

he fights harder than ever. He has thrown Freere to the ground. Now Freere is up—what a strong chap he is! Now the other man is down. No, he has risen again. Now they both stand and fight, and—Dr. Rumsey, did you see that? The man with his back to us uses his stick, straight in front of him like a bayonet, and—oh, my God!

Audrey covered his face with his shaking hands. In a moment he looked up again. "Can't you see?" he cried. "Freere is on his back—in my opinion he is dead. What has happened?"

Audrey swayed from side to side. His excitement was so intense that he would have fallen if Dr. Rumsey had not caught him. The light was a chilly one, but the terrified and stricken man was bathed in perspiration.

"Come, Audrey, you have told me everything, and it is fully time to return home," said the doctor.

"I won't go back until I see that man's face, Dr. Rumsey. What name did they give him at the trial? Frank—Frank—Everett—was he the man convicted of the murder?"

"Yes, of course, you must remember that—he is serving his time at Portland."

Audrey faced round suddenly, and looked into the doctor's eyes.

"It is all a mistake then," he said, in a queer sort of whisper. "I swear that before God. I saw Everett once—he was a thick y made man—that fellow is slighter taller, younger. He carries his stick and wears my clothes. Why in the name of Heaven can't I see his face? What are you saying, doctor?"

"Only that I must take you home, my good fellow. You are my patient, and I cannot permit this excitement any longer."

"But the murder is still going on. Can't you see the whole thing for yourself? That fellow with his back to us is the murderer. He uses his stick as a bayonet. What did I once hear about that? Oh that I could remember! There is a cloud before my mind—God in Heaven, help me to rend it!"

Audrey flung himself on the ground—he pressed his hands before his eyes. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"I have it," he said, with a laugh, which sounded hollow. "If I look in the pond I shall see the man's face. His face must be reflected there. Stay where you are, doctor, I'll be back with you in a few minutes. I am getting at it—light is coming—it is all returning to me. He used his stick as a bayonet, prodding him in the mouth. Old, old—what am I saying—who told me that long ago? Yes I shall see his face in the pond."

Audrey ran to the edge of the water. He paused just where the silver light fell full across the dark pond. Rumsey followed him in hot haste. He knew that his patient was in the condition when he might leap into the pond at any moment.

Catching on to an elder tree, Audrey now bent forward until he caught the reflection in the water—he slid down on his knees to examine it more carefully.

"Take care, Audrey, you'll slip in if you are not careful," cried Rumsey.

Audrey was silent for a moment—his reflection gazed him—he looked straight down at his own face and figure. Suddenly he rose; a long shiver ran through his frame. He went up to Rumsey with a queer, unsteady laugh.

"I have seen the man's face," he said.

"It was your own face, my dear fellow," said the doctor. "I saw it reflected distinctly in the water."

"I am satisfied," said Audrey, in a changed and yet steady voice. "We can go home now."

"Well, have you really seen what you wanted to see? Who then was the murderer?"

"Frank Everett, who is serving his time in Portland prison. Dr. Rumsey, I believe I have been the victim of the most horrible form of nightmare which ever visited living man. Anyhow it has vanished—it has completely disappeared."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Audrey."

"I do not see any picture now—I know what I wanted to know. Let us go back to the Court."

(To be continued.)

A Lesson in Courtesy.

She was an old German woman. No one knew where she was going, but evidently some distance, for she carried an enormous bundle wrapped in newspaper and containing her personal effects. Supernatural gifts of second sight were not necessary to discover the last fact, for hardly had the old woman entered the train before the contents of her package were exhibited to the view of the other travelers. Newspapers have their uses, but they were never intended for wrapping parcels. The strain and the heat of the poor old creature's arms had been too much for it. There was a sound like the outburst of a long pent-up sigh, followed by a shower of neat but plain garments of feminine wearing apparel along the aisle, and a ripple of laughter which traveled rapidly down the car. Everyone was interested. That newspaper was gone, the contents of the package were scattered. What was the owner going to do? She did not know any better than the other passengers, and it was no laughing matter for her. Just then a man, who had been intently reading his paper, looked up and took in the situation at a glance. He arose quietly, put down his paper, and stepped into the aisle. One after the other he took up the different articles, rolled them into tight little bundles, took his own paper and wrapped them neatly in it, tied together the broken string and handed the woman her package in many times better condition than it was before. She was not diffusive in her thanks but her gratitude was shown in her face.

"Oh, thank you, sir; thank you, sir," she said as she sat down smiling happily, her rejuvenated bundle clasped tightly in her arms again.—New York Times.

Scrofula Cured.

DEAR SIR,—After I had doctored for two years for scrofula all over my body and received no benefit, I tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which gave me relief very quickly, and after using six bottles I was completely cured. I can recommend B. B. B. very highly.

Mrs. A. FORD, Toronto Ont.

ANOTHER LETTER.

CHAPTER I.

"I will make a clean breast of it! Better to know and endure the worst at once than to suffer longer this paralyzing anxiety, which makes the present dreadful and the future terrifying."

So reflected Mr. Richard Foskett, as he sat, worn and haggard, in his handsome house at Bayswater.

More than mere comfort surrounded the despairing man. His light-hearted wife and merry daughter chatted gaily together in an adjoining room. And in town many a plodding city man envied Dick Foskett his snug berth of manager in the well known house of Godfrey Avery & Co., stock brokers.

And yet this prosperous-looking gentleman had found no savor in his annual summer holiday, from which he had just returned, some days before his leave of absence had expired.

It was the old, old story—the sad one that reappears with new faces every day, alas! when commerce thrives. This genial friend, generous host, and trusted confidential servant was nothing more than that poor thing, a thief! He himself would have preferred to style his depredations "irregularities." And it was with the wealth of his employer—his friend, one might say—Godfrey Avery, that he had tampered.

True, he had never dreamt of associating himself with mere vulgar plunder. He himself had speculated widely with money and not his own, yet with such knowledge and acumen that it seemed impossible for him to make a false step.

But a most unlooked for fall in American securities had overtaken and overwhelmed him. With time all might be retrieved, but this was the very thing he could not command. A few days must inevitably see him exposed, and probably imprisoned.

Mr. Avery was known to be strict to austerity in all his business relations; stern and unbending in matters of probity and honor; but a curiously mild, shy, and nervous little man away from his office and in society.

Folk said that he needed a wife to draw him out a bit, and as Godfrey had never heard to express any objection to the married state, he may possibly have agreed with these.

It was this knowledge of one side of his employer's character that led Mr. Foskett to at last hit on a plan by which he craftily hoped to elude the most tragic consequences of his crime.

The wretched man reasoned with himself somewhat in this wise:—

"If I lay open the truth of my position before Mr. Avery in his office, his keen eye instincts will make him treat me with rigor and harshness. It is quite likely that for the sake of making an example of me before his clerks, he may immediately call in a constable and give me in charge. A better plan will be for my wife to invite him, in our joint names, to dine with us on Wednesday evening, which is the one preceding the morning when I should resume my duties. Thank goodness! Avery is not above accepting an invitation from his confidential clerk."

Once he had resolved on this course of action, the culprit felt easier in his mind. By the time his admiring wife had written and despatched the all-important invitation, he had gained so much cheerfulness that his daughter Edith declared he had gone back ten years in age, and was—

"I am so glad you have invited Mr. Avery," said this somewhat statuesque young lady. "He is so gentle, and he has so much more sense than those bits of boys, who think of no one but themselves. Besides, his wealth must be great, and, after all, money is the main thing nowadays; isn't it, pa?"

The question had keen significance for Dick Foskett just then. Never before had he agreed with this sentiment of his daughter so zestfully.

Scarcely had his note to Mr. Avery reached the local pill-box when the postman brought the erring clerk a letter, the sight of which was alone sufficient to blanch his cheeks, and make his heart fall like a dead weight within him.

CHAPTER II.

Only too well did he know the parchment-like envelope affected by his firm; and the address so perfectly typed, could only be the work of Septimus Penn, the vain and techie-minded young fellow who worked at the office under the supervision of the startled man, who now trembled as he opened the missive, which he had no doubt came from Mr. Avery, to crush him with the news that his perfidy was discovered, and to warn him that only immediate restitution could save him from penal servitude. But as he read it a hopeless expression of bewilderment overspread his face.

"I am going mad!" he muttered, "completely mad!"

He sent for his wife. When she entered the room he handed the document to her, saying:—

"Read it to me, Martha, I cannot believe the evidences of my senses."

"Why, of course, you can't!" cried his flushed and bustling domestic partner. I declare it is enough to take one's breath away. Fancy Mr. Avery, of all men, making a proposal for our daughter's hand! How modestly he words his letter, too! He calls himself unworthy; asks us to pardon his presumption, and talks about having "the honor" of waiting on you on Wednesday evening to receive your decision. But, there! I never knew so unassuming a man as dear Mr. Avery. What a splendid match it will be for our darling Edith!"

"Of course," replied her husband, still feeling like a man in a dream. "Avery must be a queer fellow to have such a letter as that typewritten," added he, thoughtfully.

"I really do not see it," Mrs. Foskett protested, prepared to defend her prospective son-in-law against any attack, tentative or aggressive. "What is the use of having a typewriter if you do not use it?"

"That is all very well; but then, you see, he has to dictate that letter to young Septimus Penn and that empty-headed noodle is sure to have spread it all over 'Change by this time."

"And why not?" demanded the lady, bridling up. "We have nothing to be ashamed of, and I am sure Mr. Avery has not. As for Mr. Penn, I am very sorry

for him. This will be a great blow to the young man. It was easy to see at our last parting how deeply smitten he was with Edith."

"The insolent young puppy!" cried Mr. Foskett wrathfully. "Had he ever dared to hint at such a thing to me I would have kicked him from one end of Throgmorton street to the other!"

Miss Edith received the news with composure and dignity. Her manner implied that Mr. Avery had merely displayed that good taste she had expected from him.

The hours passed now with irritating slowness. When at last Mr. Avery's voice was heard in the hall his manager was bursting with excitement. The latter received his guest with the utmost effusion, and he literally dragged him into the room.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Avery—delighted! I must shake both your hands. This is indeed the happiest moment of my life!" cried Foskett, looking as though he wished very much to embrace his visitor.

"I am very glad to see you again, Richard," returned the stockbroker, bolder back an expression of alarm growing on his placid face but really I see no occasion for such a vehement expression of joy."

"No occasion sir?" protested the other. "Why, sir, when you condescend to propose an alliance with our humble family, when you express a desire to enter our circle by forming one of the holiest of ties, when you crave to become one of us, I say there is the greatest and highest occasion. Bless you, Mr. Avery—bless you!"

"Alliance? Your family? Holiest of ties?" gasped the amazed bachelor. "I do not understand you. Perhaps—I perhaps you are not well?"

He sided towards the door.

"Intoxicated with happiness! That is all, sir," declared the beaming Foskett. "And this, sir, is the precious document which has filled me with such gladness—your letter."

"My letter?" repeated Mr. Avery, taking the missive from the other's hand.

He sat down, and smoothing the paper out on his knee, he read it with great deliberation. When his gaze reached the signature, it appeared to remain glued there for at least a couple of minutes.

"Well, well," murmured he, half to himself, this is remarkable. I had not thought of such an eventuality, but upon my word, I might do worse, and this is certainly a legal offer."

"Do worse!—a legal offer!" exclaimed the astonished father. "Why, of course, my dear sir. Surely you—"

Whatever Mr. Foskett was on the verge of expressing a certainty about will never be known, for at this moment his wife came lurching into the room.

"Oh, Mr. Avery!" she cried. Her feelings proved too much for her. She fell on his bosom, murmuring: "My son!" and encircled his neck with her arms.

CHAPTER III.

Edith appeared in the nick of time to get to the rescue. She passed her "poor mamma" to Mr. Foskett, who promptly dumped that agitated lady on the nearest chair.

"It seems, Miss Edith, that you and I are to be married," said Mr. Avery simply, and with less shyness than might have been expected. "I assure you that I am very glad indeed. I have had no experience in these matters, but I suppose it is proper for me to do something. Possibly if I make your father my partner that may do as a commencement."

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Foskett, "how noble he is!"

"And if you will permit it, Miss Edith, we will spend our honeymoon on the Continent. It will do me good to get away from business for a few months, and the interests of the firm will be well guarded by your father during our absence."

"Come, my dear," added he to his wife, let us no longer obtrude ourselves on these young people."

In the hall a servant informed him that Mr. Septimus Penn had called, and was waiting to see him in the study.

"Confound him!" muttered Mr. Foskett. "What does he mean by bothering here now? Well, sir," continued he, when he entered the apartment reserved for the reception of callers of no importance, "what do you want?"

He spoke so blusteringly that poor little "Seppy" Penn trembled all over.

"If you please, sir," the latter faltered. "I called about that typewritten letter I sent you, and which I fear I forgot to sign. Of course you knew at once it came from me, but I must apologize for my inadvertence."

"Letter? Typewritten letter?" murmured Mr. Foskett.

"Yes, sir, I do believe it is the one you have in your hand at this very moment."

"Well, sir, I couldn't help falling in love with Miss Foskett, for it isn't in human nature to be insensible to her

beauty. I thought I would be strictly honorable, and first of all ask your permission to pay my addresses to her. After I had finished all the firm's letters I typed one to you, because you always say my handwriting is execrable. Before I could sign it Mr. Avery sent me out on an important errand. When I returned Martin told me he had put all the letters in their proper envelopes, and had posted them. Mr. Avery signed all his, but of course mine must have reached you without any name to it."

"I am sorry for you, 'Seppy,'" said he, growing familiar in a patronizing way, "but you must prove the sensible fellow you are, and abandon all thoughts of my daughter. Indeed, you must forget that you ever sent this foolish letter, and I will not think of it again, either. The truth is, 'Seppy,' my daughter has been engaged to Mr. Avery for some time past, and our esteemed principal is here to night to get my dear child to fix the wedding day."

"Oh my!" cried Penn, sufficiently impressed and dismayed.

"Yes, now, if he ever learned you had once aspired to occupy his position you would not be another five minutes in the office."

"Of course not," agreed 'Seppy.'

"But if you keep a still tongue in your head I will see that things go very well with you. Let me see, how much are you getting now?"

"A hundred and twenty, sir."

"From next month you shall take a hundred and fifty, and in the coming year we will see if we cannot make your salary the level two hundred."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Foskett! thank you sir!" cried the overjoyed Septimus.

"What an extraordinary bit of good fortune that proposal has brought me!" he soliloquized. "What a capital investment it has proved!"

Indeed, he was right, and it gave more than wealth and safety to the man who was soon to be one of the principals of the opulent firm of Godfrey, Avery and Company.

From that day Edith's father became a changed and better man. His terribly narrow escape made a lasting impression on him, and he lives to-day a devoted and kindly gentleman. But Septimus Penn never guesses that all the favors which are being heaped upon him are but crumbs from 'Dick' Foskett's prodigious slice of luck!

THE LOST FOUND.

Number Was Right, But the Transom Was Turned.

If any one had told him he was drunk he would not have resented it, but would have made an effort to retain his equilibrium and dignity long enough to explain that he was only a little cozy wozzy. He realized that he lived at 206 Irvington street, and that his residence was on the right hand side as he wobbled along homeward.

The uncertain light of early dawn, combined with the blur in his eyes, rendered it necessary for him to stop in front of every house and gravely brace himself against the railings until he could focus his eyesight on the number.

Finally he identified his house, but after arguing with himself for a couple of minutes he came to the conclusion that he was just wozzy enough to make mistakes possible, so he to be absolutely certain he balanced himself against the front fence and studied the number on the transom.

Instead of 206 he saw 509. Then he wondered how it happened that he had got on the wrong side of the street and three blocks too far out, made a zigzag across the street and started back, and before he had walked three blocks he came to the end of the street.

The weary pilgrim was bewildered. He couldn't understand it, but getting his directions, shaped his course in the street on the right side and kept on until he came to 509 again. He studied it from every possible point of view, even trying to stand on his head to read it, but it perversely remained 509.

Utterly bewildered he sat down on the steps and waited till a policeman came along.

"I'm losht," he explained. "I want to go to 206 Irvington street."

"This is the place right here," declared the policeman. "This is 509."

"No, it ain't; it's 206, but the transom is turned over."

The lost was found.—San Francisco Post.

A Woman's Heart.

Derangement of the heart and nerves in woman is followed by various nervous disorders, such as Hysteria, Melancholia, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Palpitation and Pains and Aches in various parts of the body. In such cases strengthen the heart and build up the nervous system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW



TO THE MARK.

In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood.

With good red blood health is assured, without it disease is certain to come and Burdock

BLOOD BITTERS

is the only remedy that will positively remove all blood poisons. In ulcers, abscesses, scrofula, scrofulous swellings, skin diseases, blotches, old sores, etc., B.B.B. should be applied externally, as well as taken internally according to directions.

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 mistreated will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

BORN.

Ashdale, Sept. 7, to the wife of Oliver Dodge, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 17, to the wife of S. F. Harton, a son.

Yarmouth, Sept. 7, to the wife of Edward Boyd, a son.

St. David, Aug. 31, to the wife of Frank Clark, a son.

Grangerville, Sept. 15, to the wife of J. C. Smith, a daughter.

Arcadia, Sept. 12, to the wife of L. J. Trask, a daughter.

Mosherville, Sept. 14, to the wife of Rufus Casey, a daughter.

St. Andrews, Sept. 10, to the wife of W. A. Robert, a son.

Shelburne, Sept. 9, to the wife of T. Walter Magee, a daughter.

St. David, Aug. 29, to the wife of Harris Clindinin, a daughter.

Reynardton, Sept. 6, to the wife of E. J. Hamilton, a daughter.

West Pablico, Sept. 14, to the wife of J. D'Entremont, a son.

Fredrickton, Sept. 15, to the wife of W. T. H. Feeney, a son.

Woodstock, Sept. 12, to the wife of Dr. E. S. Kirkpatrick, a son.

New Germany, Sept. 11, to the wife of J. H. McLeish, a son.

Hillburo, Sept. 12, to the wife of Capt. A. W. Longmire, a son.

Paraboro, Sept. 13, to the wife of Capt. James George, a daughter.

West Pablico, Sept. 14, to the wife of Octave D'Euremont, a son.

Truro, Sept. 7, to the wife of W. C. Sumner, a son.

Truro, 8, to the wife of E. Phillips, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Chester, Sept. 9, H. T. Walker to Miss Hillz.

Upper Macquodish, Sept. 15, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Prescott F. Holman to Esie J. Fiske.

Halifax, Sept. 15, Arthur R. Skinner to Laura E. Draper.

Cadmus, Sept. 17, W. P. King to Lavinia S. W. Whitman.

Sydney, Sept. 16, by Rev. C. Jost, Daniel A. Dickson to Mary Brown.

Chatham, Sept. 1, by Rev. Canon Fosythe, William Mitchell to Louisa Vye.

Halifax, Sept. 16, by Rev. Dyson Hague, Walter T. Byrnes to Lily Rowland.

Halifax, Sept. 16, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, Elisha Boone to Edith R. Smith.

Scottsboro, Sept. 16, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Angus McKay to Libbie McLeod.

Paraboro, Sept. 16, by Rev. J. Sharp, Hedley S. McDowell to Ella Holmes.

Hampton, Sept. 9, by Rev. Geo. M. Young, Ralph March to Bessie Peters.

Halifax, Sept. 16, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, Julia Wilkins to William Lesly.

Truro, Sept. 10, by Rev. T. Cummings, William A. Reid to Lillie F. Crowe.

Bathurst, Sept. 10, by Rev. T. W. Street, Henry A. Allison to Helen C. Turner.

Milton, Sept. 7, by Rev. J. H. Sanders, Wm. M. Turpin to Clementina Higby.

Bathurst, Sept. 7, by Rev. J. Barry, Edward Fitzpatrick to Elizabeth Blanton.

Truro, Sept. 9, by Rev. C. Underwood, Alpin G. Phinney to Louisa H. Wooley.

Moncton, Sept. 16, by Rev. W. Camp, Clifford C. Crocker to Nettie McLeighton.

Annapolis, Sept. 7, by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, E. E. Stockton to Bessie L. Davidson.

Dooktown, Sept. 9, by Rev. S. G. Johnstone, Benjamin J. Slipp to Eliza J. Russell.

McLellan's Mt., Sept. 9, by Rev. J. M. McKay, George R. Ross to Cassie McKay.

Bridgeville, Aug. 15, by Rev. A. McLean Sinclair, John E. Cameron, to Bella McNab.

New Glasgow, Sept. 16, by Rev. A. Rogers,