

An Accommodating Train.

A year or two ago I had occasion to pay a brief visit to a place situated several miles up the Tobique River. The means I used to reach my destination was not an Indian's birch bark canoe but the Tobique Valley Railway.

I started from Perth Junction on a very beautiful day in autumn, and whether or not it was in honor of my presence I do not know, but the train was a Special, and drawn by an old-fashioned wood-burning engine—the loan of the I. C. R. By the way, on the Tobique Valley at that time the only difference between a special and a regular, was the time it started from Perth, for the regular always went up in the morning and if it did not run into a snow drift or something else it came back the same morning.

The only passengers other than myself were a number of young men going to the "woods" away up Tobique. They busied themselves with digging apples out of a barrel from the head of which a large knot had come out, much to the annoyance, no doubt, to the gentle to whom they were being carried. All this time I, being a lover of the beautiful, was viewing the varied tints of the autumn leaves and looking out for something intensely interesting; nor did I have long to wait, for soon the train came to a sudden standstill and I, fearing something dreadful had happened hastened to the Conductor who was also General Manager of the road, and asked the cause of the trouble. The reply was that it was "only some cows." Now for some time we had been passing through a very narrow gully the sides of which were steep and I do not yet see how those cows got on the track, neither did I see how they got off alive, but someone evidently did see for almost immediately the train began to move quite rapidly and as the cows were not passed I looked as far out from the car as I dared and there what should I see but several cattle running at full speed, and at the ends of their tails rushed a man equally fast, while roaring behind came—the train. This very exciting race lasted for perhaps nearly half a mile, when the sides of the valley abruptly parted and the race was ended, the cattle winning and the man coming in a good second.

After this, things passed off quite quietly and very pleasantly especially as I reached my destination. Shortly before the end of my journey was reached I asked one of the train officials if as we passed he would show me where a certain man lived, for I should have to stop there and should like to be able to find the place without trouble as I came from the station. "Oh" said he "are you going there? Then we will stop at his gate and let you off." And they did.

But the most pleasing part of my experience was yet to come for when I was about to come away they told me that I need not go to the station to get on the train, but if when I heard it coming I went to the track and waved my umbrella, the train would stop and I could get on. When I heard it coming I went out and did as directed and as it began to slacken speed I went back to take a lingering good bye of

my friends; and when I again reached the track I found that not having been able to stop at the gate it was backing up to meet me. This kindly act showed me that it was no respecter of persons and was equally considerate for all animals. But that glorious time is past and the accommodating railroad has passed into the possession of the cruel and hard-hearted C. P. R. and the only train passing over it is the Tobique Valley Hobo which many Normal students know to their disgust.

The fane is fallen! the rite is o'er
And that train rides the track—no more.
—TRAVELLET in the Normal Light.

A. FISHERMAN'S TRIALS.

Exposure While at Sea Brought on an Attack of Sciatica Which Caused the Most Excruciating Agony.

Mr George W. Shaw, of Saudford N. S., follows the occupation of a fisherman and like all who pursue this arduous calling is exposed frequently to inclement weather. Some years ago, as a result of exposure, Mr. Shaw was attacked by sciatica, and for months suffered intensely. He says the pain he endured was something agonizing, and he was not able to do any work for some months. His hip was drawn out of shape by the trouble, and the doctor who attended him said that it also affected the spine. After being under the care of a doctor for several months without getting relief, Mr. Shaw discontinued medical treatment, and resorted to the use of plasters and liniments, but with no better results. He was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided to do so. After using them for a couple of weeks, he found a decided relief, and in about two months' time every trace of the trouble had disappeared, and he has not since been troubled with any illness. Mr Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of pills to ward off any possible recurrence of the trouble.

Those attacked with sciatica, rheumatism, and kindred troubles, will avoid much suffering and save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset of the trouble. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c a box or 6 six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

His Marks

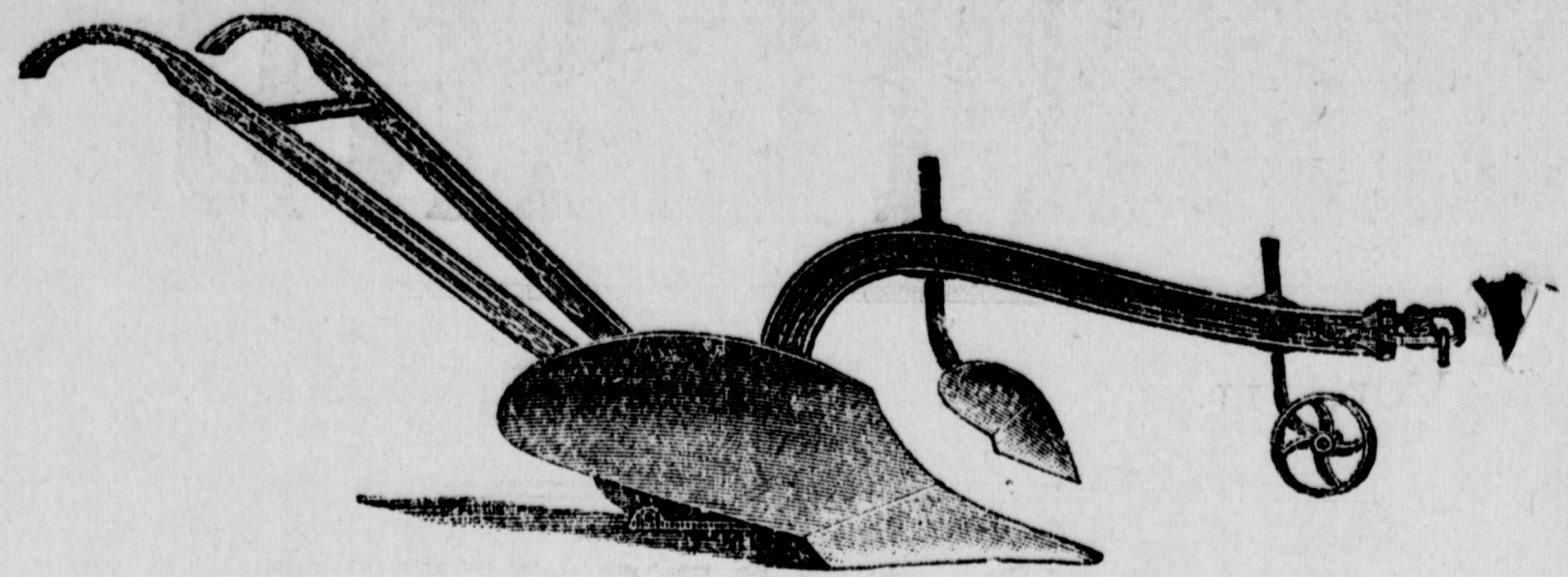
A commercial traveler entered the hall of a hotel, and, picking up a pen, proceeded to make several perpendicular lines upon the register. When he had made half a dozen, more or less, he threw down the pen, with some exclamation about it being unfit to write with. Then he took up another and began making more straight marks, like capital I's with the shoulders cut off.

By this time the clerk was angry and informed the stranger that the register was intended for signatures and must not be defaced in that manner.

"Oh, don't get angry about it!" said the man with the pen.

He made a few horizontal dashes and giving the register a twirl, showed the angry clerk that he had only been writing his name, which was H. H. Hill.—Pearson's Weekly.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines," by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the Hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by Government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Secretary, Star Insurance Bldg, Chicago.



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