

LOSS OF THE "PARAGON."

Ralph Nutford was the fifth officer on board the steamer Paragon, one of the fastest boats of the Cable Line of steamers which plied between New York and Seringapatam. The captain of the vessel, whose name was Clements Lane, entered heart and soul into his profession, and thought there was nothing like it. His fifth officer, however, didn't much care about it; he had been, as youngest of a large family, pitched into the employment of the Cable Line by a rich uncle, and being young, good-looking, and human, found his profession remarkably dull. "You see," he remarked to a chance acquaintance who had introduced himself to him as they lunched at the same table in a restaurant one day, shortly before the Paragon was to start on the homeward journey, "you see, we junior officers don't have much fun on board. The seniors, if they care about it, can get up no end of amusement with the fairer section of the passengers; but what chance has a fifth officer?" The genial stranger was properly sympathetic, and after making a few more inquiries concerning the arrangements and discipline on board the Paragon, he nodded "Good-day," and disappeared. On the evening before the departure of the Paragon, the new hands, who had been taken on in New York and most of the homeward-bound passengers were on board, when a gorgeous specimen of the wealthy Yankee, accompanied by a lovely creature of some nineteen summers and an equal number of winters, came on board, and, addressing Mr. Ralph Nutford, who was standing near the gangway, asked the worthy whether he was captain of the boat. On his replying that he was the fifth officer, the Yankee remarked:—"Well, sir, I'd be obliged if you could take me to the captain, under whose charge I want to place this young lady, whom I may as well introduce to you—as you're one of the officers—right now. Miss Nellie Robertson, my niece; Mr.—Nutford—thank you—fifth officer of this vessel."

boats. No inquiry had yet been made into the disaster, but the two men on watch, who were in the same boat with them, said they had suddenly seen the lights of a steamer close to them, and as they sprang forward to hail her and give the alarm she had struck them, and when they had recovered from their momentary consternation she had disappeared. "You hear," said Nellie to the terror-stricken officer, whose side she had never left, "they didn't see her till she struck us. You must support their statement, or you are a ruined man. Your certificate will be cancelled, and, oh, Ralph, if the truth should be known, think of my everlasting shame! For my sake, if you love me, save my good name and yours, and back up their story. You see they are both agreed, and you were further from where she struck than they were." The men repeated their story again and again. Morning broke, and before any one had had time to suffer much, a passing steamer, bound on the same journey, picked up the whole company. The captain interrogated the men on watch and Mr. Nutford as closely as possible. There was no doubt about the facts. The Paragon had been run down by a mysterious vessel, the name of which no one had observed, and which had taken advantage of the darkness to desert the ship she had run into. The home voyage was satisfactorily accomplished, and Ralph and Nellie, the former no longer hampered by the duties of navigation, had ample opportunities of carrying on their love affair, which had been accompanied by such an overwhelming catastrophe. Nutford easily succumbed to Nellie's soft caresses, for to own his neglect of duty would be ruin to his career, and hers, and would render their marriage, which was to him a foregone conclusion, an absolute impossibility. A minute inquiry was naturally held at Seringapatam, and the conclusion at which it was decided—though in official language—that there was some mystery somewhere, and a good deal more in the circumstances of the collision than met the eye or ear; but that there was no direct evidence respecting upon the conduct of the fifth officer, who came home from the inquiry a man about whom nothing definite is said, but a good deal is implied, and in this unenviable state of mind he found waiting for him Nellie, his affianced bride, and a blue envelope. This letter was from a firm of solicitors, announcing that his old uncle had died, leaving him his sole heir. "Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Poor old gentleman, he has done me a good turn at the moment I required the most. Now, sweetheart, I am a rich man. Tomorrow I throw up this profession, which I cared little about before, I loathe now. This day three weeks, darling, we will be married, and then we'll go abroad for six months. Does this suit your views?" The answer of the young person addressed has been recorded; it is sufficient for us to know that two months later, Nellie—Mrs. Ralph Nutford—was installed in an exquisite little apartment looking out upon the Champs Elysees, and her husband, who had been down to the Riviera to look out for a permanent habitation for himself and bride, was hastening back to her in a first-class carriage on the Paris-Marseilles Railway. In the corner opposite to him sat an American, who, with the affability of that tree-borne race, had entered into conversation with him, and the conversation had turned upon the shipping at Marseilles. "You seem to know a thing or two about boats, stranger," observed the American. "Well, I ought to, seeing that I was connected with an American line for some years."

and falls in love—the real thing—with the man, and won't touch a penny of the plunder. Waste of genius, I call it. But all women are alike. And, egad, sir, she's married him! What d'ye think of that for a yarn?" "Most startling and amusing. But here in Paris. Thank you so much for your delightful company. Your story has, indeed, interested me greatly."

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE IN A CASE PRONOUNCED HOPELESS. An Estimable Young Lady Raised From a Death-bed After Being Given Up by Several Doctors—A Simple Statement of Facts. At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the Courier has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, N. Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians he was paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall restored Mr. Northrop to a life of usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable and looked upon as one who had but a few months to live. After all had failed, and his sufferings, again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to, with the same remarkable results, and to-day Mr. Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The best physicians have failed, where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent—and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the cases above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the Courier was aroused and he determined to ascertain if anyone around Trenton had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadily increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the name of a number within his own observation after all had failed, and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the Courier determined to investigate it further, and it true set the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers. Mr. Robert Young, grandfather of the young lady who was first seen, and in a reply to an enquiry said it was a miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his granddaughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box of Pink Pills at Mr. Spaulding's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his granddaughter was as well as ever she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen, and she corroborated what already had been told the Courier, giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, and at first somewhat incredulous that this young lady in the bloom of womanhood and health was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who so miraculously saved from death, and cheerfully consented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's mill, near Trenton, and he had been in the Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but taking a severe cold then she had not had a well day since, until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 111 pounds; a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newark, whom she consulted, said she was going into a decline and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a sudden cold would go for her lungs and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very miserable, strength continually failing, suffered so much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflammation of the bowels and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave her medicine that relieved her and cured the inflammation, but her strength was gone and she could not be lifted in and out of bed, and could not sit in a chair at all. She had taken her bed expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grand-father, having read in the Courier the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his grand-daughter to take

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VOI IT IS HARBO Leading dorned Council tion Ca In his ago, Ma consensus in favor boy y u city had he would appointe has not of it. But the cause the public op wharf, the ed for Progress time that "r the op was empas of vote of it. Many f lating it o outset a f The coura ago, was figures, an their men knew little some of the easily fin case. Pa citizens krou had done s of Sand P to the wi The me affair to w was a little talk, but only man Point ma so frankly viction. F did Ald. B and sepulc discussion. When A the issue of Point, Ald. Colwe wharf show was then th he did not, in the matte one indigna advocates, A and still s Ald. Baxter that while would take Alderm the counc Rodney whi right cour and chose t The mem explaining favored too expressed w payers wa and that "w was in favor we to do?" "We want does not. I fore us, we tionists and We are in a crawl with a .n't want to can't help it. Whereupon with as good themselves Ald. Colwell O'Brien glad to abuse the broken prom Sand Point q way as to s he had no ply when he could not aff obstructionist chanted a set the same setti had been take Chesley and h site, admitted bound to have choice but to Lon. Chesley treachery, wh Chesley was o influenced his the Rodney wh kept their ser materialize at Some of the was a big fre adjourned. I to think about.