

HOW I WON UNA.

It is not often that we hear of a man retiring to rest poor and in difficulties, rising in the morning rich and independent. Yet such was my experience a few years ago, when, on sitting down to my frugal breakfast, I found a letter on the table which informed me that a distant relative was dead and had left me the bulk of his property. With what satisfaction did I now look forward to the next day's final interview with certain small creditors, whose claims, enforced with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, had long filled my heart with bitterness and made my life a veritable burden. Now all was changed, and I awaited with complacency the weekly visit from my landlady, and rebuffed in anticipation the Niagara of words she was wont to let loose on my devoted head, as with endless iteration, she announced a yet further deficiency in her rent roll and her determination to "stand it no longer." Never after today should I be distressed with my tailor's demonstration on the doorstep, or my cobbler's antics in front of the house; henceforth they became creatures of the past, and the lodgings that knew them would know them no more (at least so far as I was concerned.) But after a time I found the monotony of my new existence rather irksome, for unfortunately I had no hobby to fall back upon, and I did not care to embark in business. I soon wearied of visiting the various places of amusement and of walking up and down the streets and squares of London, with others devices for killing time. It was while taking one of these aimless journeys that an incident occurred which entirely changed the whole course of my existence and rescued me from the life of uselessness into which I had drifted. One morning I found myself in the booking office of St. Pancras station. A young lady was just taking a ticket for York, when she dropped her purse. In stooping down to pick it up for her, the thought flashed across me, "Why not take a ticket for York, too?" The next minute I had done so, and soon found myself in the same compartment with her. She sat close to the window, anxiously scanning the faces of all who passed. Presently the guard blew his whistle, and just as we were about to start two men rushed past and scrambled into the train higher up the platform. But what a charge had come over my fair companion. She was deathly pale, and was so evidently struggling against a fainting fit that I made no scruple about proffering my assistance. After a time she came around, and we gradually got into conversation, and she proved very communicative, I soon learned the object of her journey. "I have," she said, "inherited a law suit in which a large estate is involved, and the only thing that stands between me and my rights is the proof of a certain marriage, and that I have not yet succeeded in obtaining. Yesterday I received a message from an old lady in York, who, it appears, is now lying on her deathbed, who begs that I will see her at once, as she has something of the utmost importance to tell me, and formation I am in search of. With that in my pocket the suit is won and I become the mistress of Wetherby Hall and estate, which for many years have been in the possession of my cousin, John Hardy, who was one of those men who just run past the window." The interest I felt in my companion was in no way diminished by the fact that she was very pretty, being tall, fair and possessed of the most laughing gray eyes that man ever looked into to his soul's undoing. I begged she would allow me to assist her in any way that lay in my power, as it was only too probable that Hardy's presence in the train boded no good to her, even if it was not a source of positive danger. I also reminded her that she had already to some extent given me her confidence, which I looked upon as an assurance that, although a perfect stranger, she felt she could trust me. This she assured me she had done from the first, and said how glad she felt when I entered the carriage. We exchanged cards, and I then learned that her name was Una Wetherby. So after some laughing and pleasant chat, it was agreed that we should assume the characters of "Una and the Lion." After studying the position for a short time, I came to the conclusion that the first thing to be done was to ascertain, if possible, what Hardy's movements were likely to be. Accordingly, when the train stopped, I made my way to the carriage where he and his companion were seated. Fortunately, as it happened, the compartment was full, so I took my seat in the next one, which was empty. The carriage was one of a really obsolete class, in which a single lamp, when lighted, did duty for two compartments; consequently the opening made for its reception formed a convenient "Judas-hole" to listeners. At the next station many passengers alighted, and Hardy and his friend were left by themselves. "Alone at last," said Hardy, "and we must make the most of our present opportunity for a quiet talk. As soon as we reach York we'll leave the train and I'll run up into the city to see about old Betty Wilson's funeral. I am glad she has gone, as I never felt sure of her, notwithstanding the hush money that I have paid her for the last fifteen years. At 7.35 we take the train for Alton, where we arrive about eight, the church we are bound for being only a short walk from the station. As soon as that is reached I place myself under your direction, as, of course, your professional experience will at once indicate the course to be pursued."

"I trust me," said his companion, whose name was Bill; "there's not a church or a chapel either that I could not break into or out of, for the matter of that."

"But to business," continued Hardy. "What I have got to do won't take long, as removing a leaf out of the register can't occupy much time. It seems to me the real difficulty is, how we are to get at it?"

"Well, I don't care how it is done, provided I get what I want, and that I mean to have if I burn the church down."

"So that's your plan of operation, is it?" I thought to myself, as I left the carriage and hurried back to Miss Wetherby, who anxiously awaiting my return. Unable to restrain my excitement, I seized both her hands exclaiming:

"Allow me to congratulate the mistress Wetherby. I have learned everything

you wanted to know, and that from the lips of Hardy himself. The old lady you proposed to visit is dead, so now I would suggest that we once proceed to Alton, in the parish church of which is the register that contains what you want." I then told her what Hardy was contemplating, and pointed out to her that, with two hours' start that we should have, we ought to be prepared for him at all points. On arriving at York Hardy and his companion left the train and went at once into the city, and Miss Wetherby and I started for Alton, which we reached in about half an hour. The first thing we did was to go to the police station, and, having laid the case before the superintendent, he put on his hat and requested us to accompany him to the rectory. On sending in his card we were at once shown into the library, the rector appearing shortly after. In a few words the clerk put him in possession of the facts of the case and requested his kind assistance. This was readily promised, and then the superintendent proceeded to lay his plans before him.

"The first thing," he said, "will be to furnish Miss Wetherby with the copy from the register that she requires. Next, we must get the organist to have a practice from 8 to 9. The rest of the arrangements I will see to."

"As regards the organist," said the rector, "I shall have to consult my daughter, who holds that appointment. It will be rather a trying position for a young lady to be sitting there alone, knowing what is going on below."

"I will sit with her," said Miss Wetherby, "if I might be allowed, as it is only fair that I should share the annoyance and danger, if there are to be any."

"The very thing," said the superintendent, "and then you can let your friend know when to cease playing, which will be soon after the men have entered. As regards Hardy's companion," he continued, addressing the rector, "I strongly suspect he is no other than 'Bill the Turnkey,' as he is called, who is wanted for other robberies."

A little before 8 we were all in our places, Miss Wetherby and her friend being in the organ loft, while the superintendent, his men and myself were hidden away in and about the vestry. Before long we had almost forgotten the object of our being so strangely brought together as we listened to the magnificent rendering of Mozart's Requiem, for the rector's daughter was no mean musician. Soon, however, our attention was attracted to stealthy footsteps coming up the gravel path, and presently the door opened and Hardy and his companion crept in and hid themselves in one of the pews. Shortly after the organ ceased, and the ladies came down and left the church, locking us all in, in accordance with the superintendent's directions.

Just about midnight the two men made their way cautiously to the vestry, which was locked. It did not take long for so expert a cracksmen as Bill the Turnkey to open the door, and after a similar process had been gone through with the cupboard, the parish register lay before them.

"Well, while you're groping your way through that dusty old book, I'll just look around to see what I can pick up; I hate being idle, I do."

"So this is the register," said Hardy, "and upon a simple entry in its pages depends the future ownership of Wetherby. Now for it."

"Eighteen hundred and seventeen. That won't do. Nineteen, that's nearer. Twenty, twenty-one. That's the year. Month, February. Ah! here it is!"

"Hello!" shouted Bill, as he suddenly found himself hurled to the ground by the superintendent, who lost no time in securing him. At the same time the constables and I rushed upon Hardy, who, snatching a pistol from his breast, fired haphazard among us, the bullet finding a resting place in my right lung. It was long after I heard the sequel to the night's adventure, which may be summed up in a few words. Hardy and his companion were tried, convicted and sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, and Miss Wetherby became the acknowledged owner of the Wetherby estate. But it was many weeks before her feet crossed the threshold of Wetherby Hall.

As for my unfortunate self, I was taken to a hotel, where for a long time my life was despaired of. In vain seemed the doctor's constant attention, aided though it was by the tender nursing of gentle Una. At length a day came, and with it the crisis of my fate. Una sat by my bedside, her hand in mine, for there was no attempt at concealing our feelings toward each other now. I just recollect saying:

"'Tis hard to part, dear Una."

"Oh, don't die!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Live, live, for my sake!"

And I did, too, for here I am, Squire of Wetherby. And if further proof were needed, witness this pretty child now nesting in my heart, whose slim figure, fair hair and laughing gray eyes ever remind me of the mother after whom she is named—Una.

**WAS A KNOWING SNAKE.**

It knew where to find eggs and how to enjoy them at a full meal.

"You asked me once if I'd ever seen any snakes here in the park, and I told you yes," said the New York policeman. "That was early last spring, wasn't it? Yes, I thought so. Well, I've seen some snakes since then. Maybe you would like to hear about one that I've got to know pretty well? Yes? Just as I thought. Let us go down this walk a way. I want to show you something first. Here we are. Do you see this little knob or hummock in the asphalt? Well, last spring, the first time I noticed it, it was an inch high. You can see for yourself that it's not more than half an inch high now. What do you suppose wore it down so much?"

"The stuffing of shoes on it," the man guessed.

"Well, I rather think not. The feet of men don't touch the edge of this walk twice a year. Do you see that robin's nest there in that oak? Well, the first time I saw that snake it was just swallowing a last of five eggs that had been in the nest. I knew that there were five eggs in the snake because they showed in five bun-

in the snake's middle—the cuss had swallowed them whole. He was a black one, by the way, and could climb like a grey squirrel.

"But, as I was saying, that snake had five unbroken eggs in him, and I was wondering about what he was going to do with them. I found out pretty soon. The snake climbed down the tree head first and crept toward the walk here, getting along pretty slow, for he was only fourteen inches long and five eggs made a pretty big load for him.

"The snake came straight toward the hummock here, and I was standing right there by those bushes. He crawled around the hummock several times, then stuck his head in this little hole here in the asphalt, and then drew himself up into a hump, with his tail sticking in this little crack here—only the crack wasn't so large then—and then he stood up just like a letter U upside down. Then he straightened out, and down came one of the eggs on to that hummock there. I heard the shell break. The snake raised up again and another egg was broken, and so on till there wasn't a whole egg in the snake. That's what wore that hummock down, for all summer the snake broke his eggs on it."

**OVERWORKED HIS HEART.**

And Would Have Been a Dead Man but for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

The whole trend of present day living is in the direction of the grave. Where our fathers lived so that they might prolong life, the people of the present day live so that they may shorten it. It is all hurry burry and the result is that a large percentage of the men and women on the stage of life to-day are overworking what at any time, and under any circumstances, is the hardest worked organ of the body—the heart. So long as people will persist in this method, the best thing they can do is to keep a remedy like Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, close by. This remedy is a heart remedy only, but is almost miraculous in its effects. In all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease relief is secured within thirty minutes, and there are scores and hundreds of people in Canada who testify that had it not been for the prompt use of this medicine they would have been in their graves to-day.

**Trust and Distrust.**

A man, wishing to cross the Mississippi river, found it frozen, but fearing to risk him self erect on the ice, went over on all fours, and when, with frozen hands, he reached the nether shore, saw a team of six mules drawing a ton of pig iron, trot over the glassy bridge, in safety. Will not many timid Christians distrusting Divine promises, creep over the River of Death to earn, as they reach the celestial shore, that they might have marched over, like a conqueror. If they had but believed that the strength of Omnipotence was bridging the dark stream?—R. M. Horn.

**BISHOP, RECTOR AND CURATE.**

These Three Ecclesiastics Have Each Spoken Cordial Words in Favor of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

One of the most cordial endorsements of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has come from the Bishop of Toronto. But he has not stood alone in his praise of this medicine. He was followed by men like the Rev. John Langtry, and the Rev. W. H. Wade, rector of the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Ont., and falling into line with the Rev. W. R. Williams, Mr. Langtry's popular curate, the Rev. H. B. Gwynne, assistant pastor of St. Peter's Church, Hamilton, has been one of the latest to endorse this wonderful remedy. It never fails, and is so quick, in case of cold in the head and catarrh, and is the current panacea for Hay Fever.

**A Message from God.**

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap for he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Gal: 6: 7, 8

**VITAL TO PERFECT HEALTH.**

If in Doubt, Use South American Kidney Cure.

The average man or woman cannot trifle with that slight pain in the back, that may be thought only a result of cold. More than likely it is the warning note that kidney trouble has taken hold of the system. It is simply amazing the extent to which kidney disease is common in Canada. The wise man will take time by the forelock, and in using South American Kidney Cure drive the disease from the system in its incipient stages. Fortunately, if it is too late to do this, this remedy is strong enough to battle with the worst case of kidney disease. It is another instance of doing only one thing, but doing it well. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney cure. It does not make any other claims, but no other remedy can meet it on its own ground.

**Suicide of Wasps.**

A short time ago M. Henry, a Frenchman, being curious to see the effect of benzene on a wasp, put some of it under a glass in which a wasp was imprisoned. The wasp immediately showed signs of great annoyance and danger, darting at a piece of paper which had introduced the benzene into his cell. By and by he seemed to

have given up the unequal contest in despair, for he lay down on his back, and, baring up his abdomen, planted his stinging thorns into his body and then died. M. Henry allowed his scientific interest to overcome his humanity so far as to repeat the experiment with three wasps, only to find that the other two did likewise. He is, therefore, of the opinion that wasps, under desperate circumstances, commit suicide.

**More About the Great Remedy which Relieves Rheumatism in a Few Hours and Cures in One to Three Days.**

William McKenzie, Esq., of the G. T. R. Thamesville, Ont. "About two years ago I was completely laid up with the rheumatism and called in our family physician who attended me for weeks without benefit. At last I secured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure, and obtained relief in a few hours. Two bottles enabled me to resume work. It is the quickest acting remedy in the market, as one dose convinces of its great worth.

**The Town of Nameless.**

Mr. J. R. Shepard, a prominent citizen of Nameless, Laurens County, Ga., was in the city yesterday on business, and while here told how his town got its queer name.

"After the postoffice authorities at Washington decided to give us a postoffice," said Mr. Shepard, "the question of naming is arose. I had interested myself in getting the office, and, therefore, it was by common consent left to me to suggest a name to the authorities. Accordingly I sent on a name that I thought was a beauty, and while awaiting a reply I pictured how some day that same name would be known all over the country, and that the town would grow and blossom as the rose, for I believe that there is much in a name. Finally the answer came back that, while the name I had suggested was a good one, it was too similar to another postoffice in Georgia. Then I put my brain to work on another name. I just knew they would accept it, but the same answer came back as before. Still another and another name was sent, and each time the authorities would write back that there was either another postoffice in the State by that name or that it was so much like some other name that it was adopted there would be confusion in the mails. At last I sat down and wrote out a list of several hundred names, and told them if they could not find one in the list to suit them, the office would remain nameless, for I had suggested every name I had ever heard of. In due time the answer came back, 'Let it remain Nameless,' and ever since then it has had that name, which while a little odd, is not such a bad name after all."—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

**BUSY BUT GRATEFUL.**

TOO MANY MESSAGES AND LETTERS TO ANSWER BY TELEGRAPHS.

Duncan McKenzie, of Kirkfield, Wires His Respectful Reply to all Correspondents, and Acknowledges His Complete Cure of Diabetes After Using Only Eight Boxes of Dodds' Kidney Pills.

KIRKFIELD, Nov. 16.—A letter appearing in a Toronto paper from Mr. Duncan McKenzie, a well-known mill owner and lumberman here, also a brother of the president of the Toronto Street Railway Company, stating that he had been cured of diabetes by using Dodds' Kidney Pills after the best medical skill procurable had failed:—The publication of this letter by the proprietors of the medicine, to which, as he states, he owes his life, was authorized, but with no idea that he would be embarrassed by such a flood of inquiries. In order to relieve himself of the pressure of so much correspondence, your correspondent has been requested to wire the facts to the public press, his statement being as follows:—

"That having diabetes and failing of medical help, and that being advised of his probable early death, he was putting his affairs in final shape, when he was induced to try Dodds' Kidney Pills as a last resort and which he did with the success stated in the letter. That he has publicly endorsed the statements made in that letter, and that he gratefully acknowledges the means of his recovery; also that this despatch is intended as his respectful reply to all concerned.

No other medicine or treatment in the world has ever been known to cure diabetes except Dodds' Kidney Pills.

**Is a Murderous Implement.**

Of all the murderous implements of war that have been invented the Odkolok automatic machine gun gives promise of being the deadliest. It is so constructed, that after being set in motion by pulling the trigger, it continues to load and fire itself, at the rate of 600 shots a minute, for an indefinite length of time. The motive power is a small part of the gas produced by the explosion of the cartridge.

**Landscape Paper.**

A room in the Lawrence house at Exeter N. H. has on its walls the original paper, that its former proprietor, the late Jotham Lawrence, imported from Italy at great expense when the house was built, in 1808. It is known as landscape paper, and is made up of scenes of the bay of Naples, no picture being duplicated.

**DON'T BOIL, DON'T SCALD**  
the clothes on wash day.

It's not necessary. **SURPRISE SOAP** does the wash without boiling or scalding a single piece. The clothes last long & washed in this way. It's the quietest and cleanest way of washing 'em. There's no steam about the house, either.

**SURPRISE**  
makes white goods whiter; coloured goods brighter; flannels softer; nor does it injure the tenderest hands or finest fabrics.  
It's a remarkable easy way to wash.

**ALWAYS ASK FOR**  
**"D.G.L."**  
**SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN**

**VERY OLD SPECIAL**  
**D.C.L. BRAND**  
**THE DISTILLERS' CO. LTD**  
EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

**PROPRIETORS:-**  
**THE DISTILLERS' CO. LTD**  
EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

**For Sale by Street & Co.**

**Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine**

**OUR BRANDS:** DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLARET.

**THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.**  
MARCH 15th, 1898

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in my house.  
Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

**E.C. SCOVIL** Tea and Wine Merchant, Telephone 523, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces, 62 Union Street, St. John.

**Timely Warning.**

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

**WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,**  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

*Give me Progress please*