

At the Lion's Feet.

The boy in the tweed suit paused opposite to the Board of Trade building and glanced up at the large bronze lion that stands upon a pedestal, twenty stories above the pavement, one of its fore feet resting upon the very edge of the cornice, the other slightly raised.

At first he gazed in idle curiosity, then suddenly he shaded his eyes with his hands and stared with intense interest. A moment later he hurried across the street and looked upward at the motionless figure. Then he retraced his steps excitedly and stood and gazed and grew strangely cold and pale.

A short, stout man, with a Latin face and a French accent, wearing a Prince Albert and a silk hat, noticed the boy's agitation and spoke to him.

The boy pointed upward with a stubby and not very clean finger. The man came closer to his side, stopped a trifle and, closing one of his eyes, squinted along the finger as though glancing along the barrel of a gun.

What he saw caused him to turn his head from side to side, getting views from different angles, and finally becoming greatly excited, to make a series of vehement gestures.

Attracted by the man's peculiar actions, a crowd began to gather and stare. As each individual discovered the cause of the agitation he was at once visibly affected, becoming either feverish and demonstrative, or pale and dumb. One man, doubting his vision, hastened to an optician for a powerful field glass, which he proceeded nervously to adjust to his eyes. A moment's inspection threw him into a condition bordering upon collapse.

A woman, pausing out of curiosity, fainted when she saw the sight, and her removal to a near-by drug store added to the excitement.

Every window and doorway from which a view of the lion on the Board of Trade Building could be obtained was rapidly filled with pale and frightened faces. Scores of observers clambered to the roofs of adjacent buildings to get a closer view.

The army of sky-gazers quickly blocked the thoroughfare. The street cars could not pass. Traffic came to a pause. Many of the faces were blanched and expressionless, others were flushed and excited; all were turned upward.

During all this confusion a man was quietly at work upon the roof of the building separated from the Board of Trade by only a narrow alley. He stood upon a sliding platform—suspended by means of ropes and pulleys from two large iron hooks fastened over the ridge of the gable above him.

The roofs of the two buildings were the same distance from the ground, the cornice of each being some twenty feet higher than the pedestal upon which the bronze lion rested.

So high was the man above the street that not the slightest sound from the crowd reached him, and he kept industriously at work, unmindful of the confusion below until he suddenly caught sight of the sea of faces staring upward and apparently at him.

At first the gaze of these countless eyes caused an unpleasant chill to creep over him, but later he rather enjoyed the sensation—enjoyed what he thought was their amazement at his cool daring and absolute lack of fear.

Presently a window on the nineteenth floor of the Board of Trade Building was raised, and two men thrust out their heads and shoulders and stared upward at the pedestal and the lion.

To the crowd in the street they seemed to be engaged in an earnest almost angry argument. They made many gestures, frequently pointing upward; but those below could not catch their words. After a few minutes they closed the window and withdrew from sight.

By this time one of the policemen was hurrying to a patrol box to send in an emergency call, when—the unexpected happened! The workman on the roof had discovered that the crowd was interested, not in him, but in the bronze lion.

His curiosity was aroused. Slowly lowering himself to the cornice of the building on which he was at work, he made his way carefully along the narrow edge to the corner.

When he reached it his glance fell upon the lion. He staggered and trembled like one struck by a bullet. He had not the courage to look again, but closed his eyes and tried to drive from his mind the picture of what he had seen—there at the lion's feet.

When he found his nerves had grown steady again he retraced his steps to the ladder. This he hurriedly unstaked from its tackle and raised until it stood on end upon the narrow edge of the great building. As the crowd below, intently watching him now, divined his intention, a mighty cheer arose—then silence reigned.

Headless of the demonstration, the man lowered the ladder until one end rested upon the cornice of the Board of Trade. The alley between the buildings was but twelve feet wide, and as the ladder was eighteen feet in length it was necessary for him to span the distance diagonally and at such an angle as to make the poles of the ladder rest unsteadily.

Then the eager and expectant watchers saw the man test the firmness of this improvised bridge with his foot. It wobbled frightfully, and those in the crowd who had glasses announced the fact to the others, who held their breath and grew nervous.

For a moment the man hesitated, and then, drawing himself to his full height, he started resolutely across the ladder, like a tiny spider walking from building to building on a single thread of its web. Those with the glasses saw with a shudder that the ladder creaked from side to side, like

a ship in a storm. But with his arms extended to balance himself, the man stepped from rung to rung, confidently but carefully—so carefully.

Below him, for four hundred feet, was nothing but thin air and then a pressed-brick pavement. But the man did not see the pavement, nor yet the white faces gazing up at him in awful silence; he saw only the end of the ladder, but a few feet distant, and he walked steadily forward.

And those below, with hushed breath, made never a sound, but watched, with straining nerves, that wee black speck move slowly across that treacherous bridge and safely stand at last on the roof of the Board of Trade building.

Then the tension relaxed, and a cheer, long and loud, arose—a cheer which sounded faint and far off to the man on the roof, who quietly dragged the ladder after him, allowing it to slide along the edge of the cornice until he reached a point immediately above the pedestal upon which the lion stood. Then he lowered one end and, quickly descending, stood beside the gigantic metal figure.

He paused and removed his shoes, for there was tin beneath his feet and he dare not make the least noise for fear—

At this instant a woman appeared at a little square window on the twentieth story the sill of which was scarcely a foot above pedestal. Her face was marked with the lines of heart breaking anxiety.

The crowd held its breath, and scarcely a murmur arose from the upturned faces as the man crept stealthily along the pedestal, close to the body of the animal, until he reached its massive head, while the woman at the window stood motionless and dumb watching him with pallid face.

Then for an instant—an age it seemed to those below—he stood very still, casting his eyes upward, as though in prayer. Silently, slowly, he lowered himself to his knees, to his elbow, to his face, until he lay prone upon his breast on the narrow edge of the pedestal; then, with his left hand firmly clasping the upturned paw of lion, he let his right hand fall with a sudden and powerful grip upon something white and motionless which lay, like a thing that is dead, at the feet of the animal—something which gave a sudden, convulsive gasp, but could not move, so tightly did he hold it. In a moment more he stood erect, the little bundle clasped close to his breast.

Then the man waved his hat to the cheering thousands, who grew wild with joyous excitement, for against his rough brown face was pressed the soft, pink cheek of a little girl—a little girl in a white dress, who wandering in her play, had passed through the open window, out upon the dizzy pedestal, and stretching at length at the lion's feet, had fallen asleep and had slumbered peacefully far above the dust and noise of the city, unmindful alike of the staring crowd, the silent River of Death, which glided so near—so very near.

And yet a moment longer lingered the crowd—lingered until they saw the man pass the little girl through the window and lay her in the arms of her mother, the wife of the janitor of the building, whose apartments contained the square window which opened out upon the pedestal. But to this day the janitor's little daughter has never learned the name of the boy in the tweed suit.

AN APPARENT MYSTERY FULLY EXPLAINED.

There are thousands of people in Canada with very limited resources who are always well and neatly dressed, but never in debt for the new dress, costume, cape, or jacket, suit or overcoat.

The question with many is, 'How can men and women dress well when small incomes are barely sufficient to pay rent and living expenses?'—

The explanation is simple, but true nevertheless. Wise, economical women call to their aid the magical powers of Diamond Dyes when new creations are needed in wearing apparel for the mother, daughter, father or son. The soiled or dingy dress or costume worn a year or two ago, or it may be a faded and rusty cape, jacket, suit or overcoat that has done service in the past—all are made to look like new at a trifling cost by the use of Diamond Dyes.

The Diamond Dyes supply the newest, most fashionable and most becoming colors for different seasons. This is one of the great advantages Diamond Dyes offer to the ladies of Canada. No other package dyes are so strong fast and brilliant as the Diamond Dyes, and no others so easy to use. All economical and thrifty women use the reliable Diamond Dyes.

Parson Drowsy—I am sorry you were not at church yesterday for hear me sermon. Brother Bullhead.

Brother Bullhead—So am I, parson. I got chewed by skeeters, bit by a snake, rheumatiz in mah back, sprained mah leg getting over a fence, and didn't catch a fish! I'd much sooner gone to church and heard de sermon.

William, I don't know whether to telegraph or not before I start out to Cousin Caroline's. 'Why are you undecided?' 'Well, if I don't telegraph maybe she won't be at home; and if I do maybe she will go off visiting somewhere.'

BORN.

Colchester, Oct. 9, to the wife of Hugh Boyd, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 4, to the wife of Geo. Foulis, a son.
Chester Road, Sept. 25, to the wife of Jas. Hebb, a son.
Lunenburg, Oct. 7, to the wife of Henry Byres, a son.
Woodville, Sept. 21, to the wife of Edson Wood, a son.
Granville, Sept. 27, to the wife of Albert Goodwin, a son.
Round Hill, Oct. 4, to the wife of John L. Ramsey, a son.

Springhill, Oct. 4, to the wife of John McKenzie, a daughter.
Springhill, Oct. 4, to the wife of Kent Foster, a daughter.
Grand Pre, Sept. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Leard, a daughter.
New Glasgow, Oct. 3, to the wife of B. E. Fanjoy, a daughter.
Bear River, Sept. 30, to the wife of Harry Mason, a daughter.
Shediac, Sept. 23, to the wife of A. P. Gallant, a daughter.
Shag Harbor, Oct. 4, to the wife Herbert Kendrick, a son.
Annapolis Sept. 26, to the wife of Herbert Nelson, a daughter.
Auburn, Aug. 24, to the wife of Ernest W. Porter, a daughter.
Charlottetown, Oct. 8, to the wife of W. A. Huest, a daughter.
Moncton, Oct. 10, to the wife of Philip P. Cormier, a daughter.
Scutbridge, Mass., Oct. 1, to the wife of Hugh Mason, a son.
St. Eleanora, Oct. 3, to the wife of R. H. Montgomery, a son.
Northfield, S. r. t. 18, to the wife of Rev. F. H. Tatham, a son.
Paradise West, Oct. 1, to the wife of Gilbert Sbeans, a son.
St. Mary's rectory, Oct. 10, to the wife of Rev. W. B. Bellis, a son.
Kingston Village, Sept. 20, to the wife of Reuben Smiley, a daughter.
Tusket Wedge, Sept. 30, to the wife of Mr. Freeman Porter, a daughter.
Hibernia, Queens Co., Oct. 1, to the wife of Melbourne Coute, a daughter.

MARRIED.

New York, Oct. 10, E. C. Trappell Hunston to Isabel Moore.
Montreal by Rev. H. G. Caussins, Edward Hodge to Elizabeth.
Dorchester, Mass., Sept. 30, Ross Burton Allen to Fannie Eta Covington.
Newcastle, Oct. 11, by Rev. P. G. Saeuw, Harry H. Barker to Maggie Craig.
Mattland, Sept. 20, by Rev. S. J. McArthur James Beattie to Maggie Cook.
Boston, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, H. B. Martin to Sarah Morrison.
Annapolis, Oct. 1, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Joseph F. Murray to Annie Hery.
Westport, Sept. 24, by Rev. H. Murray Frank, McDormand to Nettie Baily.
Boston, Oct. 3, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Neil Macdonald to Beila MacNeill.
Tidnish, Oct. 4, by Rev. Mr. Gardner, Daniel McDougal to Maggie VanEmmer.
Halifax, Sept. 27, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Herbert D. Starratt to Susan O. Inglis.
Windsor, Sept. 26, by Rev. Wm. Phillips, Edgar McCarthy to Maggie Macdonald.
Kingston, Sept. 27, by Rev. J. Webb, Edward McGilvary to Rachel Belle Logan.
Truro, Oct. 8, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, George A. Murray to Annie MacKinnon.
Murray Harbor, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, John Mackay to Mary McDowd.
Deep Brook, Oct. 3, by Rev. John Lockwood, Albert E. Furdy to Violet L. Hill.
Chebourg, S. p. 29, by Rev. E. Crowell, Geo. A. Trask to Mrs. Sarah A. Spindly.
Ellersburgh, Sept. 28, by Rev. E. O. Armstrong, W. H. Card to Catherine Stevens.
Woodstock, Oct. 11, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Alexander O. Shaw to Carrie M. Robinson.
Melvern square, Sept. 28, by Rev. H. N. Parry, Thos. A. Banks to Mrs. Mary Morse.
Annapolis, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Hummel to Louise to Maggie Christopher.
Parsboro, Oct. 10, by Rev. Robt. Johnston, Frank Everett Lamo to Bessie Maude O'Neill.
Windsor, Oct. 3, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Alexander G. Munro to Frances Louise Blanchard.
Roxbury, Oct. 3, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Daniel M. Ferguson to Florence C. MacKinnon.
Roxbury, Sept. 27, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Hugh H. Graess to Margaret B. King.
Hopetown, Sept. 21, by Rev. J. N. Sutherland, Robert Cormier to Emma E. Liza Carney.
Ferne, B. C., Sept. 19, by Rev. Mr. Duncan, Archibald Cameron to Laura McCullum.
Kingston Village, Sept. 21, by Rev. J. Webb, David Isah to Mary E. Prime.
Halifax, Oct. 4, by Rev. H. Voese, George Rankin Anderson to May Katherine Kelley.
River Dennis, C. B., Sept. 26, by Rev. John Rose, Lauchlin Kennedy to Maggie A. McLennan.
Whit Sands, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Edward S. McGregor to Charlotte E. Hawkins.
Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. W. Nicholson, Hugh Leverette Dickey to Marie Louise Treuman.
Everett, Mass., Sept. 27, by Rev. A. K. MacLennan, John L. Mackay to Christine MacKeigan.
St. John, Oct. 16, by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, Harry G. McCall to Charlotte J. McPherson.

DIED.

Truro, Oct. 8, James Dixon 72.
Antigonish, Colin Macdonald 66.
Sussex, Oct. 10, A. Jane Smith 27.
Digby, Oct. 2, James Robinson 61.
Kensington, Oct. 7, John Glover.
St. John, Oct. 15, John McAfee 67.
Amherst, Oct. 11, Mary C. Barker 20.
Arlisat, Oct. 5, John H. Rindress 80.
St. John, Oct. 12, Stephen Munford 67.
Halifax, Oct. 7, Richard Smeadon 68.
North River, Oct. 9, Barney Lynds 40.
Bridgetown, Oct. 2, George Ramey 27.
Yarmouth, Oct. 6, Mrs. James Jeffrey.
Halifax, Oct. 10, Peter McNaughton 81.
Shubenacadie, Oct. 4, Mrs. Campbell 99.
Moncton, Oct. 12, Rowan McDougall 12.
Fredericton, Sept. 19, Mrs. J. G. Adams.
New Glasgow, Oct. 4, Christians Small 73.
Sweet's Corner, Sept. 9, Samuel Smith 99.
West Point, Oct. 8, Stephen McWilliam 68.
Lunenburg, Oct. 3, Mrs. Benjamin Acker 79.
Tignish, Sept. 26, Mrs. Joseph F. Richard 28.
Rice Point, Oct. 1, Mrs. Annie Macsachern 37.
Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 22, William F. Black 90.
West St. Peters, Sept. 2, Lauchlin Macadam 64.
Windsor, Oct. 8, Mary wife of William Carter 67.
Baddeck, Oct. 8, Maxwell I. son of Dr. Bethune 2.
Bear River, Oct. 28, G. Okely, son of Levi Peck 2.
Mission City, B. C., Sept. 20, Samuel McGibbon 80.
Amherst, Oct. 11, Elouis H. wife of C. A. Freeman.
West St. Peters, Aug. 7, Mrs. Clementina Macadam 66.
Lunenburg, Oct. 9, Albertina, widow of Casper Miller 40.
South Mabon High ands, Sept. 8, Mrs. Angus McNeil 57.
Millstream, Oct. 8, Charles G. infant son of Fred E. Keefe 31.
Liverpool, Oct. 1, Margaret, widow of Patrick McGuire 85.
Charlottetown, Oct. 6, John G. son of Edward T. Carboneil 1.
Rockville, Oct. 5, James V. son of Wm. J. Paterson 9 months.
Three Mile Plains, Sept. 27, Clarence, infant son of John Swinimer.
St. John, Oct. 13, Mary, infant daughter of John McKenna 7 months.
Centerville, N. B., Sept. 8, Susan A., widow of Richard P. York 92.
Hampden, Oct. 4, Clara J. infant daughter of Major W. Bonatea 1 month.
Hartfield Point, Kings Co., Oct. 6, Annie B. daughter of Joseph Cowan 20.
Fredericton, Oct. 14, Mary A. infant daughter of John Stears 10 months.
Little Tignish, Oct. 8, Mathilde P. widow of the late Etienne Arsenault 81.
Mt. Middleton, Kings Co., Oct. 14, Sarah, widow of the late Robert Hornbrook 86.



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Lve. Yarmouth 2:45 a.m., arrive Digby 11:28 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11:43 a.m., arrive Halifax 5:30 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a.m., arrive Digby 8:30 a.m.
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—AND—

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax 7:25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou 12:05
Express for Sussex 16:40
Express for Quebec, Montreal 17:50
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney 22:10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transferring at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.

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Express from Sussex 6:30
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Accommodation from Moncton 21:45
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

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Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899
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1899 1899.

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Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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