ries of Death Presentiments That Were Realized—Instances of Telepsthy—sym-pathetic Visions—A Dream Which the Other Women Person They were talking of dreams.

'It is quite as impossible,' said the woman with big grey eyes, 'to pick a dream to pieces, to analyze and classify it as it would be to make a shirt waist out of a pink sloud or to explain why a cream or white chrysanthemum, planted in with a clump of red chrysanthemums changes to red. Yet there are strange enough, these presentiments, incidents of telepathy, various, dreams or what you will. Many that are weird and wonderful have come under my own observation. For instance, I knew a woman who sat at her desk late one night finishing a letter to a friend. She was dressed for bed, but she added a basty postscript. This was the postscript:

'Don't burn my letter if you love me I have the feeling that, if my letters are burned, I myself shall some day meet with the same terrible fate. How horrible! To he burned, to be burnedl'

She rose and stood before the grate Her long hair swept into the blaze and caught, her night dress caught and she was burned to death before they could burst open the door which had been locked.

They tound her letter on the table.

'That I know to be true, but this is my own experience: A few years ago my mother-in-law died at my house. The nurse and I were with her. When we found there was no hope I said to the nurse, 'I wish Von Herlich were here'— Von Herlich was our rector-ste was always a pious woman; it only he were here to say a prayer! and, kneeling by her bed, I watched her die, still longing for Von Herlich. The next morning Von Henlich came to the house. He was amszed to see crape on the door, and he stammered as he told me his dream of the night before. He dreamed that I stood by him and said it him, 'There is somebody dying. I wish you could be here.' My look was so troubled and my presence so vivid that he awoke. He looked at the clock. It was 12, exactly the hour that kneeling by her side, I was wishing for

'These are not cheerful dreams; but happy people have few dreams and preentiments, even as they have no histories It is only in trouble that signs and wonders present themselves, in death and sickness and worry of mind and of body. I knew of a grandmother once who lay dying. Her daughter, who lived a hundred miles away, could not be with her. She sat at home by the cradle of a very sick shild. Suddenly the grandmother attempted to rise. She was assisted to a sitting posture by the nurse. She was past speaking but, raising a trembling forefinger, she pointed upward. At the same time her daughter, looking up at the cor-ner of the room above the child's head, saw a trembling forefinger pointing straight down at the cradle. The child and the grandmother died that night at the same

'Of course all of us have scores of jumbled, mearingless dreams, but a dream which leaves a lasting impression generally At least that has been the case with me. One particularly was a vivid warning. I was in Chicago at the time visiting my sister. My visit was drawing to a Also, I have time and again dreamed of close, and as usual I wrote to my servant, places I have never seen, visited them after an Irish woman by the name of Mary, to get the house in readiness for my return.

That night I dreamed of Mary, I thought stantly happen to me. I have a little girl a carpet. She was stretched upon a chesp iron be detead. Her hands ard arms were bandaged with white cloths and her body was covered with a comfortable. I felt that she had been hurt in some way, but my dream did not tell me how. Her hair was spread out on the pillow and her eyes were closed. She appeared to be in a sort of stupor. I would hardly believe that I dreamed this dream except that I told it the next morning at breaklast to

that I dreamed this dream except that I told it the next morning at breaklast to my sister.

'The next night I started for home, arriving there on the fellowing evening at 7 o'clock. The news awaited me. Mary, upon receipt of my letter, had gone to the house at once. She had taken up every rug, hung the portieres on the line in the back yard, and was preparing to wax the floors. In her hurry she heated the paraffine, which she was in the habit of using on the floors, over the gas burner of the kitchen stove. It was in a shallow pan. In taking the pan off, the par ffine ignited and splashed over her. The catastrophe which followed was horrible; so horrible that even now I cannot bear to think of it.

'I went to her home. There was the bare floor of my dream, the iron bedstead and Mary lying on it, her hands bandaged with

WOMEN TELL OF DREAMS. white cloths. A comfortable covered her poor charred body. Strange to say, her face and head had not been burred. Her hair lay on the pillow just as I had seen it his head. I sank at the foot of the stairs hair lay on the pillow just as I had seen it is head. I sank at the foot of the stairs in my dream, and her features wore a look that was almost calm, produced by the drugs that had been given her to alleviate her sufferings. The thing haun'ed me until I was on the verge of rervous prostra-



(EDDIE CONNOLLY, THE ST. JOHN LIGHT-WEIGHT WHO FOUGHT AND WON IN YONKERS.)

tion, and, to make matters worse, my friends swarmed about me relating similar incidents until the whole world seemed on fire and filled with poor, screaming creatures fleeing from the flames. When, later, I gave up the house, I was glad. For me it was filled always with terrible visions of the burning woman.

It appeared that the subject of presentiments was a special hobby with the grayeyed woman

'It is a common thing with me,' she con tinued, to write to a friend with whom I am in sympathy and to receive a letter from him written on the same day, often at the same hour, in which he discusses the same things I have talked of in my letter to him. In some mys'erious way our minds have crossed the realm of ward and been reminded of my dream.

nust go home to her. Perhaps his thought ommunicating itself to her, produced the

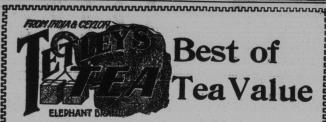
dream.

'It was not without good results. It was so vivid in fact that almost in spite of herself she found the curious wide stairway, the room with the osken furniture and the lace curtains with their pattern of ity leaves. Later she also found her freedom from an unworthy husband."

'A good dream,' murmured the woman with the big gray eyes, and the others echoed, 'A good dream, a good dream!"

A Popular Verdict.

The verdict of all who have seen the new picture "THE THIN RED LINE," which is given to "Family Herald and Weekly Star" subscribers this season, is that it is far the best premium picture ever issued by that magnificient paper. "The Family Herald and Weekly Star," of Montreal, has certainly surpassed all previous efforts and deserves all the praise it is being accorded. Such a magnificient paper and such a beautiful picture—all for One Dollar—is an offer Canadians will not be slow to take abvantage of. Renewal subscriptions, it is said, are pouring in months ahead of time, so anxious are subscribers also are joining the great army of "Family Herald and Weekly Star" readers by the thousands. The verdict of all that the epual of these two combined for One Dollar is not to be found anywhere.



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From the Warder, Lindsay, Ont.

Mr. Robert McGee, of the 9th concession of Fenlon, Victoria county, says in speaking of his cure from this terrible malady:—"I am 35 years of age and live on the old homestead where I was born and have lived always since, and where my own little family was born. This part of Fenlon is known as McGee's Settlement there is so meany of that name living in the my own little family was born. This part of Fenion is known as McGee's Settlement there is so many of that name living in the vicinity. Never in my life did I know what a days sickness was until March, 1895, without any known cause and without any warning I was stricken down with epileptic fit. It came on in the night, causing great consternation in the household, as my wife, who never saw anything of the kind before, thought it was my end; as for myself I neither felt nor knew anything that was going on about me. After coming out of the convulsion, which they tell my usually lasted from fifteen to thirty minutes, I would fall into a heavy sleep from which I would awake with a dull, heavy feeling, and all the muscles of my body would be sore. This would pass away and in a day or two after the attack I would be able to attend to my farm work, but strange to death,' said a quiet little woman over in one corner who had not yet spoken. Death comes to us soon enough, and brings with it enough of sorrow. A dream should do some real substantial good once in a while, and I know of one that did. It revealed a secret which, through the mistaken kindness of friends, a wite is always the last to know. One night her husband, coming home very late, as was his custom, roused her from this dream. She sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes open and told it to him. She laughed as she told it.

You can't guess what I have been dreaming,' she said. 'I thought I saw a wide stairway, a curious stairway of some sort of apartment house, and then a room furnished with a little suit of oaken furniture. There were lace curtains at the windows. These curtains were traced in a pattern of ivy leaves. There was a cheval bureau in one corner with drawers up the side and a long narrow glass, and you stood in front of this glass arranging your necktie. I could see the back of your head and your face in the glass. You looked cross.'

'Her husband turned white. He must have fancied she was half a witch, for she had described the room he had just left. While she dreamed of him he stood there before the mirror thinking angnly that he must go home to her. Perhaps his thought the dreamed the might, causing great consternation in the household, as my wife, who never saw anything of the kind before, thought it was my and; as my wife, who never saw anything of the kind before, thought it was my end; as for my-self I neither left nor knew anything that was going on about me. Altre coming out of the convulsion, which they tell musually lasted from fifteen to thirty millutes, I would awake with a dill, heavy feeling, and all the muscles of my body would be sore. This would pass away and in a day or two after the attack I would be seized with a fit. which always came on in the night, causing great consternation in the household, as my wife, who never saw anything of the kind before, thought it was my end; as for my-s leased from this terrible malady. I am now in the best of health, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In conversation with Mrs. McGee she said her hus band's trouble was the cause of most seriously affecting her n-rves and general health, as she was living in dread, and could never enjoy a night's rest. The, slightest noise would startle her, and if it had not been for the kindness of a neighbor who always came and stayed at the house over night, she believes she would have broken down altogeiher. She also is thankful for the great change that has been wrought, and is only too glad to let others know that there is a remedy for this terrible disease.

Dr. Willams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving the disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Willams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your deal r does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville Ont. leased from this terrible malady. I am now in the best of health and I attribute my cure to Dr

One of the questions that I am most often asked-in fact the one,' said an excavalryman who was a trumpeter in Afghanistan under Lord (the Sir Frederick) Roberts, is how I felt when I

was in battle. I never thought to make out that I felt anything but very bad. I was in the march from Cabul to Candahar, and in one day took part in three charges. How ever much I tried I could not make you understand what my feelings were when I was waiting for the order to sound the 'Charge.' We were to sound the 'Charge.' We were just standing still, doing nothing, and the faces of the Lancers all about were just like I'm sure my own was—white. I had my bugle in my right hand, hanging by the saddle, and while we were waiting I felt positively as it I had not the power to raise it to my lips. But that feeling changed like magic when the captain shouted, 'Now, trumpeter, sound the 'Charge !' For one thing there was discipline, and I'd got an order to obey; but, like the rest of us, I was only too glad to end the strain of having to keep still and see men and horses shot without being able to do anything but bide our time.'

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