

## A PINCH OF SNUFF.

At the period of the emigration, Coblenz seemed to become the refuge of nearly all the French nobility, and the court of Versailles might be said to have been transported to the banks of the Rhine. However portentous might be political events, they were not able to disturb the exiles in their careless life. To remark the noise and movement of this crowd, who had carried into Germany all their native habits of levity, one would have taken Coblenz for a city of amusement, and imagined that there was a reunion here of French gentlemen bent upon pleasure.

However precarious might be, for the most part, their position, and though many were reduced to their last expedients, all preserved a gay exterior, their only wealth, which could not be dissipated by the revolutionary movement. Fêtes continued to be given as in France, visits were paid, the rights of precedence disputed, and the last coin was given in play. A roulette table, lately established in a house open to the public, all attracted the refugees by that deceitful hope of gain of which one dreams but never realizes. Some German noblemen gathered there also, led by example, and the fatal passion for play made each day new conquests in every rank of society.

Among the small number of gentlemen who escaped this general infatuation, there was one who merits particular mention. He was called the chevalier De Roquincourt; and though originally from the south of France, his family had resided for a long time in Alsace, where he was born. In yielding to the necessity which forced him to quit France, the chevalier accepted all the consequences of his exile. The small sum with which he had fled to Germany was placed by him in the hands of a banker worthy of his confidence, and the interest which he received, joined to the money obtained by teaching, permitted him to satisfy his needs and meet with honor his engagements.

This sagacity was at first attributed to avarice by the malevolent, and to mercantile shrewdness by his friends. But when it was seen that the chevalier was enabled to assist, from his slender revenue, the more needy gentlemen, esteem succeeded to rivalry, and he became for the most obtuse a model fit to be imitated, though inimitable.

De Roquincourt merited this admiration. In the loss of position and fortune caused by his flight, the revolution had in no wise changed his character; there was always the same equity in his manner of judging men and things; the same sympathy for all that was good; the same pity for suffering which met his eyes. He had never concentrated the world into his own personality, nor did he believe all lost because his own class were in difficulties.

"My affairs are not those of the human race," he said, "and they have not fallen into decadence because the chevalier De Roquincourt gives lessons in grammar."

In following out his system of economy, the chevalier lodged in the suburbs at the house of a Jew who rented furnished apartments at a moderate price. Above him dwelt a young German named Aloisius Barker. He was from Newwied, where he had been in engaged in business, but a year with his mother and young sister; but a fire had suddenly destroyed all that he possessed, and he had come to Coblenz in hopes of collecting some doubtful accounts which would lighten his burden. Unfortunately his demands had been fruitless. Unknown to the manufacturers, without money to claim justice in the courts, already discouraged by the misfortune which had come upon him, he had not the address nor the force to wring payment from debtors. One put him off, others denied indebtedness; in short, having lost his last hope and spent his last thaler, he had been for some days in a state of despair which nearly deprived him of the hope of salvation.

The chevalier was cognizant of the general state of Barker's affairs; every time they met on the stairs he inquired with interest in regard to them and his expectations; but not having seen him now for a week, he was unaware of the position of actual distress to which the unfortunate young man was reduced.

One day, upon returning from lesson giving, he met Aloisius at the door of the house with the postman, who extended to him a letter. The young man looked at it with eyes dim with tears, but without taking it. The postman seemed undecided. The chevalier, pausing, saluted Barker by name, and his air of benevolence evidently solicited an explanation of the trouble in which he showed himself involved. Aloisius appeared not to comprehend, but the courier turned toward De Roquincourt and said:

"Since you are acquainted with this gentleman, monsieur, he might perhaps be assisted by you."

"In what manner?" inquired the chevalier quickly.

"It is a little embarrassing," returned the messenger, hesitating. "This letter has come from Newwied for the gentleman; the postage is a quarter of a silver grochen, and he does not happen to have the amount—with him."

"Say no more," answered the Frenchman, putting his hand in his pocket.

But Aloisius stopped him with a gesture. "No," said he in a bitter tone, "I have this sum neither upon my person nor elsewhere. I am not able to repay you, sir."

"This is fortunate, for I owe it to you," said De Roquincourt. "Take it, monsieur. Since the letter comes from Newwied it must be from your mother or your sister."

He paid the postman, who departed, and handed the letter to Barker. The latter had not the power to thank him, but he opened the letter and rapidly perused it. As he proceeded in his reading his features changed, and upon concluding he uttered a cry.

"Have you received bad news?" asked the chevalier, who had begun to ascend the stairs, but turned at the exclamation made by the young man, who before him uttered a cry.

"Ah, this last blow alone was wanting!" stammered Aloisius, raising the letter to his brow with a despairing gesture.

"For heaven's sake, what is it?" asked De Roquincourt, descending hastily the steps.

"If you would know," said the young man, with tears choking his voice, "they have sold what remained to my sister and my mother, and they are now without shelter or food."

The chevalier signified his sympathy and surprise.

"And they appeal to me for aid," continued Aloisius, "to me, who had not even the money to pay the postage on this letter! I am without resources and without hope!"

The chevalier attempted to calm him by some kindly words, and invited him to enter his chamber, where he was to be interrogated in detail. The distress of the young man rendered him more communicative than he had ever been before, and he explained to De Roquincourt how the fire had suddenly destroyed all that the little shop contained, the property of his mother and himself. The loss amounted to twelve hundred thalers, comprising all their fortune, and they had now no means of replacing it.

As Barker entered into these details his despair seemed to be augmented. While picturing the frightful position in which his mother and sister were placed, he seemed himself to see the more distinctly. He was angry because of his impotence to serve them. He accused heaven, and told more and more into that wilderness of sorrow which is the supreme misery of the unfortunate. De Roquincourt comprehended that all consolation would be useless. What was required at the moment to relieve the stricken heart of Aloisius was reality, not hope.

The chevalier was too poor to come himself to the young man's assistance; the needs of some companions in exile had already decreased his means. What he was able to do was far too trifling a thing to draw Barker from the abyss to the bottom of which he had fallen. It was necessary to have recourse to the generosity of one more opulent. De Roquincourt decided upon the instant what to do. Never having solicited anything for himself, he was the bolder in asking for another; the usual might pain without humiliating him. He addressed to the young man some last encouraging words, promised to busy himself for him, and took his way to the residence of the Vicomte de Roillac.

Through the assistance of a man of business who, by means of a pretended sale, had preserved De Roillac's property from confiscation, the vicomte enjoyed in exile all the fortune left him by his father. He employed it with a liberality which did not even arouse jealousy. His hand, ever open, resembled those fountains which never voluntarily refusing any one assistance, never wished his fortune had another possessor; but his extravagant habits frequently interfered with his good intentions. A spendthrift and gambler, M. de Roillac sometimes found himself without a franc. Most important, then, was it to apply to him opportunely, and before his tastes, like a flock of birds, had harvested the golden grain which came to him each month from France.

De Roquincourt knew this, and quickened his steps in the hope of presenting himself in advance of some other solicitor on the road, perhaps, like himself, but he was informed at the hotel that the vicomte had not returned since morning, and would be found at the roulette table. Although the chevalier had an especial horror of gambling houses, and had never passed the threshold of one, the circumstances appeared too pressing to allow his repugnance to sway him. If M. de Roillac proved to be doubtful he would listen to this expedient. So he decided to enter the hall where a number of the noble exiles were gathered about the green cloth.

He at once perceived the vicomte, who was engaged in a very spirited game. The golden Fredericks were piled before him in a little movable and sonorous heap that one saw successively increased or depleted. When he saw the chevalier he made a gesture of surprise.

"May the Lord pardon me if here is not De Roquincourt," he exclaimed. "What miracle has led our Cato into this cave?"

"Seeking you," responded the chevalier.

"I'll be with you presently," replied M. de Roillac. "There only remains with me two or three thousand Fredericks."

"Be careful to reserve a few," said the other, in an undertone.

"You have need of them?" said the vicomte.

"By heaven, my dear friend, take what you require."

"Gently!" interrupted a large German, who had placed himself behind M. de Roillac. "It is necessary first that you follow our lead."

"Ah, the deuce! I forgot that Baron d'Arenberg was my partner," observed the Frenchman, laughing. "But I will accede to you, baron, for what I may take."

"No, no!" the German insisted. "You must not withdraw the money asked. It brings bad luck. Let the chevalier wait a little."

De Roquincourt bowed in token of consent, and the game was resumed.

But one might have said that the arrival of the chevalier checked the luck to suddenly change. M. de Roillac, who before was winning, now began to lose repeatedly, and in less than a quarter of an hour all his Fredericks had departed under the banker's rake.

Though thus despoiled, the vicomte rose without betraying any emotion, excused himself almost with levity to the chevalier, ordered his carriage to be called, and departed.

De Roquincourt had remained in the same place, sad, disappointed, his eyes fixed upon the fatal green cloth which had swallowed up the salvation and consolation of Aloisius. The baron of the Arenbergs had not, however, imitated the prudent retreat vicomte, but continued to play with that obstinate characteristic of races of the north. The game appeared to wish to recompense him for his persistence by an unexpected turn. The heaps of gold recommenced to form before him, and as they increased, words were dispensed by the tactful German.

"I warned you that to withdraw the table money would bring you bad luck," said he, turning toward De Roquincourt, who was regarding him with a pensive air. "Merely the intention of the vicomte to take it turned the luck against him."

"Then of course it is useless for me to ask you to accomplish what he was only able to propose?" said the chevalier.

"What? I give the play money?" cried the German.

"It is for a good purpose, baron," urged De Roquincourt. "It is to be used to save one of your compatriots."

"If it was my brother, it is my father," interrupted the German. "I would not withdraw a Frederick. The table money is sacred; it belongs to the game. You see

how the luck continues; every play is successful now."

In fact, a new deposit of gold pieces came to be added to the heaps near the baron. The chevalier could only return a gesture of chagrin, comparing mentally the fortunes of the German with that of the vicomte and indignant at the injustice of play.

The baron observed the movement. "You envy me my good fortune," said he, with the insolent laugh of a successful gambler.

"No, not for myself," responded De Roquincourt, "but only for the unfortunate person that the smallest portion of this gold would console."

"Ah, that is true!" replied the baron. "I forgot that you were the Saint Vincent de Paul of the refugees. Well, my dear sir, why do you not assault the bank for his benefit? Follow the fashion, as I do."

"I have always feared to play and avoid it, baron."

"You have never sought them?"

"Therefore it is prejudice."

"Suppose I lose?"

"Suppose you win?"

The chevalier made no answer; but he felt influenced by the baron's words and yet more by the sight of the Fredericks, which continued to augment by the winnings of the latter. After all, it sufficed by good fortune two or three throws were successful. A thaler risked upon the green board might give him in a few minutes the sum required to bring peace to Aloisius.

The temptation was gradually strong, and De Roquincourt instinctively carried his hand to his pocket; but the slender resources of the purse which he felt under his fingers cut short his desire. He recollected that after his last alms to his indigent compatriots he had carefully calculated what remained to him and the least diminution of his resources would destroy the balance established between his revenues and his expenses. For the chevalier's generosity was not unreflective; his wish to oblige did not make him forgetful of duties he owed to himself, and he was not those who bestow favors at the expense of his creditors.

His hand rested for some time upon the purse which he had encountered. He recalculated his means, expenses, and convinced of the impossibility of following the baron's advice, resigned.

The baron, observing him, shook his head.

"Ah, well, chevalier," said he, ironically, "what a nice ace are you hunting for in your pocket?"

De Roquincourt reddened in spite of himself, and drew abruptly forth a shell snuff box, upon which was a miniature of his mother.

"So you are not going to play?" said the baron. "I believe that you were persuaded. What risk is there in exposing some Fredericks?"

De Roquincourt was not able to make a comprehensive reply, so contented himself with a shrug of his shoulders and opened his snuff box. The impertinence of the baron jarred upon his nerves.

"Come," added the other still railing, "since you will defy your fortune, dear chevalier, we will say no more; but give me a hand, will you?"

He had extended his hand toward the snuff box of the chevalier, who made a movement toward him. Then a sudden thought crossed his mind. He drew back the box and closed it.

Who had he tried the astonished German who had his hand extended toward him. "I beg you to pardon me, baron," replied De Roquincourt seriously, "but each has his maxims. Yours prevent you from giving anything from your coins; mine impose on me the same obligations as I look at."

"How so? Is it a jest?"

"You refuse me a pinch of snuff?"

"I refuse to give it to you, baron."

"If that is to say it must be purchased?"

The German gave a shout of laughter. "Good Lord, this is curious!" he cried. "The chevalier transformed into a tobacco dealer! And how much do you ask, my dear sir?"

"Frederick, baron."

"A Frederick? Why, that is usurious!"

"It is a speculation."

"With a pinch of snuff."

The subject does not matter. All economists will inform you that the selling price depends not alone upon the thing vended, but the circumstances. Have not you been paid for at least twice in gold in besieged cities? And wandering travelers in the desert of Sahara, would they not give a pearl for a draught of water?"

"And you consider me in an analogous position?"

"Nay, sir, baron, for I saw you just now seeking in vain for your tobacco box, and you are not willing to leave your game to seek it. I consider, then, for the moment, that your nose is dependent upon me; and I do not abuse my position, but only use it in demanding of you a Frederick."

"Upon my soul! Give it to me for the curiosity of the thing," laughed the baron. De Roquincourt immediately extended his snuff box.

"Only make a bargain for one pinch," continued the German, as he plunged his fingers into the box of mother-of-pearl, "but, in faith, my winnings allow me some foolish expenses. I will take two, my dear sir, and here are two gold pieces."

"Leave them upon the cloth," said De Roquincourt. "They will be my wage."

## Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents. This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made. Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

of his habit, the better to hurry across the pools of mud and water which abounded in the suburbs. His heart beat violently at the thought of the delight Aloisius would experience, and he arrived almost breathless from joy and his speed.

Quickly ascending the three flights of stairs, he came to Barker's door. It was closed. He descended to his own apartment, hoping that the young man might have remained there since his departure, but it was empty. He was about to seek the landlady to ask where Aloisius could be found, when his eye fell upon a letter placed upon his bureau. He looked at the handwriting, which was unknown to him, and then opened it. It was signed by Barker, and contained the following lines:

"You bade me hope, but I have not the power. God himself has abandoned me. I am not able to assist either my sister or my mother. I even lack the courage to support the sight of their sorrow. Adieu, you who have had pity for me, you who would have succored me if good will could serve in place of means. But Providence resembles man; she assists but the successful."

The letter overwhelmed the chevalier. It announced a desperate resolution, which perhaps there was no time to prevent. He hurried to the rooms of his landlady, which were upon the lower floor, and inquired if she had seen Aloisius. The Jewess affirmed that he had not gone out, and De Roquincourt remounted to the mansard. The door, fastened on the inside, for some time resisted his efforts, but at last yielded. He was arrested at the threshold; the young man was lying upon the floor, his head supported upon one of his hands; a brazier of charcoal burned at his feet.

The chevalier sprang toward him, and raising him in his arms carried him to the head of the stairs, where the landlady had also arrived. The effect of the gas was happily not complete, and by prodigious exertion the young man was recalled to life. He began to stir, little by little, he cast about him a glance vague and wandering; then, at sight of the chevalier, all his memory returned. He started up abruptly, clasping his hands with a cry.

"Ah, why have you resuscitated me?" he said brokenly.

"To prove to you that God has not abandoned you," said De Roquincourt, who, while he supported the young man's head with one hand, displayed the roll of Fredericks in the other.

Aloisius appeared struck by an electric shock.

"It is gold!" he cried.

"There are twelve hundred thalers," replied the chevalier; "just the amount you have lost. Carry them quickly to your mother, and remember, another time, that Providence does not assist those only who are successful."

We need not attempt to paint Barker's joy, there are emotions too strong for words to express. Cured by happiness, he departed the next day for Newwied, where he reopened his little store, the profits of which had sufficed before, and wherein he re-found comfort and peace.

As for De Roquincourt, he returned some years afterward to France. There he recovered a small part of his fortune, enough for one of his simple tastes, and with which he still found means of solacing those more needy than himself; for, as is sometimes said, good will double one's resources, and though only possessing a pinch of snuff, one may yet save a family.—From the French.

Politics Versus Science.

There are two subjects that are engrossing the conversational powers of the Dominion at present, and they are both worth discussing. One of them is the political situation, and the other is the new discovery of science, Rigby Waterproof Cloth.

The latter we think rather holds the floor, as the Ladies are participating. The goods are now on the market in Ladies' cloth as well as in gentlemen's cloth and garments.

DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?

GET HER SUNLIGHT SOAP.

If you regard her health and strength, and want to keep your home free from hot steam and smell, and save fuel, washing powders, and the clothes,

It will be a blessing to her and to your home.

Sunlight Soap Depot for Quebec and Eastern Provinces: FRANK MAGOR & Co., Montreal.

## Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply gorgeous as a dessert."

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children, and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

When you want to be cured of Dyspepsia try the Greatest Known Cure, K. D. C. Free sample. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.—Metcalfe.

Are you debilitated from want of nourishment? K. D. C. will cause your food to nourish you by restoring your stomach to health action.

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.—Burke.

Palpitation is one form of indigestion. K. D. C. cures indigestion. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, but very few a generous thing.—Pope.

Take K. D. C. and, like others who have tried it, you will say: "It is the Greatest Dyspepsia Cure of the age, and worth its weight in gold."

He is truly good who desires always to bear the inspection of good men.—Rochefoucauld.

Health digestion is one of the most important functions of the human economy. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and promotes healthy digestion. Try K. D. C.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—South.

If in the next three years the sale of K. D. C. increases in the same ratio as in the past year the sale for 1893 will amount to over \$1,000,000 worth, a convincing proof of its great merit.

It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Johnson.

PELEE ISLAND Co.'s Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic in unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians, being pure and unadulterated juice of the grape. Our agent, E. G. Scovill, Tea importer and liquor merchant, No. 62 Union street, can supply our Brands of Grape Juice by the case of one dozen, or on draught.

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—Bulwer Lytton.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen—sprained my leg so badly that I had to be driven home in a carriage. I immediately applied MINARD'S LINIMENT freely and in 48 hours could use my leg again as well as ever.

JOSHUA WYNNAUGHT.

That string on your finger may "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

If fortune wishes to make a man estimable, she gives him virtues; if she wishes to make him esteemed, she gives him success.—Joubert.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX! BEECHAM'S PILLS (Tasteless-Effective) FOR ALL BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Such as Sick Headache, Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Constipation, Scour, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, All Nerves and Trembling Sensations, and Irregularities Incident to Ladies.

Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Three Trips a Week FOR BOSTON

UNTIL further notice the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Mornings at 7:30 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 5:30 a.m., and Portland at 6 p.m., and Eastport at 7:30 a.m.

Freight received daily up to 5 p.m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

SEASON 1892. The following is the proposed sailings of the S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

MAY.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. One-Way Excursions

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, Will leave MONTREAL from (Windsor Street Station) for the

PACIFIC COAST! —EVERY— Wednesday at 8.15 p.m. —AND FOR—

Minneapolis & St. Paul —EVERY— Saturday at 11.45 a.m.

For particulars enquire of nearest Railway Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:05; for Point St. Charles, 10:30; for Halifax, 14:00; for Sussex, 16:30.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:30; from Quebec and Montreal, 10:30; arrive at Yarmouth from Point St. Charles, 12:45; from Halifax, 10:30; from Halifax, 22:30.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y. Summer Arrangement. On and after Tuesday 7th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.00 a.m. 11.30 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.30 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.15 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55, 4.55 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8.00 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth 10.55 a.m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8.30 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 10.55 a.m.

CONNECTIONS.—At Annapolis with trains of the "Intercolonial" and "Annapolis" Railway; at St. John Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; at Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday and holidays excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

J. B. BOWELL, General Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.