

The Stalled Train.

The north-bound train on the Philadelphia & Erie was in the midst of the wilderness of hills and forests that is so picturesque and even grand in the summer season. It was Saturday afternoon, and the fifty emigrants and travelers—men, women and children—expected to get into Erie and make a connection with the Shore road early on the morrow.

It had been shedding snow feathers all day from a sky of leaden gray, that grew more sombre as night approached.

At midnight the train came to a stop. The dazed people started up, rubbed the glass and looked out. The faint light from the window revealed snow, and only snow, rising up to the black sky.

'Are we at the station?'

This question was asked of the conductor by a low, sweet voice, and stopping he saw a beautiful girl. He had noticed her frequently during the day, and resting against her shoulder was an elderly lady, evidently an invalid.

The conductor stroked his brown beard nervously, and bending over, as if he did not wish the passengers to hear, he said: 'There's something of a drift ahead, miss but we hope to get through.'

As he went off with his wire bound lantern swinging from his arm, the train began to back and kept backing till it had gone some distance. Then came another stop, then another forward movement. The puffing grew louder, the speed greater, and the engine, like a desperate charger under the spur of a daring rider, plunged into the drift that filled the long cut.

Again the train was brought to a stand, and still in ceaseless descent the snow came down on all sides.

A tall, muffled man, with a dark mustache and large, bright eyes, rose from the seat beside Mrs. Paulding and her daughter, Julia, and as he passed them Julia asked: 'Would you please, sir, to let us know if there is any danger?'

'Certainly, miss, replied the stranger, and as he spoke lifted his hat and went to the front of the car and out on the platform.

Here he met the conductor and the engineer talking in anxious tones. 'Try it again, Jim,' urged the conductor. 'But where's the use? We have no fuel, and the steam is down to 20 pounds and still a-sinking.'

'Can't you back out of the cut?' asked Martin Reynolds, the young stranger.

'Back out of the cut, sir?' repeated the engineer as he drew his blue sleeve across his swarthy brow. 'Way, bless you, the cut runs back for six miles, and the snow in parts of it is high as the smoke-stack by this time.'

'How far does the cut extend ahead?' asked Martin Reynolds, who was the coolest of the three.

'About two miles, and after that the road gets worse and worse.'

'Are there any farmhouses near here?'

'No, sir; I doubt if there's a human being outside of the train within ten miles of us,' replied the conductor.

'It is now midnight,' said Martin Reynolds, 'and I presume nothing can be done till morning.'

'I doubt if we'll be able to do anything in the morning. We must wait till they find us, and heaven only knows when that will be.'

Martin Reynolds went back to where Julia was sitting supporting her mother, and not wishing to tell them the worst, he said:

'We can't get on till morning, so we might as well make the best of a bad bargain by being as comfortable as possible.'

As the car was by no means full, he arranged two seats, and some wraps of his own, which with those of Mrs. Paulding made a comfortable bed, and then he insisted that they should both lie down and sleep.

He was one of those men whose presence begets confidence, and whose voice carries with it an authority that melts resistance and makes obedience a pleasure.

Having made the invalid and her daughter as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, Martin Reynolds went off and did the same for emigrant women and children in the other car. And so it was that by morning even the conductor and engineer—having exhausted their own native resources—obeyed him as if he had a commission to direct.

All the remaining fuel—it was not much—was taken back to the two passenger cars and orders were given to use it economically.

When daylight came a number of men, Martin Reynolds in the advance, succeeded in cutting a track to the top of the embankment. From this point the train was nearly hidden, and before and behind, far as the eye could reach, was one vast snow-level.

Martin Reynolds had learned that there was food enough on the train to last the people for that day; now he saw that many days must elapse before they could be reached, it indeed their whereabouts be learned by those anxious for their safety.

'I wish we only had a telegraph operator and instruments on board, we might send word where we are and how we're fixed,' said the conductor.

'While you're wishing,' said the engineer, 'it costs no more to wish out of this scrape. Can't you see that the telegraph lines are all down?'

'Come with me, help me to dig up one of the wires—all of the wires,' said Martin Reynolds, himself setting the example.

'What good will that do?' asked the conductor, working like a beaver, nevertheless.

'I am a telegraph engineer, and understand operating,' replied Martin Reynolds. 'But you have no instrument to send or receive a message?'

'Trust me,' was the reply.

After much shoveling the wires were found where they had fallen with the poles. Quick as a flash Martin Reynolds cut one wire, and kneeling down placed an end in each corner of his mouth and against his teeth. He waited for a few seconds; no current passed through, so he cast it away.

Another and another wire was tried with the same result, till only one remained.

So far Martin Reynolds had been very calm, but as he raised the broken ends of the last wire to his lips—the wire on which the fate of so many people depended—his strong hands trembled.

The others watched eagerly. The wires had been in his mouth but a few seconds when they saw his face flush and a glad light come into his handsome eyes. Holding the wires against his teeth, he read:

'Who calls?'

'Lock Haven; who are you?' was the answer.

'Cleveland; all the wires to the south-east are down but this.'

'Have you any news of the P. & E. train that left here Saturday morning?'

'No, and don't expect to have for a week. Good-bye.'

Quick as thought Martin Reynolds brought both wires together. If the batteries were not shut off he might win.

Rapidly the edges clicked the alarm. 'Who calls?' asked Cleveland.

'The P. & E. train.'

'Where are you?'

'In deep cut north of Kane. Women and children in danger. For God's sake send help.'

At this instant the circuit was broken, but the news was flashed of their whereabouts.

Cleveland was two hundred and fifty miles away, but the people there were told that human beings were in danger of perishing, and soon a million brave men would know it.

Martin Reynolds went down and made the people give him all their food. This he divided into rations, and locked up what he did not serve at once.

He took care of the poor invalid, cheering her with the hope of a speedy rescue, and promising Julia to stand by her till he saw her safely landed in Cleveland.

With the two dull train axes he made the men cut fuel and carry it down to the cars, so that when another night came there was no danger of freezing.

Sunday passed; Monday came and passed, and the last scrap of food had been dealt out to the hungry children.

Tuesday came, and the men who were famishing proposed to make their way through the snow mountains to some settlement, but Martin Reynolds prevailed on them to wait.

It was late in the afternoon when a shrill whistle was heard far up the road, but it sounded like music and gave the people heart.

It was near dark when the men reached the train laden with supplies. And it was another day before the train got through to Erie.

The people blessed their deliverer, but he replied that he had done nothing that any other man with his knowledge would not have done.

Julia Paulding refused to believe this. The man had become a hero for his gentleness and modesty.

Martin often blesses the storm that promised such disaster and brought him such a blessing. He thinks the invalid, now restored to health, a model mother-in-law, and he has won the legal right to protect Julia under all circumstances.—New York Ledger.

REDTIDE ON A RANCH.

Children were put to sleep and dropped up by the fire.

The announcement that ex-Judge Steve Osborn of Salina will become a candidate for speaker of the Kansas House, recalls a story Steve used to tell himself. In the early days of Western Kansas he was a poor but industrious young man, striving to practice law at the little town of Ness City.

About all the practice there was to do was before the United States land office at Wakeney, and whenever Steve had a case in that tribunal his poverty compelled him to cross the forty miles intervening between the towns on foot.

One snowy night in late November he found himself lost from the road, but before darkness came entirely he made his way to a ranchman's house, where he was cordially welcome for the night. The remainder of the story in Judge Osborn's words goes as follows:

'The house was one of a familiar plains type, being a big, one-room affair, built of sod. At one end was a fireplace, which served alike for giving warmth and cooking, and included in the rest of the furniture was one solitary bedstead. Inasmuch as the family consisted of the man and wife and six small children. I soon commenced to wonder where they all slept, and what manner of provision could be made for myself, the guest.'

'After the chores had been done and the ranchman had made his stock safe for the night we all sat down to a good ranch supper. After supper we men drew up to the fireplace and smoked our pipes while the woman cleared up the supper dishes. The evening passed pleasantly, and about 9 o'clock the mother prepared three of the children for bed, after which she tucked them into the only bedstead in the house. They went off to sleep presently, and then she carefully removed them from the bed and sat them up against the wall close to the fireplace, after which she put the three

remaining children to bed in the same manner. I began to catch on to the game by this time, and it tickled me half to death. By and by the last three children went off to the land of Nod, and they, too, were carefully removed to a place along the wall. Then, turning to me, the good people told me that the bed was ready for me whenever I saw fit to turn in.

'Naturally, I protested against taking the only bed in the house, and declared that I could sit up in the chair and sleep as well as not, but no amount of protest could move these hospitable people, and at last I reluctantly turned in, leaving my host and hostess nodding by the open fire. I never slept firmer in my life. I had been dazed tired by the long walk of the day before, and the soft bed was very seductive. I did not wake until day was breaking, and then I encountered the most astonishing thing I ever met with in my life.

'What was it? chorused the boys, who had been listening to Steve's entrancing story.

'I found the man and woman in bed, and I was sitting with the kids along the wall.'

PROOF POSITIVE

Two men were standing outside a jeweller's window, admiring the gorgeous display of glittering gems that lay before them. Presently one of them, pointing to an object in a red plush trap, said:—

'Just look at that scarf-pin representing a fly. Anyone can tell that's not real.'

'Well, I should think so,' answered his friend. 'Whoever saw a common fly with such a bright appearance? Why, it makes me weary when I think that the jeweller who produced that fondly hoped that someone would purchase it to deceive his friends. It is a pity that on a man's scarf I could tell directly that it was enamelled imitation.'

At that moment the object of their condemnation moved across the tray, flew in the air, and vanished. The two men looked at each other and gasped, and moved away without a word.

IMAGINATION.

Hard Upp: 'Liner writes about the responsibilities of great wealth, and he isn't worth a penny.'

Henn Peck: 'Yes; and about the joys of married life, and he is married.'

The true test of virtue is the amount of temptation that a man has gone through to get it, and the amount he can stand to keep it.

BORN.

Windsor, Mar. 26, to the wife of J. A. Shaw, a son. Oxford, Mar. 13, to the wife of Everett Peel, twins.

Sussex, Mar. 29, to the wife of T. H. Brown, twins. Halifax, Mar. 10, to the wife of Walter Conrod, a son.

Windsor, Mar. 27, to the wife of Mr. Spencer, a son. St. John, Mar. 31, to the wife of J. N. Golding Jr., a son.

Caledonia, Mar. 16, to the wife of R. K. Patterson, a son. Dartmouth, Mar. 19, to the wife of R. J. Matheson, a son.

Arlington, Mar. 27, to the wife of Wm. A. Marshall, a son. Shelburne, Mar. 25, to the wife of Jas. McCarthy, a son.

Halifax, Mar. 14, to the wife of Chas. R. Conrod, a daughter. Halifax, Mar. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Conrod, a daughter.

Oxford, Mar. 10, to the wife of Mr. S. Kanter, a daughter. Hebron, Mar. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Blackadar, a son.

Bristol, Queens, Mar. 29, to the wife of Frank Wagner, a son. Amherst, Mar. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Denis Madden, a daughter.

Mt. Denison, Mar. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert States, a son. New Ross, Mar. 28, to the Rev. and Mrs. C. D. White, a son.

Colchester, Mar. 18, to the wife of Samuel Atkins, a daughter. Hantsport, Mar. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. William Frizz, a son.

South Brookfield, Mar. 20, to the wife of James Stewart, a son. Halifax, Mar. 28, to the wife of Capt. B. C. Johnson, a daughter.

Kentville, Mar. 24, to Dr. and Mrs. Percy Woodworth, a daughter. Lower Truro, Mar. 22, to the wife of Lorne C. Weatherbe, a son.

Weymouth Bridge, Mar. 27, to the wife of A. H. Brooks, a daughter. Partridge Island, Mar. 21, to the wife of Wm. Williams, a daughter.

Willow Park, Mar. 25, to the wife of William J. Delaney, a daughter. Weymouth Bridge, Mar. 27, to the wife of George Howell, a daughter.

Annapolis Royal, Mar. 25, to the wife of I. Herbert Rensimmar, a daughter. Pleasant Bay, C. B., Mar. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. James Timmons, a son.

MARRIED.

Kentville, Mar. 22 by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Walter Weston to Jane Neville.

Oxford, Mar. 25 by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Chas. E. Wilson to Maud Skidmore.

North Sydney, Mar. 29 by Rev. T. C. Jack, Jas. J. Coppins to Mary E. Moore.

Alton, Mar. 22 by Rev. Allan Spidle, Ethelbert S. Stuart to Lila Frude.

Halifax, Mar. 23 by Rev. N. LeMoine, John A. McCallum to Clara G. Roome.

Lunenburg, Mar. 11 by Rev. Oskar Gronlund, Lottie Croft to Heratio Ritey.

Springhill, Mar. 25 by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, John M. Gilet to Jane E. Wareham.

Glace Bay, Mar. 23 by Rev. William Grant, Norman McLeod to Flora Anderson.

St. John, Mar. 23 by Rev. L. G. McNeil, James Mitchell to Mrs. Margaret Wylie.

Georgetown, Mar. 18 by Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, Albert Young to Clara Liewelyn.

St. Margaret's Bay, Mar. 17 by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Arthur Zinc to Mrs. Lydia Covey.

Esq. Head, Mar. 22 by Rev. Francis C. Berry, Jas. E. McGowan to Ella Marsh.

South Berwick, Mar. 22 by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Harry G. Lyons to Elsie B. Smith.

Roop's Point, Mar. 22 by Rev. H. A. Harley, Geo. Winchester to Mrs. E. Adams.

Southampton, Mar. 22 by Rev. F. J. Jobb, J. Miller Lavers to Lizzie J. Adams.

New Glasgow, Mar. 23 by Rev. Arch Bowman, John I. Fraser to Henrietta Oliver.

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Springhill, Mar. 27, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Charles Carter to Grace McDonald.
Georgetown, Mar. 23, by Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, Ulisses Swallow to Rebecca Brehaut.
Waterville, Mar. 12, by Rev. D. E. Simpson, Pro. W. A. Bradshaw to Harriett Woodruff.
Halifax, Mar. 30, by Rev. F. H. Almon, Sergeant Major Hugh Mitchell to Louise Watson.
Argyle Head, Mar. 27, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Thomas S. Hatfield to Fannie M. Tinkham.
Shubenacadie, Mar. 29, by Rev. James Macleod, Thomas C. Rose to Margaret L. McDonald.

DIED.

Truro, March 24, Jean Johnson, 1.
Millar, March 29, James Collier, 67.
St. John, March 28, Mrs. E. Peters.
Toronto, March 16, Thomas A. Fair.
Mainland, March 8, Daniel Brown.
Medford, March 25, James Eaton, 82.
St. John, March 29, Thomas Carr, 27.
Westville, March 21, Mary Dallin, 5.
New Ross, March 23, Henry Windrow.
Yarmouth, March 23, Ira Callback, 15.
Grand Pre, March 13, Sarah Brown, 33.
Grand P., March 6, Annie Bessam, 3.
Pugwash, March 23, Robert Baskin, 59.
R. xbury, March 24, Hugh H. Gillis, 40.
Chelsea, March 24, Henry Murphy, 42.
Kelbrock, March 20, Edward Muise, 55.
Clyde River, March 19, Mary Mack, 20.
Quebec, March 28, Mrs. (Rev.) MacRae.
Sunny Brae, March 31, Bennet Brown, 9.
St. John, March 31, Charles Getchell, 28.
Graywood, March 16, Anthony Spurr, 63.
Salom, Mass., March 13, Ira M. Hughes.
Medford, March 28, John Francis Tule, 2.
St. John, March 28, Mrs. Geo. Baras, 84.
Upper Pecos, Nov. 23, Robert Gould, 75.
Barton, March 16, George W. Blaney, 59.
Argyle, March 19, Mrs. James Pimman, 73.
Truro, March 25, Thomas D. Fletcher, 21.
Gouacster, March 23, Michael J. Duggan.
Lochaber, March 23, Michael J. Martin, 79.
Clam Harbor, March 24, John Homass, 80.
Colchester, March 17, Manning Gildart, 33.
Piedmont, March 5, Mrs. James Stewart, 60.
Inverness, March 20, Angus McDonald, 26.
Barrington, March 17, Mary A. Atwood, 30.
St. John, March 31, Mrs. Frederick Jenkins.
Parrsboro, March 27, Mrs. Thos. Carroll, 47.
Toney River, March 20, Alex. Falconer, 94.
St. John, March 28, Mrs. Frederic James, 73.
Colorado Springs, March 13, Mrs. Fred Ellis.
South Brookfield, March 18, Hannah Cameron, 76.
White Rock, March 13, James Hendigar, 56.
Yarmouth, March 29, John McKinnor, 9 mos.
Acadia Valley, March 20, John H. Warne, 44.
Boston, March 25, Mrs. George Simmonds, 79.
Millstream, March 24, George Hartley, 8 mos.
Milton, Queens, March 26, Abner Harlow, 81.
Karseda, e, March 9, Mr. Cornelius Bogart, 57.
Long Beach, March 28, Mrs. Joel Crawford, 76.
Perry City, e, March 15, Jeremiah Nickerson, 77.
DeBert, March 21, Mr. Loranzo D. Carter, 81.
Hampton, Annapolis, Mar. 18, Robert Hall, 31.
San Point, March 21, Kenneth D. Peterson, 9.
San Francisco, March 15, James McFarlane, 58.
Brooklyn, Queens, March 24, Isaac Stoufey, 67.
Big Pond, C. B., March 10, Stephen McNeil, 73.
New Glasgow, March 25, Louise MacKichan, 20.
East French River, March 24, Andrew Glenn 65.
Barrington, March 26, Mrs. George Closson, 25.
Alameda, Cal., March 11, Capt. John Burns, 65.
London, Eng., March 2, Dudley R. DeChair, 59.
Sydney, March 19, wife of Capt. John Lowray, 69.
St. John, March 31, Mrs. Andrew Harrigan, 65.
Jamaica Plain, March 23, Mrs. Wm. Hughson, 42.
Manitoba, March 23, Mrs. James Cunningham, 29.
South Boston, March 24, Mary McKinnon, 10 mos.
Providence, R. I., March 18, Mrs. Arthur Fleming.
New Glasgow, March 17, Mrs. Wm. L. Graham, 55.
Chalottetown, March 31, Mrs. William Huggan, 42.
West Lauretacetown, March 23, Mrs. John Sellars.
Kilkenny Lake, C. B. Feb. 26, Daniel McDonald, 83.
Medford, Mass., March 6, Mrs. Edith Richardson, 90.

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On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10 00 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 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1 00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3 35 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9 00 a. m., arr. Digby 11 45 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11 55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5 45 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7 20 a. m., Mon., arr. Digby 8 50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 8 20 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday
arr. Annapolis 4 40 p. m.

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Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1899, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 16.30
Express for Sussex..... 18.40
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 for Truro.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 16.30
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 11.25
Accommodation from Moncton..... 23.45