

THE DEATH OF A COWARD.

The boy leant wearily against the bulwark rails, watching the lights as they came up one by one along the coast. The plunging of the ship still made his head reel, and he was weak from want of food. He seemed altogether apart from the stir and life that three hundred immigrants on board created.

In the father's defence it may be said that he was utterly unable to realize the timidity and sensitiveness of the boy. All his ancestors had been rough seamen who had faced storm and danger on every sea, and courage and nerve were hereditary qualities.

All the exhortations to manliness, all the covert reproaches that came from his father, were so many darts that rankled and festered in his soul, but failed to compel his nature to be other than it was. The boy was made for peace, for the quiet and uneventful life that an office in his native town could have offered under his mother's watchful care.

The ship's doctor came out of the saloon in the poop to go his evening round below. With him was his wife, a slight, girlish figure, wrapped in a heavy cloak. She turned at the ladder which led to the lower deck, and was about to go back, when her eyes fell on the boy. She had noticed him once or twice before, and his white face and lonely air roused the womanly sympathy in her.

The boy started. A slight color sprang to his cheeks, and tears to his eyes. He smiled faintly, showing a gap where two teeth had been knocked out by a smaller boy in the only fight he had ever had at school.

Her voice had something caressing and inviting about it; and so his confidence overcoming his shyness and reserve, broke bounds. He told her everything—how he would hate this life, how all filled him with fear and disgust, the cold and darkness, the shuff and horseplay of his fellow-apprentices, the indifference of every one around him.

She listened sympathetically. Her hand had patted him once or twice, and encouraged him to go on. When he ended, she said: "You must not be too hard on yourself. It is not always those who fear the least that are the bravest in the end. When the time comes I am sure you will do your duty."

The boy heard her listlessly. He had little heart to respond to any appeal to his gallantry. There seemed no time when he could not shrink from hardship or danger. He almost felt as if his confidence had been misplaced, and that she had understood nothing after all.

In a few minutes the second mate passed upon the deck and told the boy to go below. He was all quiet.

A few hours later the *Pride of Asia* was leaning at "slow" with her whistle going every few minutes. The channel fog girt the ship like a shroud. The Captain walked the deck uneasily. No tempest or rockbound ledge gives the anxiety that a fog on this straggle of the nations does. Danger is eminent everywhere, and the most careful watchman is no guarantee of safety.

The *Pride of Asia* shook from stem to stern, heeled over to starboard and then began to forge ahead, while the other went along her side, wrenching the ports from her davits and staving them in with her bowsprit. Then she passed away like a ghost in the fog.

Running Sores, the outcome of neglect, or bad blood, have a never-failing charm in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Will heal the most stubborn cases. Soothes irritation almost instantly after first application. It alleviates all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. It cures piles in 3 to 5 nights. 25 cents.—39 Sold by Garden Bros.

The *Pride of Asia* had met her death wound. At once all was noise and confusion. The emigrants came pouring upon deck, screaming and shouting with terror. Some of the sailors rushed to clear the boat but the sharp order from the Captain stopped them.

In a few seconds the Captain had decided on his course. The remaining boats would not carry a hundred and fifty people. There were more than twice that number on board. On the other hand, the land was about three miles off, and a sandy and protected beach meant safety. But could it be done with the hole in her side? He would try. He changed her course, rang "Full speed ahead," and shouted to the mate. "Go down and shut the forward bulk-heads, Mr. Jones."

The mate ran forward, and with the help of the carpenter, tore off part of the hatch covering and sprang to the ladder. As he climbed down young Malcolm perched aimlessly over the hatch.

"Bring down a lantern," cried the mate, and Malcolm, galvanized into activity by fear, seized a lantern from the alleyways and clambered down into the hold.

The mate ran toward the iron door in the bulkhead, which had been left open, and pushed it to.

"The light here—quick!"

"Blast them!—ob, blast them!" roared the mate. They've put the bolts on the wrong side. In five minutes we'll all be in kingdom come."

He stumbled for the ladder, and Malcolm followed, wild with terror. Yes, everyone would be drowned, and he, too, with the cruel, cold water sucking him down. He dropped the lantern and began to pull himself up the ladder.

Suddenly he stopped. An idea had been born in his brain; a hideous unthinkable thought—the door could be closed from the other side. He hung limply on the ladder, and in his mind raged a tornado of conflict.

Oh, to be out of this awful ship, safe once again at home! But the mate had said that all were lost. That meant him, too. And if only that door were shut, all could be saved. Great beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He groaned and writhed about like one on the rack. Then he began to descend slowly. He stopped again on the last rung. He clung to the ladder as a drowning man to a rope. He could never let go. Why was he not going up the ladder? There were boats left. He had seen that. He could fight for a place, and be saved. He was so young; not old, like the mate and captain. They must give him a place.

All at once he loosened his hold and ran blindly for the door. On the way he tripped and fell heavily on his hands and face, cutting and bruising them. He lay half stunned for a minute, moaning from the pain, then raised himself and crawled the rest of the way. He passed through the door, and with feverish haste shot the great iron bolts. The boy was alone in his tomb. He leaned against the bulkhead, sick, sick to death. Why had he done this? He did not know. They would be saved now, but he—O! God, no more light or life for him! His poor dry lips moved convulsively, and his hands beat aimlessly on the iron wall. He would go back. Hope returned with a rush. He would die in the open—with others around him. It would be good to die thus, not in this hell of darkness and desolation. He unshot one bolt and fumbled for the other. Then, with a low moan, he cast himself from it, driving his teeth into his lips in his agony.

It was not to be. He was too great a coward to live. He could only die. He would pray. But he could think of nothing—nothing but the "This night when I lie down to sleep" he had learned at his mother's knee.

To sleep—oh, he would sleep long! There was to be no waking this time. How the water was creeping up!

Long shuddering fits shook his frame as he felt the icy fingers of death rising inch by inch. He screamed and raved, dashing his head against the iron, that death might come quickly. He plunged beneath the water, only to come up again, fighting madly for life. Then there was a long drawn sob, and then silence.

The Captain stood on the bridge, a figure of stony despair. The land could never be reached with water pouring like a torrent into the forward hold. He cursed his negligence in overlooking such a frightful blunder. It was going to cost two hundred lives, and he must not be among the saved. The *Pride of Asia* was getting low in the water, but he could not understand why she was not sinking more by the bow. She was vibrating from the engines, pushing to their highest pressure, for the firemen stuck gallantly to their posts. Five minutes went,

Kidney Ory.—Pain in the back is the cry of the kidneys for help. To neglect the call is to deliver the body over to a disease cruel, ruthless, and finally life destroying. South American Kidney Cure has power akin to miraculous in helping the needy kidneys out of the mire of disease. It relieves in six hours.—38 Sold by Garden Bros.

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and ten, and then, with a sudden shock, she took ground and all were safe. Next morning young Malcolm was missing, and the sorrowful news was sent to his father. It was thought he had fallen overboard when the ship grounded, and he could not swim. A week afterwards, the divers entered the forward hold, and found, to their astonishment, that the bulkhead door, which they had expected find open, was closed. They forced it open, and against it was floating the body of a boy. Old Captain Malcolm comes often to the little graveyard by the sea. In it stands a cross, on which are inscribed the words, "HERE LIES A HERO." —From the Pall Mall Gazette.

An Honorable Medicine That appeals to the best judgment of the best people is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the greatest prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Recipe Book author. By acting directly and specifically on the liver, kidneys and bowels, this popular family medicine thoroughly cures liver complaint, biliousness, kidney disease, constipation and the accompanying pains and aches. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act promptly and naturally. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

An American View. (New York paper.) Safely landed in France and vociferously welcomed by the unscrupulous foes of the best government France has had for many and many a year, Mr. Kruger makes this interesting announcement: "We will fight on till we win, or every man, woman and child is murdered." That expresses a resolution desperate indeed, but the words lose something of their impressiveness when one remembers that the speaker took a very timely departure from the scene of active operations—and danger; that he carried along with him a quantity of gold large enough to form an appreciable part of the landing of a ship, and that, according to present accounts, he intends to pass the rest of his life comfortably established on the Riviera, a region commonly regarded as one of the pleasantest in the world. And this is the indomitable patriot, who talks about fighting England to the bitter end, "until every man, woman and child is murdered in the struggle." He irresistibly recalls that other patriot who was willing to sacrifice all of his wife's relations on the altar of his country. Mr. Kruger, however, carries his devotion to an even greater extreme. He contemplates the sacrifice of his own as well as his wife's relations, and he leaves his wife herself to be "murdered." In fact, he sacrifices everything except himself and his fortune.—that fortune the origin of which is so mysterious, but the size of which is so consolatory.

Stinging Chills. As distressing and annoying as are chills they can be immediately relieved by the application of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Try it when you have retired with itching, stinging feet, and expect to spend a sleepless night in suffering. Such a trial will convince you that as a cure for chills Dr. Chase's Ointment is the standard of excellence. It is the world's greatest cure for all itching of the skin.

Mules on Farms. American Agriculturist has always held that the raising of a moderate number of mules is good practice on every farm. Just now there is a strong demand, good animals selling readily for \$135 to \$150 per head, with ready outlet for sound animals from Kentucky and other states in the middle south. While these high prices cannot be expected at all times, it costs but little to raise mule colts. They are hardy, grow rapidly, are subject to but few ailments and when 3 years old can be broken and put to work, more than earning their keep the first season and being ready for full work the following season. Every farmer should have one or more mule colts each year.

Probate Court, County of Carleton, Province of New Brunswick. To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton, or any Constable within the said County—Greeting: Whereas Gertrude H. Jones Administratrix of the Personal Estate and effects which were of Randolph K. Jones, late of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, deceased, hath by her petition bearing date the sixteenth day of November A. D. 1900 made it appear to this court that the personal estate of the said deceased which has come into her hands is insufficient for the payment of the debts owing by the said deceased, and hath prayed that a license may be granted to her to sell such parts of the Real Estate of the said deceased as may be met and necessary for the payment of the said debts.

You are required therefore to cite the heirs at law and next of kin of the said Randolph K. Jones, deceased, and the creditors of and all other persons interested in the said Estate to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my office in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, at THURSDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of DECEMBER next at the hour of ten of the clock in the forenoon, to show cause (if any there be) why license should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell the Real Estate of the said deceased as prayed for.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court this sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1900. STEPHEN B. APPELBY, Judge of Probate, Pro Hac Vice. DENIS B. GALLAGHER, Registrar of Probate for Carleton County.

FREE WATCHES. Here is a chance to use your brains and win a Witham Gold Watch. We want you to try and arrange the 20 jumbled letters printed in the blocks to the left which when properly arranged will spell the names of 5 Canadian Cities. Not the easiest puzzle in the world, but it can be solved. The first person sending us a correct solution will receive a \$25.00 Witham Gold Watch, lady's or gent's size, open face or hunting case, as desired. The next four sending in correct answers will each receive heavily gold plated hunting case watches, lady's or gent's size, as desired, and should there be more than these five correct answers we will give four additional open case gold plated watches to the last four sending us correct answers.

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To cure a headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powders. Her Method—Misses—"Bridget, I hope you don't light the fire with kerosene?" Cook—"Divil a bit, mum! Oi wets it down wid kerosene an' loights it wid a match."—Judge.

A Parasite.—Towne—"It seems Jenkins has just discovered that he has a family tree." Browne—"Yes; it's an outgrowth of his successful business plant."—Philadelphia Times.

Reward of Merit.—Nellie—"Gracious! How do you manage to knit so much in so short a time?" Ninette—"Every time I do ten rows I give myself a chocolate cream."—Chicago Tribune.

"It's remarkable," mused the sick man, "how poorly a doctor writes his prescriptions, and how like steel-engraving his bills appear."—Syracuse Herald.

Hardly the thing to do.—"If I was Louise I'd be ashamed." "Why?" "She's a member of the Audubon Club, and yet she has bedroom fitted out in bird's-eye maple."—[Chicago Record.

"Mr. Hardcase," said the minister, "I saw your son in a saloon yesterday." "Did you replied Mr. Hardcase; "I hope he had the politeness to ask you to have something."—[Philadelphia Record.

Making Sure.—First Lady (off for a journey)—"I hope we've got the right train." Second Lady—"I asked seventeen trainmen and ninety-three passengers if this train went to Blankville, and they all said yes, so I guess we all right."—New York Weekly.

Suits her just as well.—"Don't you think a man—a real man—ought to acknowledge when he is in the wrong in an argument with his wife?" "Oh, I don't know. George never owns up, but he always goes and buys me something real nice and expensive."—[Detroit Free Press.

He objected.—He—"I don't like the idea of using so much secular music in our church. Did you notice the selection the organist played last Sunday?" She—"No. What was it?" He—"I don't know the name of it, but it is something I have frequently heard at sacred concerts."—Harlem Life.

Not a visitor.—Mrs. Gadd—"That new minister ain't much on visitin', is he?" Mrs. Gadd—"No, I guess may be his wife is a purty good cook herself."—New York weekly.

Sensitive Nature Wounded.—"I was greatly mortified at Sylvia's wedding dinner." "What about?" "It was a pink affair, and she had pickled beets on the table."—[Chicago Record.

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Don't You Know that easy furniture prolongs life? Certainly. Live longer and be happy by using our comfort giving Furniture. We are making a break now on our stock, and letting it go at laughably low prices. Call and see the goods.

A. Henderson QUEEN STREET WOODSTOCK, N. B. Oct. 10th 1900.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

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DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time. (QUEEN STREET STATION). 6.20 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jc, M St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton, Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston. 8.05 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook M Junction, Presque Isle, etc. 11.33 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque M Isle, Edmundston, and all points North. 1.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Frederic M ton, etc., via Gibson Branch. 2.55 P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and M intermediate points. 4.18 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint M Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Vancouver, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast: Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper McAdam Jct. to Boston. 7.55 P MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junction and Houlton. ARRIVALS. 7.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, (at Freight Yard) from McAdam Junction. 11.33 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal, etc. 12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch. 2.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque Isle. 4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque Isle, Carleton Place, Edmundston, etc. 5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton. 7.55 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc. 9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Portland, Bangor, etc. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.

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