

A TRUE STORY.

Some years ago a little Welsh boy, stole out of the poor-house of his native village and ran across the country.

He was a pauper, that is, he was fed, clothed and educated by the district, the people being taxed to pay for it all.

There is no disgrace in honest poverty, but in that country to be brought up in a poor-house is almost as bad as being reared in a jail.

The boy was ambitious, he had a soul above his surroundings. He wanted to be something more than a farm hand, working like a slave for twenty-five cents a week and his board, and yet that was his destiny unless he ran away.

He slept under a hedge, and the next morning sawed some wood in payment for his breakfast.

Day after day he did the same kind of thing, earning each meal by the performance of some work.

Each day he got farther away from the hated poor-house, and nearer the coast.

At last he reached a seaport and tried to get a position on board a vessel, sailing, he cared not where. But he was so thin, and pale, and looked so delicate, that no one would employ him.

Then he risked all. He crawled aboard a freight steamer bound for New Orleans, hid himself in a coal bunk and for three days laid there nearly dead with starvation, sea sickness and dust.

He was discovered and dragged on deck. A whipping with a rope end and hard work for the remainder of the passage, were his punishments.

When the ship reached New Orleans he feared he might be sent to prison, so he sought safety in flight.

For weeks he picked up a precarious living, and at last had enough money to enable him to buy a shoeblack's outfit.

Thirty years later, a great crowd assembled to welcome a man to England, a man who had become the friend of kings, a man everyone believed worthy of the highest honor.

A prince was the first to shake him by the hand and bid him welcome.

This man had discovered and explored lands where white men had not trod before.

He had added to the world's knowledge and had achieved the greatest renown.

The queen invited him to dine with her, dignitaries of the church sounded his praises, and ladies of high degree sought his company.

Success followed success, and he became the husband of a beautiful lady, rich, honored and respected.

He entered Parliament and was listened to by the greatest statesmen of the great empire of Great Britain.

And this man with honors heaped upon him, was the same who in his boyhood's days had been the poor-house pauper, the stowaway, the shoe-black of New Orleans, and now the honored friend of kings and princes.

He had discarded his own name, and taken that of the benefactor whose boots he blacked in New Orleans, and who had taken a fancy to the lad.

His name, as it appears on the page of history, will immortalize that benefactor, for Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, owes everything to him.

His strangely eventful life proves that nothing is impossible to those who are ready to seize on opportunities, and dare to ascend, no matter what obstacles may be on the hill of life.

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

A Pedlar Sent to Prison for Representing an Imitation Pill to be the Same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—A Far Reaching Decision.

MONTREAL, Jan. 24., 1898.—A case of more than ordinary interest to the public came before Judge Lafontaine here today, the fact being as follows: For some time past one H. E. Migner has been going about peddling a pill which he represented as being the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. placed the matter in the hands of Detective Haynes, of the Canadian secret service, who soon had collected sufficient evidence to warrant the arrest of Migner on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. Meantime Migner had left Montreal, going to St. John N. B. On his arrival in that city he was at once placed under arrest and an official sent to bring him back here. He was brought before Judge Lafontaine this morning on two charges, and plead guilty of both. It was pointed out that his offence was a grave one and left him liable to a lengthy term of imprisonment. The counsel for the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. stated that his clients did not wish to press for severe punishment at this time; they only wished to establish the fact that representing an imitation pill to be the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was a crime which left the perpetrator liable to a lengthy imprisonment. On one charge the judge then imposed a sentence of ten days, with the option of a fine of ten dollars, and in the other case a sentence of two days jail without the option of a fine.

This decision is likely to have a far-reaching effect, as it seems to establish the principle that substitutes and those who sell imitations representing them to be "the same as" Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are liable under the criminal code, which is in force all over the Dominion, and it will no doubt, to a considerable extent, put an end to this nefarious business, as it is evident from the fact that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. went to the expense of bringing this man back from so great a distance as St. John, that they intend sparing no expense to protect both the public and themselves in such cases.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Old Aunt Dinah was a colored woman with a remarkably strong voice who would sing and cry "glory" with such vigor as to be heard above all the rest of the congregation, but she was of an unpleasantly "singing" disposition. It was the custom at the missionary meeting which she attended to take up the collection during the singing of the hymn "Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel" in the midst of which Aunt Dinah always threw back her head, closed her eyes and sang away at the top of her lungs until the plate had been passed. The collector, who was an old man of plain speech, observed this habit, and one evening when he came to her seat he surveyed her rapt countenance and then said bluntly, "Look a-heah Aunt Dinah, what's de good ob you' a-singin an a-singin 'Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,' ef yo' doan' gib nuffin to make her fly?"—Exchange.

Many people say the "Sunbeam" Blend Tea that Keswick sells is the best they ever used.

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