

THE TIN BOX.

Henry Dyson was alone in the little office at the back end of his shop.

Mr. Dyson was a pleasant-looking man of about thirty-five or forty, and his fellow-townsmen frequently pointed to him with pride as a self-made business man.

But while everybody had a good word for Henry Dyson, very few people spoke well of his brother Tom.

On the night our story opens the merchant was waiting for his graceless brother and as the hours rolled on the frown on his brow grew deeper.

"I can do nothing with Tom," he said, as he paced the floor impatiently. "I have given him every possible chance, but he grows more idle and dissipated every day. Perhaps I ought not to wait for him, but he was so urgent in his request for an interview tonight that I could not refuse. Poor fellow! What new trouble can he be mixed up in?"

The front door opened and a young man entered quietly, and after a furtive glance round the shop proceeded to the office.

"Well, Tom?" said Henry Dyson.

"I am here, you see," replied Tom.

"I suppose," said Henry, "that it is useless to ask why you are so late, or where you have been during the last two days?"

Tom looked a little nervous, his eyes fell.

"That is neither here nor there," he answered in a swaggering way. "I have had some business of my own to look after, and I knew that you were not short of help in the shop."

"Well, what is it?" asked Henry abruptly.

"Brother," Tom broke out hurriedly and in a faltering voice, "I must have some money, fifty pounds or so."

"I wonder where you will get it?" Henry rejoined. "You will not get another penny from me—that is certain. Why should I toil here and economize in order to furnish you with funds to be lost at the gaming table?"

"If I do not get this money," said Tom, turning very pale, "I shall have to leave the country."

"A good thing for the country, then," snapped Henry. "Don't let me interfere with your travelling plans."

Tom seemed to fall all to pieces at this reply. He made one more effort.

"I hope you are not hard up yourself?" he said.

"I was never getting along better," responded the merchant, "but that has nothing to do with the case."

He pulled open the door of the iron safe and pointed to a little tin box.

"Do you see that?" he asked. "Well, that box contains twenty crisp £100 banknotes. I drew the money from the bank today for an investment. No, Tom, I am prospering, but I am tired of your endless drain upon my purse. It must stop, and now is the time."

Henry rose from his chair, and went into a little closet for his overcoat.

In an instant, before a man could count three seconds, Tom had drawn the flat tin box from the safe, and slipped it into the breast of his heavy overcoat.

His brother slowly emerged from the closet and put on his overcoat. Then he closed the door of the safe with a click.

"I am ready to go," he said. "You have no further business with me, I presume?"

"No, Sir," Tom responded, with a pale, determined face. "Neither now nor later, good-bye."

"Good-bye, old fellow," said Henry with a yawn.

Tom walked out of the shop without another word, banging the door after him.

"I know him," soliloquized the merchant. "He will not leave here. He will be here tomorrow, with a new proposition. Perhaps, after all, I had better look into his affairs, and give him another chance."

He walked slowly out of the building and locked the door. A glance up and down the street showed him that Tom was not in sight, and then he quietly made his way to his home, and straightway went to bed.

After leaving the shop Tom hugged the tin box to his breast and walked at a rapid pace.

"It was an awful thing to do," he muttered, "but I had to have money, and I worked to make some of it."

The young man sped onwards through the deserted streets until he reached the river. He crossed the bridge and started up the hill on the other side.

His plan was plain enough. He was going to a suburban railway station to take the train for Southampton.

Suddenly he pulled up with a jerk. He took the tin box from under his coat.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed. "I must have been mad. I am no thief, and I will not be a thief before I will become one. There is but one thing to do. I will take the box back to my brother, confess my folly, and then leave him."

He turned and retraced his steps. When he reached the bridge he paused a moment and looked over into the dark waters below.

"I may find peace there," he said gloomily.

He leaned over the railing, and listened to the swift rolling current.

"My God!" he cried. "The box—the box!"

It had slipped through his fingers, and already the rushing waters were carrying it to the sea.

Tom ran in the direction of his brother's house, and then wheeled about and ran back to the bridge. His first impulse was to throw himself into the river.

"I am a fool!" he cried. "Suicide will not restore the money, I must be a man now if there is any manhood in me!"

Across the river and over the hill into the thick darkness of the night the guilty fugitive fled. Miles after miles he walked like a madman. The light of the city disappeared from view, and Tom found himself wandering in an unfamiliar locality.

Again the river came in sight, and the wretched man decided to follow its course. It was not far to the sea. He would go on to the nearest port and ship as a sailor. Anything to get beyond his brother's reach and the eyes of those who knew him.

Thus the light of day found him, but it was not likely that anyone along the river side would recognize him. There were few dwellings, and the people he met were farmers, who were not disposed to be unpleasantly inquisitive.

So the half-crazed man, rushed on through the day, till at nightfall he limped wearily into a small seaport town.

Henry Dyson made every effort to find



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his missing brother. When he thought of the pained look in Tom's eyes the night the poor fellow left, he reproached himself for allowing him to go away without a kind word of encouragement.

The detectives took the matter up, and the newspapers published an account of Tom's mysterious disappearance. But it was all of no avail. There was no trace, no clue, and after a year or two the merchant came to the conclusion that his brother was a dead man.

Henry Dyson continued to prosper. He married happily, and in the course of time little children came to make his home still brighter.

Twenty years had rolled away, when one night the merchant found himself alone in his office writing a letter.

As he leaned back in his chair to take a moment's rest he thought of the night a score of years before when Tom had visited him there to make a last appeal. Tears came into the rich man's eyes.

"He was my own brother," he sobbed, "and I acted like a brute. How easy it would have been for me to have paid his little debts. Then I could have watched over him, and in time my love would have touched his heart, and he would have turned out all right. But it is too late now to think of those days."

The door opened with hardly a creak, and the merchant would not have known it but for the rush of cool air. He rose from his chair just in time to greet a visitor who walked into the office without even a knock at the door to herald his approach.

Henry Dyson looked upon him in speechless astonishment. It could trust his eyes this was Tom Dyson, but not the Tom of twenty years ago. He was an old man with a wrinkled face and white hair.

"Brother," said the visitor holding out his hand, "are you glad to see me?"

With a joyful exclamation the other caught him in his embrace, and then seated him in a chair.

"This is a glad hour for me, Tom," he said. "I had given you up for dead, and I have all these years been reproaching myself for my harshness to you that night, you know."

"Hold on!" cried the other excitedly. "You must not overwhelm me with kindness until I have made restitution. Here in this package you will find the sum I took from the safe in the little tin box. It has taken me these twenty years to make it, but here it is at last."

"But I do not understand," interrupted Henry.

"Oh, but you must," replied his brother. "When you turned away to get your coat that night, I slipped the box out of the safe and concealed it. Then you closed the safe, unconscious of your loss, and I left you."

"But the box was empty!" shouted Henry.

"Impossible!" answered Tom. "For you told me that it contained £2000. Well, I rushed off with the box, but repented, and was on my way to return it when I carelessly let it slip into the water when I crossed the river. Now you know why I ran away and concealed myself. I had but one object—to make enough money to pay you back, and then I would ask your forgiveness."

"Oh, how foolish!" said Henry. "Why, man, I found in the morning that my book-keeper had taken the money from the box and carried it back to the bank that afternoon when he found that I was not going to use it until the next day. I missed the empty box, but I never connected that with your disappearance."

"Then this money—"

"Is yours," said Henry. "But even if you had lost my money, as you supposed, you should have come back to me. I sometimes talked roughly to you, but you ought to have known how I loved you, Tom."

The two white-haired men sat there till midnight talking about old times and making their plans for the future.

"You must live with me, Tom," said Henry, as he took him home. "I can't trust you out of my sight again."

And Tom gave his promise.—Selected.

BOTTLED BY BELL'S.

If you are musical, you will enjoy nothing better than "a chime of bottle bells," which, while it may sound very difficult, is really very easily arranged.

Your apparatus will consist of two chairs, two long poles or sticks and 18 bottles. The chairs must be placed the length of the stick apart, back to back; upon each stick place nine bottles suspended by a string tied about the neck, with a loop big enough to slip over the stick. Place one

stick with each end resting on the seat of the chair and the other resting on the top of the back. For a hammer almost any stick will do to beat with. For quick tunces two sticks should be used.

If the bottles are all of the same shape and size, they can be tuned to produce all the notes of the scale by pouring water into them. The more water the lower the note, or differently shaped bottles can be used to fill the places when the correct note cannot be produced. It is not possible to tell just how much water to use, for it varies with the thickness of the glass. You may have as many bottles as you like and there may be two players, one on each side.—Philadelphia Press.

POISONED FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

We call particular attention to the following statement. No incident of its kind, of equal interest and importance, has occurred in the history of the world. A declaration so startling in its general scope, and so full of corroborative detail, certainly warrants the conclusion that a new epoch in the healing art has dawned upon us. Aside from the force of the legal forms which it assumes, the facts, as alleged, rest upon the results of a thorough and careful investigation.

(Copy.)

I, George Lack of 123, Stamford Street, Waterloo Road, London, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

"I was always a strong, healthy man up to April, 1876. At this time, whilst engaged at the Stamford Street Embroidery Works, cleaning out a tank which had been used for dyeing purposes, I slipped and fell in the tank (which was covered with varnish) cutting both my elbows. The parts soon became swollen, and in a week's time the flesh was putrid, as if gangrene had set in. My system seemed to be poisoned, and I began to lose strength rapidly, for my appetite left me and I could not bear the sight of food; what little I did eat lay on my chest like lead. I went to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, where I was under treatment for five weeks, but I got worse. After this I got an order and went into the Lambert Infirmary, where I was placed in No. 11 Ward. At this time my condition had become serious, for I felt so sick and faint that I could scarcely move, and, after a time, I got so bad that I could only get up for an hour or two each day. Later large abscesses formed on my shoulder and gradually spread over my face and the upper part of my body. My face was completely covered with the abscesses, which, on healing, left deep marks, that I bear to this day. After this I had swelling around the joints, and large abscesses formed in the calf of my leg, and I had also running wounds, extending from the top of my ankle to the bottom of my feet. An offensive discharge of matter came from the parts, and it seemed as if the abscesses were drawing the life out of me. I was now in a hopeless, helpless state, and felt that I did not care how soon my end came. For days and days I never closed my eyes, and on one occasion I had but little sleep for eighteen days and nights together, the doctor's sleeping draughts having no effect upon me. When I did sleep I length fast asleep I slept from Thursday to Sunday afternoon. From all the doctor's medicines and applications I only got temporary relief. On one occasion the doctor said that I could not live throughout the day. The nurses placed a screen round my bed, expecting that I would die during the day, and my brother was sent for. When the doctor called at night he was surprised to find me alive. However I took a turn for the better, but for months afterwards I was, as it were, on the brink of the grave. I had to be lifted in and out of bed, and was fed on slops and light food. Sometimes better, and at other times worse, I continued in this wretched state for over five years, during which time I remained in the hospital. In August, 1881, I became tired of being in the hospital, and was carried to my house. I was so weak and emaciated that I got a pair of crutches to help me to hobble about the house. My father and friends who saw me were shocked at my feeble and emaciated appearance, and thought I was not long for this world. I lingered on in the same wretched state for two more years, expecting and wishing that I should soon be out of my misery. In November, 1883, after suffering over seven years, my father bought me a bottle of medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded me to try it, saying that it had been a great benefit to him. After I had taken half the contents of a bottle, I felt brighter and in better spirits than I had been for years. My appetite improved, and by continuing with the medicine, my legs began to heal, and I got stronger and stronger. In

less than three months I was able to put aside my crutches and walk with the aid of a stick. After I had taken Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup six months I was back at my work, as strong as ever I was in my life, and have since kept in the best of health. I wish the particulars of my case known to other sufferers, and the Proprietors have my consent to make what use they like of this statement. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (Will. IV. c. 62).

(Signed) "George Lack."

Declared at No. 16, Godliman Street, Doctor's Commons, in the City of London, this 13th day of April, 1893, before me, (Signed) George H. Brooks, commissioner of oaths.

Here we have a case of profound and pernicious blood poisoning. Verdigris (chemically the bismuth of copper) is, when introduced into the circulation, a slow poison which no positive antidote is known. There is no doubt that the physicians in the hospitals did all that could be done, with the knowledge and resources at their command. Unhappily their treatment, at best, was only mildly palliative; the poison continued its deadly work, until it saturated the poor fellow's entire system and perverted all its functions. What but an ultimately fatal result could have been reasonably expected?

Mr. Lack's final and perfect recovery, through the use of Seigel's Syrup, illustrates beyond the need of comment the unprecedented power of that well-known remedy to renew the digestion, stimulate the secretory organs, and thus to purify the blood. In common with all who shall read the details of this case, we most keenly regret that Seigel's Syrup was not taken immediately after the results of the accident first appeared.

Professional Courtesy.

Actor (in country town)—"I hope you won't object to announcing in your paper that this will probably be the last chance to see me outside of the great cities, as I have received an offer from the Gotham Theatre, for next season, at \$500 a week."

Editor—"I'll print it with pleasure. And by the way, please announce from the stage that now is the time to subscribe for the Pamphlet of the Trumpet, as I have received an offer of \$500 a week to run the London Times."—N. Y. Weekly.

There are Two Roads!

One Leads to Misery and Death; the Other to New Life.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND THE SUFFERER'S HOPE AND LIFE-GIVER.

It Always "Makes People Well."

USE EVERY PRECAUTION TO AVOID THE SUBSTITUTES.

For the Sake of Money Profit He Would Persuade You to Use Worthless Medicines.

There are two roads open to the old and young, rich and poor who are suffering from any of the diseases now so prevalent. One leads to misery and death, the other to new life and perfect health.

The sick and suffering are fervently praying to be led in the way that guarantees a new life—the joyous road that leads onward and upward to a wealth of health and happiness.

Let it be distinctly understood that there is but one well-marked course open to all who seek the new life; it calls for the use of Paine's Celery Compound, a great physician's discovery, prescribed by the best living physicians, and always successful when honestly used. It is not a patent medicine; it is not a sarsaparilla; it is not a bitter or a purgative; it is as far beyond them all as health surpasses suffering.

To the thousands on the broad road of suffering from troubles such as rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney affections, nervousness, heart and blood diseases, we would say, use a few bottles of Paine's Celery Compound faithfully according to directions. It will surely cure you and restore you to your former good health.

Remember that delays are dangerous; the symptoms of today may tomorrow result in misery or death. To be well and strong, and able to battle successfully with life's duties, cares and troubles, you must use Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that has done such marvellous things for thousands in the past.

When buying Paine's Celery Compound, be careful to avoid the dealer, who, for the sake of profit, would have you take a worthless medicine. Keep clear of such merchants and dealers who would deceive you and imperil your life.

Mr. A. Budd, of Shanty Bay, Ont., who was quickly and wonderfully cured by Paine's Celery Compound, writes as follows:

"For the benefit of sufferers I gladly give my experience with Paine's Celery Compound. After suffering from dyspepsia for thirty-five years, and meeting with many failures with other medicines, I decided to use Paine's Celery Compound, having heard of so many cures effected by it. The Compound, after I used it for a time, produced marvellous results and banished my troubles."

"From a condition of helplessness—being unable to sleep or eat—I now feel well and strong. I am astonished at the results, as my trouble was an old and chronic one. I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to some of my neighbors, and in every case it has given satisfaction. I will always strongly recommend its use when I have opportunity."

"The trees are leaving," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "Nevertheless, they are not packing their trunk," replied Mr. Snaggs, who objected to his wife's coined verb.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The busy man may be tempted by one devil, but the loafer is tempted by a dozen.—Ram's Horn.

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The "Leschetizky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.

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Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

BORN.

Windsor, May 8, to the wife of J. A. Smith, a son.

Halifax, May 12, to the wife of Fred J. Lordy, a son.

Amherst, May 12, to the wife of Neel B. Steele, a son.

Tusket, April 24, to the wife of James Sheppee, a son.

Farrsboro, May 9, to the wife of Henry Pettis, a son.

St. John, May 15, to the wife of C. B. Barbour, a son.

Harford, May 8, to the wife of Arthur Patton, a son.

Kentville, May 8, to the wife of Wm. Calder, a daughter.

Digby, May 11, to the wife of Edgar Warner, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 2, to the wife of Frank Dourden, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 10, to the wife of I. L. McNair, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 2, to the wife of Frank Dourden, a daughter.

Milton, May 7, to the wife of Edward A. Horton, a daughter.

Dartmouth, May 8, to the wife of Ronald McDougal, a son.

Salmon River, May 8, to the wife of William Foley, a daughter.

Springhaven, May 4, to the wife of Absalom Hulbert, a daughter.

Brooklyn, N. S., May 8, to the wife of E. T. Neilly, a daughter.

Shubenacadie, May 14, to the wife of Rev. R. M. Gost, a son.

New Glasgow, May 9, to the wife of James F. McLean, a son.

Comet's Hill, May 10, to the wife of George Fitzgerald, a son.

Kellyville, N. S., May 5, to the wife of George Barron, a son.

Halifax, May 11, to the wife of Angus E. Chadwick, a daughter.

Acadia Mines, May 12, to the wife of Lewis Rogers, twin daughters.

Partridge Island, N. S., May 11, to the wife of Joseph McAloney, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Hantsport, May 6, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Robt. Graham to Vernia Kelly.

Amherst, May 6, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Samuel Troop to Nada Sears.

Hantsport, May 4, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Root Graham to Eversley Kelly.

Dartmouth, May 13, by Rev. Thos. Stewart, Charles Ritchie to Ida Healy.

Halifax, May 14, by Rev. J. E. Goucher, Henry J. Manuel to Mary Hartland.

Truro, May 14, by Rev. T. Cumming, Ewen Morrison to Christina Campbell.

Amherst, May 6, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Edmund Estabrooks to Laura Hicks.

Barrington, May 6, by Rev. Dr. Jost, Nathan Cunningham to Anna Lamrock.

Halifax, May 14, by Rev. F. H. Almon, Richard V. Lawson to Alice H. Wilson.

Gloucester, May 9, by Rev. J. A. Mills, John W. H. Lester to Mary E. Enbliston.

Hantsport, May 6, by Rev. Wm. Phillips, William B. Sailer to Barbara Davidson.

Victoria, B. C., April 22, by Rev. S. Cleaver, Charles Ross to Augusta Crabie.

North Sydney, May 1, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Norman Johnson to Dobie McLeod.

Port La Tour, May 6, by Rev. J. Appleby, Josiah H. Swaine to Mianie L. Thomas.

St. John, May 6, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Thomas H. Lester to Mary E. Enbliston.

Centerville, May 7, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Gideon F. Merrithew to Mrs. Lora J. Tibbets.

Bath, Carleton Co., May 14, by Rev. A. E. Le Page, Edon Akery to Sadie E. Squires.

Woolstock, May 6, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Frederick B. Hayden to Celina A. Moxen.

DIED.

Halifax, May 11, John R. Dean, 33.

Aylesford, May 2, Parker Spurr, 22.

Peterborough, May 18, Charles Megan, 76.

Lockport, May 14, Henry Colquhoun, 57.

Digby, May 11, Capt. Henry Starrett, 61.

Plympton, N. S., April 6, Capt. Robt. 66.

Kelly's Cove, May 13, Alvin Morton, 25.

St. John, May 16, Catherine Merrick, 67.

St. John, May 16, Stephen L. Pearce, 49.

Rockingham, May 13, Catherine Stevens.

Westport, May 9, Charles J. Glenham, 70.

Liverpool, N. S., May 9, John W. Cobb, 76.

Antigonish, May 6, Anthony Cummings, 38.

Richibucto, May 10, Alexander Haines, 66.

Port La Tour, April 27, Nathan Salisbury, 81.

Boston, April 30, Mrs. Annie Gleason of N. S.

Weymouth, N. S., April 17, Frank Gilliland, 24.

Blue Mountain, May 6, Alexander McIntosh, 47.

Hebron, May 7, Jane, widow of Zachariah Patter, 61.

Halifax, May 13, Anne, widow of John Knapman, 65.