Derby GIGARETTES Ter Per Per Package.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY OCT. 22, 1897.

RODNEY STONE,

By A. Copan Doyle.

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Even the attic, which had been conwould have delighted a virtuoso. My would be an indiscretion for me to say | tague the brewer?"

We found a note from Ambrose waiting for us which increased rather than explained the mystery of his disappear-

"My dear Sir Charles Tregellis," it ran, "it will ever be a subject of regret to me that the force of circumstances should have compelled me to leave your service in so abrupt a fashion, but something occurred during our journey from Friar's Oak to Brighton which left me without any possible alternative. I trust, however, that my absence may prove to be but a temporary one. The isinglass recipe for the shirt-fronts is in the strongbox at Drummond's Bank.-Yours obedi-

ently. Ambrose." "Well, I suppose I must fill his place as best I can," said my uncle, moodily. "But how on earth could something have occurred to make him leave me at a time when we were going full-trot down hill in my curricle? I shall never find his match again either for chocolate or cravats. Je suis desoie! But now, nephew, we must send to Weston and have you fitted up. It is not for a gentleman to go to a shop, but for the shop to come to the gentleman. Until you have your

clothes you must remain en retraite." The measuring was a most solemn and serious function, though it was nothing to the trying-on two days later, when my uncle stood by in agony of apprehension as each garment was adjusted, he and Weston argaing over every seam and lapel and skirt until I was dizzy with turning round in front of them. Brummell, with a long, fair face, light ers. His manner was languid, his voice drawling, and while he eclipsed my uncle drawling, and while he eclipsed my uncle and they call the other one is Lord Foley—they call him No. 11, on account of his thin legs.

Brummell had departed. "He is quite him No. 11, on account of his thin legs."

had not the air of manliness and decision which underlay all my kinsman's affec-"Why, George," cried my uncle, "I thought you were with your regiment." "I've sent in my papers," drawled the

"I thought it would come to that." "Yes. The Tenth was ordered to

Manchester, and they could hardly expect me to go to a place like that. Besides, I found the major monstrous "He expected me to know about his absurd drill, Tregellis, and I had other

things to think of, as you may suppose. I had no difficulty in taking my right place on parade, for there was a trooper with a red nose on a flea-bitten gray, and I had observed that my post was always immediately in front of him. This saved a great deal of trouble. The other day, however, when I came on parade, I galloped up one line and down the other, but the deuce a glimpse could I get of that long nose of his! Then, just as I was at my wits' end, I caught sight of him alone at one side; so formed up in front. It seems he had been put there to keep the ground, and the major so far forgot himself as to say that I knew nothing of my duties." My uncle laughed, and Brummell looked me up and down with his large, in-"These will do very passably," said he. "Buff and blue are always very gentlemanlike. But a sprigged waistcoat

would have been better." "I think not," said my uncle, warmly. "My dear Tregellis, you are infallible the right of my own judgment upon vests. I like it vastly as it stands, but a touch of red sprig would give it the

finish that it needs They argued with many examples and analogies for a good ten minutes, revolving round me at the same time with their heads on one side and their glasses to their eyes. It was a relief to me when they at last agreed upon a com-

"You must not let anything I have said shake your faith in Sir Charles's judgment, Mr. Stone," said Brummell,

very earnestly. I assured him that I should not. "If you were my nephew, I should expect you to follow my taste. But you will cut a very good figure as it is. I had a young cousin who came up to town last year with a recommendation to my care. But he would take no ad-At the end of the second week to the Mall in St. James's Park, and I met him coming down St. James's thence to Brookes's, the great Whig Street in a snuff-colored coat cut by a | club, and thence again to Watier's, country tailor. He bowed to me. Of course I knew what was due to myself. | ble. Everywhere I met the same sort I looked all round him, and there was of men, with their stiff figures and small an end to his career in town. You are | waists, all showing the utmost deference from the country, Mr. Stone?" "From Sussex, sir."



The Canadian Zost. "Sussex! Why, that is where I send my washing to. There is an excellent Heath. I send my shirts two at a in a cricket ball. The man he is talk- you like in there, save only your nerve time, for if you send more it excites the ling to is Sir Charles Bunbury, of the or your temper," my uncle continued. woman and diverts her attention. I Jockey Club, who had the Prince warnannot abide anything but country wash- | ed off the Heath at Newmarket on ac- | was with you?" ing. But I should be vastly sorry to count of the in-and-out riding of Sam have to live there. What can a man Chifney, his jockey. There's Captain face, had stepped out of the open door-

"You don't hunt, George?" "When I do, it's a woman. But surely you don't go to hounds, Charles?" "I was out with the Belvoir last win-

"The Belvoir! Did you hear how I smoked Rutland? The story has been verted into my bedroom, was the most in the clubs this month past. I bet him perfect little bijou attic that could pos- | that my bag would weigh more than his. | sibly be imagined. Beautiful and valu- He got three and a half brace, but I skins." able knick-knacks filled every corner of shot his liver-colored pointer, so he had every apartment, and the house had be- to pay. But as to hunting, what amusecome a perfect miniature museum which | ment can there be in flying about among a crowd of greasy, galloping farmers? uncle explained the presence of all these Every man to his own taste, but pretty things with a shrug of his should- Brookes's window by day and a snug ers and a wave of his hands. "They are | night, give me all I want for mind and des petites cadeaux," said he, "but it | body. You heard how I plucked Mon-



I WAS DIZZY WITH TURNING BOUND. "I had eight thousand from him at

a sitting. 'I shall drink your beer in | was dining at Lord Elgin's, that he future. Mr. Brewer,' said 1. 'Every apologized to the company for the shockblackguard in London does," said he. It | ing bad cooking. He thought he was at was monstrous impolite of him, but some his own table, you see. It gives him people cannot lose with grace. Well, I a place of his own in society. That's Then, just as I had hoped that all was am going down to Clarges Street to pay Lord Harewood he has fastened on to settled, in came young Mr. Brummell, Jew King a little of my interest. Are now. Harewood's peculiarity is to mimic who promised to be an even greater ex- you bound that way? Well, good-bye, the Prince in everything. One day the quisite than my uncle, and the whole then! I'll see you and your young Prince hid his queue behind the collar matter had to be thrashed out between friend at the club or in the Mall, no of his coat, so Harewood cut his off, them. He was a good-sized man, this doubt," and he sauntered off upon his thinking that they were going out of "That young man is destined to take | 'L'homme laid' they called him in Paris.

in the extravagance of his speech, he young and of no descent, but he has made his way by his cool effrontery, his natural taste, and his extravagance of speech. There is no man who can be | him. Do you observe the way in which impolite in so polished a fashion. He | he looks round the room from under his has a half-smile, and a way of raising drooping eyelids, as though it were a his eyebrows, for which he will be shot one of these mornings. Already his opinion is quoted in the clubs as a rival but when they are pushed to the utter to my own. Well, every man has his | most they become respectable. How do, day, and when I'm convinced that mine | George? is past, St. James's Street shall know me no more, for it is not in my nature to be second to any man. But now, nephew, in that buff and blue suit you may pass anywhere; so, if you please, we will step into my vis-a-vis, and will show you something of the town." How can I describe all that we saw and all that we did upon that lovely spring day? To me it was as if I had been waffed to a fairy world, and my uncle might have been some benevolent enchanter in a high-collared, long-tailed coat, who was guiding me about in 16. He showed me the West-end streets with the bright carriages and the gaily dressed ladies and sombre-clad men, all crossing and hurrying and recrossing like an ant's nest when you turn it over with | "My view, exactly, and very neatly exa stick. Never had I formed a conception of such endless banks of houses, and such a ceaseless stream of life flowing between. Then we passed down the Strand, where the crowd was thicker than ever, and even penetrated beyond Temple Bar and into the city, though my uncle begged me not to mention it for he would not wish it to be generally known. There I saw the Exchange and the Bank and Iloyd's Coffee House, with the brown-coated, sharp-faced merchants

and the hurrying clerks, the huge horses and the busy dairymen. It was a very different world this from that which we had left in the West-a world of energy and of strength, where there was no place for the listless and the idle. Young as I was, I knew that it was here in the forest of merchant shipping, in the bales which swung up to the warehouse windows, in the loaded wagons which roared over the cobblestones, that the power of Britain lay. Here, in the city of London, was the taproot from which empire and wealth and so many other fine leaves had sprouted. Fashion and speech

to my uncle, and for his sake an easy

tolerance of me. The talk was always

such as I had already heard at the Pa-

vilion: talk of politics, talk of the King's

health, talk of the Prince's extravag-

gance, of the expected renewal of war,

of horse racing, and of the ring. I saw,

too, that eccentricity was, as my uncle

had told me, the fashion; and if the

folk upon the Continent look upon us

even to this day as being a nation of

lunatics, it is no doubt a tradition hand-ed down from the time when the only

"The English are excellent at a flatiron or a kitchen poker, but anything more delicate is beyond them.' "Our tailors are good," cried my uncle, and manners may change, but the spirit of enterprise within that square mile or two of land must not change, for when | ever. It has cut us off from travel, and | that time if they wished to figure before it withers all that has grown from it We lunched at Stephen's, the fashionstretched from the door to the further it. How could I have seen it had I not end of the street. And thence we went where the men of fashion used to gam-

travelers whom they were likely to see I ead Packages only- 25c, 40c., 50c.,60

and for a time it was all the rage. "The Prince took it up." "Yes, he usually follows my lead. We dressed so alike last year that we were amountly mistaken for each other. It

CEYLON TEA

were drawn from the class which I was | tells against me, but so it was. It the chambertin of old Q., and to dine up-It was an age of heroism and of as well upon him as upon me, but how On the one hand soldiers, sailors, can I make the abvious reply? By the and statesmen of the quality of Pitt, way, George, I did not see you at Nelson and afterwards Wellington, had Marchioness of Dover's ball." been forced to the front by the immi- "Yes, I was there, and lingered for a quarter of an hour or so. I am surprisnent menace of Buonaparte. We were great in arms, and were soon also to be ed that you did not see me. I did not great in literature, for Scott and Byron go past the doorway, however, for undue go past the doorway, however, for undue preference gives rise to jealousy."

In Europe. On the other hand, a touch "I went early," said my uncle, "for I , had heard that there were to be some of madness, real or assumed, was a pass-port through doors which were closed tolerable debutantes. It always pleases me vastly when I am able to pass a to wisdom and to virtue. The man who pened, but not often, for I keep to my and fro. A tray of small glasses and could enter a drawing room walking upon his hands, the man who had filed his teeth that he might whistle like a coachman, the man who always spoke his thoughts aloud and so kept his guests So they talked, these singular men,

in a quiver of apprehension, these were and I, looking from one to the other, could not imagine how they could help the people who found it easy to come to the front in London society. Nor bursting out a-laughing in each other's could the heroism and the folly be kept versation was very grave, and filled out apart, for there were few who could quite escape the contagion of the times. | with many little bows, and opening and In an age when the Fremer was a shutting of snuff-boxes, and flickerings heavy drinker, the Leader of the Oppo- of laced handkerchiefs. Quite a crowd sition a libertine, and the Prince of had gathered silently around, and I hard to know where to look for a man as a contest between two men who were whose private and public characters were | looked upon as rival arbiters of fashion. equally lofty. At the same time, with It was finished by the Marquis of all its faults, it was a strong age, and | Queensberry passing his arm through Brummell's and leading him off, while the country produces five such names as | my uncle threw out his laced cambric Pitt, Fox, Scott, Nelson, and Welling- shirt-front and shot his ruffles as if he were well satisfied with his share of the encounter. It is seven-and-forty years It was in Watier's that night, seated since I looked upon that circle of dandies side of the room, that I had and where, now, are their dainty little not drinkin' black-jack in a boozin' ken, out to me some of those singular hats, their wonderful waistcoats, and but you are meetin' noble, slap-up Corincharacters whose fame and eccentrici- their boots, in which one could arrange thians, and it's for you to behave as one's cravat? They lived strange lives, such. these men, and they died strange deaths the world. The long, many-pillared room, with its mirrors and chandeliers, was crowded with full-blooded loud--some by their own hands, some as beggars, some in a debtor's goal, some, like the most brilliant of them all, in a mad- what I 'adn't ought tovoiced men-about-town, all in the same dark evening dress with white silk stockings, cambric shirt-fronts, and little, flat

by my uncle on one of the red velvet set-

"The acid-faced old gentleman with the thin legs is the Marquis of Queens-

driven nineteen miles in an hour in a

match against the Count Taafe, and he

knows more about training than any man

in twenty-one hours. You have only

to look at his calves to see that Nature

standing near the fireplace. That is

in a long blue coat, top-boots and buck-

My uncle shrugged his shoulders.

"It was his humor," said he.

astonishement.

and passed on.

"Why did he do that, sir?" I asked in

was better worth reaching than Jeru-

salem. There's Lord Petersham, the

"You mustn't look so mortified, nep-

hew," said my uncle, smiling. "That's

old Lord Dudley, and he has a trick of

thinking aloud. People used to be of-

fended, but they take no notice of him

now. It was only last week, when he

fashion. Here's Lumley, the ugly man.

"Yes, be'll come to us presently. That

young man has certainly a future before

condescension that he should have enter-

ed it? Small conceits are intolerable,

"Have you heard about Vereker Mer-

ton?" asked Brummell, strolling up with

one or two other exquisites at his heels.

man-cook, and actually married her."

"What did Lord Merton do?"

to marry, Tregellis.'

Continent next week."

English tan.

many.

"He has run away with his father's wo-

"He congratulated him warmly, and

young couple, and make a handsome al-

lowance on condition that the bride

sticks to her old duties. By the way,

there was a rumor that you were about

by attentions which are a pleasure to

presed," cried Brummell. "Is it fair to

break a dozen hearts in order to in-

toxicate one with rapture? I'm off to the

your little things, and if there is a

"Quite right," said my uncle, who

seemed to have made up his mind to out-

do Brummell in extravagance. "I used

to get my sulphur-colored gloves from

the Palais Royal. When the war broke

out in '93 I was cut off from them for

nine years. Had it not been for a lug-

ger which I specially hired to smuggle

them, I might have been reduced to

"Bailiffs?" asked one of his

would be well to lay in a supply.'

"I think not," answered my uncle. "It

chapeau-bras under their arms.

"There is the card-room, Rodney," said my uncle, as we passed an open door on our way out. Glancing in, I saw a line of little green blaise tables berry," said my uncle. "His chaise was with small groups of men sitting round, while at one side was a longer one, from which there came a continuous murutes by throwing it from hand to hand mur of voices. "You may lose what sent a message fifty miles in thirty min-A tall, thin man, with a hard, austere

Barclay going up to them now. He way. His heavily thatched eyebrows covered quick, furtive grey eyes, and alive, and he has walked ninety miles his gaunt features were bellowed at the cheek and temple like water-grooved flint. He was dressed entirely in black. built him for it. There's another walker | and I noticed that his shoulders swayed there, the man with the flowered vest | a little as if he had been grinking. "Lost, like the deuce," he snapped. "Dice?"

Buck Whalley, who walked to Jerusalem "No, whist." "You couldn't get very hard hit over "Couldn't you?" he snarled. "Play a hundred a trick and a thousand on the Boy Jim and I were at the anvil. Well, rub, losing steadily for five hours, and see what you think of it." walked into society through it, and that My uncle was evidently struck by the haggard look upon the other's face. "I hope it's not very bad." he said. man with the beaky nose. He always

> got your man for this fight yet?" I shall claim forfeit if you don't come to scratch." "If you will name your day, I will produce my man, Sir Lothian," said my "This day four week, if you like."

"Very good. The 18th of May."

"I hope to have changed my name by "How is that?" asked my uncle, in "It is just possible that I may be Lord "What, you have had some news?" cried my uncle, and I noticed a tremor n his voice.

"I've had my agent over at Monte Video, and he believes he has proof that



"LOST LIKE THE DEUC_!" HB SNAPPED.

Avon died there. Anyhow, it is absurd to suppose that because a murderer chooses to fly from justice-"I won't have you use that word, Sir Lothian," cried my uncle, sharply. "You were there as I was. You know that he was a murderer.'

"I tell you that you shall not say so." Sir Lothian's fierce little grey eyes confessed that he had always underrated | had to lower themselves before the imhis intelligence. He is to live with the perious anger which shone in my uncle's. "Well, to let that point pass, it is monstrous to suppose that the title and the estates can remain hung up in this way for ever. I'm the heir, Tregellis, and I'm going to have my rights." "I am, as you are aware, Lord Avon's would be a mistake to overwhelm one dearest friend," said my uncle, sternly. "His disappearance has not affected my love for him, and until his fate is finally ascertained, I shall exert myself to see that his rights also are respected."

"His rights would be a long drop and ked spine," Sir Lothian answered and then, changing his manner, suddenly, he laid his hand upon my uncle's sleeve. "Come, come, Tregellis, I was his "Too bad, Pierrepoint. No, no; it is friend as well as you," said he. "But we pleasure and instruction combined. Be- cannot alter the facts, and it is rather sides, it is necessary to go to Paris for late in the day for us to fall out over them. Your invitation holds good for chance of the war breaking out again, it | Friday night?"

> and finally arrange the conditions of our little wager. "Very good, Sir Lothian! I shall hope They bowed, and my uncle stood a little time looking after him as he made his way amidst the crowd. "A good sportsman, nephew," said he.

'A bold rider, the best pistol-shot in

"I shall bring Crab Wilson with me,

England, but . . . a dangerous man!" CHAPTER X.

It was at the end of my first week in "but our stuffs lack taste and variety. | London that my uncle gave a supper to The war has made us more rococo than | the fancy, as was usual for gentlemen of there is nothing to match travel for ex- the public as Corinthians and patrons panding the mind. Last year, for ex- of sport. He had invited not only the ample, I came upon some new waist- chief fighting men of the day, but also coating in the Square of San Marco, at | those men of fashion who were most in-Venice. It was yellow, with the pret- | terested in the ring: Mr. Fletcher Reid, tiest little twill of pink running through | Lord Say and Sele, Sir Lothian Hume, Sir John Lade, Colonel Montgomery, Sir traveled? I brought it back with me, Thomas Apreece, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, and many more. The rumor that the Prince was to be present had already every color is simply perfection. spread through the clubs, and invitations were eagerly sought after.

The Waggon and Horses was a wellfrom luxury and high living seemed to find afresh piquancy in life by descending to the lowest resorts, so that the lowest resorts resorts and lowest resorts resorts

often complains that things do not look on a porter-house stake washed down by a pint of ale from a pewter pot. A rough crowd had assembled in the street to see the fighting men go in, and my uncle warned me to look to my pockets as we pushed our way through it. red curtains, a sanded floor, and walls which were covered with prints of pugilists and race horses. Brown, liquorstained tables were dotted about in it, and round one of these half a dozen forthe roughest of all, was perched upon the table itself, swinging his legs to

> "The boys were thirsty, sir, so brought up some ale and some liptrap," whispered the landlord; "I thought you would have no objection, sir."
>
> Quite right, Rob! How are you all?
>
> How are you, Maddox! How are you
>
> Baldwin? Ah, Belcher, I am very glad The fighting men rose and took their hats off, except the fellow on the table,

who continued to swing his legs and to loook my uncle very coclly in the face. "How are you, Berks?" "Pretty tidy. 'Ow are you?" "Say 'sir' when you speak to a gentleman," said Belcher, and with a sudden most into my uncle's arms,

"See now, Jem, none o' that!" said Berks, sulkily.

"I've always been reckoned a gentle man-like sort of man," said Berks, thick-"There, there, Berks, that's all right!" smooth things over and to prevent a quarrel at the outset of the evening. How are you, Apreece? How are yor, Colonel? Well, Jackson, you are looking vastly better. Good evening, Lade. I trust Lady Lade was none the worse for our pleasant drive. Ah. Mendeyou look fit enough to throm your hat some old friends here.

Amid the stream of Corinthians a A fighting men who were thronging into the room I ! ad aught a glimpse of the sturdy figure and broad, good-humored face of Champion Harrison. The sight of him was like a whiff of South Down air coming into the low-roofed, oil-smelling room,

and I ran forward to shake him by the "Why, Master Rodney-or I should say Mr. Stone, I suppose-you've changed out of all knowledge. I can't hardly believe that it was really you that used to come down to blow the bellows when

you are fine, to be sure!" "What's the news of Friar's Oak?" asked eagerly. "Your father was down to chat with me, Master Rodney, and he tells me that "Bad enough. It won't bear talking the war is going to break out again, and about. By the way, Tregellis, have you that he hopes to see you here in London before many days are past; for he is coming up to see Lord Nelson and to make inquiry about a ship. Your mo- comin' up-Gully and Pearce-who'll a long time. It's play or pay, you know. ther is well, and I saw her in church on make you London milling coves wish they "And Boy Jim?"

Champion Harrison's good-humored face clouded over. "He'd set his heart very much on coming here to-night, but there were reasons why I didn't wish him to, and so the Corinthians up to be presented. there's a shadow betwixt us. It's the first that ever was, and I feel it, Master Rodney. Between ourselves, I have very good reason to wish him to stay with me, and I am sure that, with his high spirit and his ideas, he would never settle down again after once he had a taste o' London. I left him behind me with enough work to keep him busy until I get back to him. A tall and beautifully proportioned

man, very elegantly dressed, was strol-

ling towards us. He stared in surprise

and held out his hand to my companion. "Why, Jack Harrison!" he cried. "This is a resurrection. Where in the world did you come from?" "Glad to see you, Jackson," said my companion. "You look as well and as young as ever." "Thank you, yes. I resigned the belt

when I could get no one to fight me for it, and I took to teaching." "I'm doing smith's work down Sussex is here, and-" "I've often wondered why you never had a shy at my belt. I tell you hon-

gald you didn't." here, for these boys are since my time" the noise you like." "Where's that, gov nor?" some of these young ones on. Won't chapel games.' you let me spring you on them?"

Harrison's eyes glistened at the idea, "I'm sure I've always 'ad the name of but he shook his head.

He's a jewel." "So I've heard. Who's the youngster beside him? He look a tidy chap." Crab Wilson's his name." Harrison looked at him with interest. "Yes. Sir Lothian Hume, the thinfaced gentleman over yonder, has backed

AN EMPHATIC DENIAL.

Premier Salisbury Says There is Absolutely No Truth in The Chronicle's Story. London, Oct. 18.-The Marquis of Salisbury telegraphs to the Associated Press from Hattield House, Hertford, mier is anxious to retire on account of Il-health and anxiety respecting the health of the Marchioness of Salisbury and that an early reconstruction of the Cabinet in consequence is probable.

Advice to Ladies Who Contemplate Coloring Cot-

If a merchant or any one else tells you that package dyes prepared for all wool goods will color cotion goods (qually well, do not believe him. A person making such an assertion knows little about dyes and dyeing work. Vegetable fibres require special dyes.

Such dyes are not made by the makers of imitation and common package dyes. the proprietors of Diamond Dyes, and the table nodded their concurrence.

ments were as primitive as the most immensely popular with carpet, rug and says he, and it's a clip on the nose, or the most curious fashions which have mat makers everywhere. Cotton goods a backhanded slap across the chops as now died out, that men who were blase dyed with these Diamond Dye Cotton likely as not. Then they can brag all their lives that they had hat Tom

night-houses and gambling-dens in. Co- desire to color rags for carpets and mate, asked Harrison. vent Garden or the Haymarket often gathered illustrious company under their smoke-blackened ceilings. It was a change for them to turn their backs upon change for them to turn their backs upon change of. Weltjie and of Ude, or sixteen useful colors.

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> signature of Charty Teleberg Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, TT MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY. understand. Jem Belcher Chinas great

quicker than Tom with the Mufflers, but over and proud. But don't expect that he can't hit as hard. I was speaking of your brother, Jem. The young 'un will make his way," said Belcher, who had come across to "He's more a sparrer than a fighter just at present, but when his gristle sets he'll take on anything on the list. Bristol's as full o' young fightin' men now as a bin is of bottles. We've got two more

things of Crab Wilson. There's Bel-

"Here's the Trince," said Jackson, as a hum and a bustle rose from the door. I saw George come bustling in, with a good-humored smile on his comely face. My nucle welcomed him, and led some of

"We'll have trouble, gov'nor," said Belcher to Jackson. "Here's Joe Berks drinkin' gin out of a mug, and you know what a swine he is when he is drunk." "You must put a stopper on 'im, gov-'nor." said several of the other prize "'E sin't what you'd call a charmer

when he's sober, but there's no standing 'im when 'e's fresh.' Jackson, on account of his prowess and of the tact which he possessed, had been chosen as general regulator of the whole prize fighting body, by whom he was usually alluded to as the Commander-in-Chief. He and Belcher went across now to the table upon which Berks was still perched. The ruffiau's I had read, where the savage company face was already flushed, and his eyes heavy and bloodshot.

"You must keep yourself in hand tonight, Berks," said Jackson. "The Prince "I never set eyes on 'im yet," cried Berks, lurching off the table, "Where is 'e. gov'nor? Tell 'im Joe Berks would estly, between man and man, I'm very like to do 'isself proud by shakin' 'im by

"Well, it's real good of you to say that, "No, you don't, Joe," said Jackson, Jackson. I might ha- done it, pehhaps, laying his hand upon Berks' chest, as he but the old woman was against it. She's tried to push his way through the crowd. been a good wife to me and I can't go "You've got to keep your place, Joe, or against her. But I feel a bit lonesome we'll put you where you can make all

said Jackson, feeling my friend's upper "Into the street, through the window. "No better bit of stuff was ever We're going to have a peaceful evenseen in a twenty-four foot ring. It ing, as Jem Belcher and I will show would be a rare treat to see you take you if you get up to any of your White-"No 'arm, gov'nor," grumbled Berks.

as an old Grecian statue, with a head bein' a genelman-like man." "It won't do, Jackson. My old woman "So I've always said, Joe Berks, and whose beauty many a sculptor had wishholds my promise. That's Belcher, ain't mind you prove yourself such. But the it-the good lookin' young chap with the supper is ready for us, and there's the I dince and Lord Sele going in. Two and "Yes, that's Jem! You've not seen him! two, lads, and don't forget whose com- | which gave him the lithness and activity pany you are in.

"That's a new man from the West. thickly upon the walls. The tables were cast of the day then but a few months arranged in three sides of a square, my "I've heard of him," said he. "They are uncle occupying the centre of the principal ope, with the Prince upon his right | career behind him, then indeed the even getting a match on for him, ain't they?" and Lord Sele upon his left. By his wise ling of his life might have been as glore precaution the seats had been allotted ous as its dawn. But his proud heart beforehand, so that the gentlemen might | could not permit his title to be torn from him against Sir Charles Tregellis's man. be scattered among the professionals and him without a struggle. If even now We're to hear about the match to night, no risk run of two enemies finding them- you can read how the gallant fellow, un selves together, or a man who had been able with his one eye to judge his disrecently beaten falling into the company tances, fought for thirty-five minutes of his conqueror. For my own part, I against his young and formidable ophad Champion Harrison upon one side of | ponent, and how, in the bitterness of deme and a stout, florid-faced man upon feat, he was heard only to express his the other, who whispered to me that he sorrow for a friend who had backed him was "Bill Warr, landlord of the One with all he possessed, and if you are Tun public-house, of Jermyn-street, and not touched by the story there must be one of the gamest men upon the list." | something wanting in you which should "It's my flesh that's beat me, sir." go to the making of a man. saying there is absolutely no truth in | said he. "It creeps over me amazin' the story published by The Daily Chron- fast. I should fight at thirteen-eight, who could have held their own against icle of this city to-day, saying the Pre- and 'ere I am nearly seventeen. It's the Jackson or Jem Belcher, there were other business that does it, what with lollin' ers of a different race and type who had about behind the bar all day, and bein' afraid to refuse a wet for fear of offendin' a customer. It's been the ruin of I saw the black face and woolly head of many a good fightin'-man before me." "You should take to my job." said man's livery-destined to be the prede Harrison. "I'm a smith by trade, and cessor of Molineaux, Sutton, and all I've not put on half a stone in fifteen "Some take to one thing and some to

another, but the most of us try to 'ave a bar-parlor of our own. There's Will Wood, that I beat in forty rounds in ! tock way, 'e drives a 'ackney Young British ring. There also I saw the keen stock way, 'e drives a 'ackney, Young Firby, the ruffian, 'e's a waiter now. Dick 'Umphries sells coals-'e was al-Ingleston is a brewer's drayman. We all perfect science which has, to this day, find our own could be worst fault ways of a genelmanly disposition. George find our own cribs. But there's one that the critics could find with him was thing you are saved by livin' in the country, and that is 'avin' the young blows-a remark which certainly Corinthians and bloods about town not have been made about his neigh smackin' you eternally 'n the ties." This was the last inconvenience which | should have expected a famous prize- ber of the same ancient race. This was Special dyes for vegetable fibres, such as fighter to be subjected to, but several the formidable Dutch Sam, who cotton and mixed goods, are made only by bull-faced fellows at the other side of at nine stone six, and yet possessed such "You're right, Bill," said one of them. ter years, were willing to back him "There's no one has had more trouble against the fourteen stone Tom Crib, I These special Diamond Dye cotton colors with them than I have. In they come of each were strapped astraddle to a bench. are great chemical discoveries, and con- an evenin' into my bar, with the wine Half a dozen other sallow Hebrew faces The Waggon and Horses was a well-known sporting house, with an old prize-fined entirely to the Diamond Dyes. The known sporting house, with an old prize-fined entirely to the Diamond Dyes. The bruiser? says one o' them. 'At your sports were as primitive as the most the most the property with carried and are service, sir,' says I. 'Take that, then,'

cher's young brother, Tom. He's look- butcher gives away a loin chop. Put ing out for a match, too. They say he's | up a small purse, master, and I'll do ron you're goin' to come here and get glutted by a middle-weight champion for noth-

> "That's my way, too, Tom," said my burly neighbor. "If they put down a they 'ave been drinkin' very 'eavy-I give them what I think is about a guinea's worth and take the money." "Put if they don't?"

"Why, then, it's a common assault, 'ye see against the body of 'is Maesty's liege. William Warr, and I 'as m before the beak next mornin', and 's n week or twenty shillin's." Meanwhile the supper was in full wing-one of those solid and uncomreemising meals which prevailed in the lays of your grandfathers, and which my explain to some of you why you over set eyes upon that relative. Great rounds of beef, saddles of muton, smoking tongues, veal and ham ples, urkeys and chickens, and geese, with very variety of vegetables, and a succession of fiery cherries and heavy alls were the main staple of the feast. It was the same meal and the same cooking as their Norse or German ancestors might have sat down to fourteen centuries before, and, indeed, as I looked through the steam of the dishes at the lines of fierce and rugged faces, and the mighty shoulders which rounded themselves over the board, I could have imagined myself at one of those old-world carousals of which

the pale, aquiline features of a sporting Corinthian recalled rather the Norman type, but in the main these stolid, heavy-jowled faces, belonging to men whose whole life was a battle, were the nearest suggestion which we have had in modern times of those fierce pirates and rovers from whose loins we have And yet, as I looked carefully from man to man in the line which faced me, could see that the English, although

gnawed the joints to the bone, and then,

with murderous horse-play, hurled the re-

mains at their prisoners. Here and there

they were ten to one, had not the game entirely to themselves, but that other races had shown that they could produce fighting-men worthy to rank with the There were, it is true, no finer or braver men in the room than Jackson and Jem Belcher, the one with his magnificent figure, his small waist and herculean shoulders; the other as graceful

ed to copy, and with those long, delicate lines in shoulder and loins and limbs, of a panther. Already, as I looked at The supper was laid in a large room. him, it seemed to me that there was a with Union Jacks and mottoes hung | shadow of tragedy upon his face, a foredistant when a blow from a racquet ball darkened the sight of one eye forever. Had he stopped there, with his unbeaten

qualities which made them dangerous bruisers. A little way down the room Bill Richmond, in a purple-and-gold footthat line of black boxers who have shown that the muscular power and insensibility to pain which distinguish the African give him a peculiar advantage also of the higher honor of being the hitting powers, that his add

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HARD WORK BROUG

SEVERE ILLNI Nervous Prostration Dizz treme Weakness-Dr. V Pills Came to Her B Hospital Treatment Fa

From the Fort William Journal, In the town of Fort W brave widow, who for years of constant labor kept the door and her little family tog morning till night she tol comforts for her loved lones at last protested against at drain on her strength, and to lose health. Soon the a became unable to bear its toil, and the poor mothe forced to give up the uni and become a burden where been the chief support. tration, heart disease, cons other names were given to local physicians, but me during which she suffered! without finding any reli sufferings. Palpitation dizziness, extreme pun in

of the symptoms of the di ings that caused exeruciating at the knee joints and other body, and at last she be nelpless and unable to wa up. At this stage she enter the hospital, that the benefit of skilled nu best medical treatment ; t ing some time there wit any relief the poor woma hope of recovery and ask home. All her friends at her appearance, and so was her condition that it w to speak hopefully of he covery. What then was the of all who had known het dition to hear that she ha & remedy whose magical demonstrated the fact that life there is hope. The remedy that worked sud change in such a short tin liams' Pink Pills, and all boxes she was able to to

of appetite and nervousne

but surely returned, and i from the time she began ! cine she was able to res The subject of this arti Marceille, is well known, ful and healthy appearant people to exclaim-won cease. She attributes he her family solely to the found in Dr. Williams' her experience, she hopes other sufferer on the righ This great remedy enrice

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