

THE BURGLARS.

It was much too fine a night to think of going to bed at once, and so, although the witching hour of 9 p. m. had struck, Edward and I were still leaning out of the open window in our nightgowns, watching the play of the cedar branch shadows on the moonlight lawn, and planning schemes of fresh devilry for the sunny morning.

rat, and his nightgown glimmered a moment on the gravelled walk ere he was lost to sight in the darkness of the shrubbery. A brief interval of silence ensued, broken suddenly by a scowling scuffle and then a shrill, long drawn squeal, as of metallic surfaces in friction. Our scout had fallen into the hands of the enemy!

Incidence alone had made us devolve the taskable investigation on our younger brother. Now that danger had declared itself there was no hesitation. In a second we were down the side of the porch and crawled Cherokee wise through the laurels to the back of the garden seat. Piteous was the sight that greeted us. Aunt Maria was on the seat, in a white evening frock, looking—for an aunt—really quite nice. On the lawn stood an incensed curate, grasping our small brother by a large ear, which—judging from the row he was making—seemed on the point of parting company with the head it surmounted. The grotesque noise he was emitting did not really affect us otherwise than aesthetically. To one who has tried both, the wail of genuine physical anguish is hardly distinguishable from the pumped up and melodramatic blubber. Harold's could clearly be recognized as belonging to the latter class. "Now, you young—"

"Well, leggo my ear then!" shilled Harold, "and I'll tell you the solemn truth!" "Very well," agreed the curate releasing him; "now go ahead and don't lie more than you can help." We abode the promised disclosure without the least misgiving, but even we had hardly given Harold due credit for his fertility of resource and powers of imagination. "I had just finished saying my prayers," began that young gentleman, slowly, "when I happened to look out of the window, and on the lawn I saw a sight which froze the marrow in my veins! A burglar was approaching the house with smokes like a dark lantern, and he was armed to the teeth!" We listened with interest. The style, though unlike Harold's native notes, seemed strangely familiar. "Go on," said the curate grimly, "pausing in his stealthy career," continued Harold, "he gave a low whistle. Instantly the whistle was responded to, and from the adjacent shadow two more figures glided forth. The mercenaries were both armed to the teeth."

"Excellent," said the curate. "Proceed." "The robber chief," pursued Harold, "Malaga and Barcelona as we entered the Mediterranean and conversed with them in silent tones. His expression was truly ferocious, and I argued to the point of—" "There, never mind his teeth," interrupted the curate, rudely, "there's too much jaw about you altogether. Hurry up and have done." "I was in a frightful funk," continued the narrator, warily, "and his ear with his hand, 'but just then the drawing room window opened and you and Aunt Maria came out—I mean emerged. The burglars vanished silently into the laurels with horrid imprecations."

"The curate looked slightly puzzled. The tale was well sustained and certainly circumstantial. After all, the boy might have really seen something. How was a poor man to know—though the chaste and lofty diction might have supplied a hint—that the whole yarn was a free adaptation from the last penny dreadful sent us by the knife and boot boy? "Why did you not alarm the house?" he asked. "I was afraid," said Harold, sweetly, "that they would not believe me." "But how did you get down here, you naughty little boy?" put in Aunt Maria. Harold was hard pressed—by his own flesh and blood too! At that moment Edward touched me on the shoulder and glided off through the laurels. When some ten yards away, he gave a low whistle. I replied by another. The effect was magical. Aunt Maria started up with a shriek. Harold gave one startled glance around and then fled like a hare, round straight for the back door, burst in upon the servants at supper and buried himself in the broad bosom of the cook, his special ally. The curate faced the laurels hesitatingly. But Aunt Maria flung herself on him. "Oh, Mr. Hodgkins, I heard her cry, 'you are brave—for my sake do not be rash.'" He was not rash. When I peeped out a second later the coast was entirely clear. By this time there were sounds of a household timidly emerging, and Edward remarked to me that perhaps we had better be off. Retreat was an easy matter. A stentorian laurel gave us a leg up onto the garden wall, which led in its turn to the roof of an out-house, up which at a dubious angle, we would crawl to the window of the boxroom. This overland route had been revealed to us one day by the domestic cat when hard pressed in the course of an other hunt in which the cat—somehow unwilling—was filling the title role, and it had proved distinctly useful on the occasion of the present. We were snug in bed—minus some article from knees and elbows—and Harold, sleepily chewing something sticky, had been carried up in the arms of the friendly cook ere the clamor of the burglar hunters had died away. The curate's undaunted demeanor, as reported by Aunt Maria, was generally supposed to have terrified the burglars into flight, and much credit accrued to him thereby. Some days later, however, when he had dropped into afternoon tea and was making a mild curatorial joke about the moral course required for taking the last piece of bread

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY. FALL 1893. Table with columns for destinations, departure times, and arrival times. Includes routes to Fredericton and Chatham, and connections to other lines.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1893--FALL ARRANGEMENT--1893. Table with columns for destinations, departure times, and arrival times. Includes routes to Halifax, St. John's, and other locations.

GENERAL BUSINESS. PUBLIC NOTICE! In consequence of the wonderful increase in my business, I have found it necessary to remove my large and complete STOCK OF GROCERIES, ETC. to the store adjoining the one so well known as HARRIS' GENERAL STORE.

BOOTS AND SHOES AND CLOTHING which is increasing with phenomenal rapidity, and at the same time do justice to my extensive trade. FINE FAMILY GROCERIES. Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage in the past, I hereby solicit a continuance of the same. W. T. HARRIS, CUNARD ST., CHATHAM.

GREAT BANKRUPT SALE! Of Staple and Fancy Fall Dry Goods—Dress Goods, Grey Cottons, Tweeds, Homespuns, Men's Clothing, Underwear, Boots & Shoes, &c., IN RE THE M. F. NOONAN STOCK. TELEGRAM. FROM ST. JOHN, N. B. OCTOBER 5, 1893. To J. D. CREAGHAN, CHATHAM. "We accept your offer. Wired Mr. Hickson last evening." MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

J. D. CREAGHAN. Chatham Foundry. ESTABLISHED 1852. Iron and Brass Castings a specialty—for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc. Stoves, Iron Railings, Plugs and general Agricultural Castings, Rabbit Metal, etc. Machinery Made and Repaired with quick despatch. Orders promptly attended to at reasonable prices and fair terms. T. F. GILLESPIE, - - Proprietor.

Established 1866. DUNLAP BROS. & CO., AMHERST, N. S. Wholesale Wines and Spirits. 17 and 18 North Wharf. ST. JOHN - - - N. B. 5,000 HIDES! Five Thousand Hides Wanted.

EDWARD H. CONROY, Successor to Daniel Pitton WHOLESALE WINES AND SPIRITS. 17 and 18 North Wharf. ST. JOHN - - - N. B. 5,000 HIDES! Five Thousand Hides Wanted.

TO LET. House at Chatham station formerly occupied by Miss Grogan. Apply to J. B. SNOWBALL. TO LET. Upper end of double house on King street at present occupied by Donald McDonald. Possession given 1st June apply to J. B. SNOWBALL. SATURDAYS ONLY. SOMETHING NEW AT THE GOGGIN BUILDING. In future on every Saturday all goods in the Hardware line will positively be SOLD AT COST. Remember that prices are for SATURDAYS ONLY. TERMS - CASH.

CHOICE MILLINERY! A HINT TO THE LADIES. JOHN McDONALD, (Successor to George Cassady) Manufacturer of Bows, Sashes, Mouldings, etc. Ladies' Coats & Sacques. GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS. Ladies' Coats & Sacques. CHOICEST GOODS.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC AND Stomach and Liver Cure. The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years. It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk. This wonderful Nerve Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nerve Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF Nervousness, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Pains in the Back, Falling Health, Summer Complaint of Infants. All these and many other ailments cured by this wonderful Nerve Tonic.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA. My daughter, eleven years old, was severely affected with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nerve Tonic and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Falling Health, from whatever cause. JOHN T. MERRILL, Montgomery County, Md. Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1893. CHARLES W. WATSON, Notary Public. INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. The Great South American Nerve Tonic. Which we now offer you is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value which is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the one and only great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unrelenting disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nerve Tonic.