It was a dreary night in the winter of 17- Outside a heavy fog filled the narrow, unsavory streets of the metropolis and the lungs and eyes of such unfo nates as chanced to be abroad. A even invaded the small wooden the night watchman, interfering with slumbers to which the inmates were

both by age and office entitled. Across the river, in the dingy, ill-paved lanes of The borough, the fog seemed at its worst, h light, warmish haze being the only indication of the presence of those shops which still remained open, and around. which small, ill-clad urchins with the most unmistakable intentions persistently hovered.

"A sweet night for footpads," muttered young Dr. Mostyn, as he disengaged himself from a chance rencontre with a post, and felt his way along by tapping with his stout stick at the house walls, a proceeding by which he had already severely damaged the legs of three of his suffering fellow-creatures, and poked a large hole in the kitchen window of a fourth. "And now," he continued, talking to himself for the sake of company, "for home and supper and a fire. Ah, and a patient or two, perhaps. Who

At this cheering prospect his spirits rose, and he banged mightily at the wall with his stick in consequence, until at length, coming to a small street on his right, he turned smartly down, and having made sure of his own door knocked briskly at it.

"Who's there?" came a shrill female voice in reponse.

"It's I, Bet," said her master. "Open the door, my good girl."
"Not if I knows it," was the cheering

reply. "You take yourself off, young man, whoever you are. There's two bulldogs and three men with loaded guns standing by me, to say nothing—"
"Open the door, Bet!" roared her master through the keyhole. "Don't

you know me?"

"Is it 9 o'clock, or is it 11?" propounded the damsel; "because if it's 11 o'clock my eyes deceive me, and if it's 9 o'clock

your voice deceives me; for the doctor said he'd be home at 11 and not before, and considering the fog I should say a good deal arter."

"Open the door," said the surgeon, sharply. "I'm back already because my patient's dead. Come; open at once! There was a creaking and shooting of bolts as he finished speaking, and the door being cautiously opened discovered an angular woman of some 35 years, whose nervous face cleared directly she saw her master.

"I'm asking your pardon for keeping you long, sir," said she; "but one never knows who's who, and judging by the noises and runnings, there's been rare doings round the corner tonight." "Anybody been, Bet?"

surgeon, as ten minutes later he sat down to a carefully grilled chop.

"Not a soul," replied his handmaiden.
"And a nice person you would be to open the door if an accident had arrived."

"Oh, I should have opened it at once," said Bet, with decision. "Directly they used the word 'accident' I should have

opened it and chanced it." Her master, smiling at her devotion, drew his chair to the fire and, having carefully filled a long clay pipe, fell to me. I vowed that if for twenty smoking with an air of great enjoyment years he gave me wealth and the possession of her whom I loved better than my likely that he would be disturbed. The wealth had been supported by the foreign and content. Then, thinking it extremes soon of her whom I loved better than my will be a long clay pipe. The world be the foreign and the support while I was the long clay pipe. ly unlikely that he would be disturbed at that late hour, he dismissed his re-

thoughts took a very gloomy direction indeed, and he shook his head despondingly as he thought of his future prospects. His mood was not made more cheerful by the room, which was large and dark, and panelled with oak, and or-namented with oil portraits of dead and gone worthies, with whom he claimed some kindship more or less remote, who seemed to stare at him to-night in a particularly ghostly, not to say wooden manner. Besides all this, he was in love; and he had no sooner built a magnificent castle-in the air-and placed her in it, than an anything but airy

landlord called in for the rent, and the

dream was spoiled. He had been sitting thus for some time, nursing his woes and sipping a glass of hot cognac which he had prepared, when he was disturbed by a loud, imperative knocking at the front door, whereat he snatched up one of the gut-tering candles and marched down the narrow stairs to open it. The feeble light of the candle, when he had done so, showed him a tall, strongly-built man of middle age, whose naturally fine proportions were increased by the fog, which clung to them and exaggerated them. The surgeon noted that he was richly clad, and also that the embossed hilt of a sword portruded from the skirts of his coat, while his face, from some powerful emotion, was pale and drawn. "Are you the surgeon?" asked the

new-comer, abruptly.
"At your service," was the reply.

The stranger obeyed, and waiting un-til the surgeon had secured the door, fol-

lowed him up stairs.

"Examine me!" said he, taking off his laced coat and standing pale and erect before him.

"Unfasten your shirt," said the other, falling in with his strange humor and commencing a careful examination.
"Well?" enquired the stranger, when

he had finished. Sound as a bell and as hard as oak." "Not likely to die suddenly?" suggest-

ed his visitor. "No. I should think that would be the last thing to happen to you," replied the puzzled surgeon. "Why, what is the matter with you? Do you

feel ill?

"No: I feel hale and strong, capable of enjoying life with the best. "I've never had an illness in my life. But for all that I shall die at midnight."

"Of course," said the surgeon, somewhat provoked at all this mystery, "If

known to me, but I shall never see the lifting of this dreadful blackness which on my last night on earth has fitly inter-posed itself between me and the heaven have renounced."

The surgeon listening to this strange outburst, turned to the table, and filling a glass of brandy handed it to his extraordinary patient. "It will put heart into you," said he.

"But not a soul," said the other; and, shuddering convulsively, drank it at a draught; then placing the glass upon the table, he drew a purse from his pocket and looked at the surgeon. "Your fee?"

"Nothing. I know not what your trouble is; but I wish much that I could help you."

help you." "I'm past all help," said the other, sadly, moving toward the door; then pausing, as the surgeon took up one of the candles to light him down, he said,

in irresolute tones: "As you shall judge, if you care to hear." By all means," said Mostyn heartily. as, replacing the candle, he poked the

fire and drew up a chair for his visitor.

"Twenty years ago," said the latter, accepting the profered seat and leaning toward the surgeon, my circumstances were very different from what they are now. Young and strong, I had at the death of my parents rejected the bread of dependence offered me by relatives, and, full of ortune. It proved to be harder work than I had anticipated, and in a very short while I was reduced to the verge of starvation. One dreadful night, of was half crazed with poverty and despair. For two days I had not tasted food, nor did I see the slightest prospect of obtaining any. Added to this I was deeply in horrible fear, he glanced hurriedly at the of those who should have been our best friends kept us apart. As I crouched shivering in the garret, which served me for a lodging, I think I must have gone a little bit mad." He broke off suddenly, as though unwilling to continue, and stared gloomily at the fire.

"Well?" said the surgeon, who had been listening with much interest.

"Have you ever heard of compacts with the evil one?" demanded the

stranger. "I have heard of such things," replied the surgeon, on whose spirit the oc-

casion and the visitor were beginning to "I made one," said the other, hoarsely. "Crouched by the empty grate, which mocked me with its cold bars and white ashes, my thoughts turned, as though directed by some unseen power, to all that I had heard and read of such compacts. As my mind dwelt upon it, the subject lost much of its horror, until a gentle rustling in the neighborhood of the fire drove me with quaking heart to fell upon his knees and buried his face my feet. My fears, however, were but in his hands. momentary, and with fierce determination I called upon my unseen visitor to sounds suddenly ceased, and a voice seemed to cry in my ear: "Write, write!" Idraggeda small table into the as I did so, with the horrible consciouswhole life, my soul should be the forfeit. If the next morning brought change of

into a brown study.

It might have been the fog, or it might have been the unexpected death of his patient: whatever the course in the state of he had accepted my conditions. I signed he the strange that the steep into which the stupor had of his patient: whatever the course in the sleep into which the stupor had merged the sun was shiping bright him. merged the sun was shining brightly into my foul lodging, and below was a messenger who brought me news of a large fortune which had fallen to me through the death of an uncle. God forbid that my rash vow should have aught to do with it! Since then, everything has prospered with me. I married the woman I loved. We have a large family. I have kept my secret to my-self. To-night at 12 my time expires."

"The change in your fortunes was a mere coincidence," said the surgeon un-

easily.
"Another coincidence for you, then," said the visitor, whose face was now livid. The same state of mind, perhaps, though

"As I supposed my death would be a strictly natural one," continued the stranger, "I thought I would consult a Nor did he; for, aided by his surgeon, in order to see whether my heart was sound, or whether I was to die, as I have said, in a perfectly natural manner owing to its disease. A watch-man whom I met directed me to your

door." "Do you live in the neighborhood?" "No, at Westminster," was the reply. "But having put all my affairs in order, and wishing my dear ones should be no witnesses to my death, I have been roaming about the streets to meet it

"Alone?" queried the wondering

surgeon.
"I—hope so," said the other, shudder-

ing.
"Be guided by me," said the surgeon, earnestly. "Return to your home and forget all about this mysterious compact you fancy you have made."

His companion shook his head and

turned to the door.

"Are you going to roam about in the fog again?" asked Mostyn.

"Unless you will let me stay here,"

said the other, glancing at him wistfully. "You are not nervous? you do

not think I shall die?" "You will die of fright if you die at all," said the surgeon, sturdily. "But

Market de de de de de de de de de de

A Wholesome Tenic Horsford's Acid Phosphate Strengthens the brain and nerves.

And the same of th

The state of the s

speak with more ourself, you can stay, and welcome, if you will:" And to time than anyb authority as to the "I have n dy else."

suicide," was the stern rejoinder. In was

no sound save the flickering of the fire disturbed the silence of the room. Then the surgeon arose and, upon hospitable thoughts intent, busied himself with the little spirit case which stood on the side-board; and after sundry most musical gurglings from the bottle as it confided its contents to the glasses, appeared in his place again with two steaming potations and a sugar bowl. "Cognac." said he, "with all its fiery nature subdued, now in its tranquil old age."

"Thanks," said his visitor, taking the proffered glass. "The last toast I shall drink: Long life to you." He tossed off the contents, and again lapsed into silence, while the surgeon slowly smoked his long long pipe, removing it at intervals in favor of the spirit he had so

highly commended. Half an hour passed, and a neighboring church clock slowly boomed the hour of 11. One hour more. The surgeon, glancing at his companion to see what effect the sound had on him, saw that his eyes were closed and that he breathed heavily. Rising cautiously to his feet, he' felt the pulse of the strong sinewy wrist which hung over the side of the chair, and, then, returning to his seat, sat closely regarding him, not without casting certain uneasy glances into the dark corners of the room. His pipe went out; the fire burnt low, and, seen through the haze of fog and smoke, hope, had come to London to make my the motionless figure in the chair seemed suddenly to loom large in front of him and then to be almost obscured by the

darkness. For a few seconds it seemed his eyes which this is the twentieth anniversary, I closed. When he opened them the fire was out, and the figure in front of him love, though unhappily the interference clock and saw that it was just upon the stroke of 4, then he sprang to the side of his guest and seized the wrist nearest to him. As he did so, he started back with a wild cry of horror, for some slippery thing, darting swiftly between his feet, vanished in the gloom of a neighboring

> Ere he could recover himself, the man in front of him stirred uneasily, and rising unsteadily to his feet, gazed stupidly at him. "What's the matter?" he asked at length in dazed tones.

> "Matter!" shouted the still trembling surgeon. "Why, its four hours past midnight and you are alive and well."
> With a violent start, as he remembered his position, the stranger glanced at the mantel shelf. 'Four o'clock!" said he—"4 o'clock! Thank God, there was no compact! Then another fear possessed him: "Is it-is the clock

"To the minute," said the surgeon, standing gravely by with averted head,

As he rose to his feet the old church clock slowly struck the hour of 4, appearlend me his awful aid. As I spoke, ing to both the listeners to do so with an emphasis as unusual as it was welcome. As the last stroke sounded the stranger, who could even now hardly remoonlight which struggled through the begrimed panes of the window, and with my own blood and the stump of a pen wrote out the terms of an agreement the distant rumble of the early market with the prince of darkness, possessed, carts betokened the beginning of another

"How came I to sleep?" he inquired,

only thing I could do. You were in such If the next morning brought change of a strange state of alarm that you would fortune, I should take it for a sign that either have died or gone mad if I had

The stranger extended his hand and caught the young surgeon's in a mighty grasp. "You ran a fearful risk. Suppose that I had died. My death would have been attributed to the drug, and you would have been accused of mur-

"I chanced it," said Mostyn, simply "There was no time for consideration." "It has been a strange business." said the other. "What could it have been that was in my garret that night, and

what could have taken the agreement?"
"Rats," said Mostyn, smiling. "One
of them frightened me terribly just now; but it would not have done so if I had not been in a very excited condition. "In the morning, when I awoke, the agreement which I had left on the table the night you wrote your agreement."

had disappeared."

Mostyn arose and, taking great care not to extinguish the flames, snuffed the candles.

"As I supposed my death would be a again grasped him by the hand. "You

Nor did he; for, aided by his influence the young surgeon rose rapidly to fame and fortune, which he shared in the most liberal manner with the girl for whom his poverty had long kept him waiting.—Chambers' Journal.

A CENTENARIAN IMMIGRANT.

She Has a Little Joke.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The oldst immigrant ever landed at this port and probably the oldest person who ever made a trip across the Atlantic ocean, was discharged from Ellis Island yesterday, in the person of Mrs. Mary Coffey, who gave her age to the immigration authorities as 104 years. She came over with her youngest daughter, who is fifty-six years old, on the Cunard line steamer Auranita. which arrived on Wednesday. They left yesterday afternoon for Plainfield, Ct., where the daughter lives with her husband. Mrs. Coffey speaks no English, only the old Gaelic tongue, which she learned in the County Kerry, Ireland, her birthplace. Peter Gordon, an Ellis Island detective, who was born in the west of Ireland and understands the dialect, interpreted a few words spoken by the old woman.

Why have you come to this country?"

he asked.
"To get a husband," she replied, with

a smile.

Mrs. Coffey told Detective Gordon she

hattle of Bal-

she expected to spend the rest of her life with her daughter. She is very small and her snow white hair is above a face that is drawn and wrinkled. Still her eyes are bright and clear and she said she never had worn glasses.

PEOPLE MARVELLED

AT THE RESCUE OF MR. METCALFE OF HORNING MILLS.

BADLY CRIPPLED WITH SCIATICA AND AN IN-TENSE SUFFERER FOR YEARS-FOR TWO YEARS WAS NOT ABLE TO DO ANY WORK - DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORES HIM TO HEALTH.

From the Shelburne Economist.

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Horning's Mills by Messrs. John Metcalfe and W. H. Marlatt, referred to in these columns recently, was the means of bringing to the notice of a reporter of the Economist the fact of the remarkable restoration to health some time ago of Mr. Metcalfe, the chief promoter of the line. For about two years Mr. Metcalfe was a terrible sufferer from sciatica, and unable to work. While not altogether bedfast, he was so badly crippled that his bent form, as he occasionally hobbled about the streets of Horning's Mills, excited universal sympathy. The trouble was in one of his hips and he could not stand or walk erect His familiar attitude, as the residents of Horning's Mills



"WALKED IN A STOOPED POSITION."

can youch, was a stooped over position with one hand on his knee. Mr. Metcalfe says :- "For about two years I was not able to do any work. Local physi cians failed to do me any good, and I went to Toronto for treatment, with equally unsatisfactory results. I also tried electrical appliances without avail. I returned home from Toronto discouraged, and said that I would take no more medicine, that it seemed as if I had to die anyway. My system was very much run down and the pains at times were exeruciating. I adhered for several months to my determination to take no more medicine, but finally consented to trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strongy recommended by a friend. Before had taken them very long I felt a great deal better, my appetite returned, and the pains diminished. After using the pills for some time longer I was able to stand and walk erect and resume my work, in the full enjoyment of health and strength. People who knew me marvelled at the change, and on my personal recommendation many have used Pink Pills. This is the first time, however, that I have given the facts for publi-

On being asked if the sciatica had ever returned, Mr. Metcalfe stated that once or twice, as the result of unusual exposure, he had experienced slight attacks, but he always kept some of the pills at hand for use on such occasions, and they never failed to fix him up all right. Mr. Metcalfe, who is 52 years of age, is in the flour and provision business, and, as proof of his ability to do as good a day's work as he ever done in his life, we may state that the most of the work connected with the erection of his six miles of telephone line was performed by himself. Mr. Metcalfe also mentioned several other instances in which the users of Pink Pills derived great benefit, among them being that of a lady resident of Horning's Mills. The Economist knows of a number of instances in Shelburne where great good has followed the use of this well-known remedy.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes, said to be "just as good." These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation. There is no other remedy that can successfully take the place of Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of medicine should insist upon getting the genuine, which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

A LOVER'S DE-PERATE DEED,

Lucan, Ont., October S.—There is great excitement in this village to-day over an awful tragedy which occurred at Dantield on Monday evening. It seems that at about dusk on Monday evening the victim, Miss Mabel Robinson, was in her father's yard milking a cow when John

father's yard milking a cow when John Lang drove by. Seeing Miss Robinson he stopped his horse and without getting out of the rig he urged the young lady to go with him and be married.

This she refused to do. He then jumped from the buggy and said:—
"You will go with me or die." He held a razor in his hand, and grasping the young lady he endeavored to throw her to the ground. In the struggle Miss Robinson's arms and hands were cut in a terrible manner. He finally succeeded in throwing her, and placing his knees on her throat he slashed the razor across her face and neck until he thought her dean. He called her twice, saying: Mabel, are you dead?

The girl, although still unconscious, lay perfectly still with her eyes closed, Mrs. Coffey told Detective Gordon she could remember the famous battle of Ballinamuck, in 1798, when the French troops under General Hoche landed on troops under General Hoche landed on the back of the neck. He then left her, and coming to his own home bade his father and mother good-bye, saying he

went behind the house and cut his throat from ear to ear, dying immediately.

Miss Robinson is 17 years of age and weighs in the neighborhood of 210 As an outpouring of this reverence for pounds. She has an exceedingly pretty face and is quite an accomplished young Father Burke's fondness for the Rosary.

"Hig beds" eavy big first higgs and the strength of the property of the strength of the s lady. She never encouraged the attentions of Lang, and was in perfect dread "were never from his side by day, he of him, he having threatened her last summer. John Lang was 33 years old and lived with his father on the next

FATHER BURKE'S TRUST IN THE

Father Tom Burke's devotion to the Blessed Virgin was tender, strong, filial, fruitful and comforting. How could it be otherwise with him, an Irishman. a Catholic and a son of St. Dominic? From his boyhood up he was her client. He was predestined, as it were, to be one of hers, for he was born on the Feast of her Nativity, and he died on the Feast of the Visitation. "Since I came to the use of reason," he once said, "and learned my Catechism and mastered the idea that was taught me of how God in heaven planned and designed the redemption of mankind, the greatest puzzle of my life has been—a thing that I could never understand—how any one, believing what I have said, could refuse their veneration, their honor, and their love to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Jesus Christ." 125 cents.

was going to Michigan the next day. He | His immediate preparation for his sermons was always the recitation of three. "Hail Marys," and his last words were:

"His beads," says his first biographer. wore them around his neck at night. . . Sleeping or waking, walking or working, his fingers always held the

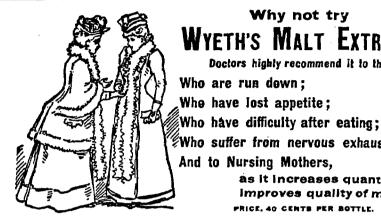
farm to Robinson's. The young lady will recover.

"I could sleep," said Father Burkehimself, "without the least fear on the crater of Mount Vesuvius, if I had our Lady's Rosary in my hands." In his last years, when he had returned to Tallaght, broken down in health and making his final preparation for eternity, it. was a common saying among the novices, "There goes Father Burke with his stick and his rosary."-American Ecclesiastical Review.

"THE COMMON PEOPLE,"

As Abraham Lincoln called them, do. not care to argue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla. cured me," is the best argument in favor of this medicine, and this is what many thousands voluntarily say.

Hoop's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache.



Why not try WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?

Doctors highly recommend it to those

Who are run down; Who have lost appetite;

Who suffer from nervous exhaustion: And to Nursing Mothers.

as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk. PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Do you cough? Are you troubled with Bronchitis. Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, etc.?

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SAY

And you will know what you should use to cure yourself.

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" XIR for affections of the throat and " iungs and that I am perfectly satis-"fied with its use. I recommend it "therefore cordially to Physicians

for diseases of the respiratory V.J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V.C.M.

Kamouraska, June 10th 1885. I can recommend PECTORAL "BALSAMIC ELLXIB, the compo-"sition of which has been made "known to me, as an excellent re-

"medy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bron-"chitis or Colds with no fever." L. J. V. CLAIROUX, M. D. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.

"Having been made acquainted with the composition of PECTO-RAL BALSAMIC ELIXIE, I think

" it my duty to recommend it as an

" excellent remedy for Lung Affre tions in general."

N. FAFARD, M. D. Frof. of chemistry at Laval University. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

"I have used your ELIXIR ac " find it excellent for BRONCHIA. " DISEASES. I intend employing " it in my practice in preference to

"all other preparations, because it always gives perfect satisfaction." Dr. J. ETHIER.

L'Epiphanie, February 8th1889. "I have used with success the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIE " in the different cases for which

" is recommended and it is with pleasure that I recommend it co " he public." Z. LAROCHE, M D

Montreal, March 27th 1889. Lack of space obliges us to omit several other flattering testimonists from well known physicians.

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18 THE BEST and the ORLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should sak for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.