

STORM IN THE SUMMER.

Storm in the summer's a mighty funny thing. Like a woman's temper when it takes a fling. Comes of a sudden, and you don't know why. You start in guessing, and it's all gone by. Swift and sweet, and it's in full blast. You catch your breath, and it's blown clear past. Thunder and lightning and sulphur in the air. And the very next minute the sun shines fair!

And it's just this way that the truth is shown. Why sweet Dame Nature is a woman known. She can nurse her wrath through a mighty long truce. But it breaks for keeps when it does break loose! And she storms like a tyrant and makes things hum.

Till it's easy to believe that it's kingdom come. And all of a sudden there's mercy in her eye. And she laughs and dimples, and the storm's gone by!

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

Old Parker's Ghost.

By M. Quad.

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That I really and truly saw a ghost on a certain occasion is a matter of local record, and I believe it is the only ghost ever legally known to a community.

I was a boy of 11 when the family emigrated from Ohio to Michigan and settled in a town of 1,500 people. There had just died a citizen named John Parker, who was always referred to as old Parker. He was one of the pioneers of the town, and his eccentricities had greatly retarded its growth. No one ever learned where he came from or anything about his private life. He came alone, lived alone and died alone. He was a queer looking little old man, stoop shouldered, of shambling gait, and there were days when he refused to speak to any one. He bought 200 town lots and then refused to sell or lease. He built a saw-



IT WAS THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

mill, and the little lumber turned out was wanted for the erection of a church. Because the old man was asked to make a discount in price in favor of the Lord, as it were, he shut down the mill, boarded up doors and windows, and the saws never turned again. He bought two stores and five or six houses and shut them up, and he bought every improvement for the benefit of the town. On the other hand, he lent men money at a low rate of interest to make improvements, encouraged people to settle there and built the first schoolhouse entirely at his own expense.

While owning five or six comfortable houses, which were empty, old Parker lived alone in a miserable shanty and cooked and washed and mended for himself. No one was ever permitted to enter his house, and he never entered the home of any one else. There were a few men with whom he would converse, but he did not give them his confidence. There was no mourning in Red Oak when it became known one morning that old Parker had been found dead in his shanty. The feeling was rather one of relief and congratulation. It was soon ascertained that his affairs were in a mud-dle. He had left no will, and the papers in the hands of his lawyers did not represent the half of his possessions. It was hardly at twilight before a brother and sister turned up, each claiming the estate, and through them it was learned that the old man must have been possessed of at least \$25,000 in gold when he died. Of this sum only about \$200 could be found. The town was turned upside down over the affair, and it had got into court when we moved into the village. That was in midwinter. As a boy, I could not understand or interest myself in the legal complications of the case, but the fact that old Parker had hidden a big lot of gold somewhere appealed to me very strongly. The



Temperance

Women hold up Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Favorite Prescription" as examples of what all medicines should be in absolute freedom from alcohol and narcotics. They are strictly temperance medicines, and they contain no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. False formulas of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Favorite Prescription" having been published by ignorant or unscrupulous persons, Dr. R. V. Pierce as president of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., the manufacturers of his remedies, offers one thousand dollars for any bottle of these medicines which on analysis shall show the presence either of alcohol or of opium, cocaine, or any other narcotic. Suits against the originators and publishers of these false formulas have been instituted, and in order to effectually stop the publication of these malicious falsehoods, Dr. Pierce asks that his friends will send him copies of any circular, pamphlet, or other advertisement, in which the statement is made that "Golden Medical Discovery" or "Favorite Prescription" contains alcohol or opium or other narcotics. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

sawmill and all his houses were searched, but no traces of gold were found. It was generally believed that he had buried it, but until the snow melted no effort could be made to find the cache. On the 14th day of March, with six inches of snow still on the ground, I went with my father into the woods after a load of wood. We had a yoke of oxen and a sled, and when the sled load was heaped up my father drove off with it and left me behind to cut down a dead ash and clear a road around a bit of a swamp.

After he was out of sight I sat down on a log to watch a rabbit tooting about. I may have spent five minutes watching the animal when a slight noise at my right startled me, and I looked around to find old John Parker sitting within ten feet of me. He had been described so often that there could be no mistake. It was the little old man with the stoop shoulders, the long hair, the seedy garment in the catkin cap he wore every day in the year. He had a dry hacking cough; he had bushy gray eyebrows; he had missing teeth. He sat there and rubbed his skinny hands together and looked at the ground at his feet, and I took in every detail as clearly as you see this print before you.

Was I frightened? Strangely enough, I was not. Perhaps this was because I had never seen the old man when living. He looked so real before me that I never thought of spooks or ghosts. I simply believed that he had gone away instead of dying. I was no more in fear of him than of the trees about me. I wondered a bit how he could have approached me so closely without my having heard him, for the snow had a frosty crust to it, but there he was, and it was not long before I said to him:

"Did you come out here to see my father?"

Old John did not look about, though he continued to rub his hands. I repeated the question in a louder voice, but the result was the same. I looked to see if he had an ax or a gun, but nothing was in sight. So far as I could tell, he had not yet seen me, and, feeling a bit embarrassed over the situation, I rose up and moved over to make my presence known. I had started to repeat my question, and my eyes were full on him, when he dissolved. He faded out of my eyes as a wet finger mark fades from a school slate, and I found myself looking at a snow covered log. I looked for his tracks, but there was none. I looked for the spot where he had sat, but the snow had not been disturbed in the slightest. I did not have a fit of the shivers and run away. It was a sunny day, and I thought the glare on the snow had in some way played me a trick. I had the tree down and the road cleared when father returned, and when I told him of my strange visitor I expected to be laughed at. Indeed, I laughed as I told it, but father didn't. He began to question me very closely, and by the time he had loaded the sled I could see that he took the matter seriously. When we were ready to go, he asked me to point out the exact spot where old John had sat. They were easy enough to know, as my own tracks were there in the snow. The snow on the log was piled up and frozen hard, but father soon cleared it off with the ax. Then he pounded on the log, found it hollow and cut into it. He had hardly struck 20 blows when there came a sound to show that the ax had struck something besides wood, and five minutes later we had old Parker's missing gold out of the hollow log. It was in two tin boxes, and there were many papers with it to clear up the mystery of his life and assist the heirs in settling up the estate. They were generous to me in settlement, and it was part of the legal records of the county that I saw a ghost at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day and recovered the treasure because of it.

A Blow in the Dark.

Meligger—That was a sly dig Crittek gave Cribber about his new book.

Thingumbob—Why, Cribber has been boasting about Crittek's very flattering comment upon it.

McJigger—Yes, he was too deep for Cribber. Crittek told him there were "some things in it that were decidedly original and some others that were very clever."

A Complex Argument.

"Do you believe in the saying that a cat has nine lives?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man who keeps irregular hours. "And having observed the nocturnal habits of the cat, I am led irresistibly to the conclusion that staying out all night is highly conducive to longevity."

Realism.

Scene—Children's party. Punch and Judy show going.

Tom discovered by his hostess' papa in tears.

Hostess' Papa—Afraid, Tom? Cheer up, old man. They're only dolls.

Poor Frightened Tommy—They won't be dolls when I dream about them to-night.—Life.

Love Versus Housekeeping.

Enraptured Lover—And my darling, why may we not be married at once?

Charming but Practical Maiden—Before the peach season is over? And have you putting indelible stains on all my fine new white table napkins with your long mustache? I guess not. We'll wait till November, Arthur.

Oh, Joy!

"I wonder if she died happy?"

"I guess so. Just before she end came she heard that the last cook who left her in the lurch had fallen down stairs in her new place and been taken to the hospital."

Rejected Consolation.

"I shouldn't fret about it at all, Clarie. He's not the only pebble on the beach."

"No, but he's the only man."—Brooklyn Life.

His Normal Condition.

He—Did you present my excuses to your mother for acting so like a fool at supper last night?

She—Oh, yes; but mamma was very much surprised and said she didn't notice that you said I did anything out of the ordinary.—Der Floh.

No Time to Waste.

"I'm a business man," he said brusquely, "and I've no time to waste. I want to marry your daughter. Can I have her?"

The merchant gasped.

"You seem to be in a good deal of a hurry," he suggested.

"I am," replied the suitor. "As I told you, I am a business man. I made up my mind that I wanted a wife, and I started out to get one. I've secured the refusal of two girls this morning, but my option expires in 24 hours, and if I can't have your daughter I want to close with one of them before it's too late. Do I get her?"

"No."

"Good. There's nothing like having a clear understanding. One of the others lives in the next block, and the other is half a mile away. I'll take the nearest, save a good ten minutes of valuable time and get back to my desk in time to look over the late mail. There's no use letting the minor affairs of life encroach on one's business. Good day, sir."

Yucatan Ruins.

"Appropos of the wonderful ancient ruins in Yucatan," said a New Orleans college professor, "there is one very fortunate circumstance which has protected them almost entirely from spoliation by the Indians. It is currently believed by the natives all through that part of the country that the ruins are haunted and that devils will carry away anybody who attempts to molest them. This superstition has been encouraged by explorers and is a better safeguard than a picket of soldiers."

A Gem of London Humor.

"Well, goodly, Mr. Green. It was so nice of you to come. It does father such a lot of good to have some one to talk to."

"I was delighted to come, Miss Brown, but I'm afraid I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"My dear Mr. Green, don't let that trouble you. Father's ideal listener is an absolute idiot, with no conversation whatever, and I know he has enjoyed himself tremendously tonight!"—London Punch.

Didn't Know Dore.

In discussing the want of comprehension of one's branch of art for another Mr. Sutherland Edwards says that when Gustave Dore began to illustrate the "Idylls of the King" Tennyson did not even know him by name.

"I wonder what they are going to do with my 'Idylls' next," he said to a friend. "They have now got a man called 'Dore' (without the accent) to illustrate them."

There is a basis for the claim of the epicure that he can distinguish between American made and French or Italian made macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, nouilles, etc. The Italian and French makers employ in their manufacture a special hard wheat grown only in Taganrog, Russia.

Putnam's Patience Corn and Wart Extract.

contains no acids or other injurious chemical compounds; is neither caustic, corrosive or irritating; but soothes and eases from the first application, and acts quickly. If you want an irritating and flesh eating remedy do not ask for Putnam's, it acts just the other way. For sale at all druggists.

The Blue Pen.

"This," said the man who was showing the visitors about the office of the metropolitan daily, "is the copy readers' room. It is the place where the matter sent in for publication is boiled down to the right dimensions."

"Doesn't that make it warm?" giggled one of the young women.

"No," he replied. "But the men who write the stuff get pretty hot over it sometimes."

His Advice.

"Is it hard to propose to a girl?" asked the novice in affairs of the heart.

"Sometimes it's a good deal harder than to propose," returned the man of worldly experience thoughtfully. "It's always well to be on your guard."

Too Much For Him.

Twyn—I hear that the weather man has been taken to the hospital.

Triplet—That is true. The shock was too much for him.

"What shock?"

"One of his forecasts came true."—Detroit Free Press.

A Step Upward.

Meligger—I notice Brown is getting to be a bit more stylish than he was. He used to carry his lunch to the office.

Thingumbob—He doesn't do it now, eh?

McJigger—Oh, yes, he still does it but he calls it "luncheon" now.

Insult and Injury.

Stubb—It was mean in that winning cyclist to drop bottles along the track for the purpose of taunting his rival.

Ponny—What was in the bottles?

Stubb—Catchup.—Chicago News.

HAWKERS

BALSAM of Tolu and Wild Cherry

POPULAR AND TRULY REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

SAFE AND PLEASANT TO TAKE. SURE TO CURE.

THE HAWKERS MEDICINE CO. LTD.

BLAMED THE GOVERNMENT.

But Had the Letters in His Pocket.

All the Time.

"See here, young fellow," shouted an angry visaged business man with his head up close to the stamp window in the postoffice. "You are a pretty lot of incompetents that the government hire to transact the nation's mail business."

"What's the matter, sir?" asked the clerk, calm by long familiarity with such outbursts.

"Why, I mailed a letter to Cleveland last week that was of the utmost importance, and it has not reached its destination yet. I have come here to kick and to kick right hard."

"You're in the wrong pew, my dear sir. Go to the superintendent of mails, and he will fix you up."

The indignant "business man" was passed on from department to department until he finally came up against the authority competent to handle the matter.

"Such things do sometimes happen," he was informed in the conciliatory words of the superintendent. "We'll send our tracer after your letter. To whom was it addressed? Tell us where and when you mailed it."

"It was a plain envelope," explained the still angry customer. "I usually use a 'return' envelope, but had reasons for using a plain one in this instance. Here is one (tumbling in his pocket) like it. By George, let me look at that again. I'll be hanged if that isn't the very letter. I haven't even addressed it yet."

As he vanished down the corridor there was no suggestion of apology left behind.

A Misunderstanding.

"My dear dad, I mentioned to his wife, 'where did all those books on astronomy on the library come from? They are not ours.'"

"A pleasant little surprise for you," responded the lady. "You know, you said this morning that we ought to study astronomy, and so I went to a bookshop and bought everything I could find on the subject."

It was some minutes before he spoke.

"My dear," he then said slowly, his voice husky with emotion. "I never said we must study astronomy. I said that we must study economy!"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Same Old Way.

Curious Old Lady—How did you come to this, poor man?

Convict—I was drove to it, lady.

Curious Old Lady—Were you really?

Convict—Yes; they bring me in the Black Maria, as usual!

Gas on the Stomach.

Result of imperfect digestion—pressing up against the heart it excites alarming symptoms. Instant relief is afforded by the use of ten drops of Nerviline in a little sweetened water, half an hour after the meal. Nerviline aids digestion, expels the gas and imparts a sense of comfort. Nerviline is good for a lot of other things besides. Keep it in the house for Rheumatism, Cramps, Neuralgia, Toothache, Druggists sell it.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED!

Is your husband, brother, father, or any of your relatives afflicted with drunkenness? We have a sure cure which can be given with or without the knowledge of the patient. Send for particulars, enclosing a 2c stamp for reply. Address

Dr. W. H. Saunders & Co., Station C, Chicago, Illinois

NOTICE.

An application will be made at the next sitting of the New Brunswick Legislative Assembly for the incorporation of a Railway Company to be called The St. John Valley Railway Company, with power to build a line of railway from the City of Saint John, or from a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway at or near Westfield, to Fredericton, following the valley of the John River as nearly as may be reasonably practicable, also from the northern terminus of the railway which the Woodstock and Centreville Railway Company is authorized by its charter to construct to St. Leonard's, in the County of Victoria, to connect with the Restigouche and Western Railway, and also with power to build from St. Leonard's to Edmundston, and with authority to make arrangements for running powers over portions of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Westfield and St. John, and from St. Leonard's to Edmundston, if found advantageous and feasible, likewise with power to amalgamate with or acquire running powers over The Saint John Valley and Riviere du Loup Railway, and The Woodstock and Centreville Railway, when constructed, and with all other powers incident to a Railway Company, and for the purpose of obtaining rights of way, lands for the purposes of the company and any necessary Railway powers for building, equipping, managing and maintaining the railway lines of the company. Dated the 2nd day of January, 1901.

C. N. SKINNER, Solicitor for Applicants

Choice Labrador Herring

Barrels and half barrels

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS

OWEN SHARKEY

Sincerely thanks his customers for their patronage, and wishes them one and all many happy and prosperous years.

Having still on hand a large quantity of seasonable goods, is bound to clear them out at low prices will do it.

Fur Collars, Muffs and Capes at cost.

Corsets 2c. up.

Ladies' Wrappers, 90c. \$1 and \$1.25.

Under Skirts, 65c, \$1.25 and up.

Grey Flannels, 12c, 15c, 17c and 20c.

Fur Coats, \$10 and \$16.

Men's Ulsters, \$3.50 to \$7.50.

Overcoats, \$3.25 to \$9.00.

Pants, 75c, 85c to \$1.10.

Vests, 75c, 90c to \$1 and up.

Sleigh Robes, \$5 to \$12.50.

Men's Fur Caps from \$1.25 up.

All Mitts, Gloves and Mufflers at cost.

10 per cent discount on all Trunks and Valises during January.

Look Here!

If you are thinking of making any repairs or installing

New Plumbing

in your house, it will be to your interest to consult us, as we do it cheaper and better than anyone in the city.

WE also make a specialty of FURNACE and TIN WORK of every description. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

R. H. O'BRIEN,

Successor to McDougall & O'Brien.

Legal Blanks

Deeds, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, Chattel Mortgages, Executions, Subpoenas, Capias, Summons, School and Road Tax, Executions, County Court Suits, School Assessment Lists and Rate Bills for sale at THE HERALD OFFICE.

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900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promote Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Ladies: If you wish calling cards remember we can give you a good card, neatly printed with attractive type, at the Herald office.

For "Run-down" People there's nothing known in medical treatment to-day so effective and certain of a cure and so magical in its building up power as South American Nervine, because it strikes at the root of all nervous ailments, the digestive organs, makes rich red blood, drives away emaciation, puts on flesh and makes over physical wrecks generally.—148

LANDING

A Car Load of

Choice Labrador Herring

Barrels and half barrels

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS

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Sincerely thanks his customers for their patronage, and wishes them one and all many happy and prosperous years.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

ATLANTIC DIVISION

ALL RAIL LINES THE SHORT LINE

To Boston, etc. To Montreal.

IMPERIAL LIMITED ROUTE

TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect 5th July, Oct. 21st, 1900.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

8.00 a.m.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Bangor, Portland and Boston.

7.45 a.m.—Mixed for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Eastville, and points north via Gibson Branch. Leaves St. Mary's 8.15 a.m.

9.30 a.m.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Express for St. John and points east, and Accommodation for McAdam Junction.

4.00 p.m.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with the Pacific Express from Montreal for the west, Northwest and Pacific Coast, also with Pullman express for Bangor, Portland, etc., St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

Palace sleeper Fredericton Junction to Montreal.

7.25 p.m.—Express for St. John and points east, and mixed train for McAdam Junction, and Short Line to Moncton, etc.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

8.50 a.m.—From St. John, 3:45 a.m. Junction, etc.

11.50 a.m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

3.30 p.m.—Mixed from Woodstock and points north via Gibson Branch.

7.00 p.m.—From St. John and east.

9.15 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, etc.

All above trains run week days.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, March 11, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton... 7.40

Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, and Pictou... 12.10

Express for Sussex... 12.30

Express for Quebec and Campbellton... 12.40

Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney... 22.10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex... 8.30

Express from Montreal and Quebec... 12.40

Express from Pictou and Point du Chene... 12.10

Express from Halifax and Campbellton... 12.30

Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney... 24.45

*Daily, except Monday

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.