Ter Per Package.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY OCT. 29, 1897.

## RODNEY STONE,

By A. Copan Doyle. "Reprinted by permission from the illustrated" edition published in Bell's Indian and Colonial Library, by the Copp Clark Co., Ltd.

showed how energetically the Jews of Houndsditch and Whitechapel had taken to the sport of the land of their adop- 1 tion, and that in this, as in more serious fields of human effort, they could hold their own with the best. It was my neighbor Warr who very

good-humoredly pointed out to me all these celebrities, the echoes of whose fame had been wafted down even to our champion," said he. "It was 'e that

beat Noah James, the Guardsman, and was afterwards nearly killed by Jem Belcher, in the 'ollow of Wimbledon Common by Abbershaw's gibbet. Th two that are next 'im are Irish also Jack O'Donnell and Bill Ryan. When you get a good Irishman you can't bet ter 'em, but they're dreadful 'asty. That little cove with the leery face is Calel Baldwin the Coster, 'im that they call the Pride of Westminster. 'E's but five feet seven, and pine stone five, but 'e's got the 'eart of a giant. 'E's neve been beat, and there ain't a man within a stone of 'im that could beat 'im, execpt only Dutch Sam. There's George Mad dox, too, another o' the same breed, and as good a man as ever pulled his cont off. The genelmanly man that cats with a fork, 'm what looks like a Corinthian, only that the bridge of 'is nose ain' quite as it ought to be, that's Dick 'Umphries, the same that was cock of the middle-weights until Mendoza cut his comb for im. You see the other with the gray 'ead and the scars on his face'." "Why, it's old Tom Faulkner the cricketer!" cried Harr son, following the line of Bill Warr's stubby forefinger. "He's the fastest bowler in the Midlands, and at his best there weren't many boxers

in England that could stand up against "You're right there, Jack 'Arrison. 'E



WITH A SUDDEN TILT OF THE TABLE an evergreen, is Tom. Why, he was turned five-and-fifty when he chainged of Chester-would be glad to hear the and beat, after fifty minutes of it, Jack | end of your story. Buckhorse," said my Thornhill, who was tough enough to take | uncle, to whom the Prince had been t out of many a youngster. It's better | whispering. to give odds in weight than in years." "Youth will be served," said a crocning voice from the other side of the table. "Ay, masters, younth will be

The man who had spoken was the most extraordinary of all the many curious figures in the room. He was very, very old, so old that he was past all comparison, and no one by looking at his mummy skin and fish-like eyes could give a guess at his years. A few scanty gray hairs still hung about his yellow scalp. As to his features they were scarcely human in their disfigurement, for the deep wrinkles and pouchings of extreme age had been added to a face which had always been grotesquely ugly, and had been crushed and smashed in addition by many a blow. I had noticed this creature at the beginning of the meal, leaning his chest against the edge of the table as if its support was a welcome one, and feebly picking at the food which was placed before him. Gradually, however, as his neighbors plied him with drink, his shoulders grew | same that vos in Tottenham Court, an' squarer, his back stiffened, his eyes | Bob Vittaker 'e vos there, and the Eybrightened, and he looked about him, talian Gondoleery cove 'e vas there, and with an air of surprise at first, as if he all the purlitest, genteelest crowd that ring is too small for a thirteen-stone had no clear recollection of how he ever vos, twenty thousand of 'em, all came there, and afterwards with an ex- sittin' with their 'eads like purtaties on pression of deepening interest, as he list | a barrer, banked right up roud the stage, ened, with his ear scooped up in his and me there to pick up Bob, d'ye see, hand, to the conversation around him. | and Jack Figg 'imself just for fair play Champion Harrison. "He was just the voreign parts. They was packed all

was the terror of London." "'E was so," said Bill Warr. would fight like a stag, 'e was that 'ard as the custom then vas, and a man's that 'e would let any swell knock 'im Vell, then, ven Bob was put up opposite down for 'alf-a-crown. 'E 'ad no face to spoil, d'ye see, for 'e was always the ugliest man in England. But 'e's been on the shelf now for near sixty years, cheescake: so Bob he goes in and as wager."

Vell, then, ven Bob was put up opposite this great Eytalian man I says 'Slap 'un this great Eytalian man I says 'Slap 'un



suppin away from 'im ed the old man, shaking his head mis-"Fill up 'is glass," said Warr. "Ere,

Warm 'is 'eart for 'im." effect upon him was extraordinary. A The amateurs, falling into the humor of light glimmered in each of his dull eyes, their company, were hardly less noisy, a tinge of color came into his wax-like and loudly debated the merits of the cheeks, and, opening his toothless mouth. different men, criticizing their styles he suddenly emitted a peculiar, bell-like, of fighting before their faces, and makand most musical cry. A hoarse roar ing bets upon the results of future of laughter from all the company an- matches. swered it, and flushed faces craned over

"Buckhorse is comin' round again." "You can laugh if you vill, masters," for he seemed, with all his elegance, to he cried, in his Lewkner Lane dialect, have a quiet air of domination amongst holding up his two thin, vein-covered | these fierce fellows. like a huntsman able to see my crooks vich 'ave been on and yapping pack. He expressed his Figg's conk, and on Jack Broughton's, pleasure at seeing so many good sportsand on 'Arry Gray's, and many another men under one roof, and acknowledged good fightin' man that was millin' for a the honor which had been done both to livin' before your fathers could eat pap." The company laughed again, and encouraged the old man by half-derisive and half-affectionate cries. "Let 'em 'ave it, Buckhorse! Give it 'em straight! Tell us how the millin' coves did in your time.'

The old gladiator looked round him in "Vy, from vot I see," he cried, in his high, broken treble, "there's some on you that ain't fit to flick a fly from a joint o' meat. You'd make werry good ladies maids, the most of you, but you took the wrong turnin' ven you came into "Give 'im a wipe over the mouth," said a hearse voice.

"Joe Berks," said Jackson, "I'd save the hangman the job of breaking your neck if His Royal Higness wasn't in the That's as it may be, guv,nor," said the half-drunken ruffian, staggering to his feet. "If I've said anything wot

"Sit down, Berks!" cried my uncle, fellow collapsed into his chair. "Vy, vitch of you would look Tom Slack in the face?" piped the old fellow; "or Jack Broughton?-him vot told the old Dook of Cumberland that all he vanted vas to fight the King o' Proosin's guasd, day by day, year in, year out, was one of the three who come up to until 'e 'ad worked out the whole regifight when the best men of Pirmingham | ment of 'em-and the smallest of 'em six and if you gets a smack or two it's all over vith you. Vich among you could set an example by making a match with get upagain after such a vipe as the Sir Lothian Hume, the terms of which

Eytalian Gondoleery cove gave to Bob Vittaker?" "What was that, Buckhorse?" cried gentleman." "'E came over 'ere from voreign parts, and 'e was so broad 'e 'ad to some edge- "The terms, your Royal Highness and wise through the doors. 'E 'ad so, upon my davy! 'E was that strong that "My man, Crab Wilson of Gloucester, wherever 'e 'it the bone had got to go; having never yet fought a prize battle, and when 'e'd cracked a jaw or two it is prepared to meet, upon May the 18th looked as though nothing in the country of this year, any man of any weight who could stan' against him. So the King 'e | may be selected by Sir Charles Tregellis. sent one of his genelmen down to Figg | Sir Charles Tregellis's selection is limited and 'e said to him: 'Ere's a cove vot cracks a bone every time 'e lets vly, and it'll be little credit to the Lunnon boys if they lets 'im avay vithout a vacking.' So Figg he ups, and he says, 'I do not know, master, but he may break one of 'is countrymen's jawbones vid 'is vist, but I'll bring 'im a Cockney lad and 'e shall not be able to break 'is jawbone with a sledge 'ammer.' I was with Figg in Slaughter's coffee-'ouse, as then

vas, ven 'e says this to the King's genelman, and I goes so, I does!" Again be emitted the curious bell-like cry, and again the Corinthians and the fightingnen laughed and applauded him. "His Royal Highness-that is, the Earl

"Vell, your R'yal 'Ighness, it vas like this. Ven the day came round, all the olk came to Figg's Ampitheatre, the



THE OLD PRIZE FIGHTER'S STORY

"That's old Buckhorse," whispered to do vot was right by the cove from same as that when I joined the ring twenty years ago. Time was when he round, the folks was, but down through the middle of 'em was a passage just so "R | their seats, and the stage it vas of wood. 'eight above the 'eads of the people. 'alf an eye that he vas as puffy as a cheesecake; so Bob he goes in, and as and it cost 'im many a beatin' before 'e could understand that 'is strength was as puffy as a cheesecake; so Bob he goes in, and as he comes the vorriner let 'im 'ave it amazin' on the conk. I 'eard the thump of if, and I kind o' velt somethin' vistle past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the middle o' the stage, and as to Bob, there middle o' the stage, and as to Bob, there weren't no sign of 'im at all no more'n if 'e'd never been."

'alf an eye that he vas as puffy as a cheesecake; so Bob he goes in, and as the comes the vorriner let 'im 'ave it amazin' on the conk. I 'eard the thump of if, and I kind o' velt somethin' vistle past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me, but ven I looked there vas the past me final formalities which his consent, the final formalities which like up to these humble tournaments were with wine and ripe for mischief—above all, to fight before so select a company

'e swallowed 'im, or what?"

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best ' Vell. boys. that was vat I wondered.

up out o' the crowd a long vay off, just like dese two vingers, d'ye see, and I knewed they vas Bob's legs, seein' that 'e 'ad kind o' yello small clothes vid blue ribbons—vich blue vas 'is color—at the knee. So they up-eneded 'im,, they did, an' they made a lane for 'im an' cheered im, they made a lane for 'im an' cheered im, 'im to give 'im 'eart, though 'e never dazed that 'e didn't know if 'e vas in church or in 'Orsenmonger Gaol; but together. 'Ve'll try it again, Buck, says "The mark!" says I. And 'e vinked 'e. The mark! says I. And So the Eytalian he lets swing again, but Bob 'e jumps inside an' 'e lets 'im 'ave it plump square on the meat safe as 'ard

when sudden I seed two legs a-suck

as ever the Lord would let 'im put it in." "Vell, the Eytalian 'e got a touch of the gurgles, an' 'e shut 'imself right up like a two-foot rule. Then he pulled 'imself straight, an' 'e gave the most aw-ful Glory Allelujah screech as ever you Off 'e jumps from the stage an' the passage as 'ard as 'is 'oofs crowd, and after 'im as 'ard as they could move for laughin'. They vas lyin' in the kennel three deep all down Tottenham Court Road wid their 'ands to their sides just vit to break themselves Vell, ve chased 'im down 'Olburn, an' down Fleet Street, an' down Cheapside, an' past the 'Change, and on all the vay to Voppin', an' we only catched 'im in the shippin' office, vere 'e vas askin' 'ow soon 'e could get a passage to voreign parts.'

There was much laughter and clapping of glasses upon the table at the conclusion of old Buckhorse's story, and I saw the Prince of Wales hand something to the waiter, who brought it and slipped it into the skinny hand of the veteran, who spat upon i before thrusting it into his pocket. in the meanwhile cleared, and was now studwith bottles and glasses, long clay pipes and tobaccoboxes were handed round. My uncle never smoked, thinking that the habit might darken his teeth, but many of the Corinthians, and the Prince amongst the first of them, set the example of lighting up. All restraint had been done Tom, give old Buckhorse a sup o' liptrap. away with, and the prize-fighters, flushed The old man poured a glass of neat each other, or shouted their greetings gin down his shrivelled throat, and the to friends at the other end of the room.

In the midst of the uproar there was an each other to catch a glimpse of the imperative rap upon the table, and my uncle rose to speak. As he stood with "There's Buckhorse!" they cried. his pale, calm face and fine figure, I had never seen him to greater advantage, "It von't be long that you'll oe | walking carelessly through a springing his guests and himself by the presence there that night of the illustrious personage whom he should refer to as the Earl of Chester. He was sorry that game upon the table, but there was so much sitting round it that it would perhaps be hardly missed (cheers and laughter). The sports of the ring had. in his opinion, tended to that contempt of pain and of danger which had contriof the country, and which might, if what he heard was true, be very quickly needed once more. If an enemy landed upon our shores it was then that, with our back upon native valor trained into hardihood by the practice and contemplation of manly sports. In time of peace also the rules of the ring had been of service in enforcing the principles of fair play. and in turning public opinion against that use of the knife or of the boot which was so common in foreign coun-

tries. He begged, therefore, to drink "Success to the Fancy," coupled with the name of John Jackson, who might stand as a type of all that was most admirable Jackson having replied with a readihave envied. my uncle rose once more. "We are here tonight," he said, "not only to celebrate the past glories of the prize ring, but also to arrange some sport that backers of fighting men are gathered together under one roof, to come to terms with each other. I have myself

will be communicated to you by that

Sir Lothian rose with a paper in his to men below twenty or above thirtyfive years of age, so as to exclude Belcher and the other candidates for championship honors. The stakes are two thousand pounds against a thousand. two hundred to be paid by the winner to his man; play or pay." It was curious to see the intense gravity of them all, fighters and backers. as they bent their brows and weighed the conditions of the match.

"I am informed," said Sir John Lade, "that Crab Wilson's age is twenty-three. and that, although he has never fought a regular P.R. battle, he has none the less fought within ropes for a stake on many occasions." "I've seen him half a dozen times at the least," said Belcher. "It is precisely for that reason, Sir John, that I am laying odds of two to

one in his favor.' "May I ask," said the Prince," what the exact height and weight of Wilson may be?" "Five foot eleven and thirteen-ten, your Royal Highness." "Long and heavy enough for anything on two legs," said Jackson, and the

professionals all murmured their assent.

"Read the rules of the fight, Sir Lothian." "The battle to take place on Tuesday, May the 18th, at the hour of ten in the morning at a spot to be afterwards The ring to be twenty foot Neither to fall without a knockdown blow, subject to the decision of the umpires. Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground, namely, two in ordinary and one in reference. Does the weights were seated round the that meet your wishes, Sir Charles?"

My uncle bowed. "Here von saything to say, Wilson?" The young pugifist, who had a curious, lanky figure, and a craggy, bony face, passed his fingers through his close- for the joker. cropped hair. "If you please, zir," said he, with

slight west-country burr. "a twenty-voot There was another murmur of professional agreement. "What would you have it. Wilson?" "Vour-an'-twenty. Sir Charles?" "Have you any objection, Sir Charles?" "Not the slightest."

"Anything else, Wilson?" "If you please, zir, I'd like to know whom I'm vighting with." "I understand that you have not oubliely nominated your man, Sir

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Paine's Celery Compound the Only Agent That Can Bestow Vigor and Life to the Sick and Those Nearing the Grave.

Do people cultivate and foster discase and sickness because they love suffering, He might make a fairer match of it."

most unwillingly; their prayer by day and | His heavy face was gorged and the veins night is for rew life, realth and strength. The most precious of all blessings-good health-can only be secured in one way. great red hands were bunched into huge The cld-fashioned medical prescriptions gnarled fists, and he shook one of them will fail to bring the desired results. The worthless pills and liquid concections of cur times will only sggravate suffering and endanger life. Faith cure prayers and invocations will prove of little avail to the weak and dying mertal, and can never pany, I shall select him as our champion assuage pain.

diseases of our times, such as kidney and coat. "If I don't glut him within the To all who suffer from the common liver troubles, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheu- five minutes, may I never see Shropshire matism, nervous prostration, headache, again. heart troubles and blocd diseases, we ! would say 'Use Paine's Celery Campound | held? Imagine that your case is too desperate. Bear in mind that the great life giving | toe, and leave the rest with me." medicine is made for desperate and hard cases such as yours, that have resisted all litter," said my uncle. "Where shall it other medicines and befiled the skill of physicians. Paine's Celery Compound al. Prince, "I think our unknown friend ways cures. Read the following testimonial might have a word to say upon that from Mr. Thor. Baxter, of Karadale, N.S. . "I desire to let you know about my wonderful cure by your precious medicine, Paine's Calery Compound.

"I was afflicted by three complaints that made my life a misery and a barden. I doorway." had erysipelas for forty years, bleeding piles for fifteen years, and sciatic rheumatism for over a year.

ed me, and I could not eat or sleep. I was thea advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, and, oh, what a mighty charge eat and sleep, and after using seven bottles have written can be proven by merchants, of the Gospel, and by scores of other people. small army, we should be forced to fall I shall always thank you and your wonderful medicine, Paine's Celery Compound."

> table, and amid the gray swirls of to bacco smoke the lamp-light gleamed up on the fierce, hawk-like Jews, and the flushed, savage Saxons. The old quarrel as to whether Jackson had or had no committed a foul by seizing Mendoza the hair on the occasion of their battle at Thornchurch, eight years before, camto the front once more. Dutch Sam hurled a shilling down upon the table. and offered to fight the Pride of West minster for it if he ventured to say that Mendoza had been fairly beaten. Berks, who had grown noisier and more quarrelsome as the evening went on, tried to clamber across the table, with horrible blasphemies, to come to blows with an old Jew named Fighting Yussef, who had plunged into the discussion. It needed little more to finish the supper by a general and ferocious battle, and was only the exertions of Jackson, Belcher, Harrison, and others of the cooler and steadier men, which saved us

And then, when at last this question was set aside, that of the rival claims to championships at different weights came on in its stead, and again angry weights, and yet it would make a very great difference to the standing of a boxer whether he should be regarded as the heaviest of the light-weights, or the lightest of the heavy-weights. One claimed to be ten-stone champion, another with the heavy to take on anything at last the banged his first down upon the table.

"It's no fault of mine!" he cried. er was ready to take on anything at | "It was to be and it is. Jim, boy, for cleven, but would not run to twelve, which would have brought the invincible and stick to out-fightin' with a man that Jem Belcher down upon him. Faulk-ner claimed to be champion of the "I was sure that Harison would not seniors, and even old Buckhorse's curious | stand in the way of sport," said my call rang out above the tumult as he uncle. "We are glad that you have turned the whole company to laughter stepped up, that we might consult you and good humor again by challenging as to the arrangements for giving effect anything over eighty and under seven to your very sporting challenge."

But in spite of gleams of sunshine, there was thunder in the air, and Champion Harrison had just whispered | "Young man, you'll know enough of in my ear that he was quite sure that who you 'ave to fight before you are we should never get through the night through with it," cried Berks, lurching without trouble, and was advising me, if beavily through the crowd. "You'll need it got very bad, to take refuge under the table, when the landlord entered the room hurriedly and handed a note to

He read it, and then passed it to the Prince, who returned it with raised eyebrows and a gesture of surprise. Then my uncle rose with the scrap of paper in his hand and a smile upon his lips. "Gentlemen," said he, "there is a stranger waiting below who desires a fight to a finish with the best man in the room.' CHAPTER XI.

tables. An audacious challenge which

embraced them one and all, without re-

gard to size or age, could hardly be re-

young, and if any of you should wish to

show the company a little of your skill,

"He's close on six foot, and I should

put him well into the thirteen stones

when he's buffed."

"What weight is he, Bill?" asked Jem

you could not ask a better opportunity.

The curt announcement was followed by a moment of silent surprise, and then by a general shout of laughter. There might be argument as to who was champion at each weight; but there could be no question that all the champions of all

garded otherwise than as a joke-but it was a joke which might be a dear one "Is this genuine?" asked my uncle. "Yes, Sir Charles," answered the landlord: "the man is waiting below." "It's a kid!" cried several of the fighting men. "Some cove is a gammonin' us." "Don't you believe it," answered the landlord. "He's a real slap-up Corinthian, by his dress; and he means what he says, or else I ain't no judge of a My uncle whispered for a few moments with the Prince of Wales. "Well, gentlecan hardly save his life. men," said he, at last, "the night is still

end of money for doctors and even at that How much more sensible, and in the end how much cheaper at the first signs of physical weakness to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., and obtain, free of charge, the advice of a skilled and educated physician who has a wider reputation for the successful treatment of chronic diseases than any

"Heavy metal!" cried Jackson. "Who other physician in this country. In a letter to Dr. Pierce, Mr. J. W. Brittin, of Clinton, Dewitt Co., Ills., (P. O. Box 475), writes:
"For over a year I was troubled with liver complaint. Had no appetite, could keep nothing on my stomach, and had severe pains in my stomach and bowels. I doctored with home doctors but did not obtain relief until a friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I began taking it at once and after taking four bottles I taink myself cured, as I

pation. At all medicine stores.

more famous men remained silent, thinking it beneath their dignity that they should condescend to so irregular a bye-

died away. "It's for the chairman to "Perhaps your Royal Highness has a preference," said my uncle. "By Jove, I'd take him on myself if my position was different," said the Prince, whose face was growing redder and his eyes more glazed. "You've seen me with the mutters, Jackson! You know my form." "I've seen your Royal Highness, and

I have felt your Royal Highness," said the courtly Jackson. "Perhaps Jem Belcher would give us an exhibition," said my uncle.

Belcher smiled and shook his handsome "There's my brother Tom here has

and desire to show the world that they are "Give him over to me!" roared Joe martyrs to some particular ailment, and Berks. "I've been waitin' for a tarn all worthy of public admiration because of evenin', an' I'll fight any man that tries their fortitude and courage? We have yet masters. Leave 'im to me if you want to meet the individuals who are actuated to see 'ow a calf's 'end should be dressby such motives. If such men and women ed. If you put Tora Belcher before me were known intelligent prople would place. I'll fight Tom Belcher, an' for that matwere known, intelligent prople would place ter I'll fight Jem Belcher, or Bill Belchter that ever came er, or any other Belcher that ever came It was clear that Berks had got to Those who are sick and diseased suffer the stage when he must fight some one.

fierce gray eyes looked viciously from man to man in quest of a quarrel. His menacingly as his drunken gaze swept "I think you'll agree with me, gentle-

men, that Joe Berks would be all the better for some fresh air and exercise," "With the concurrence said my uncle. of His Royal Highness and of the com-"You do me proud," cried the fellow,

the amateurs. "Where's it going to be at once and receive new life." Do not "Where you like, masters. I'll fight him in a sawpit, or on the outside of a coach if it please you. Put us toe to

"They can't fight here with all this matter. He'll be vastly ill-used if you don't let him have his own choice of "You are right, sir. We must have

"That's easy enough," said the landlord, "for here he comes through the of a tall and well-dressed young man in a long, brown traveling coat and a black felt hat. The next instant he had turn- you do it rung by rung. Show yourself "I tried the dectors and all kinds of ed and I had clutched with both my to be a match for me, and I'll give you

medicines, but no help or relief was aff rd- hands on to Champion Harrison's arm. "Harrison!" I gasped. "It's Boy Jim!" And yet somehow the possibility and even the probability of it had occurred to me from the beginning, and I believe The use of the first bottle enabled me to that it had to Harrison also, for I had noticed that his face grew grave and I was quite another man; was perfectly there was talk of the stranger below. cured and felt young sgain. All that I Now, the instant that the buzz of sur- keen, clean-cut faces were contrasted. prise and admiration caused by Jim's dostors, magistrates, and by three ministers | face and figure had died away, Harrison was on his feet, gesticulating in his ex-"It's my nephew Jim, gentlemen," he "He's not twenty yet, and it's

no doing of mine that he should be "Let him alone, Harrison," cried Jack-"He's big enough to take care of

"This matter has gone rather far, said my uncle. "I think, Harrison, that better place for a mill you'll never find. you are too good a sportsman to prevent your nephew from showing whether he takes after b' uncle." "It's very different from me," Harirson in great distress. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, gentlemen. I never thought to stand up in a ring again, but I'll take on Joe Berks with pleasure, ed. just to give a bit o' sport to this com-Boy Jim stepped across and laid hand upon the prize-fighter's shoulder. "It must be so, uncle," I heard him

whisper, but I have man, up my find, and I must carry it through, Harrison shrugged his huge shoulders. "Jim, Jim, you don't know what your doing! But I've heard you speak like that before, boy, and I know that it ends in your getting your way." "I trust, Harrison, that your opposition

is withdrawn?" said my uncle. "Can I not take his place?" in the air. There was no exact limit out? whispered limit that I between the light, middle and heavy chance. For Heaven's sake don't stand

> "Whom am I to fight?" asked Jim, looking round at the company, who were



The solemn question comes home to almost every man at some period in his career. 'What will you give in exchange for your life?" It is like that other solemn question about the soul. Just as an honest man feels that nothing of. earthly value can be weighed against his soul so a man who has one friend to love him is too precious

"What Shall a

Man Give?"

of work. He becomes obliged to spend no

"Well, you can't ali fight him," remarked Jackson, when the babel had

for Infants and Children.

OTHERS, Do You Know most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotice without labeling them poisons? Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

unless you or your physician know of what it is composed? Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of

its ingredients is published with every bottle? Do You Know that Cactoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than

of all other remedies for children combined? Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word

"Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense? Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest i

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Jim looked at him with disgust in every line of his face. "Surely you are not going to set me fight a drunken man!" said he.

Where is Jem Belcher?" 'My name, young man." "I should be glad to try you, if I may." "You must work up to me, my lad. You don't take a ladder at one jump, but

"And I like the look of you, and wish you well," said Belcher, holding out his hand. They were not unlike each other, troubled from the very moment that a murmur of critical admiration was takes place?" asked my uncle. "I am in your hands, sir," said Jim. "Why not go round to the Five's

Court?" suggested Sir John Lade. "Yes, let us go to the Five's Court." But this did not at all suit the views of the landlord, who saw in this lucky incident a chance of reaping a fresh harvest from his spendthrift company. "If it please you," he cried, "there is no need to go so far. My coach-house at the back of the yard is empty, and a There was a general shout in favor of the coach-house, and those who were nearest the door began to slip through, in the hope of securing the best places. My stout neighbor, Bill Warr, pulled Harrison to one side. "I'd stop it if I were you," he whisper-

"I would if I could. It's no wish of mine that he should fight. But thre's no turning him when once his mind is made up." All his own fights put together had never reduced the pugilist to such a state of agitation. "Wait on 'im yourself, then, and chuck

up the sponge when things begin to go wrong. You know Joe Berk's record?" "He's since my time," "Well, 'e's a terror, that's all. only Belcher that can master 'im. You see the man for yourself, six foot, fourteen stone, and full of the devil. Bel-

"Well, well, we've got to go through with it. You've not seen Boy Jim put of a dead white, with heavy folds about his mawleys up, or maybe you'd think the chest and ribs, showed, even to my better of his chances. When he was inexperienced eyes, that he was not a short of sixteen he licked the Cock of the man who should fight without training. South Downs, and he's come on a long A life of toping and ease had left him way since then." The company was swarming through the door and clattering down the stair, hitting power, so that, even in the face

so we followed in the stream. A fine of the advantages of youth and condirain was falling, and the yellow lights | tion, the betting was three to one in his from the windows glistened upon the favor. His heavy-jowled, clean-shaven wet cobblestones of the yard. How wel- face expressed ferocity as well as courcome was that breath of sweet, damp air age, and he stood with his small, bloodafter the fetid atmosphere of the sup- shot eyes fixed viciously upon Jim, and per room. At the other end of the yard his lumpy shoulders stooping a little forwas an open door sharply outlined by the



"HARRISON!" I GASPED. "IT'S BJ gleam of lanterns within, and through this they poured, amateurs and fightingmen jostling each other in their eagerness to get to the front. For my own part, being a smallish man, I should have seen nothing had I not found an

upturned bucket in a corner, upon which

I perched myself with the wall at my

But men are slow to believe that over- It was a large room with a wooden work sometimes kills; a man hates to ad- floor and an open square in the ceiling, style of hitting, bored Jim down into his mit that his health ever needs any particu- which was fringed with the heads of the lar care. He feels miserable and "out of ostlers and stable boys who were looksorts" but tries to "bluff it off" until he ing down from the harness room above. of blood was seen at the corner of Jim's gets flat on his back unable to do a stroke A carriage lamp was slung in each corner, and a very large stable lantern hung from a rafter in the centre. A coil of rope had been brought in, and under the direction of Jackson four mea had been stationed to hold it. "What space do you give them?" asked my uncle.

"Twenty-four, as they are both big on Berks!" cried the ringsheers. Will nes, sir." "Very good, and half-minutes between rounds, I suppose? I'll umpire if Sir Lothian Hume will do the same, and you can hold the watch and referee, Jack

With great speed and exactness every preparation was rapidly made by experienced men. Mendoza and Dutch Sam ASSOCIATION, were commissioned to attend to Berks. | CLINTON, ONT. | Dairy and Table while Belcher and Jack Harrison did the | Guarantee prompt same for Boy Jim. Sponges, towels, and some brandy in a bladder were pass- Fine, Coarse or Land prize-fighter's story. "Well," cried a dozen voices, "what then, Buckhorse: 'ad dozen voices, "what then buckhorse: 'ad dozen voices, "what then buckhorse: 'ad dozen voices, "what the buckhorse: 'ad dozen voices, onery eres began to clare cores the way. Only Jackson, Belcher, Mendoza, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure consti-

"Here's our man." eried Beleber.

Jim appeared in the ring stripped to the waist with a colored handkerchief tied round his middle. A shout of admiration came from the spectators as

they looked upon the fine lines of his figure, and I found myself roaring with the rest. His shoulders were sloping rather than bulky, and his chest was deep rather than broad, but the muscle was all in the right place, rippling down in long, low curves from neck to shoulder, and from shoulder to elbow. His work at the anvil had developed his ivery skin, which shone in the lamp-



JIM APPEARED IN THE RING. and confidence, and he wore a grim sort of half-smile which I had seen many a time in our boyhood, and which meant, I knew, that his pride had set iron hard, and that his senses would fail him long before his courage.

Joe Berks in the meanwhile had swaggered in and stood with folded arms cher's beat 'im twice, but the second between his seconds in the opposite corper. His face had none of the eager alertness of his opponent, and his skin flabby and gross. On the other hand, he was famous for his mettle and for his wards, like a fierce hound straining on a leash. The hubbub of the betting had risen

until it drowned all other sounds, men shouting their opinions from one side of the coach-house to the other, and waving their hands to attract attention, or as a sign that they had accepted a wager. Sir John Lade, standing just in front of me, was roaring out the odds against Jim, and laying them freely with those who fancied the appearance of the

"I've sen Berks fight," said he to the Honorable Berkeley Craven. No country hawbuck is going to knock out a

man with such a record. "He may be a country hawbuck," the other answered, "but I have been reck" oned a judge of anything either on two legs or four, and I tell you, Sir Joha. that I never saw a man who looked better bred in my life. Are you still laying against him?" "Three to one." "Have you once in hundreds."

"Very good, Craven! There they go; Berks! Berks! Bravo! Berks! Bravo. I think, Craven, that I shall trouble you for that hundred." The two men had stood up to each other, Jim as light upon his feet as a goat, with his left well out and his right extended and his feet almost level, 80 that he might lend off with either side. For an instant they boked each other over, and then Berks, ducking his head corner. It was a backward slip rather mouth. In an instant the seconds had seized their men and carired them back "Do you mind doubling our bet?" said Berkeley Craven, who was craning his neck to get a glimpse of Jim. "Four to one on Berke! Four to one on Berks!" cried the ringsiders.

you have four to one in hundreds? "Very good. Sir John. ie continue!)

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