

JOE'S CONVERSION.

Billy Capstan and Teddy Luff, two middle-aged fishermen, stood, or rather leaned against one of those tall tar-smeared wooden buildings at the front of the old town of Hastings; a building used for the hanging of nets and the storing of other paraphernalia of the fishing industry. Their boat, The Sober Jade, was hauled up high and dry on the pebbly beach, and the two men, silently smoking short clay pipes with bowls turned downwards, now and then cast a wistful glance at the craft of which they were part owners. According to the poem there should have been three fishers who went sailing to the west as the sun went down, but in this case the third, who was shipper and predominant partner of the craft, was, as Teddy Luff phrased it, lying up for repairs. Both men knew that he was dangerously near the boundary line of that fantastic country known as delirium tremens, and The Sober Jade was now out of the water waiting for her master to sober off.

Joe Rattlin, the captain of The Sober Jade, was not a man to be expostulated with. He was one of the domineering sort when sober, which was seldom, and very much more so when drunk, his principal line of argument being the flooring of a man with a hand-pike; therefore his partners and crew tried to avoid discussion with him, for in silence on their part lay the chances of a long life and immunity from bruises and black eyes. Even between themselves Billy and Teddy did not dwell at any length conversationally upon the shortcomings of their master and partner. Each of the two men liked a drop of grog himself, but neither had the ambition to be the main support of the rum industry, as was apparently the case with Capt. Joe Rattlin.

The two men stood there silently with their hands thrust deep in their trousers pockets, pulling at their pipes, and they seemed to find some consolation in each other's presence, although their disgust at the unsatisfactory situation of things found no expression in words. As they stood thus, there blew alongside a man from London, who began to ask them questions regarding nets and fishing boats, and the hard life they were supposed to lead, as is the custom with London visitors to Hastings. The men answered him with respectful patience, as had been their habit for years, going over the same dull round, for there is little originality in the questioning of a London man.

Yes, they encountered a bit of nasty weather now and then. No, there wasn't much money in the fishing industry. Yes, most of their catch went to London. No, the nets weren't painted brown to conceal them from the fish, but to preserve them. Yes, coming in and out of the water a good bit, they were apt to rot, and he's never expensive. No, they weren't going out that day on account of the skipper being ill: under the weather a bit. No, his malady wasn't exactly caused by the hard life he led. Yes, he'd get over it; he'd had these spells before, but he'd always recovered, although he seemed to be getting a bit worse as time went on. Yes, the chances were his trouble would carry him off some day, unless he was swept overboard in the meantime, and Teddy allowed that Joe would hate to come to his death by means of water.

Turn about is but fair play, and by and by the Londoner, from extracting information, began to impart some to the two men who listened attentively. If he were a fisherman, the London man said, he would put out to sea at once and sail for Spithead. The whole fleet was going to be on view there, and a grand sight it would be, especially on Saturday night. Billy replied that as a usual thing they saw too much of the fleet. 'We don't care much about the fleet,' he added, 'except to keep out of its way. A warship won't swerve from its course for anything afloat; and as for them torpedo boat catchers he's a wise man who gives them a wide berth.'

'There will be no danger on Saturday night,' said the Londoner, 'for the ships are all anchored, and the sight of them will be something a man never can forget. For each of the craft will have her outlines defined by something like a thousand electric lights, shaping her in the fire; masts, ropes, funnel, and all the rest of it. There will be over a hundred and fifty ships all ablaze like this, and on that night the electric fleet will be worth seeing.'

At last Teddy said solemnly: 'If we could run the old man up against that fleet of fire, and him not knowing anything of it, he'd think he had 'em sure, wouldn't he?'

'Yes,' admitted Billy. 'It would be a kind of dizziness.'

'Let's get him aboard,' cried Teddy resolutely, 'and give him a lesson. We can drift down Spithead way and come on it kind of casual like Saturday night, then if the fleet's ablaze, as the stranger said, it would make Joe think judgement day had come, and he likely swear off and not touch rum any more.'

'It's worth trying,' said Billy. 'And anyhow, I'd like to see the fleet all lit up. We can pretend to Joe that we notice nothing out of ordinary, and I think that will stagger the old man.'

The two fishers without more ado trudged off to Capt. Joe's cottage. The skipper was feeling mighty bad and rusty. He sat with his head in his hands and gave no greeting to his shipmates. The prospect of getting him afloat did not look any too cheerful, and perhaps they would have been unsuccessful had not Mrs. Capt. Rattlin told the men that they ought to be ashamed of themselves coming after a sick man who ought to be abed, if he knew what was good for him. He wasn't in a fit state to go out in a boat. This at once aroused Capt. Joe Rattlin. He'd show her who was in a fit state, he cried, so bundling his two partners out of the house, and roaring defiance to his wife, who tried to

stop his exit, he followed them down to the beach, and in a short time The Sober Jade was afloat on the salt water again, heading out from Hastings. There was some shrewdness after all in the captain's going to sea; the doctor had forbidden him liquor and now giving the wheel to Teddy Luff, the skipper set himself industriously at the consumption of what rum there was aboard. No one dared say a word to him, or expostulate. And thus the three fishers sailed to the west as the sun went down on Saturday afternoon.

There came up a wild thunderstorm which drove the captain below, for he had not his oilskins on, and it also gave Billy an opportunity of largely diluting the rum with water, which the captain was now too drunk to notice. Teddy began to fear that the old man would be too far gone to notice the fleet, even if it all blew up, but the drizzling he got before getting under cover partly sobered him, and dilution of his grog kept him from getting much more intoxicated. As darkness came on The Sober Jade had 'risen the fleet,' as Teddy put it, and getting under the lee of the Isle of Wight, Billy cast anchor and there they lay.

'I'm afraid,' said Teddy, 'that the old man won't come up on deck again of his own accord, and I don't see how we can persuade him to come up ourselves, for we can't pretend we see anything.'

'Oh, that's all right,' said Billy. 'I've put the rum up for'ard and he hasn't much more to go on, so we'll hear him sing out after a bit.'

At 9 o'clock the first of the illuminated ships broke out in dazzling splendor, quite taking away the breath of the onlookers, and shortly after the whole fleet was one gigantic display of glittering star-like beauty as if the constellations of the heavens had fallen and shaped themselves into fairy ships.

'My eye!' said Teddy. 'I never saw anything like that before.'

'Nor did I,' answered Billy. 'Both of the men were gazing with such admiration at the scintillating fleet that they forgot all about their inebriated captain until he roared up at them.'

'Here you Teddy Luff; bring me some more rum.'

'I got something better to do,' growled Teddy. 'Go and get it yourself; it's out for'ard.'

'If I have to come up there,' said the captain, 'I'll throw you overboard. Billy Capstan, bring aft the rum.'

'Captain Joe Rattlin,' cried Billy, 'you've had more than your share now. I've put the rum for'ard, and there the rum stays.'

With a resounding oath the captain came up, and then stopped, stricken dumb by the amazing sight spread out before his eyes. He drew his hand slowly across his forehead.

'My God!' he cried, 'Billy, what's that?' 'What's what?' said Billy, indifferently coiling a rope with his back to the fleet, while Teddy was busying himself near the wheel.

'What's that I see in the offing?' cried Captain Joe. 'Look at it a standing out between sea and sky, like a thousand ships afloat!'

Billy and Teddy looked over in the direction pointed. Teddy shrugged his shoulders and was silent.

'What is it?' asked the captain, and his crew was pleased to notice a tremor of anxiety in his shaky voice.

'Rum, I expect,' answered Billy grimly. 'I don't see nothing, do you Teddy?'

'No,' said Teddy, 'except b'a k water and blacker sky.'

'Look again, boys,' cried the captain. 'Off there, nor-nor-west. Don't you see the lights?'

There was a trace of nervous apprehension in the skipper's tone. His two comrades turned their gazes to the nor-nor-west, and again shook their heads.

'Don't see no lights,' murmured Billy. 'Then,' said the captain defiantly, 'I've got 'em! I've got 'em, boys, I've been often on the boards before, but now I've got 'em, sure.'

'Looks like it, skipper,' said Teddy sympathetically, 'but don't get frightened, Joe; I'll be all right if you swear off. That is sent as a warning you should pay heed to.'

'A warning!' cried Capt. Joe exultantly. 'Why, rot my halyards! It's the finest sight you ever saw. I never dreamt of anything equal to it. Talk about the delirium! My word, it's heavenly. I thought a fellow saw something ghastly when he got into the tremens, but that isn't the case. You should drink more rum, you two, and then you'd know what enjoyment is. Take me for a gudgeon, if this don't beat all the magic I ever saw, and if a pint o' rum will give a man a heavenly vision like this what won't a quart do? By ginger, boys, I'm going to double this row o' lights; where'd you say the rum was? Well, here goes for the rest o' the cask.'

Billy and Teddy looked at each other with dismay.

'Treckon,' said Teddy, 'we've been hasty. This lesson's a failure.'

And Billy nodded his head solemnly several times without speaking.—Detroit Free Press.

They Were not Carried Away

A baby in St. Louis has the original name of Cyclonia. It was given to her, the Chicago Times Herald explains, because she was born during the destructive storm which visited St. Louis in the spring of 1896. But for this explanation it might have been supposed that her name indicated simply that her father and mother were completely carried away with her.

A Natural Mistake.

The seashore boarder was accosted in the dark lane leading to the hotel by a man with a gleaming revolver. 'Hands up! I shouted the thug. 'Oh, I say, landlord,' replied the boarder, 'You're not going to collect till my week's up, are you?'

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A SUFFERER IS RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Suffered From Weak Heart and Could not Safely Walk any Distance—How the Pulse of Life Was Adjusted.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

The romance of unwritten facts of real life far exceeds the rich elaborations of fiction. A peep behind the scenes would furnish us with adequate proof that there is more of care, trial and severe anxiety in human life than floats on the surface. We find many whose experience has almost incessantly fluctuated between health and sickness; little if any of this is obtruded upon the notice of the world, or breathed into human ear. You may secure the confidence of some of these sufferers who will rehearse to you dark catalogue of pains and aches that are often ill understood by the friends and inquisitely treated by the physician. Thanks be to the mighty genius that discovered the now famous panacea for the ills to which humanity is subjected when suffering from impoverished blood or a shattered nerve system. Thousands have and thousands are still using to the greatest advantage Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have passed the ordeal of experiment again and again with ever increasing honor. The following statement is from one who was rescued from seeming permanent entanglement and distressing heart action. Mary Fisher, of Lancaster township, Glengarry county, is a maiden lady. About eight years ago Miss Fisher was seized with weakness and a distressing sensation in the region of the heart. It was attributed to several causes, all possibly more or less true, they were overwork, exposure etc. She was certainly weak and the action of the heart was abnormally rapid. The doctor in attendance pronounced the ailment nervous palpitation of the heart and she received treatment accordingly for two years. At this stage she took to her bed she was so low. For twelve months she lay receiving only domestic attention. She improved somewhat, however, and was able to be taken to a friend of hers near Lancaster village, Mrs. J. Haney, where she was under medical attendance and took medicine for about three years. At the end of this time she could not safely venture to walk out even a short distance. All this time she complained of her heart. About two years ago she began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, from this date she began what proved a steady restoration of nervous energy. During the summer of 1896 the improvement was marked. She was able by the middle of the summer to do as much work and walking as most ordinary women, and to satisfactory and apparently permanent is the cure that Miss Fisher has gone to her former home. Such are the unvarnished facts of a remarkable case. The malady was persistent, tenacious and hard to fight. But the constant use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills wrought a marvelous change, which Miss Fisher's friend said might be profitably known to many others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

BORN.

Halifax, to Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Moore, a daughter Clark's Harbor, to Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Brown, a son. St. John, Sept. 27, to the wife of W. G. Scoville, a son.

Truro, Sept. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Flemming, a son.

Halifax, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Saunders, a daughter.

Sussex, Sept. 26, to the wife of Rev. A. Lucas, a daughter.

Rockville, Aug. 27, to Capt. and Mrs. Harry Dennis a daughter.

Thorburn, Sept. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ormond a daughter.

Boston, Mass. June 10 to Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Carter, a son.

West Pubnico, Sept. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent D'Eon, a son.

Yarmouth, N. S. Sept. 24, to the wife of E. George Bernard, a son.

Bridgeport, Conn. U. S., Sept. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lee, a son.

Carthage, N. Y., Sept. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Kelly, a daughter.

West Pubnico, Sept. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul D'Entremont, a son.

Dover, Enn., Aug. 29, to Capt. and Mrs. H. W. Gasson, a daughter.

Lower Village, Truro, Sept. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Hector Cullen, a son.

Worcester, Mass. Sept. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. William O. Haley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Bathurst, Sept. 27, by Rev. Thos. W. Street, Geo. H. Allen to Susan Ellis.

Truro, Sept. 29, by Rev. A. Logan Geggie, Leonard Witrow to Ellen Crowe.

Halifax, Sept. 8, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, George Hawkins to Mina DeLong.

Truro, Sept. 29, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, James M. Kaine to Emma McKenzie.

Truro, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Robert E. Graham to Jennie P. Smiley.

Oxford, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Martha Ellis, to John W. Montrose.

Folly Mountain, Sept. 14, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Oliver Sack to Ida Stevens.

Montreal, Sept. 15, by Rev. A. J. Mowatt, Wm. McDonald to Elizabeth Twinkle.

Cornhill, Sept. 22, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Percy H. Burnett to Mary Dunfield.

Hartland, N. B. Sept. 15, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, George Davis to Issa Boyer.

Apothol, Sept. 22, by Rev. David, D. Heber Fokins to Anne B. Westmore.

Tracy Station, Sept. 25, by Rev. O. N. Mott, John H. McLeary to Roxie E. Mott.

St. Mary's ferry, Sept. 5, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Herbert Haines to Esther Boone.

Amherst, Sept. 15, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Abner C. Smith to Frances E. McDougall.

Tracy Station, Sept. 22, by Rev. T. O. Dewitt, Pen-nell K. Nason to Hattie E. Webb.

Clifton, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. J. Armstrong Mr. George Yull to Laura J. Stewart.

Halifax, Sept. 16, by Rev. J. W. Tingley M. A., Walter T. Jost to L. Annie Crosby.

Hamstead, Sept. 11, by Rev. G. W. Foster, James E. Reid to Mrs. Lavenia A. Tower.

Bass River, Sept. 15, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Capt. B. E. Miriam to Laura May Fulmer.

Smith's Cove, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Thos. Farnsworth to Helen Gertrude Dakin.

Upper North River, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. D. Spidell, Daniel F. Rogers to Sarah M. Upham.

Kentville, Sept. 16, by Rev. Richard Avery, Charles E. Barnes to Alice May Harten.

Dorchester, Sept. 23, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Adner S. McFadden to Mary E. Rosander.

Taunton Mass. Sept. 14, by Rev. J. Clayton Wells, Irving W. Vreeland to Minnie McMillan.

Annapolis, Sept. 21, by Rev. G. J. Coulter White, Wm. Guilford Harnish to Mildred Habley.

Smithtown, K. C. Sept. 23, by Rev. A. Archibald, John H. Crandall to Bertha E. Robertson.

Montague, P. E. I., Sept. 22, by Rev. W. H. Spencer, Thom. S. Davison Jackson to Bella Jane Barry.

DIED.

Halifax, Sept. 23, Joseph Lilly 23.

Boston, Sept. 15 Henry Chute, 66.

Truro, Sept. 13, John H. Moore, 14.

Carleton, Sept. 20, David Brown, 65.

St. John, Sept. 27, Douglas V. Trepp.

Ingwash, Sept. 22, Robert Barry, 74.

Antigonish, Sept. 19, Ann Cochran, 78.

Annapolis, Sept. 20, Max Manning, 9.

St. John, Sept. 23, J. Edward Doyle 47.

St. John, Sept. 25, Helen E. Kinneer, 71.

St. John, Sept. 27, Margaret J. Maxwell.

Lake George, Sept. 19, Rosalea Moses, 21.

St. John, Sept. 25, James Henry Pullen, 60.

Halifax, Sept. 23, Henry E. B. Gibbs, 13 mos.

Louisburg, Sept. 11, Jane, wife of John Lortway.

Boston, Sept. 22, Dr. James C. H. Lawrence 32.

Halifax, Sept. 26, Madam E. Francis Sullivan 22.

Greenwich Hill, K. Co., Aug. 8, Robert Weldon 84.

Little Lake, Sunbury Co., Aug. 27, Moses Phillips 71.

Bloomfield, Digby Co. May 28, John Van Buskirk, 49.

Bloomfield, Digby Co., July 13, Eliab Van Buskirk 49.

West Pubnico, Sept. 8, infant son of Paul D'Entremont.

St. John, Sept. 23, Mary, widow of the late James Riversdale, Colchester, Sept. 5, Eunice Ann Wallace, 1.

South Ohio, Yarmouth Co., Sept. 20, Charles Cann, 22.

Truro, Sept. 10, Mary Jane Rath wife of James C. Smith, 18.

Greenwich, K. Co., Sept. 24, Ernest C. son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jones 3.

Hamilton Mountain, Q. Co., Sept. 3, Annie, wife of Ervin Hamilton 37.

Truro, Sept. 13, Mary Irene, infant daughter of J. R. and Flora Tierney.

Halifax, Sept. 24, Madeline E. child of Mr. and Mrs. DeYoung 6 months.

Wickham, Q. Co., Sept. 18, Etta M. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Akley 2.

Boston, Sept. 26, Maud, daughter of Frank and the late Elizabeth J. Kourke.

Hawth Point, Sept. 18, Raymond son of Otis D. and Loemna Cunningham, 2.

Truro, Sept. 17, Sadie Cleve, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. McCurdy 9 mos.

Salisbury, Sept. 26, Alice Evelyn, infant daughter of R. T. and Mary C. Taylor, 18 days.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co.

(LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax,

Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-

est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4—Trips a Week—4

THE STEEL STEAMERS

BOSTON AND YARMOUTH

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above

every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Locke port, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pictou and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY Evening, for Yarmouth, and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon. Returning leave Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston.

Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

On and after Monday, Sept. 27th,

The Steamer Clifton

will leave her wharf at Hampton for

Indiantown.....

Mondays Wednesdays and Satur-

day at 5.30 a. m.

Returning she will leave Indiantown

same days at 3 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as

formerly.

CAPT. R. G. EABLE,

Manager.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 21st June, 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.15
Express for Halifax.....12.30
Accommodation for Moncton, Point du Chene and Springhill Junction.....12.40
Express for Sussex.....16.35
Express for Rochester.....18.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Halifax and Sydney.....22.30
Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Lewis, St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John at 22.30 o'clock, and Halifax at 20.00 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted).....6.05
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....7.15
Express from Sussex.....8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene.....12.40
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.30
Express from Rochester.....22.30

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 16th June, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Excursion

PORTLAND AND BOSTON

COMMENCING MONDAY, 13th