

"MAX"

BY D. G. CHARLES, C. E.

"Max" is not my name; neither was it my father's name or the name of any of my relatives, but everybody calls me "Max." The name was tacked on me by one of my chums at college, and has clung to me ever since. The chum in question always imagined that I bore a very strong resemblance to the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico especially as I parted my beard in the centre and it was colored like the poor monarchs. I use the past tense "was" advisedly, because I have no beard now. I shave close—very close. I'll tell you why.

The year after I was graduated I started out with the intention of doing Europe pretty extensively; at any rate, I was determined to see the best of it, but I did not. "Man proposes, God disposes," and works in a most mysterious way His wonders to perform and the wonder is that I'm alive. I came very near joining the majority and all because I had a blond beard of rather uncommon hue and answered to the name of Max."

The three or four days prior to leaving New York I spent in viewing the city generally and peering myself into out-of-the-way corners where I could see new phases of life and gain some little knowledge of how the other half lives—or dies; for the difference is not so great as one would imagine. I spent a great deal of my time among the shipping which was rank with the odor of pitch and full of noise and tobacco.

The story of my beard can be told in three chapters and the scene opens on a dark dreary, wet October morning in the vicinity of Pier 304.

Between the showers I had wandered into a dirty little saloon close to the water's edge, where the bowsprit of a four-masted schooner projected over the roof, and one had to dodge around the dolphin striker to get in at the door. The bar was not very pretentious; half a dozen bottles comprised all the stock in sight, and the beer cooler consisted of an old sawhorse, nothing more. The floor was really cleaner than the rest of the building, for it had been well swept and sprinkled with cedar sawdust, which gave it an odor not altogether unpleasant. In the space in front of the bar were three small round tables, at one of which a group of Irish stevedores was engaged in a game of "seven up;" at another a drunken man was sprawling over the table fast asleep. The other table was unoccupied, so I drew up a rickety chair and else to do I watched the card players, and was thus occupied when I felt a tap down. For want of something slight to put on my arm, and turning quickly, found myself confronted by an old and feeble man of probably 65 or 70 years of age, and so doubled up as to appear no taller than the table.

As I looked at him with surprise he leaned his head toward me, but seemed to keep his eyes riveted on the floor, and whispered very distinctly, "Max."

To hear my nickname mentioned at such a time and place, and by such an individual caused me to start with unfeigned astonishment; an involuntary action on my part that was not lost on the old man, who with evident gratification rubbed his bony hands together, and with a polite bow said, "Cart horse!"

Can you imagine my surprise? If you can number the grains of sand on the shore, you can; not otherwise. My surprise was so intense that it appeared to be contagious, for the card players raised their eyes from their game and looked at us, while one remarked: "Hello, Old Froggy has found a chum," and the quartet laughed aloud, while the old man, with a quick glance at me, hissed "Sacree!" and ambled as quickly as possible out into the street.

Without wishing to appear in any hurry, I followed, but "Froggy" was gone, and the "cart horse" still an unknown quantity.

I had crossed the ocean and had been several weeks in London when the events that transpired in Chapter II. of the story of my beard took place. I had been to the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park, and was walking slowly around the inner circle in the direction of Primrose Hill when my attention was directed to a crowd that gathered on the banks of the ornamental water. It was a public meeting of some kind, for a young man of herculean build and German accent was standing on a seat and exhorting in a most fervent manner, while frequent shouts and bursts of applause testified that many at least of his hearers were in sympathy with him.

As I listened to the logic and rhetoric of this ardent disciple of Herr Most, my eyes wandered around till they rested on a pair that were riveted on me. So intense was the gaze of the unknown that I almost felt its influence, and certainly felt no small degree of uneasiness when I noticed that the owner of those eyes was fully aware of my embarrassment. I did not move. I could not. It seemed as though I was chained to the spot, while my vis-a-vis edged through the crowd to my side. Even then I did not move, for I was transfixed, as it were; for

gazing directly in my face, was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen in my life—lovely enough to have made an angel stand still.

She was about 22 or 23 years of age, of divine mold, and dark as Erebus, with a face such as Raphael would have chosen for Madonna, and a form that rivalled that of the Venus of Milo. And then there was a voice, soft and silvery as the lute of the dawn. I did not hear much of it, for at its first accent my senses reeled, and for the nonce I was bereft of reason. It simply said, "Max!—Cart Horse."

How long I might have stood there with those cabalistic words ringing in my ears, goodness only knows, but a carriage, with coachman and footman in scarlet liveries passed slowly by, and the crowd broke to get a glimpse of Alexandra, England's future Queen, as she rode by in all her stately loveliness. But what was that noise? What was it? It was like the murmur of a pent-up torrent, the moan of a captive breeze. It was the effort to suppress a cheer that welled up from all hearts, but which, in that crowd, at least, must be kept down at all hazards. And with an effort they managed to succeed, for anarchists do not favour royalty with any tinge of approval—certainly not.

That night as I sat in the Alhambra in Leicester square, listening to Riviere's band I could not refrain from cogitating over the events of the day with special reference to that ethereal vision in the park, and even as I did so, listening to some "Dreamland faces" waltz, I heard once again my name as though it were whispered through the air, "Max! Max!" and then the ponderous addenda, "Cart Horse."

There at one of the small marble tables, within twenty feet of me, sat the girl I had seen that afternoon in the park talking to the orator of that auspicious occasion and between them sat a little wizened old man, whom I recognized in an instant as my friend from "Pier 304, New York."

That their eyes were fastened upon me I was certain, though I could not, for some inexplicable reason, look toward them and as I walked slowly away the band struck up "There'll Come a Time Some Day," and I felt that the sooner it came the better for matters were certainly beginning to assume a most interesting phase.

My rooms in Paris were a 43 Rue de Rivoli, a very quiet place where one could always find some person who spoke English and which was virtually in the centre of Paris as we foreigners know it. I had spent several weeks most pleasantly, and had almost decided to leave for Marseilles when one morning I noticed in Le Temps an announcement of a fete champetre at Mont Valerian and as that was something that I had yet to see—an "al freeco" Parisian picnic—I made up my mind to attend. It was a grand affair, for the benefit of something or somebody, I forget which, but everybody and his wife was there.

Unless you have seen the grisette's holiday you have not seen Paris. You may have seen Cremorne or Mabile, or may be old enough to remember Vaux-hall but unless you have attended a regular under-the-trees Japanese lantern fete in Paris you might just as well have omitted the Louvre or Tuileries—you have not seen the Frenchman at home.

(To be Continued.)

ON A FRIEND'S RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs. Gampton Uses Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and Receives Instant Lasting Relief—Immediate Relief is what the Sufferer Wants—and Gets when Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is Used.

"I was for a long time a great sufferer from heart trouble. I had palpitation and smothering accompanied by great weakness and painful spasms. I got very little relief from remedies, and doctors failed to give me real benefit. A friend of mine had used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it had been a great relief to her. I procured a bottle and it has proved a great blessing to me. I think it a great heart cure and heartily recommend it to all like sufferers. Mrs. Gampton, 46 Bishop Street, Toronto."—Sold by Garden Bros.

THE CAMEL'S BAD TRAITS.

An Officer's Experience with that Amiable and Useful Animal.

An officer who has been residing some time in Egypt, where camel riding has been obligatory, sends the following graphic description of his experiences with that amiable and useful animal: "You can well imagine that there's a circus around here while the usual riding instruction is going on. When the untamed camels first arrived at our camp I heard tremendous growling in front of the door, and, on going out, I saw one of these amiable beasts being led by his keeper, but walking along with every expression of disgust both in his countenance and voice. The man stopped (ditto camel), and attempted to tie the beast's forelegs together when it reared and, striking out with its fore feet, landed on the keeper's stomach and head, sending him flying through space as if shot out of a cannon. The man picked himself out of the ditch with a hand on each bruised part, and the camel, which had never ceased roaring, was taken in charge by two other and more robust natives that led to the tents

HEARTBURN.

"In the Spring of 1897, I was attacked with Dyspepsia and Heartburn. So severe was the pain that I could not sleep or eat, and I was troubled with headache most all the time. I remained in that state for three months, and tried everything I could think of. At last one day I read in the paper about Burdock Blood Bitters, and thought I would try it. Great was my surprise on finishing the first bottle to find I could eat better, the headache left me, and before I had used the second bottle, I was completely cured. I cannot advise too strongly all sufferers from stomach troubles to try B.B.B." MRS. WM. GRATTAN, Indian-ton, N.B.

The universal testimony from all parts of Canada gives the palm of victory over all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

or rather induced to go by energetic assistance of a very sharp iron rod applied in a most vigorous and miscellaneous manner. Similar exhibitions are being conducted here daily, and we are now ready to lead the recently broken camels. Within three or four days they become tractable. I first formed my opinion of a camel some years ago, when I rode across the Arabian deserts and see no reason to alter it in any way. The creature has so many talents and so many ways of exhibiting them. And, to begin with, it can kick harder, higher, swifter and oftener than a mule, and can use all four feet at one time in a kicking match. Then it can bite worse than a vicious horse, and buck in a way to make a bronco blush with absolute shame. No rider ever lived who can stay on that perch seven feet from the ground during a camel's exhibition of gymnastics. Then he can run away when he feels like it, and is often seized with a desire to slope. Upon an occasion of this kind his rider experiences a sensation between being blown up with dynamite and struggling against the throes of an earthquake until all his joints are dislocated and he drops, a limp, inert mass, to the ground. Then this sweet creature has a way of evincing his displeasure that is at least effectual and convincing. He twists his snake-like neck into a circle, and, poking his ugly nose into the face of the rider, opens his cavernous mouth and lets out a roar of disgust in such a fetid breath that the elevated human victim is fairly blown into the middle of the coming month (a week being too short a distance). And yet, with all these high recommendations, which some people might consider objections, these are the dear animals I am constantly brought in contact with, and for which I am even beginning to form an affection."

For Tired and Run-down Wives and Daughters.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND GIVES THEM NEW LIFE, VIGOR AND NEEDED STRENGTH.

It Purifies the Blood and Braces the Nerves.

It Gives Bright Eyes and a Clear and Healthy Complexion.

Miss Mabel Jenness, whose wonderful system for the correct physical training of women and girls is so well known all over the North American continent, is a firm believer in the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound. When overworked by her multitudinous duties, she always recuperates and strengthens her system by using Paine's Celery Compound. In a letter to Wells & Richardson Co., proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound, she says:

"I was induced to try Paine's Celery Compound at a time when I was suffering from overwork and the effect of an accident. I began immediately to realize tonic and blood-nourishing effects. I take pleasure in saying that, although opposed to medicine in general, I really consider this an excellent preparation.

"I have not been able to take one day's rest since I returned from my long, hard western trip. I am sure were it not for Paine's Celery Compound, which has a tonic effect, I should not be able to keep up and work hard.

"I recommended Paine's Celery Compound to a friend who dined with me yesterday, and on leaving here she went and bought a bottle. I shall do all I can for it, for I believe in it."

"It is not altogether a question of love, my dear. But do you respect him? 'I can't help it, mama. He makes such a fool of himself over me.'

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Notice of Sale.

To Alonzo Cronkhite of the parish of Wicklow, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Mary J., his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern. NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Two, and recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book Z, Number 2, on pages 132, 133 and 134, and made between the said Alonzo Cronkhite and Mary J., his wife, of the one part; and George Leonard Cronkhite, of the same place, of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Hartley & Carvell in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the twenty-third day of January next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:— "All that farm of land situate and being in the above said Parish of Wicklow, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the North Easterly angle of Lot Number Sixteen in the fifth tier, granted to Samuel H. Cronkhite, thence running by the margin of the year 1822 West, sixty-seven chains along the Northern line of said grant to the Northwesterly angle thereof; thence North fifteen chains; thence East sixty-seven chains, and thence South fifteen chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as the Southern two-thirds of lot number fifteen in the fifth tier; and being the same land granted by the Crown to the aforesaid George Leonard Cronkhite, Esq., by grant dated the 3rd day of April A. D. 1861, and registered in Frederickton the fourth day of said month under number 9538, and by the said Geo. L. Cronkhite and wife, conveyed to the first said, Alonzo Cronkhite at the date of these presents." Together with all and singular the buildings, and improvements thereon, and the appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining. Dated this twelfth day of October A. D. 1898. HARTLEY & CARVELL, G. L. CRONKHITE, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

Notice of Sale.

To Benjamin McLean of Northampton in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, farmer, and Maria A. his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern. There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Hartley and Carvell in the Town of Woodstock in County of Carleton on Monday the seventh day of November next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the said Parish of Northampton, described as follows:—Beginning at a point twenty-two chains and fifty links distant in a Southerly direction from South Westerly angle of lot seven in North Newburg on the base line of lot eight; thence Easterly, parallel to South line of said lot seven one hundred and ten chains; thence Northerly, parallel to base line sixteen chains or to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and sixty six and two thirds acres more or less, being part of lot eight granted to George Shaw, and part of lot nine granted to Ziba Shaw in North Newburg, being same land described in a deed from James A. Phillips and others to said Maria A. McLean, dated twenty first of March 1883 together with the buildings and improvements thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances thereto appertaining. The above sale will take place under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the twenty sixth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty three, made between the said Benjamin McLean and Maria A. his wife of the one part and the undersigned Hester Hume, of the other part, and recorded in Book A number 3 of Carleton County Records on pages 557, 558 and 559 the twenty eighth day of May A. D. 1883, default having been made in the payment of the moneys thereby secured. Dated this twenty third day of September A. D. 1898. HESTER HUME, Mortgagee, HARTLEY & CARVELL, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

Probate Court, County of Carleton.

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any Constable of the said County—Greeting:— WHEREAS the Executors of the estate of John Buckley deceased have filed in this court an account of their administration of the said deceased's estate, and have prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in due form of law. YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite the legatees and next of kin of the deceased, and all of the creditors and other persons interested in his said estate, to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton at a Court of Probate to be held in and for said County, at the office of the Judge of Probate for said County in the Town of Woodstock in said County, on TUESDAY THE FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER next, at three o'clock in the afternoon, then and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts as prayed for, and as by law directed. L.S.: Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this thirtieth day of September, A. D. 1898. LEWIS P. FISHER, Judge of Probate County of Carleton. FRANK B. CARVELL, Registrar of Probates for Carleton County.

Probate Court, County of Carleton.

To the sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any Constable of the said County, Greeting:— WHEREAS the Administrator of the Estate of Catherine McAlpine, deceased, hath filed in this Court an account of his Administration of the said deceased's estate, and hath prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in due form of Law. YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite the Heirs and next of kin of the deceased, and all of the creditors and other persons interested in her said estate, to appear before the Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of Carleton at the office of the Judge of Probate for said County of Carleton in the Town of Woodstock on Monday the thirty first day of October next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts as prayed for and as by Law directed. L.S.: Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court this thirtieth day of September A. D. 1898. LEWIS P. FISHER, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Carleton. FRANK B. CARVELL, Registrar of Probates in and for the County of Carleton.

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