THE HERALD.

VOL. II., NO. 2. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1890. $1.00 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

WM. WILSON,

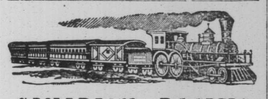
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Secretary-Treasurer York.
Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.



CANADIAN PACIFIC

RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

ALL RAIL LINE } TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; 10.30 a. m. for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.
3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.30, 7.35 a. m.; 4.40, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.10, 6.25, p. m. McAdam Junction, 10.47, a.m.; 2.15, p. m. Vanceboro, 10.35, a. m., 12.45 p. m. St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m. St. Andrews, 6.55, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.20, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	**7.00**
Accommodation for Point du Chene	**11.10**
Fast Express for Halifax	**14.30**
Express for Sussex	**16.35**
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal	**16.35**

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	**8.30**
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	**10.50**
Fast Express from Halifax	**14.50**
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	**20.10**
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave	**23.30**

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton

NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 25th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

2:40 p. m; Gibson, 2:45; Marysville, 2:55; Manzer's Siding, 3:20; Durham, 3:30; Cross Creek, 4:10; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:10; Upper Blackville, 7:00, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Room, 8:05; Chatham Junction, 8:25; arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

6:30, a. m.; Chatham Junction, 7:00; Upper Nelson Room, 7.15; Blackville, 8:05; Upper Blackville, 8:35; Doaktown, 9:25; Boiestown, 10:20; Cross Creek, 11:30; Durham, 12:10, p.m.; Marysville, 12:45; Gibson, 12:55, arriving at Fredericton, 1:00.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co. for St. John and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

All Trains will Leave and Arrive at Fredericton Station, West End of Bridge, instead of Gibson as heretofore.

All Freight to and from Fredericton will be received at Fredericton Station. Freight to and from Gibson will be received at Gibson Station.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent postpaid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 30 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

13-10-83

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

ADAMS BROS.

FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.
Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1890. Winter Arrangement, 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made *the fastest time on record.*

The Steamers of the

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL

Sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and from Halifax on SATURDAYS, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched as follows:

LIVERPOOL AND HALIFAX.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
4th Dec	.....PARISIAN.....	27th Dec
18th do	.....CIRCASSIAN.....	10th Jan
1st Jan	.....SARDINIAN.....	24th do
15th do	.....POLYNESIAN....	7th Feb
29th do	.....CIRCASSIAN.....	21st do

and fortnightly thereafter.

These steamers sail from Halifax about 1 p. m. Saturdays, or as soon as possible after the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train, due at Halifax at noon.

Halifax, St. John's, N. F., Queenstown and Liverpool Service.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
25th Nov	.....POLYNESIAN...	22nd Dec
9th Dec	.....NOVA SCOTIAN.	5th Jan
23rd do	.....CASPIAN.....	19th do

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $40 to $65
RETURN ..... $80 to $120
EXTRA CLASS CABINS on Parisian.... $70 to $80
Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.
Clergymen and their families are allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.
INTERMEDIATE — Outward, $25; Inward, prepaid, $30.
STEERAGE, $20.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N.F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $8.

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

No cattle of any description carried on Mail Steamers.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

No. 9.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, May 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE WIND'S WILL.

Written Specially for THE HERALD.

It was a very cold night. Upon whatever subjects the pedestrians on Great St. James street might have disagreed, on this their verdict would have been unanimous. It was so cold, indeed, that there would have been no pedestrians abroad at all, except those whom urgent duty compelled to face the fierce nor'wester, if it had not been Christmas Eve. Hence low as the thermometer was, a hurrying and good-natured throng was on the street. The store doors would be opened quickly; a cloud of steam would rush out, as the heated air from within felt the biting frost, to be followed by a parcel-laden man or woman, who with a cheery exclamation of defiance to the cold, would start homeward, bearing happiness to waiting little ones.

Among the hundreds on the street there was one, whose appearance did not indicate much sympathy with the general good humor. He was worth a passing glance, all the same; for he was tall, well-formed and admirably dressed for a sharp walk on a winter night. His fur cap was drawn down over his ears; the fur collar of his "reefer" was close about his throat; his gloves were likewise of fur, and he carried a stout walking stick, which rang upon the pavement in time to the click of his boot heels, for he walked rapidly and strongly, looking neither to the right nor the left, but keeping well out near the curbstone to avoid collision with the hurrying people, who partly for protection from the wind, and partly from mere habit crowded near the buildings. One or two persons in passing greeted him with a "Merry Christmas;" but he made no reply. What was Christmas to him?

Two years ago he had thought that this particular Christmas would be a great deal to him — no less than the first anniversary of his wedding night. Then he had stood under the gas light in one of Montreal's fairest homes, with her, whom he believed the loveliest of her sex, by his side. These two seemed made for each other, every one said; and the gratified look with which the girl's father regarded them, was an endorsement of the general verdict. People said that Mr. Barston's endorsement on almost anything was valuable, and certainly the appointments of his home looked as though it might be.

"Harold," he said, "I need not tell you that I am pleased with Mary's choice. I shall cordially welcome you as my son. And when is the happy event to take place?"

"One year from to-night, sir," was the young man's answer. "You know that I leave for Australia next week and will not be home for eight or ten months. So we thought we would fix a date far enough ahead to prevent any likelihood of a postponement."

"You are very wise young people," said Mr. Barston, playfully. "I am the better pleased, because it will leave me my daughter for a few months longer." Then in more serious tones he added: "Must you take this Australian trip, Harold? I am getting old, you know, and we cannot tell what may happen."

"It will be of very great advantage both to myself and the firm for me to go; besides I have promised to do so."

"That settles it my boy! Indeed it was foolish in me to suggest the idea of your not going; but an indefinable impression came to me at the moment and I spoke without thinking. Of course you must go," Mr. Barston continued with a buoyancy which, if they had not been so absorbed in each other, the young people would have seen was forced. "Only hurry home again and you will find a warm welcome awaiting you." Then he extended his hand, said "good night," and retired to the library to permit the young people to make their adieux in a manner worthy of such an occasion.

And this was only two years ago! Could it be possible? Harold Cameron asked himself. He had passed the well-remembered house only a few minutes ago, and the glare of the electric light had shown him with horrible clearness the words: "For sale or to rent" displayed in the window of the very room in which Mary Barston had given him her hand and told him that her heart had been his for a long time.

Where was she now? Was she living or dead? And if the former, where had she hidden herself? Over and over again these questions formed themselves in his mind, but no answer suggested itself.

He had only this day returned to Montreal from his long voyage—a voyage very different in its incidents and results from what he had anticipated. A wreck in mid ocean, caused by a collision between two great ships; "Lost with all hands" was the word that was flashed under the ocean and around the world; days spent in an open boat under the hot tropical sun; land at last, but on an island out of the track of vessels; weary months of waiting for a ship; Australia at last — thus had eighteen months passed. With a heart full of expectation he had hurried to the post office at Melbourne to enquire for letters. None were awaiting him, and he knew that his friends believed him dead. To telegraph to Mr. Barston and to the firm of his safety was the next step. From the former no reply came; from the latter a message directing him to wait the arrival of a letter of instructions. This and the business which it involved delayed him some months, and though he had returned to New York, where the firm's headquarters were, with the utmost speed, he had not been able to reach Montreal until this Christmas Eve. Meanwhile he had written to Mary and had telegraphed from New York; but neither to letter nor to telegram had he received any reply.

On his arrival at Montreal, he had gone directly from his hotel to the Barston mansion only to find it deserted. Thence he had hurried to Mr. Barston's place of business, but instead of that gentleman's rugged Saxon name, the sign above the door bore the words "Des Royeres Freres." Returning to the hotel he consulted the directory; but the name of Barston was not there. Clearly his friends had left the city, and although this was a great disappointment, it would at least account for the non-receipt of replies to his letters and telegrams. He enquired of the hotel clerk if he could throw any light upon the subject; but the clerk was a new comer in the city and could tell him nothing. From the hotel he had gone to a broker's office, where though it was late in the afternoon was still open, and had asked a clerk there if he knew John Barston.

"I did know him, sir." was the answer.

"Did know him!" repeated Harold in surprise.

"Yes. He is dead, you know, sir!"

A moment's reflection would have told Harold that it was not at all surprising that during his two years absence an elderly man like Mr. Barston should have died; but he was in no mood for calm reflection and the intelligence completely unnerved him. So evident was his distress that, the clerk noticing it said apologetically:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I took it for granted that every one knew. The papers were full of it at the time."

"I did not know of his death," replied Harold slowly, with a great effort at self-control; "I have been out of the country for two years."

"And Mr. Barston has been dead — let me see — why it must be more than eighteen months since he died," and the clerk shook his head as a sort of protest against the flight of time.

"Eighteen months," repeated Harold, "Eighteen months. Then he never heard from me. But," he added, "you said the papers were full of it. Do you mean — that is, was there anything unusual about his death?"

"It was very sudden, sir," was the reply, and the clerk went on to tell how the failure of an English house had wrecked John Barston's fortune; of how he had left home in his usual health, and as he entered his office, had been handed a cablegram, which he took into his private office, where his confidential clerk, on entering a few minutes later with some correspondence, found him lying upon the floor, the fatal message clenched in his lifeless hand. Death had apparently been instantaneous.

"Do you know what became of his daughter?" asked Harold after a sharp struggle to control his feelings.

"Yes and no" was the answer. "You see our house was a little interested in winding up the estate. Miss Barston gave up everything — even her jewelry. The creditors would have made some provision for her, but she vanished — went to New York, as near as we could find out, but we really never knew."

"The estate was insolvent," said Harold.

"Oh no! not insolvent, though it looked like it at one time; but when matters were wound up there was something left — not very much, but something that Miss Barston was entitled to get. For all I know she may have it now. Cochrane & Jackson on McGill street had the affair in hand; perhaps they can tell you where she is, though I don't think it likely. I think I'd have heard if they had found her, for I have a chum in their office; but you might ask. It is too late to ask to-night, though," he added glancing at the clock.

"I hope I have not kept you," began Harold; but the clerk answered that he was waiting for a friend. Whereupon Harold thanked him for his kindness and bade him good night.

With this burden of ill news upon his mind, Harold felt it was out of the question to return to his hotel. So pulling his cap down over his ears, and buttoning his coat tightly around his throat, he strode out at random into the streets walking in the very teeth of the wind.

How the wind did blow! It seemed to come with greater fierceness every moment. Well, the fiercer it came, the better, for it gave a sort of respite from anxiety and disappointment. The arc lights glared fiercely in the frosty air, and it seemed as if one could almost see the wind as it swirled around a corner near by. For the first time in his long tramp, Harold bestowed a thought upon his fellow pedestrians. Two figures approached him from the opposite side of the wind-swept space. Both were women and neither of them apparently had seen many years. They were having a hard struggle to keep their feet, and seemed half frightened at their predicament. Harold heard one of them say:

"It's no use, Mary. It will be a great disappointment to the children, but we must go back. If we get down town without being blown away, we can never get home again."

The other made no reply; but stepped out upon the the slippery crossing. At the instant a furious gust of wind came through the cross street, and before either of them could realize what had happened, she was in Harold Cameron's arms. He had been watching her intently, and when the wind had carried her off her feet, had sprung forward and caught her. To help her across the street, to hasten back and offer his arm to her companion, to receive a word of grateful thanks and answer with "A Merry Christmas," took only a few moments, and Harold stood alone watching the rapidly disappearing figures with an interest he could not understand. Who was the girl whom he had held for an instant in his arms, and whom he had longed so to retain in his embrace? Now that he came to think of it she had not spoken. Her companion had thanked him, but she had remained silent. Neither had he seen her face. Of course she was no one he had ever seen before, he argued — evidently one of the great army of workers. Nevertheless — and without letting his thoughts take definite shape, he wheeled about for he had resumed his walk again, and with a swinging stride followed the objects of his interest. He had not gone far before he came in sight of them again, whereupon he slackened his pace, so as to keep far enough behind them to escape observation. At length he saw them enter a store in the frosted windows of which an abundance of Christmas toys were visible. Without hesitation he entered after them.

The store was so full of customers, all persons of the working classes, that it was not easy to pick out those of whom he was in search, and going to one of the counters he began in an aimless way to examine the goods there displayed, finally purchasing a trifle, for which he had no use whatever, intending to hand it to the first child he met. His selection took up what seemed to him to be an unconscionable long time, and he was telling himself that he had no decent excuse for remaining any longer in the store, when, glancing at the door, he saw the woman he sought, passing out. One of them, it was she whom he had held for an instant in his arms, turned to disengage a part of her wrappings from the latch, and her features were plainly in sight. He started as if struck, dropped his purchase and essayed to reach the door. But there were a good many people about him, and several of them stooping to pick up his fallen parcel, he was delayed a little, so that when he reached the street, the women were nowhere to be seen. He imagined that he had seen them turn from the door as if to continue their walk down among the stores, and he took that direction, but after crossing a few blocks and glancing into every place into which there was the least liklihood of their having gone, he retraced his steps at as near an approach to a run as he felt warranted in making, inwardly cursing his stupidity all the while.

That short swift glance in the store had told him that the instinct had been true, which led him to follow the girl, whom for the space of a half-dozen heart throbs he had held in an involuntary embrace. The features, the eyes, the expression, the golden hair could belong to none other than Mary Barston, though the face, once so merry, was greatly saddened. How different were the circumstances from those under which he had last seen her. In those old days, now so far away that they seemed part of another life, she might have faced such a wind with a snow-shoeing or tobogganing party, but to be on the wind-sweeping steeet unattended except by a companion of her own sex, and apparently of little more than her own age, only indifferently clad, and purchasing a few paltry gifts at a cheap store — what a change it was to have come about in two short years, and what a story of suffering, mental if not physical, it suggested.

Pondering over these things he hurried on; but as he walked a new thought crossed his mind. Could it be that among the changes there had been one more serious than all others because irrevocable? Could it be that she was Mary Barston no longer; and that his right to seek her out and care for her had ended? He stopped in his rapid walk and hesitated; but muttering that he had a right at least to learn the truth again strode onward. He soon caught sight of the now familiar figures; but if the women observed that he was following they gave no sign of so doing, and with their heads bent down to the wind hastened on.

The streets were almost deserted at this point and Harold felt that he would be safe in accosting the women without creating "a scene"; but just as he quickened his pace for this purpose, they turned a corner, and running as if in a hurry to reach a shelter, disappeared in an unpretending house a few doors away.

Harold stood for a few moments irresolute; then advanced to the door, and failing to find a bell, knocked loudly with his cane. A young lad answered the summons.

"Does Miss Barston live here?" was Harold's eager question.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply, and before he could frame a second question the door was closed.

Not live here! Could he be mistaken? Had his discovery then been no discovery at all? But stay! He had asked if Miss Barston lived there. She might not live there and yet be in the house. He would enquire once more.

His second knock was answered by a young woman, whom he had at once recognized, as one of those whom he had followed, and he thought he saw a look of recognition in the glance that met his own.

"Is Miss Barston here?" he asked.

"Miss Barston! No, sir, she is not," and the woman made as though she would retire; but he hurriedly repeated his enquiry, adding:

"Are you quite sure? I thought I saw her go into the house in company with you."

"You are mistaken, sir," was the reply, uttered very curtly and with not a little emphasis, "I do not know any such person," and without a further word of explanation the door was closed in his face.

To say that he was surprised is to state the case very mildly. He was amazed, perplexed, yet withal, certain that he was being deceived, whether intentionally or not he did not know. But what could he do? The inmates of the house were evidently bent on holding no intercourse with him, and his good sense told him that they were right. His only course was to return in the day time and make enquires, for which purpose he noted the number of the house, and for the first time saw displayed in one of the windows the placard: "Mrs. Taylor, dressmaker." Making a mental note of these things he walked out to St. James street once more and back to his hotel; but all the way Mrs. Taylor's words, when he had asked for Miss Barston, kept ringing in his ears. She did not know any such person.

Meanwhile the young matron, who had answered his knock, had gone to a little alcove room at the back of the house, where was seated a girl, who though by no means well dressed, was singularly attractive. She was preparing to retire for the night and had loosened her golden tresses, which hung about her shoulders and to her waist. The face which she turned towards her visitor was lighted up by glorious hazel eyes; the pale cheeks only needed a touch of healthy red, the full ripe lips only lacked a smile to make the countenance one of extreme loveliness.

"Mary," said her visitor, "you remember the gentleman who helped us to cross the street?"

The girl nodded assent.

"Well, he was at the door just now and asked for Miss Barston."

The girl's face grew whiter than ever. She clasped her hands over her heart.

"What did you tell him?" she gasped.

"Why, that I did not know any such person of course. What else could I say. Why, Mary, what's the matter?" she added, for the girl reeled in her chair and with difficulty kept herself from falling.

"Nothing — only — What did he say?" was the hesitating reply.

"I did not wait for him to say anything, but shut the door in his face. When you learn the ways of the world better, Mary Harmon, you will know that fast young men invent all manner of excuses to get into people's houses. Mary Barston, indeed!" and Mrs. Taylor's voice trembled with fine scorn.

"But he may have known me. It may have been—Oh, my God, can it be?" and the girl threw herself upon her bed in an agony of tears.

So great was Mrs. Taylor's surprise that for a moment she was speechless; but she found her voice at length and said: "But he did not ask for you; he asked for Mary Barston."

Mary raised her head, held out her hands, and with an imploring look, said:

"Forgive me, Mrs. Taylor, but my real name is Mary Barston."

"Your name Mary Barston!" was the astonished answer. "Your name Mary Barston. What will I hear next, I wonder."

"Yes, my name is Mary Barston," repeated the girl.

"Then why in the name of common sense don't you call yourself by it." And with this for a prelude Mrs. Taylor went on to express her opinion in kindly yet vigorous terms of people who are foolish enough to give wrong names. "Not that I believe you have done anything wrong, Mary," she added.

"Indeed I have not," was the earnest answer.

"Then do not worry dear," replied Mrs. Taylor." "If that young man is any one who ought to see you, he'll be back again to-morrow, never fear," with which comforting prediction she kissed her good-night.

* * * * *

Clang, clang — clang, clang, clang.

The fire alarm from box 23 rang out on the keen, frosty air. The doors of the engine house across the street from where Harold Cameron was striding along, flew open as if by magic, and the notes of the second alarm had scarcely ceased to vibrate, when the plunging horses sprang out into the night and whirled the glittering engine up the street at a furious pace.

It was midnight, the city clocks had just sounded the hour. Harold Cameron had gone to his hotel and had even retired to his room; but so tortured was he by uncertainty about Mary, that having lit a cigar he had once more taken refuge out of doors. When the midnight hour chimed he had turned about, thinking that perhaps he was tired enough now to sleep, but at that moment he had heard the alarm of fire and saw the doors of the engine house fly open. He stood for a moment to watch the lightning-like preparations within, and as the horses' hoofs struck the street, wheeled about to follow them. Close behind the engine came a hose reel, and close behind this a hook and ladder truck. As the latter turned sharply to get into the street, its wheels slipped and for an instant it seemed as if the horses would be thrown down. Harold rushed forward to give his help if it should be needed; but the skilful driver brought his team around in a second. In that second Harold caught the hoarse invitation of a fireman to "come along if he wanted to," and sprang upon the foot board. The next moment they were dashing up the street at a terrific speed. Here at least was something to distract his thoughts — something to give relief from the wearying questions which would force themselves upon his attention. Possibly he might be of some little service, for at that hour very few people would be stirring.

Clang, clang — clang, clang, clang.

The bells all over the city caught up the sound and the night air quivered with the repeated alarm.

As the hook and ladder truck sped by one of the cross streets, Harold saw the meteor-like flash of another engine, with its trail of sparks and black smoke. Sharp and clear rang out the hoof beats of the horses, loud pealed the clanging alarm. It seemed to set the blood on fire, this wild ride through the keen night air. For the moment all his anxieties and misgivings vanished; but only for the moment. Not far ahead he could see the street to which he had followed Mary Barston, and the engine which they were pursuing turned the corner sharply and vanished from sight. It seemed like some trick of fate that he was being once more brought back to this spot. He had visited it once already since his summary dismissal by Mrs. Taylor and had noticed that the house was in darkness. Could it be that a fire had broken out there, of all the places in Montreal? He almost laughed aloud at his folly in imaging such a thing, and assured himself that he must be wrong, when the truck wheeled into the cross street and halted.

Springing to the ground, Harold rushed forward. His first glance told him that the fear, he had tried to shake off, was well-founded, and that the fire was indeed where he had so hastily surmised. No flames were yet in sight, only great volumes of black smoke pouring from the open door and windows. A few people were standing around, the greater number of them being gathered in a little group, of which a stalwart policeman was the centre. Near him stood Mrs. Taylor and to her the officer was speaking.

"Are you sure all the people are out of the house?" he asked.

Harold breathlessly waited for the the answer. Glancing around her Mrs. Taylor replied:

"I — I — think so." Then seeming to miss someone, she exclaimed in considerable excitement to a youth standing beside her: "Where is Mary? Harry, have you seen Mary?"

"No," replied the lad; "but I'm sure she's out."

"What makes you sure?" queried the officer.

"Because I went into her room and she was not there."

"Find out for certain," the officer cried. "You go that way and I will go this. Quick there is no time to be lost."

The lad ran to do as he was bid; but had not gone far before he encountered the object of his search and led her triumphantly to her anxious friends.

Harold had not waited to hear the lad's reasons for thinking that Mary was safe, and without a moment's hesitation had run to the burning house.

"Come back, come back," cried a dozen voices; but unheeding them he plunged into the smoke cloud and was lost to view.

How dense the smoke was It choked him almost beyond his powers of endurance. It confused his senses. Surely no one could be alive within the dwelling. Then the picture of Mary lying dead, a prey to the awful flames came before him and he resolved to go on until he had explored every part of the building. The street lamp and the flickering flames, which were now beginning to show themselves, lit up the hall sufficiently to enable him to see the stairs. Up these he ran, his handkerchief pressed close to his face to keep the smoke as much as possible from his lungs. From room to room he hurried in a fruitless search, the choking sensation becoming more acute every moment. His head throbbed; the blood seemed ready to burst from his ears; his eyes were almost blinded. He knew that to remain much longer was to take a fearful chance. Yet there was one room he had not examined and to this he made his way, staggering and leaning against the wall for support. He reached the door, opened it and looked within. The flames had broken through the wall and lit up every part of it. Confused and half blinded as he was, his eyes took in the unmistakeable indications that a refined taste had sought to render attractive the few belongings of its occupant. But there was no time to think of these things. Opposite the door was a little curtained alcove, wherein he knew the bed must be. Thither he made his way and with an anxious heart drew aside the curtain only to find the bed empty. The discovery gave him a severe shock, so confident had he been that he was about to find the inanimate form of her whom he loved better than life. He felt almost disappointed that his search had been in vain. Meanwhile his sense of confusion and weariness increased. He knew he ought at once to return to the street; but felt himself unable to do so. "I will rest for a moment," he muttered and threw himself face down on the bed. He no longer thought of anything but how to keep the awful smoke from his throat. He gave no thought to the other danger which threatened, to the certain death which was drawing near in the swiftly creeping flames. His heart seemed bursting so furious were its throbs. In his agony he arose to his feet, turned as if to leave the room, but fell backwards upon the bed insensible.

There the firemen found him a few minutes later. They had followed him into the house to tell him that he was running a needless risk, for all the inmates had escaped in safety. They carried him at once into one of the dwellings on the opposite side of the street, where restoratives were administered; but without any appreciable effect.

Among those who gathered around the sofa upon which he was placed, was she whom he had imperilled his life to rescue. As she drew near and gazed upon his features, she started back as though she had received a blow.

"Can it be possible?" she faltered, and then, forgetting that a score of eyes were upon her, knelt and kissed the pale lips, from which, as she touched them with her own, a gentle sigh escaped.

"He is not dead," she cried. "He lives, Oh he lives. Thank God, he is not dead," and she clasped him in her arms and kissed him again.

"To be sure he is not dead" said a physician who had just entered in response to a summons from the police, "but how much longer he will live if you do not give him a chance to breathe I will not undertake to say."

Mary lifted her face, suffused with blushes and framed in a glorious mass of golden hair, which had fallen like a cloud around her. The physician as he saw the beautiful features and caught a glance from the lovely eyes, brighter than ever for the rekindling of the fires of love within, muttered to herself that suffocation by such means would have its compensating advantages, if a man were only sufficiently conscious to realize them, but just now, having his professional duties to perform, he made no audible comment.

Dismissing all the people from the room excepting Mary, he made a rapid examination of his patient, then turned with a smile to the girl and said:

"Dont smother him, young lady, and he will soon be all right. He is reviving as rapidly as possible. Good night. I will tell the people not to disturb you" and with a merry twinkle of the eyes he bowed and left the room.

Alone with the lover from whom she had been so long parted, who, she believed, had been for many months at rest in an ocean grave, and for whom she had mourned with a grief that time seemed powerless to soften, the girl could scarcely restrain her feelings. What a strange meeting after so long a parting! To stand and watch the feeble breathing, to count the frequent sighs, to hope and pray that his eyes might open and look upon her. How long the moments seemed, for moments are long when we measure them by heart throbs. As she watched, his breath seemed to come more feebly; his sighs grew less frequent. Could the physican be mistaken? Would he die? She clasped her hands upon her bosom as though to keep it from bursting with the flood of anguish, which the thoughts set flowing. The muscles of his face twitched. She thought it was a death spasm, and falling on her knees kissed him fondly and called to him: "Harold, Harold. It is I. It is Mary. Oh awake, my love. Do not die until you have spoken to me."

Then in her agony of soul she drew back and looked upon his face. Were the white lips becoming red? She would kiss them again, and yet again.

"Harold, Harold!" she repeated, as she once more raised her face from his: but there was no answer. Then she twined her arms around his neck and gently raised his head, watching him with all the soul glowing in her face. His eyelids trembled, and slowly his eyes were opened.

"Oh Harold, love! Do you know me? It is Mary." For answer he gently placed his hand upon her head and pressed it to him. Overwhelemed with happy shame, she disengaged herself from his embrace and moved away, but when he whispered her name, she returned to her resting place upon his bosom.

With restored consciousness all his strength came back to him, and before the girl, in her excitement realized what he was doing, he had risen to a sitting posture and taken her slight form in his arms.

He asked for no explanation; she offered none, and when after an interval of silent unmeasurable happiness he said:

"Mary, as soon as there is a clergyman awake in Montreal you shall be my wife."

She assented by a mute yet sweet affirmative.

A little later, after Mrs. Taylor and the people of the house had been informed of Harold's recovery and of how matters stood, the lovers went to the doorway, while Harold gave directions for a bountiful supper for the weary firemen, to whom he felt he owed much.

"How terribly the wind blows," he said impatiently, as a stronger gust than usual came sweeping through the street.

"Don't scold the wind" answered Mary "For if it had not blown me into your arms down on St. James street, you never would have found me. And I don't know now that I ought to keep my promise to you, seeing that you embrace strange people on the streets and then follow them all over town."

And with a merry laugh she nestled closer to his side.

A LITTLE SCEPTIC.

"I don't believe in Santa Claus,"
Said little Jacky Lee.
"That's well enough for baby girls
But not for boys like me."
So Jacky tossed his curly head
And looked so very bold,
He was a sturdy little chap,
Not much past six years old.

And when his older sister
Put letters in the grate
To send them up to Santa Claus
For little Sue and Kate,
Bold Jacky to their noisy fun
Paid very little heed,
But took his papa's paper up
And made pretend to read.

And when his older brother said
"Hulloa, there, little Jack,
What do you wish that Santa Claus
Would bring you in his pack?
He looked up very dignified
And loudly said: "Oh Billy,
I didn't think big boys like you
Could be so awful silly."

But when 'twas time to go to sleep
And he had gone up stairs
And kneeling by the bedside
Began to say his prayers
He did not feel so very sure
About his being right
Suppose there was a Santa Claus
How sad would be his plight.

So in his snow-white night dress
He went down to the hall,
Where a great old-fashioned fire-place
Was set into the wall,
Then kneeling on the hearthstone
Looked up the chimney flue,
And whispered: "Dear old Santa Claus
I do believe in you"