A Blow and a Recoil.

It was a poor, wretched, ill furnished room at the top of a house in a back street in Walworth. Every apartment had a seperate tenant, most of the rooms had three or four occupants, but they were all poor and ragged and squalid, the majority of them resembling each other in one more quality—that of being in chronic arrears with the rent.

The room to which we have referred contained but a manifestly dying man, who was stretched on a poor pallet, and a young woman, under twenty, who stood at its side.

'You know what father is, George,' she said, 'and you cannot wonder that he bears malice even to the grave.'

'Of course, I've been a bad lot,' answered the dying man, 'and as far as I am concerned I can meet the consequences. For myself, I wouldn't shrink going out and dying in a field or a ditch, and take it as my deserts, but poor little motherless Billie has done no wrong, and—

She interrupted him. 'If I pay Jane's sister for his maintenance, will she take care of him?'

'Yes,' he answered, 'she'd do that. She would keep him without asking a shilling from anyone, for my poor wife's sake if she could afford it.'

'At any rate she can't,' said the girl 'Well, tell her that I will send what I can spare for your son's board, and later on for his teaching. But I have promised my father never to see him, and the boy must not be told who has provided for his necessities. When I am out of an engagement she will have to wait for the money, but I will do all in my power.'

'I suppose it is more than I deserve, Meg,' he answered. 'But in truth, blood is thicker than water, and Billie is your nephew, and has done no one any harm, poor little kid.'

'But if you should not die, George?' she said.

'What have I to live for?' he asked petulantly. 'To be nabbed by the police and locked up in gaol. But I shall do them this time.'

Meg looked at him with pity, but hardly with affection. He had been, as he said, 'a bad lot.'

'I must go now,' she said. 'There is a rehearsal at eleven o'clock. I have Eliza's address, and will write to her telling her the conditions upon which I will pay for your boy.'

Then she stooped down to kiss him, putting two half crowns into his hand as she did so.

The sick man listened to hear the street door shut, then he knocked with his stick against the wall which separated his room from the next one. A half starved looking boy answered the summons.

'Bob,' said the man, as he handed the child one of the half-crowns, 'fetch me a pint of Scotch whiskey, and keep a penny for yourself.'

'Is the bottle in the cupboard, Mr. Seymour?' asked the boy, who evidently had had a similar experience before. The man nodded, and the boy departed on his errand.

'Meg's his sister, I guess,' thought the boy, who had been listening at Seymour's door. It she hadn't given him this money he would have had to wait for the drink.'

When the lad returned and entered the sick man's room, a ghastly sight met his gaze. Seymour had had one of his violent attacks of coughing, either caused or succeeded by profuse hemorrhage which had finally choked him.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, the boy slipped the change from the half-crown into his pocket, then he carefully emptied the bottle and restored it to the cupboard, and at last summoned his mother to the room. Nothing had been lost by his inhuman delay. Seymour was dead.

II.

The company were coming out by the stage-door of the Vaudeville Theatre, Franklin City, Maine. The final rehearsal of the new play was over, and the people were going home to their suppers and to speculate upon what success or failure would be the result of the next evening's production. As one of the actresses emerged from the building, a young man crossed the street to accost her.

'You are later than you expected, Alice,' he said.

'Yes, they are very anxious about the play, replied the young lady, 'and we kept going back so that I thought I should be there all night.'

'How does your character 'shape'?' he asked, using a theatrical phrase.

'Oh, pretty well,' she answered, 'but, of course, Miss Beverley has got all the chances.'

'And they promised you the 'lead' this season, and then go and engage her over your head,' he remarked.

'Well, they said that I was too young or, at least, not sufficiently experienced for the part,' said Alice Merton. 'Certainly, as regards age, I am not in it with Miss Beverley, who will not see forty again.'

'And she is a woman who has never acted in America before,' exclaimed the other. 'That is how native talent is treated.'

Mr. William Seymour did not remind himself or his companion that, in his own person, American journalists were being exposed to foreign competition. He had drifted into journalism, as a good many more men did and do in the States. Apprenticed to a printer as a compositor, in an office where our young friend Bob was employed, the two had struck up an acquaintance through the latter recognising the name of the new disciple of letters as being identical with that of man by whom he (Bob) used to be sent for whisky. This led to inquiries and explanations, and it was through Robert Gillings having listened at Seymour's last interview with Meg that William learnt that his father's sister had provided for his maintenance, education, and, probably, the fees for his apprenticeship.

So when Bob expressed his intention of trying his fortune on the other side of the Atlantic, his friend determined to bear him company. The younger man's aunt, Eliza, was dead, he had no other tie to the old country, and he had learnt a trade by which he could get his living in any civilized part of the world.

William Seymour, however, had the advantages of education which Bob had not; thus, while the latter remained in the composing-room of the Franklin Eagle office, the former soon got promoted to the literary staff, and at the time when we make his acquaintance, some twenty years since Bob drank the whisky and stole the change, his companion had become the dramatic critic of the paper. Thus, Alice Merton, in her wrongs or imaginary wrongs, had a champion who would be able to express himself to a large audience.

III.

The play was over, the act-drop had descended for the last time, and performers and author had been summoned in front of it, 'called out,' as they phrase it on that side of the Atlantic. There was no doubt of the success all round. The piece had 'gone with a snap,' as the manager said, and had fairly roused the audience from its national coldness.

But William Seymour held a brief for Miss Alice Merton, and hurried off to the Franklin Eagle to expend all his wit for that young lady's advantage. How nobly did he vindicate the cause of American actresses against the foreign invaders who snatched from them the means of maintaining existence!

When he came to the reference, which he reserved for the conclusion of his notice to the age of the English actress he seemed to write with vitriol instead of ink. Miss Beverly's appearance upon the stage suggested a handsome woman who had not yet reached her thirtieth year, but, with information supplied by Alice, he spoke of her matured manner, her venerable aspect, of the many years experience she must have had in the old country, that land of sacred antiquity, where age was the one thing esteemed even in its actresses. Finally, he advished Miss Beverly to return to the country where her abilities had no doubt, been appreciated for many years.

His last slip of manuscript completed and fetched away to the composing room, William walked out of the office discounting the delight that Alice would derive from the perusal of his onslaught upon her rival. As he found himself in the street he was confronted by Rob.

'Are you not at work to night?' asked Seymour.

'Well, I'm a bit out of sorts, so I got a week's leave,' said Bob. 'I have been to the Vaudeville to-night. Do you know who Miss Beverley is? I recognised her by her voice, and I went round to the stage door to see her come out. She is your aunt, who provided for you! They sent me to fetch her from the theatre the day your father died.'

Seymour looked at the speaker with a pained amazement as he said, 'Are you sure?'

'I'd take my oath of it,' replied Bob.

The next minute Seymour was back in the office asking for the editor, who was not in his room. At last that gentleman returned from a visit to one of the sub-editors.

'I have come about my notice of Miss Beverley,' said the critic.

'Oh, it's all right,' answered the other. 'Jeffson has just shown it to me. It couldn't be better.'

'But I want to alter my attack upon her,' explained Seymour.

'Not a word; there's a feeling against so many English people occupying our theatres, and your article just fits it.'

'But I protest,' began Seymour.

'You can do anything you like,' said the editor, 'but you must do it somewhere else, as I'm busy.'

The next morning the critic called at Miss Beverley's hotel at as early an hour as he reasonably could, only to find the actress out. The manager had sent her a letter with a copy of that morning's Franklin Eagle, and she had gone out immediately afterwards.

'I guess,' said the hotel secretary, who knew Seymour, 'that the manager has shut off her engagement. The skunk who wrote that notice wants cowhiding.'

Without acknowledging the compliment, Seymour hurried away to Alice's lodgings.

'Miss Merton is out,' was the answer made by the servant who opened the door to him. 'Her manager sent for her.'

He did not care about facing the theatre people, but as night came his anxious excitement urged him to seek an interview with the benefactress whom he felt he had seriously injured. Impressed by the opinion that had been expressed by the hotel official, he had no doubt but that his criticism had induced the cancelling of his aunt's engagement. He sent in his card at the stage-door, and was invited to walk in. Conducted to the manager's room, he was, after a time, joined by that gentleman in company with Miss Beverley and and Miss Merton.

'I am glad you have come, Mr. Seymour,' said the manager, 'as I can straighten things with you. We know here your relations towards Miss Merton. So when I read your notice this morning I apologised to Miss Beverley, and I gave Miss Merton the usual fortnight. But Miss Beverley pleaded for her, so she stays.'

'And Will,' added Alice, 'please let me fight my own battles in future.'

'I owe to Miss Beverley——' began Seymour.

'You owe Miss Beverley nothing,' replied that lady. 'All I have to ask of you is never to be my champion.'

'I think that is all,' said the manager. 'We have no spare time at night.'

Then Seymour went out abashed. When he told Bob, that gentleman thought he had not been straight, quite forgetting how he himself had robbed a dying man of his money and drunk his whiskey. We are all made that way.—Tid Bits.

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PLAIN WORDS, THESE

Mr. W. H. Bowser, Tells of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Says He's Proved Them to be all They're Claimed to be a Positive Cure for Kidney Complaints.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Feb 27.—Among the business men and commercial travellers of this province, no man is better known, more popular, nor more highly and justly esteemed, than is Mr. W. H. Bowser, a genial "Knight of the Grip," whose home is in this city.

Mr. Bowser is known to be a man whose word is as good as his bond, and who could not possibly be induced to originate nor countenance an incorrect statement, no matter how unimportant it might be.

Knowing this, our readers will at once see that the statement Mr. Bowser makes below, will carry conviction to the most sceptical person.

Mr. Bowser says: "I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills to be a splendid tonic. They're good enough for me, at any rate.

"I may state that I have used them for severe pains and aches in the back, and *have proved them to be all* that it is claimed they are, viz., a positive cure for Kidney troubles such as mine."

Now, two things are made apparent by Mr. Bowser's public statement.

One is that the great Kidney Remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him of Kidney Disease, as indicated by backache, etc. The other is that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any other case of this disease.

This is good news to the thousands who are suffering the tortures of Kidney Complaint. They can be cured. They may have used other remedies, which did them no good. *Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure them.* There is no doubt, no uncertainty about it.

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In Kansas matrimony extends from the cradle to the grave. At Concordia a couple aged 18 and 15 and a couple aged 51 and 61 were wedded on the same day. In an adjoining State a couple aged 17 and 16 were married an hour later. The mother of the bride sent a letter of consent to the probate judge, in which she said she believed in early marriages as "the only way to stop a lot of courting foolishness."

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Parent: 'Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?'

Johnny; 'I dunno.'

'I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is it that sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?'

'Why, the teacher.'

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EASY STRONG

BORN.

Truro, Feb. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reid, a son.
Clarence, Feb. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Stronach, a son.
Truro, Feb. 18, to the wife of Allan Johnson, a son.
Upper Canard, Feb. 17, to the wife of Jas. McRae, a son.
Sydney, Feb. 19, to the wife of John G. Young, a daughter.
Truro, Feb. 20, to the wife of Capt. Robert Carr, a daughter.
Falmouth, Feb. 21, to the wife of Wm. Craft, a daughter.
Kingston, Feb. 5, to the wife of Wm. Scott, a daughter.
Caraquet, Feb. 16, to the wife of C. Hubbard, a daughter.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 130-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

Brooklyn Road, Feb. 20, to the wife of Jose Cochran, a son.
Truro, Feb. 20, to the wife of Capt. Robert Carr, a daughter.
Lower Village, Feb. 18, to the wife of Allen Johnston, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 23, to the wife of Frank J. Murphy, a daughter.
Ellershouse, Feb. 18, to the wife of Samuel Gould, a daughter.
Amherst, Feb. 21, to the wife of Walter H. Tennant, a daughter.
Point Edward, Jan. 31, to the wife of J. Bennet Rudderham, a son.
New York, Nov. 11, to Captain and Mrs. George Rogers, a daughter.
Tusket, Wedge, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Constant Doucet, a daughter.
Richibucto, Feb 16, to the wife of James Cavanaugh, a naughter.
Kingston, K. Co., Feb. 20, to the wife of Capt William Shamper, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Boston, Feb. 1, William Keefe to Matilda Chisholm
Gay's River, Feb. 15, L. E. Moore to Matilda Tully.
Gabarus, Feb. 14, by Rev. J. Turner, Joseph R. Ayles to Annie Reid.
Oxford, Feb. 15, by Rev. Wm. Nightingale, Jas. Rogers to Mary Scott.
St. Ann's, Feb. 16, by Rev. John Fraser, Alex. McLean to Annie McLeod.
East River, Feb. 17, by Rev. J. McFarlane, Chas. Russell to Juna Mithell.
Lochaber, Jan. 5, by Rev. Fr. Doyle, John McLean to Annie McIsaac.
Digby, Feb 15, by Rev. Jas. Porter, David Dukshier to Cassie Marshall.
New Mexico, Feb. 8, by Rev. John I. Kell, Arthur Philander to Annie Silton.
Oak Bay, Feb. 17, by Rev. Edward Bell, Wm. McCulloch to Miss Hanson.
Campbellton, Feb. 8, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Christopher to Emily Barclay.
Shelburne, Feb. 15, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Arthur Goodick to Josephine Goodick.
Digby, Feb. 21, by Rev. B. H. Shannon, Eldridge Blackford to Annie McGregor.
Lunenburg, Feb. 1, by Rev. B. Hills, Tryphena McDougall to John Spongburg.
Merigomish, Feb. 14, by Rev. A Campbell, Maggie McDonald to Charles Arbuckle.
Mcuat Nos, Feb 12, by Rev, A. Chisholm, Angus Beaton to Marcella McEachern.
Barra Head, Feb. 13, by Rev. Fr. Fraser, Capt. Rod McDonald to Mary McNeil.
Lockeport, Feb 11, by Rev. D. Hemmeon, Wentworth Lewis to Florentina Page.
Gabarus, Feb. 1, by Rev D. Sutherland, Alex. McLeod to Maggie A. Ferguson.
Salem, Feb. 12, by Rev. Father O'Connell, Christopher Chisholm to Mary Burnham.
Tusket Wedge, Feb. 13, by Rev. Fr. LeDore, Alvin Doucet to Leona Robichau.
Worcester, Feb. 9, by Rev. Daniel Merriman, Arthur Haley to Sarah Robertson.
Milford Feb. 15, by Rev. A. H. Campbell, Raymond Campbell to Mary Wardrop.
Sand Point, Feb. 15, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Arthur Goodick to Josephine Dora Goodick.
Doctor's Cove, Feb. 15 by Rev. A. D. Stirling, Thomas Nickerson to Chloe Malone.
South Maitland, Feb. 14, by Rev. M K. Kinsella, Patrick Keohan to Susan O,Donnell.
Antigonish, Feb. 9, by Rev. Father Sheridan, Hugh McAdam to Margaret Conway.
Hillsborough, Feb. 12, by Rev. A. McDonald, Duncan McEachren, to Alexina McKinnon.
Moose Harbor, Feb. 5 by A. W. M. Hartley, M. A, Edward A. Smith to Maud L. Wentzell.

DIED.

Morden, Feb. 15, John Orpin, 92.
St John, Feb. 25, John Smith, 69.
Bowery, Feb. 12, Mary Gilley. 72.
Sussex, Feb. 20, Ellen J. Beer, 80.
Truro, Feb. 22 James K. Blair, 72.
Brookfield, Feb. 19, William Clark.
Halifax, Feb. 21, Arthur Dixon, 27.
New York, Jan. 30, Jordan Courser.
Avondale, Feb 22. Edith Pisco, 16.
Truro, Feb. 16, George Campbell, 66.
Eastport, Feb. 9. Moses Prescott, 71.
St. Stephen, Feb 6, Martha Craig, 84.
St. Andrews, Feb 17, John Jones, 82.
St. John, Feb 27, Rosie McGinnis, 20.
Advocate, Feb. 17, Thomas Tarple, 80.
Northfield, Feb. 19, Andrew Miller, 73.
Williamsdale, Feb. 9, Richard Nix, 24.
Bartibogue, Feb. 18, John Johnston, 50.
New York, Feb 26, Simon F. Bates, 75.
Centreville, Feb. 18, D. S. Chipman, 55.
Shelburne, Feb. 17, Elisha D. Hogg, 72.
Port Maitland, Feb. 20, Cyrus Perry, 81.
Yarmouth, Feb. 13, Peter H Parker, 85.
Waterville, Feb. 20 Jason Forsythe, 79.
Hampton, Feb. 24, Edward F. Boone, 54.
Bridgetown, Feb. 18, W. H. Walker, 82.
Parker's Cove, Feb. 19, Norman Rice, 49.
Princeton, Feb. 1, Sarah W. Belmore, 80.
DeBert, Feb. 17, Mrs. Hugh G. Ross, 57.
St. John, Feb. 25, Michael McKinley, 60.
Parker's Cove, Feb. 14, Israel Hudson, 66.
Onslow Mountain, Feb. 20, Mrs. Soley, 96.
Lansdowne, Feb. 13. Robt. J. McLeod, 41.
Colchester, Feb. 18, Robert Aikenhead, 82.
Leonardsville, Feb. 18, Wm. H. Conley, 80.
Dawson City, Jan. 6, Douglas Monteith, 25.
St. John, Feb. 24, Reynold S. McCarty. 70.
Tusket Wedge, Feb. 17, Mr. Frank Surette.
Presque Isle, Feb. 15, Margaret Wilson, 59.
Chatham, Feb. 7, Mr. Ambrose Holland, 74.
Shag Harbor, Feb. 15, Leonard Kenney, 85.
Ship Harbor, Feb. 19, Alvin J. Mitchell, 29.
Parrsboro, Feb. 18, Mrs. William Golden, 59.
East Boston, Feb. 18, Mrs. Miller Pardy, 81.
Bridgetown, Feb. 15, Robie G. Whitman, 34.
Lunenburg, Jan. 27, Mrs. Benjamin Selig, 85.
Fall River, Mass., Feb. 17, Patrick Flynn, 33.
Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 5, Mrs. Adelaide Ellis.
Fall River, Mass., Feb. 9, Simon J. Fraser, 48.
Burlington, Feb. 19, Mrs. Catherine Hyland, 97.
Lunenburg, Feb. 11, Mrs. James McDonald, 45.
Lowell, Mass., Feb. 17, Mr. Jacob Churchill 47.
Elmsdale, Feb. 16, Bessie U, child of A. P. Dickie.
Tusket Wedge, Feb. 7, Mrs. John B. LeBlanc, 80.
Hammonds Plains, Feb. 19, James E. Schmidt, 50.
Granville Centre, Feb. 15, Mrs. Helen Langley, 85.
McCain Settlement, Feb. 20, Mary C. Widlake, 61.
Getson's Cove, Feb. 19, Mrs. Mary M. Richard, 101
Darthmouth, Feb. 20, Joan, widow of Wm. Shute, 89.
Smith's Creek, Feb. 21, Rena, wife of Herbert Garrett, 33.
South Side, Feb. 23, Rosanna, wife of Thos. Atkinson, 22.
Carter's Point, Eliza, widow of the late J. W. Carter, 78.
Gaspereaux Station, Q Co., Feb. 23, Samuel H. Waters, 79.
Milltown, Feb. 13, Sarah M., wife of the late O. R. Frost, 75.
St. John, Feb. 22, Douglas W., child of David and Lillian Brown.
Geary, Jan. 23, Vira, daughter of Darius and Matilda Carr, 16.
Campbellton, Feb. 14, Jessie, child of Alexander McKenzie, 1 year.
Truro, Feb. 13, Murtie, daughter of Albert and Hattie Ettinger, 8.
Halifax, Feb. 23, Catherine Phelan, widow of Kayran Clarke, 70.
Cornwallis, Feb 11, Drusilla, widow of the late James Johnston, 84.
French Lake, Feb. 8, infant son of Thomas and Helen Wood, 3 weeks.
New Mills Station, Feb. 10, Grace Maria Ann, child of P. H. Sheehan, 11 months.
St. John, Feb. 27, Charlotte Amelia, daughter of Thomas and Charlotte Denham.
St. John, Feb. 28, Marion Churchill, infant daughter of Rev. L. A. Hoyt, 4 weeks.
Union Point, Feb. 27, Leslie Lloyd, infant son of Harry and Mary Carr, 15 months.

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On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward,

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arv Digby 10 00 a.m.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arv St. John, 3.45 p.m.

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Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arv in Digby 12.30 p.m.
Lve. Digby 1.00 p.m., arv Yarmouth 5 35 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., arv. Digby 11.45 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11 55 a.m., arv, Halifax 5.45 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday arv Digby 8.50 a.m.
Lve. Digby 3.30 p.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday arv Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

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BOSTON SERVICE.

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Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 16.30
Express for Sussex..... 16.40
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 16.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 for Truro.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8 30
Express from Halifax..... 10.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 19.25
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 11.25
Accommodation from Moncton..... 23.45

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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