

OWNEY THE PEDDLER.

(Concluded.) He ran down the road and past the corner. The white line of the bog track was out before him. Coming along it was the coat his father had shod. The shafts of the cart were bumping over the ground upon each side of the beast. With every bump the coat shivered in fright. Owen Joyce stood close by a lone thorn on the roadside. He waited until the coat was trotting by. He stepped out and seized the bride. He tied the coat to the shafts, and added the chains that held the shafts. As he did this he noticed one or two circular dints upon the wood, just where it had snapped. "Thanks be to God!" said Owen Joyce, out loud. He took a clasp knife from his pocket. He raised a few splinters over the dints and blotted them out. He enticed the coat and led him to the officers. "This in a bog-hole ye may go look for your man, I'm thinkin'," he said. "What may ye have wanted with him, good div?" asked the sergeant. "He killed a neighbor in a quarrel at the fair of Caltra," answered the officer. "He got away to his sister, and she hid him for days. She got away with him this morning. "The man let out they were bound for Dublin," said Owen Joyce. "But she denied it. They got a show on the coat here. Father wanted them to see to their shafts, but she said they hadn't time. She said they were goin' to their grandfather's funeral. The shafts are lyin' below on the road. "She'd love her soul with a lie to save her brother," said one of the officers. "Tim's often ye'd meet with a sister like that," said Owen Joyce. He made no mention of the heavy malles. He said nothing about the dints he had seen upon the broken shafts. He walked by the officers to the place where they lay. The officers examined them. They said it was clear they had snapped away from the cart. Owen walked after the officers as they went slowly over the bog, keeping sharp eyes to the right and the left. They came to a hollow fringed with rush and reed. Shine and black mud was within this border. "See!" said one of the officers to the other. "Here is where the brute backed out. Look how the place is trampled! Take care, and don't go too close, man, unless ye want the mud to swallow ye up!" They rode back past the smiddy. Owen Joyce followed them. "Ye were very glib givin' information," said his father to him, when the men were gone. He did not like this spirit in his son. "The young woman meant all that to be told," said Owen. "If she didn't, she'd have held her tongue. "She'll not talk much where she is now," said the father. The next morning Owen went to his father. "Give me what's comin' to me," he said. "I'm tired of the life here. I'll buy an ass and a cart packed with delf ware an' go thravel." The father was willing to give him his portion and let him go out into the world and forget the girl who was swamped in the morass. Owen got the blessing of his parents and went forth to see the world. He struck across the bog, and over every road that branched from the track he led his little gray ass. And every chain he first came to on each separate road he asked the folks there if they had seen a yellow-haired woman passing that way in company with a white-faced man. If they said yes, he went that road until he could go no farther. Then he came back with a sadder countenance than he had before. He went to and fro over Ireland seeking that which he could not find. And the black hair upon his head began to whiten, and the light of youth went out in his blue eyes. At last he almost forgot what he was searching for. The dullness of age crept upon him. He and his little patient beast grew gray together. One evening they came into a village on the shore. And the ass was spread out beside them. Green islands rose out of it, and from them flashed the breaking billows. It was the eve of the feast of Patrick, and the peddler had Patrick's cross to sell to the mothers for their children. A little child came over the sandy street to him, and she said: "There is a woman here who wants to buy a cross for me." He drew the old gray ass over the way, and it was hilly, and he knew it was hard upon the creature. He felt heart-sick of wandering. "I'll go home to the west," he said to himself, as he crossed the road. "It is good for a man to die among his own." He stopped before a doorway where a woman was standing. She was a worn woman, not young. Fedded yellow hair was lying upon her forehead. "God save ye, good man!" she said to Oweny. "Where did I see your face before?" "I think it was in a Connaught smiddy," said Oweny Joyce. And his weakness and age went from him in a moment, for the woman he had spent his life looking for was before him. "Ye stopped to get a shoe on a coat that didn't want it," said Oweny. "An' your cart was hanging on its shafts by a few splinters. An' ye had a great mallet to smash through them when the right mallet came, which was at the edge of a quaking morass. An' ye sent the coat racing homeward with th' shafts at his heels, while ye stole away into safety with a man escapin' the gallows. But, my woman, only I cut out the dints left by your mallet in those same shafts before the king's officers put an eye on them, it might have gone harder with ye!" The woman ferge the child and its Patrick's cross. She stood silent, looking at Owen Joyce. "Where is your brother now?" asked Oweny. "The child was patting the ass, feeding it during the past century."

with tufts of fresh green grass which she gathered from a garden by the path. The woman led Oweny away. She brought him to a graveyard of the street. An old wind-worn chapel stood in the midst. There was a sheltered corner, sweet with violets. A mound rose out of the violets. "My brother an' his wife are lyin' here," said the faded woman. "An' in my cabin out in the street I've reared our children for him." "Then I think it's time that ye should rear children of your own," said the peddler. And by the time Patrick's eve next came round, the faded woman was sitting by her husband's hearth in the thatched house beside her Connaught smiddy. And her own child was sleeping upon her bosom.—M.A.P.

How Nice. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torning, "I am going to turn over a new leaf. It's what connection?" "I'm going to stop being superstitious. I have always disliked to begin anything on Friday." "It is very silly of you." "Well, your arguments have convinced me. You know that new dress I was talking to you about?" "Yes." "Well, I'm going to start out and buy the material on Friday, just to show I'm not afraid."—New York World.

Croup, Coughs and Colds are all quickly cured almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. 25c. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

Left Out. "See here!" yelled the theatrical manager, "you call this play a rural drama, don't you?" "I do," replied the modest author. "And you claim to be a realist?" "Well, I've introduced the old oaken bucket, and the barnyard fowls, and all that." The manager tore his hair. "But where's the mortgage?" he shrieked. "Who ever heard of a farm-house without a mortgage that the wayward son comes home and lifts off in the last act?"—N. Y. World.

Thousands of Canadians can vouch for the efficacy of that peerless cough remedy, Perry-Balsam. It cures a cold very quickly. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. 25c. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

A Good Name. "This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the house agent, who was looking over the house. "Yes," replied Jones, "but I usually call it the court-room—I've got seven daughters, you know."

Man's Soul and His Stomach. They've no sense, men haven't; the very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs; and they fancy that they are a-wrestling with their doubts when really it's their dinners that are a-wrestling with them.—John Oliver Hobbes.

The D. & L. Mended Plaster is the most largely sold in Canada. For backache and all muscular pains there's nothing equal to it. Each plaster in an airtight tin. 25c. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

Modest. A Chinaman whose life was heavily insured fell from a wigwa and was badly injured. There were some doubts as to his ever getting better, and at last one of his brother Chinamen wrote to the insurance company: "Charlie's half dead; like half money."—New York World.

If taken in time The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, and the light of youth went out in his blue eyes. At last he almost forgot what he was searching for. The dullness of age crept upon him. He and his little patient beast grew gray together.

One evening they came into a village on the shore. And the ass was spread out beside them. Green islands rose out of it, and from them flashed the breaking billows. It was the eve of the feast of Patrick, and the peddler had Patrick's cross to sell to the mothers for their children. A little child came over the sandy street to him, and she said: "There is a woman here who wants to buy a cross for me." He drew the old gray ass over the way, and it was hilly, and he knew it was hard upon the creature. He felt heart-sick of wandering. "I'll go home to the west," he said to himself, as he crossed the road. "It is good for a man to die among his own." He stopped before a doorway where a woman was standing. She was a worn woman, not young. Fedded yellow hair was lying upon her forehead. "God save ye, good man!" she said to Oweny. "Where did I see your face before?" "I think it was in a Connaught smiddy," said Oweny Joyce. And his weakness and age went from him in a moment, for the woman he had spent his life looking for was before him. "Ye stopped to get a shoe on a coat that didn't want it," said Oweny. "An' your cart was hanging on its shafts by a few splinters. An' ye had a great mallet to smash through them when the right mallet came, which was at the edge of a quaking morass. An' ye sent the coat racing homeward with th' shafts at his heels, while ye stole away into safety with a man escapin' the gallows. But, my woman, only I cut out the dints left by your mallet in those same shafts before the king's officers put an eye on them, it might have gone harder with ye!" The woman ferge the child and its Patrick's cross. She stood silent, looking at Owen Joyce. "Where is your brother now?" asked Oweny. "The child was patting the ass, feeding it during the past century."

WILL GET HALF HOLIDAY.

Iron and Hardware Association Grants Clerks' Request. At a meeting of the St. John Iron and Hardware Association last evening, it was unanimously agreed to close all the hardware stores at 1 o'clock on Saturdays during the months of June, July and August. The association adjourned until the second Monday in September. A committee was appointed, consisting of W. H. Thorne, Thomas McAvity, John P. MacIntyre, A. M. Rowan and John J. Barry to consider date and nature of an excursion on the river during the summer. The present idea of the association is the excursion to be confined to the merchants, employes and families. The McClary Manufacturing Company of London, Ont., were elected members. Last evening's meeting was held in Mr. J. J. Barry's office. Those signing the agreement to observe the Saturday half holiday are W. H. Thorne & Co., T. McAvity & Sons, James Robertson Company, Ltd., H. H. Horton & Son, Kerr & Robertson, S. Hayward & Co., Ltd., Emerson & Fisher, I. & E. R. Burpee, M. E. Ager, James Addison. On behalf of the clerks, Vice-President MacMichael thanked the association.

SUICIDE ON WEDDING DAY.

Groom Shoots Himself as Carriage Called for Him. St. Louis, Mo., May 6.—William D. Bender committed suicide while a carriage was waiting at the door to take him to his wedding. He was found a few minutes later by the friends who went to his room to summon him. He was to be married at the church at 2 o'clock to Miss Annie Kienle. Miss Kienle was at Bender's home this morning, but shortly after noon left for her own home to prepare for the wedding. She and Bender appeared in the best of spirits. After she left Bender went to his room, supposedly to dress for the ceremony. He had not been absent more than 10 minutes when the carriage drove up to the door, gaily decorated with white satin ribbons. His friends rushed to his room and found him lying upon the bed beside his wedding clothes. He had shot himself and was unconscious. He died soon after he was discovered. A little later Miss Kienle arrived at the house of her intended husband. She was dressed in bridal robes, ready for the wedding. She found a policeman standing over Bender's dead body and faintly. His friends can give no reason for his act. The wedding ceremony this afternoon was to have been a double one. Miss Kienle's brother, a sister of the groom, and Theodore Kelly were to have been married at the same time as Bender and Miss Kienle. They left the house soon after Bender died and were married, the couple being that the wedding arrangements had gone so far that there was no possibility of delaying the ceremony on account of the brother. The other members of Bender's family were absent at the time of the suicide, attending the funeral of the elder Mr. Bender's brother, in Bellevue.

CLUNG FOR LIFE TO FAST EXPRESS.

Telegraph Operator's Perilous Ride of 15 Miles. Port Jervis, N. Y., May 6.—Clinging for his life to a hand rail of a Pullman car of a fast flying express over 15 miles of the Delaware division of the Erie was this morning the thrilling experience of John Van Akin, of Lechawaxen, Pa., an Erie telegraph operator. Mr. Van Akin is employed as day operator in the station at Lechawaxen, but he had occasion to come to Port Jervis today. He was a few minutes late, and ran from his home, near the track, to catch train No. 10. The train was already in motion when Van Akin reached it, and he clung to the trap door and small side door that protrudes over the steps of a Pullman car had already been closed, compelling Mr. Van Akin to cling to the hand rails with his body bent so that his feet could rest on the car steps under the enclosure. Increasing its speed for the run to Port Jervis, the fast express whisked the unfortunate man through the air. His arms and legs were numb with pain, but he pluckily retained his hold. Sometimes his body barely grazed some object near the track and he started as if he had been struck. In this perilous position he rode to Pond Eddy, a distance of 15 miles, when a trainman discovered him and rescued him.

MONCTON PEOPLE DECLINE TO BUY STREET RAILWAY.

Citizens Met Saturday Night and Voted Down Proposition—Accident to Fast Freight. Moncton, May 5.—(Special.)—A citizens meeting last night voted down the proposition to purchase the street railway plant at \$12,000. After a lengthy discussion an effort was made to appoint a committee to investigate the value of the plant and report at an adjourned meeting Monday night, but this was rejected by a vote of 31 to 41. The street railway company has an offer of \$12,000 for the plant, but gave the city the first option. Dr. G. T. Smith and wife and A. S. Knight, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Westville, N. S., left Saturday night on a trip to England and the continent for the benefit of their health. The Record Foundation, Montreal, has just announced the erection of a large building for the extension of the works. The enlargement of the buildings means a large increase in the number of employes. Yesterday's fast freight from Montreal met with an accident at Cedar Hill, interrupting traffic at that point five hours. The accident was caused by a truck of a box car breaking. With the exception of the truck being torn up, very little damage was done.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

Washington Irving.

St. John Markets.

Country Market—Wholesale. Beef (butchers) per carcass... 0.05 to 0.08. Bacon (smoked) rolls... 0.13 to 0.14. Butter (tubs)... 0.15 to 0.18. Butter (lump)... 0.16 to 0.18. Beans, per bbl... 1.00 to 1.25. Buckwheat meal, per cwt... 1.25 to 1.50. Chickens, per pair... 0.50 to 0.80. Calf skins... 0.90 to 0.98. Carrots, per bbl... 1.00 to 1.09. Cabbages, per doz... 1.00 to 1.20. Fowl, per pair... 0.50 to 0.80. Hams (smoked)... 0.12 to 0.13. Herring, per doz... 0.65 to 0.85. Lamb, per carcass... 2.50 to 4.50. Eggs... 0.08 to 0.10. Lard... 0.12 to 0.14. Lamb skins... 0.10 to 0.09. Lard, per cwt... 0.07 to 0.09. Pork (carcass)... 0.06 to 0.07. Pork, per bbl... 0.75 to 1.25. Parsnips, per bbl... 1.25 to 1.50. Potatoes, per cwt... 1.25 to 2.00. Squash, per cwt... 1.75 to 2.00. Socks, per doz... 1.00 to 1.25. Terring, per doz... 0.06 to 0.08. Veal, per carcass... 0.06 to 0.08.

PROVISIONS.

at car ex atm. Pork, mess, per bbl... 10.25 to 10.75. P. E. I. prime mess... 17.75 to 18.25. Flat beef... 14.25 to 14.75. Extra plate beef... 14.50 to 15.00. Cheese, factory, new, lb... 0.11 to 0.10 1/2. Butter, dairy, lb... 0.18 to 0.21. Butter, creamery... 25 to 25. Lard, tubs, pure, lb... 0.11 to 0.11 1/2. Lard, compound... 0.09 to 0.09 1/2. Eggs, per doz, fresh... 0.10 to 0.10. Beans, white, lb... 1.65 to 1.75. Beans, Y. E... 2.20 to 2.60. Onions, per lb... 0.23 to 0.25.

FISH.

Codfish, medium, 100 lb... 4.00 to 4.25. Pollock, 100 lbs... 1.50 to 1.60. Herring, h. h. bbl... 0.00 to 0.00. Herring, rippling... 0.00 to 0.00. Herring, Canada, h. h. bbl... 3.00 to 3.00. Herring, Shelburne, No. 1... 0.00 to 0.00. No. 2... 0.00 to 0.00. Shad, h... 6.75 to 7.00. Oats, Ontario... 0.40 to 0.41. Provincial... 0.28 to 0.29. Split peas... 4.10 to 4.10. Pot barley... 4.10 to 4.20. Hay, pressed... 12.00 to 12.50.

TOBACCO.

Black, 10's... 0.62 to 0.62. Black, 12's, short stock... 0.00 to 0.00. Black, Solace... 0.64 to 0.64. Bright... 0.60 to 0.60. Canadian 12's... 0.43 to 0.43.

RICE.

Armacan, cwt... 3.30 to 3.50. Armacan, owt... 0.04 to 0.05. Seeta... 0.05 to 0.06.

SUGAR.

Granulated, bb... 4.50 to 4.60. Granulated Dutch... 4.40 to 4.50. Ex C. bbl... 4.00 to 4.10. Ex C. bbl... 3.70 to 3.80. Paris lumps, boxes... 0.05 to 0.06. Pulverized... 0.06 to 0.06 1/2.

OILS.

American Water White, lect A, gal... 0.00 to 0.18 1/2. Canadian Water White, do... 0.17 1/2 to 0.18. Canadian prime white Shell Star... 0.15 to 0.16 1/2. Refined oil, boiled, do, do, raw... 0.85 to 0.88. Turpentine... 0.65 to 0.70. Refined oil, com. lb... 0.60 to 0.60. Olive oil, gal... 0.85 to 0.95. Extra lard oil... 0.35 to 0.65. No. 1 lard oil... 0.57 to 0.62. Seal oil, refined, do, pale... 0.54 to 0.55. Cod oil... 0.27 to 0.29.

RAISINS.

London Layers, new... 0.00 to 0.00. Loose Muscatel... 0.08 to 0.20. Valencia layer, new... 0.07 to 0.08. Sultanina... 0.12 to 0.12. Currants, bbl... 0.09 to 0.09 1/2. Raisins, boxes... 0.10 to 0.11.

APPLES.

Apples, bbl, new... 2.00 to 3.00. Dried apples... 0.04 to 0.05. Evaporated Apples... 0.06 to 0.06 1/2. Evaporated Apples... 0.12 to 0.12. Evaporated Peaches... 0.09 to 0.10. Prunes... 0.65 to 0.10. Lemons, box... 0.10 to 0.12. Dates, box... 0.04 to 0.05. Grapes, Cal... 0.00 to 0.00. Pears, Alaska... 0.00 to 0.00. Valencia Oranges... 6.00 to 6.00. Bananas... 1.75 to 2.25. Oranges Jamaica per box... 0.60 to 0.60. Oranges Jamaica per bbl... 7.00 to 0.60.

MOLASSES.

Barbados, new... 0.26 to 0.28. Demerara... 0.00 to 0.00. New Orleans... 0.33 to 0.36. Molasses, new... 4.85 to 4.95. Middlings, bags free... 2.20 to 2.25. Molasses, 48 to 4.95. Canadian High Grade Pan... 2.20 to 2.25.

FLOUR AND MEAL.

Coramuel... 2.30 to 2.35. Manitoba Patent... 4.85 to 4.95. Middlings, bags free... 2.20 to 2.25. Molasses, 48 to 4.95. Canadian High Grade Pan... 2.20 to 2.25.

Don't Neglect A Cough.

It's a short road from a cough to Consumption. When your cough appears take Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It will cure a cold at once and the "ounce of prevention" is better than years of illness.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It will cure a cold at once and the "ounce of prevention" is better than years of illness. "Words cannot express my gratitude for the good Shiloh's Consumption Cure has done me. I had a chronic cough—was in a dangerous condition. Shiloh's cured the cough and saved me from consumption." J. R. STURGIS, Niagara Falls.

WHITE ENAMEL IRON BEDS--Brass Trimmings

A SPLENDID LINE OF THESE GOODS NOW SHOWING.

Four illustrations of iron beds with different trimmings. \$14.50 Has Bow Foot and Brass Arched Top Rails. \$16.50 Has new Roll Top Rails, Brass Rings and Scrolls. \$23.00 All Brass Bed, Has Bow Foot. \$18.50 Has Bow Foot, Half Brass, Handsome Pattern.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

DOWLING BROTHERS, 93 King Street. The Largest Retail Distributors of Ladies' Ready-Made Jackets, Capes and Blouse Waists in the Maritime Provinces.

New Spring JACKETS. FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN. Ladies' Costumes. JACKET AND SKIRT READY TO WEAR. OVER 100 SAMPLE SUITS TO BE SOLD HALF THEIR VALUE.

DOWLING BROTHERS, 93 King Street.

Table with multiple columns listing various goods and prices. Includes items like Medium Potatoes, Oatmeal Roller, SALT, LIVERPOOL, SPICES, CONDENSED MILK, MATCHES, CANDLES, TEAS, COFFEES, NAILS, FLOUR AND MEAL, MOLASSES, and LUMBER.

A SHIP IN DISTRESS.

In Grand Lake can be found another woodboat for Dr. William H. Drummond to immortalize. Her name is not the Julie Plaster, but a recent episode in her career entitled her to a moderate allowance of fame, nevertheless. This woodboat's title is the Harvest Home, and she has been engaged of late in conveying wood to the David Weston and Victoria. Last Wednesday the Harvest Home, in charge of Capt. John McKel, left Indiantown in tow of the Weston, for points up river. On Friday last, the boat having parted from the Weston, found herself in the Grand Lake waters, which had risen considerably and had overflowed the surrounding meadows. Darkness fell, which fact seemed to somewhat disconcert the Harvest Home's captain and crew. However, notwithstanding that the sun had vanished behind the hills, they continued to sail in a rather slow, uncertain way, to be sure, with her crew strong in the belief that all was for the best, and that with the coming of dawn all doubts and fears as to their latitude and longitude would be banished. Along in the small hours of the morning the ship's company suddenly felt their vessel grounded, and then solemnly settled down. Instantly they felt that their vovra, was ended and when, through the grey of the approaching dawn, they discerned the branches of trees, they knew it was discovered that the Harvest Home had been having an extensive cruise over West Lead meadows, which, being elevated about four feet deep by the first snow, had then solemnly settled down for her, the water was now commencing to recede. Altogether the boat was distant Grand Lake somewhere near a mile, on higher ground in her vicinity is the farm of Mr. Jarvis Estabrooks. Her captain and crew stepped off into the water and made for the nearest steamer line. One of the boat's owners is Mr. S. L. Thorne, of Indiantown. Machinists in Car Works Strike.

SHARP'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED CURES CROUP, COUGHS, COLDS. 50 YEARS IN USE. Price 25 cts a bottle.

Illustration of a bottle of Sharp's Balsam of Horehound and Aniseed. Text: SHARP'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED CURES CROUP, COUGHS, COLDS. 50 YEARS IN USE. Price 25 cts a bottle.