

CONSUMPTION

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way. It creeps its way along. First you think it is a little cold, nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats. Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. Better cure your cough today.

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The pressure on the chest is lifted, that feeling of suffocation is removed, and you are cured. You can stop that little cold with a 25 cent bottle; harder coughs will need a 50 cent size; if it's on the lungs the one dollar size will be most economical.

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Literature.

A DEBT OF HONOR.

It was the warm afternoon of an August day about two years ago that the stereotyped gang of idlers hanging about the ferry wharves were delighted at having the monotony of the scene relieved by the singular movements of a couple of policemen. One of their well-fed guardians of the peace was on his knees over a broken plank in the flooring of a neighboring dock angrily issuing evidently disregarded commands to a fugitive concealed beneath, while his fellow, with equal wrath and perspiration, endeavored to pry up a loose board further along.

"What's happened? What's the matter?" asked the bystanders, and the passengers from the just landed ferry-boat also stopped to look on.

The policemen, however, ignored the inquiries leveled at them with all the haughtiness peculiar to the municipal official of the period. But when one of the passengers, whose every detail suggested the bustling merchant, heavy taxpayer, and prominent citizen, said brusquely: "What's up, officer?" one of the blue and brass dignitaries respectfully replied: "Nuthin' but a wharf rat, zur."

"Then why don't you send a dog in if it's a rat?" returned the merchant, innocently.

But the derisive comments upon his ignorance made by the loungers were cut short then by the cries of the rodent in question, forced from his sanctuary by the club of one of his pursuers, who had succeeded in removing the plank. The captive thus secured was a diminutive preposterously dirty urchin, with the blackest eyes and reddest head imaginable. As the policeman dragged him into daylight by his threadbare collar and perched him, trembling and whimpering, on a bale near at hand, a shout of appreciative gratification went up from the larger part of the crowd. Nothing tickles the risibles of your ordinary loafer so much as a little genuine fright and suffering exhibited gratis.

Looking at the prisoner from this popular standpoint there was, indeed, cause for merriment. Nothing more pitiable could be imagined than that pigmy, hunger-pinched, barefoot, ragged figure, with its untimely aged face, white with despair at the realization of the terrible dread of his owner's brief life—he had been "pinched."

"What's he done?" asked a severe-looking man, eagerly. "Not been fighting dogs, eh?"

"Ther bye, is't," responded one of the peace preservers, leisurely re-sheathing his club. "Oh! he's only wan o' thim wharf rats, as lives beneath the wharves here an' stables from the projoose schooners o' noights. We be running' thim all in now for vagrancy and ondacent exposure, along o' thim going in swimmin' ivry foive minutes wid-out their clothes. It's no use tryin' to catch wan o' thim fellers in the water. They swimms loike a fish, thim does, an' they have more holes to slip into than the rats themselves, so they have."

"Ah!" said the severe-looking man, who was an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, "I was in hopes it was a case for me," and he walked off much disappointed.

The wharf rat ceased his low, terrified snivelling long enough to put in a plea that he was not a vagrant, but sold papers for a living; that he only slept under the wharf because it didn't cost anything; that he didn't know it was any harm to go in swimming, and other excuses common to desperate criminals.

One of the officers strolled off to ring the "hurry up" wagon to convey their captive to headquarters.

Meanwhile other passers by and from the ferry loitered to gaze at the strong hand of the law in full operation and to ask the prisoner's offence. One was the eloquent minister of an uptown church, but as he was hurrying home to begin a sermon on a new theme, suggested by the story of the Good Samaritan, he naturally had no time to waste upon latter-day Philistines, and so paused but a moment.

Another was a great capitalist, but it always made him uncomfortable to look at people that were poor and dirty and vulgar. He had been poor, dirty, and vulgar once himself, and now regarded all such attributes as direct personal reflections, so to speak, so he, too, passed by on the other side.

And then another type of rich man came along. One of those not infrequent millionaires who are haunted by the fear of being themselves reduced to poverty some day, despite their present hard-earned wealth. And so this one clutched his purse tighter than ever and gave way to a couple of giggling women who were the next comers.

Does not some writer say that sweet charity and all-comforting pity dwells forever in woman's gentle

breast? Heaven help humanity were this not in some large measure true, but there are women and women, and so this pair tittered in chorus "Ugh! the horrid little brat!" and then minced on toward the matinee.

Meanwhile the brisk merchant first mentioned walked rapidly up the street, like a man every moment of whose time meant coin. But he had hardly proceeded a couple of blocks before, for some reason, his pace became slower and slower. From time to time he jerked his head impatiently and muttered "pahaw!" in an indignant tone, as though engaged in combating some unwelcome mental suggestion that persisted in presenting itself to his consideration.

The fact was, this brusque, imperative man of trade was troubled with a most annoying and abnormal development of an organ, known to doctors and poets as the heart. Left to himself, and uninfluenced by what he suspected was an unfortunate hereditary weakness, this gentleman felt that he was a pattern of wealth, respectability and influence; in fact, possessing all the usual requisites for being selfish, uncharitable, self-centered, and unfeeling. He was, therefore, justly irritated when he found himself at times almost dragged into perpetrating some unbusiness-like bit of sentimentality demanded by the troublesome organ in question. He had noticed also that this constitutional complaint—it is not an epidemic one the reader will understand—always affected him most when most happy himself, and he was in a more than usually serene mood just then he was not surprised to hear a familiar small voice in his breast keep saying:

"Remember the loving little child you kissed when leaving home just now; suppose she were sitting in place of that wretched wail, crushed and despairing. Come! Come! old fellow, it will only take five minutes; go back and see if you cannot do something for the boy."

He fought against this absurd impulse for a time, but it ended in his turning at last and retracing his steps with that half injured, half shamefaced expression which, for some occult reason, many men assume when they set out about a good action.

"What's your name?" he gruffly asked of the child, who by this time had been pitched upon the seat of the wagon, which was about ready to start.

"Reddy," replied the midget, eyeing his questioner in a sort of despairing stupor. The House of Correction for six months, which he knew was the fate that awaited him, was more—much more—to his kind than the mere punishment or disgrace it implied. It meant, in addition, precisely what bankruptcy and ruin mean to the business man. Long before his release the particular street corner on which he sold his papers, the sole right to which, in accordance with the unwritten but immutable law of newsboys, he had defended at the cost of many a game-fought battle and bloody nose, would be gone forever.

"Reddy what?"

He shook his head as gravely as though flame-like hair did not supply further information.

"Where's your mother?"

"Gone dead."

"When?"

"Dunno—long time—fore dad cleared out."

"Where to?"

"Ter sea."

"And so you shift for yourself and sell papers? H-u-m! Why do they call you a wharf rat?"

"Dunno—I ain't no rat," said the pigmy, explanatorily, somehow warned unconsciously by the more kindly voice of the stranger.

"Well, hardly—you're not big enough for a rat. You're more like a mouse—so I'll give you a crumb."

And then the wagon started, the merchant stepped into a cab, and told the driver to proceed to headquarters, and he was missing an engagement at the Stock Board. As for Reddy, he watched the queer gentlemen out of sight with a kind of apathetic curiosity. The rat had been so injured by "chaffing" and other branches of popular street amusement that it did not surprise him to see this questioner go off like everyone else in spite of his kindly eyes and pleasant voice. In fact, "Reddy's" experiences with kind voices had been very few and far between indeed. He was still musing over the phenomenon when the wagon turned into the ominous side street and the shadow of the jail again fell over his benumbed little soul.

But the big man with the kind voice was there before him, chattering affably with the captain in charge.

"How much will this malefactor's forfeit bail come to?" he asked, as the exposure charge was booked.

"Ten dollars," said the clerk, with a grin.

If an angel from heaven had risen out of the floor to slow music—as, indeed, "Reddy" had once beheld one do from a galler seat at the theater

—and offered him a whole bucket of hot popcorn at once, the prisoner would have not been more amazed than he was at beholding the stranger take out a whole handful of notes and lay a crisp ten upon the desk.

"There, Mr. Mouse," he said, "there's your crumb. Your bathing bill is settled. Run along now."

"Does yer mean I kin go, Mister?" "Yess," said the plug-hatted angel, and then, as an unusually unctuous bit of humor occurred to him he continued, with a wink at the clerk, "but, you know, I only lend you this money; I expect you to pay it back in—in a year you understand?"

But even as they were all chuckling at the joke the wharf rat raised his little clenched paw and said with an earnestness that made even the callous specials look around:

"I'll do it, Mister—double-deed, I will I hope I'll be struck dead if I don't."

"Well—ahem!—See that you do," said his benefactor, with assumed gravity, "or else I shall think that you are not a mouse of your word."

"I hope I may be struck dead!" repeated the pigmy solemnly; so solemnly, indeed, that the merchant felt a sort of lump rise in his throat as he searched his pocket for a supplementary half dollar.

"No," said the small dealer, firmly declining this last. "I've got forty cents; that's huff for the papers." And hurriedly glancing at the clock, which showed the hour for the afternoon issues had arrived, he was off like a flash. For to be late then meant the total risk of his small capital and a meal or two skipped until the loss was repaired.

It was August again, and lacking a few days, a year had slipped by since the lion had reversed the fable by gnawing the net for the mouse to escape. Our friend the merchant was again crossing from the trans-ferry home. At the breakfast table that morning he had fired the infant imagination of his little domestic tyrant by reading an exciting item announcing the appearance of some baby lion at the park, and as a necessary sequence had finally yielded to the importunities of that despot to be at once conveyed to that realm of juvenile delight. So the entire family took an early boat for the city, the grown folks gravely pretending, as it is the inscrutable custom of grown folks everywhere, that they didn't in the least care about seeing the animals themselves, but that it wouldn't do to trust the nurse altogether in such a place.

As the boat neared the wharf on the city side, the mother was in the cabin engaged in discussing some mystery of the nursery with a neighboring matron, while the merchant, who had repaired to the forward deck with the child, was head over heels in a discussion regarding the political outlook.

Little Kittie, getting tired at length of hanging to the unresponsive big forefinger of her father's hand, trotted off unnoticed to peer from beneath the guard rails at the great tall poles that were sweeping close past as the steamer entered the slip. They reminded her of soldiers on parade, and leaning out over the lowermost rail, she tried to touch them as they passed.

As the steamer's bow ground against the piles with a more than usually violent jar, a sudden inarticulate cry of terror rose from the nearest passengers. The little bundle of chubby prettiness had disappeared over the side.

"My child!" shrieked the paralyzed father, as the crowding of the boat against the slip shut the drowning baby from sight and rendered help impossible. "She will be crushed beneath the wheel!"

"Back! Back!" shouted the passengers to the pilot, and while the frantic screams of the hysterical mother chilled their hearts, and a dozen kindly hands restrained the insane father from aimlessly leaping from the opposite side, the engine bells jangled furiously. The huge boat grated, halted, quivered, and began to sullenly move outward again.

Hoping against hope, the coolest of the passengers crowded to the rail with boat hooks, until, after what seemed an eternity of time, a narrow streak of water became visible, and grew wider and wider.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said one of the deckhands who was peering under the side, "if a wharf rat ain't got it!"

But the shudder caused by this strange remark was necessary, for presently the eager watchers above beheld swimming below them a creature whose close cropped hair and head like eyes sufficiently resembled a rat's, but which belonged instead to an undersized boy swimmer, a master of the art withal.

Floating behind him with its fair head upturned and resting upon the wiry little shoulders that struck out so cleanly through the churning water was the merchant's little daughter. Towing the insensible child by means of her long, sunny curls passed over his shoulders and gripped firmly in his teeth, the boy struggled on to the nearest pile, to which he finally clung like the small amphibious animal he really was.

A boat hook twisted into the garments of the girl relieved him of his burden, and a moment after the heaven-raised eyes of the mother told plainly that she felt her baby's heart still beating against her own. Lowering the hooks again to draw up the exhausted rescuer the men noticed that the drops that fell from his clothes made a red stain on the water. As they lifted him gently over the edge of the wharf and laid him on his back, a terrible wound, extending around his side and cutting clear through two of his ribs, was exposed.

"Stand back!" said one of the men to the crowding bystanders. "He's all cut up—must have dived under the wheel for her."

The lookers-on drew back aghast from the puny, wet form, lying there upon the slowly expanding carpet of red that throbbed from its mangled side.

In the awe-struck silence the low sobbing of the rescued baby was heard, at which the wounded boy smiled faintly and opened his eyes. "Where is he?" said a strong voice, choked with emotion, and the merchant pushed his way through the throng and knelt by the side of the pitiable little figure.

"God bless you, my little man! What can I do for you?" and then, in a shocked tone, he added, "Why, he's wounded! Some one fetch a doctor at once!"

"Taint no use," whispered the boy faintly, and then beckoning the merchant to bend closer, he said, in irregular gasps:

"Does yer savey the mouse?"

The merchant looked perplexed. "Yer don't know me, but I knowed you—and the little gal, too, soon as I seed her drop. I'm the boy what was tooked up."

"Yes, yes; I remember now; but you musn't talk until the doctor comes, my poor little man."

"Taint no use—I'm a goin'," said the small mouth. "Here, take that out and count it, mister," and with his chin he indicated a small lump that protruded from his wet shirt. The merchant gently unfastened from around the boy's neck a little bag, which appeared to contain money.

"Count it," the boy insisted earnestly. The man hesitated and then wonderingly obeyed.

"How much, mister?"

The merchant replied that there was just \$9.40 in the little bundle.

"I said I'd pay yer back in a year," said the boy in a fainter whisper, and with a disregard of his terrible pain that was marvelous; "but I can't now—I'm a goin'—and I'm 60 cents short!"

And he said this with so earnest a look of distress and shame at his failure that through the mind of his wet-eyed creditor involuntarily passed a vision of the petty privations, the ceaseless little acts of self denial, the half fed days and shivering nights that were expressed by each one of the painfully hoarded dimes and nickels he held in his hand.

"Never mind the money?" said the father in a choking voice, "my baby is worth all the money in the world to me—and you saved her life!"

As he spoke a sudden thought brightened the eyes of the battered little tradesman. Accustomed as he was to fight the desperate battle of existence with his hunger sharpened faculties on the alert for every advantage and offset in his pigmy bargains, he asked:

"Is gals worth anything?"

"Yes, yes. Mine is worth ever so much," said the parent, hardly knowing how to frame an answer to the odd question.

"Sixty cents?"

"Oh, yes; much—much more—but—"

"Then," whispered the child, faintly, but still triumphantly, "mister—we're square!" and his eyes closed.

"Can't I do anything for you, my poor little hero?" said the merchant through his tears, for the just arrived physician had relinquished the fluttering little pulse and turned away, shaking his head. "Do you wish for nothing?"

The little black eyes opened feebly a moment, pondering dully, and then closed again.

"I should like Skinny Joe to have my corner," the murmur came, faintly and far off. And then, having made his brief will, he choked, and as the blood oozed thinly from the little drawn mouth he smiled once more and muttered:

"Square!"

"They have brought a stretcher," said one of the bystanders in a husky voice. "Let us carry the little chap home."

But the wharf rat had gone home already.

The consumption of both home and foreign spirits is decreasing year by year. During the first six months of this year the amount of excise duty paid on home-made spirits was over \$330,000 less than for the corresponding period last year.

Edison says that within thirty years electricity will be the only motive power.



Dyspepsia AND Liver Disease CURED BY DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

"I was weak, nervous and dizzy, with a fainting sensation when walking," writes Jesse Childress, Esq., of Samuel, Sullivan & Co., Tenn. "Could not eat with any distance; always felt bad after eating; felt as though something was sticking in my throat; all were uneasiness in stomach. Doctored with three physicians but they did not relieve me. I grew weak and used everything I could think of; was nearly ready to give up and then some one told me that Dr. Pierce's medicine was good, so I began taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have taken seven bottles of that now and am as stout as ever, and enjoying health as much as ever before. I much as any one. My case was liver disease and nervous dyspepsia of which your medicine has cured me. In September 1898 my weight was about 95 pounds, now it is 135. Please accept my sincere thanks."

WHERE THE DAY CHANGES.

Longitude, you know, is the distance around the earth from east to west, and by common consent this distance is reckoned from the observatory at Greenwich, England. The whole circumference of the earth is reckoned as 360 degrees, the one hundred and eightieth degree, half way round, being exactly on the opposite side from Greenwich. So that when we speak of a place as being 75 degrees east we mean 75 degrees east from Greenwich, and 75 degrees west is 75 degrees west of Greenwich. The point exactly opposite to Greenwich, on the other side of the earth, therefore, is 180 degrees east, and also 180 degrees west.

Now, this point or meridian, is the place where, by universal consent, the day changes, and it is called the international date line. Let us see how the change is made, and note some of the curious conditions that the change gives rise to. Suppose two ships are sailing toward that line, one sailing east and the other west. On the ship sailing toward the east the day is Sunday; on the ship sailing toward the west the day is Monday.

Suppose, further, that it is 9 o'clock in the morning and that at that hour both ships stop, one east of the line, the other west of it, but within hailing distance of each other. It is 9 o'clock in the morning, remember, as indicated by the sun, but on one ship it is Sunday, on the other it is Monday, for the day of the week and the day of the month both change at that line.

Then the ships sail on, and the instant they cross the date line the one going east changes the day from Sunday to Monday, and the one going west changes the day from Monday to Sunday; so that the first ship gains a whole day and the last ship loses one.

Disaster at a Wedding.

St Petersburg, Sept 23.—While four hundred persons were celebrating a peasant's wedding in the village of Werba, near Moscow, a cigarette was carelessly thrown in the barn where the guests were assembled. Somebody raised the cry of fire, which created a panic. The fire did start and a hundred persons were either suffocated or burned to death, while many others were injured.

Nervous Headaches

Mrs. Bailey, 632 Queen's Ave., London, Ont., whose husband is with the Globe Casquet Co., states:—"My nervous system was in an exhausted condition. I could not sleep well and suffered a great deal from headaches. Experience has proven to me the remarkable value of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have found it a splendid tonic and can now say that I am free from headaches. I rest and sleep better than I have for a long time and feel real well in every way."

Nervous headaches can only be permanently cured by enriching the blood and setting the nervous system in perfect order. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is not a relief for headache but a thorough and lasting cure. It creates new, rich blood and nerve force and makes the weak and sickly strong, well and vigorous. It is nature's greatest restorative. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food