

By the... Skate's Click

By WILFRED CLARKE

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Between the strike and the train robberies Bascom, superintendent of the L. and W. road, was having his hands full. Secretly he believed the latter to be the result of the former. He had made a clean sweep of the malcontents at Solent, and the strikers had been stranded high and dry financially. There had been ugly rumors and threats, too, but Bascom had gone quietly on his way. Sympathy in the small interior city ran with the strikers, and what he thought the superintendent wisely kept to himself.

When he had ordered the posters offering a reward of \$500 for information leading to the apprehension of the train robbers, he had felt that it was money wasted. The average inhabitant of Solent was not looking for trouble.

And now on a crisp morning in December two young people stood before one of those same posters, gazing as if fascinated at the "\$500" in startling crimson capitals.

"If we had that, we'd get married tomorrow," murmured Harry Bronson. Pretty Bessie Millar sighed profoundly and looked no longer at the printed characters, but into her lover's eyes. They were honest gray eyes, and she wondered how her father could be so heartless. He had said she should not marry Bronson until the latter had at least \$500 to his credit in the Solent Savings bank, and how was a shipping clerk at the freight depot to save up \$500 on a salary of \$40 a month?

"Time's up, Bess," he exclaimed as a distant whistle proclaimed the approach of the northbound freight. "I've just a minute to help you into the sleigh. How's the ice up your way?"

"Splendid," she answered as he tucked the robes snugly about her. "I tried it this morning, and it's as smooth as glass."

"Well, be at the willows tonight at 8, and we'll have a skate. The two mile spin will just limber me up."

She nodded, and then Pete, the Swedish man of all work at the Millar farm, snatched the whip, and away they flew.

The Millar home was two miles below Solent, on the river, and midway



THEN BRONSON'S COAT LITERALLY WENT UP IN SMOKE.

a huge bridge spanned the stream where the L. and W. crossed to the town. Below this the road ran several miles toward Digby. At 7 o'clock Bronson strapped on the long bladed racing skates and with the wind at his back shot past the railroad track toward the bridge. Just as he reached this point a snap sounded and he fell. The strap holding the heel of the right skate had rotted during the summer's inactivity.

He sat down on the stone pier of a span and adjusted an extra strap. A zing on the ice caught his attention. Two men approached, and, drawing the slide over his skating lamp, he crouched, listening. Quickly he recognized the voices as those of Harry and Stevens, two yardmen who had been dismissed by Bascom. They were grumbling because switchmen had been stationed at either end of the bridge and they were obliged to climb one of the piers.

"We'll fix him good this time!" growled Harry. "He's due at Solent in his special at 8:20."

"I don't see why you have to pick out a climb like this," snarled Stevens. "We could drop down the road and pull out a rail easier than this job."

"Bah! What's a climb to dumping the supe in the river? The plunge will send the train through the ice, with water twenty feet deep. Put out the old men, will he? Well, the last one's gone by his orders."

As soon as the ruffians were safe on the bridge Harry skated noiselessly to the Solent side of the river, where the shadows were deepest. As he reached the shore something heavy shot through the air and struck the ice with a crash. It was the rail. Later came the sound of saws. They were cutting the timber guard rails.

Rapidly the horrified young fellow reviewed the chances. To return to Solent would be too slow a process. No telegram could now reach the special. He must warn the superintendent, for to inform the switchmen

Cooling Off.

The man who would sit on a cake of ice to cool off would be considered crazy. Yet it is a very common thing for a person heated by exercise to stand in a cool draught, just to cool off. This is the beginning of many a cough which ultimately involves the bronchial tract and the lungs.



For coughs in any stage there is no remedy so valuable as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures deep-seated, obstinate coughs, bronchitis, bleeding of the lungs, and like conditions which if neglected or unskillfully treated terminate in consumption.

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery," and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics. Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good."

"I took a severe cold which settled in the bronchial tubes," writes Rev. Frank Hay, of Nortonville, Jefferson Co., Kansas. "After trying medicines labeled 'Sore Cure,' almost without number, I was led to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles and was cured and have stayed cured."

"When I think of the great pain I had to endure, and the terrible cough I had, it seems almost a miracle that I was so soon relieved. That God may spare you many years and abundantly bless you is the prayer of your grateful friend."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send at once stamps for the book in paper covers or 50 stamps for it in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chatham, N. Y.

at either end of the bridge might precipitate a fight. Harry and Stevens were desperate. Down the river he sped to meet the train, lifting his feet so the blade would not click as it left the ice. He had won the racing championship the year before, but never had he attained the present speed. As he shot by the willows jutting out from the Millar farm he saw a slender figure marching resolutely back and forth on the bank. A faint "Hello!" reached his ears, but he could only wave his hand in response. Three miles beyond he heard the faint whistle of the special, sounded for a grade crossing. It must be at Holt's, two miles below.

He swung in shore and clambered up the steep bank, not stopping even to remove his skates. Reaching the track, he hastily jerked off his coat, saturated it with oil from his skating lamp, then with matchless hand, awaited the appearance of the special around the bend. A sharp whistle and a flash of light, then Bronson's coat literally went up in smoke. The warning was so sudden that the train rolled past him before the engineer could bring it to a stop.

With Bascom came the president of the road, Mr. Harding, and the two officials listened in amazement to Bronson's tale. The president spoke decisively:

"There must be no mistake this time. We must get those two men. We'll run up as far as the bridge and then send on to town."

Harry glanced up quickly. "Excuse my making the suggestion, but if you'll give me a note to the sheriff I think we can land them all right. You hold the train here, so their suspicions will not be roused, and they'll probably wait in town till the wrecking train starts out."

President Harding gave the young clerk a shrewd glance.

"You're right. Here, Bascom, give the boy your coat. There's an extra one in the car. If not, he needs it more than you do. He has a goodish spin before him yet. And I'll write the note."

The next morning Bessie Millar, waiting for the mail at the postoffice, again stood reading the L. and W. poster. Some one walked to her side, and she turned her head laughingly. "Oh, good morning, Mr. Bronson!"

Harry led her to the deserted corner near the money order department and opened his batteries.

"Now, see here, Bessie," he said; "there's no use getting huffy. I owe you an apology for not stopping last night, but—"

"You prefer Jennie Holt for a skating partner. I saw you shoot round the bend toward their place."

"Yes, but I didn't stop. I guess you

haven't heard the news. I was on the trail of train robbers and wreckers and 'sich.' There was a spark of mischief in his eyes as Bessie turned round slowly and looked at him. "You know I said only yesterday morning that if we had the \$500 we'd get married at once, and as you didn't say nay I hold you to the agreement."

"I don't understand," murmured Bessie, but her eyes were fairly shining. "Where were you going? What were you doing then—when I saw you?"

And when Bronson had explained his mission he added, with a sigh of absolute satisfaction: "I not only got the \$500, but when we're married I'm to have a position in the Denver offices with the president—his private secretary. He liked my suggestions last night. The salary is to be \$2,500 a year, Bess. Now will you be good?"

Bessie smiled up at him. "I think we could both be good, very good, on \$2,500 a year," she said demurely.

Still Obedient.

Gustave Dore was always a child, so far as his mother was concerned. He not only loved, but obeyed, her, and when she died he said, with sad sincerity, that he no longer knew how to live. An incident which shows her influence over him as a grown man is connected with a little party given by him to show some of his friends an album of his own drawings.

At a dinner over which Mme. Dore presided a quarrel arose between Gustave and his brother Ernest. Suddenly Mme. Dore turned to the former and said, as though he were a boy of ten: "Hush, Gustave! I am ashamed of you."

Dore, who had worked himself, regardless of the presence of his guests, into a fierce passion, became at once calm and silent, and, bowing to his mother, resumed his dinner.

But the incident did not end here. When the guests had retired to the great salon, the brothers disappeared, to return in a few minutes each holding an end of the colossal album that was to be submitted to the company. Mme. Dore followed, smiling at her "little boys," who were none the less children because they had passed their fortieth year.

Notions About Sleep.

One of the rudest acts in the eyes of a native of the Philippine Islands is to step over a person asleep on the floor. Sleeping is with them a very solemn matter. They are strongly averse to waking any one, the idea being that during sleep the soul is absent from the body and may not have time to return if slumber is suddenly broken.

If you call upon a native and are told he is asleep, you may as well depart. To get a servant to rouse you, you must give him the strictest of orders. Then at the time appointed he will stand by your side and call: "Senor! Senor!" repeatedly, each time more loudly than before, until you are half awake. Then he will return to the low note and again raise his voice gradually until you are fully conscious.

As Odd Simile.

Among the unconsciously grotesque tributes paid to Queen Victoria at the time of her death by the Indian press was this unique expression from a Hindu scribe: "Her majesty loved her subjects with the strong, maternal affection which a cow feels for her offspring."

The simile would only be pleasing to the Englishman who remembered the honorable position of the cow and calf in the Hindu religion.

The Pet Dog's Alibi.

First Nursegirl—Seems to me y'r puttin' on a heap o' style drivin' in the park with a moneygrammed kerriage and coachman and footmen, too. Does y'r missus lend ye her private rig?

Second Nursegirl—She sends me to take her pet dog out for an airin'.

"But where's the dog?"

"Under th' seat."

Tart Repartee.

Of Sir William Harcourt Disraeli once said in his affectedly cynical way, "He has three essential qualifications of success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice and no principles."

To this when it was repeated to him Harcourt rejoined, "Leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."

Wife Not Blinded.

Mrs. Subbubs—I see your husband goes out behind the stable to smoke. Don't you allow him to smoke in the house any more?

Mrs. Bakiots—Oh, he can smoke anywhere he likes, but just now he is putting up a bluff that he has sworn off.

Too Previous.

The Subject (after the sitting)—I hadn't sat for a picture before in ten years, don't you know, and I'm deuced glad the worst is over.

The Photographer (innocently)—But you haven't seen the negative yet.

One F Feet of It.

"She seems to be growing lopsided." "Yes. She's been a good deal in the company of a fellow who doesn't know any better than to grab her by the arm and try to hoist her along by hoisting one shoulder out of plumb."

London a hundred years ago had a population of 888,108, when the first official census was taken.

Hyocriety in a young man and affection in an old man are synonymous.

3 wine glasses
—OF—

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Taken Daily brings

Health Strength and Vigor

TO PALE, WEAK, SICK PEOPLE.

It keeps the Young from becoming Old and makes the Old feel Young.

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Where they get the nicest Rings, Jewelry, Watches, Chains, Etc., and cheapest in the city and they tell you at the sign of the Big Clock.

A. A. Jordan
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Plums Canned

Genuine Lombard Plums put up in 2 lb. tins.
**10c per Can
3 Cans, 25c**

Qt. jar Pure Maple Syrup, 30c.
Pt. jar Honey, 30s.
3 lb. Dried Apples, 25c.
Good Firm Pickles, 10c per bottle.
Pure Buckwheat Flour, 8 lbs for 25c.

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Taxidermist

All work done on short notice. Guaranteed against moths. Put up in latest style. Large collection of birds and animals, will exchange for rare specimens.
J. A. Jermyn,
Taxidermist Park St. East, Chatham.

MUNICIPALITY OF RALEIGH

Take notice that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the Township of Raleigh will meet in the Township Hall, on Monday, the 28th day of April, 1902, at 10 a. m., for despatch of business.

By order,
A. E. ROBINSON,
Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of Annie Hitchcock, Deceased.

Pursuant to R. S. O. 1897, Chap. 129, Section 38, the creditors of Annie Hitchcock, late of the Township of Raleigh, in the County of Kent, who died intestate on or about the second day of January, 1902, are, on or before the 24th day of May, 1902, to send by post, prepaid, to George B. Douglas, Solicitor for the Administrators of the deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of their security, if any, held by them and that after the 24th day of May, 1902, the administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the intestate or any part thereof amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which the administrators have then notice, and shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed, to any person of whose claim the administrators had not notice at the time of the distribution thereof or a part thereof.

Dated at Chatham this 12th day of April, 1902.

SAMUEL HITCHCOCK,
CLARKE PARK,
Administrators.

Notice These Prices
SHIRTS - 3c each
COLLARS - 1c each
CUFFS - 1c each
AT THE
Parisian Steam Laundry
Co.
Telephone 20

Principles are Eternal

A Fundamental Business Principle
—IS—
"Not what you spend"

"What you get for what you spend"

—THAT COUNTS—
The Best is cheapest in the end.
Gibson's Photos are the Best.

GIBSON'S 8, duke, 29 King Chatham, st

A Car Load

...of...

BUGGIES



Quinn & Patterson have just received their first Car Load of the Canada Carriage Co's. Buggies and Carts, and they are beauties. The Farmers now have some idea of what Quinn & Patterson have saved them on Fencing Wire and Binder Twine. This will also apply to anything they handle, and if you want a good Buggy or Harness, cheap, you can get it from them. Don't get it mixed up and say they have cheap goods, you should say, good goods cheap.

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