

## POOR OLD JIM.

I was running on fast freight as fireman, and my engineer was a man named Colville. He was ten years my senior and also an old bachelor. Jim was what everybody called a square man. He had lots of sentiment for a plain, uneducated man and a conscience so tender that he wouldn't have knowingly hurt the feelings of an Indian. He was a sort of "daddy" for 200 miles along the line and had the esteem of officials and men alike. The idea that Jim would fall in love at his age would have been laughed to scorn by all who knew him, and yet he only "went soft" on a girl, but made the mistake that old bachelors often do. She was a chit named Mary Blaine, only half his age and a coquette and a flirt. We figured it out that there was more sympathy than love on his part and that she was marrying him instead of a younger and better looking man because he had several thousand dollars in the bank and would baby her up. They were married on the quiet one day, and for a few weeks old Jim's face carried a look of contentment and things went well in his little home at Pine Hill.

By and by I notice a change to anxiety, and at times the engineer was preoccupied and absentminded. I never asked Jim or any other man a question, but through my landlady I learned that the young wife was very extravagant in her ways and was given to fits of sulks when reproved. It was also said that she was fond of going to parties and balls and was being generally criticised. Every week for many weeks I heard some new gossip, and, while realizing that it must be exaggerated, there was enough truth to make me anxious about my old pard's happiness. I hated to believe the tales, and yet I found many others hinting that the young wife was not playing a straight game with the trusting husband. Such an affair is one of the meanest on earth to meddle with. It is none of your business even if you are a brother, and yet you feel that it is and want to do something. I wouldn't have had old Jim deceived, and yet how could I go to him with the gossip?

By and by a passenger engineer named Frazer came to live at the Hill. He was a man of 28, good looking, good company and free handed. He knew Jim well, and he soon got acquainted with the wife. I threw myself in Frazer's way one day and told him what public gossip said and left it to him whether he shouldn't stop before the home was wrecked. He laughed in contempt. When I became indignant, he became defiant, and the result was a fight in which I battered him up until he was in bed for a week. Old Jim was sure to hear of the row, of course, and the day after it happened he looked at me in a queer way as we took our engine out of the stable. I felt sure he was going to speak about the fight, but he checked himself after a word or two. He had not only been told about the scrap, but what had led up to it as well, and there was only one of two courses for him to take. He must either bid me mind my own business and let him attend to his own domestic affairs or take it for granted that I was acting in a friendly spirit and be put upon his guard for the future. When he remained silent, I knew that he had adopted the latter course.

I do not know what man or woman my chum took into confidence, but it was some one who kept him thoroughly posted. He must have reproved, argued and commanded, but the girl wife either openly defied him or shyly deceived him. Frazer was less bold after the row, and for a time it seemed as if harmony and happiness might be restored. It was all a trick, however, on the part of an infatuated, vain

minded young wife on one hand and unprincipled man of the world on the other a man who cared not what wreck he left behind him.

We were just leaving our western terminus one morning when old Jim received a telegram. He opened the telegram with steady hand, read the message without a tremor and then twisted it up and lighted his pipe with it. And yet I came to know that the telegram told him that his wife and Fraser were cloping together and had tickets for the day express bound west. His imperturbability deceived me, and I did not give the message a second thought. A man must have nerves of steel to con a message like that and never blanch. At noon, when we reached Thomasville, we got orders to run to Bascomb's and there side track for the express. We could do it with 3 or 4 minutes to spare. Bascomb's was not even a station, but a siding half a mile long on the prairie, and we must do our own switching. For three miles beyond it was a straight track, and then it went curving and turning among the hills and over a brawling creek. When we had come within a mile of the siding, I looked for Jim to begin to slow up, but he made no move. Half a minute and he even increased the speed, and when I shouted in his ear he waved me back. We passed the siding at a clip of 25 miles an hour and gaining on that every minute, and as I at last grabbed Jim's arm he pulled a revolver from his breast and motioned for me to stand back. The man had not gone crazy, he had not misunderstood his orders, but what was he doing in thus passing the siding? In a run of three or four miles we must meet the express. For a second I thought of attacking him with a poker, but he looked over his shoulder at me with a grim smile and motioned for me to jump. Then it occurred to me that the train had got away from him, and I turned and sprang from the cab. It was soft prairie for the fall, but it seemed to me that I turned over and over 500 times before the breath was finally knocked out of my body. When my senses returned, I heard the hiss of steam and the shrieks and cries of injured men and women, and I had staggered along the track about a mile when I came upon the frightful wreck. The engines of the express and freight had met head on, and 51 people had been killed and 70 injured in the awful smash. I was the most terrible railroad wreck for a score of years.

I helped to get old Jim's crushed and mutilated body out, and I helped to get out the crushed and mutilated bodies of his wife and Fraser, but it was days before I got at the true facts in the case. Finding himself betrayed, the old man had deliberately brought about the collision that he might have revenge on the guilty pair and be revenged out at the same time. If he thought of the innocent who would suffer as well, he had no pity. He must have hated the whole world as well as those who had directly wronged him. It was an awful thing he did, but he offered his own life with the sacrifice, and somehow I have always felt that, even though he presented such a cool, calm front to me, the fires of insanity must have been blazing in his brain every minute after reading that telegram.

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat, and the discharge of mucus from the head constantly poisons this. Then the very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing helps to irritate so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is, of course, beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgment and breeds. Great numbers of people disregard cough at first, and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Ad- amson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a well known remedy, and it is the surest and quickest cough cure known to-day. It does not deceive by drugging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it. Be sure to get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Visitor—Is your son doing anything for himself now?  
Proud mother—Oh, yes. Al-  
gerton ties his own neckties now.

**TEST THE PINE-APPLE CURE**  
In the Storehouse of Providence there is an Antidote for every bodily ill. Medical Science has found Nature's Stomach Panacea in that most delicious of fruits—the Pineapple.  
And medical science has given to mankind that pure and pleasant formula Dr. Von Stern's Pineapple Tablets, to be an everlasting and never-failing healer to suffering humanity—a treatment quick and effective, and so inexpensive that the poorest sufferer in the land may use it almost as "free as water." One dose gives relief to stomach distresses in any form.  
Sixty Tablets, 35 cents.  
For sale by F. R. Dalton, Newcastle, N. B.

## ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

**HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.**  
F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:  
"Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.  
About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.  
I was then treated for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that, only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.  
Then saw your advertisement, accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and today, after five weeks, my hearing in the deaf ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,  
F. A. WERMAN, 208 Broadway, Baltimore, Md.  
Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. Examination and advice free. **YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME** at a nominal cost.  
INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 595 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

## RUNAWAY MARRIAGE

Lieut. Cecil and his Bride Await Penalty.  
Interesting details are given in The London Daily Telegraph, which arrived by the English mail on the 30th October, of the Cecil romance, which has attracted great attention in England, owing to the fact that the young couple have set at defiance the Lord Chancellor, by getting married in Scotland.

The bridegroom, Lieutenant Richard William Francis Cecil, a nephew of the Marquis of Exeter, is a ward in Chancery, being 19 years of age, and under the will of his grandfather, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, enjoys or will enjoy an income of about \$40,000. His marriage with Miss Jessie Bain, the daughter of a Belfast stock broker was objected to by his mother, Lady Francis Cecil, who procured an injunction from the Court of Chancery to prevent it. The lovers, however, went to Edinburgh, where the English Court of Chancery had no jurisdiction, got married, and proceeded to London to await the consequences of their evasion of the English law.

"Quite a reception," says the Daily Telegraph, "awaited the stout-hearted couple at King's Cross Station. They were cheered as they stepped from the train and walked to a cab to drive to a hotel. Lieut. Cecil in an interview, declared that he had no particular course of action marked out. He was now within jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor, and would await whatever action the court might take with regard to him. Mrs. Cecil, who is a tall handsome lady, was dressed in a gray traveling cloak and blue toque, with black trimmings. Her husband is a stalwart-looking fellow, quite six feet in height. He wears a slight fair moustache, and looks at least 23 or 24, instead of his real age of just over 19 years.

It seems to have escaped general notice that the offending person in this very delightful modern romance is not Lieut. Cecil himself,

## IF YOU CATCH COLD.

Local Opinion is strong in favor of Fyzy-Balsam. It cures coughs and colds with absolute certainty. Pleasant to take and sure to cure. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis Pain Killer.

Murphy—Shure, there's more worruk in an Oirishman than in a Dutchman.  
Schmidt—Yah, bud it was more harder to ged id out of him

No Substitute for "D. & L." Merthol Plaster, although some unscrupulous dealers may say there is. Recommended by doctors, by hospitals, by the clergy, by everybody, for stiffness, pleurisy, &c. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.


Hicks—Hello, Dicks; I just met your wife. Is she shopping today?  
Dicks (sadly)—No, I don't think so. I'm afraid she's buying.

DON'T SUFFER WITH PAIN, when you can get relief for a quarter of a dollar by using Kendrick's Liniment. Kendrick's is useful in many ways in household and stable.

## ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.  
SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.  
WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

**CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS**



There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.  
The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had over-spoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full sized bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,  
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel,  
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.  
Drs. TAYT BROS. MEDICINE CO.,  
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.  
After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other. Very truly yours,  
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRING, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.  
Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 129th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,  
O. D. PHELPS, M. D.  
Feb. 5, 1901.  
Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.  
Home address, 235 Rivington street.  
S. RAPHAEL,  
67 East 129th st., New York City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAYT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y.  
Sent Absolutely free on receipt of postal.

Sold by all Druggists.

## AT McLEOD'S

**Fashionable Tailoring Establishment**  
Is where you will find all the best lines of Black and Blue Beavers, fancy suitings in all shades. Tyke and Clay. Serges and fancy Trousers. All of which we make in up-to-date styles and at as low a figure as consistent with first class work, good fit, always guaranteed. Parties purchasing Cloth from us we do the cutting free.  
All kinds of Ladies Tailoring and dress making carried on in the establishment. Call and see for yourself  
Nov. 13th 1901.

S. McLEOD.

**WINCHESTER**  
Repeating Rifles  
For All Kinds of Shooting.  
All Desirable Calibers and Weights  
A FEW FAVORITES FOR HUNTING.  
Model 1895. 30 Army caliber, weight 8 1/4 pounds.  
Model 1894. 30 W. C. F. caliber, "Extra Light," weight 6 1/2 pounds.  
Model 1894. 30 W. C. F. caliber, "Take Down," weight 7 3/4 pounds.  
Model 1892. 44 and 50 caliber, "Take Down," weight 7 pounds.  
Model 1886. 45-70 caliber, "Extra Light," weight 7 pounds.  
Shoot Winchester Ammunition. Made for all kinds of Guns.  
FREE—Send Name and Address on Postal for 180-page Illustrated Catalogue.  
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Mr. Murphy—What for did you give th' baby a button to play wid?  
Shure he's likely to swallow it.  
Mrs. Murphy—Yis, I know that, but I've told a shtring to it.

ANY CHILD WILL TAKE McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup. It is always the same safe, pleasant and effective remedy; but be sure you get McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup.

Dea. Jones—Boy you shouldn't play ball today. Sunday is a day of rest.  
Bad boy—Yis, I know that; but we ain't tired.

Mr. Brown (dining with friends)—I don't often get such a good dinner.  
Little Tommy—Neither do we.

Wilkins—There's a piano player in the dime museum without any arms.  
Bilkins—How does he play, with his feet?  
Wilkins—No, by ear.

PURE, FRAGRANT, CLEANSING.  
Doctos recommend it for Nursery and toilet use.  
Beware of imitations.  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP, MFGS., Montreal.

Only vegetable oils and no course animal fats are used in making "Baby's Own Soap"