

PARTED.

Once more my hand will clasp your hand;
Your loved voice I shall hear once more;
But we shall never see the land,

RAIN-PROOF CLOAKS.

Free from odor and porous,
thereby giving free ventilation,
and making it much more
healthy to wear an

"Imperial,"
"Cravenette,"
or
"Heptonette,"
Waterproof.

Thousands of these garments
in use in England and America,
giving perfect satisfaction.

We have all three makes in
black and colors; 52in. to 62in.

Manchester, Robertson,
and Allison.

"I will take the stoker's box," he said;
that's English for 'fireman,' you know.
And he climbed up, rolling a cigarette and
lighting it with a funny kind of foreign
machine in his hand.

"I started her easy, felt my cars all get
hold. It was before the days of solid
trains and couplers. We pulled ten cars.
We had a run of seventy-four miles—
schedule time, two hours. I was to run it
in one hour and twenty minutes. There
were to be three slow-ups and one dead
halt at a drawer. That would give most of
the miles in about sixty seconds. I often
do that for a mile or two; every fast train
does every day. But seventy-four such
miles are mighty trying on a machine, now
I tell you, before ye get half through; and
night on to the end you don't know what
minute the poor old creature may break
her heart on ye. I looked the Sagamore
over as I took her out of the shop—I
always do that with my own eyes; but if I
had known what we were to try on, I'd
given those connecting-rods more attention.
We used to wedge them on the wheels;
you have seen the steel keys? Nowadays
they are fastened in the shops so the men
can't wedge them too tight, every station
or two. It is this new way of fastening
that causes the ringing noise that you now
hear as the big drive-wheels pass you.
Did you never notice?"

"Well, I soon began to feel of her wind.
She was not long in making that fireman's
box too uneasy for my general manager.
He danced like a toy man. Then he closed
the window ahead. Then he shut the one
at his side, and braced his legs. Then he
let the windows alone, though they rattled
open, and he lost his hat, which the fireman
caught on the baggage-car brake; but Mr.
Manager could not let go his clutch on the
seat to replace his hat. The hat was all
cool-dust, anyway, so it was put into the
cool-chest. Now we were just flying. I
never took my eyes off the iron, but out
of the corners of my eyes I saw how dis-
tressed he was. He undertook to holler
something, but I paid no attention. The
fireman shoved in the sprinklings fine; he
battled in a big run. Well, we were going
so well that I was afterward told the pay-
master's car, which we were pulling home,
could not keep the dinner dishes on the
table! No, sir! Twice, going round curves,
every dish the boys had was swept on the
floor. If we had had dining-cars in those
days, wouldn't the soup have been spilled?"

"I should have thought your conductor
might have interfered," I suggested.
"I expected he would," was the reply.
"By as time went on, and our rate grew
simply fearful on the passengers, I knew
well enough the conductor had been scold-
ed as well as the rest of us. No; he told
me afterward that he simply sat down and
said his prayers. But to go on; I said that
we had made up twenty-eight minutes, then
thirty, then thirty-three—being only seven
minutes behind. But there we hung. She
could not increase her lead, do my best.
'I knew then that we should soon begin
to lose again, for she was heating. Whether
the boxes were lugging on the cars or
engine I could not be sure. Then, too, it
might have been the curves; at all events,
we were lugging and losing. We fell off I
calculated some five minutes, when we
struck the tunnel. It was a heavy rail and
a straight track there, and I pulled her
clean out for one more spurt, live or die,
as we dashed into the steam and darkness
of that long hole. In there you can't see
anything but signals. The Sagamore
answered me for just one plunge. But
the next instant, crash! God help
me! The whole side of the cab
was flying in splinters. I knew what
that meant. I jumped from my seat in
front of the fire box. There, under my
seat, was the general manager. He had
been mercifully knocked in instead of out,
but he was senseless. My drivers held
their rod yet, but I knew the strain could
not last long without snapping that rod,
too, as I could not find the throttle to shut
her off. It was so queer about that throat.
I turned round and round trying to find it;
I kept turning to the left. I thought I
had an extra eye just over my car, and my
other two eyes were blind. That new eye
showed me a beautiful clear light, but not
the throttle. Round and round that fear-
ful steam hammer, the broken rod, kept

When she is mad."

The best anodyne and expectorant, for the cure of
colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial
trouble, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Ask your druggist for it, and at the same time, for
Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.—Advt.

crashing and tearing out the shreds of the
cab on that side. Then the other one
twisted, which threw old Sagamore plump
into the granite wall. We were all piled
up there, dark as pitch all about, and
finally still. Now, the curious thing about
it all is that with my new eye over my ear
I actually read the time by my watch, and
we were only seven minutes late. Yes,
sir, we had made up thirty-three minutes
in the seventy-four miles, slow-ups and
stops included; and a minute more would
have brought us to the station. I just
yelled: 'How's that, old English?' and my
new eye seemed to go out in darkness."

The new eye was the result of a fearful
gash on the side of the head, from the
effects of which the poor man lingered on
the borders of death for weeks. That
postponed the wedding. The peculiar
effect of that blow on the head the writer
cannot explain, but the fact that he read
his watch correctly is substantiated by the
conductor of the train, of whom I
asked information.

"Were there many injured?" I added, in
the pause that followed his conclusion.
"Don't ask me—yes. Thank God, I'm
alive! Now, Mollie," addressing his wife,
who just entered, "I've told that story for
the last time, except in my prayers."—Ex.

Is Life Worth Living?

The great frequency with which pale,
sallow and enfeebled girls are met now-a-
days is cause for genuine alarm. The
young girls of the present generation are
not the healthy, robust, rosy lassies, their
mothers and grandmothers were before
them. Their complexion is pale and sallow
or waxy in appearance, and they are the
victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises
in the head, cold hands and feet, often
fainting spells, racking headaches, back-
aches, shortness of breath, and other dis-
tressing symptoms. All these betoken
chlorosis or anemia—or in other words a
watery or impoverished condition of the
blood, which is thus unable to perform its
normal functions, and unless speedily en-
riched with those natural remedies which
give richness and redness to the blood
corpuscles, organic disease and an early
grave is the inevitable result. Is not this
prospect sufficient to cause the gravest
alarm? Mothers are your daughters suffer-
ing from any of the symptoms indicated
above, or from any of the irregularities
incident to a critical period in their
lives? If they are, as you value their
lives do not delay in procuring a
remedy that will save them. Delays in
such cases are not only dangerous, but
positively criminal. Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People is a remedy com-
pounded especially to meet such cases.
These pills are not a patent medicine, but
a remedy prepared with the greatest care
for the formula of an experienced physician,
who has used it for years in his daily prac-
tice with unvarying success. These pills
are especially rich in those constituents
which stimulate the blood and give it that
rich, red color necessary to preserve health
and life. They are in all cases a never-
failing blood-builder and nerve tonic, act-
ing upon the system in a natural manner
and restoring health and strength to all
who suffer from a watery or depraved con-
dition of the blood or from any of those
weaknesses peculiar to females. Dr. Wil-
liams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or
will be sent post paid on receipt of price
(50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr.
Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.
—Advt.

They Swear When They Don't Know It.

Some one has been looking up the origin
of some of the peculiar white oaths that
people use, and the result is interesting.
The oath "by jimini" is not classic in ap-
pearance, but it is clearly a corruption of
the Latin "gemini," or "twins," as applied
to the demigods, Castor and Pollux. What
does my lady mean when she sighs "Oh,
dear"? She is simply imitating madame,
who says "Mon dieu," with Gallic vivacity.
When the man of the world ejaculates "the
deuce" he imagines that he is talking
English. Oh, no. He is talking Latin
again and evoking the devil, designated
in the word "dusus." When our rural
friends gasp "gosh!" with astonishment de-
flected on their countenances, they are
simply giving a sibilant ending to the other-
wise hard sounding name of the Deity.
When the gushing schoolgirl twitters
"Goodness gracious," if she would think a
moment and reverse the words she would
never use them again lightly. A little
study of the true meaning of words might
save a great deal of unintentional profanity.
—Boston Advertiser.

A Literary Coincidence.

Those who delight in puzzling over curious
coincidences, says the January Book
Buyer, will find an interesting subject in
three of the December magazines. For the
Christmas numbers of Scribner, Harper,
and The Century contain each a story in
which a person with the unusual name of
Spurlock figures. In George A. Hibbard's
story, "As the Sparks Fly Upward," in
Scribner, this person is a man, while in
James A. Allen's "Fate and Violin," in
Harper, and in "A Conscript's Christmas,"
by Joel Chandler Harris, in The Century,
the name is given to a woman. In the little
pen-and-ink portrait sketches of the Widow
Spurlock and of Mrs. Spurlock in the two
latter magazines the faces bear no re-
semblance to each other, but this fact does
not make it any the less odd that three
authors in widely separated parts of the
country should have applied this unfamiliar
name to characters in their stories.

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lous cures, assisted materially in introducing
it here. Before it could be got in St. John
there were many individuals who sent to New
York for it. It has had a wonderful sale in the
Lower Provinces, and its great reputation is
entirely owing to the remedial qualities it con-
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Conductor of Shortland Department,
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into business. One is to
blunder into it; others do it,
why not you? The other way
is by a little business schooling.
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but primer tells more, free.
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On all goods, without distinction of persons, whether they ask for it or not. The extraordinary Cut Rate prices made by us during the past ten months should be a sufficient guarantee that we always do as we advertise. We are making room for a very large Spring stock, to arrive in February, and the old stock on hand must be sold even if we lose on it.

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