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A MAD LOVER.

I am a middle-aged woman and an old maid, "without any family claims and cares," as my maternal relatives often said.

Though I am now middle-aged I have had very little experience of hotel life. By a simple yet effective use of lines, dates and country's history, all are brought before the eyes of the reader.

It was late before I roused myself from my reveries, and remembered that, as I was to be up and away early the next morning, it was now high time that I went to bed.

The bed—a handsome brass one, but according to modern fashion, without curtains or mosquito-net—stood close beside the door, and as I looked my door and lay down, I reflected that my "fanciful fidgets" about the glass panel might, after all, save me an attack of my old enemy—neurosis.

Among my many "old maid fads" is a dislike to sleeping in an absolutely darkened room; therefore, finding that I had not been supplied with a night light, I had, before stepping into bed, drawn up the window blind, leaving the room faintly illuminated by the moonbeams.

And now, looking at the pane of glass in the wall, I could distinctly distinguish, by the aid of the moonlight on the one side of my door, and by a feeble glimmer, presumably that of a night light in the corridor—upon the other, that a small dark

shadow, apparently that of a human hand, was, very cautiously and noiselessly moving around the edge of the square glass, as if attempting to loosen it at the edges. I had heard that burglars have a mode of removing panes of glass by cutting round the edges with a diamond, having previously, by means of a cloth smeared with putty or some such substance, pressed against the pane, ensured its noiseless extraction when loosened.

As I gazed, with a horrible fascination at that silent, slowly moving shadow, it appeared to me that I was watching an exactly similar manoeuvre. Yes, as I lay staring, with throbbing heart and catching breath, a dark shade, as of a cloth applied at the back, fell upon the pane of glass. Then it vanished, and I knew by the current of cooler air which entered the room, that an opening had been made above my door.

There are occasions when one acts rather from instinct and impulse than from the dictates of reason. I was too paralyzed with terror to call out, but with a sudden—and, as it proved, providential—movement, I noiselessly slid out on the other side of the bed, away from the door, and crouched down by the wall with my eyes fixed upon the blank space where the glass had been. That chance movement probably saved my life.

My shadow, a bright colored one, and therefore easily distinguishable even in the uncertain light, was lying huddled together upon the bed by the pillow, looking much as if someone was wrapped in it; this view was apparently taken by whoever had removed that pane. For, to my indescribable horror and alarm, I now saw a hand and arm projected through the opening above the door, and in the hand was a keen, blade looking knife or dagger—upon whose blade the moonbeams glinted. The hand hesitated for a moment, as if to make sure of its aim at the supposed sleeper in the bed; then the knife descended pitilessly, vindictively, once, twice; the second time with so determined a blow that the would-be assassin seemed unable to withdraw it again, for the weapon remained fixed in the pillow. Then I heard an indistinct murmur of some words apparently in a foreign tongue, a low, horrible, crackling laugh, and all was still again.

I am not now clear if I fainted outright, or if I merely remained dumb and paralyzed with terror for awhile, but some moments certainly elapsed before the highly respectable "Royal Crown" was aroused, about 4 a. m., by such a ringing of bells and volleys of shot, as had probably been heard down the passage the chamber maid had pointed out the room destined for the Signora to this apparently ardent admirer of the gifted actress' talents.

But the apartment reserved for the Signora was, as it afterwards happened, occupied by me; for the singer was a true Italian in superstitious fancies, and upon her arrival, noting the number over her door, stoutly refused to occupy a room numbered "thirteen." Another apartment had, therefore, to be found for her, and I eventually succeeded in the chamber destined for the singer.

resembled that a foreign looking gentleman had come to the "Royal Crown" some few hours before the Signora and her party arrived; had engaged a bedroom for himself, and then enquired if the famous singer was to arrive that day, and what room she would occupy. As they passed down the passage the chamber maid had pointed out the room destined for the Signora to this apparently ardent admirer of the gifted actress' talents.

Well, the Signora's superstition had certainly saved her own life on this occasion, although, but for my "old maid fancies," it would have probably cost me mine.

With the cunning of insanity Giacomo had noted the glass panel over the door of the Signora's destined room, and laid his plans accordingly. He had easily contrived to provide himself with the requisite burglar's outfit—the glazier's diamond and the adhesive cloth—and also discovered where the set of steps—which one of the servants had been using that day—was kept. The rest of the story has been already told; it was, of course, an immediate pursuit of the would-be murderer, but it proved that poor Giacomo had obligingly saved all trouble in this respect. He had quit the hotel immediately after his attempted crime, and walked direct to the police station to give himself up as an assassin of his cousin, "who he had sworn should never be the wife of another man."

Before the trial came it, however, the hopeless man had lapsed again into hopeless insanity, and did not, in any way, assist in the prosecution of the would-be murderer, but it proved that poor Giacomo had obligingly saved all trouble in this respect. He had quit the hotel immediately after his attempted crime, and walked direct to the police station to give himself up as an assassin of his cousin, "who he had sworn should never be the wife of another man."

As for myself it was long, very long before my nerves recovered the terrible shock I had experienced during that awful night, which I had spent in "ill-omened number thirteen." Even now, though the events I have narrated took place many years ago, I do not think anything could induce me either at an hotel or friend's house to again occupy a bedroom with a glass panel over the door.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

IT SPOILS THEIR BEAUTY. Some time ago what is called a head and breast attachment was introduced into the Central Telephone Exchange as an experiment. It is a patent which affixes to the ears and mouth of the operators, and saves them the trouble of holding continuously in the hands the receiver and transmitter, with which all telephone subscribers are familiar. Made of Aluminium and weighing only 2 lbs., the attachment is not burdensome to carry, but the ladies of the exchange deemed it unsightly, and some alleged that it hindered them to hear to the end of the ring of some impetuous subscriber who thought he had been waiting too long. All of them were consequently opposed to it, and opposition was shown to its experimental introduction. Its advocates, however, manifest, and the departmental officers have determined that it shall be generally adopted.—Melbourne Argus.

Dr Henry Irving says: "Your Abbey's Effervescent Salt is excellent. It has certainly not been over-rated."

Miss Ellen Terry says: "I have found your Abbey's Effervescent Salt exceedingly palatable and refreshing."

Madame Christine Nilsson says: "I have much pleasure in stating that I find your Abbey's Effervescent Salt a very refreshing and agreeable beverage."

The Canada Lancet says: "This preparation deserves every good word which is bestowed by the medical profession. It is in itself a sedative, and is particularly soothing to a sensitive stomach."

The Montreal Medical Journal says: "Abbey's Effervescent Salt, which was generally introduced into Canada last year, is now being largely prescribed by the medical profession here and throughout Canada. The advertising methods of this Company are particularly commendable. They are clean and honest, and inspire confidence with the profession as well as the public."

The Maritime Medical News says: "One of the most important claims of Abbey's Effervescent Salt is its absolute purity. Its lasting effervescence makes it a most palatable drink, while its refrigerant qualities make it invaluable."

The Refrigerant Qualities of Abbey's Effervescent Salt Cool Water, Making a Delicious and Healthful Summer Drink.

Sold by Druggists everywhere at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size, 25 cents.

DEER ISLAND.

A Public Educational Meeting Held at Lord's Cove. A public meeting in the interests of education was, at the call of Inspector Carter, held in the public hall, Lord's Cove, Deer Island, on Friday night, June 24th.

Every school board was represented by one or more of the trustees, and secretary and all the teachers were present as follows: Jas. S. Lord, Lord's Cove; Stevenson Lord, Richardsville; Beatrice Duke, Bar Island; Eva Fountain, Chocolate Cove; Cora Patch, Lambert Town; Fannie Cunningham, Lambert's Cove; Lena Hunkins, Northern Harbor, and Charman T. Cross, Fair Haven.

On Sunday evening Alorne court, Independent Order of Foresters, attended in a body the English church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hansen from St. James, 2nd chap. 26th verse, and was an exhortation to the members of the order that they should live up to their mottoes, taking heed that they be a reality and not a profession only.

Twenty Thousand Swazis Ready to Take the Field. The King, who has 20,000 warriors ready to fight and well armed, is supererogatory in the mountains, and there is much anxiety in the Transvaal. The Bremerdorp storekeepers are closing their shops, and the town is laagered.

AGAINST THE BOERS. Twenty Thousand Swazis Ready to Take the Field. The King, who has 20,000 warriors ready to fight and well armed, is supererogatory in the mountains, and there is much anxiety in the Transvaal.

GAGETOWN NOTES. (From an occasional correspondent) "Glenora." In the heart of Gagetown, never looked better than on Friday afternoon last, when thousands of friends of Mr. and Mrs. T. Sherman Peters met together upon the lawn under the stately elms and beautiful

acacia trees in front of their residence. The occasion was the silver wedding of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Peters.

On Saturday the yacht Grayling, flying the colors of the St. John Yacht club, dropped her anchor opposite the public wharf. She contained a merry party, consisting of Robert Thomson and six young ladies, including his two daughters and Miss Dawson of Ottawa. They were all decked in sailor's white caps, and attracted much attention as they walked through inspecting the streets of Gagetown.

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tion prohibiting liquor being given to their people. They complain also that they have been robbed of land and ill-treated by Boers who have trekked into their country.

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