

THE MAID'S BALLOON ASCENSION

A Story of Aged Lovemaking

By John H. Rafferty.

It was some time in June that Miss Denby began to "make a show" of herself. From the modest responsibility of neutral tints, cotton gowns and a sailor hat she suddenly burgeoned forth into such a splendid radiance of millinery and mode that all her neighbors wondered. For Miss Denby was an old maid. She had accumulated a modest fortune making dresses, and, being fifty-two years old, as she admitted with a weazen smile, she had retired permanently from business and settled down to a routine of tea drinking and novel reading, relieved, if not illuminated, by daily strolls in the park and a Sunday visit to church.

Home! Not exactly, for she had bright, busy little eyes, a straight nose that had not always been as red as now and a cute mouth that puckered up at the corner when she smiled. Her form was of the "ironing board" style—that is, neither plump nor angular—but her hands and feet were the chief pride of her romantic little heart, for they were as small as a child's. Indeed, what most astounded the neighbors when they first began to "notice" the old maid's transformation were the marvelous shoes, slippers and gloves she wore. For instance, the day Mrs. Gallagher followed her over to the park Miss Denby's little tootsies were incased in gray undressed kids, with—oh, shocking!—French heels. But that was not what finally set the venomous tongue of gossip to wagging.

Mrs. Gallagher had actually caught the old maid keeping tryst with a man!

From that day the poor old dress-maker's suddenly glorified wardrobe was explained. Mrs. Gallagher had watched her foregather with a handsome, dark haired stranger and, leaning on his stalwart arm, stroll away among the trees. It was evident that Miss Denby was in love and that her suitor was a young and dashing fellow.

"After her money, I guess," said Mrs. Jenkins to Mrs. Jones over the back fence.

"No fool like an old fool," winked Mrs. Jones.

Some said it was "disgraceful," others suspected that Miss Denby was a "little cracked," but they all became very friendly with her, drank her tea, admired her gowns and put themselves in the way of becoming her confidants. The good women even began to take morning tramps in the park, and the queer little dressmaker, walking with her young suitor, was mortified and puzzled at the frequency of these accidental meetings.

Finally Miss Denby decided to open her heart to Mrs. Gallagher, and she did it like this:

"Have another cup of tea before you go, Mrs. Gallagher."

"Sure I've had seven."

"Just one more." Then she whispered, "I've got a secret for you."

Miss Denby blushed and simpered demurely as she poured the tea, and her fat guest could hardly wait to come at the long deferred mystery.

"What's your secret, Sophronia? Sure you ain't going to move?"

"Guess again," giggled the old maid.

"Not another new dress?"

"Not that."

"I'll give up," admitted the other, who enjoyed the deception.

"A wedding!" giggled Miss Denby.

"But, mind now, it's a secret yet. I'm going to invite him up—he-hee, hee-hee—and I want you to come and chaperon me!"

Mrs. Gallagher was staring open mouthed.

"Sophronia Denby!" she gasped.

"Married! You going to be married!"

"To the finest, handsomest, noblest, richest—he's a prince!"

"Ah, bother!"

"A Greek nobleman, Count Sardapalus."

"And what business is he in?"

"Business! Oh, dear, none! He's a nobleman; owns an island and all that sort of thing."

The old maid seemed almost transfused with enthusiasm. She said she had met her noble lover quite by accident while strolling near the beach.

He had found and restored to her a novel which she had left on a bench.

The casual acquaintance thus begun had flourished by reason of his wondrous ardor and the fact that she walked daily in the park. The count had wooed and won her "with the fierce and swift gallantry of the old world."

Miss Denby said, and she had resisted him as long as her sympathetic heart could withstand his eloquence.

"He's in Chicago to float a loan for the Greek government," she explained.

"As soon as Crete is annexed the count's my count"—a smile and a blush—"is to be absolute ruler of the island. But he is very anxious to depart, and the wedding day must be fixed tomorrow night. Turkish spies are constantly at his heels. There is hardly a day that he does not point one out to me. I have seen them lurking behind the bushes, and every time we part I am in agony of fear lest something should befall him."

Mrs. Gallagher was staring now like a bull-frog watching a red fannel bait.

"Will you come up tomorrow night and meet him?" she hears Miss Denby say.

"Will," murmured the dumfounded Mrs. Gallagher, backing toward the door.

It was midnight when she had finished her rounds of the flats, and at the door she looked at the count's ar-

rival the population of the building was on the front steps.

Sure enough, at 8 o'clock the handsome foreigner came striding along. He paused a moment in front of Miss Denby's entrance, looked up and down the street and then sprang nimbly up the stairway.

The fluttering old maid, "assisted" by Mrs. Phelim Gallagher, received him. To the latter he bowed with the punctilious grace of a cavalier of France.

"With your permission, madam," he said, taking a parcel from his pocket. "I have brought mademoiselle a little gift. It is an heirloom in our family. My ancestors captured it from King Priam in the Trojan war."

He handed the package to the blushing Miss Denby and kissed her tiny hand as she bowed over it. "It is one of the gold shoes from the Trojan horse," he resumed with rare dignity. "Each nail it set with a priceless diamond, and"—

He was interrupted by a little scream from Sophronia, who had unwrapped the parcel and found an old, rusty horseshoe, very dirty, twisted and worn. But the next moment she had tapped his wrist with her fan and laughed.

"What a wag you are, count; forever cracking jokes!"

Mrs. Gallagher didn't know what to say or do. She stood there staring at Count Sardapalus as if in doubt whether to hit him with the horseshoe or run away. Indeed she was sidling toward the door when the bell rang. She opened it in time to hear the strange guest shout:

"Bar the door or we are lost!"

But Mrs. Gallagher opened it. A sandy haired, heavy set man brushed rudely in, laid a hand on the count's shoulder and said:

"Come, your grace, the balloon is ready."

"Aha!" said the dramatic Greek. "My country first! Forward, gentlemen! To the balloon!"

With a grand bow he stalked out of the room like a monarch going to the block. Miss Denby collapsed into a chair. The sandy courier followed his master. Mrs. Gallagher followed the courier.

"Who is he?" whispered the fat woman to the count's attendant.

"He's a bug," growled the man; "went nutty on balloons; acts all right till you mention his balloon. Then he goes home and gets into a swing. He thinks it's a war balloon, and he sails all over the world in it. Good night!"

Miss Denby did move on the 1st of September.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Story of Tennyson.

Apropos of Tennyson's life at Freshwater Mr. T. S. Escott tells this story, says a London Journal: "The only stranger I can remember to have seen there was a young American author, already of distinguished performance and of even more brilliant promise, who had brought with him a letter of commendation from Longfellow. He was painfully shy and absentminded at the dinner table, nearly forgetting to eat and quite, I think, forgetting to drink. In the latter respect he resembled his host, who on that day, while the dishes were on the table, touched only one of them.

"With the dessert a small bottle of the laureate's favorite port, unfortified—such, he said, as 'Will Waterproof'—once could get at the Cock in Fleet street—made its appearance. It was only sipped by the poet after intervals between conversation with his transatlantic guest or of reveries with himself. At last, however, the decanter was drained. The poet, as if surprised to find it empty, with a touch of plainness in his melodious monotone, said reflectively to the visitor, who had not touched the wine, 'Do you always drink a bottle of port after dinner?'"

Tea and Theine.

Theine is known to most people as the active principle of tea or that substance which confers upon the cup its cheering and stimulating properties. Caffeine is the analogous principle of coffee, although this latter substance also occurs in tea. Some investigations into the development of theine shows that it is in the skin or covering of the leaves of the plant in their young state that the active principle is best developed. I have always been given to understand that the young shoots thus amply provided with theine and representing the finest of the crop are sent to Russia, where they fetch a high price.

What we get in England is presumably the older leaf, with, I should say, less theine and a deal more tannin. It would be interesting to know what proportions of theine and tannin exist in some of the cheap teas that are so largely consumed by the British public. Theine itself is a nerve stimulant of undoubted power, but the quantity we get in our cups is, of course, infinitesimal. Sometimes, I should say, it is so microscopic in amount as to render it doubtful whether we can be cheered at all by the tea tray festivities.—London Chronicle.

Popular Quotations.

Mr. Churton Collins, in discussing popular quotations, exclaims: "How few, for example, who quote the well known sentiment, 'Salus populi suprema lex'—The health of the people is the highest law—know that they are quoting the Roman law of the twelve tables, or when they talk of leaving no stone unturned that they are quoting the reply of the Delphic oracle to Polycretes, or when they talk of 'calling a spade a spade' they are quoting an anonymous Greek comic poet. Thus, too, 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip' is a literal translation of an hexameter in an anonymous Greek poet. So is 'The mills of God grind slow, but they grind small.'"

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TWO HOURS OF ROMANCE.

The plot is on. They sit. And watch every action they portrayed. He sees but her and, seeing her, sees all—Her face a page. Whereon the play is written, bit by bit. He reads, and then she smiles, unconscious maid. His lips into the mold of hers do fall.

Love loses. On her cheek There shines a pearl. Love triumphs. In her eyes there sits a song. Dreams he: If imitation claim a tear, Then, tend'rest girl, What, what would passion claim? Nay, fool and weak, You want not tears and pity, but you long To make the love light in those eyes appear!

Below them pipe of wood And resined string All vibrate softly, whispering of hope; Then as his heart beats higher with the thought

Of reigning king, Burst into strains of triumph. Leap, O blood! The curtain's down. Lights up. The play is o'er.

She sighs; he sighs, and romance is no more. —Scribner's Magazine.

WANDERING FREIGHT CARS.

How They Are Rounded Up by the Car Accountant.

The car accountant is a typical instance of development in the railroad business. In the early days he did not exist. The superintendent was supposed to know in a general way what was being done with the company's cars. The custom was for railroads to carry through freight as far as the end of their own lines in their own cars. Then it was transferred to the cars of the foreign line, and so assisted on the next stage to its destination. So much time, however, was lost in making the transfers that the needs of shippers forced upon the railroads a departure which has now become their general custom. Railroads permit all loaded cars to go through to their destination without transfer and allow one another a certain sum for the use of the cars. This results in scattering the cars of the different roads over every section of track in the country. It produces the extraordinary processions of many colored travelers from distant lands that delight the eyes of youngsters at a railroad crossing.

In theory the cars are permitted to run through over foreign roads to their destination on the condition that on their arrival they shall be unloaded promptly and started on the return home. In practice the freight agent is apt to use the cars that are most handy regardless of their ownership. An agent in Minneapolis would hardly think twice before filling up a Maine Central freight car with a consignment for Manitoba. The agent at Manitoba would not suffer a pang of conscience when he found himself stuffing the same Maine car with a cargo of supplies for Waco, Tex. Thus are begun the wanderings of a car to which, if it were not for the car accountant and his memoranda, there would sometimes be no end.

It is by no means easy to bring the wanderers home. When the Maine Central car accountant learns from his reports that his car is being unduly knocked about on foreign roads, his first news is that it has spent two weeks in the yards at Minneapolis. A tracer is at once forwarded to the transportation department of the railroad which is believed to be holding the car. By this time the car is on its way to Manitoba. A tracer follows it there, but with the similar result of finding that the car has been dispatched for the southwest. A letter to the company operating the line out of Waco brings an answer to the effect that it is crippled and has been run into the shops for repairs or that it has been loaded again, in which case the company promises politely to unload it and send it home immediately. Then the car is promptly switched off on a branch line for some local consignee and is not heard of again, except by the needy agent who captured it, until it turns up in a tail end collision in the state of West Virginia. Luckily it is not a bit injured and is able to continue its wanderings, pursued by more and more vigorously worded correspondence, until somebody sends it home.

How Whistler Dressed Up.

Whistler, on one of his visits to Sir Alma Tadema, shocked his famous brother artist. On the night of his arrival Whistler's host announced that he intended to give a breakfast next morning. "There will be a number of ladies present, Whistler," he said, "and I want you to pull yourself together and look your best."

"All right," said Whistler. The next morning Whistler's voice was heard ringing through the magnificent halls of the Tadema mansion: "Tadema, Tadema! I want you, Tadema!"

Thinking of nothing less than fire, Sir Alma rushed to the room of his guest.

"For heaven's sake, Whistler, what's the matter? You've waked every one in the house. What is it?"

"Oh, don't get so excited, Tadema," drawled Whistler. "I only wanted to know where you keep the scissors to trim the fringe of cuffs with; thought you wanted me to pull myself together for the ladies."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cost of Harvesting Wheat.

The expense of harvesting a thousand acres of wheat is not more than \$600. This amount is exclusive, of course, of the planting. The plowing of a field costs \$1 per acre. If the wheat raiser is wealthy, he will purchase a steam plow and do the work of plowing himself, thus saving one of the biggest items of expense. To drill the wheat in the ground costs 10 cents per acre, while seed costs about 50 cents a bushel, three pecks being used for each acre.

Only a Woman's Wiles.

He was a very shy young man, and the girl—well, she was like most girls. "How do you pronounce 'K-i-s-m-e'?" she asked.

"Oh! In this instance the 't' is not sounded," he replied.

"Then that would be 'Kisme,'" she murmured.

And he did, although he was a shy young man.—London Answers.

Takes a Mean Advantage.

Mamie—I think Mr. Crustleigh is just too mean for anything.

Fanny—But he married your mamma.

Mamie—I know he did. I jilted him for Harold; then he married mamma, and now he won't let me marry Harold.

Gold is a wonderful fertilizing agent. It has caused many a family tree to sprout up and get its full growth in a few hours.—Chicago News.

Hit by Piece of a Stump.

St. Catharines, Dec. 11.—Edward Secord, a prominent farmer of Pelham, was killed by an explosion of dynamite on his farm Monday. Mr. Secord had been clearing a five-acre field of stumps with dynamite, and was blowing up the last stump when the accident happened which killed him.

He had put in an extra heavy charge with only a short fuse and was trying to get away when the explosion occurred. A piece of the stump struck him in the back of the head and inflicted a deep gash. He died of his wound at midnight.

The deceased was a most respected resident of Pelham, and leaves a family and many relatives to mourn his loss. He was 45 years of age.

Because He Couldn't Find Work.

Calumet, Mich., Dec. 11.—While in a fit of despondency over his inability to find work and provide for his family, John Kinonen, living at Cooper Falls, 22 miles from here, early yesterday rose from bed, and while the family was sleeping he cut his wife's throat, the throat of a son 16 years of age, slashed a younger son less seriously, and then committed suicide by cutting his own throat. Kinonen is dead, but the other members of the family, while in a serious condition, are not fatally wounded, and the attending physicians think they will recover. The younger boy, with blood streaming from his gashed throat, ran to a neighbor's, and the physicians were soon summoned.

DON'T GIVE IN.

If you have tried various so-called remedies and obtained no relief, don't say that there is no cure for rheumatism. The trouble is, you have not taken the right medicine. What Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure has accomplished for thousands of sufferers it can do for you. Mr. S. O. Taylor, Charlevoix, Ont., suffered with rheumatism in the back (lumbago) for four years; five bottles of Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure completely cured him. He has been free from pain ever since. As a blood purifier it has no equal. This preparation is put up in bottles containing ten days' treatment. Price 50 cents at all druggists or The Dr. Hall Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont.

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BUCHANAN & PENSTONE

—HAVE MOVED—

1 DOOR WEST OF BARRIE HOTEL

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and everything to be found in an up-to-date Hardware Store. A large assortment of all kinds of

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Guaranteed to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. Write to S. C. WELLS & CO., Toronto, Can., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

MERRILL'S SYSTEM TONIC

Purifies the Blood
Builds up the System
Strengthens the Nerves
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A combination of the extracts of
Celery, Sarsaparilla,
Burdock,
Cascara, Mandrake and Buchu,
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50 Doses—Price, 50c.

PREPARED BY
The Merrill Medical Co.
DRUGGISTS
Brantford, - Ontario

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THE ANATOMY OF THE STOMACH

The stomach is the principal, although not the only, organ of digestion. It is about 12 inches long and four inches in diameter at the largest end. It is shaped like a pear, with large end and entrance to the left, and the small end and exit to the right. In the stomach all solid foods are dissolved, and made ready to be mixed with the bile and pancreatic juices in the second stomach and bowels. If the food is not dissolved in the stomach, it is not dissolved at all, but passes entirely through the system without in any way enriching the body.

Hence the importance of a healthy stomach. The principle trouble is weakness of the muscles of which the stomach is composed, and lack of sensitiveness to the nerves which cause the gastric or food dissolving juices to flow. Two principal features are thus demanded of a stomach remedy. Merrill's System Tonic embodies these features exactly. It tones the muscles and enriches and restores the nerves; not in a transitory, but in a lasting manner. Take it when sour eructation, heartburn, gas on the stomach, pains in the stomach, sense of heaviness in the stomach and a general unpleasant feeling, indicate that your stomach is out of condition. You'll be delighted with the results and pleased to find that you can eat a hearty meal and enjoy it.

Each 50c. bottle contains 50 pleasant-to-take doses, and is sold

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ASTHMA CURE FREE!

ASTHMALENE BRINGS INSTANT RELIEF AND PERMANENT CURE IN ALL CASES.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL. WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.



There is nothing like Asthalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma, for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER,

Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel,

NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: Your Asthalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. It success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthalene contains no opium, morphine, cocaine or other. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful to have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235 Rivington street.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SENT UP FOR TRIAL.

Dr. Graham and Miss Kilbourne Formally Committed.

London, Dec. 11.—Dr. Alex. Graham and Miss Emma Agnes Kilbourne appeared in Police Court yesterday morning and were formally committed to stand trial on the charge of murdering the latter's infant child.

The Police Magistrate, after reading the customary warning that their utterances might be used as evidence, asked the prisoners if they had anything to say. Dr. Graham answered firmly, "I have nothing to say, only that I am innocent of the charge." Miss Kilbourne did not answer at once, and her counsel answered for her that she was innocent. The magistrate replied that she must answer for herself, and she said, in a barely audible voice, "Innocent of the charge."

The Police Magistrate then announced that he committed the prisoners for trial, and ordered court adjourned.

The defence announced that they will apply for bail before a high Court Judge in Toronto at the earliest possible moment.

OFFICES TO RENT OR LEASE

Rooms for offices, in Ross Block, No. 97, Dunlop Street. Fire proof vault; lately occupied by Dr. Wells. Also two rooms with vault, lately occupied by Hood, Jacks & Fraser. Barriers; immediate possession. Apply to C. H. ROSS, Brantford, Jan. 1, 1901.