

The Saving of a Life.

Greenhill was having an 'Old Home Week,' and its heart thrilled with excitement. The grass plot in the village green underwent the most severe raking known in its history; the railing which guarded it from chance cows was mended, and the town hall took on a bright, fresh coat of paint. Everything in the shape of bunting was hauled out of dusty garrets and made to do brave duty in decoration and the streets and principal buildings fairly fluttered with the cheerful red, white and blue.

All the old people of the place came out of their corners, pleased with the consciousness that, for once, age was a recognized addition to their value.

'You see,' said Mrs. Piper to Serena Tucker, as they both sat on the front porch slowly swaying back and forth in their rocking-chairs, 'most times it's the young people who come to the fore, but this belongs to us. 'Old home' means 'old folks.' I guess one wouldn't be quite so much without the other.'

'But we count for something, too!' asserted Florence, from her seat on the step. 'Lots of young people are coming home and there's the golf tournament, and the water carnival on the lake! Oh, we aren't left out, granny dear!'

'Of course not,' responded the old lady. 'You've got to be amused. But it's the old folks who get right into the heart of this week. You can hit your little ball with pokers and paddle about in those pesky things you call canoes, but there is not one of you that knows what 'old home' means to those who have got nearly through with life. Yes, it's our week, and please God, we'll make the most of it!'

'Did you know Senator Mabie was coming, grandma?'

'No! Well, of all things! I didn't look for that. Richard Mabie'll be a big feather in Greenhill's cap! Where's he going to stay, Florry?'

'Up at the old place. His aunt's awfully pleased; she was afraid he'd go to the hotel.'

Now that's nice of him,' said Serena Tucker. 'She'll be tickled to death! Well, Greenhill ought to be proud of him.'

'How things change!' sighed Mrs. Piper. 'Why, Serena, I remember him as Dicky Mabie plain as it was yesterday! Tow-lead little chap, always cutting up with Tom Keene. If there ever were too little imps those youngsters deserved the name. Who'd have thought he'd turn out as he did?'

They say he's made money hand over fist,' returned Serena. 'I should think Thomas Keene would kind of feel the difference when he sees him.'

'Tom Keene's made what I call a fizzle out of life,' said Mrs. Piper. 'Not that there is anything bad about him, but he's of no account. When he was a boy you'd have said he was the likeliest of the two, but land, you can't tell how things are going to come out!'

The week at Greenhill proved a great success. It is the first place, the weather smiled broadly on every undertaking. Clear, cool invigorating breezes swept down from the pine clad hills, and tired men and women, coming out of the whirl of business or social life, received new vigor in the strength-giving air.

The little town might well be proud, for many of her children had gone from her shelter to win success in the world; and now they came flocking back to her as to a welcoming mother, ready to listen to the tales of old times, and to have their hearts touched with tender memories. It was a week of happy reunions; of renewals of friendships; of fresh life for the quiet village people, and of peaceful relaxation for the home-comers.

Speeches were made in the town hall; the seldom used 'best rooms' of big houses were thrown open for receptions and old-fashioned teas; there had been a clambake at the shore four miles away; and now, on the very last afternoon, all assembled in the white church which lifted its slender spire from the village green. The place was crowded. The dig windows stood open to the sweet, summer air, and the western sun sent long golden beams through the clear panes which had never been usurped by colored glass, but let in, unhindered the light of heaven and the colors of earth.

Mrs. Piper and Serena Tucker sat well toward the front.

'Not that I'm very hard of hearing,' said the former. 'Mabe I'm not quite so sharp; as I was, but folks don't speak out as they

need to. They kind of mumble, don't you know.'

'I wonder what they're going to do, returned Serena. I haven't heard a thing about this afternoon.'

'I asked William, and he said he didn't know more than that it was to be a farewell meeting. There's Mr. Read getting into the pulpit.'

The gray haired pastor lifted up his hand, and silence fell upon the audience. There was a twinkle in the kindly eyes as he spoke.

'When the program for our Old Home Week was made out, I was asked to speak for Greenhill the words of farewell at this last meeting, but since I came into the building I have been told that my time has not come yet; that before we say good-by to these dear people who have come home to tell us of their work in the world and to bring back their youth by old associations, they themselves have something to say, and that I must give the meeting into their hands. I will retire for the present in favor of Senator Mabie, but I warn you I will have a hearing later.'

'Mr. Read always knows just what to say,' remarked Mrs. Piper, in a whisper; but Serena, whose sense of humor was as small as her good-will was great, looked anxious.

'I don't wonder he feels it, being put aside that way,' she returned.

'O Serena, can't you see a joke? There's Richard Mabie; he's a well-set man.'

The senator stepped upon the platform with the quiet assurance born of success.

'My dear friends,' he began, 'you will have to forgive me for turning our good pastor out of his proper place, but we must be allowed our say. You have had things your own way this week. You have welcomed us and showered benefits upon us. You have bestowed your best, and we who have received know how good that best is. Now you must give us a chance to thank you, to tell you that you helped us on our way, and made us richer by the renewal of old associations and establishment of new.'

'But we want to show our gratitude in something more than words; we want to leave behind us something at which you may look and think, 'This is an expression of love for the old place.'

'We might unite and raise a memorial to this week, but as we talk the matter over we find the general sentiment is that this plan is not quite personal or individual enough. So we purpose to turn this meeting into a donation-party for dear old Greenhill. Any contributions for special purposes will be received at the desk, and a committee has been appointed to see that all directions are carried out.'

There was a little flutter all over the church as Senator Mabie resumed his seat. 'Did you ever?' whispered Mrs. Piper. 'I think that's a real sensible idea. It's a sight better than remembering folks in a lump!'

'That's just how I feel,' replied Serena. 'You know Brother Eb got killed in the war. Well, when I look at the Soldier's Monument on the green I don't think of him, or William Adams, or Abner Forcythe or any of the men that were shot. Their names are there, to be sure, but it don't seem as if it meant them more than anybody else. But when I go out to the cemetery and see Eb's own gravestone why—'

'Sh-h!' interrupted Mrs. Piper. 'There's some one going up to the desk.'

Senator Mabie opened the folded slip of paper which was handed to him, and announced that Frederick Marston donated twenty-five dollars to the church, in memory of old days.

Other gifts quickly followed. A teacher from a Western city gave ten dollars with which to buy a picture for the schoolroom. Some one sent up a promise of a dozen books for the little library, and an athletic young fellow presented five dollars to the high-school baseball team.

A half-dozen old sons of the town joined forces and offered a handsome sum for a drinking-fountain on the village green; and Mrs. Crosby, who had been back to her native town every year since her marriage, and had thus kept in touch with its needs, pledged an annual sum for the support of Aunt Betsy Hill, a worthy character of Greenville, who stood in sore dread of the poorhouse.

The donations came pouring in for purposes as varied as the sums bestowed. The excitement reached its climax when

Senator Mabie handed in his written promise to build a suitable library building which was to stand in the village square, a tribute to Greenhill from an affectionate son. This brought down the house, and the little 'Literary Club,' which had collected books as best it could and distributed them from a small and inconvenient room, clapped and cheered.

'Isn't this an outpouring?' remarked Mrs. Piper, wiping her eyes. They're not going to give us a chance to forget them, even if we wanted to! Who's that going up on the platform, Sereny? Not anybody I know.'

'He seems kind of familiar,' answered Serena, 'and again he don't. For mercy sakes!' she exclaimed, almost loud. 'If it ain't—' and then she stopped, as the sound of his voice fell on her ears.

The man was small and clean-shaven, dressed in neat but cheap clothing. His face twitched nervously, and he choked and hesitated as he spoke.

'Folks of Greenhill!' he began, with a homely sort of eloquence. 'I don't suppose you know me. I hope you don't. Eight years ago I came near being run out of this town I was that lazy, drunken thing you know as Bill Wright. I've dropped the Bill from my name, and I hope it's gone out of my character. People speak to me now as William Wright and I don't believe you, who have never been down where I've been, have any idea how good that makes me feel, and how I straighten up when I hear it! I've always meant to come back to Greenhill when I'd got where I wouldn't be ashamed of myself, and when I heard of Old Home Week, I thought, 'This is the time for me to go!' But I couldn't get here until this afternoon. I've been sitting here, listening to all these splendid gifts that are to be made to the old town, and I say to myself, 'I've got a story to tell of a gift you people don't know anything about, and nobody ever will know unless I tell it, for the giver isn't one to speak of it himself.'

'He's right here in the church this afternoon,' the man proceeded. He isn't one of those who went away from Greenhill, but he's been walking among you for years and you've been talking to him every day, and yet you don't know he's ever given you more than a pleasant word.

I'm going to tell you about this gift. You all know what I was—'Old Bill,' 'Lazy Bill,' 'Bill the Loafer.' I was a disgrace to the town that owned me. I was more than all that. I was Bill the Thief! You may say you didn't know I ever stole. Well, I did. I didn't take your money, but any man who lies about the streets, drunk and shiftless as I was, steals from the place he's in. He steals a good citizen; he takes away a chance of respect and example.

'Then I set fire to that barn. I'm not going into particulars; it is a pretty story for me to tell or for you hear. You all know how it came out. I was sent to jail, and every hand was against me—all but one. I don't blame you; you gave me just what I deserved.

But one man gave me better than I deserved. He came right into my cell and talked to me like my brother. He didn't scare me; he made me see just what I'd been, but he pulled me up at the same time. When I got out, he lent me money enough to start me in a new place. He isn't a rich man, and I know he felt the lack of every dollar he lent me.

'Well, he just kept hold of me, though I disappointed him more than once, and by and by he made a man of me. For five years I've been an honest man, doing a man's work in the world. Now I'm back to give the place I was born in what I took from her, I've got a chance to work here and I'm going to bring my wife and little boy here and give Greenhill a respectable citizen and my best work.'

'No, isn't a gift on my part. It's the man who helped me who makes this donation. All these sums of money that have been put down are grand,—and it's generous hands that have offered them,—but the man who gives a man back to himself, and gives an honest citizen to a town, gives from something more than a big bank account. God bless that man, I say! And God bless Mr. Thomas Keene!'

There had been absolute silence while William Wright was speaking; silence first of surprise, then of interest, then of something far deeper than interest. But when the speaker sat down, a soft murmur arose of applause, which grew louder and louder as Greenhill, out of a full and touched heart, acknowledged his gift.

A quiet little man in a shabby coat tried to slip, unobserved, out of the church. Senator Mabie himself stopped him, and linked his arm within his old friend's as he used to do in the days when the two were partners in mischief.

'No, Tom!' he whispered, huskily. 'You're not going to sneak off like that!'

You've got to stay and take our thanks like a man!'

Then the white-haired pastor rose, and with hands outstretched gave thanks for the gifts; and there descended upon Greenhill a sense of love and brotherhood such as it is not often given a community to feel.

'Land!' said Mrs. Piper, blowing her nose very hard. 'Who'd have believed it? Tom Keene, of all men! It's not well to judge, is it, except to give people credit for the best you know! We'll never have such an Old Home Week again, Sereny Tucker! It's only once in a lifetime one has an experience like this!'

BORN.

Perth, July 24, to the wife of C W Lewis, a son.
Halifax, July 19, to the wife of I B Shafner, a son.
Halifax, July 31, to the wife of W F Maher, a son.
Nappan, July 28, to the wife of Joshua Gould, a son.
Amherst, August 1, to the wife of Wm O'Neil, a son.
Shelburne, July 20, to the wife of C S McGill, a son.
Lunenburg, to the wife of Solomon Ramey a daughter.
Lunenburg, July 25, to the wife of Walter Sarty, a son.
Woodstock, July 30, to the wife of Dr G B Manzer, a son.
Halifax, August 3, to the wife of Henry A Saunders, a son.
Lochaber, July 26, to the wife of Raymond Chittick, a daughter.
Halifax, August 5, to the wife of F K Warren, a daughter.
Amherst, July 30, to the wife of George Carter, a daughter.
Newellton, July 17, to the wife of Mitchell Smith, a daughter.
Fair View, July 31, to the wife of Henry Weather, a son.
Colchester, July 30, to the wife of C E Crows, a daughter.
Windsor, July 30, to the wife of Philip Knowles, a daughter.
Atlanta, July 23, to the wife of Henry Howell, a daughter.
Digby, July 23, to the wife of Dr DuVernet, a daughter.
Milton, July 25, to the wife of Ralph Collier, a daughter.
Amherst, July 23, to the wife of J N Bourque, a daughter.
Oakville, August 2, to the wife of Edmund Allison, a daughter.
Halifax, August 1, to the wife of Edward Goudge, a daughter.
Lunenburg, July 28, to the wife of John Meister, a daughter.
Folly Village, July 29, to the wife of Alex Urquhart, a son.
Lunenburg, July 25, to the wife of Charles Wentzell, a daughter.
Annapolis Royal, July 21, to the wife of Robert Reynolds, a son.
North Brookfield, June 26, to the wife of Wallace Earley, a daughter.
Fort Lawrence, August 1, to the wife of Martin Smith, a daughter.
Fram's Settlement, July 23, to the wife of Albert Cleverly, a daughter.
Lower Stewiacke, Aug 3, to the wife of the Rev Samuel Trivett, a son.

MARRIED.

Moncton, Aug 2, Elliot Balser to Edith Tower.
Halifax, July 31, F Skinner to Ruby E Spencer.
Base Verte, July 22, Alven Jones to Eva Ogden.
Yarmouth, July 26, Frank Gorman to Bertha Sears.
Queens Co, Aug 1, Chas Tapley to Ida May Rogers.
Pictou, July 3, Mary M Harris and Joseph Wood.
Amherst, July 25, Wesley H Herriot to Myra Baxter.
Fredericton, Aug 1, Major Green to Bertha Robinson.
Yarmouth, July 31, John G Rice to Florence Gilman.
Halifax, July 31, Henry A Cordes to Jennie Armstrong.
Sackville, Captain Henry A Calhoun to Adelia J Cole.
Hartford, July 21, Florence M Bryant to John C May.
Halifax, Aug 1, Chas W Allison to Eleanor Morrison.
Summerside, July 31, Key R T Dobie to Jennie D Reid.
Gibson, July 29, Frederick Keirstead to Ada Bailey.
North Sydney, July 24, Samuel Wixon to Jane Peppett.
Yarmouth, Aug 1, Ritchie W Gray and Mrs Sarah B Crosby.
Halifax, July 30, H Morton Munns to Nita T Caldwell.
Port Moutrey, July 25, William I Wambolt to Emma Letitia Croft.
Sydney, July 23, Wallace Strickland to Elizabeth Bennett.
Lawrence, Mass, July 15, Benoit Arsenault to Ursule DesRoches.
Pictou, July 31, Phillip Catroll to Elsie J MacQuarrie.
Cumberland, July 31, Fenwick Jackson to Minnie E Purdy.
Pictou, July 31, Phillip Carroll to Elsie J MacQuarrie.
Chatham, July 31, Francis MacEwen to Priscilla Palmer.
Somerville, Mass, July 14, William LaDell to Mary Donaldson.
Guysboro, July 23, James L Bears to Edith L Nickerson.
Hunt's Point, July 20, Ralph Beaumont Dicker to Audella F Fredrick.
Annapolis, July 17, Walter Chester Cole to Beatrice Borden Van Baskirk.

DIED.

Caledonia, July 31, Lida Kenney, 21.
Buffalo, N Y July 31, John W Grant, 25.
Toronto, July 21, Miss Bessie Tremaine.
West Baccaro, July 24, Alex Christie, 87.
Scotch Village, July 31, Wm T Dodge, 71.
Cape Negro, N S, July 24, Paul Swaino, 79.
Belleville, N B, July 10, Allan McBride, 41.
Halifax, Aug 3, Jane, wife of Jos P Lindsay.
Tusket Falls, Aug 1, Edward Lamereaux, 36.
Roxbury, Mass, July 14, Charles D Crowe, 66.
Eastern Passage, Aug 4, Miss Isabel McNab, 89.
Tusket Falls, Aug 1, Mr Edward Lamereaux, 36.
Amherst Shore, Mary E wife of Elias Goodwin, 36.
Pictou, July 23, Florence, wife of Daniel Bedford, 23.
Arlach, July 23, Sophia, widow of the late Paul Gerrard, 84.
Halifax, July 30, John A infant son of Mr and Mrs John Daine, 6 months.
Scotch Lake, C B July 11, John H son of Mr and Mrs Angus Boston, 12.
Ithaca, July 30, Frederic, infant son of Dr and Barbara Schurman, 10.
Avondale, July 23, Dorothy Christie, daughter of Mr and Amos Gould, 12.
Springhill, July 20, Mary, infant child of Mr and Mrs Henry Gelling, 2 months.

Halifax, Aug 3, Frederick Cyril, child of Mr and Mrs Martin Upham, 11 months.
Halifax, Aug 1, Thomas W infant child of Mr and Mrs Albert Dauphinee, 6 months.
Springhill, July 26, George Robert Allan, child of Mr and Mrs Paul Goode, 7 months.
Arlach, Kings, July 31, Florence G DeBay, infant child of Mr and Mrs William DeBay, 5 months.

A Dog Star.

The perfect obedience of dogs who perform in public is the result of a wonderful amount of patience on the part, of their trainers, but once they learn their tricks they seldom forget them. A dog-trainer says, in the Philadelphia Record, that their is one sound which a trick dog never forgets. It is exclamation 'Ip!' very short and sharp.

In teaching a dog to turn somersaults, we will say, a harness is generally used, and when the trainer says 'Ip!' over goes the dog, whether it wants to or not. After a while it learns to associate the sound with the motion, and gradually the harness is discarded.

Walking along one of the Philadelphia streets recently, this trainer passed a dog that he recognized as a public performer. Just for fun the trainer said, 'Ip!'

Quick as a flash doggie turned a back somersault on the sidewalk! The dog's owner scowled at the trainer, but the passers-by were openly amused, while the 'star' trotted gaily off, with the air of one who has done his duty.

Bronchitis Asthma.

Is now easily cured, not by pouring nauseous destructive drugs into the stomach, but by inhaling Catarrhazone. Drugs do more harm than good, but the soothing, healing medicated air that Catarrhazone supplies to the lungs and bronchial tubes cannot fail to benefit. Catarrhazone prevents those smothering spasms and head aches, cures the cough and makes breathing easy. Universally used; doctors recommend it; druggists sell it, 25c. and \$1.00.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton	5.20
Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Suburban express for Rothesay	11.05
Express for Point du Chene, d'Alma and Pictou	11.50
Express for Sussex	12.30
Suburban Express for Hampton	17.45
Express for Quebec and Montreal	19.35
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene	18.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.00
Suburban Express for Hampton	7.15
Express from Sussex	8.55
Express from Montreal and Quebec	11.50
Suburban express from Rothesay	12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou	17.00
Express from Halifax	18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton	19.35
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton	22.45
Daily, except Monday.	

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager.
Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901.
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A., Ticket St. John, N.B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John.
Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.
(Eastern Standard Time.)
All trains daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES.
6.15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.
PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.
9.10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Welsford.
1.00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Welsford.
4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Welsford.
5.15 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the 'Imperial Limited' for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects to Fredericton.
Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.
Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.
Pullman Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jct.
1.30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballentine, Westfield Beach, Lingley and Welsford. Connects for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Pullman Sleeper off Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct.
5.20 p. m. Fredericton Express.
6.00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Welsford.
ARRIVALS.
7.30 a. m. Suburban, from Lingley.
8.20 a. m. Fredericton Express.
11.20 a. m. Boston Express.
11.35 a. m. Montreal Express.
12.35 p. m. Suburban from Welsford.
3.10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only from Welsford.
7.00 p. m. Suburban from Welsford.
10.30 p. m. Boston Express.
C. E. USEER, G. F. A. Montreal.
A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R. St. John N.B.