

MELOON'S ITEM.

BY F. E. C. ROBBINS.

NOTICE. The Banner offers a prize of one dollar to the person who furnishes the most interesting item of local news for our next issue. Here is an opportunity for some of our young readers to use their eyes and ears to advantage, and to gain skill in writing. If results seem to justify it, this offer may be repeated from week to week. All contributions must be sent in by Wednesday noon.

This announcement in the Greenhill Banner greatly interested one young reader. Johnnie Meloon fancied that he would like to write for the paper, and he was sure that he would like the dollar. Here would be another odd job, and odd jobs were Johnnie's specialty.

By their aid he had been able for some time to get his living in Greenhill village, although he was not yet fifteen years old, and small for his age, and so far as he knew, was without a relative in the world.

Johnnie had usually accomplished whatever he undertook, and he made up his mind at once that the prize should come to him.

But as the week went by he grew much less confident of success. He began to think that there was truth in a remark he had heard to the effect that Greenhill was a pretty "slow" town, and he wondered how Mr. Studley, the editor, managed to fill the paper every week. Certainly there had not been, to his knowledge, a single happening worth writing about.

On Tuesday evening, after he had finished his chores at the Widow Hardy's, where he was working for his board, Johnnie went out into the village on one last hunt after an item.

After using his eyes and ears a while, as the paper had suggested, but to no avail, he wandered down to the railroad station, thinking that perhaps Tolau, the good-natured agent, might have a bit of news in his possession. As he went along he imagined a wreck on the road, of which he should be an eye-witness.

That would be something worth writing up, and he thought that he could do it effectively.

Johnnie found no one at the station, but he lingered a little to look about. He was always greatly interested in railroad matters; and, indeed, in railroading, and not newspaper reporting, was what he really looked forward to as his career.

From a siding a huge freight-car loomed up in the moonlight, and with his usual curiosity Johnnie went up to it, hoping to make out something of the story of its wanderings from the lettering on its side.

Some two hours later, when Johnnie crept unobserved into his little room over the Widow Hardy's shed, there had been an accident which he was certainly in a position to write up, but for reasons of his own he was not anxious to make use of the opportunity.

As he lay trembling in his bed, however, it was borne in upon him more and more that the story must be told. Owing to the circumstances of his life, the boy had developed a very keen eye for "the main chance"; but in spite of his sharpness he was honest at heart, and meant to tell the truth. Yes, let the consequences be what they might, the story must be told; and perhaps it might as well be told in as public a manner as possible. He began to compose an account of what had happened, and fell asleep at his task.

On his way to school the next morning Johnnie heard much conjecture of a kind that he could easily have put at rest, but for the time being he kept his own counsel. At noon he slipped away from his companions and hurried to the office of the Greenhill Banner.

The editor looked up somewhat crossly from his desk as Johnnie entered, but the scowl on his face seemed to be connected with certain long, printed slips that he was reading, pencil in hand, rather than directed at his visitor.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?" he asked.

Johnnie, bethinking himself to take off his hat, advanced and offered two or three sheets of paper, on which was written the following:

A big freight-car got away from the station Tuesday night, and John Meloon was the fellow that started it. Meloon did not go to do it, but he had no business fooling with the brake. He was thinking it would be fine to be a brakeman, riding along in the moonlight, and he got up on the car and gave a little twist on the brake, meaning no harm at all, and of a sudden like the car was on the move.

Then he tried to work the brake for to stop it, but something went wrong, and first thing he knew the car was on the track and going along like had an engine in front of it. It is mostly down grade betwixt Greenhill and Dunstan, and Meloon says to himself he was sure in for a ride. The car kept going faster and faster, and Meloon's head began to turn round and round, and he had to lie down flat on the car to keep from falling off. He felt lonesome up there, and he had many thoughts. A man was nearly being run over at the crossing by Frost's woods but he struck his

horse hard with a whip, and got out of the way just in time. He was on a pedler cart, and some of his things spilled off. People ought to look sharp when they are crossing the track by night.

Pretty soon there was a whistle, and it was the freight starting out from Dunstan. When Meloon heard that, he was sure sorry that he had got on the car at all.

Then the headlight came in sight, and there was likely going to be a smash-up if it hadn't been that the car began to slow down for the reason that it had got on to the level grade. Soon it stopped entirely, and Meloon got off and ran along the track a waving of his hands. Before he had gone far he sees that the train had stopped, too, and then he ran into some bushes abreast of the track, and so into the road, and home as fast as his legs would take him.

If somebody wants to know why didn't Meloon go and tell the men on the freight how it happened, Meloon says he was afraid they would be wild, and it is no good to talk to men before they get cooled off. But Meloon is not afraid to tell what he did, and he expects to stand the blame.

Mr. Studley's face had shown some surprise as he glanced over the communication.

"So that is how it happened, is it?" he said. "I had heard something about this before. In fact, your little escapade created quite an excitement in some quarters."

"Did you bring this in to be printed?" he continued, rather seriously, although there was an odd twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I'm willing to print it, of course, but to tell you the truth, I'm afraid you will find yourself in a little trouble with the railroad people when they learn the facts. Here is something that may interest you." Mr. Studley, selecting a slip of paper from several that were hanging on a nail near by, handed it to Johnnie.

"There is the proof of an advertisement that is to appear in the paper this afternoon."

Johnnie turned a little pale as he read that a suitable reward would be paid for information leading to the discovery of the person or persons, who tampered with a freight-car at Greenhill station on the night of October 28th; but after a moment he said, bravely,

"That's all right, sir. I was going to the station to tell Tolau about it, anyway."

"That's the right thing to do, of course, my boy," said Mr. Studley, heartily. "But I should think that you would hardly care to have the story in the paper as you have written it. Of course something will have to be said about it, but we could keep your name out of it."

Johnnie twirled his shabby hat with some embarrassment. "Isn't it an interesting item?" he asked.

"Why, certainly."

"Has anybody sent in a better one?" continued Johnnie, anxiously.

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed the editor, as a new light dawned upon him. "You want the prize that we offered. Well, I guess you are entitled to it."

He took a dollar from his pocket and handed it to the boy.

"You can offer that to the railroad people," he said, with a smile, "and seeing that you are making a clean breast of the matter, they ought to call it square."

What befell Johnnie next may best be told from certain messages that went over the wire between the station agent and his superior officer. They ran as follows:

Boy named Meloon confesses started runaway car last night. Playing on car accidentally unset brake. Came and told story own accord. Not bad boy, orphan, nobody responsible for him. What do?

Tolan, Agent. Give boy going over and let him go. Tell him keep away from cars.

Barlow, Div. Supt. Boy wants to know about reward for information. Would like pass.

Tolan. Give boy pass into the street. Barlow. "The boss wants you to clear out," translated Tolau. "He thinks one free ride is enough."

Nevertheless, in after years Johnnie had many free rides over the same road as one of its most trusted employees.

Cold Bathing.

The application of cold to the surface of the body by means of the bath is a powerful agent, the value of which in the treatment of disease as well as in the preservation of health is being increasingly realized.

The action of a cold bath (from fifty to sixty degrees) is stimulating and tonic. It acts powerfully upon the nervous system, making the nerves more prompt in their response to the needs of the organism, and freshens the mental faculties to a wonderful degree. It banishes the dull and listless feeling which one who is not in the robust health of youth is so apt to experience on first getting out of bed. It exercises and strengthens, also, the muscular walls of the arteries, upon the normal action of which the proper distribution of the blood throughout the body in great measure depends.

The first contact of the cold water with the body causes a sharp contraction of the blood-vessels of the skin, as shown by the pallor of the surface; but as soon as one leaves the bath the arteries dilate, the skin becomes pink, and a warm glow is felt that amply



Mrs. Anderson, Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen many cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."

—MRS. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla. —\$5000 (forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced).

No other medicine for women has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

compensates one for the disagreeable shock of the first plunge.

This flushing of the surface, which brings with it warmth and a sensation of vigor and well-being, is the test which shows that the bath is doing good. If this reaction does not occur, and one feels cold and depressed, and the skin remains of a bluish hue, it is a sign that the bath is harmful, and then one must be content with a cool sponging, followed by a brisk rub with a coarse towel. After starting in this way, and after consultation with a physician, it will generally be possible to proceed cautiously to the shower or tub bath. Elderly people and those who react badly can often take a cool sponge bath while standing in warm water half-way to the knees.

The devotee of cold bathing seldom suffers from cold in the head, provided, of course, he does not violate the ordinary laws of hygiene as regards eating, sleeping and ventilation; and if he does take cold, he is in condition to throw it off before it invades the bronchial tubes or lungs. Sufferers from poor circulation, which shows itself by cold feet and icy fingers, are benefitted by the morning cold bath, and this, in the case of one who habitually has cold feet, may be profitably supplemented by a cold foot-bath at bedtime, followed then, as always, by the brisk rubbing with a coarse towel.

To Cure a Cold in a Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Graphic Imagination.

Nathan's teacher believed in reducing poetry to diagram and visible outline. Therefore, says the Boston Herald, she told the class to make a rough illustration of the poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Nathan's illustration consisted of a large circle, three buckets and a bunch of dots.

"Nathan," said the teacher, "I don't understand this. What's the circle?"

"That's the well," replied Nathan.

"And why have you three buckets?"

"One is the oaken bucket, one is the iron-bound bucket, and the other is the moss-covered bucket which hung in the well."

"And what are all those little dots?"

"Those are the loved spots which my infancy knew."

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Household Hints.

An old typewriter ribbon soaked in fruit jar of water will make a pint of purple hair dye.

Porous plasters embroidered with different colored yarn in various mottoes are all the rage.—[Cleveland Ledger.]

Here is Secretary Hay's apothegm, written when he was still able to see the comic aspect of diplomacy:

"There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going, when they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs."

Cooking Ranges, Cooking Stoves, Heaters, Etc.

We have in stock and on exhibition at our store both at Woodstock and Centreville, the finest assortment of Stoves that has ever been offered for sale. We extend a hearty invitation to the public to call at our stores and inspect our stock.

Our sales of Stoves are increasing every day, and they all give the best of satisfaction. All our lines are up to date, and if you want a Steel or Iron Range, Cooking Stove, or a heater, you will find the Latest Improved at our show rooms.

W. F. Dibblee & Son, Woodstock and Centreville.

You'd Best Believe

That it is a good thing to keet your carriages well painted, and as the time draws near when you will be again using them, it would be well to look them over, and should they need painting it would be a good idea to come and see McKenzie. One job from me will convince you that you have struck the right man, both in the quality of the job and the price, which is the lowest for good work. Shop at Hull & Glidden's, next to Woollen Mill. Come and see me. Yours until you hear from me again.

JOHN MCKENZIE.

Words in season: I have heard advertisers say, "Read my advt next week." I say, "Read mine this week."

PUNGS and Other Things.

- Many Styles in Light Knee Sleds, and Heavy Pungs.
- Bob Sleds, Long Sleds, Neck Yokes, Spread Chains.

HORSE SHOERING

Material and Workmanship superior to anything offered in town. Done by two Expert Professionals

[It is a pleasure to us to show you our goods.]

THE WOODSTOCK CARRIAGE CO. Main Street, South Side of Bridge.

Queen Street Studio

is open with

Great Bargains in Photographs

Call round.

E. M. CAMPBELL, Operator and Manager.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

TOURIST CARS

Every Thursday from Montreal. Every Tuesday and Saturday from North Bay.

NO CHANGE OF CARS MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER, TRAVERSING THE GREAT CANADIAN NORTH WEST.

The Finest Mountain Scenery on the Continent. LOWEST RATES APPLY.

Canadian Pacific Service is Up-to-Date.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.

Opens May 1st, Closes December 1st, 1904. C. B. FOSTER, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.