

## THE STOWAWAY.

"Bring him up," said the skipper, tersely. They dragged him up the companion ladder accordingly—a shivering, ragged lad, his pale face pinched with days of hunger, his sunken eyes scanning those around him as do the eyes of captive animals.

"H'm!" remarked the skipper. "So you're the stowaway! Nice looking young gentleman, too. Never did a stroke of work in your life, I'll be bound. Never mind. Well, see if we can't make you. Eh, Mr. Billings?"

The first mate grinned. His grin was an eloquent one, and the boy shuddered as he saw it.

"How do you find him, Mr. Billings?" continued the skipper.

"Behind one of the cotton bales, sir," the mate replied. "He had an old muton bone, with the meat all gnawed off. Provisions, I suppose, for the voyage."

"Provisions, eh? Well, it's precious few provisions he'll get aboard this ship unless he works for them. Pity we're out so far, or we might put him ashore."

For the first time the stowaway spoke.

"Please don't put me ashore," he cried. "Anything but that. I must go to Cape Town, and I'm more than willing to work my way."

"Shut up!" snarled the mate, emphasizing his remark by a tug at the stowaway's ear. "Who gave you leave to talk, I'd like to know? Shut up, and hark to what the captain says."

"What's your name, and where d'ye come from?" demanded the captain, notebook in hand.

Tremblingly the boy replied that he was Dick Harley, late of the Tenderden grammar school; that his father, a widower, had left him behind in England, while he went to South Africa as assistant surveyor on the new Matabeleland Railway line; that nothing had been heard from that kindly father for a year or more, and lastly, that, compelled to leave school on account of unpaid bills, he had resolved to go to South Africa and find his missing parent.

"And so you thought to steal a passage on the Only Son of Portsmouth?" said the skipper.

"I was refused a berth by every other ship," pleaded the boy. "They said I looked too weak to work."

"Weak or not, you've got to work aboard the Only Son," said the first mate; "hasn't he, sir?"

The skipper nodded.

"That's correct, Mr. Billings," he answered. "If he doesn't want to pay for his passage, try him with the rope's end."

"Aye, aye, sir."

And again Billings grinned eloquently as he led the boy forward.

A quiet, elderly gentleman who had been watching these proceedings now stepped forward.

"Don't hurt him, Mr. Billings," he said. "He's only a child, you know."

"Captain's orders, sir," answered the mate, giving Dick Harley's ear an extra tweak.

The skipper laughed.

"Don't you waste any sympathy on that youngster," he exclaimed. "We can't afford to have any useless, white-handed stowaways aboard a vessel that carries £250,000 to the Chartered Company."

How do you know, my dear Mr. Lancelot, that yonder boy is not the spy of some high sea robbers, put on board to find out about the money?"

The man addressed as Lancelot looked grave.

"True," he said, "they did not think in London that an attempt might be made to rob the ship. \* \* \* But still, this mere boy—"

"I've seen 'mere boys' ere now, Mr. Lancelot, that were old men in crime. Take my advice and leave the stowaway to my first officer."

At that moment a shrill cry of pain, followed by another, and another, came from the lower deck.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Lancelot.

The captain of the Only Son of Portsmouth put his notebook, containing Dick Harley's name and circumstances, carefully into his pocket.

"That, my dear sir," he answered, smiling, "is the stowaway getting his first lesson in seamanship from Mr. Billings."

Mr. Lancelot shrugged his shoulders. After all, he had been sent out in charge of £250,000 in gold, which was consigned by the Bank of England to Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered Company of South Africa. His duty lay in the after cabin, where the treasure was stored, and not in preventing venturesome little stowaways from being rope's-ended.

### II.

Bruised and stiff, Dick Harley lay curled up between a seaman's chest and the fore-castle bulkhead. One of the deck hands had taken pity on him and thrown a piece of tarpaulin over his aching shoulders. Thus he lay completely hidden so that the men on the larboard watch, who had just turned in after four hours' wrestling with wind and water, knew nothing of his presence.

"What became of the stowaway," asked one of these worthies.

"Jumped overboard," I expect," answered another. "Billings gave him 'whatfor.' I can tell you. I must say I don't understand why he wanted to wallop the poor little wretch."

A chuckle ran around the fore-castle.

"Why, you donkey," cried the man who had first spoken, "Billings just wanted to show how zealous he is in the company's service. The captain thinks there's nobody like Billings."

Just then the mate appeared, and, remarking that the captain was quite right, proceeded to give his orders for a scheme



which made the stowaway under his canvas prick up his ear—one of them was still very painful from the mate's cruelty—and listen intently, for the scheme, in which all of that watch were accomplices, having shipped with that express design, was nothing less than the capture of the £250,000 and the sending adrift of the captain and Mr. Lancelot, if it was not necessary to murder them to secure the treasure.

To stir from his hiding place at this moment would mean death at the hands of those desperate men. And as yet none of them showed any intention of obeying Billings' advice and 'turning in.'

They examined their revolvers—for every one of them seemed to be armed—and talked over the coming attack upon the Chartered Company's treasure. Dick had almost made up his mind to risk a crawl along the floor toward the companion ladder, and a rush thence upon deck when one of the desperadoes yawned. A yawn is more contagious than yellow fever. Within five minutes every man in the fore-castle was showing evidences of weariness. First one and then another crawled to their bunks, and were presently heard to snore noisily. The example spread until the last of the band knocked the ashes out of his pipe and retired to rest. Soon all of them were in the land of nod.

Cautiously Dick Harley peeped out from under his tarpaulin. Then he ventured forth and set one foot on the companion ladder.

"Who's there?" growled a sailor drowsily.

Dick's answer was to slip as quickly and as noiselessly as his bruises would allow up the ladder. At the head he listened intently.

"Who was it, Bill?" asked a second voice.

"It was that blamed cat, I'm thinkin'," replied the first speaker, and to Dick's relief there was no pursuit. Quickly he ran along the deck and mounted the bridge to where the skipper stood.

That night as the first mate of the Only Son came up from his cabin with a revolver in his hip pocket and a grin on his face, he was met at the head of the stairs by the captain and Mr. Lancelot. To his surprise both of these gentlemen were armed, while behind them he observed the despised stowaway, Dick Harley, with a naked cutlass in his hand.

"Mr. Billings," said the captain, "you will please throw up your hands. Your little plot has been discovered. Ah, thank you—" (as he drew the pistol out of Billings' pocket), "you may return now to your cabin and consider yourself a prisoner."

"Wh—what is the meaning of this, sir?" sputtered the mate.

"The meaning, Mr. Billings," put in Lancelot, "is that this boy here heard your whole delightful scheme to rob the Chartered Company of £250,000. He very promptly informed the captain. Your accomplices in the fore-castle were captured in their bunks, and most of them have confessed everything."

Billings looked at the speaker, then at Dick Harley.

"The stowaway!" he cried. "The miserable little rat of a stowaway."

"Yes, Mr. Billings—the stowaway has saved the Chartered Company of South Africa £250,000 and a staunch, seaworthy ship. You will find that the company knows how to be grateful."

And grateful, indeed, the company proved itself to be. A month later (while Billings and his gang were awaiting trial for attempted piracy in the Cape Town jail) Dick Harley was shaking his father's wasted hand in the new hospital at Salisbury. The surveyor's recovery from a lingering fever was greatly accelerated, you may be sure, by the news that the Chartered Company had rewarded by a position of trust and honor the timely action of the quondam stowaway on the Only Son.—*Quidam Globe.*

### CH. RCH. COURTS.

May Differ and Split Hairs on Doctrinal Points, but May Join Hands for Humanity in Proclaiming the Values of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Catarrh, that dread menace to humanity, attacks the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned and the illiterate, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the sovereign cure and needs no more reliable testimony of its efficacy to cope with and cure this disease than that such eminent divines as Rev. W. H. Withrow Methodist; Rev. Mungo Fraser, Presbyterian; Bishop Sweetman, and other prominent leaders in the Church courts, who have their own signature testified of its virtues. What better evidence for you that it will cure you.

### An Aged Organist.

Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the father of English organists, is in many ways a remarkable man. Dr. Hopkins' fingers have not lost their cunning, though in constant use over the keyboard for fifty-five years. As a chapel royal boy he sang at the coronation of William IV, and thirty-six years later he was a tenor in the choir at the Diamond Jubilee services at St. Paul's.

### Had Seen It All.

A young fellow who drank much more than was good for him was advised by his friends to take the gold cure, but he refused. "But," protested his friends, "your physician says that if you keep on drink-

ing you will surely soon go blind. Now, the question is simply this: Do you prefer being cured of the drink habit and retaining your sight or do you prefer to keep on drinking and go blind?" The young man paced the floor for some time and was in a brown study. Finally he turned to his friends and, with a resigned expression of countenance, replied: "Well, I guess I've seen about everything."

Pretty Cool.

One day last week a clerk of one of the leading firms complained of his feet burning and aching terribly; a friend recommended him to use Foot Elm, and in two hours' time the clerk stated that his feet felt as if he had them out of the window in the breeze. Foot Elm acts like magic. 24 cents by mail. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at your druggist's.

### Teaching the Deaf and Dumb to Speak.

Deaf mutes may be taught to speak and to understand articulate speech by merely watching the motion of the vocal organs. This is by no means new or novel, as it has long been practiced in some of the schools of Europe, the earliest attempts at such instruction having been as successful as those of more modern times. It is recorded in history that a deaf and dumb man was taught to pronounce words and sentences by an English bishop away back in the year 685. From that time down to the eighteenth century, when schools for teaching mutes to speak were established in Germany, isolated cases of the same sort are mentioned. The method of teaching is very simple, consisting mainly in training the pupil, by imitating the position and action of the vocal organs of the teacher, to utter articulate sounds.

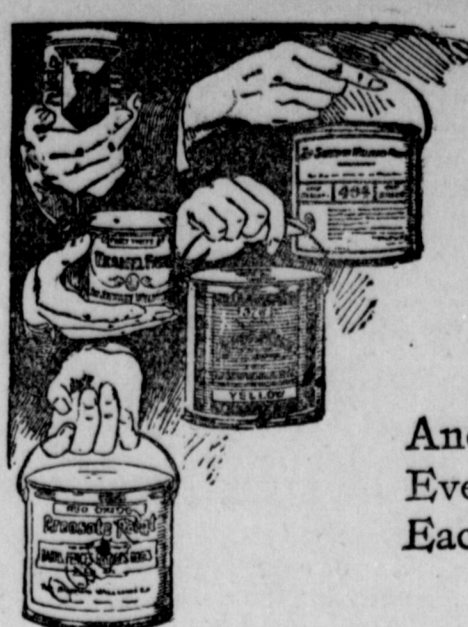


### BORN.

Truro, May 24, to the wife of William Cleam, a son.  
Halifax, April 27, to the wife of J. K. Kelly, a son.  
Moncton, May 27, to the wife of Howard Scott, a son.  
Pictou, May 23, to the wife of W. M. Dugan, a son.  
Annapolis, May 10, to the wife of G. N. Reagh, a son.  
Aylesford, May 15, to the wife of Sylvester Nichols, a son.  
Middleton, May 18, to the wife of C. Burbridge, a daughter.  
Lower Blomidon, to the wife of George Whelan, a daughter.  
Cheverie, May 21, to Capt. and Mrs. John Pratt, a daughter.  
Moncton, May 25, to the wife of John H. Harris, a daughter.  
Port George, May 18, to the wife of J. E. Slocumb, a daughter.  
Margaretville, May 9, to the wife of Fletcher Roy, a daughter.  
Carleton Place, May 18, to the wife of Alex Stewart, a daughter.  
St. John, May 28, to the wife of William Marshall, a daughter.  
Springhill, May 19, to the wife of Allan R. McDonald, a son.  
McGregor Brook, May 24, to the wife of Peter Franks, a son.  
North Sydney, May 23, to the wife of Jacob Rogers, a son.  
Cape Island, May 3, to the wife of Smith Messenger, a daughter.  
Clark's Harbor, May 15, to the wife of Rev. A. M. McNitch, a son.  
Springhill, May 26, to the wife of Matthew McPherson, a daughter.  
West Point, May 14, to the wife of Joseph L. D'Entremont, a son.

### MARRIED.

Boston, Mass., May 19, Angus H. McDonald to Johanna MacKenzie.  
Lunenburg, May 24, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Percy Cook to Miss Minnie M. Berrigan.  
Moncton, May 28, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, John Baker to Mary Vipond.  
Aylesford, May 4, by Rev. Joseph Gactz, Geo. K. Howe, to Annie S. Collins.  
Halifax, May 24, by Rev. W. H. Bullock, Jack Tranter to Nellie Foster.  
Wolville, May 24, by Rev. K. C. Hind, to Benton Ellis to Florence Evans.  
Wolville, May 25, by Rev. K. C. Hind, Barton Ellis to Florence Evans.  
Hantsport, May 14, by Rev. D. E. Hart, James P. Eye to Hattie Jordan.  
Windsor, May 23, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Winslow Faulkner to Minnie Foley.  
Moncton, May 23, by Rev. J. Millen Robinson, Walter Lewis to Sarah Green.  
Halifax, May 24, by Rev. Father McCarthy, Albert Martin to Gertrude M. Berrigan.  
Boston, Mass., May 11, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, William Brown to Nettie Shaw.  
St. John, May 25, by Rev. Father McMurray, Edward Haney to Miss Shennick.  
Central Argyle, May 25, by Rev. J. W. Shepherdson, Frank Little to Bessie A. Seely.  
Tapleville, Mass., May 4, by Rev. H. C. Adams, Melbourne P. Doane to Clara Crosby.  
Annapolis Royal, May 24, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Gus Vernon Burrill to Sarah C. Snyder.  
Florenceville, N. B., May 24, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Ernest A. Glynn, to Elsie White.  
Moncton, May 25, by Rev. S. Millen Robinson, J. Cuthbert Glendenning to Minnie Mullin.  
Annapolis Royal, May 24, by Rev. G. J. C. White, Otis Vernon Burrill to Sarah Clark Snyder.  
Boston, Mass., April 20, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Daniel N. McLeod to Christie S. McDonald.  
Baltimore, May 13, by Rev. Dr. Gibson Wilburne, Burdett Robertson to Mary Ella Skerry Groser.  
Chester Co., N. E., May 25, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, William Tweedie to Maggie K. Estabrooks.



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### DIED.

Boston, May 25, F. Murray 26.  
Halifax, May 24, Walter Baker.  
Halifax, May 24, Mary C. Monahan 24.  
Halifax, May 27, John Keady 40.  
Windsor, May 24, Mrs. Bowley 45.  
Boston, May 26, Mary J. F. Legoff.  
St. John, May 27, Thomas Foster 65.  
Truro, May 20, Luther A. Pushe 19.  
St. John, May 26, James Dickson 27.  
Hudson, N. Y., Robert B. Shepard 88.  
Hopewell, May 21, D. W. Crockett 62.  
Johnville, N. B., May 1, Lucy Ellis 23.  
Springhill, May 13, Florence Burton 19.  
Springhill, May 16, Margaret Taylor 80.  
Springhill, May 16, Ethel G. Proctor 22.  
Guysboro, April 27, John H. Hadley 80.  
Milford, May 17, Martha B. Hunter 16.  
St. John, May 26, Thomas McGowan 55.  
Pictou, May 25, Dr. J. A. Arbuckle 28.  
North Kingston, May 2, John Harris 76.  
Kingston, Ont., May 22, James McBride.  
St. Stephen, May 22, Mrs. John Smith 67.  
Black River, May 16, Mary Ann Reid 65.  
Spry Bay April 17, Mrs. John Higgins 91.  
West Dublin, May 18, Samuel Corkum 73.  
Westville, May 22, Alexander Graham 81.  
Sheet Harbor, May 7, Mrs. Colin Grant 73.  
Barrington, May 20, William B. Hopkins 56.  
Middle Stewiacke, May 18, Wm. Farnell 60.  
Lower Argyle, May 22, J. Freeman Harding.  
Cambridge, Hants, May 27, Jeremiah Lantz 64.  
McCaig Settlement, May 18, Catherine Britt 62.  
Wentworth, Hants, May 4, Mrs. John Cochran 88.  
Chatham, May 14, Albert, son of Adam Johnston 8.  
Garden City, Kansas, May 22, John K. Osborn 88.  
Bridgetown, May 20, Sarah, wife of John H. Hicks.  
West Pubnico, May 10, Mrs. Andre D'Entremont.  
Newcastle, Pennsylvania, Clarence E. Hamilton 82.  
Georgetown, P. E. I., May 19, Ezra R. Wickwire 81.  
Somerville Mass., Margaret, wife of Donald McLean.

Mechanic's Settlement, May 23, Maggie A. Chambers 9.  
Londonberry, May 18, Hannah R. wife of E. P. Dill 82.  
Oakland, Carleton Co., May 21, Mrs. Dennis Tompkins 78.  
Nictaux, May 13, Rebecca, wife of J. Albert Beck with 75.  
Carleton Place, Pictou Co., May 18, John Urquhart 69.  
Halifax, May 26, Margaret, wife of George Wambolt 83.  
Maugerville, Sunbury Co., May 2, Frederick W. Miles 62.  
Smith's Creek, May 23, Frances, wife of Sylvester Ryan 36.  
Halifax, May 24, Margaret, widow of Thomas P. Dutton 74.  
Halifax, May 24, Elizabeth, widow of Thomas B. Dalton 74.  
Hantsport, May 22, Lydia, widow of the late James Frizzle 86.  
Liverpool, England, Bessie, wife of Surgeon Colonel S. Archer.  
Stellarton, May 10, Elizabeth M., widow of William Fleming 76.  
Kensdale, May 22, James, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Croscup.  
Boston, May 14, Sarah A., widow of the late Ebenezer Coldwell.  
North Sydney, May 20, Cassie, daughter of John F. McDonald 26.  
St. John, May 27, Louise, third daughter of Dr. Boyle Travers.  
Wheaton Settlement, Westmorland Co., May 7, John Wheaton 75.  
Hawkeshaw, May 6, Henry M., infant son of M. L. Palmer 6 months.  
Barrington, May 19, Mary E., daughter of the late Samuel O. Doane.  
East Pubnico, May 10, Dora E., child of Mr. Moses Goodwin 4 months.  
Four Falls, Victoria Co., April 16, Lila V. child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor 1.  
Halifax, May 25, Mary W., infant daughter of John and Annie O'Neil 16 months.  
Staten Island, N. Y., May 20, Caroline S. widow of the late Wm. C. Robertson 81.  
Cambridgeport, May 27, Katie, daughter of Daniel and the late Julia McGillicuddy 26.  
East Boston, May 28, Carrie, wife of Fred Ferris and youngest daughter of the late Alexander Barnhill.

### RAILROADS.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Company's Lines

.....TO THE.....

### Klondike.

Present fares St. John to Vancouver or Victoria, B. C. \$35. First \$25, second. From Vancouver or Victoria to Glenora via Wrangle \$30. First \$25, second class. These rates include meals and berths on Steamers, excepting between Wrangle and Glenora. From Glenora contractors are putting teams on Teslin Trail, S. S. Athenian or Tartar leaves Vancouver and Victoria every Thursday on arrival of the Transcontinental gold train. Equally low rates from other points quoted on application. Send for "Klondike and Yukon gold folder" and other advertising matter, and apply for reservations on Steamers to

A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

### STEAMBOATS.

## Star Line Steamers

—FOR—

## Fredericton.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

## Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

While navigation permits, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton for Woodstock on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Stmr. Olivett will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 6 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

## Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday the 16th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local)

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

### RAILROADS.

## Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Wednesday, 1st June, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

## Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.15 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

## EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.25 a. m., arr. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr. Halifax 6.45 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

## S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Farrisboro.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00  
Express for Halifax.....13.10  
Express for Sussex.....15.35  
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10  
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 10.10 o'clock.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30  
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30  
Express from Moncton(daily).....15.00  
Express from Halifax.....17.10  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.35  
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FORTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.