

We Know What

Is going to happen to the little boy who is stuffing himself with green apples. A grown man couldn't be induced to try that experiment; and yet the grown man will overload himself with indigestible food for which he will pay a greater penalty than colic. It is this careless and thoughtless eating which is the beginning of stomach trouble and all its painful consequences.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other forms of "stomach trouble." It restores the weak and run-down man or woman to sound health.

"Some time has elapsed since I have written you in regard to the treatment I have been taking under your instructions," says Mr. E. F. Cingmars of Minneapolis, Minn. "When first I commenced taking your remedies I was under treatment of a well-known specialist in this city (and had been for four months) for catarrh, and especially stomach trouble, and I was rapidly getting worse. Got so bad that I could not eat anything that did not distress me terribly, and I was obliged to quit taking the doctor's treatment entirely. I was greatly reduced in flesh. As a result of this I wrote to you and stated my case, and after receiving your instructions I followed them closely. After taking five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of his 'Pile Cure' I commenced to improve, and decided to continue the medicines and observe your instructions regarding hygiene and treatment. It is now nearly six months since I commenced your treatment and I can say that I am well and never feel better in my life. Am very grateful to you for what your medicine has done for me."

Dr. Pierce's Pile Cure cures hemorrhoids and sick headache.



Literature.

TRAGEDY OF ST. MARK'S STEEPLE.

Do you know, sir, I can never look at that steeple without turning cold all over, although it's nearly forty years since it happened. And the old man pointed toward the distant city, where the tall, slender spire of St. Mark's, rising higher than the rest, was silhouetted against the glow of the setting sun, whose last rays made the gilded vane on the summit burn as with fire.

It's forty years since, he continued, but it might have been yesterday, so vivid is the horror of it; but come inside and I'll tell you all about it.

She would never let on that she cared for me. She was too artful a puss for that, but I thought I had a chance, and I went for it for all I was worth. She used to drive me mad with jealousy, flirting with this man and smiling on that, until I could have killed the whole lot. But I never let her see it. I was much too deep for that.

Only let a girl know you're jealous and she'll make your life a hell, a torment, just for the love of teasing and showing her power over you. I always came up smiling, and she couldn't understand it, but it conquered her in the end, and for nearly forty years, bless her, she's been the sweetest, most loyal wife a man ever had.

But this is an old story, you say, and so it is, but still it's always new, and I'll get on to the tragedy quite soon enough.

The only man I was really afraid of was my partner Jack—Jack Harding—as fine a young fellow as you ever saw in your life, tall and straight as a lath and with a face like a young god, but he was a bit inclined to be wild, and that's a fatal thing in my line. Ruth was fonder of him than of all the others—what girl could help it?—and if he'd only played his cards well he might have had her without giving any of us a look in.

But jealousy! Why, my worst attacks were mildness itself compared with Jack's, and he couldn't conceal them as I did. He had some Spanish blood in his veins, I always thought—he looked like a Spaniard—and if she even smiled at another man his eyes flashed as if he would strike them both dead, and more than once he lost his temper and said things to her that no girl would stand, least of all Ruth.

Well, to come to the point, I soon saw that the prize rested between him and me, and though I thought my chance was small enough, I wasn't going to lose her for want of asking.

If I live to be a hundred, I shall always remember that evening when I asked her if I had a chance and if she could marry a clumsy, ugly man like me.

"Chance?" she said as she looked up at me roughly out of her blue eyes. "Why, Jim, you donkey, you've got every chance, and if you hadn't been blind you'd have seen it months ago." And then she laughed a kind of hysterical laugh and hid her blushes on my shoulder.

Well, sir, if she'd knocked me down I couldn't have been more surprised—it was all so sudden and unexpected—but I had the presence of mind to put my arm round her and to draw her face up to mine to kiss it, and then—why, sir, there wasn't a man in England half as happy as me.

"But what about Jack?" I said, when I'd come to a bit.

"About Jack!" she said archly. "Well, when you say you're tired of me, I'll begin to think about him—if I live long enough."

When Jack heard of it, he went mad—clean mad—swore he would kill us both and flung himself into a wild orgy of drink and dissipation. I saw next to nothing of him for weeks, and when we met he passed on the other side of the road without looking at me. Of course I was sorry for him, but it was the luck of war or, rather, of love, and I had played my cards honorably, while I was far too busy and happily occupied to have any fears for what he might do to me.

Then one day he seemed completely changed; came to me with an outstretched hand and asked my pardon, saying that I'd won fairly and wished me luck. But somehow I didn't like the looks of him and didn't trust him, and I had good ground for my distrust, as I was soon to prove. During his drinking bout I had to hire an assistant for any job that came my way, but when he offered to join me again I took him on just as if nothing had happened.

My little girl was very nervous about me, now that I was so much to her, and begged me to give up steeple climbing and work on solid ground, but there is more money in the air, for me at any rate, and as I wanted to save for that little nest I had in view I thought I would stick to my steeple a little longer.

Then came the job that cost Jack his life and nearly cost me mine—regarding the vane on the top of St. Mark's steeple. How well I remember that morning in May when everything—my heart included—seemed to dance for joy of living and loving! I found time to run around to see my little girl before beginning work and found her sad and tearful.

She had dreamed the previous night that she saw me fighting with a man in midair, and then, all at once, I fell down, down and struck the earth with a sickening thud at her very feet.

"Don't go to-day, Jim," she pleaded, as the tears chased each other down her cheeks. "I know something will happen to you."

In vain I argued and chaffed, and when at last I tore myself away with a promise to run in in the evening she covered her face with her hands and stood motionless in the door till I was out of sight, as if shutting some horrid spectacle from her eyes. Jack was specially cheerful when I joined him—too gay, I thought, as I saw the reckless light in his eyes and saw he had been drinking.

"You lucky dog," he said as he slapped me on the shoulder. "You've been to see Ruth, I know, and her kiss is warm on your lips. Ah, well, I shall have my turn of luck some day—maybe sooner than you think!" "I hope so, too, my lad," I said sympathetically as we set to work, "and the sooner the better."

A few hours later we were suspended, one on each side of the steeple, a couple of hundred feet above the pygmies that were crawling beneath us. We were both busy as could be, gilding the ball from which the vane sprang, Jack on one side and me on the other.

Each of us was standing on a tiny platform, little larger than the seat of a chair, with a sheer, dizzy drop of nearly seventy yards beneath us, and each, for additional safety, was attached to the steeple by a life line running under his arms.

Jack had not spoken a word for nearly an hour, but I thought nothing of that, as we were working against time, and the darkness was beginning already to creep over the sky. You know when you're working at that height, removed as it were from all the world and with nothing but silence about and around you, the slightest noise sends a shock through a man, however strong his nerves may be.

You can imagine, then, how startled I was when, all at once, I heard a loud shriek of laughter almost, as it seemed, at my very ear. There was something uncanny about it, too, that set my heart thumping and my flesh creeping as they have never done before or have since.

When the laugh ceased and silence came again as an awful relief, I said:

"What's the joke, Jack? Don't keep it to yourself."

"Joke?" he said. "I should think it would be a joke. I was fancying you shooting down like a stone to the pavement down there and what Ruth would think when she saw the pieces."

"What a rummy idea!" I answered with affected coolness, though my heart was beating faster than ever and seemed as if it would suffocate me. "But I'm going down a little slower than that as soon as I've finished this bit of work. But pull yourself together, Jack, and get your gold on, and then we'll soon be down there on our two legs."

"No, sir!" he shouted. "I'm going to have a race with you to the bottom, and whoever gets there first Ruth can have. Come on! Now for a jump together!"

As he said this he craned his neck round the corner of the steeple to get a look at me, and a single glance at his wild eyes showed me that the man was raving mad and that I was alone in midair with a maniac who hated me and would certainly kill me if he could.

I was powerless. If I called for help, I might be heard, but who could come to my assistance, poised as I was at such a giddy height above the world? And in a single moment I might be in the throes of a life and death struggle with a man quite as strong as myself and made ten times stronger by madness.

He was slowly and surely working round toward me, and there was not a moment to waste. Something must be done quickly, and everything depended on keeping cool. In a moment I had eased the hitch of the line around my hand and was swung around to meet him. Before he had time to protect himself I had seized him by the throat and had forced him down on the saddle board.

But it was only for a moment, for, strong as I was, my strength was as a child's compared with his. With a wrench he was free and had flung his powerful arms around my chest and was squeezing the very life out of me.

In vain I struggled as we swung backward and forward against the face of the steeple. I tried to call out, but my voice stuck in my throat, my eyes felt as if they were being forced out of my head, and my breath came in convulsive gasps. All the time, amid the horrible silence, broken only by the creaking of the ropes and the grating of the saddles against the steeple, his eyes were glaring into mine and his hot breath was on my face.

I felt my senses rapidly leaving me when my hand by accident struck my toolbox, and instinctively, as it were, clutched a wrench. With a last effort I raised my hand, struck him with all my remaining strength full on the temple—and then I remembered no more.

When I came to myself, I was lying in bed and Ruth's eyes were looking down on me with just such a look in them as an angel might have, but she said no word, and I sank into unconsciousness again.

It was weeks before I was about again or heard what happened after all became dark about me on the top of the steeple. It seems the struggle had been seen by the people on the street below. An excited crowd had gathered, but they could do nothing but look and wonder and wait. They had seen me strike Jack and fall back senseless in the saddle as his arms released me, and then, to their horror, they had seen him slip off his platform and drop like a stone, rebounding off the steeple and falling with shattered head on the stone pavement at their feet. He must have slipped his life line in the struggle, but luckily mine saved me, and with great difficulty I was safely lowered down and carried home.

Well, there's little more to tell. They buried poor Jack, and three months later the wedding bells were ringing for me and the sweetest bride that ever brought a man from the gates of death back to a life that has been all sunshine.—London Tit-Bits.

ACCOUNTS IN DETAIL.

Passed at the January session of County Council and ordered to be printed.

Municipality of Carleton Co.,

To rent of room for holding poll for County Councilors. Oct 8, 1901, To W N Hand, M D, Dr

Oct 1 To furnishing certificate of freedom from contagious disease for Chas Kinney previous to removal to Provincial Penitentiary, \$2 00

Jan 8 To furnishing certificate insanity for Mr Fyler Dibble previous to removal to Prov Lunatic Asylum, 4 00

Amount due, \$6 00

1901. To Dr M E Commins, Dr Aug 23 To examination and certificate of insanity for Mrs Peter Shea, \$4 00

To telephone message to Deputy Sheriff Foster in connection with above, 25 Dec 16 To examination and certificate of insanity for Mary Doyle, 4 00

Total, \$8 25

1901. To Robert Aird, Dr Oct 8 To holding election as district clerk in district No 3 (Beaufort) Kent, \$2 00

do To rent of polling booth, 2 00

do To taking returns to Bath 24 miles, 2 40

To J C Hartley, Dr

To preparing and forwarding to parish clerks a copy of Voters' Lists as provided by New Brunswick Elections' Act, \$15 00

1901. To W D Rankin, M D, Dr Feb 26 To certificate Jos Breen, \$1 50

do Med attend J Ferguson, 1 00

Mar 30 Cert insanity Geo Gunn, 4 00

Apr 30 Attendance Jack Shea, 1 50

Sep 11 Cert insanity Mary Fraser 4 00

Nov 14 Exam Lemuel Mackenzie 1 50

1902. Jan 6 Attendance Thos Clark, 1 50

\$15 00

To F G Purington, commissioner, Dr Land damages for new road: To Mr Rush, \$20 00

To Mrs McLaughlan, 30 00

To cost of laying out road, 8 00

1901. To E C Secord, M D, Dr June 27 To

1901. To Dr James G Atkinson, Dr June 20 To examining and granting certificate to convey and confine Geo Sparks for insanity in Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Fairville, N B, \$4 00

To John Lenehan, Dr To attending Police Court trial of King vs Albert Brown, 1 day

To two miles travel, 20

\$0 95

1901. To J Hanford Lindsay, Dr October 10 To 17 miles travelling to attend the preliminary examination of Albert W Brown, at the Police Court, in the town of Woodstock, in the matter of the King, against him for assault at 10c per mile

One day's attend'ce, 75c per day, 75

\$2 45

1901. To Wm Gray, constable, Dr Sept 1 Serving King's summons on Esau Holmes, \$0 25

To 10 mls trav and return at 10c 1 00

Serving King's summons on G W Tinker, witness, 25

To 10 mls trav and return at 10c 1 00

Serving summons on John Hatheway, witness, 25

To 12 mls trav and return at 10c 1 20

5 mls to attend exam 50

1 day attending exam 1 00

\$5 45

1901. To Ezekiel Demerchatt, Dr Sept 12 To 10 mls trav to attend exam as witness in the Eben Smith perjury case at 5c, \$0 50

To 1 day attendance at court 1 00

\$1 50

1901. To T H Estey, Dr To damages assessed by jury on new road laid out to Wicklow ferry, \$1 00

1901. To Ed Drier, Dr To damages assessed by jury on new road laid out to Wicklow ferry, \$5 00

1901. To Newman Esty, Dr To damages assessed by jury on new road laid out to Wicklow ferry, \$5 00

1901. To Chas Estey, Dr To damages assessed by jury on new road laid out to Wicklow ferry, \$10 00

1901. To R Hutchins, Dr To damage assessed by jury on new road laid out to Wicklow ferry, \$3 00

1901. To James W Blackie, commissioner, Wicklow, Dr Paid E R Squires, J P, swearing jury, \$2 00

Paid jury fees, 7 00

Above fees incurred in laying out new road to Wicklow ferry, \$9 00

1901. To Dr D W Ross, Dr Dec 17 To making post mortem examination on body of Wm Sayles, per order of Coroner E A Welch, M D, attending inquest and evidence, \$8 00

To travelling to Beaufort and return, 46 miles, 11 50

\$19 50

1902. To Fred H Stevens, Dr Jan 4 To notice of meeting, \$5 00

Oct 1901 do election, 3 50

\$5 00

To Edwin A Welch, M D, coroner, Dr

Aug 18 Journey to Esdraelon to examine body of Brundage Chase who was drowned at Gillmor's mill pond, and declining to hold an inquest as the evidence showed that he was alone to blame and that his death was the result of pure mischance, \$4 00

Travel'g six mls three each way 60

\$4 60

Dec 15 Travelling to Beaufort to examine the body of William Sayles, 10 miles each way, 2 00

Dec 17 Holding inquest on body of William Sayles, Travelling to Beaufort and back 10 miles each way, 2 00

Paid seven jurymen 50c each, 3 50

Paid one witness, 50

Paid to Jos Lee for use of house for holding said inquest, 2 00

(Less \$2.30), \$18 00

To John S Leighton, Dr To vouchers No 1, \$3 50

do 2, 3 50

do 3, 3 10

Paid freight on record books, 19 30

Postage stamps used for 1 year 19 30

\$30 20

1901. To George R Smith, Dr October 10 To 15 mls trav to attend the preliminary exam of Albert W Brown, at the Police Court, in the town of Woodstock, in the matter of the King against him for assault, at 10c a mil, \$1 50

One day's attend'ce at 75c a day, 75

\$2 25

To Samuel Jones, Dr To 5 days work on Court House, omis in last account at \$1.25 per day, \$6 25

To one day and one night searching for Charles Kinney, 4 00

CR, \$10 25

By 160 tile at \$3.50 per hundred 5 60

Balance due, \$4 65

1901. To W W Hay, coroner, Dr July 31 To holding inquest on unknown man killed on C P R, \$8 00

Pd S B Appleby for affidavit 1 00

Pd J Neilson for photos 2 50

Due jury, 7 00

\$18 50

Oct 24 To holding inquest on J Irvine, \$8 00

Paid jury, 3 50

Paid O Kelly constable 3 30

Paid S B Appleby affidavit 1 00

\$34 30

The Press Publishing Co, Dr Sep 2 Advt election notice \$5 00

19 1000 receipts, 2 50

Oct 12 500 assessors' notices, 1 50

15 500 notices of rates, 1 50

17 500 blanks for overseer of poor, 3 00

Dec 23 Notice of meeting 1 50

20 1 bk oaths of allegiance, 1 75

\$16 75

To Jas W Wolverson, constable, Dr To one day and one night searching for Chas Kinney, escaped prisoner, \$4 00

Team from Glidden, 4 00

Assisting Deputy Sheriff in arresting Mrs Aboud and Lena Adams, 1 00

Attending trial, 1 10

Ser'g King's summons C Ensley, 1 10

do do Harry Carpenter 90

do do Earl McLellan 1 10

Serv'g subpoena Arthur Duff, 90

Team from Gallaghers for travelling with warrant to McKenzie Corner, 2 00

Serv'g subpoena on G Hall, 90

do do S Hall, 90

Attending trial, 1 00

\$18 80

1901. To E H Saunders, M D C M, Dr Oct 24 Post mortem on J F Irvine and evidence in coroner's court, \$8 00

To Ralph J Estabrooks, Dr To attg examination at Police Magistrate's of Colby A Craig, one day, \$1 00

Travelling 37 miles at 5c, 1 85

\$2 85

This is to certify that I, William Kimball, of the parish of Wakefield, County of Carleton, N B, constable, have committed Mrs A W Currie to the Lunatic Asylum, St John, N B, for which I charge, \$4 00

Paid for tickets on C P R, 10 00

And paid for board, 3 00

Total, \$17 00

The Woodstock Electric Light Co, Ltd, Dr

Dec 31 To installing 32 lights in jail, at \$2, \$64 00

To 1 No 16723 three-wire meter and wiring same 23 00

\$87 00

1899. To Hugh Hay & Son, Dr May 16 To 6 rolls paper at 10c, \$ 60

Aug 7 To 21 yards drill for Mr Henderson at 20c, 4 20

\$4 80

1901. To The Dispatch, Dr Aug 25 Advt of election, \$6 00

1902. Jan 1 Notice of meeting 1 00

\$7 00

1900. To D W Brooks, Dr June To serving warrant on Jos Melvin on complaint of Bamford Dickinson, killing a dog, \$1 00

Serving summons on Jos Melvin on complaint of Bamford Dickinson, 40

Travel 28 miles at 5c 1 40

\$2 80

To keeping Melvin while under arrest, three meals, and attending court, 1 75

\$4 55

To Wendell P Jones, Dr To registering Road Records of the county in book, assorting and index'g 550 folios at 20c, \$110 00