

FREED FROM THE LAW.

I was sitting in my little study reading, or, rather, glancing through an old diary which I used to keep with most commendable regularity, in the days when life was not such a terrible rush as it has since become. The diary was old and almost tattered.

There was one entry which startled me, and brought back with a rush the memory of a tragic incident which occurred very soon after taking up the position of manager of the Westdale Bank.

The entry was as follows: "Miss Phillipson and her father deposited with me a box of jewels. Value, priceless. Put them in the strong room, and kept the gas burning day and night, with an electric bell connecting the box and my rooms."

That was all but it was enough to make the old story pass before my mind's eye once more. In a few words I will tell you the story as it happened.

One dark November morning I was going through the ledger, when a tall, powerful-looking gentleman of middle age, and a young lady entered.

"Just a word or two in private, Mr. Wilson," said the gentleman whom I recognized as Mr. Phillipson of the Grange.

I left the counter and showed my visitors into a small private room at the back of the general office. Then for the first time I saw that Mr. Phillipson was carrying a bag, which appeared to be very heavy.

He at once began to unpack the bag with as much composure as a commercial traveller who was certain of a big order. In a moment there was a sight before me to dazzle the eyes of any man.

This statement was made in the most matter-of-fact tone of voice. "All right; fire away," I said carelessly. "Sit in this chair, please," he said.

I took the chair, feeling determined in my own mind that I would not be mesmerized; but, at the same time, I would convince him that I was perfectly under his influence.

Then he commenced that peculiar process of passing and repassing his fingers before my face. I was a stronger man than he, but in a few moments I began to feel his powerful influence over me.

For a moment I felt that in this strange game of bluff he was going to be the victor. I pulled myself together sharply, but my eyes were terribly heavy, and I felt an irresistible desire to close them.

"I'll be sure about it; I'll stick a pin into him," he said in a jocular tone. I shuddered. The pain was horrible as he pushed a pin into my leg, but I did not cry out; I think I hardly moved.

"Where are Miss Phillipson's jewels?" he asked. "In the strong room in the cellar beneath the bank," I replied, after some hesitation.

"Where are the keys?" "In my bedroom," I answered. "By presenting a cypher now in the possession of Miss Phillipson."

"This ended our conversation. He had gained the information he required; so had I. When I opened my eyes Mr. Wilkinson was laughing almost uproariously.

"I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob." It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

"I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob." It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

"I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob." It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

"I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob." It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

"I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob." It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

"I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob." It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

"I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob." It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

"I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob." It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia military institute.

Parrobo, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

Parrobo, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

Parrobo, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

Parrobo, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

Parrobo, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

Parrobo, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

Parrobo, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

Parrobo, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. Gibbons, Augustus Clarke Bates to Elizabeth Silver.

WENT TO BANFF HOT SPRINGS.

Returned Home Racked With Pain—Lost 43 Pounds—A Wonderful Restoration.



A patient spirit is one of the most important elements in the character of a human being. Many occasions will occur when patience will be the only virtue which will command success.

People in this 19th century are bound to have the best that can be had for the money. That is why Everybody wears GRANBY RUBBERS.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT does all kinds of printing from a visiting card to large orders in book work. Send for estimates on anything you may require in the printing line, and we will gladly furnish samples.

DIED.

Halifax, Nov. 10, Annie Paul, 40. Halifax, Nov. 5, John C. Haws, 65. St. Stephen, Nov. 4, J. W. Kelly, 80.

BORN.

Bear River, to the wife of Frank Eiper, a son. Richmond, Nov. 6, to the wife of Israel Trank, a son. Halifax, Nov. 6, to the wife of J. F. Pollock, twin.

MARRIED.

Milton, Nov. 8, Sydney Collins to Lalla B. Woodworth. Parrobo, by Rev. S. Gibbons, David Campbell to Estabella Rector.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa.