

THEIR LAST WORDS.

'Good bye; good bye.' President McKinley's last words were: 'It is God's way. His will be done.'

The President died with resignation, but still thoughtful of others. His dying words indicate that his wide sympathy with his fellow-men was genuine and heartfelt. 'In the majority of instances,' writes John Timbs, F. S. A., 'The ruling passion strong in death is found to be exemplified.'

Charles II., although his assumed air of frivolity remained with him until near the last and he apologized for being such an 'unconsciousable time in dying,' grew serious at the end. 'Don't let poor Nellie starve,' he said, and these words proved his affection for 'Missus Nell.'

Many men have died with religious sentiments on their lips. 'Lord receive my spirit,' were the words of Cranmer at the stake, of Hooper, of Ferrar, and of G. Herbert. 'Thy will be done,' the poet Donne said. Quinlan's death-bed prayer was 'What I cannot utter with my mouth, accept Lord, from my heart and soul.' Sir James Mackintosh, when his daughter reminded him of the love of Jesus, answered slowly, pausing between each word, 'Jesus Christ—love—the same thing!' A long silence followed. 'I believe,' he said at last. 'In God?' she asked. 'In Jesus.'

Other men have contrasted eternal pleasures with the ephemeral character of those on earth. 'In me behold the end of the world with all its vanities,' Sir Philip Sidney's words ran when he was struck down on the battlefield. Wolsey's words are almost too famous to need quotation. 'If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my King,' the former cardinal and legate a latere said, 'he would not have given me over in my grey hairs.'

Adams' life had been too fully identified with the foundation and growth of the American republic to allow him to forget his country at death. 'Independence forever,' he exclaimed when passing away. The regicide Harrison retained his fixity of purpose to the last. 'I wish the true principle of government carried out,' he said. 'I ask no more.'

Pitt's last words breathed a nobler patriotism. 'My country! My country! How I leave my country!' Chatham was borne from the House to die, after he had, with his last remaining strength, urged an unpopular course, but one that he believed in strongly. 'Sir,' he cried, 'I rejoice that America has resisted.' And his trenchant invective were launched against the iniquity of the American war.

Napoleon had a clergyman at his bedside. 'I believe in God and am of the true religion of my father,' he said. 'It is not every one that can be an atheist.' His last words were:

'Tete de l'armee' (head of the army.) The words of Captain Laurence, as he died on the deck of the Chesapeake, had a truer ring: 'Don't give up the ship.' Brock cried: 'Push on, brave York volunteers!' Wolfe's strong devotion to duty was reflected in his resignation, when he heard that the day was won. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'Do they run already? Then I die happy.'

Queen Elizabeth's exclamation was: 'All my possessions for a moment of time.'

Burns could not avoid some expression of humour. 'Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave,' he said. Sir Walter Raleigh brushed aside his beard when he laid his head on the block. He thought it a pity that having done no harm, it too should suffer. Henry VIII. could not forget his troubles with the church. 'Monks! monks! monks!' he irritably cried.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's last words, addressed to Miss Morris, were: 'God bless you, my dear.'

'What will Nelson think of us?' exclaimed Captain Rieu, when Admiral Parker signalled 'cease firing,' in the battle of the Baltic. The next instant a chain shot him in two.

Nelson's last intelligible sentence was, 'I have done my duty; I praise God for it.' He died in the dim cockpit of the Victory, with the roar of Trafalgar filling all the space about him.

The great Roman Emperor, Augustus never forgot the disastrous defeat of Varus by the Germans, A. D. 9. With his last breath he murmured, Varus, Varus, give me back my legions.'

When Montcalm heard that his wound was mortal, he said: 'I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.'

President Garfield, as he passed away, placed his hand on his heart and said to General Swaim: 'I have great pain here.'

John Hampden, who was mortally

wounded in the battle of Chalgrove Field exclaimed in the moment of his last agony. 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to me.' In that broken ejaculating, as Macaulay says, passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

After six successive recantations, Archbishop Cranmer found that his doom was inevitable. He met death with fortitude. 'This was the hand that wrote it,' he exclaimed in reference to the recantations; 'therefore it shall first suffer punishment.' He held it steadily in the flame, and never moved nor cried till life was gone.

In the battle of Newbury Falkland fell crying out, 'Peace, peace!'

When the assassins entered the cathedral, Bicket cried, 'Here am I, no traitor, but a priest of God.'

'Let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are the foes,' Simon Montfort said to his followers on the field of Evesham.

The Bridge Builder.

In a series of articles on 'Careers of Danger and Daring,' in the St. Nicholas, the description of the bridge builder is mostly confined to the workmen on the great bridge over the East River, New York. It is never testing even to read of the hazards which these men run. A foreman speaks of them thus:

'See those timbers right at the top that come together in a point? Well the boys walk those cross timbers all the time. It's nothing on the ground, but up there, with the wind blowing—well, you try it!'

'I saw one fellow do a thing that knocked me. He stopped half way across a timber not over eight inches wide, took out his matchbox, stood on his right foot, and struck a match on his left heel. Then he nursed the flame in his hands, got his pipe going good and walked across the timber.'

'Why didn't he wait to light his pipe until he got across?'

The foreman shook his head: 'I give t up. He just happened to think of it then, and he did it.'

A Clock of Bicycles.

Alphonse Duhamel of Paris has made a time piece that stands twelve feet high, and is composed entirely of bicycles or their composed parts.

The framework is a huge bicycle wheel around which are arranged twelve ordinary sized wheels, all fitted with pneumatic tires. A rim within the large wheel bears the figures for the hours, the figures themselves being constructed of crank rods. The hands are made of steel tubing, which is used for the framework of bicycles. The minute strokes on the dial are small nickel-plated spokes. The top of the clock is an arrangement of twelve handle-bars. The clock strikes the hours and the quarters, bicycle-bells of course making the chimes. The pendulum is made of a bicycle wheel and the pendulum rod of various parts of a bicycle frame.

It is said that the clock, besides being a curiosity, is an excellent timepiece. It is to adorn one of the public buildings of Paris.

He Had the Money.

A Western millionaire, who has made a fortune out of mines, and who is remarkable alike for his liberality and for his ignorance of his bank account, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, was asked one day to contribute to an object of charity. The canvasser suggested that one thousand dollars would be an acceptable contribution.

'That isn't enough,' replied the capitalist. 'I will give you five thousand if I have the money in the bank. Wait until I call up and inquire.'

He summoned a clerk and told him to telephone to the bank to inquire if he had five thousand dollars on deposit, as he desired to contribute that sum, if possible, to a worthy object. The clerk returned, and reported that the bank advised that he had three hundred and eighty thousand dollars in the bank.

'Dear me,' cried the capitalist, 'as much as that! Well, make out that check for five thousand dollars.'

Fully Qualified.

Examinations for admission to the bar are easy or severe, often according to the humor of the examiner. A story is told of a judge in a certain district of Florida.

Piles Cured In 3 To 6 Nights—One application gives relief. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a boon for Itching Piles, or Blind, Bleeding Piles. It relieves quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands without a rival. Thousands of testimonials if you want evidence. 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

A Veteran's Story.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: 'I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. One box cured me completely.' Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

mons for its bad roads and numerous creeks and rivers.

A young man had presented himself for examination. The judge looked him over, and then inquired with great gravity:

Can you ride?
Yes, sir.
Do you own a horse?
Yes, sir.
Can you swim?
Yes, sir.
Then, sir, I am very glad to welcome you to the practice of law in my district.

The New First Lady.

Mrs. Roosevelt, quiet woman though she is, has a genius for hospitality, and has, in addition, the unusual gift of being able to remember the faces of persons she has met but once or twice. Nothing, of course can make a woman more popular than the ability, which Mrs. Grover Cleveland so conspicuously possessed.

Mrs. Roosevelt's punctiliousness of Albany, both in holding entertainments and in attending those to which she was invited indicates something quite as valuable as social talent. It means that the new President's wife is physically strong. Indeed, Mrs. Roosevelt, though frail in appearance, quite lives up to the family traditions in never employing a doctor and in trusting to exercise and hygiene to preserve her health.

This being the case, she will probably submit to the handshaking ordeals of the presidential receptions—ordals which Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKinley were plially unable even to attempt and which never failed to prove a great strain on the robust Mrs. Cleveland.

In addition to her social and domestic duties, Mrs. Roosevelt contrived during her life as wife of the governor, to revive her interest in horsemanship, and she became a very good rider.

Much of her time in Albany, as elsewhere, was devoted to needlework, for she is an expert needlewoman.

It should not be overlooked that she is also a woman of unusual cultivation and of tastes quite as pronouncedly literary as those of her husband. There is at present extant a book of verse which Mrs. Roosevelt published for private circulation only.

Mrs. Roosevelt has never willingly put herself on public view except when it was quite necessary. Theodore Roosevelt once tried to express his wife's unwillingness to let her personally become known to the public.

'If I should let you have a photograph of Mrs. Roosevelt,' he said laughingly to a reporter, 'she would consider it a sufficient ground for divorce.'

Nevertheless, when the last Republican national convention was held in Philadelphia the temptation to stand by her husband in that important crisis of his life was too strong for Mrs. Roosevelt to withstand. She did not want him to be nominated for vice president, but she believed in him, and he would be right whatever happened. So she sat smilingly confident in the great auditorium and flashed messages of encouragement to her husband, which he affectionately returned.

Varieties.

Perhaps the reason stairs go up is because they are flighty.

The owner of a bowling alley has his funds invested in rolling stock.

When a man has his sweetheart's portrait in his watch, there is a woman in the case.

A woman may tell all the time, but she feels dreadfully when time begins to tell on her.

Is it possible that the colour-blind lover doesn't know when his rival is green with envy?


'Mr. Homewood is a regular stick.' 'You surprise me!' When he calls on me he sticks in his chair long after the time when he ought to be leaving for home.

'I wish my wife hadn't taken on that course of lectures on 'First Aid to the Injured.' 'Why?' 'She seems to think I ought to break my arm, or something, just to give her a chance to show what she has learned.'

Clark—'You can't get a room for him here; he's drunk.' Wytte (supporting his 'weary friend')—'I know he is. What of that?' Clark (earnestly)—'This is a temperance hotel.' Wytte—'Well, he's too drunk to know the difference.'

Never Worry.—Take them and go about your business—they do their work whilst you are doing yours. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are system renovators, blood purifiers and builders; every gland and tissue in the whole anatomy is benefited and stimulated in the use of them 40 doses in a vial, 10 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith and Co.

South American Kidney Cure is the only kidney treatment that has proven equal to correct all the evils that are likely to befall these physical regulators. Hundreds of testimonials to prove the curative merits of this liquid kidney specific in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, irritation of the bladder, inflammation, dropsical tendency. Don't delay. Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.



Prizes Catch many women.
What do prizes amount to? Not worth considering. Cannot pay you for poorer work, greater expense and risk to clothes, which you get with an inferior washing powder. Any woman who uses PEARLINE has a prize, and will save enough to buy more and better knick-knacks.
Pearline Saves 652

BENUMBED LIMBS.

A TROUBLE RESEMBLING PARALYSIS IN ITS EFFECTS.

The Victim Loses strength in his Limbs and is Usually Unable to do any Work. The Story of a Former Sufferer, Showing How This Numbness Can be Overcome. From 'The Week,' Kingston, Ont.

There are few men in the city of Kingston better known than Mr. H. S. Johnson the genial proprietor of the 'Bon Ton' barber parlor, on Brock street. For several years he had been in failing health, being obliged to give over the entire work of his busy shop to his assistants. But this spring his health is so wonderfully improved that his many friends have been congratulating him on his restoration. In conversing with a reporter of the Whig recently Mr. Johnson had the following to say concerning his illness and cure:—'For many months I was practically paralyzed. Numbness took possession of my limbs, especially of my hands. From my hips down my body was without strength and despite all that I could do, I was unable to keep my hands and feet from becoming icy cold. My appetite left me, and soon I had to give up work. My general health was of course failing, and I lost flesh. As you know, I am sixty-five years of age, and when a man loses strength at that age, it is a hard thing to build him up again. I tried several kinds of medicines, but they all failed to benefit me. The doctors whom I consulted were also unable to help me. I was discouraged when some one of my old customers advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I refused for I did not believe any medicine on earth could help me, but at last friendly persuasion had its effects, and I bought a supply of the pills and began taking them. I soon found that they were benefiting me, and continued their use until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made me a new man. I feel stronger and better day by day; I am gaining in weight, and once again am able to attend to my old customers without the least trouble. I consider the pills my best friend and would not be without them.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, post-paid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Family Home Run.

The national game is frequently productive of 'home runs,' and one of the most interesting of this variety of tallies was made by a Philadelphia batsman in Chicago.

He hit the ball squarely, and drove it over the right field fence. It entered the window in the second story of a house, rolled down the back stairs into the kitchen, and lodged in a pan of dough under the stove.

The natural inference is that the family partook the next day of ball bearing bread.

'I see that a fortune teller has informed Sarah Bernhardt that she will live to be 90. I suppose about that time she will insist upon playing Juliet.'

When Rheumatism Doubles a Man Up physician and sufferer alike lose heart and often despair of a cure, but here's the exception. Wm. Pegg of Norwood, Ont., says: 'I was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I got three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure and they cured me. It's the quickest acting medicine I ever saw.' Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Heart Relief in Half an Hour.—A lady in New York State, writing of her cure by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, says: 'I feel like one brought back from the dead, so great was my suffering from heart trouble and so almost miraculous my recovery through the agency of this powerful treatment. I owe my life to it.' Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

BORN.

Sydney, Sept. 14, to the wife of F. A. Sechell, a son.
Westville, Sept. 11, to the wife of W. H. Clark, a son.
Burlington, Sept. 16, to the wife of Albert Burgess, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 20, to the wife of J. D. Currie, a daughter.
Glenwood, Sept. 19, to the wife of Bowman N. Ricker, a son.
Lynn, Mass., Aug. 26, to the wife of Morion Hatheway, a son.
Yarmouth, Sept. 16, to the wife of Joseph B. Burdill, twins.
Yarmouth, Sept. 16, to the wife of Rev. R. D. Bambrick, a son.
Wentworth, Sept. 13, to the wife of John W. Chambers a daughter.
Hillsborough, Sept. 16, to the wife of E. C. Randall, M. D., a son.
Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 16, to the wife of Edmund Clegg, a daughter.
Dartmouth, Sept. 13, to the wife of Herbert L. Anderson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Sept. 18, Joseph Fray to Sadie Baker.
Dartmouth, Sept. 18, Valentine Barr to Annie York.
Halifax, Sept. 18, Chas. Adams to Maude Holmes.
Dorchester Cape, Sept. 18, Walter Cole to E. ta Cook.
Amherst, Sept. 18, Florence Kent to Chas. Trenholm.
Charlottetown, Louis Alexander to Helen M. Dawson.
Halifax, Sept. 19, Albert Burbridge to Ada E. vis.
Moncton, Sept. 18, W. E. Harding to Margaret Wood.
Yarmouth, Sept. 17, Joseph Porter to Mary McKay.
Milford, Sept. 17, Albert Murray to Ethel Jamison.
Yarmouth, Sept. 16, Joseph Gaynor to Jessie Hoskins.
Elliot's Mills, Sept. 18, Geo. Sutherland to Janie Elliot.
Yarmouth, Sept. 18, Blake G. Burrill to Florence M. Johns.
Hamilton, Ont., Sept. 6, Will T. Beveridge to Lydia Kilham.
South Boston, Sept. 11, Edgar Kinney to Celia A. Curran.
Moncton, Sept. 17, Gordon Seaman to Mary E. Miller.
Charlottetown, Sept. 17, James Macdonald to Edith Gallant.
Parrsboro, Sept. 17, Medley H. Bionkhorst to Lena Duncan.
Yarmouth, Sept. 16, Joseph Atkin to Marlon Townsend.
Winnipeg, Sept. 9, Rev. David Grant to Isabel F. Macgregor.
Public Head, Sept. 19, Adelbert Hamilton to A. Etta Dickie.
Parrsboro, Sept. 18, William Cawley to Florence McNamara.
Annapolis Co., Sept. 17, Oscar C. Hulsman to Bessie Tufts.
Annapolis, Sept. 18, Walter Starkweather to Mrs. Olivia Harris.
Lodge Redoubt, Sept. 17, Milton Schurman to Miss Emma Wright.
Framingham, Mass., Sept. 18, Dr. Jerrold McLean to Annie Macrao.
Upper North Sydney, Sept. 18, S. Ross MacKay to Eleanor Blanche.
Lower Argyle, Sept. 18, Adelbert Rogers to Miss Adelaide Spiny.

DIED.

Weldon, W. H. Steeves, 61.
Repton, Sept. 12, James Law, 23.
Halifax, Thos. Wallace Bestman.
Marshall, Sept. 17, Harry Miller.
Wolville, Sept. 15, Anne Bradshaw.
Gaywood, Sept. 15, Agnes O. de, 19.
Yarmouth, Sept. 19, Annie McGill, 57.
Moncton, Sept. 21, Mary J. Forbes, 53.
Liverpool, Sept. 17, Elizabeth Butler, 76.
Springhaven, Sept. 14, Mrs. Melb. Marling.
Queen's Co., Sept. 17, Perthenia Dexter, 97.
Yarmouth, Sept. 17, Benjamin B. Ritchie, 47.
Salem, Sept. 13, Lillian Cook, 2 months, 9 days.
Deerfield, Sept. 13, Mrs. Theophilus McWilliams.
Halifax, Sept. 15, James Harvel, 11 mos., 15 days.
Middleburg, Wis., Sept. 20, Hon. Archibald Campbell.

Hamilton, Ont., Sept. 12, Sydney R. M. Hubman 7 months.

Yarmouth, Sept. 14, Florence May Fletcher, 2 mos., 10 days.

'I congratulate you, my dear boy. Your wife is a very handsome woman. But it seems to me she isn't much of a talker.'
'Congratulations again, old friend.'

'She—Which do you take after—your mother, or your father?'

He—Well, when I'm talking I'm more like mother, and when I'm quiet I'm like father.

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, Halifax and Pictou.....	11.60
Express for Sussex.....	12.35
Suburban Express for Hampton.....	17.4
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	19.3
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....	22.4
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.....	27.00
Express from Halifax.....	18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton.....	21.55
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....	24.15
Daily, except Monday.....	18

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....	6.00
Suburban Express for Hampton.....	7.16
Express from Sussex.....	8.35
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....	11.50
Suburban express from Rothesay.....	12.35
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....	17.00
Express from Halifax.....	18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton.....	21.55
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....	24.15
Daily, except Monday.....	14.15

All trains are run by Eastern Railway Timetable. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901.
GEO. C. FAY, J. C. T. A.,
1 Kent St. John, F.B.