

A CONSIDERATE VILLAIN.

The inspector happened to glance up from his desk to the clock and noticed that it was ten minutes to 11, when the station door opened and a nattily-dressed young man slipped in out of the dark. Nodding politely to the inspector, he tucked a gold-headed cane under his arm and proceeded to remove his tan gloves finger by finger.

"I'm sorry to trouble you. I do it only to save you trouble," he said, without looking up from his occupation. "I am here to give myself into custody."

The inspector gazed across the room to where two brawny policemen sat on a wooden bench. One of these stepped smartly forward and took his position by the stranger, without however laying hands on him.

"I have come to give myself up," repeated the man, as he carefully smoothed his gloves, the one on top of the other.

"Yes, what have you done?" inquired the inspector.

"I have killed a man—my best friend in fact," said the stranger calmly, "and so that there may be no bother or delay I am here to tell you all that is to be told, and save you any trouble in looking for me."

The inspector ran his eyes over the man skeptically.

"I must warn you that whatever you say will be used in evidence against you if it should turn out that a crime has been committed," said the inspector, slowly.

"I realize that perfectly," continued the man. His face was pale, but he showed no nervousness. "I wish everything to be used against me, and used as soon as possible. I have nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to hide. I hope you will take down all I have to say in black and white, and I will sign it now. It will save time, I think."

"Just as you say," answered the inspector.

"First let me ask you to send a couple of men to 44 East Exeter street, N. W. Request me to ring the servants' bell and ask to be shown to Charles's room, Mr. Booth's—smoking-room, upstairs. They will find my friend sitting before the fire dead, unless someone has happened to look in before this time. But that is very unlikely. By the way, I'm sure it will be a kindness if you instruct your officers to call at the residence of the Rev. Joseph Canning—he lives at No 37 same street—and ask him to accompany them to my friend's house. Mr. Canning is an old friend of the Booth family, and may be of some comfort to the widow. Poor woman, she will be doubly shocked—the killed and the one who killed."

The inspector in an undertone passed these instructions to the leader of a squad of men who had been summoned for the purpose of making inquiry, and they stepped smartly out into the night. All but the brawny policeman who stood like a mutt beside the carefully dressed stranger.

"You still intend to inform?" asked the inspector, when the door had closed on the search party.

"Certainly. For my own sake, as well as for all concerned, it is better that I should give you every particular. I want the job over with at the earliest moment."

"Very well. I'm ready to hear what you have to say."

"First, my name is Albert Kane Rudd—Dr. Rudd—and I live and work in surgery at 47 1-2 East Exeter street. I killed my friend, Charles Booth as he sat before the fire at the address I have already given you. I killed him by first chloroforming him and then striking him on the head with an African knocking knob which used to hang as an ornament over the mantelpiece. You will find the knob muffled in a silk handkerchief. I wrapped it up so that the coarse-grained wood might not cut his scalp. I killed Charles for his own good, for the good of his wife and his family, and finally to prevent him from dying a natural death."

"An effective precaution," the inspector interjected.

Without heeding the officer's interruption, Dr. Rudd continued:

"This is the story from beginning to end. Charles and I met seven years ago, when we were both students learning practical engineering, and I at King's college studying medicine. We hooked around together a good deal, became fast friends, and finally took rooms in the same house, and soon his friends were my friends, and my friends were his. In fact so close became our friendship that our separate lists of acquaintances were pruned and selected and soon merged into one. We were seldom apart, and I might say never went to party or ball except together. It so happened that in the same month we both finished our studies, and strange to say in that month we each of us came into a little money—a few thousand pounds. Charles decided that with his money he would set himself up in double mine. He would set himself up in business in Queen Victoria street, city, rather than launch out into the world as had been his original intention. There was, of course, cause for this alteration of plans."

"We both met her the same evening at a Cinderella, and, well everything happened to us in couples, and we both fell deeply in love with the girl that very same night. I will not tell you of the months of rivalry, friendly rivalry, that followed. We used to discuss the situation at night and sympathize the one with the other according to the way our suits appeared to prosper or not at the time. But one night Charles arrived home all excitement and blushing; in personal appearance he came as near to the beautiful as a man can ever come; and before he had opened his mouth I guessed his success. I congratulated him heartily and honestly, sat up most of the night packing my bag, took the earliest train for Paris, and remained there for three weeks—in fact, until Charles had discovered where I had gone, and hastened across Channel to bring me home. Finishing my studies and having some money at bank I resolved—foolish I now see it was—to attempt to establish a practice in a 'good' neighborhood. I thought I could afford to wait for patients. How short-sighted I was you may guess when I tell you that my money is gone and there is no practice. Poor Charles reasoned in the same way I had done; set up in business and waited. He lost all his money, too."

"Charles married Gertrude five years ago. I was best man, and, by the way while I think of it, if you search the records of Marlborough street Police Court you will find a conviction against a man named Foster for creating a disturbance some-

where in this neighborhood on the evening of the wedding day. I was Foster—my only appearance in a Police Court—and I was fined twenty shillings and costs. After Charles's marriage our relationship remained unaltered. He took a house a few doors from my surgery and the only difference the new arrangements made was that there were three of us instead of two. His wife had been like a sister to me. They named their eldest child after me, and all my odd hours—and I had many—were spent at their house. My office hours were from 6 in the morning to 8 at night, for all it mattered, as not a soul ever called. I kept strictly to business nevertheless, and at 8 sharp walked over to spend the evening with my friends. Charles and I smoked our pipes, and Gertrude sat with us, sewing and joining in all our planning and resolutions and speculations. But as the years slipped past and no business came to either of us, and expenses—more particularly Charles's—always too heavy at best—increased, in spite of all we could do, we both of us grew less talkative, our spells of silence were longer and more frequent. Gertrude left us earlier each night, and we began to sit late, silently watching the fire flicker and burn to ashes like all our plans had done.

"Twelve months ago almost to a day, I noticed a small hectic glow on my friend's cheek. I had heard that his grandchild died of consumption, and Charles's complexion had always been too beautiful for a healthy man. For a week after first catching sight of the tell-tale flush I scarcely slept a wink. Not that I was at a loss to know what to do! I saw my duty clearly, but, try as I would, I seemed unable to make up my mind to do my duty."

"I'm a coward by nature. But at length I nerved myself to the task."

"Charles," I said to him one night as we sat alone, "Charles, do you carry a life insurance?"

"Only for a thousand, at a heavy premium," he answered without looking up.

"That's something," I answered. "Have you an accident policy?"

"No," he answered.

"That's wrong of you. In London so many accidents happen. I think you should insure against accident at once."

"Nonsense, Kane—he always called me Kane—I run no risks, and what is more I haven't the money to spend on anything but positive necessities. You know how I stand financially."

"Your financial standing does not trouble me so much as will your wife and children's standing, should anything happen to you."

"Nothing will happen to me—but bankruptcy," he answered sorrowfully. "No such luck."

"I am not given to superstition," I said to him, "nor do I believe in coming events casting their shadows before, or behind for that matter, but something seems to tell me that you should insure against accident."

"He looked at me and smiled, but said nothing."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Charlie," I continued. "I may be foolish on my part, but I want to see you insured. I'll lend you twenty-five pounds if you will use it for accident insurance premiums. You can pay me when you like."

"What's the matter with you to-night, Kane?" Charles asked in an injured tone. "I have no need for the money. Of course, if you insist, I shall take out a policy; but between ourselves, old man, I think it is a foolish thing to do in my present financial condition. However, just as you say."

"For your children's sake, do, Charlie," I said. "Do it to-morrow. I'll go with you and see you do it. I won't trust you."

"We went. That is a year ago last Friday. He paid twenty-four pounds, I think it was for three policies of two thousand each. They are now due."

"Day by day I watched my friend as close as a cat watches a mouse, but my feelings were quite the opposite of the cat's for I hoped against hope that Charles would escape. But as time passed Fate wove the web tighter and tighter. Charles fell to coughing hard, and, as we expected, money matters became so pressing that he was forced to shut up his place in the city, and sell out his machinery and wares at a terrible sacrifice. I saw that the end was rapidly approaching."

"This evening we three sat around the fire and no one of us spoke a word. When Gertrude rose to go she stood for some moments looking at the glowing coals, then quietly shook my hand without looking up, kissed her husband, and left the room. As the door closed my sharp ears heard her sob—and in an instant my mind was made up. Charles complained that his cough was hurting him."

"Give me your handkerchief," I said to him; "I have something here that I believe will relieve you."

"I took this small bottle of chloroform, and poured the contents on his handkerchief."

"Take a few breaths of this, and I think you will feel the better for it."

"He took it without looking up and without a word, and I watched him putting himself quietly to sleep—breathing himself from the world into eternity. When he awoke I took the handkerchief and held it tightly to his face, and he sat quiet. Then I tied the handkerchief around the knob and made sure of the job. His wife—his widow—is provided for life by his death."

Dr. Rudd ceased speaking.

"It is a strange story, doctor," the inspector said, after some moments, silence. "I suppose you are right in believing the insurance company must pay, although it appears to me that your friend died more by design than accident."

"Yes, design on my part, but not on the part of the insured. He took out the policy in good faith, and it was the greatest accident in the world that he found so staunch a friend as me. I have given my life for my friend."

"The door of the station opened, and the officer in charge of the search party stepped in with a strange bundle under his arm. Walking up to the inspector he said brusquely:

"Quite right, sir. We found the body in the chair. I have notified the coroner. In this bundle is a knob stick and a chloroformed handkerchief."

"This way, please," said the policeman to the stranger, and Dr. Albert Kane Rudd walked quietly to the cell.

Because of the mild winter and the unusually light fall of snow the Yosemite valley is open to tourists much earlier this year than usual.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROSE.

It is found in all Lands-Central Asia probably its Native Country.

Some indication of the origin of the rose, both in time and in country, is probably given in its name. This, undoubtedly, comes to us through the Latin from the Greek "rodon," a word which is now agreed to be, in the wider sense, Oriental, not Greek. But to which of the two great families of language it belongs is less certain. Heyn maintains it to be Iranian, that is, of the Aryan family—the older tongue of Persia and Bactria; and Persia might unquestionably put forward strong claims to be the true native country of the rose. But Prof. Skeat, who has the majority of modern authorities on his side, declares it to be a pure Semitic word—the Arabic "ward," a flowering shrub, thus denoting the flower of flowers par excellence. It is worth noticing that the Persian word "gul" similarly meant at first only a perfumed flower, but has come to be used of the rose alone. "Ut rosa florum, sic est domus ista demorum," is the emphatic way in which the inscription over the lovely Chapter house at York claims it as being the very flower of architecture. Both theories, however, of the name agree with all other indications that with can trace in placing the original home of the rose, much as that of our earliest forefathers, in the central or western central district of Asia; but, instead of spreading only in a westerly direction, the rose took, apparently, a more catholic view of the earth, and expanded impartially east and west, without showing any reluctance about longitude, while disliking the more violent changes of temperature implied by an extension of latitude. It has been found by travelers as far south as Abyssinia in one hemisphere and Mexico in the other; but it never seems, voluntarily, to come very near to the equator. Northward, however, nothing seems to stop it, since it has conquered Iceland, Greenland and Kamtschatka. In Iceland, so (in) fertile in vegetation that in some parts the natives are compelled to feed their horses, sheep and oxen on dried fish, we find the Rosa rubiginosa, with its pale, solitary, cup-shaped flowers; and in Lapland, blooming almost under the snows of that severe climate, the natives seeking mosses and lichens for their reindeer find the roses maialis and rubella, the former of which, brilliant in color and of a sweet perfume, enlivens the dreariness of Norway, Denmark and Sweden.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

This Church gave to the World a Beecher—Hear Also what the Rev. S. Nicholls, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was colored largely by the condition of his health. He has said from the pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed up with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising therefore, that we find the leading clergymen of Canada speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity better than anyone else of being relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nicholls, of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used the medicine, and over his own signature has borne testimony to its beneficial character.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, Supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents. Sample with blower sent for 10c in stamps or silver. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Where "Vanity Fair" was Written.

In 1847 Thackeray went to live in Young street, and once pointing out the bow windowed cottage to an inquiring friend is said to have remarked, "Go down on your knees, you rogue, for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned, and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." Here he also wrote "Esmond," and one of the houses close by in Kensington square has been chosen as the home of Lady Castlewood and Beatrice.

In 1862 Thackeray removed from Onslow square, where "The Newcomes" and "The Virginians" had been composed, to the house he had built himself in Palace green, still remaining in the old court suburb, with its leaf trees and gardens, to which he was so much attached. Here it was that the completion of "Denis Duval" was cut short by his lamented death in the following year.—Chambers' Journal.

A New Hamburg Citizen Released from Four Months' Imprisonment.

Mr. John Kock, hotel keeper, New Hamburg, Ont.: "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October, and kept me in the house four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatism Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy when I first contracted rheumatism it would have saved me months of pain and sufferings."

If you suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia do not delay, but try South American Rheumatism Cure now. It will relieve in a few hours and cure radically in a few days.

Coal in South Africa.

Owing to sea freight, expensive landing and carriage after arrival at the port of delivery the coal consumed at the Kimberley diamond mines, South Africa, became the most costly on record, the average price per ton being £20. These coals originally cost at the pit mouth about 10 shillings. The highest price ever paid for coal in England was between 1800-1820 when it cost £2 13s 3d per ton.

BETTER HEALTH

This Summer than You Had Last.

THAT IS WHAT YOU HOPE FOR AND SEEK TO OBTAIN.

Life Will be Pleasanter and You Will do More Work.

To attain this desired result, you will derive the greatest possible aid from a timely course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the great health restorer.

Better digestion, more effective assimilation of food, stronger nerves and muscles, clearer brain—are not these what you seek? The remedy named is the agency through which they may be made yours.

Thousands of Canadians have found it so, and are gratified for the knowledge, of so much value to them and to all men and women.

This is easily said. A course of Hawker's tonic is easily taken. Prove it for yourself. For sale by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts., per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd., St. John, N. B.

MARRIED.

Albert, May 6, Melbourne J. Colpitts to Alice Steeves.

Liverpool, April 30, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Nathan Bail to Martha Essner.

Windsor, May 4, by Rev. E. J. Grant, Edward Wilner to Eliza Lively.

Hantsport, May 4, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Robert Graham to Mary Ann Kelly.

St. John, May 4, by Rev. Dr. Carey Gilbert H. Vall, to Lauretta M. Titus.

Rose Bay, May 2, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, John Donovan to Louise Backman.

St. John, April 29, by Rev. Canon De Veber, Rev. Leo A. Hoyt to Adina Churchill.

Lakeville, May 2, by Rev. J. M. Allan, George E. Marchant to Ethel Grace Brown.

Jordan Bay, April 29, by Rev. C. W. Sabies, George T. Donald to Triphine Fuchorna.

Grand Manan, April 29, by Rev. W. H. Perry, James B. Cook to Winifred Benson.

Torbrook Mines, April 29, by Rev. Joseph Gaez, James E. McAlroy to Lucy Carlson.

Havelock, N. B. May 4, by Rev. N. A. McNeill, Alonzo McDonald to Ida May Gray.

Scotch Village, N. S., April 30, by Rev. Wm. Rees, Alfred S. Butler to Susan H. Greeno.

Winthrop Highlands, April 8, by Rev. N. S. Burbank, Clarence L. Porter to Lottie Ritchie.

Centerville, N. B. May 7, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Gideon F. Merrilow to Mrs. Lora Tibbets.

Wilson's Beach, N. B., April 27, by Rev. J. B. Daggert, Jason E. Porter to Eliza M. Howard.

DIED.

Halifax, May 5, John Power, 29.

Halifax, May 7, John Bassonette, 91.

St. John, May 11, John M. Earle, 64.

Westport, April 24, Charles Lent, 24.

Hampton, April 29, John C. Sartell, 64.

Winnipeg, April 17, W. H. Pollock, 58.

St. Stephen, April 12, Francis Smith, 61.

Weymouth, April 17, Frank Gilliland, 21.

Liverpool, April 28, Arthur L. Bain, 19.

Lower Truro, April 2, Anna F. Blair, 77.

St. John, May 6, Mrs. Patrick Graman, 93.

Annapolis, May 5, Anthony Cummings, 35.

Bay Road, April 28, Alexander Hutchison, 28.

Margaree, April 6, Alexander McKenzie, 96.

Gibson, April 20, Mrs. Jonathan Chapman, 61.

Little Glace Bay, April 28, Mrs. W. E. McNeil, 43.

Liverpool, April 29, Albert Henson, M. P. P. 24.

Somerset, Bermuda, April 13 Thomas Seymour, 66.

Plymouth, N. S., April 5, Capt. Robert Warner, 66.

Halifax, May 5, Mary J. widow of James A. Harris 71.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

Doctors Co., Yarmouth Co., to the wife of Mitchell Smith, a daughter.

Weston Mass., April 25, to the wife of Allen A. Mosher, a daughter.

Montrose, Annapolis Co., April 25, to the wife of Norman Grant, a son.

Barrington Passage, April 5, to the wife of Charles O. Wilson, a daughter.

Chatham, England, April 24, to the wife of Staff Sgt. F. Cope M. S. C., a son.

Hamilton, Bermuda, April 23, to the wife of Horace Thompson, a daughter.

Mining Sulphur With Water.

For many years vain attempts have been made to get at a great deposit of sulphur lying 400 feet underground at Calcasieu, La. The difficulty arose from the fact that above the sulphur lies a quicksand 160 feet deep. A few years ago the plan was tried of freezing the quicksand by means of refrigerating apparatus, and then boring through it, but the undertaking failed.

Recently it was decided to try melting the sulphur and pumping it up, and this method has proved successful. Superheated water is forced down a 10-inch pipe leading through the quicksand into the sulphur. The melted sulphur mingled with water is then pumped up through another pipe, and exposed to the air until the water evaporates, leaving the sulphur in a nearly pure form.

Why Do We Apologize for Laughing?

Did you ever notice how people will apologize for laughing? Let any one relate how at a certain place, and upon a certain occasion, their mirthful nerves were tickled by some circumstances or unique combination of circumstances, and nine times out of ten he will say, "I laughed, or I had to laugh—I couldn't help it."

"I laughed," says the independent man of business. "I couldn't help it." "I laughed," says the jolly matron. "I couldn't help it." "I had to laugh," says the giggling school girl. "I couldn't help it, you know." Rare indeed, is the person who will say, "I laughed," and let it go that. It would seem, sometimes, that "laughed," and "couldn't help it" are wedded and inseparable.

Restlessness.

Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, Heat, Pain, are Perfectly Controlled by Dr. Humphrey's Homeopathic Specific, No. 1.

Also Fevers of all kinds—Inflammatory, Bilious, Rheumatic, and even Typhoid Fevers; Inflammation of the Lungs or Pleumonia; Inflammation of the Throat, Head, Liver or Bowels; Pleurisy, or Stitches in the Side or Chest; Croup; Sore Throat; Scarlet Fever; Measles; Fevers of Children from Teething, Worms, or Cold; Erysipelas, Headache, with Heat or Throbbing of the Head; Toothache; Cough with pain in the Side or Chest; and all Diseases attended with Quick Pulse, Heat, Restlessness and Tossing.

It Chilled or Cold, Lame or Sore, or attacked by any sudden or acute disease always take No. 1. It breaks the chill, reduces fevers, dissipates congestion and so cures disease. It is a great pain destroyer.

Manual of Diseases mailed free.

Small bottles of pleasant pellets fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of price 25 cents. Humphrey's Medicine Company, 111 William St., New York.

HUMPHREY'S WITCH HAZEL OIL

"THE PILE OINTMENT."

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

PRICE, 50 CTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CTS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREY'S MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK

BORN.

Moncton, May 7 to the wife of Peter Duxbury, a son.

Brookville, May 5 to the wife of E. T. Nelly a daughter.

Woodstock, May 3, to the wife of S. H. Clark, a son.

Lunenburg, May 4, to the wife of Alex. Knickle, a son.

Brookville, May 4, to the wife of John D. McInnis, a son.

St. John, May 8, to the wife of E. McParland, a daughter.

Hillsboro, May 1, to the wife of J. W. Rogers, a daughter.

Yarmouth, April 30 to the wife of F. R. Tretry, a daughter.

Frederton, May 7, to the wife of Dr. G. C. Vanwart a son.

Welsford, April 23, to the wife of George A. Scott, a daughter.

Harrington Cove, April 23, to the wife of Chas. Snow a daughter.

Milton, April 26, to the wife of Freeman Moulton, a daughter.

Millstream, April 34, to the wife of Rev. A. H. McLeod, a son.

Upper Kennetcook, May 1, to the wife of Rupert Clark, a son.

Cambridge, N. S., April 22, to the wife of Fred A. Bowers, a son.

Lakeville, N. S., April 23, to the wife of Rupert Martin, a son.

Hamilton, Bermuda, May 4 to the wife of Francis H. Bell, a son.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JO

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax..... 7.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.30
Express for Sussex..... 16.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 9 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.50
Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30
Express from Moncton daily..... 10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 11.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 13.26
Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are headed by steam from the locomotive, and are between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office