

Adventures of Linemen.

The Dugan domicile is fifty yards from the end of the railroad bridge, but the Dugan front yard straggles all the way down the hillside to the mud flats, where the ducks and the little Dugans wade and sun themselves all the summer time. The railroad bridge, which is a viaduct more than a mile long, carries the track across the valley far above the shining water, and often the high arches in the distance are hidden from the little Dugans by the blue smoke that drifts thinly down the valley from the mills where Mr. Dugan works. In the morning the little Dugans carry his dinner-pail as far as the end of the bridge, which gives him a short cut to the mills, although he defies the railway company's rules when he resorts to it.

At the edge of the bridge Dugan always sends his children back to the cabin, for the bank goes down in very precipitous fashion to the river-bed from the high abutments. But Johnny Dugan, the eldest boy, often ventures on the bridge to throw stones at the blue glass insulators on the last telegraph-pole—the top of that pole is almost on a level with the track on the bridge, and its base is eighty feet below, close by the stone abutment. Johnny feels brave to stand where he can glance down the tall white pole to where the Dugan ducks are paddling in the puddles and his own small tracks are visible in the adjacent mud.

Johnny Dugan and the Barry boys had spent many pleasant hours, one April day, throwing stones at the insulators, when they were caught in the act by big Ed Conlin, the telegraph company's lineman, the man of wonderful spurs and leg-straps. No doubt they would have noticed his approach and escaped recognition, as usual, had they not been lost in admiration of Jimmy Barry, who had at last succeeded in breaking one of the insulators. Ed Conlin promptly called on Mrs. Barry, who "blarneyed" him wisely, and then on Mrs. Dugan, who happened to be in an irate mood, and so gave him the rough side of her tongue and ordered him off the place. Then Ed vowed that if he ever found Johnny Dugan on the bridge he would throw him into the Dugan duckpond; after which nothing but enmity could rule between the Dugans and Western Union. And rule it did—until one May morning after a heavy rain.

The rain had made the gully along the track a roaring torrent of muddy water. The river itself, from previous freshets, was high over the flats. And Johnny was on the end of the bridge, pelting the insulators and keeping an eye on all roads by which any sectionhand or lineman might approach.

Such was the situation when something went wrong with the telegraph that had suffered so many assaults. It suddenly fell toward the bridge, so that the top red cross arm was close to the ends of the ties. There the wires held it. Johnny peered down and made out that the earth had been washed away from the base of the pole by the stream from the ditch. Two of the wires had broken under the strain.

"Hi, kids!" cried Johnny to his mates, who were hunting for car-reels among the cinders. "We can get the glasses!"

The others came up to inspect, but the humming wire and the great white pole that extended from their feet to the flat below awed them. Johnny alone was undaunted; greed possessed him wholly as soon as he saw that the top row of insulators were loose and free of wire.

"Hud, you kids afraid!" cried he. "I'm going to get the whole row!"

Johnny secured a short board and carefully laid it from the bridge to the cross-arm of the telegraph-pole. He tried his weight on the board and then slid out until he could grasp the pole with his legs and arms. Then he reached for the glass insulators.

"Hi, Johnny, the sectionmen are coming!" sang out Jimmy Barry.

As Johnny made a hasty swing around the pole to get back to the bridge, his fright at being discovered vanished in greater terror, for the telegraph-pole lurched, another wire snapped, and the big stick swung out until it hung at an angle of sixty degrees toward the river, with Johnny clinging desperately to the cross arm, eighty feet from the swirling brown water and twenty feet from his frightened companions on the bridge. As the pole stopped careening Johnny gave one frightened glance downward and then turned a white-trekked face toward the bridge.

"Run tellers!" he shouted weakly, and up the track the trio flew.

Ed Conlin and one of the sectionmen were coming down the track, looking for the cause of Western Union's trouble, and when he saw the boys hurrying away he suspected them.

"G-t out!" he shouted. "If I catch you here again, I'll—" But just then he saw Johnny Dugan far out on the tremulous pole.

"How'd he get there?" said the staring sectionman.

Big Ed Conlin did not stop to explain. In three bounds he reached the bridge, looked down, and saw the treacherous water swirling around the base of the pole. How long would it remain upright?

"Tell him to slide down," said the sectionman.

"He's too little. The water might catch him below and carry him away," said Ed Conlin. "Hang on, sonny! Don't be scared!"

Then he rushed through the Dugan cabbagepatch to the well and cut the rope from the spindle, and got back to the bridge before the Barry boy had half aroused the mothers with their clamors.

Out on the bridge, the lineman made a noise and prepared to cast it over the pole. But he thought better of it. "No, can't do that," he said, briefly. "We could

never swing that pole shoreward or keep the lad from being knocked off if she hit the bridge."

"That's so," said the sectionman, staring at Johnny Dugan's red stockings. "She'd break this rotten rope snap snap."

He stared down at the yellow tide of the river, and just then Mrs. Dugan's wails and the children's chorus came faintly down the track.

"I'm going to climb the pole," said Ed Conlin, thinking of how Dugan would be coming across the bridge that evening looking for Johnny and the others. "I'm going to climb it if the whole concern goes into the river. You come down the bank and catch him if it falls near shore."

Over the bank went Ed Conlin and the sectionman, alongside of Burns, the policeman, who had run across lots to see what the matter was. They scrambled down the soft hillside close to the stone abutment, and out through the water at the base of the pole. There Ed Conlin tightened the cumbersome straps around his legs and glanced up at Johnny Dugan, silent as a squirrel on his lofty perch with his jacket blowing out like a woeful signal of distress.

"Ed, lad," said the sectionman, "ye'll never get ashore again in that current with them iron toes on ye, if it falls and I think it will."

"With the rope's help, Dugan's boy may," said the lineman. Then Ed sunk his spurs into the soft mud and went up, carrying the well rope with him, while Burns and the sectionmen waited nervously and watched the debris drift by under the stone arches. Up went the lineman with exasperating deliberation, stopping occasionally to adjust the rope and glance downward.

"He's a cool one," said the sectionman to the policeman.

"Let's hold the pole up for all we are worth," replied Burns.

Then they braced themselves against the trembling stick, thinking how futile would be their efforts when its eighty odd feet crashed over and threw Johnny Dugan and the lineman half way out to the first stone pier of the bridge.

After a while Johnny felt the steady movement of the spurs, and the men below heard his quaver of fear and Ed Conlin's deep voice telling him not to mind. The pole was pressing against their bruised shoulders, and they struggled mightily against it, and at last its base seemed to be pushing from them through the oozing mud. Then the sectionman shouted to Ed Conlin to slide.

"He'll never slide without Dugan's boy," said Burns. "I know Conlin."

The two heard a cry, and Mrs. Dugan came scrambling down the bank. "Johnny, Johnny, my darlin'!" she was gasping, and the sectionman, glancing up, saw Johnny sliding swiftly down the pole, with rope under his arms, while the lineman, seated on the cross-arms, was paying out the rope. As Johnny neared the waiting arms, Ed Conlin dropped the rope and clasped the slender pole, for the tall shaft had now swung with his weight toward the water and was coming slowly down.

The sectionman grasped Johnny Dugan and threw him far up among the muddy bushes. Then he darted back from the base of the pole, which was tearing up a great hole in the soft bank. It came heavily down with a mighty splash on the sullen water, with the lineman clinging like a cat half way up its white sides; and then, while all except the butt was buried in the yellow flood, the sectionman dived out along the side with the rope in his hands.

"Cracky!" said the policeman. "Is he ever coming up?"

But out of the troubled water Ed Conlin's steel-clad boots rose to view, and the sectionman was after them in frantic haste. He had the rope around the lineman in a minute, and by the time the pole was moving toward its rush under the arch, Ed Conlin himself, covered with mud, and his face bleeding from numberless scratches, was sitting weakly among the alder-bushes, with the sectionman cutting the straps from his ankles.

"Well, wouldn't that beat ye!" said the policeman, with enthusiasm.

"Yes," said Ed Conlin, "but keep the Dugan boys off the bridge after this!"

Catarrh Cannot Be Beaten.

Mr. Rodie McDougall, of Vanleek Hill, Ont., says: "Catarrh has done me more good than any other medicine I ever used. It has cured me of my Catarrh. Others may praise their preparations but Catarrh cannot be beaten as a cure for Catarrh." Catarrh-zone is a new method of treatment guaranteed to cure the most chronic cases of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, &c. Sure, safe and pleasant to use. Sold by all druggists. Trial outfit for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

Earth to Earth Ashes to Ashes.

The London Times notes the Marquis of Queensbury's directions for his funeral as follows: The will of the late Lord Queensbury has been lodged in Edinburgh. The codicil runs as follows: "At my death I wish to be cremated and my ashes put into the earth inclosed in nothing, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, in any spot most convenient I have loved. Will mention places to my son, Harleyford for choice. I particularly request no Christian nomenclature or tomfooleries to be performed over my grave, but that I be buried as a secularist and an agnostic. If it will comfort any one, there are plenty of those of my own faith who would come and say a few words of common sense over the spot where my ashes may lie. Queensbury, Jan. 23rd, 1895.—Places to lay ashes: The summit of Criffel or Queensberry in Dumfriesshire; the end of the terrace over-

looking the new Loch, Harleyford, Bucks. No monument or stone necessary or required, or procession as ashes can be carried in one person's hand. Failing these places, any place where the stars shall ever shed their light and the sun shall gild each rising morn'g."

SHAVES ONLY MILLIONAIRES.

A Barber Who Makes About \$3,000 a Year From Four Customers.

Thomas Whalen shaves four millionaires a day. He makes the round of their residences every morning and uses his own fast pacer to save time. They all pay him a liberal salary and in three hours each morning he earns more than the average barber does in four days.

Mr. Whalen's clients are P. D. Armour, S. W. Allerton, Marshall Field and N. K. Fairbank of Chicago. They employ him by the year, and his salary continues whether they are in Europe, New York, California or Chicago. His contract calls for a daily shave in Chicago, and if the millionaires' chins are not to be found, Whalen is not the sufferer. His "pull" is said to be of the gentlest, but his fellow barbers declare it is very strong, and besides the salary he gets there is always a liberal Christmas present.

The scale of salaries paid is as follows: Mr. Armour, \$75 per month; Mr. Field, \$75 per month; Mr. Allerton, \$50, and Mr. Fairbank, \$35. All of these gentlemen have their private barber shops, and Mr. Whalen has the running of them. He keeps each supplied with the finest razors, shears, straps, soaps, mugs, and other requisites of a first-class tonsorial parlor. He knows the turn of every whisker of his patrons, and there is never any kick about razors with a "pull."

His labors begin early. Mr. Armour's home is his first stopping place, though recently, during that gentleman's residence in California, he has not been getting up so early. Mr. Armour has always shaved by six o'clock and often earlier. From there it is only a block to Mr. Field's Prairie avenue mansion, and just across the street, a little to the south, he finds Mr. Allerton ready for his daily scrape. But to reach Mr. Fairbank he must make a big jump to the North Side, and his fast pacer comes in good use. Cars are too uncertain, and Mr. Fairbank cannot be kept waiting or disappointed, and before 9 o'clock Whalen is at the Lake Shore drive residence, ready for Mr. Fairbank to come to the private barber shop.

"Tom" Whalen is one of the best known barbers in Chicago. He has made a competency out of his work, and his income now is by no means beggarly, averaging close to \$3,000 for the year. His last shop was in the Methodist Church Block. This he sold several years ago. He now devotes his attention to the four millionaire customers and several fine horses.

A Touch of Trouble.

Captain Rankin, of the Galatea, storm-tossed on Long Island Sound, hated Captain Frazier of the Norwalk, a rival boat, and Captain Frazier hated him. A writer in Forward tells how the enemies suddenly became friends. The storm, it appears, had broken the Galatea's shaft. The ships came within hailing distance.

"Shall we speak the Norwalk, sir?" asked the second officer.

"Not if we can help it, sir," responded the skipper. But the indecision on the Galatea was dismissed by a zigzag signal coming from the Norwalk's mainmast.

"What's the trouble?" it read.

Then the Galatea signalled the reply, "Shaft broken—unmanageable."

"Shall I take off your passengers and crew?" asked the Norwalk.

Can't tell yet," was the reply.

The next sentence that glimmered from the Norwalk's signal-lights furnished the inspiration for a hymn that has been sung all over Christendom.

It was, "I'll stand by until the morning—subject to your command."

The next night the two rivals rode into port together, the disabled Galatea being towed by the belated Norwalk.

After their passengers and cargoes had been discharged, Captain Rankin walked over to the Norwalk's pier, where Captain Frazier was giving orders.

"Goin' up-town, Fraz?" he asked.

"Bo lieve I am, Rankin," answered Frazier. So the two grizzled sea dogs, who had not spoken to each other for years, strolled up-town arm in arm, firmly reestablishing a friendship so long endangered by business rivalry.

A Black Cigar.

The reader who remembers his first cigar, and how it affected him, may be able to sympathize with the young soldier in Cuba who lately narrated one of his war experiences.

"I had learned to smoke before I entered the service, but was not an extravagant smoker, by any means, and easily fell a victim to a job which one of the officers put

upon me. He went to one of the shops, and ordered a large cigar made of the strongest tobacco to be found.

"Did you ever see a Cuban 'smoker' of that description? It is almost as black as ink, and has the strength of a whole smoking car, boiled down. There is a tradition that General Grant got sick on one of that kind once. Well the officer casually pulled that cigar out of his pocket one day, and said he would give a silver dollar to anybody who could smoke it. Like a fool I took him up. 'Now understand' he said, 'you've got to smoke it to the last gasp.' 'Well, did you?' asked one of the listeners.

"Yes," rejoined the young soldier. "I smoked it to the last gasp—and the first paroxysm. But it cured me. I have never been able to look a cigar in the face since."

It Is Nonsense

to say that because you have a bad cough you are going to have consumption, but it is safer and better to cure it with Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam than to let it run. 25c. all Druggists.

Facial Re-embance.

"O'Brien says he isn't going to the dog-show this year. I wonder why?"

"Perhaps he wants to give the dogs a show."

More Like It.

"Laugh and grow fat." "Pooh! You mean, 'grow fat and get laughed at.'"

More-Suicides—Can be traced indirectly to disordered nerves caused by disordered digestive organs and the consequent mental derangement and weakness, than from any other cause under the sun. This is proven by statistics. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets come as a universal blessing to mankind. No stomach trouble is too trivial for attention—no case too deep-seated that these wonderful Tablets will not ultimately cure—60 in a box, 35 cents.

A Change.

B five we were married, With kiss and with vow She would cling round my neck; but She walks on it now.

BORN.

Kingport, Feb. 22, to the wife of J. Ellis, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 23, to the wife of Edward Shaw, a son.

Wolville, Feb. 15, to the wife of M. Brittan, a son.

Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to the wife of R. McNeill, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 23, to the wife of G. Kendrick, a son.

Truro, Feb. 23, to the wife of B. McDougall, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 21, to the wife of William Parker, a son.

Lunenburg, Feb. 19, to the wife of Joseph Lowe, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 20, to the wife of Edward Shaw, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of John Chisholm, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of Wm. Mane, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 9, to the wife of William Bruer, a son.

Liverpool, Feb. 15, to the wife of Geo. Schultz, a daughter.

Bristol, Feb. 7, to the wife of Chas. Buchanan, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 18, to the wife of George Porter, a son.

Campbellton, Feb. 24, to the wife of Chas. Hersey, a son.

Lunenburg, Feb. 24, to the wife of Aaron Hebb, a daughter.

Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of John Lowther, a daughter.

Kingport, Feb. 22, to the wife of C. Borden, a daughter.

Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of John McKay, a daughter.

Digby, Feb. 16, to the wife of Fred Powell, a daughter.

Westville, Feb. 16, to the wife of James Goode, a daughter.

Tapperville, Feb. 15, to the wife of John Stevens, a daughter.

Granville, Feb. 18, to the wife of E. Miller, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to the wife of J. Ferguson, a daughter.

Tapperville, Feb. 19, to the wife of Alfred Messen-

ger, a son.

Lunenburg, Feb. 22, to the wife of Frederick Vein-

son, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 17, to the wife of William Mathe-

son, a son.

Campbellton, Feb. 23, to the wife of Frank LeBlanc,

a daughter.

North Kingston, Feb. 17, to the wife of Wm. Foster,

a daughter.

St. Peters, C. B., Feb. 22, to the wife of Dr. Bisset,

a daughter.

Port Maitland, Feb. 19, to the wife of Oscar Ted-

der, a daughter.

Middle Clyde, Feb. 18, to the wife of Christian

Ryer, a daughter.

Folly Village, Feb. 4, to the wife of Henry Mc-

Lean, a daughter.

North Kingston, Feb. 17, to the wife of Burpee

Ward, a daughter.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 5, to the wife of George

Haley, a daughter.

St. Peters, B. C., Feb. 24, to the wife of Rev. Mr.

Calder, a daughter.

Folly Village, Feb. 20, to the wife of David Whit-

den, twin daughters.

MARRIED.

Truro, Feb. 27, by Rev. Fr. Kinsella, Joseph Ar-

senault to Evelyn White.

Gabarus, Feb. 20, by Rev. J. W. Turner, Phillip E.

Hardy to Hester L. Muggah.

Gabarus, Feb. 20, by Rev. J. W. Turner, D. West-

ley J. Nichol to Annie Mann.

Truro, Feb. 22, by Rev. John Wood, John Mc-

Masters to Mrs. Nettie Smith.

Elmdale, Feb. 26, by Rev. A. V. Morash, George

O'Brien to Elizabeth Anthony.

Gabarus, Feb. 20, by Rev. D. Sutherland, Dan D.

McLeod to Mary Ann Stewart.

Burlington, Feb. 22nd by Rev. Mr. Whitman,

Joseph Noel to Nettle Burgess.

Arcadia, Feb. 21, by Rev. M. W. Brown, James

R. Wyman to Mary E. Landers.

Pinkney's Point, Feb. 20, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Al-

bert Harris to Catherine Surrette.

Tasket Wedge, Feb. 21, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Arthas-

mus Surrette to Madeline LeBlanc.

South Boston, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon,

John D. Macquance to Mary A. Fitzgerald.

DIED.

Weston, Feb. 25, Isaac Shaw, 67.

Dartmouth, Feb. 27, Jane Bolen, 84.

Amherst, Feb. 28, Rufus Coates, 70.

St. John, Feb. 26, Gertrude Allison.

Halifax, Feb. 27, Harriet Jane LePine.
Halifax, Feb. 28, Mrs. Susan Smith, 40.
Bridgewater, Feb. 26, Elias Marshall, 83.
Halifax, Mar. 1, Mrs. Isabelle Hasell, 66.
Mosherville, Feb. 23, Archibald L. Smith, 74.
Halifax, Feb. 28, Henry Salter Laurillard, 63.
Brooklyn, Nants, Feb. 21, Thomas A. Smith, 92.
Humphrey's Mills, Mar. 1, James McAleese, 71.
Port Maitland, Mar. 1, Mr. William Durland, 83.
Halifax, Feb. 23, Francis, wife of Andrew McGrath.
Hutley's Settlement, Feb. 27, Charles Hutley, 47.
Medina, New York, Feb. 28, Mr. John W. Haley, 70.
Halifax, Feb. 26, Maria, wife of Thomas Thorpe, 56.
Windsor, Feb. 25, Elizabeth, wife of John Allen, 78.
Moncton, Feb. 28, Evangeline, daughter of W. J. LeBlanc, 12.
Shelburne, Feb. 23, Hannah, widow of the late James Butler, 71.
Montreal, Feb. 27, Asmetti C. Benedet, widow of Newton Benedet.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Geo. A., son of Joseph and Alice Perrier, 19 months.
Halifax, Feb. 28, Mabel Marion, daughter of Frank and Sophia Peely, 8.
Belleville, Feb. 25, Joseph Daniel, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. McNeil, 10 days.
Halifax, Feb. 23, Clifford Wallace, son of Clifford and Ellen Bishop, 14 months.
Yarmouth, Feb. 21, Herwan C. son of Prince W., and Emma Nickerson, 19 years.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Florence Delross, infant child of Joseph and Annie White, 2 years.
Halifax, Mar. 1, Elizabeth Muriel, only daughter of John and Selina Williams, 6 years.
Dartmouth, Feb. 28, Margarette, daughter of the late Noel and Lizzie Boudier, 2 years.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Catherine Gladys Victor, infant daughter of C. and John Lynch, 8 months.

RAILROADS.

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Ar. Vancouver 12:30 p. m. Su Mo Tu W Th Sat

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