

GRATSY.

BY GEORGE HYDE PRESTON.

It was late in the evening, and the streets in the neighborhood were quiet.

Gratsy had been in the house for some time. He had entered without invitation, and in a manner quite ingenious.

Nothing on the first floor had been appropriated by him except a piece of cold chicken. Silver was not in his line. He confined himself to money and jewels that were up to a certain standard and easily removed from their settings.

Mounting the stairs, he walked stealthily about in the upper hall.

"I like these old-fashioned houses," he said to himself, "the transoms over the doors help business." A light shone through one of them.

Avoiding the room with the light, he made his silent round, and then returned to the hall.

"Nothing but a few rings and things in the kid's room," he muttered. "I wouldn't like to take those. She might want 'em later. She's a mighty pretty little kid." And Gratsy smiled and nodded to himself.

Then he looked at the lighted transom and thought a moment, still smiling.

"They're sitting in there. It's a fool trick, but I'll do it," and cautiously drawing himself up, he looked in through the transom.

The only person he saw in the room was a man, who stood facing a mirror and holding a pistol to his temple.

Gratsy was shocked and forgot he was a burglar. "Hold on! Don't do that!" he cried.

The pistol clattered on the floor. The man wheeled and pulled open the door just as Gratsy dropped to the floor. The man stared at Gratsy.

"What do you want? What are you doing here?"

"Well," answered Gratsy apologetically, "I guess I came to rob you, but a man who is going to kill himself ought not to mind that much."

"Why did you interfere? You could have done what you wanted to do all the easier if I had."

Gratsy shook his head. "A shot makes a noise and draws a crowd. I might have had trouble persuading them who did the shooting. And besides," he added, smiling, "there's the little kid. You hadn't thought about her, had you?"

The man's face contracted.

"She looks mighty pretty asleep with her arm up over her head," went on Gratsy. "I don't believe you thought about her."

The man said nothing.

"Come," continued Gratsy easily, "let's talk this thing over, and then, if you say so, I'll let you go ahead."

"Why should I talk it over with you?"

"Why not?" retorted Gratsy. "It might help. And if it don't, it will only be putting off the shooting for a few minutes. I should think you would stand it to live that long."

The man looked at Gratsy, and the humor of talking things over with a burglar seemed to strike him.

Gratsy grinned encouragingly.

"What did you look over the transom for?" inquired the man.

Gratsy laughed. "I just wanted to see if the kid looked like her mother."

"Her mother is dead," came in a whisper.

"Oh! said Gratsy. "Poor little kid! Now you wouldn't leave her too, would you?"

"I shall be arrested in the morning," said the man doggedly.

"Well," answered Gratsy cheerfully, "you might get off. I know a lawyer who—"

"You don't understand—my name—"

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, young fellow. If you shoot yourself tonight, your name is going to stay right where it is now. When you pull the trigger you have made your last play. Hold on and luck may change."

"It can't!" exclaimed the other despairingly.

"A man has possession of some papers that—concern me. He can ruin me with them. He offers to give them up for ten thousand dollars. I have till midnight. It is time for him to be here now. Unless I pay tonight he will use the papers. I have tried to raise the money. I can't."

Gratsy wrinkled his forehead and looked straight ahead.

At that moment there came a sharp ring. "He's come," gasped the man, and he started towards the pistol that still lay on the floor.

Gratsy made a quick spring for it. His eyes blazed.

"Give the kid a chance, man!" he said.

"Go down. Let him in. Bring him up here. I'll hang round the hall, hear him talk. Something might come of it. If there don't I swear to God I'll give you back your gun, and you can do what you like after he has gone and I have got clear of the house. Go now!"

The man obeyed, and Gratsy, standing in the shadow, watched them cross the hall, enter the room he had left, and close the door.

Gratsy looked at the door and grinned. "It's a hard game," he said, "and a fool game, but it's up to me. I'll take a chance!"

He hastily tied a handkerchief over the lower part of his face, and, taking the man's

pistol in one hand and his own in the other, he crossed the hall and threw open the door.

"Hands up, gents! and be quick about it!" he ordered in his professional tone.

The hands went up, and the new-comer uttered a smothered curse.

"None of that!" said Gratsy sternly. "You stand there and keep still! You other fellow, get into the closet quick, and shut the door!"

The man obeyed like a person in a dream. Gratsy turned the key.

"Now," said he to the new-comer, "shell out! Put the stuff on that table. I want that pocket-book," added he, tapping the other's coat.

"There is nothing except papers in that," said the new-comer in a low tone, glancing at the closet door. "I swear it."

"Put it on the table," commanded Gratsy.

"I'll see about that. No! I don't want your watch. Now get into that closet," added Gratsy, opening the door, "and if you make a sound I'll make a sieve of that door. Come out, you other fellow!" The man came out and Gratsy closed the door and locked it.

Then he took the handkerchief from his face, grinned broadly, and pointed to the table, at the same time saying out loud, with affected sternness, "Now it's your turn to dig up! Be quick about it!"

The man went rapidly over the contents of the pocket-book, took out a couple of papers with trembling hands, nodded, and put them in his pocket.

Gratsy took the pocket-book and the remaining papers and put them on the fire.

"I don't dare to carry them away, and if I leave them, he'll miss the others," he murmured.

The man grasped Gratsy's hand.

"You've saved me—and the child," whispered he.

Gratsy nodded. "I told you luck would change." Then, unlocking the closet door, he said aloud, "Get in there!"

The man went in with a swift look of gratitude, and Gratsy closed the door and locked it on both. "Now, you fellows," he called cheerfully through the keyhole, "you'd better not begin to break down this door till after I am out of the house, for if you do I'll come back and plunk you full of lead."

And with that Gratsy ran down the stairs three at a time, let himself out of the house, and walked quickly down the street.

As he turned the corner he looked back at the house and smiled.

"She is an almighty pretty little kid," said he.

For a Certainty I am Cured

Mr. James Trenuman, butcher, 536 Adelaide Street, London, Ont., writes that for two years he was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. He became dropsical and his legs would swell so that he could scarcely go round. He never used any medicine that did him so much good as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and knows for a certainty that this treatment cured him. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

The Prosperity of Canada.

The publication of figures showing the value of imports and exports for the fiscal year ending June 30th, last has drawn attention with renewed emphasis to the wonderful prosperity now prevailing throughout the Dominion of Canada. The total value of the import and export trade of the country amounted to \$414,517,358, exceeding the previous year by \$36,827,673. The value of imports was \$202,791,595, and of exports \$211,639,286. The statistics show a remarkable growth of Canadian manufactures during the past six years, the iron and steel production alone increasing from \$10,000,000 in 1896 to over \$28,000,000 last year. The cement industry expanded from \$252,882, to \$784,747 during the period mentioned.

The commercial and industrial development of the country is expanding at a rapid rate. Manufacturing industries of all kinds are taxed to their utmost capacity to meet the demand for goods, and notwithstanding large extensions during the past few years, orders are now on the books of manufacturers which will keep the mills and factories running for months to come.

The abundant harvest in Manitoba and the Territories assures a continuance of this prosperity throughout Western Canada for another year at least. Returns for their crops will enable the farmers of the west to erect needed buildings and to carry out the many improvements which are required in the development of new territory. The mining and timber resources of Canada are being developed in a manner as never before. The railways have this year found their supply of rolling stock more inadequate than ever to move the merchandise of the country, and are building new equipment as speedily as possible.

The question suggests itself, are the prosperous conditions of the present near an end, and we are reminded that periods of prosperity and depression have occurred in the past at regular cycles. But Canadians need little fear anything in the nature of serious depression, particularly for the reason that the development of Canada is yet in its infancy. With a territory large enough to accommodate ten times as many people, and with an abundance of natural resources, all predictions of a yet wonderful nation seem warranted. We may have a temporary lull in trade, but the future of Canada is likely to be gradual growth and expansion. With

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of his Drinking Habits writes of her struggle to save her home

A PATHETIC LETTER



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I sat staring for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and the work was nearly at hand, I threw off all fear and determined to try it as an experiment to save our home from the ruin I saw coming at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peace of mind, a happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comfort and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

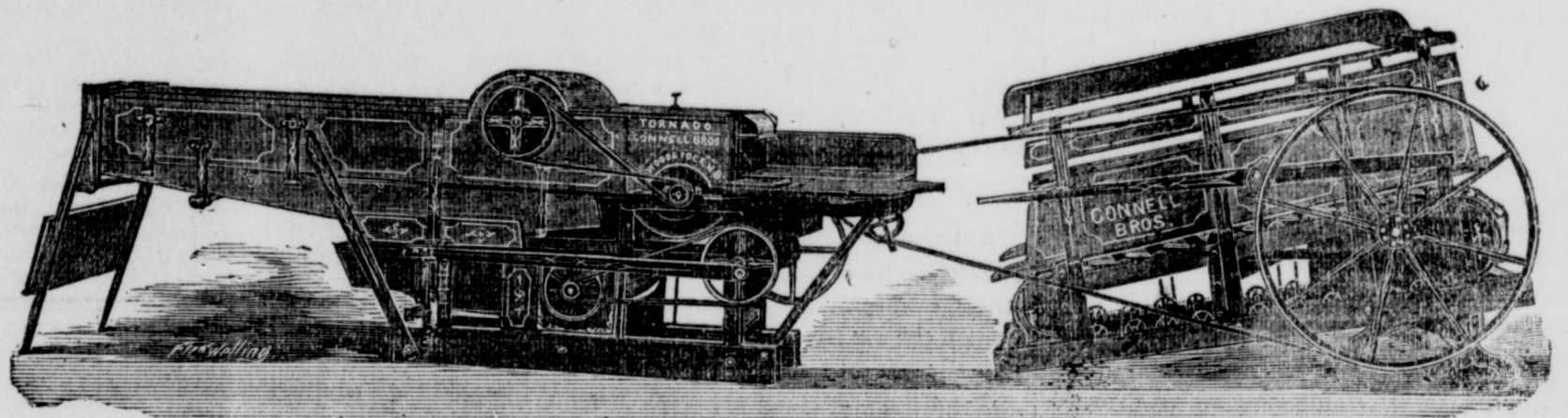
A Plucky Young Lady takes on Herself to Cure her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows:—"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use, I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him, and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

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the greater development of the country ample scope will be provided for the labors of our young men, many of whom now migrate to the United States in search of a larger.

Indicative of future development are the investments that are now being made by United States capitalists in Canadian timber limits. The International Paper Company own an immense area of timber land in Canada and are constantly adding to their resources. More recently C. P. Easton & Co., of Albany, have invaded Canadian territory by the purchase of timber limits in the Province of Quebec estimated to contain over 300,000,000 feet of pine and spruce. A similar step has been taken by Stetson, Cutler & Company, of Boston. Capitalists such as these are not concerned about tariff questions, but recognize that the country in which the raw material is located holds the whip hand.—The Canada Lumberman.

Lost Hearing Restored.

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The ceremony of marriage was performed in record time by a Texan judge a year or two ago. Addressing the happy couple, he said to have completed the ceremony and demanded his fees in the following short formula:—"Kneel down; grab hands; hitched; six dollars!"

A Model Surveyor.

The Kingman Leader-Courier tells of an early day county surveyor in Kingman county, Kan., who neither possessed any instruments nor could have used them if he had. His method of measuring land was to tie his ankles together with a cord that was just long enough to allow him to step one-fifth of a rod each time, and thus hobbled he would strike out, counting his steps until he had made a sufficient number to cover the desired distance.

The cord or string used by him in fastening his legs together, says the Leader-Courier, was made of rawhide, so that when he was travelling through the grass of a morning when the dew was on it would become wet and stretch nearly a foot, and so his steps were much longer of a morning than they were of an evening after the sun had dried the whang leather and shortened it. Consequently the man having his land surveyed in the morning would have much more in his quarter section than his neighbor who had his work done in the afternoon. These old surveys and corners then established cause annoyance even to this day.

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Diverse Appetites.

"I wonder why donkeys eat thistles?" said the man who is always finding something peculiar in life.

"Oh," answered the person who likes plain food, "there is no accounting for taste. If a donkey were to give the matter a thought, I suppose he would wonder why human beings eat olives."

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