

The Lady and the Burglar.

Olive P. Van Gelderen, only daughter of Senator Cornelius P. Van Gelderen, is one of the prettiest girls in New York. But she had the toothache rather badly one night just recently.

Her proper course was to ring for her maid. But she is a girl who dislikes to give trouble, so she just threw on a few things and a wrapper, and sallied down stairs in the dead dark of the early hours. She knew where the toothache remedy was kept, in a cupboard in the back dining room.

As she reached the landing at the top of the first flight she heard something. It sounded like a stealthy footfall. She strained her eyes and held her breath. There was a man creeping cunningly along in the hall. As she peered at him over the banisters, she saw a black patch where his face should have been. He was wearing a mask.

She saw him turn a handle and enter the small dining-room, closing the door softly behind him.

"What was she to do? Papa was not at home, and the servants were all in bed and sound asleep.

Should she run back upstairs, lock herself in her own room and hide her head under the blankets? That would be girlish, but not heroic.

"I know there's a six-chambered revolver in the drawer in the big dining room," she meditated. "If I could reach it without him hearing me, I could hold him up."

She began to slide down the staircase as silently as a snowflake. She quaked as she reached the hall, wondering if the boards would creak—but millionaires can afford solid floors in their houses, and there was not a sound. She drifted noiselessly into the large dining-room, found the drawer, and abstracted the revolver.

She stood back in a corner of the room, grasping the weapon, and facing the door. Presently she heard the rustling noise outside. She could also hear her heart beating all the while.

"He's coming in," she told herself. "Now for it!"

But the door never moved. She listened intently. "He's going by!" . . . He's gone by! . . . Gracious, he's gone into papa's study!"

She corrugated her brow for a few seconds. Then she beamed. "Guess it's working like a charm," she said mentally.

"Slowly, cautiously, she went out of the room, crossed the hall, and approached the door of the study. It was ajar. Ever so slightly, she pushed it open, until she could make out a man on his knees, over against the big cabinet. He was prying at something with a tool, which glinted as it moved under the guarded rays of a dark lantern.

Just inside the door, on her left hand, was the electric light switch. She kept the revolver pointed in her right hand, stretched out her left, and, as she jerked the knob of the switch upwards, flooding the room with electric lights, she kicked the door wide. The startled burglar scrambled to his feet.

"Hands up!" said the girl.

Automatically, he dropped his tool and raised his hands over his head. Then he snarled and looked vicious. It was only a girl. But she covered him with a revolver.

"If you move, I'll fire!" she said. He stood perfectly still for some ten seconds, and then one of his hands perhaps felt tired, for it descended about two inches.

"Up with that hand. High up!" she cried. "Don't lark with me, or this revolver'll go off."

"All right, miss," growled the man. "What do you want me to do?"

Then she smiled grimly.

"Let me see, now," she observed. "I'm going to tell you, right away what you've got to do. And I'm telling you first, that there's six bullets in this revolver. If you don't do what I tell you, or if you move one step towards me, I shall shut my eyes and pull the trigger six times. As I've got you covered, I reckon I'm bound to make a fair percentage of bull's-eyes. Is that understood?"

"All right, miss. I've got to do what you say?"

"Every time."

"And if I don't do what you tell me?"

"I start straight off pumping lead into you!"

It was a bluggy expression, but she knew it would be effective, for she had read it in a dime novel.

"Go ahead, miss. Give your orders. I'm a slave."

"That's what you are." She planked her back against the wall, keeping the muzzle of the revolver in a perfect line with the man.

"Now," she said, "Mr Burglar, do you know what a telephone is?"

"I've seen 'em."

"Take a look at one. Move your head. Not your hand! . . . There's one to your right."

"I see it."

"Then just turn the hand."

"That'll call up the Exchange, won't it?"

"That's just what it will do."

"Then I don't turn it."

"If you don't, I'll fire."

He looked at her furtively. "Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Do you want me to prove my words?"

He shuffled his feet uneasily.

"Steady, now. Keep still or you're a dead man."

"If I don't turn that handle, you'll fire?"

"I will."

"Then I'll turn it."

"Wait. You've got to do it under orders."

At the word one—put your right hand on the handle. . . . One! He obeyed her.

"At the word two—turn it. . . . Two!" He turned. "Now pick up the receiver—quick, man—and put it to your ear."

"Now," she cried, "call out, 'Are you the Exchange?'"

"Are you the Exchange?" the burglar repeated.

"What do they say?"

"Yes, they are."

"Then"—the girl squared her lips—"tell them to connect you with the Central Police Office!"

The man jumped right around.

"Steady!" cried the young lady. "I'll fire if you don't do it directly."

"You won't!"

"I will!" and she raised the muzzle just an inch higher and her eyes blazed, and

"All right," muttered the man, "I'm in for it. . . . Put me on to the Central Police Office!" he shouted into the telephone.

"Now hang up that thing, and wait till they ring. Keep your hands up."

He obeyed her like a dog. "You've got me cornered," he muttered.

"I have that," she admitted. . . . The bell rang.

She repeated her instructions, and he put the receiver to his ear.

"Ask if it's the police office," she commanded. He asked.

"What's the reply?"

"Yes."

"Say this is Senator Van Gelderen's house in Blank avenue. . . . Have they got that? Right. Now say Miss Van Gelderen has got me covered with a revolver. . . . You won't? You'd better. Don't fool with me. I'll fire six times. . . . Ah, that's right! Have they got that? Good! Now say, 'I'm a burglar.'"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I'll see you—first!"

"Don't be rude. When I've counted three, I'll shoot you. One, two—"

"This is murder!"

"It will be in a minute."

"I'm a burglar!" cried the man into the transmitter.

"And a pretty burglar you look," commented the girl. "But that's not your fault."

. . . Now tell them how you got in."

"I got in through the scullery window at the back of the house."

"Have they got that? Right. Now tell them to send some police officers right here. They can come in the same way. . . . You'd better say it, or you'll die six deaths where you stand! . . . Have they got that? Right. Now drop that receiver, and bands up!"

For ten long minutes they stood so, the poor thing of a burglar-man with his hands lifted towards the ceiling, the girl keeping him covered with her six-shooter, effectually negating all his random ideas of escape.

Then they heard a scrambling in the back regions of the house, the crash and tumble of heavy bodies, a scurry-flurry along the passages, and—

"Here!" cried the girl, "this way!"

Four stalwart police officers swarmed in and grabbed the man. The girl fainted.

* * * * *

When they brought her to, she found several of her amazed domestics around her, while a big smiling police sergeant was toying with the little silver-plated revolver.

"Why, missy," he said, "the blamed peashooter ain't loaded!"

"I know it's not!" she moaned. "Do you think I'd have fooled about with a horrid thing like that if it had been loaded?"

Cure for Drunkenness.

(London Lancet.)

An address on intemperance in women recently delivered by Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., is interesting on account of its practical suggestiveness. In dealing with the original formation of this habit but little importance is attached to the influence of mere heredity, though it is not denied that this factor does in some families appear to play its part. The practice of drinking, which culminates in drunkenness, is regarded and treated from first to last as a habit rather than as a disease, and one which has been developed out of acts of self-indulgence.

In the implied indictment of the individual and of society, while custom and example have much to answer for, there is no want of sympathy. On the contrary, every allowance is made for misunderstanding.

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"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous 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 his appetite for solid food returned, he went 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 the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

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ing, temptation and human frailty. At the same time the element of moral responsibility is never lost sight of. It is in the recognition of this quality that we find the clue to successful treatment. Sir Thomas Barlow is no pessimist. He firmly believes in the possibility of reclamation, and he relies for the attainment of this object largely upon an awakening of the moral sense.

Intemperance is not a mere disease; it is not even an uncontrollable habit. It is a moral wrong to be admitted, repented of and combated by every available means if the poor victim is ever to obtain her emancipation. It is not to be expected that she can, at all events as a rule, be depended upon to work out her own salvation on these lines. She has, nevertheless, "to a certain limited extent the power in her own hands," and it is necessary to make her see this. Moreover the assistance of friends, and especially an example of abstinence on their part, can do very much to help her.

There must be few persons and probably no medical men, who do not in their hearts admit the truth of these observations. We believe that the alcoholic habit is in no sense different in character from any other form of use and wont, such as is constantly seen to influence the course of human conduct. It is infinitely more injurious than the great majority of such personal customs. It is as curable as they are, and mainly by those moral, intellectual and social means which have been considered above.

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12-16 pages weekly 30c a year. S. S. Clubs at 20c a year. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

"Who is that young woman playing the violin solo?" asked the young man who had gone, somewhat against his will, to an afternoon tea.

"Miss Brown, the eldest daughter of our hostess."

"And who is her accomplice at the piano?"

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 Samaritan 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 hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaritan 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 peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts 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."

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 Samaritan 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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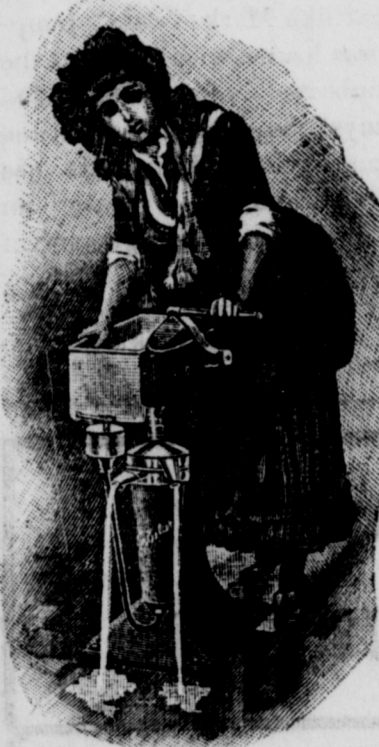
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