

Professional Cards

DR. F. S. ANDERSON
Graduate of the University Maryland.
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ARTHUR S. BURNS
M.D., M.D. (Ch.)
Physician, Surgeon
and Accoucheur

J. J. RITCHIE, K. C.
Keith Building, Halifax.
Mr. Ritchie will continue to attend to
situation of the Courts in the County

ARTHUR HORSFALL D.D.S., D.M.D.
Dentist
Will be at his office Mondays and
Tuesdays of each week.

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J. M. OWEN,
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The Pilot's Story

We had grown up together, as it
were, Molly and I, our parents being
near neighbors, and firm friends as
well.
Our parents being such good friends
it naturally resulted that Molly and I
followed their example. We went to
school together, played together, and
somehow, when Molly was sixteen
and I twenty, we agreed to travel to-
gether all our lives, and were happy
in that arrangement; in fact, no other
would have seemed right or natural,
either to us or to our parents.

From the earliest days of my boy-
hood, I had evinced a fondness for the
water, haunting the palatial steam-
boats that floated on the great Mis-
sissippi river, on whose banks nestled
the city in which we dwelt and, at
the period to which I am about to re-
fer, I had just secured a position as
pilot on a small freight steamer.
It was not much of a position, to be
sure, nor was there much of a
salary attached to it, but small as it
was, Molly and I declared that we
could make it answer for two people.

So, early one bright morning, hav-
ing obtained a day's leave of absence,
Molly and I were married, and step-
ping into a carriage I had hired for
the occasion, we started off, having
decided on a day's excursion to a
celebrated cave near by, this being all
the wedding trip we could allow our-
selves.

We had scarcely driven beyond our
own street, however, when we were
brought to a halt.
"Here is a note to you from the
superintendent." Thus it ran:
"Am sorry to have to recall your
leave today, but you must immedi-
ately go on board the Mobilia, which is
ready to start up the river. The pilot
is too ill to attend to duty, and you
are appointed to take his place for
the present."

"There goes our wedding trip all to
smash," said I, as I read the order
to Molly.
"Why so?" she asked.
"You see I must go to the pilot
house of the Mobilia."

"Very well," she replied, "we will
just go up the river instead of the
cave. But on, Bob; let us go down
to the wharf in state."

"But you can't go into the pilot
house with me, little goose."
"Of course not. But I can sit on
the deck outside," laughed Molly.
"and we can look at each other."

"It was an awful temptation. I
knew that did I follow the captain's
advice, both Molly and I would be
safe, for I was a good swimmer, and
could save her and myself. But then,
if I did this, would I not deliberately
expose every one of the three hundred
souls on board to destruction?—Yes,
the boat might keep her course, dur-
ing the short space remaining to be
passed, merely from rapid impetus of
her approach; but again she might
not—and then?"

I looked at my wife inquiringly.
"Stick to your post, Bob," she
said.
"No, no," I shouted back. "I shall
stick to my post. I shall stay here
until I run her on the shore, or the
first."

"My brave Rob—my noble Rob,"
murmured Molly.
At last, just as the glowing tongues
of flame began to reach in through
the window, a crash and a shiver
passed from stem to stern of the
heated decks and were saved.

All at once my gaze rested on the
peddle box. It had not taken fire yet;
the flying spray had saved it. I had
only to dash across the flames swept
deck and ring open a little door in
its side, which afforded ready access
to the wheels, to lower my precious
charge to the water beneath in safety.

No sooner thought of than done.
"Take my hand, Molly!" I said,
"and run with me. We shall be saved
after all. Wrap your shawl over your
mouth. Now, now—run!"

Leaping down on the deck, we sped
hand in hand, to the peddle box.

quit. I say! Screaming won't frighten
the fire away. Pilot, head her straight
for the island half a mile ahead."
We were at least twice that distance
from the mainland on either shore.
Then he shouted to the engineer:
"Put on all steam—crowd her down.
We will run a race with the foul feed
that has boarded the Mobilia."

There was an instant's pause, and
then with a groan and a surge with
the timbers creaking and straining,
and the windows rattling as though
in mortal terror, the Mobilia gather-
ed herself up to run her last race.

Each passing moment the flames
crept on and on, never pausing in
their terrible march. Fortunately,
they leaped upward rather than down-
ward, so that there was as yet but
little danger to the panic-stricken
crowd on the lower deck.

But the pilot house was directly in
the track of the flames, and already
their advance guard was beginning to
surround me, singeing my hair and
eyebrows.

Suddenly there was a murmur
among the people below, and the next
instant a light form flew up the lad-
der leading to the deck by the pilot
house, and before I could utter a
word, my precious Molly had thrown
open the door, and coasting it again,
stood by my side.

"Molly, Molly!" I cried, "for
Heaven's sake, go back, go back!
Don't you see how the flames are
clearest, my own true wife. Don't un-
man me by making me fear for you.
Go down where I can feel that you
have a chance for safety."

"Rob Thorpe," she exclaimed, with
her eyes looking bravely right into
mine, "am I your wife?"
"Surely, surely, thank God," I ut-
tered. "But go, go."

"My post is here, just as much as
yours," she answered firmly, "I will
die, too. We will make our wedding
trip together, my husband, even if it
be in the next world. Keep to your
duty, and don't mind me. Rob, there
is hope for us yet, and if it comes to
the worst, why—why, and a brave, sweet
smile crept round her lips—"we are
still together, dear love."

I saw it was of no use to urge her
any more.
"Thorpe!" shouted the captain,
"come down. Lower her and yourself
over the rail. We'll catch you. You
cannot stay there any longer. We are
very near the shore, now, and the
next we'll tilt our chances for."

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