

A STRANGE COMPACT.

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 unfortunates as chanced to be abroad.

"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.

"Who's there?" came a shrill female voice in response. "It's I, Bet," said her master. "Open the door, my good girl."

"Not if I know 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 dame; "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 later."

"Open the door," said the surgeon, sharply. "I'm back already because my patient's dead. Come; open at once!"

"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."

you are going to kill yourself, you can speak with more authority as to the time than any body else."

"Nevertheless, at midnight my time expires, and the manner of my death is unknown to me, but I shall never see the lifting of this dreadful blackness which on my last night on earth has fitly interposed itself between me and the heaven I have renounced."

"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 proffered 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 hope, had come to London to make my fortune. 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 which this is the twentieth anniversary, I 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 love, though unhappily the interference 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 occasion and the visitor were beginning to tell.

"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 my feet. My fears, however, were but momentary, and with fierce determination I called upon my unseen visitor to lend me his awful aid. As I spoke, sounds suddenly ceased, and a voice seemed to cry in my ear: 'Write, write!'"

"The change in your fortunes was a mere coincidence," said the surgeon uneasily.

"Another coincidence for you, then," said the visitor, whose face was now livid.

stay, and welcome, if you will." And to avoid the thanks of his guest he poked the fire until the resulting blaze almost caused the candles to snuff themselves out with envy.

For some time they sat silent. The streets were now entirely deserted, and 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 sideboard; 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 portions 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, 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 closed. When he opened them the fire was out, and the figure in front of him still sat in the chair, though its head had now fallen on its breast. Full of a horrible fear, he glanced hurriedly at the 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 corner.

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 right?"

"To the minute," said the surgeon, standing gravely by with averted head, as his visitor, heedless of his presence, fell upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

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.

THE PEOPLE MARVELLED

AT THE RESCUE OF MR. METCALFE OF HORNING MILLS.

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

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Horning's Mills by Messrs. John Metcalfe and W. H. Marlat, 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 STUMPED POSITION."

can vouch, 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 physicians 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 excruciating. I adhered for several months to my determination to take no more medicine, but finally consented to a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strongly recommended by a friend. Before I 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 publication."

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. Williams' 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.

LUCAS, Ont., October 8.—There is great excitement in this village to-day over an awful tragedy which occurred at Danfield 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 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, and placing his knees on her throat he slashed the razor across her face and neck until he thought her dead. He called her twice, saying: "Mabel, are you dead?" The girl, although still unconscious, lay perfectly still with her eyes closed, but her muscles twitched some, and with the remark "I'll cut your head off," he half turned her and gave her a slash 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

A CENTENARIAN IMMIGRANT.

She Has a Little Joke. New York, Oct. 9.—The oldest 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 Aurantia, 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 could remember the famous battle of Balinamuck, in 1795, when the French troops under General Hoche landed on Irish soil. She said she had eight children, four of whom were alive, and that

was going to Michigan the next day. 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 pounds. She has an exceedingly pretty face and is quite an accomplished young lady. She never encouraged the attentions of Lang, and was in perfect dread of him, he having threatened her last summer. John Lang was 33 years old and lived with his father on the next farm to Robinson's. The young lady will recover.

FATHER BURKE'S TRUST IN THE ROSARY.

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."

His immediate preparation for his sermons was always the recitation of three: "Hail Marys," and his last words were: "Help of Christians, pray for us!" As an outpouring of this reverence for the Mother of our divine Lord, was Father Burke's fondness for the Rosary. "His beads," says his first biographer, "were never from his side by day; he wore them around his neck at night. Sleeping or waking, walking or working, his fingers always held the tangible pearls of the rosary." "I could sleep," said Father Burke himself, "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 Talaght, 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. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25 cents.

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