

THE TIN BOX.

Henry Dyson was alone in the little office at the back end of his shop. Mr. Dyson was a pleasant-looking man of about thirty-five or forty, and his fellow-townsmen frequently pointed to him with pride as a self-made business man.

On the night of the story opens the merchant was waiting for his graceless brother and as the hours rolled on from the iron his brow grew deeper. "I can do nothing with Tom," he said, as he paced the floor impatiently. "I have given him every possible chance, but he grows more idle and dissipated every day."

"Well, what is it?" asked Henry abruptly. "Brother," Tom broke out hurriedly and in a faltering voice, "I must have some money, fifty pounds or so."

"I wonder where you will get it," Henry rejoined. "You will not another penny from me—that is certain. Why should I toil here and economize in order to furnish you with funds to be lost at the gaming table?"

"I do not get this money," said Tom, turning very pale, "I shall have to leave the country. A good thing for the country, then," snapped Henry. "Don't let me interfere with your traveling plans."

Tom seemed to fall all to pieces at this reply. He made one more effort. "I hope you are not hard up yourself?" he said. "I was never getting along better," responded the merchant, "but that has nothing to do with the case."

He pulled open the door of the iron safe and pointed to a little tin box. "Do you see that?" he asked. "Well that box contains twenty crisp £100 banknotes. I drew the money from the bank today for an investment. No, Tom, I am prospering, but I am tired of your endless drain upon my purse. It must stop, and now is the time."



CHASE & SANBORN'S Seal Brand Coffee is the "finest grown." For perfect results follow directions in each can. Packed ground or unground in cans only. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

his missing brother. When his thought of the pained look in Tom's eyes the night the poor fellow left, he reproached himself for allowing him to go away without a kind word of encouragement.

The detectives took the matter up, and the newspapers published an account of Tom's mysterious disappearance. But it was all of no avail. There was no trace, no clue, and after a year or two the merchant came to the conclusion that his brother was a dead man.

Henry Dyson continued to prosper. He married happily, and in the course of time children came to make his home still brighter. Twenty years had rolled away, when one night the merchant found himself alone in his office writing a letter.

As he leaned back in his chair to take a moment's rest he thought of the night a score of years before when Tom had visited him there to make a last appeal. Tears came into the rich man's eyes.

"He was my own brother," he sobbed, "and I acted like a brute. How easy it would have been for me to have paid his little debts. Then I could have watched over him, and in time my love would have turned out right. But it is too late now to think of those days."

The door opened with hardly a creak, and the merchant would not have known it but for the rush of cool air. He rose from his chair just in time to greet a visitor who walked into the office without even a knock at the door to herald his approach.

Henry Dyson looked upon him in speechless astonishment. "I could trust his eyes this was Tom Dyson, but not the Tom of twenty years ago. He was an old man with a wrinkled face and white hair."

less than three months I was able to put aside my crutches and walk with the aid of a stick. After I had taken Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup six months I was back at my work, as strong as ever I was in my life, and have since kept in the best of health.

Declared at No. 16, Goddard Street, Doctor's Commons, in the City of London, this 13th day of April, 1893, before me, (Signed) George H. Brooks, commissionary of oaths.

Mr. Luck's final and perfect recovery, through the use of Seigel's Syrup, illustrates beyond the need of comment the unprecedented power of that well-known remedy to renew the digestion, stimulate the secretory organs, and thus to purify the blood.

Professional Courtiers. Actor (in country town)—"I hope you won't object to my mentioning in your paper that this will probably be the last chance to see me outside of the great cities, as I have received an offer from the Gotham Theatre, for next season, at \$500 a week."

There are two roads! One Leads to Misery and Death, the Other to New Life. PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND THE SUFFERER'S HOPE AND LIFE-GIVER.

It Always "Makes People Well." USE EVERY PRECAUTION TO AVOID THE SUBSTITUTES. For the Sake of Money Profit He Would Persuade You to Use Worthless Medicines.

There are two roads open to the old and young, rich and poor who are suffering from any of the diseases now so prevalent. One leads to misery and death, the other to new life and perfect health.

Let it be distinctly understood that there is but one well-made course open to all who seek the new life; it calls for a great physician's discovery, prescribed by the best living physicians, and always successful when honestly used.

Remember that delays are dangerous; the symptoms of today may tomorrow result in misery or death. To be well and strong, and able to battle successfully with life's duties, cares and troubles, you must use Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that has done such marvellous things for thousands in the past.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

BORN. Windsor, May 8, to the wife of J. A. Smith, a son. Halifax, May 12, to the wife of Fred J. Lordy, a son.

MARRIED. Hantsport, May 6, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Robt. Kane to Verina Kelly. Amherst, May 6, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Samuel T. Cook to Neada Sears.

DIED. Halifax, May 11, John R. Dean, 33. Aylesford, May 2, Parker Spurr, 23. Peterborough, May 18, Charles Megan, 76.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

Trains will leave St. John. Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax. Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).

Trains will arrive at St. John. Express from Sussex. Express from Montreal (daily). Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp.

ALASKA. To start on Thursday, June 25th, and Friday, July 24th. Returns to be about July 28th and August 27th respectively.

FARE FOR THE TRIP, \$375. Including Sleeping and Dining Cars, Hotels, Drives, etc. For all further information apply to D. P. A. St. John, N. B.

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To Welford, Hampton and intermediate points, 15 lbs. and under. To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Eloy, Pictou, and Hantsport, 15 lbs. and under.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "VOL. CITIZEN" and "GRAND REV. Spleen Meeting Platform on From If enth pendent St. John The rail hall on U the old th gathering been seen through ence way F. Hal they recou Then t dash an platform adoption by M The comp will apper follows: "The agra ment' u ignored in steamship this grave platform, dates with election: "We p noring th either to minal port or to hav ed as to s ending to Halifax, faith and pledges of this cit the libe for and in would be service, is "Reli and provi ditute in ices nec large co the gover people in feelings of United at this blow to be elf, the for our p will go to no party, ways to province ment of "Again shape or to the Ca or any of may am system through with the pany, to of the tra great cor control o "Some the then servative the polic that the abandon transfe who is o governme duty it is to give a question citizens' without i cite the d "Close the tran