

Sleeping Partners.

Two friends on six legs they were, for man and horse, they had been comrades for many years.

The horse was 'Joe,' the man was 'Doctor Potter,' but to the irreverent villagers they were known as 'Joseph and Potiphar.'

Among the doctors friends—and he had many—I am sure there was not one who loved him more or understood him better than did the ancient Joe.

And Joe, in ready acquiescence, would rub his tired old head on his master's breast, leaving two or three hundred loose white hairs there, but showing all his love in the action and in his gently glowing eyes.

Many there were who declared that Joe and the doctor looked alike, but I do not care to go so far as that. True, Joe was a flea-bitten gray, and was tall and old and stiff.

The only difference between these comrades was in their estimation of Mrs. Potiphar's character. The lady was constitutionally afraid of any living thing that walked on four legs.

In that summer, when I first met the comrades, I remember it was common talk that the doctor was breaking up, but to me he seemed bright and alert.

One of the strongest symptoms of advancing age in the comrades was the need they both felt of extra sleep.

Autumn, sharp and cool, came very early that year. Strangers recognized the season by the coloring leaf, the chill in the air, the misty morn and eventide.

The villagers knew another sign of approaching fall, surer, more trustworthy than even the almanac's statements, and that was the coming forth of Doctor Potiphar's sign.

An unassuming appearance is in some places a decided recommendation, but in the Philippine Islands one must not be too modest.

Awful tales were told of his malicious powers in its lusty and blinding youth. One old Irishwoman solemnly declared it had crossed the eyes of her young Patsy, who was but a blinking babe when a

thoughtless "colleen" held him up to a sight of it. The iceman stated that the infernal thing had produced blind staggers in horses.

Yet of all his possessions, I think that next to Joe, the doctor most prized that hideous lap-robe, and if its fell ugliness held your attention for a moment, he smiled and stroked it across his knees and immediately informed you his wife had made it, that it contained so many ounces of wool and so many colors, and took so long to make, and, well, in fact, although of course he should not say it, still she was a remarkable woman—was his Laura.

Shortly after the sign had appeared that fall, sickness broke out almost everywhere. The doctors were all unusually busy, and Potiphar and Joseph felt the strain. People began to say that Joe slept as he travelled, which of course was slander, but at all events, this is what happened to them one night, and won them the new name of the "sleeping partners."

First let me say, no horse in the milk delivery business ever remembered a route better than old Joe remembered the route of the doctor, and it was always more or less difficult to convince him of the recovery of a patient.

Patently the old comrades scrambled into harness, and jig-jogged down the hilly roads, they in due time arrived on the scene of action. There old Joe, having selected a foot to set up on edge, fell asleep.

He found the darkness intense, but scrambled into his buggy safely enough, and as usual jammed the precious signboard under the left leg and then under the right. For years the horse had taken that second jam and the doctor's straightening up from it for his signal to start.

The doctor sat with his head on his breast and slept. The horse selected another foot, set it up to rest, and slept. The wind rose, and blew cold and raw. The thunder began to rumble again, the convent clock boomed out the hour, but the weary old comrades slept on undisturbed.

The doctor sat with his head on his breast and slept. The horse selected another foot, set it up to rest, and slept. The wind rose, and blew cold and raw. The thunder began to rumble again, the convent clock boomed out the hour, but the weary old comrades slept on undisturbed.

Just as the comrades reached home the very heavens seemed to open, but fortunately the old sleeping partners were safe from the falling torrent.

Dear old comrades! The laughter at their expense was always kindly. Some smiled I think, because they were so near to tender tears. Neither storm nor patient disturbs them now. They retired from service forever in the same week, and for ten long years now the earth has been their quiet resting-place.

An unassuming appearance is in some places a decided recommendation, but in the Philippine Islands one must not be too modest. There the natives are said to judge everybody by his appearance.

If a Filipino enters the house of a European living in an unassuming way, he will not believe that the European is either wealthy or wise, and although his manner may be correct, it will not be humble. On the other hand, if he visits an ignorant man

who indulges in great splendor, he will at once become exceedingly respectful. Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh, who in the Outlook gives his experiences in the islands, tells the story of a wealthy provincial visiting Manila for the first time, who asked to be presented to the governor general.

When he reached the palace he found the governor taking coffee on his piazza, dressed comfortably in a white cotton suit. The Filipino requested that some favor be extended to his district, and his request was granted. He then withdrew. The official who had procured presentation asked him what he thought of the general.

Upon entering the throne-room and seeing the general in full uniform, surrounded by his brilliant staff, with the accessories of splendid tapestries, laced ushers and all the pomp and splendor of these Spanish functions, the provincial grew pale, and kneeling in deep humility, exclaimed: "This is indeed my general!"

So impressed was he that the following morning he sent a pair of handsome horses to the general with a note which read: "My general, yesterday I liked you so much in your uniform of gold that I send you this pair of horses, but do not use them when you dress in a white suit."

From a supposed dead man William Thornton of 144 Railroad avenue, Jersey City, has become a raving maniac. His mental condition may be due to the fact that he awoke and thought himself about to be buried alive.

He was to have to go out at midnight and an hour before that time his boarding house mistress went to the door and knocked. Getting no response she battered on it and then failed to awaken a man who had been sleeping for 12 hours she became frightened.

The policeman broke in the door. "Dead," said he, as he placed a hand on the man's heart and went away to call up the police station. He returned and sat beside the 'body' while persons in the house gathered about the room and walked quietly through the halls.

After the usual delay, the dead wagon, known as the city hearse, drove up. Two men lifted an ice box from it and carried it to the room where Thornton was.

"You take his feet," said one, and then he put his hands under the man's head. They had his shoulders up and were getting a good hold to lift him into the box when he woke up.

A doctor was called and he was sent to the city hospital. There he came to with ravings about being buried alive. He was still raving last night, and fear was expressed that the incident had unsettled his mind for good.

More Information. Tommy—Say, paw? Mr. Figg—Well? 'What is mistaken identity?' 'One of the commonest cases is where some one horse individual mistakes himself for a statesman.'

First Maine Guide—'Gosh! Hank, it's a wonder you wuzn't killed with sich a drunken gang uv sports. I'll bet they often mistook you for a bear?'

Second Maine Guide—'Bear? Why, they got so bad near the last that they used to mistake me for the Sea Serpent!'

AWAY WITH CATARRH. It's Loathsome Its Disgusting. Instant Relief and Permanent Cure Secured by the Use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's strong evidence of the quickness and sureness of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: 'For years I was a victim of Chronic Catarrh—tried many remedies but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.'

BORN. Truro, Nov. 19, to the wife of Joseph Brown, a son. Halifax, Nov. 22, to the wife of J. Whelan, a son.

Amherst, Nov. 19, to the wife of John Jollimore, a son. Truro, Nov. 14, to the wife of W. Dickie, a daughter.

Amherst, Nov. 19, to the wife of E. McCurdy, a son. Midway, Nov. 14, to the wife of E. Gates, a son.

MARRIED. Halifax, Nov. 20, Angus Cain and Susana Beal. Neel Road, Nov. 7, Thos. Green to Mahilla White.

Halifax, Nov. 19, Edgar Brown and Maggie Brown. Halifax, Nov. 20, Gilbert Hamilton and Ada Grace.

Halifax, Nov. 7, Howard S. Ross and Bessie Murray. Buctouche, Nov. 21, Henry Wood and Carrie Parker.

Halifax, Nov. 21, Charles E. Stevens and Alma McMillan. Newmarket, Hants Co., Nov. 5, J. F. Hunter and Eva M. Hunter.

Halifax, Nov. 21, James R. Clancy and Mary C. Meagher. Yokohama, Aug. 13, Rev. D. McRae and Edith F. Sutherland.

Halifax, Nov. 16, Elizabeth D. Bailey and Miss Mary MacDonald. Truro, Nov. 21, Charles E. Stevens and Alma McMillan.

Oakland, California, Oct. 18, Forrest Blanchard and Frances McArthur. Stillsville, West Co., Nov. 21, William Johnston and Mrs. Elizabeth Truter.

DIED. H. H. H., Nov. 20, Henry Lilly, 63. Amherst, Nov. 20, Nora Cove, 27. Connel, Nov. 11, Harry Ross, 20.

Amherst, Nov. 18, Albert Clark, 60. Amherst, Nov. 19, Albert Clark, 60. Boston, Nov. 18, Daniel Q. Tully, 21.

Halifax, Nov. 14, Leland Bunnell Perry, 2. Dartmouth, Nov. 20, James W. Johnston, 77. Milltown, Me Nov. 14, George F. Tanney, 63.

Halifax, Nov. 18, August, wife of Benjamin Borral. Halifax, Nov. 24, Margaret, wife of Nicholas Brennan, 65.

Halifax, Nov. 14, Robert Daniel Mitchell, 9 months. Springfield, Nov. 12, infant child of Mr and Mrs Daniel Rosa.

Halifax, Nov. 15, infant child of Mr and Mrs Frank Lavery. Nine Mile River, Nov. 5, Janet, wife of Donald Thompson, 63.

Halifax, Nov. 22, Cynthia, widow of the late Rev John Frisco, 73. Black River, Northumberland Co, Nov. 11, William McNaughton, 64.

Halifax, Nov. 17, to the wife of W. Moore, a daughter. Parrsboro, Nov. 10, to the wife of H. McDowell, a daughter.

Halifax, Nov. 13, to the wife of James Horton, a daughter. Truro, Nov. 20, to the wife of H. McLaughlan, a daughter.

Halifax, Nov. 16, to the wife of Alex. Weagle, a daughter. Yarmouth, Nov. 8, to the wife of Clement Pitman, a daughter.

Halifax, Nov. 22, to the wife of Chas. Sutherland, a son. Parrsboro, Nov. 16, to the wife of Winfield Canine, a daughter.

Halifax, Nov. 20, Angus Cain and Susana Beal. Neel Road, Nov. 7, Thos. Green to Mahilla White. Sydney, Nov. 19, Edgar Brown and Maggie Brown.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, etc.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Tourist Sleepers. MONTREAL TO ST. JOHN. EVERY THURSDAY.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Express for Campbellton and Halifax, 7:50. Express for Halifax, 8:15.

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Express from Susex, 8:50. Express from Quebec and Montreal, 12:40.

D. J. FORTYINGBER, Gen. Manager. Montreal, N. B., Nov. 24, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.