At the_ Lion's Feet.

The bo in the tweed suit peused opposite to the Board of Trade building and glances up at the large brorze lion that stands upon a pedestal, twenty stories above the pavement, one of its fore feet resting upon the very edge of the cornice, the other slightly raised.

At first he gazed in idle curiosity, then suddenly he shaded his eyes with his hands and stared with intense interest. A moment later he hurried across the street and looked upward at the motionless figure. Then he retraced his steps excitedly and stood and gazed and grew strangely cold and pale.

A short, stout man, with a Latin face and a French scornt, wearing a Prince Albert and a silk hat, noticed the boy's agitation and spoke to him.

The boy pointed upward with a stubby and not very clean finger. The man came closer to his side, stopped a trifle and, closing one of his eyes, squinted along the finger as though glancing along the barrel of a gun.

What he saw caused him to turn his

of a gun.

What he saw caused him to turn his

What he saw caused him to turn his head from side to side, getting views from different angles, and finally becoming greatly excited, to make a stries of vehement gestures.

Attracted by the man's peculiar actions, a crowd began to gather and stare. As each individual discovered the cause, of the agitation he was at once visibly affected, becoming either teverish and demonstrative, or pale and dumb. One man, doubting his vision. hastened to an optician for a powerful field glass, which he proceeded nervously to adjust to his eyes. A moment's inspection threw him into a condition bordering upon collapse.

A women, pausing out of curiosity, fainted when she saw the sight, and her removal to a near-by drug store added to the excitement.

the excitement.

Every window and doorway from which a view of the lion on the Board of Trade Building could be obtained we rapidly filled with pale and frightened faces.

Scores of observers clambered to the roofs of adjacent building to get a closer view.

The army of sky-gazers quickly block-aded the thoroughtare. The street cars could not pass. Traffic came to a pause.

Many of the faces were blanched and expressionless, others were flighted and expressionless. nless, others were flushed and exited; all were turned upward.

cited; all were turned upward.

During all this contusion a man was quietly at work upon the roof of the building separated from the Board of Trade by only a narrow alley. He stood upon a sliding platform—suspended by means of ropes and pulleys from two large iron hooks fastened over the ridge of the gable above him.

above him.

The roots of the two buildings were the same distance from the ground, the cornice of each being some twenty feet higher than the pedestal upon which the broize

So high was the man above the street that not the slightest sound from the crowd reached him, and he kept industriously at work, unmindful of the confusion below until he suddenly caught sight of the sea of laces staring upward and apparently at

At first the gaze of these countless eyes caused an unpleasant chill to creep over him, but later he tather enjoyed the sensation—enjoyed what he thought was their ams zement at his cool daring and absolute

Presently a window on the nineteenth floor of the Board of Trade Building was raised, and two men thrust out their heads and shoulders and stared upward at the redesting the first three starts and the limited and the limit

pedeatal and the lion.

To the crowd in the street they seemed To the crowd in the street they seemed to be engaged in an earnest almost angry, argument. They made many gestures, frequently pointing upward; but those below could not catch their words. After a few minetes they closed the window and

withdrew from sight.

By this time one of the policemen was hurrying to a patrol box to send in an emergency call, when—the unexpected happened! The workman on the roof had discovered that the

discovered that the crowd was interested, not in him, but in the bronze lion.

His curiosity was aroused. Slowly lowering bimself to the cornice of the building on which he was at work, he made his carefully along the narrow edge to the

When he reached it his glance fell upon the lion. He staggered and trembled like one struck by a bullet. He had not the coursge to look again, but closed his eyes and tried to drive from his mind the picture of what he had seen—there at the lion's

of what he had seen—there at the lion's feet.

When he found his nerves had grown steady again he retraced his steps to the ladder. This he hurriedly untastened from its tackle and raised until it stood on end upon the narrow edge of the great building. As the crowd below, intently watching him now divined his intention, a mighty cheer arose—then silence reigned.

Heedless of the domonstration, the man lowered the ladder until one end rested upon the cornice of the Board of Trade. The alley between the buildings was but twelve feet wide, and as the ladder was eighteen feet in length it was necessary for him to span the distance diagonally and at such an angle as to make the poles of the ladder rest unsteadily.

such an angle as to make the poles of the ladder rest unsteadily.

Then the eager and expectant watchers saw the man test the firmness of this inprovised bridge with his loot. It wobbled trightfully, and those in the crowd who had glasses announced the fact to the others, who held their breath and grew nervous. For a moment the man besisted, and then, drawing himself to his full height, he started resolutely across the ladder, like a tiny spider walking from building to building on a single thread of its web. Those with the glasses saw with a shudder that the ladder causened from side to side, like

a ship m a storm. But with his arms extended to balance himself, the man stepped from rung to rung, confidently but carefully—so carefully

Betow him, tor four hundred feet, was nothing but thin air and then a pressed-brick pavement. But the man did not see the pavement, nor yet the white taces gezing up at him in awful si ence; he saw only the end of the ladder, but a few feet distant, and he walked steadily forward.

And those below, with hushed breath, made never a sound, but watched, with straining nerves, that wee black speck move slowly acrops that treacherous bridge and safely stand at last on the root of the Board of Trade building.

Then the tension relaxad, and a cheer, long and loud, arose—a cheer which sounded faint and far off to the man on the roof, who quietly dragged the ladder after him, allowing it to slide alorg the edge of the cornice until he reached a point immediately above the pedeatal upon which the lion stood. Then he lowered one and and, quickly descending, stood beside the gigantic meral figure.

He paused and removed his shoes, for there was tin beneath his feet and he dare not make the least noise for fear—

At this instant a woman appeared at a little squrre window on the tw-ntieth story the sill of which was scarcely a toot above pedestal. Her face was marked with the lines of heart breaking anxiety.

The crowd held its breath, and scarcely a murmur arose from the upturned faces as the man crept stealthily along the pediate.

The crowd held its breath, and scarcely a murmur arose from the upturned faces as the man crept stealthly along the pedestal, close to the body of the animal, until he reached its massive head, while the woman at the window stood motionless and dumb watching him with pallid face.

Then for an instant—an age it seemed to those below—he stood very still, casting his eyes upward, as though in prayer. Silently, slowly, he lowered himself to his knees, to his elbowr, to his face, until he lay prone upon his breast on the narrow edge of the pedestal; then, with his left hand firmly clasping the uplitted paw of lion, he let his right hand fall with a sudden and powerful grip upon something white and motionless which lay, like a thing that is dead, at the feet of the animal—something which gave a sudden, convulsive gasp, but could not move, so tightly did he hold it. In a moment more he stood erect, the little bundle clasped close to his breast.

Then the man waved his hat to the chearing thousands.

close to his breast.

Then the man waved his hat to the cheering thousands, who grew wild with joyous excitement, for against his rough brown face was pressed the soft, pink cheek of a little girl—a little girl in a white dress, who wandering in her play, had passed through the open window, out upon the dizzy pedestal, and stretching at length at the lon's feet, had fallen asleep and had slumbered peacefully far above the dust and noise of the city, unmindful alike of the staring crowd, the silent River of D ath, which glided so near—so very near.

silent River of Death, which grows near—so very near.

And yet a moment longer lingered the crowd—lingered until they saw the man pass the little girl through the window and lay her in the arms of her mother, the wife of the janitor of the building, whose window anartments contained the square window apartments contained the square window which opened out upon the pedestal.

But to this day the janitor's little daugh-

ter has never learned the name of the boy in the tweed suit.

AN APPARENT MYSTERY FULLY EXPLAINED.

There are thousands of people in Canada with very limited resources who are always well and neatly dressed, but never in debt

with very limited resources who are always well and neatly dressed, but never in debt for the new dress, costume, cape, or jacket, suit or overcoat.

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Parson Drowsy—I am sorry yo' were not at church yesterday to hear ma sermon. Brother Bullhead.—So am I, parson. I got chawed by skeeters, bit by a smake, rheumatiz in mah back, sprained ma leg getting over a fence, and didn't catch a fish! I'd much sooner gone to church and heard de sermon.

William, I don't know whether to telegraph or not before I start out to Cousin Caroline's.'

'Why are you undecided?'
'Well, if I don't telegraph maybe she
won't be at home: and if I do maybe she
will go off visiting somewhere.'

BORN.

Colchester, Oct. 9, to the wife of Hugh Boyd, a sor Son.
Lunepburg, Oct. 7, to the wife of Henry Byres, a son.
Woodville, Sept. 21, to the wife of Edson Wood, a son.
Granville, Sept. 27, to the wife of Albert Goodwin, a son.
Round Hill, Oct. 4, to the wife of John L. Ramsey, a son.

Aubare, Aug. 22, to the wife of Ernest W. Porter a daughter. Charlettotown, Oct. 8, to the wife of W. A. H uest a daughter.

St. Eleanors, Oct. 3, to the wife of R. H. Mont-gomery, a son. Northfield, S-rt. 18, to the wife of Rev. F. H. Tatham, a S. n.

Paradise West, Oct. 1, to the wife of Gilbert Sabeans, a son. it. Mary's rectory, Oct 10, to the wife of Rev. W. B. Belliss, a s.n. ingston Village, Sept. 20, to the wife of Reuten Smiley, a daughter.

Tusket Wedge, Sept. 30, to the wife of Mr. Free-man Porter, a daughter. Hibernia, Queens Co., Oct. 1, to the wife of M el-bourne Chute, a daughter.

MARRIED.

New York, Oct 10, E. C. Trappell Hunston to Isabel Moore, Montreal by Rev. H. G. Caussins, Edward Hodge to Eliza Slade.

Porchester, Mass., Sept. 30, Ross Burton Allen to Newcastle, Gcs. 11, by Rev. P. G. Snow, Harry H. Barker to Maggie Craig. Matiland. Sept. 20, by Rev. S. J. McArthur James Beattle to Maggie Co.k.

oston, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, H. B. Martin to caran Morrison. Annapolis, Oct. 1, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Joseph F. Milberry to Addie Hersey.

Westoort, Sept. 24, by Rev. H. Murray Frank, McDormand to Nette Bally.

Boston, Oct. 3, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Neil Macdonald to Bella MacNeill. Tidnish, Oct. 4, by R. v. Mr. Gardner, Daniel Mc-Donaso to Maggie VanEmber.

Kingston, Sept. 27. by Rev. J. Webb, Edward Mc Gilvary to Rachel Belle Logan.

Murray Harbor, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, John Mackay to Mary McDowe. Deep Brook, Oct. 3, by Rev. John Lockwood, Albert E. Furdy to Violet L. Hill z.

Chegoggio, S. pt. 29, by Rev. E. Crowell, Geo. A. Trask t. Mrs. Sarah A. Spinney. Ellerhouse, Sept. 28, by Rev. B. U. Aimstrong, W. H. Card to Catherine Stevens.

W. H. Card to Catherine Stevens.

Woodstock, Oct. 11, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Alexander O. Shaw to Carrie M. hobins.

Melvern b quare, Sept. 28, by Rev. H. N. Parry,
Thos. A. Banks to Mrs. Mary Morse.
Annapolis, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Humphrey De Long to Maggie Christopper. Exercit Lamb to Bessie Maude O'Neil.

Windsor, Oct. 3, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Alexande G. Munn to Frances Louise Blanchard. Roxbury, Oct. 3, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnen, Dani M. Ferguson to Fibrence C. MacCuish.

M. Ferguson to Frorence C. MacCuish.

Roxbury, Sept. 27, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon,
High H. Graisan to Margaret B. King.

Hopetown, Sept. 21, by Rev. J. N. Sutherland,
Robert Cormier to Emma E.zza Carney.

Fernie, B. C., Sept. 19, by Rev. Mr. Duncan,
Archibald Cameron to Laura McCailum.

Kinzston Village, Sept. 21, by Rev. J. Webb
David Isaish Fripard to Mary E. Prime.

Halliaz. Oct. 4, by R. v. H. Vossema, George
Rankin Anderson to May Katherine Kelley.

River Dennis. C. B. Sept. 26, by Rev. John Rass.

River Dennis, C. B., Sept. 26, by Rev. John Rose Lauchlin Kennedy to Mangie A. McLennan. White Sands, Oc. 4, by Rev. W. C. Matthews, Edward S. McGregor te Charlotte E. Hawkins. Halitax, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. W. Nicholson, Hugh Leverette D.ckey to Marie Louise Trensman.

verett, Mass., Sept. 27, by Rev. A. K. MacLen nan John L. Mackay to Christene MacKeigar John, Oct. 16, by Rev. T, F. Fotheringham. Harry G. McLeath to Charlotte J. McPherson

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Brother Bullbead.—So am I, parson. I got chawed by skeeters, bit by a smake, rheumatiz in mah back, sprained ma leg

South Mabou High ands, Sept. 8, Mrs. Angus Mel 87.

Liverpool, Oct. 1, Margaret, widow of Patrick Mc-Guire 85.

St. John, Oct. 18, Mary, infant daughter of John McKenca 7 months. Hampton. Oct. 4, Clara J. infant daughter of Major W Boultes 1 month. Hatfield Point, Kings Co. Oct. 6, Annie B. daught-er of Joseph Cowan 20.

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Dotarrat to Susan O Inglis.

Windsor, Sept. 26, by Rev. Wm. Philips, Edgar
McCartby to saggie Ma.colm.

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Tickets on sale from September 18th to September 30th, 1899, good to return thirty days from date

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On and after Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this mailway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

e. St. John at 7.00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Sam day; arv Digby 9.30 a. sturning leaves Digby 9.30 a. at 12.50 p.m. arv. at St. John, 8.35 p.m.

Steamship "Prince Edward." St. John and Boston Direct Service,

Lve. | Mon, 5.30 p. m. | Lve. | Sat. 4 p. m. St. John | Thurs 5.30 p. m. | Boston | Wed 11 a m

EXPRESS TRAINS Halifax 6.30 a.m., arv in Digby 12.36 p. n. Digby 12.36 p. n., arv Yarmouth 3.25 p. n., yarwoth 8.45 a.m., arv. Digby 11.25 a. m. Digby 11.43 a. m., arv. Halifax 6.30 p. n. Digby 11.43 a. m., arv., Theyb 8.30 a. m. Digby 8.30 p. m., arv., Annapolis 4.60 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

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Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on

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On and after Wonday, Oct. the 16th, 1899 rains will rue daily, (Sunday excepted.) TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

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For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Albantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolon-ial, Central and Coast railways.

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