listen. Many years ago my father was married. After two years of life that was always a song and sunshine, a little girl was born. And the songs were more tuneful, and the sunshine became brighter still. Two more years passed away, and then the music ceased, and the sunshine faded. The father of the little one died, and a widow was left penniless. The mother knew not which way to turn, until at last she saw an advertisement for a schoolmistress, but the application of those with children could not be entertained. But she determined to apply, and, as she looked so young, would go as one without 'encumbrances,' and place her child in care of a sister in London. She got the situation. Whenever she had the time and the money to spare she would go to see the vicar, dressed in black, and crape was never brought to her, for the widowed mother was afraid. But when the child became a woman she would often go and see her mother; but the secret was still kept, and no one knew."

"The mother, however, determined to relieve her secret and to ask forgiveness for deceiving the one who gave her the situation, but he died about two years ago, and now she needs to make no reparation. The mother, as atonement for her act, said she would spend the remainder of her days with the school children—but she saw her own child very often, and still none knew. Mother and daughter longed to live together again. Then what looked like a great trouble came, but in reality it was a relief. The mother was struck with perfect happiness after all. Oh! such happiness, far, far greater than you can know, for I was the little girl left to be cared for by the widow, and she was—"

"Just then a servant entered my study, and, coming from the vicarage, told me that 'Miss Bunting' wanted to see me, our late schoolmistress was in the room. The new teacher put her arms around her neck, and with smiles and tears said two words that told me everything. Those words were, 'My mother!'"

To Keep Off Mosquitoes. Lovers of Morpheus and others in want of a few hours of that nature's sweet restorer, "halcyon sleep," will be glad to learn that the use of certain medicine has been found to be an effective means of keeping mosquitoes away from the bed. The idea was given me by a layman, and I experimented with it the same night, and I had hardly got into bed when I heard the musical notes of my friends, the mosquitoes, buzzing around me. I quietly poured three or four tumblerfuls of water on my pillow which had the effect of instantaneously dispersing the blood-thirsty gang who ceased their trouble for the night. I tried this for several successive nights with equally felicitous results, and enjoyed perfect and undisturbed rest. The same means were resorted to by my family and friends with similar gratifying results.—Indian Medical Record.

A writer in the M. B. Druggist tells us how to laugh at the mosquito. He takes a piece of muslin, and cuts it into a square half an inch thick; this he lays on the bureau—always exposed—in daytime, and on or near the pillow at night; has two windows and door of the room wide open, no bars, and draft through. This is the only remedy he ever tried that afforded thorough relief.

Drinking Ice Water. That cool refreshing drink in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is injurious is not so dangerous in also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form or other is necessary to the health of a person is a fact which is beyond dispute. A vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be replaced, or great injury is being done to the physical health, and the foundation is being laid for the development of kidney disease. It is just what causes kidney troubles, drinking water freely which contains so much lime. Wrong again! Lime is not what causes kidney troubles, it is the system, and converted in its passages to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and preparation no danger can occur, by deposits of urea or lime in the kidneys and bladder; because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body, instead of remaining in it. Literally they are washed out of the body, by the copious draughts of water (that most perfect of all known solvents), same as a series of pipes are "flushed" with water to clean them.

Do not drink ice-cold water, but pure cool water, a little lemon juice will improve its effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent. If from drinking too much ice-water you have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged," as it is called, or are attacked with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, do not drink ice-water, but drink pure water, which will prevent such attacks and allay the inflammation which is caused by the drinking of ice-water. It is a fact that a person who is suffering from such troubles, with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information, about treating these summer troubles, with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is marvelous how many complaints this old-fashioned remedy will prevent or cure.

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents. This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

THINGS OF VALUE.

An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.—Johnson. Dyspepsia lack strength. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and gives the Dyspeptic strength. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.—Shakspeare.

K. D. C. taken immediately after eating starts the process of digestion at once, and prevents all unpleasant symptoms of Dyspepsia.

Whenever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial.—Hume. The best recommendation for K. D. C. is the cure it makes. It has cured sufferers from every stage of Dyspepsia. It will cure you too.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.—Joubert.

A free sample package of Wonderful Dyspepsia Cure, K. D. C., mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Other Cough Medicines have had their stay, but Putter's Emulsion has come to stay, because it is so nice and so good. When you decide to be cured of Dyspepsia try K. D. C. the King of Cures. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

A liar tells a hundred truths to one lie; he has to, to make the lie good for anything.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. L. E. Snow, matron, Inland's Home, Halifax, writes: "Putter's Emulsion has proved valuable in all cases of Pulmonary Complaints, for building up the system of our little ones. They often ask for it."

The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.—F. B. Sanborn.

Edward Lincol, of St. Peters, C. B., says: "That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion to our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity.—Jane Carlyle.

PELLEE ISLAND Co.'s Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic is unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians, of pure and unadulterated juice of the grape. Our agent, E. G. Scovil, Tea importer and liquor merchant, No. 62 Union street, can supply our Brands of Grape Juice by the case of one dozen, or on draught.

It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust hypocrites. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.—Macauley.

K. D. C. Co.—Dear Sirs,—I suffered from dyspepsia for five years, and during that time was hardly ever free from pains, depression of spirits, despondency, irritability, aversion for exertion of any kind, gradual loss of flesh, good appetite, but unable to satisfy it owing to the pain caused by so doing, these were some of the symptoms. About two months ago I was induced to try your remedy, K. D. C., and was surprised at the results. After the second dose I felt greatly relieved and am now cured. I had tried several remedies previous to this without effect and when taking K. D. C. that it was only an experiment, and would prove useless like the rest, but am more than pleased with the results.

Yours sincerely, A. ROWTLEY, Tobaccoist, Kingston, Ont.

Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply gorgeous as a dessert."

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

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Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. One-Way Excursions

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, Will leave MONTREAL (from Windsor Street Station) for the

PACIFIC COAST!

Wednesday at 8.15 p.m. Saturday at 11.45 a.m.

Minneapolis & St. Paul

For particulars enquire of nearest Railway Ticket Agents. D. MONTICELLO, C. E. MOPPIERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, ASST. GEN'L PAS. AGENT, MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Shore Line Railway

ST. JOHN AND ST. STEPHEN. NEW PASSENGER CARS! The scenery of Mountains and Valley along this Road cannot be surpassed.

Cool Resorts for Pleasant Outings, the Tourists' Paradise.

FISHING. In the Lakes and Streams bordering on the Railway there is abundance of fish. PICNIC. Special inducements to Picnic Parties and Special Low Rates to parties of five or more. The Railway has hired for the season the beautiful grounds of Dr. Reynolds, at Lepreau. These grounds are not excelled by any in the Province for Picnics. Tables, Swings, Stoves, a large building with good floor for dancing, and a shelter in case of rain and other conveniences are provided free of charge.

SAUNDERS' EXCURSIONS.

Tickets One Fare, good to return on Monday. Trains leave St. John, West Side, daily at 7.20 a.m., connecting with Ferry leaving East Side at 7.14 a.m. Retaining leave St. Stephen at 1.30 p.m., arriving at St. John at 2.00 p.m. Standard time. No charge for Commercial Travellers' excess baggage. Baggage and Freight received and delivered at Montreal, Waer Street. For special rates for Picnics and Excursions apply to E. G. RICE, Treasurer, 33 Papey Building, cor. Prince William and Princess St. Telephone No. 18. FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent. St. John, N. B., June 29, 1892.

Intercolonial Railway.

After June 27, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 1.00 for Point du Chene, 10.30; for Halifax, 10.00; for Sussex, 10.35; for Quebec and Montreal, 22.00. Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8.30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 10.00; from Point du Chene, 12.40; from Halifax, 12.30 from Halifax, 8.35.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Summer Arrangement. On and after Monday, 27th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH.—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.40 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.32 p.m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS.—Express daily at 1.05 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.00 a.m. LEAVE WEYMOUTH.—Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m. CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway; at Yarmouth with Yarmouth and Boston; at Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 150 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BISHOP, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.

WM. ROBB, Practical Collar and Harness Makers

Keeps in Stock or make to order every requisite for Stable or Road, at lowest possible prices. Personal and prompt attention given to Repair. 204 UNION STREET.

The Rattlesnake's Signal.

The rattlesnake's rattle is like the sound which would be produced by the rattling of a number of peas in a paper bag. This represents the lightness of the sound. We are accustomed to pictorial representations in which the reptile is made to look very angry and energetic, the tail erect in a manner to suggest a loud alarm. Accordingly, when one hears it for the first time one is surprised to find the noise so slight. The sound, instead of being a rattle, is rather a tingle, and perhaps it has rather more metallic character than the notion of the shaking of peas in a paper bag would represent. But, slight as the sound is, the person who has never met one of these reptiles before, and who, without seeing the snake, hears for the first time among mountain rocks or prairie grass its delicate, yet wonderfully distinct warning, knows instantly who and what his neighbor is.—Quarterly Review.

WORTH A GUINNEA A BOX! BEECHAM'S PILLS Family medicine. Cures Headache, Weakness, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Stomach Troubles, etc. Sold by all Druggists.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

ON THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indiantown at 9 o'clock a.m. Retaining will leave Hampton at 3.30 o'clock p.m. same day. Steamer will call at Clifton and Keid's Point both ways, giving those with an opportunity to go to either place. Fare for the round trip, 10y cents. A No. excursion on rainy days.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. DAILY LINE (SUNDAY EXCEPTED.) FOR BOSTON

COMMENCING JULY 4th, and continuing until Sept. 5th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Kestport, Portland and Boston as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7.00 a.m.; Tuesday, Friday, 7.30 a.m.; Sunday, 7.00 a.m. (Standard Time). For Kestport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. and M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. Connections made at Kestport with steamer for St. Andrew, Calais and St. Stephen. For further information apply to C. E. LAEBCHER, Agent.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.) SEASON 1892.

The following is the proposed sailings of the S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander. MAY.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. JUNE.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. JULY and AUGUST.—From St. John—Daily Trips, (Sundays excepted). SEPTEMBER.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Steamer sails from St. John at 7.00 a.m. local time, return trips, sail from Annapolis upon the arrival of the morning express from Halifax. HOWARD D. THOMPSON, President.

Dr. Redwood's Juvenia Soap. Marvellous Effect! Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion. DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT. The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM. The soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains the richest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we certify that this Soap fully qualified to rank among the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS. It is prepared by L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. Wholesale Representatives for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.