

AS IT USED TO BE.
When you were young and had a heart
That was as big as the world...

HESTER'S CHARGE.

BY MARION COTTELL.

"I wish," said Hester Conway, with a sigh, "that there were either more romances in duty, or more duty in romance."

"There's romance enough in your duty," I should think," retorted Lottie, artfully adjusting her hair in the mirror.

"Duty enough in my romance you mean," answered Hester, rather grimly.

"When maiden's such as Hester die," quoted Lottie, mischievously—it was her favorite joke upon her sister.

"That's what you'd like to end it, Lottie," said Hester. "Oh, Tude, you little try-patience, what are you at?"

"I'm at home," replied the small creature addressed, composing herself on the sofa, whether she had climbed by the aid of Hester's unlucky dress, or I'm having a nap."

"A reception?" laughed Lottie. "Well, Tude, you can go away from Cousin Etta; she won't come to your reception. She's cross—she doesn't want you."

Tude listened to this speech in solemn silence, with widening eyes. At its close, she pondered for an instant, and then burst forth into a stupendous wail.

"What is the matter?" cried Hester, catching her up.

"You don't want to have me," mourned the afflicted infant. "No, you don't; you don't want me, and Mr. Peters said I was a 'peckable child.'"

"What is she talking about? I don't understand her," said Lottie.

"No, you don't; you don't understand me," cried Tude, regarding this as a fresh grievance.

By this time Hester had taken her, and was kissing and comforting her.

"Come up stairs with Cousin Hester, Tude dear! Yes, she does want to have you—there!" And lifting the child in her strong arms, Hester carried her away.

Poor Hester in her ill-natured mood, might have added: "Other people have little Tude to take care of, and she has Stanfield."

Stanfield was a friend of the family. He could come in and go out without interrupting the work, and felt quite at home, even with Hester, of whom he stood somewhat in awe.

Stanley was a friend of the family. He could come in and go out without interrupting the work, and felt quite at home, even with Hester, of whom he stood somewhat in awe.

With all his culture and worldly experience, he was, as Mrs. Conway laughingly said, "nothing but a great overgrown child."

He was a little afraid of Hester, as said, in truth, that young lady had a perverse habit of appearing most icy cold when she was most friendly.

He was obliged to leave early in the evenings, for he was studying medicine, and had lectures to attend; and with a leisurely step, but it must be confessed, a beating heart, just as the front door closed behind him. It was hard; for, leaving, cold, languid Hester had under all, a big, lonely, lonesome heart.

"Cousin Etta," she said, sweetly, "I want to go to see Tanfee; come on!"

"Oh, Cousin Etta! I want to see Cousin Lottie," said Tude, solemnly.

"Wait a while, Tude, Cousin Etta can't go now."

"Cousin Etta," asked Tude, solemnly, "do you like Tanfee?"

"No," exclaimed tormented Hester, impatiently.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

never could teach to say mister. "Tanfee, I wish he had a name."

She looked at a little rose bush in a flower-pot, which Stanfield had himself given Hester a year ago, and which he had been wonderfully delighted to find in her room.

"Gimme that rose, I want to kiss it. Cousin Etta kissed it one time, 'n' I want to."

"She's delicious," said Mrs. Conway. "Of course she is," cried Hester, exclaiming.

"Her heart, it ain't broke—no, no, Cousin Etta!"

And Tude waited patiently. That child, simple or well, certainly had a wonderful memory.

"What queer things have you been saying to her, Hester?" said Mrs. Conway.

"She said that I broke her heart, and I didn't!" shrieked Tude.

Light broke in upon Stanfield's mind. After he had quieted the child, he kissed her, and said:

"Good-by, you blessed darling!" There was a certain little process of resurrection that went on after that. He began to put on a bold front towards Hester, and repeated to himself many times, with fierce determination:

"A man that has a tongue, is a no man!"

But, alas! the ice-mountain seemed to have turned to ice in very dead. A colder, haughtier, more unapproachable being than Hester, was now in the room.

Stanfield, convicted of a most humiliating mistake, lost every particle of hope, and was left determined to be patient and courageous.

After a while, matters became very much worse. Tude, who had been improving, took on a more mysterious air, and had a habit of staying in her room, and had lectures to attend; and with a leisurely step, but it must be confessed, a beating heart, just as the front door closed behind him.

It was hard; for, leaving, cold, languid Hester had under all, a big, lonely, lonesome heart.

"Cousin Etta," she said, sweetly, "I want to go to see Tanfee; come on!"

"Oh, Cousin Etta! I want to see Cousin Lottie," said Tude, solemnly.

A New and Cheap Diet.

During the recent famine in China the resources of the country have been strained to the uttermost to supply the millions of mouths that have cried aloud for food, and to keep alive the millions of human beings that had strength neither to reap nor to sow.

In addition to rice, the fish, and the bread that form "the staff of life" in the East, many curious substances have been pressed into service as human food, and among these none has performed a more useful part than seaweed.

Certain kinds of marine algae such as the carrageen, or Iceland moss, have been used to a limited extent for dietetic purposes of manure, and among rich as well as poor, and the Japanese are almost equally fond of this kind of "vegetable," while in the Malay Archipelago it is considered a delicacy.

The Great Family Matters, the past-tailed Celestials seem first to have learned to appreciate the value of seaweeds through the discovery of the sea-plant, and the small and sprawn of sea fish among the fishes, and instead of the fish, becoming separated the weeds actually melted, and on tasting the decoction he was delighted by the discovery which had been made in large quantities.

The weeds are sorted, dried, and cut into small pieces, and are then put into a boiler and preserved for future use. Simply boiled in water they yield a clear gelatine, which finds its way into the system, and is absorbed by the body.

After discussing the defeat of the woman suffrage bill in Parliament, the London Times of June 20 concludes: "The world, it would seem, is not yet ripe for the reception of women's disabilities. The attempt makes no progress, because the stimulus is wanting that could help it on."

Women are not to be raised to assert themselves, rather they join hands with their brethren, and they are to be equal, but not to be equal in the sense that do not get. If there ever comes a demand for the political enfranchisement of women, it will, we may be sure, make itself heard, and it will be a good sign if it is not coming yet.

The very first signs of it are making. The right to vote and to sit in Parliament will be obtained, when it is wanted, just as new bonnets and pony carriages are obtained now. Brothers and sisters will be teased into granting what females will not give up for anything, and they will be just as little able to refuse a kind of petition as another. The women will have their own way, whatever it may be, and they will get votes, if it is because they do not care to be disgraced, and much prefer not having them. The revolution of their ill-used friends desire to see accomplished in all haste.

Little Tude, who had been improving, took on a more mysterious air, and had a habit of staying in her room, and had lectures to attend; and with a leisurely step, but it must be confessed, a beating heart, just as the front door closed behind him.

It was hard; for, leaving, cold, languid Hester had under all, a big, lonely, lonesome heart.

"Cousin Etta," she said, sweetly, "I want to go to see Tanfee; come on!"

"Oh, Cousin Etta! I want to see Cousin Lottie," said Tude, solemnly.

"Wait a while, Tude, Cousin Etta can't go now."

"Cousin Etta," asked Tude, solemnly, "do you like Tanfee?"

"No," exclaimed tormented Hester, impatiently.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

J. L. McCOSKERY,

(Late with H. Chubb & Co.)

STATIONER PRINTER,

BY BISHOP GIBBONS.

BOOKBINDELL,

ENNIS & GARDNER'S BUILDING,

PRINCE WM. STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED!

THE "WEEKLY MAIL."

Enl'rged to Eight Pages

No Increase in Price.

It is nearly six years since the "MAIL" was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it especially interesting to the Dominion. The Publisher takes great pleasure in announcing that by greatly improving the WEEKLY MAIL during the coming year, whereby he makes it

The Great Family Matters, the past-tailed Celestials seem first to have learned to appreciate the value of seaweeds through the discovery of the sea-plant, and the small and sprawn of sea fish among the fishes, and instead of the fish, becoming separated the weeds actually melted, and on tasting the decoction he was delighted by the discovery which had been made in large quantities.

The weeds are sorted, dried, and cut into small pieces, and are then put into a boiler and preserved for future use. Simply boiled in water they yield a clear gelatine, which finds its way into the system, and is absorbed by the body.

After discussing the defeat of the woman suffrage bill in Parliament, the London Times of June 20 concludes: "The world, it would seem, is not yet ripe for the reception of women's disabilities. The attempt makes no progress, because the stimulus is wanting that could help it on."

Women are not to be raised to assert themselves, rather they join hands with their brethren, and they are to be equal, but not to be equal in the sense that do not get. If there ever comes a demand for the political enfranchisement of women, it will, we may be sure, make itself heard, and it will be a good sign if it is not coming yet.

The very first signs of it are making. The right to vote and to sit in Parliament will be obtained, when it is wanted, just as new bonnets and pony carriages are obtained now. Brothers and sisters will be teased into granting what females will not give up for anything, and they will be just as little able to refuse a kind of petition as another. The women will have their own way, whatever it may be, and they will get votes, if it is because they do not care to be disgraced, and much prefer not having them. The revolution of their ill-used friends desire to see accomplished in all haste.

Little Tude, who had been improving, took on a more mysterious air, and had a habit of staying in her room, and had lectures to attend; and with a leisurely step, but it must be confessed, a beating heart, just as the front door closed behind him.

It was hard; for, leaving, cold, languid Hester had under all, a big, lonely, lonesome heart.

"Cousin Etta," she said, sweetly, "I want to go to see Tanfee; come on!"

"Oh, Cousin Etta! I want to see Cousin Lottie," said Tude, solemnly.

"Wait a while, Tude, Cousin Etta can't go now."

"Cousin Etta," asked Tude, solemnly, "do you like Tanfee?"

"No," exclaimed tormented Hester, impatiently.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

"Little Tude," said she, that night, very early, as she laid her cheek against the child's face, "you were cruel—oh, so cruel, to me today; but you didn't mean it, Tude, you broke my heart."

"No, I didn't; I didn't break a heart, Cousin Etta." And she dozed off.

"If you don't like her," reflected the small catchet.

"Then, Tude," said Hester, a few moments later. "Now I'm ready, we'll go down stairs."

And down they went. Lottie was darning the parlor rug, talking sweetly to Stanfield all the while, and they were so merry and friendly that Hester was sorry she had interrupted them.

Stanfield's mind tacitly encouraged her to be glad to avoid him, and also that the shallow little blonde made the best of herself for her own sake.

'The Faith of our Fathers'

BY BISHOP GIBBONS.

THE Most popular Book of its kind ever published in this country

30,000 COPIES SOLD IN THREE MONTHS!

Every Catholic in the Dominion should read it.

PRICE IN PAPER COVER 50 cts., 1.00 IN CLOTH \$1.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price to any part of the Dominion.

EDW. HANEY & CO., - - KING STREET

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LANDRY & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE

CELEBRATED ESTEY ORGANS

ACKNOWLEDGED THE

FINEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD

WE refer with pleasure to upwards of 600 of these beautiful instruments sold by us in the Lower Provinces during the past four years. They are

Favorite. Their prices range from \$70 upwards.

A Beautifully illustrated CATALOGUE and PRICE LIST sent free on application.

Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.

LANDRY & CO.,

No. 52 King Street, (Old Stand) St. John, N. B.

HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES

ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR

Costiveness Dyspepsia and Piles!

They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results.

Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Pimples, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.

THEY RESTORE NATURE'S PLANS TO TAKE, AND PROMPTLY, CAUSE TO PASS, NEVER REQUIRING INCREASE OF FOOD, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicists prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Social Press praise them, and every man and woman, who has ever tried them, will be glad to use them on every occasion.

Price 25c per box, and 50c per dozen, and will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B.

Queen Hotel

WATER STREET, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on Reasonable Terms. Livery and Boarding Stables in connection with the House.

D. W. McCormick, Proprietor.

C. MCGOURTY, City Contractor,

No. 208 Waterloo Street.

Estimates furnished for Excavation of all kinds. A large lot of stone, brick, and lime, on hand. No. 208 Waterloo Street, and orders left there will be promptly attended to.

W. Martin & Son, Custom Tailor and Clothiers,

HAS REMOVED TO HIS NEW BUILDING DOCK STREET, (Old Stand), SAINT JOHN, N. B.

WHERE WE WILL CAREY IN THE TAILORING BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

YOU WILL FIND DR. HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES A Fair Trial

That They Will Cure You of COSTIVENESS & its Results.

Viz—Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Heartburn, Piles, Worms, &c.