

In Black and White.

In saying that I am not a man of imagination, I don't wish it to be thought that I do it in the spirit of self-deprecation.

I was first educated for a mechanical draughtsman; then, as I displayed some pictorial ability, an uncle put me to school for black and white in the neighborhood of Oxford Street, and I finally occupied myself with the weekly illustrated newspapers, sometimes supplying pictures of home life, sometimes being sent abroad, when wars or weddings, coronations or conflicts, had to be illustrated.

Whether other artists had better introductions than I had, or whether there was generally a professional distrust of 'newspaper fellows,' I do not pretend to know, but of one thing I am certain, namely, that I was kept very much in the rear during the first week or two of our advance.

Then luckily I came across an old school-fellow, Robert Tatham, who was an officer in one of the native regiments. We greeted each other very heartily, and were mutually delighted at being able to talk about old times.

When one does not know that a rifle bullet or a splinter of a shell sent from a Krupp—obligingly supplied by some foreign sympathiser with the Derivishes—may not any moment put to end to all memories, perhaps the recollections of the past are rendered more attractive by the uncertainty pertaining to the future.

'Look here, Rob,' I said. 'Why shouldn't I share your tent? You know that I am not the man to reveal anything that ought not to be made public. Of course, I should submit all my sketches to you before I posted them to London.'

'You'll find it rather rough,' answered Tatham, 'but if you can be content with a blanket on the ground, and can supply your own blanket, I will provide you with the tent and give you the choice of the natural mattress.'

So thus I found myself very well placed, and in a most advantageous position as regards my opportunities of making those sketches which would be likely to interest the good folks at home.

I had been in my new quarters about a week when Tatham got leave of absence from the camp for a night, so I had the sole occupation of his tent on that occasion. We were waiting for transports to carry us to the front, and in the meantime the officers had little to do but to maintain discipline.

'Ah, there are a good many thousands of people in this latitude who would look like that if they were undressed in a similar manner,' said Rob. 'If you think your sketch would lead to your imaginary rascal's detention, I expect you will find yourself self-deceived.'

I made no answer, as I fancied he considered my statement as derogating from the care that ought to have been observed in the control of the camp. But I had a painful triumph four days after. The servant of Major Sutton, on entering that officer's tent, found him stabbed in the breast and lying insensible upon the ground.

'I wish I had mentioned your story to the Major,' said Rob. 'It might have put him on his guard.'

'Unless he had treated it as you did,' I said savagely.

'As an outcome of imagination,' replied Tatham. 'I daresay he would probably have been right. Your fancy and this dreadful fact may only be coincidences, after all.'

Then he left the tent, and I sat down on a camp stool a little way down the road to the river and made some sketches for my paper.

But my mind went back to my morning's vision and to last night's outrage. Then I thought it would serve for a good picture for home people; and drawing upon my own imagination, I made a sketch of my swarthy hero in his shirt struggling with Major Sutton and dealing him that blow in the breast which was at that moment imperiling his life.

For the next day's post, so with sketches of two or three of the uniforms of the Egyptian army, I consider my week's work well represented.

I always showed Tatham my drawings, according to promise, but I thought he would object to my delineation of Sutton's assassination, and resolved to keep it out of the way.

'Our man is down with cholera,' said Tatham, the next time we met. 'I shall have a new servant this afternoon. The officers used to have native soldiers as servants, the men having lighter regimental work, in consequence of the personal labour thus required of them.'

That evening, as I was submitting to Tatham the pictures I was going to post home, his new man entered the tent. The fellow received some orders from Rob, who at the moment saw the English surgeon leaving Sutton's tent, and hurried across the way to ask about the patient.

As he had no idea that I had seen him, he evidently thought that my knowledge had been obtained supernaturally. The Major was soon removed to the hospital, and eventually was invalided home.

'Well, Willie,' Rob said grudgingly, 'whether you drew upon your imagination or not, it was a very fortunate sketch. Tatham never owned himself mistaken, but he was wrong for once, and I knew what I was talking about.'

Endured by Those who Suffer From Sciatica - A Victim Tells How to Obtain Relief. Probably no trouble that afflicts mankind causes more intense agony than sciatica. Frequently the victim is utterly helpless, the least movement causing the most agonizing pains.

Endured by Those who Suffer From Sciatica - A Victim Tells How to Obtain Relief. I employed three doctors but all to no purpose: I had to give up work entirely, and almost despaired of life. This continued for two years—years filled with misery.

Mr. Hayes voluntarily testifies to the truth of the above statement before Edward Whosead, Esq., J. P. and his statements are further vouched for by Rev. J. N. Barnes, of Stanley, N. B.

THEY WON'T BREAK. WEAR SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Trider, July 5 to the wife of John Trider, a son. Truro, July 10 to the wife of Mr. G. Vail, a son. Truro, July 11, to the wife of Fred Boston, a son.

Truro, July 10, to the wife of Frank Smith, a son. Hillsboro, July 5, to the wife of Alex. Lowe, a son. Loggville, July 7, to the wife of E. Loggie, a son.

Truro, July 10, to the wife of J. Crowell, a daughter. Halifax, July 11, to the wife of Herber Shankle, a son.

Picton, June 29, to the wife of J. D. Fallerton, a son. Kenville, July 8, to the wife of Culler Dodge, a son. Kenville, July 11, to the wife of Henry Gifford, a son.

MARRIED.

Crapaud, P. E. I. Augustus Holland to Annie Huest's daughter. Thaca, N. Y., July 12, to the wife of President Schurman, a daughter.

Oxford, July 7, by Elder Nowlan, Oliver Hard to Mrs. Turner. Amherst, July 9, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Alex. Kent to Mary Graman.

Windsor, July 7, by Rev. H. Dickie, Richard McNeil to E. Beuch. Springfield, June 27, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Alex. Rose to Eliza Moore.

Windsor, July 7, by Rev. H. Dickie, Richard McNeil to E. Beuch. Springfield, June 27, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Alex. Rose to Eliza Moore.

DIED.

Halifax, July 12, John Dowd. Sydney, July 9, Ida R. LeCrae. Halifax, July 15, Eva Ward, 1.

Halifax, July 15, Roy Lambert, 1. Milton, July 8, Harry Ritchie, 29. Basting, July 1, Austin F. Smith 21.

Halifax, July 16, Mary Martin, 60. Halifax, July 16, Rosie Brunnell, 16. Halifax, July 13, Capt. J. A. Artz 78.

Halifax, July 14, George Hawkins, 5. Caledonia, July 8, Joseph Harlow, 65. Upper Stewiacke, Barrie Hamilton 85.

St. John, July 18, Allan R. Watters 51. Mill Bank, July 4, David McHardy 77. Brooklyn, July 16, Samuel D. Forbes 63.

Yarmouth, July 7, John Cunningham, 36. Lower Onslow, July 4, George Higgin, 46.



Sleeptime Comfort

is best obtained on a Patent Felt Mattress. Years of experience in the United States have proved them to be the ideal mattress for cleanliness, comfort and durability.

\$15.00 (Full Size.) We'll send you on trial. Order through any dealer or write us direct.

The Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd. 293 Guy St., Montreal.

Star Line Steamers

Fredericton. (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 1th. Leave Hampton for Indiantown, Monday at 6:30 a. m. Tuesday at 8:30 p. m. Wednesday at 2:00 p. m. Thursday at 3:30 p. m. Saturday at 8:30 a. m.

Leave Indiantown for Hampton, Tuesday at 9:00 a. m. Wednesday at 8:00 a. m. Thursday at 8:00 a. m. Saturday at 8:00 a. m.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 4th, 1898, the Steamship & Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. DAILY SERVICE. Lvo. St. John at 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:15 a. m. Lvo. Digby at 1:45 p. m., arr. St. John, 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS. Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvo. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:28 p. m. Lvo. Digby 12:40 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:15 p. m.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express trains arriving in Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run, daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Trains will leave St. John. Express for Hampton, 6:30. Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Picton and Halifax, 7:00.

Express for Halifax, 11:40. Express for Sussex, 12:45. Express for Hampton, 1:40. Express for Quebec, Montreal, 1:40. Express for Boston, Truro, Halifax, 2:30. Express for Sydney, 2:30.

Express for Montreal, 3:30. Express for Quebec, 3:30. Express for Boston, 3:30. Express for Truro, 3:30. Express for Halifax, 3:30.