

A STIRRING ADVENTURE

How an Innocent Young Man
Fell Among Smugglers.

[Orilla Packet.]

A member of the Packet staff, while on a visit to London, Ont., lately, happened into Connor's old book store, on Richmond street, and once finding the way, went again and again. Apart from the collection of quaint and curious volumes Mr. Connor possesses, the proprietor is a shrewd, well-informed man, who has seen life in many of its phases. While looking over an old volume of Adventure, the Packet man remarked that it was strange we never met with people to whom these things occurred. We saw them nowhere but in books. Mr. Connor, after a moment's reflection, said: "Well, I've had one or two personal adventures to look back upon, that were interesting enough to me at the time. If you don't mind, I will tell you about what might have been a very serious affair that happened to me in Liverpool."

"One of my visits to Liverpool was attended with an incident which I will not soon forget. It was in the year 1889, I think, that I went to the town to purchase a stock of books and stationery. I was in the habit of making periodical visits to the various fairs in the north of England. At that time these fairs formed an important element in the trade of the country, but the railroad and telegraph are gradually killing them off. I had a large sum of money in my possession, and as I was particularly careful about it, I carried it around with me. It was all in gold and silver, as paper currency was almost unknown among the country people at those days."

"I strolled down Tytham street to have a look at St. Nicholas Church, in the neighborhood of the docks. This church possessed a kind of melancholy celebrity from the fall of its steeple a few years before, by which twenty-two people were killed and a large number wounded, mostly young persons. It has one of the finest chimneys of bells in England, and I have distinctly heard them ring out 'The Bells of Scotland' four or five miles away. I was dressed in a plain, everyday suit, and would naturally be taken for a farmer or a substantial mechanic. While looking at the church I was accosted by a rough-looking, sailor-dressed man, who, after a remark or two about the weather, inquired if I would like to buy some good smuggled tobacco. I did not like the appearance of my new friend at all, as his face was not by any means an attractive one, and his sailor's suit was of the roughest description. But I was young and venturesome, and a little curious besides, and as he looked as much like a smuggler as anything else, I asked him where the tobacco was, and he followed him, he wheeled off among a net-work of streets, and at last turned into Preston street, one of those long, narrow, crooked alleys that one often meets with in large English towns. It was lined with tenement houses, five and six stories, with projecting upper flats, and dark, dirty basements. The middle of the street was piled with garbage, reeking and festering with the germs of disease. The sidewalks were thronged with ragged, shoeless children, in various stages of dirt and hunger. From the second story window clothes lines were stretched across, on which fluttered rags of various colors like a display of the flags of all nations. With a strong feeling of disgust, but without the slightest suspicion of fear, I followed my guide up a narrow stairway. After the first landing it became so dark I was obliged to grope my way. At the head of the second stairs he turned to the right and entered a room almost as dark as the passage way. I had scarcely stepped over the threshold when my conductor slipped behind me and shot the bolt of the door, saying at the same time:

"Jack, here's a gent as wants to invest a little money in your smuggled tobacco."

At the click of the bolt I realized my position and my heart for a few seconds went into my boots. For the first time I thought of my money, and the impossibility of concealing it in the bulky shape it was in. They are the slightest search, and the appearance of the room was not calculated to restore my confidence. Its furniture consisted of a rough table, a couple of stools, and a sea chest. On the latter was sitting my friend's friend, a dark, more villainous-looking specimen of the sea-faring man than even my conductor. He looked me over slowly, and took his time to growl out his reply:

"Well, you see, mate, I ain't got any tobacco now, 'cos it's all sold; but

WOMAN'S PLUCK WINS.

A Lady Who Cured Her Husband of
the Liquor Habit Writes a
Pathetic Letter.



She writes: "I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnered me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards, I sent for your Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning, and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more, and all o' supper. He was very suspicious, and I thought he was boldy kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future ahead of me, a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart, for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff, and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope sent free, giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription, confidentially, send to: Samaria Remedy Co., 28 Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

Also for sale by W. T. Strong & Co., 124 Dundas street, London.

I've got some nobby French vest patterns here, and he kicked his head against the chest, 'that I'll sell cheap; and I'm sure they'll suit the gent. How much has he to invest?"

"The ruffian's deliberation was the most fortunate thing that could have happened for me. My calling often led me into situations in which nerve and self-possession were requisite, but nothing in comparison with the present. I possessed both, however, in a fair degree; and when a man is in danger, if he can keep his wits about him he thinks fast. My defenseless situation, the impossibility of flight, the futility of resistance and the certainty of being murdered if my money was discovered, flashed through my mind in an instant. I knew it was a case of life or death, as the villains could not afford to let me go after robbing me of such a large sum, and that my only chance lay in pleading poverty. Not that I intended by any means to die like a fool among the hounds. While my mind was engaged in devising the best method of escape, my eye was searching the room for anything that might serve as a weapon in case the worst came to the worst."

At the conclusion of Jack's speech my guide looked at me inquiringly. I put my hand in my pocket without hesitation, and drew out one of those long worsted, network purses, common at the time, fastened by a couple of sliding rings in the middle, and having a bag for the money at each end. The meshes of the net-work made no secret of the contents. In one end was a half a crown and a couple of six-pences; in the other a few half-pence.

"You see, master," I said, "I'm on the tramp for work. I came to Liverpool a couple of days ago. But there's nout doin' here, and I've run through a tidy bit of my money looking round. My only chance was to get out o' here as soon as I could, and I was just taking the road Manchester-wards when this gentleman," indicating him with my thumb, "spoke to me on the street and axed me if I would like a good bargain in smuggled tobacco, and I thought, you see, I went on, 'if I could only get a good half-crown's worth I would sell it on.' He quiet at the public, and it would give a great deal further than the money."

"It did not need any disguised language to convince my hosts that they were losing their time. With the first glance at the purse their jaws gave a deep drop that would have made me laugh under other circumstances, and before I was done speaking, at an almost imperceptible sign from Jack, the other, whose name I never learned, was entirely unbolting the door. They took the disappointment far better than I could have expected. Jack growled that he was sorry I was out of work with empty lockers, while the other merely reminded me, as he held the door open, that he would have my heart's blood if I mentioned the matter to the police. Jack hastily interposed, with a very expressive glance at his pal:

"He means that if the police was to know of our doin' anything in the smuggling way they'd be down on us like a winkin'."

"I accepted the explanation without protest, and lost no time in getting out of Preston street. I was afterwards told it was one of the worst localities in the city, and that even the police were afraid to venture into it except in force. A few years afterwards, when the buildings were torn down to widen the streets, they were found honey-combed with secret passages, which made capture almost impossible, and numerous concealed trap doors where plunder could be secreted, or a dead body quietly disposed of. In my after visits to Liverpool you may be sure I was cautious about making the acquaintance of alleged smugglers, and was careful to give the neighborhood of Preston street a wide berth."

Light and Shade.

We parted, and mine eyes were wet; Thine, too, I think, were brimming With tears of brine. Love, I forgot, Could it be both? I think not. Yet You know we were in swimming."

"I wrote that girl three letters asking her to return my diamond ring."

"Did you get it?"

"Finally she sent me a don't-worry button."—Chicago Record.

"Did you dance until the wee sma' hours?" asked one young man.

"No, I didn't. We danced till the last car had gone, and I had to walk three miles. They were the biggest hours I ever remember having encountered."—Washington Star.

One day recently an elderly lady from the wilds of Scotland landed at Mitchell lane, Glasgow, and gazed earnestly down that cart-besieged place while she occupied the central position between the tramway lines.

"Man, man," she at length cried to a passing carter, "whaur will I get an electric car?"

"Well, mistress," was the gruff reply, "ye dinna get oot o' that gey quick ye'll get it in the sma' o' yer back."—Scottish-American.

"That's a funny thing."

"What is?"

"Miss Passey was an old maid before she married, and now that her husband is dead she has become a young widow."

The secret of success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whip-hand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man, without this all other education is next to nothing. —Mrs. Oliphant.

ROYAL RED CROSS

A Decoration Conferred Upon Women
by Queen Victoria.

Nearly twenty years ago Queen Victoria instituted a decoration, the royal red cross, to be conferred on any woman, foreign or English, recommended by the secretary of state for war for special work in caring for sick and wounded soldiers, says the Chicago News. The decoration is a cross of red enamel, gold edged, one inch wide, tied in a bow and worn on the left shoulder.

Of course the Queen is at the head of the order, other royal members being the Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Duchess of Connaught, the Marchioness of Lorne, the Queen and the Duchess of Sparta. Greece and the Duchess of Sparta. The only wearers of the cross among the 36 non-royal members who have titles. Many nuns wear the order. In the army list the royal red cross finds a place between the companions of the distinguished service order and officers holding rank in the army permitted to wear foreign decorations.

Divine healers have come under the ban of the postoffice department.

Nervous Debility

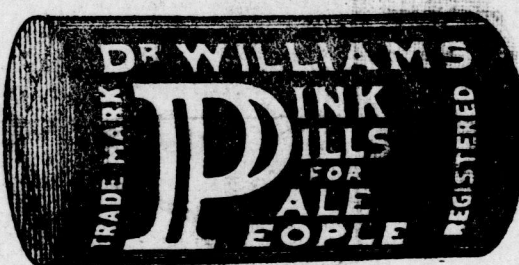
may be caused by over-work, worry, mental strain, or excesses of almost any nature. Very frequently it is one of the distressing after effects of la grippe. But whatever the cause a debilitated, nervous system means that the nerves lack nutrition. Feed the tired and jaded nerves and life will renew its joys for you.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

is the best nerve food and most valuable tonic known to science. Merit, and merit alone, has given these pills a larger sale than any other medicine in the world. Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills hundreds of thousands of tired, and jaded, despondent men and women have been made bright, active, work-loving people. But you must get the genuine—imitations are always a source of disappointment, and a waste of money.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement, a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a reporter of the Enterprise as follows:—"During the last winter, owing I suppose to overwork and impure blood, I became very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired and nervous all the time, had no appetite and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time, necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job, would have to lie down; indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes, I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreariness. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue, and those who know anything about a blacksmith's work will know what this means. Those who are not well will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."



Pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form, or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are not Dr. Williams'.

The genuine are put up in packages resembling the engraving on the left, with wrapper printed in red.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

The Poets.

How Does It Seem to You?

It seems to me I'd like to go
When bells don't ring, nor whistles
blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs
don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not really stillness, but just the trees
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges
hid.

Or just some such sweet sounds as
these,
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'twere't for sight and sound and
smell,
I'd like a city pretty well,
But when it comes to getting
—I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does it seem to
you?
—Eugene Field.

For Daddy at the War.

With the shadows round her stealing,
Every night I see her there,
Just a little figure, kneeling,
By the side of Daddy's chair;
And the silence is unbroken,
Not one whisper reaches me;
But I know, though 'tis unspoken,
What the prayer is sure to be.

Clasped together are the tiny
Little pleader's finger-tips;
Though the eyes with tears are shiny,
There's a smile upon the lips.
'Tis no boon of her own needing
Those sweet lips are asking for
But the gentle, trustful pleading,
"God bless Daddy at the war."

Pray, my child, then on your pillow,
Dream of Daddy far away,
And believe, beyond the billow,
That he knows for him you pray!
Sleep, O little white-robed sleeper,
There are angels listening near;
Though 'tis but a baby's whisper,
Daddy knows—and God can hear.
—Clifton Bingham

Three Cheers for Them.
[The Mail.]

We saw Old Erin's flag aloft
Upon St. Patrick's day,
And proudly pinned some shamrocks on
To celebrate the fray.

Where Ireland gave her noblest sons

For freedom, home and Queen;
Adding bright records of renown
To those that long have been.

Sweet Isle of Beauty often torn
By party hate and strife,
Thine be the greatness that shall rise
From death to endless life

May no discordant voice disturb
The union firm and free,
Which binds anew by tears and blood
The motherland to thee.

May she, too, seek thy highest good,
And ne'er forget the debt
She owes to all who save the realm
On which no sun has set

Then twine the green, let it be seen
With red and white and blue
The Union Jack so deeply dyed
Is Ireland's trophy too

Long may it shield her Emerald shores!
Three loud Canadian cheers,
For Royal Rifles, Connaught men,
Dragoons and Fusiliers.

—H. Label Graham

QUADRUPLE WEDDING.

A most remarkable wedding has just taken place at the small village called Trail, ten miles north of Canal Dover, Ohio, four sisters being married to four brothers at the same time.

The knots were tied at the home of the four sister brides, who are the daughters of a prosperous farmer, James Hochstetler. Their ages range

from 18 to 28, and the ages of their respective husbands vary only slightly.

The groomsmen are the four sons of John Sumners and are energetic young men of good habits and some means.

The ceremony of marrying the four couples occupied almost an hour, the same clergyman performing all. The four brothers and their wives will live within a stone's throw of each other.

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for comparison the next time she tries it on for his inspection.

The girl, Mary Rose Esser, was walking past Ernest Bovenstep's saloon, 238 Mullett street, when the proprietor came to the door and threw a half-pint of beer slops over her. It covered her face and ran down her new spring jacket which she had bought, ready made, for \$4.95 or thereabout. The beer was not meant for her, but for some boys who had been teasing the saloonkeeper, but she happened to come in the way of it. The saloonkeeper offered to take the jacket and get it cleaned, but the girl refused and sued him for \$500 damages, which is just \$400 over the jurisdiction of the justice's courts.

The girl was afraid that the jacket would not fit her if it was cleaned, and the saloonkeeper contended that it never had fitted her anyway. The case was settled by leaving it to the judge to say whether, after the jacket had been "dry-cleaned" by the defendant, it was any worse fit than it was before. This was how the girl came to parade for inspection. Not satisfied with the careless way in which the coat had been thrown on, the judge buttoned it up for the young lady, pulled it up at the neck and down at the foot, and smoothed out all the wrinkles.

"She has a pretty figure," he whispered to a friend, "but that jacket was made to fit a tree-box."

The girl pointed to a big stain on the lapel, and the judge suggested that it had been made by her chin.

"Indeed it wasn't," she retorted indignantly. "It's beer. Smell it for yourself."

The judge isn't supposed to know the smell of beer," said one of the attorneys warningly, but the judge had his nose down to the lapel already.

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ing thirsty. Then he was recalled to himself by the "How-do-you-know-that?" look in the girl's eye. He had given himself away, and for once in his life he looked disconcerted. He is most blushed. He dodged back to the bench and in his most judicial air adjudged the court.

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