

**He Did Not Write It.**

I remember a story that I did not write, says a reminiscient reporter in the Louisville Courier-Journal. It is not a pretty story. You must go to the slums with me if you wish to hear it. For there is gilded vice in such a little city as ours. There is only the thinnest, yellow veneer, flp-specked at that, over the revolting bareness. In the bygone years, among the women graced with the name of women by sex, though seemingly by no other attribute, was one, notorious. Viler than she there was none, and more than one crime stands opposite her name in the police records. Theft, murder and suicide take the police reporters day after day into the quarters of the city that such as she inhabit, and it was while making my daily rounds of news points that I soon scented a mystery. On two afternoons each week a closed carriage would wait at the street corner nearest the house of this harridan. A woman gowned in black and wearing a thick crape veil would leave the house, walk hurriedly to the corner, enter the carriage and be driven westward. The problem was an easy one for a reporter to solve. A bribe to the driver of the carriage, a trip down town, a plausible lie to one of the good sisters in a Catholic institution, a chat with one of her pupils, and I had the chief facts of the story. The scarlet woman and the crape-clad one were the same. Each visit of hers to the convent was to see a pretty child, fast growing into womanhood. And there in the dimly-lighted room the pure girl in her demure conventual dress would sit by the hour listening to stories of her mother from the lips of the woman who called herself that mother's friend. They were stories of a happy childhood spent in a country town, of girlish merry-makings, of life in an old farm house among the elms after a youthful marriage, and, last, of an early death.

And they were true, these stories—all true. For there are deaths and deaths.

These visits and these talks had been going on for years before I knew of them. They lasted for several years afterward. And during all that time the veil of the visitor was never lifted in the convent parlour; the lips of the woman never touched those of the girl. Trained with jealous care by good women, the child grew into womanhood, and it was time for her to leave the only home she knew. About this time the notorious woman disappeared from Louisville. The police here knew she was continuing her career in an eastern city, and within the year came the news of her death from morphine poisoning. Long before that, however the girl in the convent had been told that her mother's friend was dead and by will had left her a little cottage in a town far west of here, and an income large enough to keep her from temptation and want.

The sisters knew the wretched woman's secret. No others did. It was a good story for a reporter's view-point. But somehow I kept thinking of the veiled woman whose face was never shown, whose lips never touched her child's, who never felt the responsive arm clasp of a daughter drawn to a mother's breast, and I did not write the story.

**Dehorn the Calves.**

By all means dehorn a calf during its first two or three weeks, by applying a stick caustic potash. Clip the hair closely over the button, and wet the surface, not wetting around the horn. A little soap in the water removes grease, so that the potash will act more readily. Dip one end of the stick of potash in rain water, and wait till it becomes slick and softened; then use it like a pencil to rub the surface of the little horn. Do not fail to cover all the surface and do not extend farther out. Paint one horn and then the other, then the first again, etc., till five or six rubbings have been given, so as to thoroughly fill the surface. 'Tis all done in a few minutes, and is much easier and neater if the little thing is held firmly by an assistant, and especially if taken when quite young—as soon as you feel the buttons forming. A scab will form over the spot which will come off in a month or two, and the calf's poll will be as smooth as a muley. It has cost about one cent, and is a perfect job and humane.

Michael Burns is exceedingly happy these days, and his face is prolonged with a constant smile. He is an old Crimean soldier and, after passing through the war and receiving his discharge, he was granted a pension of nine pence per day. This pension has lately through the efforts of Lt. Col. Vince and Dr. Hand, been increased an additional sixpence per day. Hence Michael's smiles.—Sentinel.

Have you tried Dragon Blend Tea? It is the best Tea on the market.

Estey & Curtis' have a full line of trusses and guarantee satisfaction.

Have you bought your roller blinds? R. P. & Co have the largest stock in the village.

To the Ladies—If you want some of the latest shades of Ingrain wall paper with a rich bordering to match. Call on Keith & Plummer.

One of the finest lines of Dry Goods, (fancy and staple) new being opened at Carr's.

If you want an up-to-date suit of cloths, examine Keith & Plummer's new stock. Just received Blue Serge Suits &c.

**DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE**

PRICE 25¢

Reliable Household Remedy for Coughs and Colds of Infants or Adults.

Cures Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, AND ALL Throat and Lung Diseases. CHILDREN LIKE IT.

S. H. by all dealers, or E. J. Mansfield & Co., Toronto, Ont.

**Peoples' Bank**

...OF...  
**HALIFAX.**  
**HARTLAND, N. B.**  
General Banking Business Transacted.

OFFICE HOURS, 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.  
SATURDAYS, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

**COMMERCIAL - HOTEL,**  
A. RIDEOUT, Prop.,  
OPPOSITE STATION, HARTLAND, N.B.

Transient and Permanent Board at right prices. Special accommodations for the travelling public—large simple room and no expense for trackage. Horses to let.

**HARTLAND READING ROOM.**

Located in the "Hartland House" and is **FREE TO ALL**

It is supplied with late newspapers and current magazines. Visitors to the village are cordially invited to attend, opened every evening. No smoking allowed.

**Lots For Sale.**

1 lot corner Ferry and Main St, \$ 300  
2 lots Main St, Price each \$ 200  
House and Lot Main St, \$1000  
For full particulars apply to  
**HENRY FOSTER,**  
Hartland N. B.

**DR. MILLER'S Tonic Dinner Pills.**

FOR  
Pale, Debilitated People who suffer from Indigestion, Torpid Liver, bilious Constipation, Hemorrhoids, (or piles,) Weak and Palpitating Heart,  
Want of Blood  
Pain in Back & Loins,  
a sure cure for headache, Neuralgia, and Chronic Rheumatism.

**Ladies Use Them!**  
to clear complexion and give vigor to the general system.  
They contain iron and the best tonics known to medicine.  
**Price 25 cents**  
For sale by all Druggists.

**K. K. K. Kanadian Katarrh Kure.**

Contains No Cocaine or other injurious Drug.  
Dont suffer with catarrh! K-K-K. will cure you.  
It will cleanse obstructed nasal passages in one minute.  
It will cure a cold in the head in one day.  
It will cure nasal catarrh in a few weeks.  
It will clear out stuffen up nostrils in one minute.  
It will positively cure catarrh of the nose or throat in a few weeks.  
It cures to stay cured. Price 50 cents a bottle. For sale at Estey & Curtis Drug Store.

**NEW CLOTHES!  
PERFECT FIT!**

Now is the time to order your New Suit for Spring.  
Get your orders in early!

**PROCTOR,**