A Visiting Ghost At Sea.

'They're a queer set of speritts that frequents the seas and they do some mighty queer things, as any sailorman knows,' said Capt. Bill Kinsman as he cut a pipefui | 'Steer due south.' I grabbed the paper off a plug and proceeded to roll it between his borny palms. 'But the queerest spook I ever see was one that put itself out of business for sixty odd years by making a

'It happened when I was a young man on a voyage from Maracaibo to Liverpool on the bark Ingomar with a cargo of ma hogany. A chap by the name of Teague was the captain, and the sickest looking man at the wheel. skipper be was that ever let a ship's crew do as it pleased. He was a powerful, bigboned man, but gaunt as a wolf, with his cloth es banging loose all over him and his mind your eye. eyes burning away back at the end of two sort o' caverns.

'Instead of taking his rest like a Christian, he set up on the taffrail, in his watch and out of it, fair weather or foul, sleeping sometimes but most while looking out over the sea like a man in a trance. 'But once a day he'd come down for a bite to eat and | his seat in the knighthead. a lock at the first mate's figgers and then back he'd go with never a word out of him.

'It didn't takes many days out of port shrink away from his clothes and shun de- on the Laighthead looking forward out black water?

"Mates, says Ben Wicks, who'd lost But on that seventh day we raised a travels with him.'

'I don't know jest what the crew'd a were partly awash. done if it hadn't happened that's Ben's remarks come to the ears of the first mate. Soon's they did the mate comes thumping able markets he ear.

swine, be says turning to the rest of us, 'is they any of you ever had guts enough to love a woman? Two years ego they was a feller about to get the likeliest [gal in Portland, Me., for a wife. She quarrelled with him a week before the wedding, about nothing, as women will, and up and married a dub that was worth no good woman's thoughts. We'l the chap that got left is him that's sitting up there on the taff rail. Ye dirty snakes, that's what love does sometimes to a man. Now if they's any of you wants a broken head let me hear another velp about blood

'After that nobody felt called on to give his opinions of the captain. I reckon the crew was more sorry for him than anything else, though Ben Wicks shook his head and did a heap of mumbling under his breath. And we certainly begin to have a queer voyage. We was on a nor' nor' east tack and we had a purty fair breeze most of the time, but somehow that ship seemed to make [mighty little headway. The sea was a dirty oil color it seemed to sort of ketch hold of us and stick on. It was like sailing through molasses.

'It's coming scon,' says Ben Wicks one dog watch when the first mate was out of hearing.

'That same night it come up to rain on the captain's watch and he sent me down after his oilskins. Foot of the companionway I looked into the cabin and there at the captain's table, as I'm a living man, sat a little brown-haired woman writing . Everybody aboard knew there was no woman on the Ingomar and hadn't been. I took one look and then made for the quarter deck

Where's them Skine?' says Teague. 'If you please, sir,' I says, 'they's a lady at the cabin table writing.'

'Teague looked at me for full half a minute and his eyes was like them of a man that's gone blind. Then he spoke kind of soft.

'What kind of a looking woman was it?' says he.

'She was a little plump woman,' I says, with brown hair that was brushed back

'Teague's face became white as a corpse's

and he held up his hand. 'That'll do,' he says. 'Go down and ask

the lady to kindly step up!'

'I wasn't hankering after that cabin jest then, but it was better than Teague's voice. Before I got to the foot of the companionway I see she was gone. I went over to

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box,

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where she'd been setting and there on the table was a sheet of paper and on it in a woman's writing was the three words, and went back on deck. As I came up it seemed as though Teague's eyes grabbed hold of me.

'The lady's gone, sir,' I says, 'but this here paper was on the cabin table.'

'I don't know how he got the paper. I didn't hand it to him. He jest had it. Then there come a sound like a herd of bulls bellowing and it was Teague calling to the

'Hard starboard,' says Teague and around she swung.

'Keep her due south,' says Tesgue, 'and

·That minute the breeze shifted fair and begin to freshen and inside of two hours we was jumping along at 10 knots. The first mate looked feazed when he come on deck to take his watch, but Teague gave his orders and didn't make no explanations. Then he went up into the bow and took

·For seven days that fair breeze lasted and for seven days we went clipping South. with sun so bot that it boiled the pitch out before they begin to be whispers among of the decks and poil of destination fur. the crew. What was it, we wanted to ther and further over or port quarter, know, that'd make a man like Teague And for seven days Te- ue set up there cent men's neighborhood? What was it over the sea. We passed ships and then his burning eyeballs saw out yonder in the got past the avelled way and Teague paid no heed.

one of his eyes on a man-o'-war, 'I know speck on the horizon and Teague jumped | did not agree with me, and frequently gave the signs. It's blood spots he sees out to his feet when he see it. We come up there-blood spots of his own making and | to it in the first dog watch. She was what they's no good [goin' to come to them as | was left of a fine schooner her masts gone and laying so low in the water her decks

> . 'Lower away the yanl,' savs Teagle. It was his first word since he'd turned the

'I was in the yawl's crew. There was a dozen starving men with bloodshot even on the wreck and two or three dead ones.

"Water,' the men whispered as Tesque c me aboard, and held out their hands.

'Where's the woman?' says Teague 'Dead-under you tarpaulin,' says one of the men. 'Poor little woman. Barker beat her to death before she starved.'

"God be praised,' says Teague in a quiet voice that shook that waterlogged wreck. 'And which of you's Barker?'

' 'Dead a week,' says the man. 'Give

'Teague went over, pulled the tarpaulin off and picked the woman that was lying under it up in his two hands. They said afterward that she'd been dead three days. He looked at her a minute and put his face down to hers. Then he hol-

'Some brandy here—this woman's alive.' 'They passed him a flask out of the yaw! and he forced some down between her set teeth. Then he loosened her dress and rubbed her body and blew in her mouth and worked over her for two hours with. out raising her head. And then, as I hope for mercy, the woman's eyelids begin to flutter like a loose studdin' sail in a light breeze and her eyes opened and she smiled with 'em up at Teagne. And Teague, as I live, set there swelling up to the size of

his clothes with every second that passed 'Come here, Bill,' says he to me, speaking soft as a woman with a young baby is this her you see in the cabin?'

'I crept over and looked at her.

'Yes, sir,' I says, 'though not near so

'Well, how,' says Teague, 'could that sperrit of her come to be settin' in that there cabin, with her not dead yet, down here fourteen hundred miles away?'

'At that the woman opened her eyes and smiled up at Teague again.

'You was a long time coming, Jim,' she whispered. 'I-I been a dreaming that I wes writing you a letter.'

'They was married when we got to port a month overdue. Teague lived to be 78 but his wife was 81 when she died. Sometimes I've felt sorry for that poor little brown-haired ghost that had to wait them sixty long years before it had a chance to get about again.'

The Phantom Ship.

While the captein of an English steamer was standing on the bridge of his vessel as it passed down the English Channel, a thick fog came on and he began to sound the fog-horn. To his dismay, after he had sounded the signal, he heard the 'Boo-o o' of the born repeated directly ahead of him.

He turned the ship's head sharply to the right to avoid a collision and sounded an. ling stocks.

other waining. 'Again the Boc.o o' was retuened. The vessel was put back on its former track and the fog horn sounded, with the same result.

'I could not make it out,' said the captain, in narrating the story, 'and a strange feeling of superstitious awe began to creep over me: Just as I was giving myself one last pull together the lockout man called : 'It's the old coo, si-!'

'And so it was-the cow kept in the forecastle for the use of the ship. Undoubtedly she took the sound of the loghorn for the cry of a companion in distress and gave a sympathetic response.'

Perils of the Deep.

C REAT HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE ENDURED.

Capt. A doah Burns, of Dayspring, N. S. Tells an Interesting Story From his own Experience.

From the Progress, Lunenburg, N. S. Capt. Adnsh Burns, of Dayspring, Lunenburg, Co., N. S., is a prominent representative of a large class of men in Nova Scotia, who during much of the year tollow the dangerous occupation of deep sea fishing. When not at sea Capt. Burns' avocation is that of ship carpenter. He is 43 years of age, and is today a healthy, vigorous representative of his class. Capt. Buils, however, has not always enjoyed this vigorous health, and while chatting recoatly with a representative of the Lunenburg Press, he said he believed that but for the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he would have been a chronic invelid. 'From 1895 to 1898," said Capt. Burns, 'I was the victim of a complication of iroubles. I suppose they had their origin in the hardship and exposure I so frequently had to undergo My illness took the form of dyspepsia and kidney trouble. The foods weich I ate me a feeling of nausea and at other times distressful pains in the stomach. Then I was much troubled with pains in the back due to the kidney trouble. Finally I took a severe cold which not only seemed to aggrevate these troubles but which seemed to affect my spine as well, and I became partially rigid in the arms and legs. I was torced to quit work, and doctored for a time with little or no benefit. Then I drop ped the doctor and began texing other medicines, but without no better result. By this time I was run down very much, had no appetite, and was depressed both in mind and body. While in th's condition I chanced to read in a newspaper the testimonial of a cure made by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which in some respects presented symptoms like my own. The straighlorward manner in which the story was told gave me new hope and I determined to try these pills. I sent for three boxes. Of course I did not expect that this quantity would cure me, but I thought it would probably decide whether they were suited to my case. I must say they seemed to act like magic, and before the pills were gone there was a decided improvement in my condition. I then got a half dozen boxes more and before they were gone I was back again at work in the shipyard, and enjoying once more the blessing of vigorous hearth. This was in the spring of 1898, and since that time up to the present I have not been laid up with

they were fairly tried.' It is such endorsations as these that give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their great populethy throughout the world. Neighbors tell each other of the benefits they have der.ved from the use of these pills and where a fair trial is given the results are rarely disappointing. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go directly to the root of the trouble, they create new, rich, red blood, stimulate the nerves to healthy action, thus bringing health and strength to all who use them. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

illness. Occasionally when at ffering from

the effects of exposure or over work I

take a box or two of Dr. Wil.

liams' Pink Pills and they always

put me right. Since my own marvelous

rescue from premature uselessness and

suffering I have recommended these pills

to ma y persons variously afflicted and

have yet to hear of the first instance where

they have failed to give good results where

Two Views,

Different sermons may be preached from the same text, and there may be more or less of truth in each of them.

'Here is an account,' said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, 'of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed it after him, and succeeded in pu'ling him out.'

'There,' said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her ten-year-old son, 'that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water !'

'Why, mother,' said the boy, in sorrow. ful astonishment, 'I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe I'd be wherever I went, if you'd only let him buy me a big dog!'

Mr. Morse coughed, and became discreetly absorbed in the quotations of minA Reasonable Precaution.

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old time clock maker of Concord, New Hampsbire, deligeted to tell related to the you h of Daniel Webster.

One moining said the old man, while I was trking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniels's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty faces and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter.

I complied with their regrest, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daviel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side, of course. was down. He looked at it a moment, then picked it up and showed it me saying :

'Wnat a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides; then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be

Very Myserious.

Mrs. Jessie De Mercado, writing in Harper's Magizine of her experience in Jamaics, tells the story of two treasures stored away beneath a buggy seat. She lived at Old Harbor, a small place about twenty miles from Kingston.

'One day,' she srid 'when a visit to my dressmaker was a necessity, I o dered a young negro boy to get upon the 13mble and drive me to she town.

'I paid my visit to the dressmaker, rc. ceived my frock-a light summer thing,and placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat. Then I drove to my sister's, where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy sixpence and telling him to see the sights and return at four

BUNDREDS OF OPINIONS agree upon the fact that Pain Killer has alleviated more pain than any other medicine. Unequalled for diarrices and dysentery. Avoid subai tutes, there's but one Pain-K ller, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Three ladies (a mother and two daughters, one of the latter a very young girl) were making a call on a friend.

The mother and elder sister presented their cards to the servant girl and request. ed her to give them to her mistress Leaving the visitors in the hall, the girl, holding out the cards between her fingers, went to her mistress, exclaiming :-

'Please ma'am, there's three ladies with only two tickets. Must I let 'em all in ?'

When a woman tells you she can't understand why you care for her when there are so many more beautiful than she who would be flattered by your smiles-run.

'Take keer mah i.en's' said de preacher, solemnly; 'take keer dat when de time comes to shuffle off his byah mortal coil yo' doan' git lost in de shuffle!'

The Same Piece of Soap

in Maypole Soap, dyes all wool, all cotton, all silk goods equally fast and brilliant.

It washes and dyes at one operation-please remember that. Think of the time and mess you save. It

Dyes All Materials

and dyes to any shade. Perfectly-quicklyeasily. The colors are absolutely fadeless.

Free book all about it by addressing the Wholesale Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

Maypole Soap.

Sold everywhere.

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For Sale at all Druggists.



If the woman at work should make answer to the other woman, she might, perhaps, say: "You never had to scruband clean when your back ached so that it seemed that every movement would break it in two." It's bad enough for a woman to suffer. But when she must suffer and slave at the same time she reaches the limit of her endurance.

Weak women who have been made strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, recommend it to others as a godsend. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I have been ailing some time now, being troubled with female weakness," writes Mrs. Wm. H. Johnson, of Avondale, Chester Co., Pa. "Every month I would have to lie on my back. I tried many different medicines and nothing gave me relief until I began Dr. Pierce's medicines, using two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and two of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' These medicines have cured me. When I began These medicines have cured me. When I began your treatment I was not able to do very much, but now I do the work for my family of nine, and feel better to-day than I have for a year."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache. They do not create the pill habit.

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(Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., If you also wish to send postage, enclose

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the under-

Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D.

ROBERT MARSHALL.

Intercolonial Railway

On fand after MONDAY June 10.2, 1901, tra'n will run daily (Sandays excepted) as follows:-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Cuene, Halifax and Pic ou11.50 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.22.45 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Syddey..............6.00 eavurban Express for Hampton......7.15 Express from Sussex...... 8.25 Express from Montreal and Quebec........11.50 *Daily, except Monday.

I'll trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation,

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