

**A SAILOR'S LOVE STORY.**

**Makes the Skipper Gasp When He Thinks of His Sweetheart and How He Lost Her.**

"Ever go to St. John, New Brunswick?" asked the Captain of the tramp steamer "No? Then go just as soon as you can. I've been in every port on the western ocean and a good many on other oceans, but the rosiest cheeks and the bluest eyes and the sweetest dispositions that ever I fell foul of are right there on the banks of the Bay of Fundy. It gives me the queers every time I think of that town—two queers, I may say, for I have to catch my breath when I think of the sweetheart I had there up in Califat, on the hill toward the bay, and then I have to catch it again and catch hard when I think of how I lost her.

"You see, I was mate of the bark Croesus, carrying deals from St. John to Greenock. I made the acquaintance of this lassie the first time in port, and was clean gone daft, I may say, over her; and for that matter she had a soft spot in her heart for me, as I have reason to believe. And so every night I used to take leave and go ashore for two or three hours, and maybe more, to see her, till one night the Captain, who had been ashore to see his sweetheart, happened to come on board before I did and found no one on deck but the watchman, and no one in the cabin at all. So, being a fair-minded man, as well as one who wanted to keep the ship in order, he agreed to stay on board one night and me the next, turn about, only I was to have the first night on board, because he had a very particular engagement with his sweetheart the next night.

"It seemed like hard luck to stay at all, but I managed to send word to my girl that I couldn't come, and turned in early to make the time pass quickly. I was soon asleep, but about 10 o'clock came the watchman and knocked on my door.

"There's two runners in the fore-castle trying to steal the crew," he said. Meantime he had called his son, who was watching on a bark at the wharf just astern of us named the Lolier, and the son and I hid behind the long boat just abaft the fore-mast, while the old man went to warn the runners to leave the ship.

"They were willing enough to leave by that time, for they had one of our best men all coaxed up to go, and up they came, one of them carrying the sailor's bag, while Jack himself had his arms full of dunnage, and away the three went along the deck toward the rail.

"With that the son who was with me steps around the foremast and up behind them and wets the sailor over the head. Down goes Jack in a heap, and the father and son climbs on one of the runners and downs him.

"At that the other runner has a mind to help his mate, but he sees me coming with a big iron belaying pin in hand. That was enough for him, and away he ran aft, but that belaying pin caught him fair in the back and bowled him over across the main hatch as neat as a pin in a bowling alley.

"Then I mounted him and began hammering in his countenance with my fists. He made bold to fight back for a minute, and I was about to reach for the belaying pin to soothe him with it, when up went his legs in the air, and he squawked like a woman. The ship's dog, a savage brute, had heard the commotion, and, coming up the companionway, had nipped him in the thigh till the blood flew.

"Well, now, for a few minutes we all had a lot of fun with these two runners, and then I took them aft and locked them in a cabin closet till the Captain came. The Captain brought them into the saloon and stood them under the lamp. One had his nose all over to one side and a piece of scalp hanging down over his forehead so the hair and blood hid his eyes altogether. The other—that was my man—had both eyes swelled shut and his lips both split in front, while he walked with a terrible limp in the left leg where the dog had been chewing him.

"You've got enough this time," said the Captain. "You'd better hunt a doctor."

"Next night it was my turn to go ashore. I found my sweet waiting for me, and a more affectionate little darling than she was that time no one ever saw. I think we must have spooned and held hands for an hour or so, and then she said to me: "Bill, what ship do you belong to?"

"Somehow that question sent a shiver along my backbone, because it made me remember all about the licking the two runners had got the night before, and I was now in Califat, where the runners and everybody stand together. However, I made bold to lie about it promptly and say: "I'm mate of the Lolier. Why do you ask?"

"And do you really and truly love me Bill?" she said, so that I couldn't help saying I did, and I did, too.

"I knew it, Bill," she says, "and you'll do what I want you to. You're the bluest sailor that comes into this port and you can lick anything. Last night my brother, what's a runner for Spud Murphy, and another one was down on the Croesus looking for a couple of sailors to go on a deep-sea voyage, with two months' advance. They got one man and the promise of another, when as they were leaving her the mate and two more jumped on them and beat them shameful, and then that mate set his big dog on my brother, and it bit a whole mouthful out of his leg. Oh, it was shameful. He can't walk a step. But the other one can, and he'll be here in half an hour. He'll go down to the Croesus with you and pick a fight with the mate, and I want you to go along and take a hand in. Will you do it, Bill? I'll just go with you first to show you my brother, and then you won't need any more coaxing."

"She was reaching for her hat on the bed post when I stopped her.

"Wait a bit," said I. "That mate's on shore. He told me where he was going, and if you want to see some fun that's worth while, you get your friends and that other runner here, and I'll be back with the sucker in fifteen minutes."

"Then I kissed her and took a sneak. Ah, she had the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes and the sweetest disposition I ever saw, but, mate, I never went back to see her. She lived in Califat, up on the hill, toward the bay, and they all stand together up there."

**AN UNGRATEFUL PEOPLE.**

**The Unfriendly Feeling Entertained by the United States Toward Great Britain.**

The newspapers and the politicians of the United States that so often refer to Great Britain in spiteful and hostile language, and those American protectionists who would level a high tariff particularly at British goods, ought to consider the facts presented in the leading article of the New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin on Thursday last. These facts are, first, that one-half of the total exports of the United States go to Great Britain; second, that the United States does not take from Great Britain more than one-fourth to one-third of as much merchandise as it sends to her; third, that the sentiment towards Great Britain that finds commonest expression in the United States is one of extreme unfriendliness. Of last year's total exports from the United States, amounting to \$892,143,547, \$431,063,687 went directly to British ports, and besides this a considerable amount went there indirectly through Canada. In the last six years Britain took

**TWO BILLION AND A HALF DOLLARS**

worth of United States goods, which was more than all the other nations together took. Also, British capitalists have supplied the greater part of the money for the development of industry in the United States. To no other country in the world is the United States so much beholden as to Great Britain, and no other country in the world is so much beholden to her. Britain has been treated most shabbily in return. If she has a difference upon any question with another power, the United States is ready to make her out in the wrong. Some time ago, when an amiable but absurd proposal for the union of the naval power of Britain and the States was broached by a visionary Englishman, the New York Sun, with equal folly, declared that Britain must be destroyed. Its oft-ventured malignity to Britain, like that of the politicians who profess Anglophobia, is addressed to the very lowest elements of the populace, whom it is intended to gratify. But it is not always to tickle the rabble this envy and malice is shown towards the greatest customer of the United States. Henry Cabot Lodge might be supposed to be above that small business, yet he wanted the tariff to be charged with special and prohibitory duties against British merchandise to punish her for rejecting proposals for bimetalism. In regard to the enforcement of the Behring Sea regulations, in connection with the Brazilian war, the troubles at Bluefields, at Samoa, at Hawaii and in those between China and Japan, the enemies of Britain in the United States

**SEIZED EVERY OPPORTUNITY**

to misrepresent her. Yet they owe her for no small part of their bread and butter. In the face of all this antagonism and abuse, the Mother Country has treated the United States with the utmost magnanimity. With a tenth part of such grounds of provocation any other European power would have retaliated. There was a time when the United States had almost a monopoly in the production of surplus food-stuffs. Then Britain had to buy her wheat and flour from the States if she would get them at the lowest price. It is otherwise now. If Britain did not take a single cargo of United States wheat, she could get all she wants at the lowest price ruling in the world's markets. Russia, Austria, India, Argentine, Chili, and Canada could supply all her wants. The United States crop would still be on the market to keep prices at their level, but the sale of it would be scattered. The feeling that it would seem most reasonable and most natural for the United States to entertain towards so great a customer is that of the warmest friendship. Such a feeling would seem to be prompted by business considerations, were there no blood or language in the question.

Spooner's Phenyle Disinfectant mixed with fish oil or grease, will prevent the Horn fly. Apply with a brush about the horns, head and back of animals.

**A Modified Statement.**

Little Girl—"You study music, don't you?"

Miss Screecher—"Yes, I am still studying."

"Uncle George said he heard your voice as he passed your house last evening."

"Let-me-see. I really don't believe I did any singing last evening."

"Oh, he didn't say you did sing. He only said you were trying to."

**Charlatans and Quacks**

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

**Large as a Dollar**

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of



Joe Ruby.

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Adams' Root Beer Extract.....one bottle  
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake  
Sugar.....two pounds  
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments; then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

In a recent parade in Youngstown, O., the search lights were operated by threshing engines.

St. Leon's "keeping" properties are unequalled. It is just as good in bulk as in bottle and much less expensive.

Have good will to all that lives, letting unkindness die, and greed and wrath; so that your lives be made like soft airs passing by.—Sir Edwin Arnold.

**Get Rid of Neuralgia.**

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attends the employment of Polson's Nerviline. Nerviline is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

Such as our motive is our aim must be if his be servile, that can ne'er be free.—Cowper.

Roses are now in full bloom. Many complain that their plants throw suckers from the roots. These are budded roses. You should buy roses grown on own roots, then will have no trouble. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto, Ont., are the leading rose growers in the country. Write them for an agency.

Italy exported 430,000,000 dozen eggs last year.

**Fall Wheats.**

Prices per bushel, Genesee Giant, \$2.50; White Leader, \$1.50; Dawson's Golden Chaff, \$1.00; Jones' Winter Type, 85c; American Bronze, 85c; Early Red Clawson, 85c; Cotton bags 20c. Send for Circulars to the Steele, Briggs, Marcon Seed Co. (Ltd.) 132 King St. E., Toronto.

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