

REDDY WRIGHT.

"Whenever I drink gin as I am doing now," said the colonel, "I am reminded of Reddy Wright. He was the best gin drinker that ever faced the flag. I guess I never told you about the romance of Reddy Wright. "This Reddy Wright was a printer, one of the old vintage that figured up the national debt on the basis of how much booze it would buy at 10 cents a throw, and out his hair with a knife and fork. He was an inveterate tramp. I guess he set types in his time in all the big newspaper offices in the country and about half the small ones. It used to be his proud boast that he had sped the leaden messengers of thought in every place from north to south and east to west on this continent that the foot of mortal man had trod. He used to say that he had rowed a skiff on the turbid bosom of the wild Atlantic and washed his feet in the blinding waters of the great Pacific, but this last assertion was often seriously disputed. He was of good family, had received an excellent education and was possessed of a flow of language that would put a gas well to shame. Being somewhat deaf, he became impressed early in life with the idea that everybody else had had receivers of sound, and he used to talk like a man calling for the police. Having a high pitched, peculiar sort of a voice that sounded something like a man suffering with the asthma practicing on a piccolo, he generally made his presence apparent as soon as he arrived. To hear Reddy Wright calling for a chew of tobacco in a crowded composing room about half an hour before time for closing up the forms was worth more than the price of admission. "Some time in his life Reddy's front name had been Dave, but it was shifted in the cut to Reddy, and I guess nine people out of ten that knew him had no more idea his name was Dave than anything else. I believe he forgot it himself, because one time when he went to vote and they couldn't find the name 'Reddy Wright' on the register Reddy swore with all the volubility and force imaginable that some sneaking, underhanded, contemptible pharisee was trying to cheat him out of his franchise. The clerk didn't know him, but suggested that one David Wright was registered. "David, he—!" screamed Reddy, "He's some ringer." "No sooner had he said it than it occurred to him that his front name was Dave, as I said before. He felt so good about calling himself a ringer that he put on a sub that night and wound up in the workhouse. "Reddy had a way when he was drunk, which was always of mixing up technical phrases, known only to printers, with the ordinary conversations of plain English speaking people, in a manner that was execrably funny to those who understood it and superlatively idiotic to those who did not. I mind one night after the paper was out the gang was in a saloon drinking beer, eating lunch, freeing Ireland and criticizing the editor. Reddy had just bought a round, which was on the bar, and was proposing a toast of a small cop character when one of the crowd, a printer, accidentally spilled his suds all over the bar. "Here," remarked Reddy, as if he were talking to a man on the ground from the roof of a high building. "That ain't right. I submit to you gentlemen here assembled that no man has a right to pi such a precious thing as beer." "If you don't shut up," replied the man who had spilled his beer, "I'll pi your face." "Reddy used to land in his home town about once a year and stay about a month. Then he would go out on the road again and nobody would ever hear a word from him until the next time he 'lit.' Only twice had Reddy ever communicated with his home. The first time he was in a little country town away out west. Winter was coming on and his wardrobe was not as extensive as it should have been in more ways than one. The editor of the little weekly he was working on was in a bad way financially, and it used to hustle him to get hold of enough money to keep Reddy in gin. Reddy knew it would do no good to write home for coin, so he cast about for an idea. He found one. He went to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to his brother, a wealthy man, informing him that David Wright, aged 35, printer, had just died, destitute, and asking what disposition to make of the remains. To this telegram he signed the name of the editor. The brother wired back to send the remains home. Dave took the editor into his confidence, and the editor wired back that freight on corpse must be prepaid, and asked for \$50. The brother wired the \$50. Dave gave the editor \$10 of it and caught the first train for Denver. When he got there, he wired his brother, collect—always collect—a message, about 70 words long, to the effect that some unprincipled scoundrel down in Nebraska was circulating a rumor to the effect that he was dead. He begged his brother not to believe any such stories, and assured him he was very much alive, which he was. "Another time, later, Reddy was broke away down in the swamps of Mississippi and wired home to the president of the local typographical union, of which he was a member, that a man carrying a card showing him to be a printer from Union 69—or whatever it was—named Reddy Wright, had been run over and killed by a train, and asking what disposition to make of the remains. He signed a fictitious name to it and awaited a reply. It came as follows: "John Jones, Natchitoches, Miss.: "Touch a match to the remains. If he's Reddy Wright, they'll burn up. "The message was signed by the president of the union. When Reddy got home from that trip, he said he never

had anything happen to him that came so close to breaking his heart as that telegram. He said it was the most cruel thing that ever hit the wire. "Reddy's romance began a few years ago, when he took the Keeley cure. I was working in Reddy's home town that time on a little afternoon paper of which Reddy was foreman. We had three printers, two journeymen and a 'two-third,' and Reddy used to set up the ad. He was one of the best job printers I ever saw, and our ads. looked better than the ads. in any other paper in town. But Reddy was as unreliable as a policeman's testimony. Just about the day the boss would hustle out and get a good ad., contracting to have it set up a certain way, Reddy would show up missing. I would chase out and search the saloons for him, find him and take him to the office, where he would drown us in eloquent excuses. Then he would set up the ad., and it generally looked like a wall paper pattern after he got through with it. "At that time the Keeley cure fad was strong. Some of the most notorious drunkards in town had gone down to Dwight and come back with their appetites too dead to hold an inquest on. Whenever one of them would land in town, I would make a note of it in the paper, and then Reddy and I would take a drink and revile the men who couldn't stop when they wanted to. I guess there was nobody in the world more surprised than I when the boss proposed to pay all expenses if Reddy would take the Keeley cure, and Reddy took him up. We put Reddy on the train one night so drunk the conductor wanted him put in the baggage car and started him off for Dwight. In a month he came back cured. "He was the most annoying man when he got back you ever saw. He wouldn't go up to the Keeley club room and swap horrible reminiscences with the other reformed drunkards. He used to hang around saloons frequented by people who didn't take much stock in the Keeley cure and talk about its advantages. He had a way of taking some young fellow off to one side and pointing out to him the horrible finish he was saving up for himself. He made such an unmitigated nuisance of himself that he was soundly licked two or three times, but that did him no good. Neither did it help matters to try to guy him, because he could guy back harder than anybody. There was some talk of taking him out and throwing him in the river with his pockets full of rocks, when there was a change in Reddy. "I walked into our little composing room one morning to register a kick about something and found the printers in a trance and the 'two-third' in a fit. When I looked at Reddy, I saw the reason for it and fainted away myself. Reddy had on a clean white shirt, a collar and a necktie, and had submitted his hair to the mowers of a barber. "That clean shirt was an event in the history of the town that ranked with the semicentennial anniversary of its foundation and German day. I deemed it of enough importance to celebrate, so I wrote an ode to the shirt nearly a column long, which Reddy said was the best stuff he ever read. He had it set up in long primer, with a slug head, and set a fancy border around it. "A couple of days after that I was sitting at my desk writing a roast on the city council because they wouldn't order certain improvements in the alley back of the boss' house, when Reddy came in, pulled a chair up close to mine and expectorated about a pint of tobacco juice in my wastebasket. He had on a new suit of clothes that didn't fit him, and his shoes were shined. I knew he had polished them himself, because the toes shone like a new tin pan, and then the sparkle decreased back to the heels, where the color of the leather was a dull brown. He had on one of those run-around stand-up collars, which he wasn't used to wearing, and his neck was as stiff as though he had a brace in it. His red hair, pretty scant on top, was combed carefully, and I could smell hair oil and perfume on him. He had had his long mustache harrowed out smooth, and the ends of it were waxed. All together he was a wonderful sight, and his thin, freckled face was as red as his necktie, and that looked like a case of scarlet fever. "Reddy sat still for some time chewing tobacco and depositing the juice in large quantities in my wastebasket until I reminded him that our stock of life preservers was short and that the sanctum wasn't a river bed anyhow. Reddy blushed redder than ever and then remarked in a tone of voice that could be heard to the courthouse: "Say, you know Mrs. Look, don't you?" "I heard suppressed laughter from the composing room, and I was in a moment. Dave was mashed on Mrs. Look. "Of course I knew Mrs. Look. Everybody in town knew Mrs. Look. She was the divorced wife of a doctor who had graduated from four inebriate asylums and was at that time taking a preparatory course for another term. She used to dress like a garden of peonies and paint her face like Sitting Bull. Tall and thin and spare, she was the homeliest woman in the state, and everything about her was false—teeth, hair, eyebrows, form and everything. She also had rheumatism in one of her arms and was the mother of five children. "Reddy," says I, "I confess I do know Mrs. Look when I hear her coming. What about her?" "That's what I want to ask you," says Reddy. "You see, I've been a roving man, never having a settled place of abode for any length of time. The idea of settling down and marrying a female never occurred to me. I've been figuring on it, though, ever since I came back from Dwight, and now I've concluded it's the best thing I can do. I'm getting old, and if I don't get married

pretty soon it won't be much use. Now, this Mrs. Look seems to me to be about the proper edition. I know she's as homely as a woodcut, that her nose looks like an old wooden quoin and that her general appearance reminds a man of a shooting stick. I don't care much for that myself, though, because I ain't near as good a looker as I used to be myself. You see, she's had plenty of married experience, and I haven't, so I figure that would be an advantage. Those kids are the only obstacle. They remind me of a barrel of bad ink. However, I've figured that out too. If she had the kids alone I wouldn't think of marrying her, but she's got \$1,800. Now, you've had lots of female experience, and I want to ask you, on the square, if you don't think it would be a good idea for me to get married." "When I recovered from my astonishment, I told him I thought it would, reserving in my own mind the thought that I wouldn't marry her if I was blind and paralyzed and she had \$18,000,000. Reddy went back to work and he whistled all day. The next morning he showed up and told me he was engaged. "It was about four months between Reddy's engagement and his marriage and during that time he and Mrs. Look kept very much to themselves. The only time they were seen together in public was one night when they attended Louis James' performance of 'Virginus' at the opera house. In the second act, while the house was still as a church, admiring a great scene on the stage, Mrs. Look leaned over and whispered something to Reddy. Reddy replied in the same tone of voice he used in ordinary conversation and his every word was heard all over the opera house. From what he said Mrs. Look had said something risqué, as the French say, because his language made the actors blush. The funny part of it was that he did not realize that everybody in the house heard him and Mrs. Look realized it painfully. She whispered something else to Reddy. "Come off!" he howled back. "I paid a dollar fifty for these two seats and I'm going to see the show out." "Reddy was bound to marry Mrs. Look, and he did. "They went to Chicago on a bridal trip, intending to be gone a week, and they took all the children with them. The printers hired a brass band and gave him a royal send off. Much to my surprise he reported for work again in two days. "He didn't say anything for two or three hours and I didn't ask him anything. I knew he would talk in time. I took notice while waiting that he had on the same shirt he was married in, because of some tobacco juice stains on the bosom I remembered from the wedding. Just before noon Reddy came into the sanctum and exploded. Stripped of profanity his say was as follows: "Well, it's all over. The romance of my life is busted. It cost me pretty near \$500 to get married and furnish a house for my bride and her offspring, and now I find I got the double cross. The day we got to Chicago I tried to touch her for \$50, and she didn't have a cent. I instituted inquiries and found her reputed \$1,800 like salary day on a bankrupt paper—not there. She never had \$1,800. A revelation like that is enough to knock the romance out of any man if he was loaded with it. We came right back, and on the way she had the gall to say it made no difference about the \$1,800, because I had her. I don't want her unless I own a museum. You ought to see her with her make up off. She looks like an ossified woman. On the level, I'd feel just as good if I had married a policeman." "Of course I sympathized with Reddy, and everybody else did. The boss thought he would take to drink, but he didn't. He just buckled down to feed Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Look's five kids and grew wan and haggard in the attempt. His married life was a comedy to people on the outside, but considerable of a tragedy to Reddy. "One morning he came in the office quietly, looking like he had been run over by a fire engine. He told me his troubles at once. "The coarsest men I know," he said, "are brakemen. My married life has been such an imitation of the hearthstone of hell that I don't go home at night until I have to. Last night I went home when I thought I had to, and I met a man in the hall. I asked him who he was, and he said it was none of my d—d business. Then he soaked me. I know he was a brakeman, because he smelled oil and smoking car on him. After he got through soaking me he threw me down stairs and out in the street and locked the door. I slept all night at a hotel, and I can't say I'm sorry, but that fellow was the gayest man on short acquaintance I ever got mixed up with." "Reddy never went back to live with his wife. He sent our office boy up after his clothes, and his wife chased the boy with a flatiron and a broom. Then Reddy sued for a divorce and got it. The day the decree was granted I wrote a short item about it, and Reddy saw it on the galley. He took it up and added a couple of lines to it on his own responsibility. The lines were: "This closes the only romance in the life of Reddy Wright."—Martin Green in St. Louis Republic. "A Dentist For Their Employees. There is a large manufacturing establishment on the West Side which employs a dentist to examine the teeth of all applicants for work. If a tooth has a cavity, it must be filled, or if it is too far gone it must be pulled. This dental work is in most cases done at the expense of the factory and has proved to be wise economy. Little time is lost on account of toothaches. Teeth of employees are examined at regular intervals, whether they are giving their owners any trouble or not.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN IMPORTANT CASE. A VICTORIA COUNTY (ONT.), PEDLER BEFORE THE COURTS. Detected in Selling a Pink Colored Pill, Which He Represented to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—The Court Grants a Perpetual Injunction Restraining Him From Offering an Imitation of This Great Medicine—Some Facts the Public Will Do Well to Bear in Mind. In the High Court of Justice yesterday morning, before Mr. Justice Meredith, the case of Fullford v. McGehey was heard. It consisted of a motion for an injunction to restrain Fred McGehey from selling a pill which he claimed to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Douglas E. Armour appeared for the plaintiff and stated that the defendant had been peddling these goods about Victoria County, claiming them to be Dr. Williams' genuine Pink Pills. It was impossible, however, on the face of it, that they could be genuine, as he sold them greatly below what they cost at wholesale price. The defendant had given consent. Mr. Armour said, that the motion should be changed to one for judgment against him. No defence was offered, and his Lordship gave an order for judgment restraining McGehey from continuing to vend the article as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The above paragraph, taken from the legal columns of the Toronto Globe of the 15th inst., contains a warning which every person in Canada in need of a medicine will do well to heed, and shows the care and pains the Dr. Williams Medicine Company takes to protect the public from imposition, and to preserve the reputation of their famous Pink Pills. It is only a medicine that possesses more than usual merit that is worth imitation. Ordinary medicines are not subject to that kind of treatment, as there is not sufficient demand for such medicine worth while. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have achieved a reputation for sterling merit unparalleled in the history of medical science. In every part of the Dominion the remarkable cures wrought by the use of this great medicine have given it a name and a fame which has made the sale of Pink Pills simply wonderful. It is because of this great merit, and the consequent enormous demand for the medicine, that it is being imitated by unscrupulous persons in various parts of the country. The imitation is cheap, usually worthless, and is only pushed because the imitator can make much more money by its sale than he can by the sale of the genuine Pink Pills. Hence the pains he takes to sell the imitations. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company annually spends thousands of dollars endeavoring to impress upon the public that the genuine Pink Pills can only be purchased in one form—namely in packages enclosed in a wrapper (or label), which bears the full trade marks, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No one can buy them in any other form, not even if they offered many times their weight in gold for them. And yet in the face of these continuous warnings there are people confiding enough to permit some unscrupulous dealer to convince them that he can supply them with the genuine Pink Pills in loose form by the dozen or hundreds, or ounce, or in some other kind of a box. Any one who pretends to be able to do this is telling an untruth. Bear this in mind and refuse all pills that do not bear the full trade mark, no matter if they are colored pink, and no matter what the dealer says. Please bear in mind also that the formula from which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is compounded is a secret known only to the company, and any one who claims he can supply you with some other pill "just as good" is guilty of misrepresentation, for he does not know the ingredients of the genuine Pink Pills and is only trying to sell you some other pill, because he makes more money on his sale. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company is determined to spare no expense in protecting, both the public and themselves, against these unscrupulous imitators, and will always be thankful to receive information concerning any one who offers to sell an imitation Pink Pill purporting to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or "the same as" the genuine Pink Pills. Such cases will be investigated by the company's detective and the name of the person giving the information will not be made public, while any expense entailed in sending us the information will be promptly refunded. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and take nothing else. They cure when all other medicines fail. What it Wanted. Young Housekeeper (anxiously)—Is the mince pie good? Now, tell me frankly. It's the first I ever made. Her Husband (promptly)—Yes, indeed; it's splendid, Helen. Excellent; not quite spice enough, perhaps. Her father—Very good, my daughter; but a dash of brandy will improve it. It seems dry, rather. Her mother—You've done wonderfully well, dear. The crust needs a little more shortening. Did you put any salt in it? Her sister—You needn't be ashamed, I'm sure, for a first attempt. But, goodness, why didn't you let me chop the raisins. Her brother—O. K., Neil—first rate; only, what's the matter with the bottom of it. It tastes like dough. Young Housekeeper (with sarcasm)—Thank you all very much. I'm delighted to know that my pie is such a complete success.—Brooklyn Life. QUEBEC HEARD FROM. Harry G. Carroll, M. P., for Kamouraska, Que. Sounds the Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It will be noticed by those who have studied the testimonials for this wonderful catarrh remedy, that they are thoroughly unsectional in character. Every province in the Dominion, through its members of parliament, and most prominent citizens, has told of the peculiar effectiveness of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. 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