

# Hacking

There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. It tears the tender membrane of the throat and lungs, and the wounds thus made attract the germs of consumption. Stop your cough by using the family remedy that has been curing coughs and colds of every kind for over sixty years. You can't afford to be without it.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; and the cough drops away.

Three sizes: the one dollar size is the cheapest to keep on hand; the 50c. size for coughs you have had for some time; the 25c. size for an ordinary cold.

"For 15 years I had a very bad cough. The doctors and everybody else thought I had a true case of consumption. Then I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it only took a bottle and a half to cure me."  
F. MARION MILLER, Camden, N. Y.  
Oct. 23, 1895.

Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice, write the Doctor first. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

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Students can enter at any time.  
S. KEIR & SON,  
Old Fellows' Hall.

## Statistics and Courtship.

A person of astatistical turn of mind has been delving into a somewhat romantic domain for one of his practical bent. He has compiled statistics that cannot fail to prove interesting. Eighty-one out of 100 men, he avers, vowed they could not live any longer without the adored ones; 72 held the ladies' hands in a tight grip; 60 kissed them on the lips, 10 on the right hand, two on the tip of the nose and one on the shoulder; 18 were so excited that they could hardly speak; 26 lost their eloquence through certain qualms of conscience; 12 said in deep chest tones, "Thank God," and eight frankly admitted that they were inexpressibly happy.

By studying the conduct of 100 men whose suits were rejected the statistician obtained the following equally interesting figures: Forty of them rushed in a frenzy out of the room; 21 of them said that life henceforth had no more value in their eyes, and that they would commit suicide; 14 became suddenly tongue-tied and irrational; six calmly resigned themselves to the inevitable; five avowed their intention to immediately emigrate to America; three tore out some of their hair; two bit their lips till blood came, one stuck his hands in his pockets and whistled a popular song, and another looked up toward Heaven and began to say the Lord's Prayer.

Of the ladies 87 per cent. knew beforehand that the proposals were about to be made to them. Seventy of them sank as though embarrassed into the arms of the loved ones, and only four fell gently down on a chair or sofa. Fourteen covered their blushing faces with their hands, eight threw their arms passionately around the necks of the men. Two said "Please speak to mamma," and one sneered.

One, who was 48 years old protested vigorously against giving or receiving a kiss. Another who was about the same age, said, "Yes you may kiss me, but you must do it in a gentlemanly manner." Such, then, are some of the ways in which proposals are made and received. The study is an interesting one, and in several ways should prove especially instructive to members of the fair sex.

A Roman bowl of Samian make, said to be 2,900 years old has been brought up from the sea bottom off Beachy head by a Brighton sea oyster dredger.

## Poetry.

### THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

How solemn and how sacred is the midnight hour,  
It seems to me the choice of all the twenty-four,  
Which follow silently in one another's steps  
Our hearts to gladden, yet they oftentimes make it sore.  
At midnight all my daily toils are o'er,  
I rest secure from all that me annoys,  
I dream of all the past, the present and the future yet to be,  
And think of all my sorrows, fears and joys.  
Sometimes I read. How many precious gems I've added to my little crown of truth,  
By reading, reading through that sweetly, happy hour,  
Thus moulding true my strongly passioned youth.  
Ofttimes I pass this hour with pen in hand,  
Directing words of love to a playmate far away,  
Or writing down my thoughts, as I am doing now,  
Or copying from a learned page, what some learned heart did say.  
I've learned this hour to welcome, for to sooth All petty cares which may perplex my soul.  
Oh! midnight, precious, precious hour,  
How much you do my character to mould.  
LONA J. BELYEA.

## Literature.

### MORGAN'S INVESTIGATION

The train was about to start, and the young man who had just arisen from his seat beside a young woman in the day coach was turning away when a tall young man came up the aisle.

"Why, it's Morgan!" cried the first young man with a quick hand clasp. "How's Jim. 'Here' he quickly added 'take this seat and entertain my cousin in the best way you know how, Miss Ellington, Mr. Morgan. Good bye.' And he hustled out just as the train began to move.

"Rather unceremonious," laughed Morgan, as he paused beside the seat and looked inquiringly at the girl. "It's Arthur's way," she smilingly said. "Won't you sit down?"

And Morgan, as he bowed and took the seat, noticed that this was a remarkably attractive girl.

"I haven't seen Arthur before for a year or two," he said. "We were in college together and great chums, but as usual drifted apart. What is he doing now?"

"Just now he is threatening to settle down," said the girl. "An indulgent mother has made life very pleasant for him since he came out of college. He has been abroad, you know, and out to California, and down to Florida, and he has his shooting in the Adirondacks, and his automobile trips, and—well, his time has been quite taken up."

James Morgan shook his head. "I don't like that," he said. "Arthur has good stuff in him. At least, I always thought so. Besides, I don't like the idea of his taking these favors from a woman."

"Not even from his mother?"

"No. The principle is the same. I can understand that a rich father might want to broaden his son's views by travel and by association with widely different classes of humanity, but with a rich mother it would simply be a desire to pamper and please. Besides, I don't believe that true men accept favors from women."

The girl beside him smilingly opened her eyes.

"That's rather old fashioned, isn't it?" she asked. "This is the twentieth century, you know. The world, or at least our part of it, seems to think that women are quite on an equality with men in most respects, and that in financial and business matters the question of sex does not enter at all."

"I know," he said. "And I admit that I am old-fashioned about it. But it grates sadly on my ideas of chivalry to know that a man is under obligations to a woman for his daily bread or even for his salary. That sounds a little preachy, doesn't it?" and he laughed as he caught the girl's amused look.

"And you think it would be quite too humiliating for a man to accept employment from a woman?"

"That's the way I look at it," laughed Morgan.

"Perhaps you have had some very unpleasant experience that has prejudiced you?" the girl suggested.

"No," said Morgan. The fact is, I know very little about women, I mean the modern woman. I was a country boy and never saw a city until I went to college. Ours wasn't a co-educational university, and, anyway, I was quite too busy to think of the girls. Since I left college I've been knocking about in and out of the way places where women never go. Went to South America to help build a railroad, and a revolution drove us out. Was assistant superintendent of a Montana mine and a consolidation froze us out. Was foreman of the Acme Stamping Company when the treasurer wrecked it. You see I'm quite a rolling stone, with the usual accumulation of moss. But I fancy my turn will come yet."

"And may I inquire what your next venture is to be?" said the girl. "I'm

asking merely to discover what your chances are for your meeting the woman of to-day. She laughed with quite a remarkable display of dimples. "I fancy you will find her quite an interesting study when you can spare the time."

Morgan turned and looked at her. "I begin to think so," he said. Then he hastily looked away. "Oh, yes, my next venture? I'm going to Monticello."

"That's not very promising ground."

"It may be from my point of view," said Morgan.

"Then you think of going into business there?"

"It depends upon a certain contingency. I am going to inspect a manufacturing property there at the request of several capitalists, who contemplate buying it. If my report is favorable they will take it. If the report isn't favorable I am out of a job again." He laughed. "You see that integrity in business is sometimes put to severe strain."

"But how does it happen that this factory is in the market?" the girl inquired.

"Bad management is the root of the trouble," replied Morgan. "It's a big concern with all the improvements, but there's too much old blood in control. Too many old retainers of the house are puttering around when they should be pensioned off. From all I can hear it wants an infusion of youthful ginger into its affairs. But how can this interest you?"

"Why, it does," smiled the girl. "I'm acquainted in Monticello and think I know the factory you mean. I am on my way to visit an aunt, who lives at Millington, the next station beyond Monticello. We will not be far apart, and may meet again. I am a little anxious to know how you are impressed."

"Impressed?" repeated Morgan. "By the factory—and the girls."

Morgan echoed her merry laugh. "I fancy the first will keep me quite too busy to think of the second."

"And how long do you propose to stay in Monticello?"

"I suppose my work will keep me for at least two weeks."

"Then I am quite sure we will meet again. Ah, there's the whistle for Monticello."

She put out her slim hand as Morgan arose, and he murmured something about the pleasure of meeting her, and did it with a clumsiness that must have amused her, and a moment later stood on the platform watching the receding train.

She was a charming girl, there was no doubt about that. He was almost sorry he had met her. It would distract his mind from his business. And how she had drawn him out. Why, he had talked of nothing but himself. He must forget her.

He had been in Monticello a little over a week, and was just leaving the factory one afternoon when a carriage approached. There were two ladies in it, and one of them was bowing. It was Miss Ellington. He returned the salute, and the driver at a word from the elder lady, drew up to the curb.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Morgan," said the girl as she put out her hand. "Auntie, Mr. Morgan. My aunt, Mrs. Maynard. Auntie has an invitation for you, Mr. Morgan."

"I want to take you home with us and have you stay to dinner," said the elderly lady. "We have been waiting for a fine day so that you could enjoy the drive. And we'll promise to send you back safely on the last trolley car."

She was a charming lady with such a winning air that quite before he realized what he was doing Morgan had accepted the invitation. He murmured something about the state of his toilet, and the necessity for going to his hotel, but the old lady pronounced him quite au fait, adding that he need not worry as he was to be the only guest.

And so James Morgan took the seat facing the ladies and began what proved to be a most delightful drive. "And how fares the investigation?" inquired the girl.

"Along which line?" laughed Morgan.

"You led me to believe that you had time to pursue but one line," said the girl.

"True," said Morgan. "It is the serious line that I have been following up. And it turns out just as I had expected. There has been mismanagement and carelessness. It appears that the head of the concern died some time ago and the company's affairs are in new and evidently incompetent hands. Nobody at the factory seems to know much about this, but I fancy it speaks for itself. If an up-to-date hustler had charge of that plant he'd put it on a paying basis inside of three months."

The girl looked at him a little curiously.

"Yourself, for instance?"

Morgan laughed.

"I had myself in view when I spoke," he said. "If I had that plant in charge I'd want full swing. And if I got it I'd guarantee to return the Russell-Beamis Company seven per cent on their investment the first year." He

laughed a little as he said this. "I can afford to be egotistical," he added. "It takes a pull to get a place like that."

And there the subject dropped. There were other subjects, however, to take up, and both Miss Ellington and her aunt were delightful talkers, and Morgan told them some of his experiences in the wilds of the two continents, and something about his college life, and the time passed very pleasantly. There was a charming dinner and a pleasant chat in the library, and when Morgan was coming home on the last trolley car he told himself that it had been the most delightful evening he had ever known.

Two days later he received a telegram. It was brief, but to the point. "Deal off. Company will not consider proposition. Send in bill. Culver."

When Morgan went to pay his hotel bill he found a letter awaiting him. The letter bore the imprint of the Russell-Beamis Company. He hastily tore it open. It was an offer of the superintendency of the Monticello plant, salary and other details to be arranged later. If the place was accepted, he was asked to wire the city office and take charge at once. The letter, couched in strictly business terms, was signed "Phineas Ranney, trustee."

Three days later Morgan was hard at work. The trustee, a shrewd old lawyer, had brought down the contract, the salary was arranged, and Morgan was devoting every energy to putting the plant on a paying basis. It was hard work, very hard work, but his toil was lightened by his visit to the home of Miss Ellington's aunt. They had become quite regular visits now, and the more he saw of Edith Ellington the more charming she appeared. She had such a sympathetic way with her, and seemed so interested in his work.

"But why should you exhaust all your energies for people whom you do not know, and who undoubtedly look upon you as a mere machine?" she asked him one day.

He laughed in his boyish way. "I don't think of them at all," he said. "I am working on honor, you know. My professional reputation is at stake. I've made promises and I mean to carry them out. Besides I love the work."

"And at that the girl gave him such a delightful smile that he remembered it for many days."

"He had been in charge of the Russell-Beamis plant for perhaps ten months, when on a certain Sunday afternoon he said, in response to Edith's usual inquiries about the factory, that it would be well for the management to send a good man abroad to enlarge the company's market."

"We can double our output," he said 'and at very little advance in expenses, and I know the European market is just hungering for our goods.' He laughed, 'I'd like to go myself for a three months' trip. I could get away as well as not. Everything is running smoothly, and young Fallon is quite competent to carry out my orders.'

"And the trip would give you a rest," said Edith Ellington.

"I hadn't thought of that," laughed Morgan. "But I am quite willing to guarantee again that I will make it a decidedly profitable rest for the company."

On the following Thursday the superintendent received a telegram asking him to report the next morning at the Company's city office. He found Lawyer Phineas Ranney at his desk and the old man greeted him in his dry and yet not unpleasant way.

"Sit down, Mr. Morgan," he said. "I've just been looking over your last statement. Very good, sir, very good. You've done admirably, sir, admirably." He paused and smiled. "That's a good deal of praise coming from me, sir."

"Thank you," said Morgan. "I tried to live up to my agreement."

"We appreciate it," said the old lawyer, and we've been thinking it over and have come to the conclusion that it would be a good idea, now that things are running smoothly, to send you over to Europe, say for three months, with the idea of opening up a foreign market for our goods. What do you think of the idea?"

Morgan stared hard at the old man.

"It's an excellent idea," he said.

"Very well, then," said the old man. "You can arrange things so as to start the middle of next month."

"Very well sir," said Morgan.

The old man looked at him.

"By the way," he said, "The Russell-Beamis Company would like to meet you in the private office. That's the door, step right in."

A lady was sitting at the desk. She looked around as he entered.

"Why Edith—Miss Ellington," Morgan stammered. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I was told I would find the Russell-Beamis Company here."

The girl looked up with a roguish smile.

"I am the Russell-Beamis Company," she said.

"You?"

He sank into a chair. "He was quite dazed."

"Why didn't you tell me?" he stammered.

"Do you remember that you said, and with considerable unnecessary emphasis that you would not accept a salary from a woman as an incorporation company?"

Edith Ellington laughed merrily.

"Well," she said, "you will understand that I took your remark so seriously that I bound you with a contract before I told you the truth."

Morgan suddenly arose.

"Miss Ellington," he said, "this unexpected revelation may make a great difference in my hopes and my aspirations. I cannot wait for time to tell. I am going to say to you what I had intended to say when courage and a proper sense of my own deserving came to me." He moved a step nearer. "Miss Ellington—Edith, will you be my wife?"

There was a soft flush on the fair face that was upturned to him, but the clear eyes showed no sign of surprise.

"But your duties, your trip abroad?" she softly said.

He came still nearer.

"We will make it our wedding journey he said."

A sunny smile played across the upturned face.

"The Russell-Beamis Company takes Superintendent Morgan's suggestion under advisement," she gravely said. "I—I think I may go so far as to say that—that she—cordially accepts it and she put out both hands."

"And now," she said a moment later, "will the superintendent kindly take the company out to luncheon?"

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## Was Pale, Weak And Very Nervous

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JAS. A. PALMER, M.A., Principal.

Sackville, N. B., July 9, 1902—2m-2a.

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