

Progress' Short Stories.

Sketches of Personal Adventure Submitted in Competition for a Prize of Five Dollars.

NO 19 ROSE AVENUE.

The greatest disappointment of my life came to me through the finding of a sleeve-link. I was sauntering along a quiet street one June evening, puffing away the remembrance of a day's worries in a choice cigar, when my eye chanced to light on this costly and beautiful article of jewelry, lying by the road side. It was immediately transferred by my hand to my pocket, after I had satisfied myself as to its genuineness. The next day the following advertisement appeared in the morning paper:

"Lost: Between Dufr's corner and Waverly station, a lady's good sleeve-link, inlaid with pearls and diamonds. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at No 19 Rose Avenue."

Being a stranger in the city, curiosity prompted me to answer this advertisement in person. Accordingly a few hours later found me ascending the stone steps leading to No. 19 Rose Avenue, and after touching an electric button, the door was opened by a pleasant faced maid who stood waiting to receive my message. Not knowing the family name, I stammered and hummed and hawed, hoping the little maid would help me out of my dilemma, which she finally did by saying: "Mrs. Grey is not at home, but Miss Mabel is."

"Oh thanks," I answered, glad to be relieved, from a further inspection of the girl's bright eyes. "I will see Miss Mabel."

While gazing on the lovely knick-knacks which adorned the elegantly furnished room into which I was ushered, and speculating on how much of an income would be needed to surround one's home with such luxury, a vision of beauty burst upon my sight nearly depriving me of breath and manners both. The loveliest being I had ever seen, a young girl with bewitching blue eyes, fair golden hair, and tempting lips approached me, holding in the taper fingers of her delicate white hand the card I had given the maid, on which was written "Mr. Ralph Livingstone." The hot blood rushed through my veins as I stared with wide open eyes, and gaping mouth, (which fortunately my moustache would hide), while she spoke in the sweetest voice I had ever heard, "I am very sorry that—"

But I interrupted her, and thus laid the foundation for all the misery that followed. What cared I that her mother was not at home? I assured her that it was of no consequence whatever, and produced the sleeve link which had served as an excuse for my visit.

She sprang towards me and touched the hand that held the jewel sending a thrill to my very toes. But a look of disappointment overshadowed her beautiful face as she sorrowfully said, "Oh, it is not ours."

I felt somewhat conscience stricken as I noticed her real regret; for I had suspected that the jewel advertised for was not the one found by myself the evening before. I remained conversing with her about the trinket as long as politeness would allow, and sadly remembered that no excuse would probably bring me into her presence again.

Nor could I forget her. Cupid had aimed his arrow with too straight a hand to miss, and the dart had wounded. Sleeping or waking my heart's cry was continually of Mabel; Mabel; accounts, books and business talk were powerless to drive that name away. Even a cigar, my usual solace, brought no comfort, and I determined to try if a long walk would restore my wandering senses, and cure my restlessness. Unconsciously my steps turned in the direction of Rose Avenue and behold; the fair disturber of my peace of mind stood before me.

"Will she recognize me and gladden my heart with one of her rare smiles? or will she pass with merely a cold bow? My hand trembled like an aspen leaf as I hastily thrust it into my pocket to steady it, before requiring to raise it to my hat. In that moment I suffered agonies. But fears were groundless, when near enough she held out to me her neatly gloved hand and exclaimed: "oh! Mr. Livingstone, how fortunate! I was just wishing I might meet you."

I suppose I looked foolish enough, and I hope the words I managed to speak in return did not savour too much of idiocy. "We have found the owner of your sleeve link," she said; "will you trust it to me?"

Ah, willingly would I have trusted her, with all my worldly possessions, and myself into the bargain.

What caused the sudden change in the atmospheric surroundings? Had the sun burst through some dark clouds and brightened up the whole world? Of course I had not the sleeve-link with me, and could only promise to bring it to No. 19 that evening. (I trust I may be forgiven any little prevarications of that period of my life.) How I blessed that sleeve-link; and how happy I felt. I inquired quite boldly for "Miss Mabel" when again I visited her palatial home, but imagine my disappointment, if you can, when instead of the lovely vision which had dazzled my eyes on a former occasion, a lady much plainer and older received me. But my heroic be-

haviour then gained its reward, and days of friendly intercourse with this delightful family followed. I have since wondered if old Mrs. Gray did not on my second visit fancy me a little "queer" when in speaking of the lost sleeve-link, and the reward she would willingly pay to have it back, I ventured to say that had I been the fortunate finder, her permission to pay my address to her daughter Mabel was a reward I would gladly crave.

The only drawback to my perfect happiness in those days was the presence of dearest May's Aunt Belle; she was always with us, and I devoted half my time and attention to her, deeming it better policy to win her favorable opinion before asking her niece to become my wife. Alas! my dream could not last forever.

The presence of a strange young man at No. 19, one evening, when I made my customary call, caused a madly jealous feeling to burn within me, and spying Aunt Belle in an adjoining room. I went in determined to learn from her something of her niece's feelings towards me. "You are no doubt aware of the boon I begged of Mrs. Grey," I began, taking up a ball of cotton and beginning nervously to unwind it, while conscious that my complexion had assumed a florid hue.

"Yes," she softly whispered, with downcast eyes, blushing also.

"I wish she would not look so conscious," I reflected. "One would think I was proposing to her."

"Well," I resumed, my feelings have not changed, except to strengthen my affection. Dare I hope?"

The conscious blush had not left Aunt Belle's cheeks when she answered: "Yes, it my influence and affection can make you happy, I will do my best."

"Oh, thank you: bless you: 'I rapturously exclaimed. 'But what is that other fellow doing here? I was very nearly jealous, I believe."

Aunt Belle elevated her eyebrows. "Arthur Lee: He is our guest and a near friend of the family, you need not be jealous of him."

"You have made me inexpressibly happy," I said; "I will speak to May tomorrow; it is so satisfactory to have the good will of the family." Again Aunt Belle's cheeks were suffused with blushes as I seized her hand and kissed it.

The next afternoon found me in the presence of my dearest May who, more radiantly lovely than ever, met me with smiles, saying, "I have heard all about it from Aunt Belle, and am very, very glad."

"She takes it very coolly," I thought; Aunt Belle behaved much more modestly. But I replied: "Then it only remains for me to assure you of my love, and to ask for your own in return."

She looked slightly perplexed, and hesitantly answered: "As a family we are much attached, and when one gives her love, the others bestow a certain amount of affection."

Her speech was enigmatical, I must confess; but I was beginning to think her least bit peculiar, so I said: "Then the next thing is to fix the wedding day, I trust I may not be kept long waiting for my bride."

"Is not Aunt Belle the proper one to consult with about that?" she asked.

"Aunt Belle!" I rejoined. Surely not. What has she to do with our happiness in that respect?"

The expression on my fair companion's face at that moment baffled description. Merriment and seriousness seemed struggling for the mastery, but in the end gravity gave way, and she burst out into a hearty laugh.

"Forgive me. There has been a mistake somewhere," she said. "Whom do you want to marry?"

"Whom? Why yourself to be sure."

"Why?" she answered. "I have been engaged to Mr. Lee for nearly a year, and am to marry him very soon."

I started back aghast, and gazed at her in complete bewilderment. My mouth opened but words refused to come.

Noticing my confusion she gently said: "Did you not tell my grandmother that you wanted to marry her daughter Mabel?"

"I thought she was your mother," I managed to stammer, "and that you were Mabel."

"I always addressed her as 'Mamma' she replied. 'My name is Marian, but I am called 'May' for short, and Aunt Belle is Mabel.' I hardly know what followed after that, I could not remain to explain my mistake to aunt Belle, the only Mabel of the family, how could I steal the affections of the Mabel of my imagination from her affianced husband. So leaving her to give aunt Belle what accounts and explanation of my behavior she deemed best, I made my exit from No. 19 Rose Avenue, and took the train that evening for my own home.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A remarkable verification that "murder will out" is well exemplified by the following story, which was told me some forty years ago in Australia. In this instance it was not only in the discovery of the murderer but in the revelation of the murder also that was not known to have been committed.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken by perpetrators of crimes to guard against discovery, they usually leave some trifling point unguarded that leads to detection and eventually becomes strong circumstantial evidence; but not so in this case. There was nothing whatever to arouse suspicion or indicate a murder. Therefore the discovery seemed to be due to direct interposition of the Almighty.

As to the truth of the story, all I can say is that at the place where it happened, the circumstances of the case used to be told, believed and had become a matter of history. It occurred long before the gold discoveries say sixty years ago. The scene was in New South Wales about two hundred miles inland from Sydney in a farming district, where was a settlement of "Cockatoos"—that is small farmers who

are thus distinguished from the large squatter and stock-raiser.

Amongst those who first settled in the place was an Englishman, who had built up a comfortable home and was considered well to do at the time. He was a good neighbor and was much appreciated in the community. He was unmarried and lived alone, but usually kept a hired man who lived in the house with him. On a certain occasion this farmer's absence was noticed, and the hired man gave out that his master had left for Sydney intending to make a visit to England, and would be away a year or more. As a trip to the old country in those days was considered a great event, the neighbors naturally thought it strange that he should have kept his movements a secret. Weeks passed and the matter was being forgotten, when one day a neighbor passing on his way from market observed the farmer sitting on a fence, a post and rail fence, not far from his own house with a pipe in his mouth.

As he continued on his way home he reported to others that farmer so-and-so was back again and that he could not have gone farther than Sydney. A week or more passed and strange to say the farmer was not seen by anybody else. Upon enquiring of the servant man he said his master had not returned and that no one could have seen him. Here was a mystery. The neighbor was confident he had. It was then decided to acquaint the authorities of the suspicious circumstances attending the farmer's sudden departure, his return and the contradictory statements of the hired man. The nearest magistrate was at a county town five miles distant who when made aware of the fact, dispatched two mounted police to make an investigation. The premises were searched but nothing irregular was discovered.

The hired man stoutly adhered to his story that his master had not returned, still the neighbor as stoutly held to his, and so confident was he that he could point out the rail of fence upon which he saw the man sitting and he accordingly did. Whilst doing so the searches noticed that the grass just underneath where the man had been seen on the fence was disturbed and pressed down—though this was no evidence of a criminal nature, it nevertheless increased the mystery. Some one then proposed to get a black tracker. (The aboriginal blacks of Australia possess remarkable powers of tracking, surpassing the North American Indians in following a trail.) One was procured from an encampment in the neighborhood. When the black fellow looked at the spot he became interested. It must be remembered that at the time he knew nothing as to the object of the search but at once said, "white fellow lay here, white fellow die here, plenty blood." He then pointed out blood on the grass, where a scuffle had taken place and also gave the opinion that a man had been killed there. When asked if any tracks led away he then started off following the foot marks of a man.

Although the ground was hard and dry and the grass sunburnt, he could point where the man who had been carrying the body had laid it down as if to rest, at times dragging it and so on for a mile until the tracks led to the edge of a large water hole or pond. He he stopped and took a glance around, then pointing to some air bubbles, or more like an accumulation of animalcule resting on the surface of the water said, "White fellow there." The necessary dragging materials were procured and the body brought to bank and recognized as that of the missing farmer. It was also evident that the man had been killed by a blow on the back of the head.

Of course, the hired man was at once arrested and taken to prison, and in due time tried for the murder of his master. He was found guilty on circumstantial evidence, sentenced to death, then taken to Sydney for execution. He there confessed to the crime. His object was to get the farm; that whilst his master was sitting on the fence taking a rest and enjoying a smoke, he approached from behind dealing him a death blow, then carried the body as described by the blackfellow and placed it where it was found. Owing to his isolated position he felt perfectly safe from detection and even would have remained so but for the apparition on the fence, which he said corresponded exactly as it occurred a month or more had intervened between the acts.

WAS A RECORD-BREAKING YEAR.

Grasshoppers in February, Snow in June and Hard Times All the While.

According to old weather records kept in Hennington, Vt., the month of February, 1842, was decidedly tropical as compared with the current month, which some regard as unusually mild. The record quoted by the Troy Times states that in the early part of the month in that year there was little frost in the ground and showers were frequent. The Vermont state Banner—now the Bennington Banner—says that on the 3rd of the month Mr. Ford brought into the office a handful of grasshoppers. Squirrels had made their appearance and it was reported that frogs had been seen in the ponds. Rev. E. W. Hooker, D. D., pastor of the old First Church at Bennington Center, became alarmed over such continued mild weather for this latitude and to the credit results would follow, and to the credit of the good doctor's words had the ring of prophecy in them. But, though the mornings rose bright and sunny and a south wind blew soft and springlike, few hearts expanded with the sunshine of happiness. The scarcity of money was unexampled. Nothing but due bills were in circulation. The laboring man could find little or nothing to do, and he seldom heard the ring of coin or the rustle of a bank note. June 11 of the same year there was a blustering snowstorm, the snow falling to the depth of three inches. June 14 there was a slight frost, and at subsequent periods in the same month the weather was so severe that ice formed a half inch thick. A breath of icy wind swept through the valley. All vegetables, except those of the most hardy sort, were cut down. Many remembered Dr. Hooker's words, and some thought the

bad weather was a judgment sent upon them for finding fault with the times. In that year one of the largest establishments the town ever had, the Bennington Furnace Company, failed, owing to the unprecedentedly low price of pig iron and the fear of the Walker tariff, which was finally embodied in law in 1846. A large amount was owed to the employees, and that was an important factor in adding to the general distress. Again, the people were laboring under an unwholesome excitement owing to the second advent doctrine as held and preached by Rev. William Miller. A few weeks previous to 1842 the Bank of Bennington had failed and the loss to the people was considerable. Without work or money and the belief by many of the world's coming to an end in 1843, men found it hard to face their lives. But the crops of 1842 were good in spite of killing frosts in June, though the hard times continued with varying intensity for many years.

NERVOUSNESS IS COMMON.

Overworry Kills, Jagged Cannot Be Fought Against Too Earnestly.

Nervousness is a condition not easy to define; but the common use of the term in every day speech indicates the commonness of the thing itself. There are few persons, indeed, who have not at some time suffered from irritability of the nerves and its accompanying depression.

It is to be remembered that this state always indicates a falling away from the normal standard of health. It should be taken as a danger signal, a notice from the nerves that something is wrong. The cause of the trouble is sometimes easily found, as, for example, temporary or habitual loss of sleep; or the difficulty may be more deeply seated and more serious.

Whatever its cause nervousness indicates a lack of nervous force, a lowering of vital energy. Somewhere a tap is loose, and waste is proceeding more rapidly than repair. In such a state of things, the performance of every voluntary action and of every unconscious organic function is affected unfavorably.

Women suffer from nervousness more commonly than men. It is a mistake, however, to think that there is any material difference between the nerve structure of the two sexes. Unfavorable surroundings and occupations account for the greater frequency of nervous diseases among women. Farmers are rarely affected with nervousness. Farmers' wives are almost proverbially so affected.

Loss of sleep, indigestion, grief, or worry, and many other functional causes may produce nervousness. Doubtless the most frequent cause is lack of sufficient outdoor air and of moderate exercise.

It is too common for nervous people to think their complaint too trivial for a physician's notice. Strict enquiry as to the manner of life often reveals errors the correction of which relieves the condition and averts serious disease.

"Overwork does not kill, but overworry does," some one has said with a measure of exaggeration. Excessive work may no doubt shorten life, but constant worry over every day cares is sure to do so.

Ceaseless cares exhaust the nervous energy. Change of occupation and of scene allows the nervous forces—the cerebral gray matter—to become restocked. Nervous matter is actually consumed in performing the details of every day existence, just as muscular tissue is expended in exercise.

A spring kept at a constant tension surely loses its elasticity, while one which is frequently unbent does not. The figure is a good one to apply to mental and nervous experience.—Youth's Companion.

INCREASE IN INSANITY.

Startling Report Laid Before the Ontario Legislature.

The most alarming report laid before the Ontario legislature this year says the Toronto News, is that containing statistics relative to the lunatic asylums in the province. This report shows that in ten years the average daily number of patients confined in these institutions has jumped from 2,580 to 3,674. In other words, the insane population has increased by forty per cent. during a period within which the total population has only been added to by about ten per cent. The causes and means of controlling this gigantic mental octopus is a matter of momentous personal importance to every thinking person. The mad rush and whirl of business competition, inducing men to concentrate all their powers, in the struggle for wealth and position, reckless of the fact that they are risking not only health, but reason, and even life itself in the struggle. This is the true source of the increase in insanity. The constant strain of the mental faculties, irregularity of meals and sleep to which so many business men subject themselves, will break down even constitutions of iron. Be warned in time ere you, too, pay the penalty of those excesses. If you are run down and exhausted, sleepless, weary and depressed, take a course of that great nerve restorer and invigorator, Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. This great remedy is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, such as nervousness, weakness, nervous headache, sleeplessness, neuralgia, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hysteria, and the prostrating effects of la grippe, or any nerve weakness, of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body, or excesses of any nature. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Price fifty cents a bottle or six bottles for \$2.50.

Accomplished as a Linguist.

He. Did you ever hear that Jagson's wife speaks two languages?

She. Yes.

He. What are they?

She. The one for company and the other for Jagson.

The oldest piece of wrought iron in existence is believed to be a roughly fashioned sickle blade found by Belzoni in Karnac, Thebes. It was imbedded in the mortar under the base of a sphinx, and on that account is known as the "sickle of the sphinx." It is now in the British Museum, and is believed to be nearly 4,000 years old.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

Has proved by its enormous sale that it is

The best value for the Consumer

Millions of women throughout the world can vouch for this, as it is they who have proved its value. It brings them less labor, greater comfort.

HARDING & SMITH, Agents.

Nixey's Black Lead

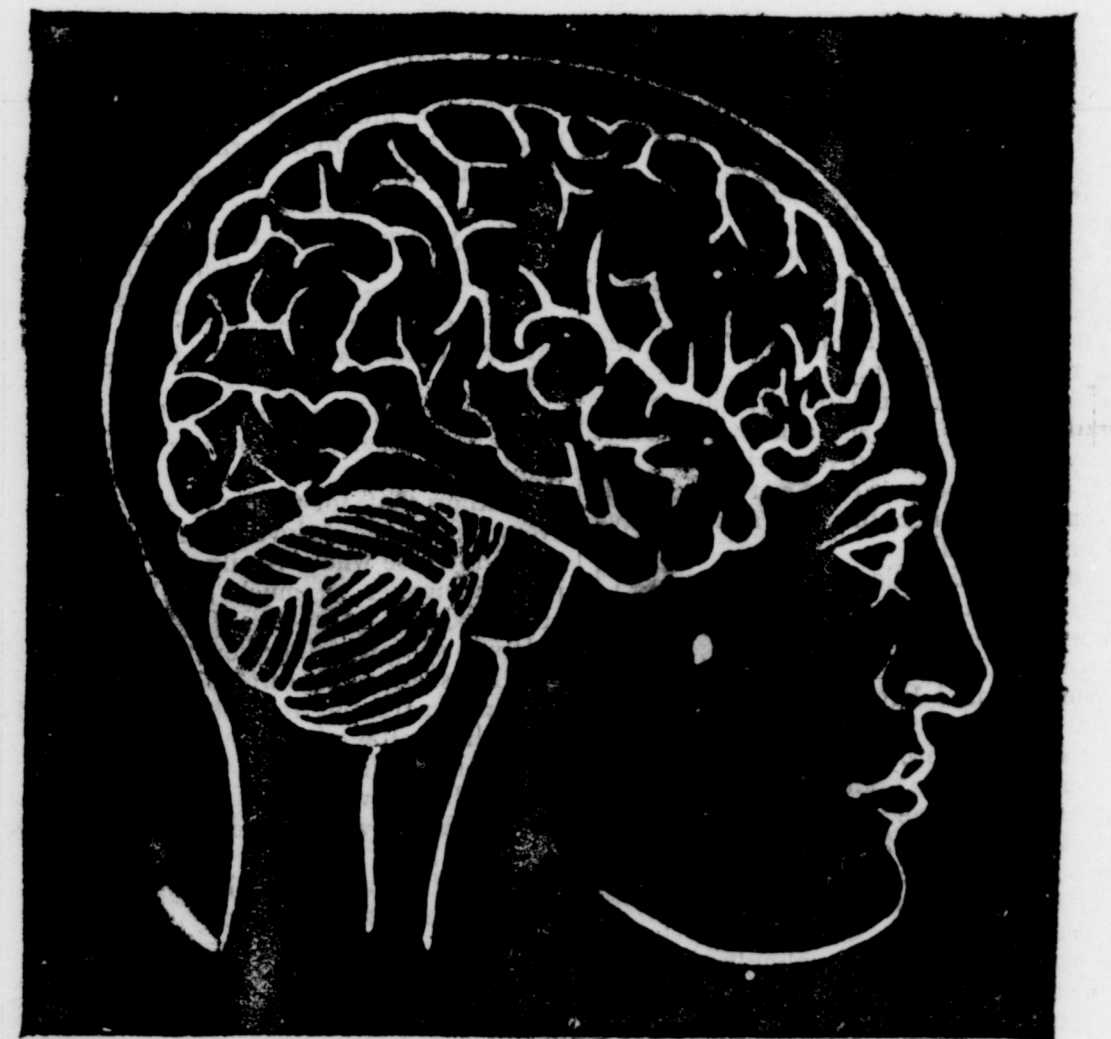
Quick, Lasting Polish for Stoves & Grates. Easy to apply. Always bright and beautiful.

W. G. NIXEY, LONDON, E.N.G., is the oldest and largest manufacturer of Black Lead in the world. An article which has been popular everywhere for NEARLY A CENTURY, must of necessity, be the BEST OF ITS KIND. CHAS. GYDE, Agent, Montreal. Sold by Grocers and Hardware dealers.

G. J. Hamilton & Sons

MANUFACTURERS OF BISCUITS & CONFECTIONERY HALIFAX & PICTOU, N.S.

Mysteries of the HUMAN BRAIN!



The latest discovery in the scientific world is that nerve centres located in or near the base of the brain control all the organs of the body, and when these nerve centres are deranged the organs which they supply with nerve fluid, or nerve force, are also deranged. When it is remembered that a serious injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis of the body below the injured point, because the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion, it will be understood how the derangement of the nerve centres will cause the derangement of the various organs which they supply with nerve force; that is, when a nerve centre is deranged or in any way diseased it is impossible for it to supply the same quantity of nerve force as when in a healthful condition; hence the organs which depend upon it for nerve force suffer, and are unable to properly perform their work, and as a result disease makes its appearance.

At least two-thirds of our chronic diseases and ailments are due to the imperfect action of the nerve centres at the base of the brain, and not from a derangement primarily originating in the organ itself. The great mistake of physicians in treating these diseases is that they treat the organs

and not the nerve centres, which are the cause of the trouble.

The wonderful cures wrought by the Great South American Nerve Tonic are due alone to the fact that this remedy is based upon the foregoing principle. It cures by rebuilding and strengthening the nerve centres, and thereby increasing the supply of nerve force or nervous energy.

This remedy has been found of infinite value for the cure of Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Paroxysms, Sleeplessness, Forgetfulness, Mental Despondency, Nervousness of Females, Hot Flashes, Sick Headache, Heart Disease. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain.

South American Nerve is without doubt the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and all Chronic Stomach Troubles, because it acts through the nerves. It gives relief in one day, and absolutely effects a permanent cure in every instance. Do not allow your prejudices, or the prejudices of others, to keep you from using this health-giving remedy. It is based on the result of years of scientific research and study. A single bottle will convince the most incredulous.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.