

The New Man. A CIRCUS STORY.

He was called the New Man and known by no other name around the show; probably he figured under some other title on the treasurer's books. The new comer was brought directly to my attention because the manager of the circus and menagerie, as soon as he had joined out, placed him at the door to aid in directing the entry of the crowd. We always drew a crowd and were universally successful everywhere, else I would not have been connected with the organization. The latest arrival proved to be a valuable factotum for the manager and the front door staff. Besides being possessed of intelligence and a willingness to oblige the stranger had no prejudice against the liberal use of soap and water, and his face was frequently visited by a razor. Besides, he was respectably clothed and presentable, and just the man to send down town to the mail or telegraph, or to run hither and thither in, out and about the canvas. Come to think of it our demands on New Man were frequent and exacting, but he never complained and was as polite and obliging as he was untiring. What a reliable fellow, too. When he was sent down town from the show lot he made the trip in short meter, and never mixed his errands or forgot the principal things he went for. Well I had a sort of an idea that there was some sort of a story connected with his career and that he had seen better days. But New Man was non-communicative and I could find no excuse for prying into his affairs. I did sound the governor on the matter, and his response seemed to be a reasonable solution of his presence with the show. 'Oh,' said the manager, 'I guess it is the old story of love. I've seen lots of such cases in my time. Young fellow and his girl fall out. Miff! Tiff! A lover's quarrel even a mitten, and the love-sick chap follows off the circus until he repents and returns, or a dose of rain and mud and rough living and rough working knocks the nonsense out of his head. 'It's love, is it?' said I. 'A safe bet,' replied the manager. After this conversation I made a close study of New Man, and came to the sage conclusion that the stranger betrayed none of the symptoms. Certainly he was ever in good humor, and there was nothing of the far away or absentmindedness in his bearing, and having witnessed his efforts with a knife and fork at the show dining tent I can vouch for his appetite. That satisfied me that he was not wasting away for unrequited love. Now as I was the press agent attached to the show, and a sort of head-quarters chief staff for the governor, I had something else to do besides build up conjectures about the mysterious Mr. New Man. But from time to time my mind did turn to him, and once in such a turn I led me to ask myself: 'If this man is not in love and heartsick, what is the explanation of his presence with the show?' I kept up this line of thought for two or three days and came to the suspicious conclusion: Perhaps he is a criminal, with no good intentions to the show, or, quite as bad, he may be playing the spy for a rival management. I had not the slightest grounds for my theory, but every day it forced itself the more upon me, and the more I thought the more I was convinced that there was something wrong about the latest addition to the working force. My suspicions became exceedingly annoying, and I was tempted to communicate them to the governor, but when I essayed to do so I remained silent. A suspicion is no evidence, and, having no proof, I had no reason for a charge. Keeping such a suspicion to one's self is a wearing thing, and I lost both sleep and appetite over the matter, and worried myself into a state of mind that took flesh off my bones, and the manager, noting my growing thinness, remarked: 'You look like a june shad.' I attributed my decline to the hot weather and the governor observed: 'If you don't latten up you will have to go in the sideshow as a living skeleton.' From being suspicious of New Man I took to watching in a Hawkshaw way and I was not at all long before I was aware of the fact that he was keeping a pretty close eye on me. I watched him; he watched me. What I found out wouldn't hurt anybody. Until between the shows one afternoon, in passing through the connection of the circus and menagerie tents, I overheard a woman's voice: 'Keep your eyes on him. I tell you there is mischief afoot.' I peeped through a hole at the lacing of the sidewall and saw that the speaker was our star female rider, a woman of foreign birth and reputation, of whom we knew nothing except that she was an incomparable artist. New Man must have heard my stealthy movement in the sawdust. 'Hiat!' was his warning as he walked away, not once looking back. There was a swishing of the woman's skirts as she slowly, with catlike stealth, stole away. 'Mischief afoot!' I repeated to myself. 'I must see the governor at once.' I thought better of that quickly. I didn't know anything that amounted to anything after all, and would only be laughed at for my pains. I would, on second thought, keep my own counsel and watch and wait. Patience solves every problem. I entered into the watching and waiting business with a vengeance and became more

of a Hawkshaw than ever. I was on the snoop and the sneak all the while, and my eyes and ears were open at the expense of my rest. Since I had gone into the independent detective business another party had crossed my path as a panther in a mysterious conspiracy. There was a conspiracy, I was convinced of it from the first suspicion, and the interview of New Man and the equestrienne was confirmation of my belief. Cutting across the show lot one night, after the show, I heard a man's voice raised in anger; his temper had the best of him, and, ever on the alert, I caught the words: 'If a hint or a warning comes from your lips I will kill you! Kill you!' 'I don't know whether my heart stood still, but I was fixed to the spot; neither do I know how many times the threat was repeated: 'Kill you! Kill you! Kill you!' It was not very dark, and my eyes were sharp in those days, and I was used to prowling along unlighted streets and freight yards to the show train. What I saw amazed me. The assistant boss canvas man was striding away, fairly dragging our star equestrienne with him, and until they passed into the utter darkness I heard or imagined I heard: 'Kill you! Kill you! Kill you!' I got down to the show train busy with my thoughts—quite busy and I was busy with them all night. I looked it in the morning and I felt it. Now, I would inform the manager that there was mischief afoot. What I tell him that I was prying and snooping around? After reflection I decided that I would not but would continue in my self imposed task of watching and waiting. As I had overheard something startling at the connection between the two tents, I visited that locality frequently between the afternoon and evening shows, and was rewarded for my inquisitiveness by hearing a communication between the equestrienne and New Man: 'To-night.' Two words, a swish of skirts, and the woman was gone; the man went his way and I went mine. That night I laid down in my berth in the sleeper with my clothes on, sure that something out of the ordinary would occur before morning. About three o'clock I was getting noddy, when the porter of the car, showing a great deal of white in his eyes, touched me on the shoulder and asked: 'Are you awake?' I crawled out of the berth, and the man explained: 'I done heered a pistol shot for shuah!' The train was going at a fair rate of speed and all the rest in the car were sleeping. The door opened and New Man came in. 'He tried it, and I did him,' was the first thing he said. Then, as if understanding that his meaning was not comprehended he explained: 'Tunis, the assistant boss canvas man with false keys attempted to rob the ticket wagon. I was laying for him and shot him dead!' The whites of the porter's eyes monopolized the greater part of his face. 'Ha!' said I, 'he betrayed him.' 'His wife,' whispered the man; who added, 'better wake the old man and tell him what has happened.' I did so, but the governor, to my surprise, didn't appear to be so very much surprised at the news. He coolly remarked: 'You are sure that he is dead? Well, I'll be dressed in a few minutes.' When he came out of his stateroom he said: 'What a desperate and nerveless villain. It is a good thing that the woman is rid of him. She is a brave one, too, and it was no fault of hers that she married a notorious criminal. It was to escape him that she came to this country, and at the risk of her life she put us on to the whole scheme.' We passed out of the private car into the sleeper, and as we entered the governor exclaimed: 'A good night's work!' 'A good night's work it was. By this time the colored porter began to exhibit every indication of turning white, and his teeth were playing a bone solo to the tambour accompaniment of his knees. There was a surprise awaiting me. It came in the introduction of: 'Mr. Newman, of the Pinkerton's.' We shook hands, and the detective was complimentary as well as affable as he remarked with a laugh: 'You were getting pretty close on yourself. I was on the eve of letting you into the scheme.' The manager looked enquiringly. 'Oh,' smiled the detective, 'our young friend has the making of a good one in our line of business.' Of course the shooting Tunis, the thief, was declared justifiable, and there was no trouble on that score. The man's record was one full of theft and crime, and there was much rejoicing in police circles at his exit from the world. Not a person on earth mourned his loss, his body gave medical students a necessary experience, and his wife who had lived for years in terror, a last knew peace and safety. No mourning or weeds were worn by her. On the contrary, she celebrated the villain's departure from life by wearing the gayest of colors all the rest of the season. Not so Bad. One of the famous English musicians of the first half of our century, John Cramer, had great repute also as a veteran courtier and an adept in elegant flattery. To judge from the following anecdote, his



reputation in this respect must have been well deserved: A contemporary pianoforte player Thalberg, once said before a company, with a degree of pique. 'I understand, Mr. Cramer, you deny that I have the good left hand on the pianoforte which is attributed to me. Let me play you something that I hope will convince you.' Thereupon Thalberg played a piece that showed wonderful manipulation of the bass part of the keyboard. Cramer listened attentively, and then said: 'I am still of the same opinion, Monsieur Thalberg; I think you have no left hand. I think you have two right hands!'

JUST IN TIME. Heart Disease Had Him at Death's Door—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Worked Almost a Miracle.

C. A. Campbell, Mountiron, Minn., writes: 'I laid just at the point of death from most acute heart disease, and with hardly a hope that any remedy could reach my case I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I believe this great remedy got to me just in time. The first dose gave me great relief inside of thirty minutes, and before I had taken a bottle I was up from what I thought was my death bed. I was cured, and I consider my cure almost miraculous.'

She Liked Sailing. The following true tale, from the February Lippincott, is a most curious example of living well on nothing a year without breaking the laws of the land: About twenty years ago a steam-boat company of Liverpool wished to buy a piece of land which was owned by a 'stay-at-home-spinster,' as her neighbors described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon a clause being inserted in the agreement giving her the right, at any time during her life, to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels. When the agreement was closed, she sold her furniture and went on board the first outgoing ship belonging to the packet company. For years this shrewd spinster lived near y all the time upon one ship or another, frequently accompanied by a companion, according to agreement. This was always a person who otherwise would have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at a reduced rate by paying the spinster instead of the packet company. The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up the priviledge, but this she would not do. Her reply was, 'You got the land cheap, and I like sailing, so we both ought to be satisfied.'

MARRIED.

Salem, April 5, by Rev. W. F. Parker, John Roscoe to Mary Rogers. Baltimore, March 23, by Rev. S. James, Millidge Polly to Mary Goodwin. Berwick, March 24, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Frank Spencer to Eva Anderson. Houlton, March 31, by Rev. C. Boon, Leonard Houlton to Mrs. Emily Tupper. Cheverie, March 23, by Rev. G. A. Wetters, Joseph Smith to Sophia Dexter. Amherst, April 1, by Rev. W. H. McLeod, Robert McDonald to Minnie Blenkhorn. Billtown, March 31, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Rev. Horace Kussman to Myra Lemond. Stony Island, April 2, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Charles M. Ross to Daisy L. Ross. Jersey City, N. Y., March 30, by Rev. J. F. Moran, Emily Noonan to Capt. A. W. Lane. Mansfield, March 22, by Rev. L. J. Shanahanwhite, Edwin Dunlop to Maggie Dukeshire. Chipman, March 23, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, William T. Austin to Bertha Langin. Lower Onslow, March 21, by Rev. Mr. Spidell, Joseph Davidson to Rebecca McKinlay. Stony Island, March 21, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Murdoch Quigley to Gertrude Nickerson. Stony Island, April 2, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Joseph Smith to Judith A. Cunningham. Harvey, York Co., March 29, by Rev. Thomas Marsha, Joe Willis to Lizzie Wightman.

DIED.

Corwallis, April 3, Aubrey Borden. Halifax April 5, Eleanor Burnester. Windsor, April 6, Morton Smith 49. West Earlton, Alexander Ballie, 16. St. John, April 10, John Stanton, 66. Halifax, April 2, John Hamilton, 23. Dartmouth, April 3, Katie Tilder, 2. Albert, March 26, Rufus Engler, 61. Springhill, April 4, Agnes Burke, 38. Springhill, April 2, James Daniel 40. Halifax, April 5, William Gilliot, 85. Guyabo o, March 20, A. J. Fisher, 64. Halifax, April 6, Mrs. Elsie Marshall. Albert, April 3, Charles W. Turner 60. California, March 13, Liza Ambrose, 47. Halifax, April 8, Charlie Cunningham, 1. Upper Perseus, April 1, Deas Holmes. Halifax, April 7, Sydney Isah Dorey, 1. Rockingham, April 6, Albert Curley, 31. Burlington, April 6, Catherine Mann, 79. Dartmouth, April 4, James Anderson, 47. Thornburn, March 30, Isabella Rankin, 76. Halls Harbor, April 3, Wm. Houghton, 65. Bedford, N. S., April 6, John Hayswood, 80. New York, March 26, Eliza J. Clements, 72. Truro, March 29, Mrs. Mary McDougal, 24. Tombroke Me., April 7, John M. Burns 26. Noel, Evans Co., March 23, Lydia Wier, 69. New Glasgow, April 6, John McPherson, 76. Halifax, April 7, Cyril Frederick, 9 months. Mathland, March 25, Mrs. John Dukeshire, 78. Fredericton, April 6, Mrs. Fanny Simonds, 78. Tusket, N. S., April 1, Adeline Blauveir, 62. St. John, April 9, Ernest Leslie Higgins, 15. Halifax, April 1, Mrs. Margaret Doherty, 60. Gay's River, April 2, Mrs. Ann Dowling, 61. Whyconough, March 16, Thomas Graham 100. Kampt, Queens, March 25 Edwin Kempton, 58. Lake Umbagog, March 29, Mrs. Mary McDonald, 30. Port LaTour, April 3, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, 74. West Pabuloo, April 6, Delmer D'Extremont 14. Brookline, Mass., April 6, Mrs. Emma Murdoch. Petite Riviere, N. S., Feb. 9, Jessie M. Sperry, 2. West River, A. Co., April 1, Kenneth Bates, 98. Upper Mills, March 24, Mrs. Joanna McCann, 65. Upper Kennetcook, April 2, James Underwood, 48. Victoria, B. C., March 3, Thomas Louis Foley, 17. Macquah, N. B., Feb. 25, Charles Edward Stevens 3. Los Angeles, Cal., Bertram Randolph Fairweather, 24. North Sydney, April 1, Edmund Francis Cook, 16 months. North Head, Grand Manan, March 30, Alice Mc-Grath, 24. Roxbury, Mass., April 3, Mrs. Lydia Randall Currie, 84. Folske, April 5, infant child of Alons and Isabel Haversock. West Falmouth, April 4, infant son of Mr. Felix D'Extremont 1. West Branch, Kent Co., Mar. 28, Elizabeth, wife of James Morton, 78 years.

Advertisement for 'DOMINION SUSPENDERS' featuring an illustration of a man in a top hat and the text 'THESE DOMINION SUSPENDERS WILL PLEASE MY BOYS AT HOME.' and 'BORN.' Below the illustration is a list of names and dates of marriages.

Advertisement for 'THE TOP ROUND OF PAINT MAKING' showing a paint can and the text 'THE TOP ROUND OF PAINT MAKING'.

has been reached in the paint that covers most, looks best, wears longest and is most economical. The paint that saves money in the beginning because it covers the most surface; saves money in the end because it lasts the longest, is

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Loch Lomond Road, April 4, Julia, widow of the late Timothy Desmond, 80. Moncton, Mar. 20, Annie Sylvia, daughter of Bliss and Minnie Mullins, 6 months. St. George, Mar. 25, Gertrude Valentine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, 15. Lower Truro, Mar. 22, Jean, aged six, and Glen-eva, aged two, daughters of Alfred and Edith Crowe. Beaver Harbor, H. Co., March 21, Mrs. Angus Cameron; two hours later the husband of above Mr. Angus Cameron.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Lve. St. J. at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday. Lve. Digby 5.30 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 5.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.38 p. m. Tu. and Fri. Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.46 p. m. Mon. and Thurs. Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.09 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Car runs each way on the Flying Bluebonnet between Halifax and Yarmouth. S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains and 'Flying Bluebonnet' Expresses, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unusually quick on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom timetables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Cheapest. Quickest and Best ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY.

Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska points, March 16th, 23rd, 30th; April 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th.

Tourist Sleeping Cars

for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (daily except Sunday) at 2.30 p. m. Friday's Car is attached at Carleton Place. Berth accommodating two, Montreal to Revelstoke etc., \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00. Write for Pamphlets etc. via 'British Columbia' 'Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields,' 'Vancouver City's guide to the Land of Gold.' Tourist Cars etc., and all other particulars regarding trip, rates of fare etc., to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fergush, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 12.15 Express for Sussex..... 15.15 Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Camp-bellton..... 17.10 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 9.15 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN :

Express from Sussex..... 8.50 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.20 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax..... 16.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.3 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are heated by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGHAM, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

Advertisement for 'A FAILURE' with text 'The knife has signally failed to cure cancer. It cuts it out, but leaves seeds and roots. There is a cure, and we will send full particulars for 6c. (stamps). STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.'