The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 43. MILTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1904. No. 30.

CANADIAN CHAMPION
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
At the Office of Publication,
MAIN ST., MILTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1 a year in advance; but so paid $2 will be charged.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped on till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1 YR.	6 MO	3 MO.	1 MO.
1 Column	$60 00	$33 00	$20 00	$7 00
½ Column	30 00	20 00	12 00	3 50
¼ Column	20 00	12 00	7 00	2 50
⅛ Column	12 00	7 00	4 00	1 50

Business Cards of ten lines or less $6 00 per annum. The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Notices of births, deaths and marriages 25 cents each.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants which will be inserted at 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL.

D. Dewar,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, &c. Agent for Sun Fire Insurance and Sun Savings and Loan Companies. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Dewar's Block, Milton.

G. E. Hallinrake, B.A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. Office: Town Hall, Milton.

Thomas G. Mathieson,
County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. Office—In the Court House, Milton.

William I. Dick,
Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Money to loan. Office—Dewar's Block, Main-st., Milton, Ont.

Victor Chisholm,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c., Notary Public Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Next door to Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

J. W. Elliott, B.A.,
Barrister, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan. Office—First door east of Messrs. Wm. & Co's shoe factory, Main-st., Milton.

E. W. Boyd,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. Removed from Milton to Spectator Building, James St. South, Hamilton. Money to loan.

Storey & Grant,
DUNCAN S. STOREY. FREDERICK W. GRANT.
Barristers, &c.
MIDLAND, ONT.

MEDICAL.

R. K. Anderson, M.D.,
L. R. C. P., Edinburgh, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office, formerly occupied by E. W. Boyd, next door to E. Marchand, Jeweler. Residence, Corner Court and Main Sts.

P. Stuart, M.D.,
M. C. P. & S., Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office at residence, opposite town hall, Milton. Office hours—8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m.

H. A. McCall, M.B.,
Physician, and Surgeon, Coroner Office hours, to 9 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 8p.m. Office, two doors east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

DENTAL.

B. Gallup, L.D.S., D.D.S.,
DENTIST. (Lately associated with Dr. Whaley, of Chicago.) Honor graduate Toronto University. Office: Dewar's Block, upstairs.

T. T. Harris, L.D.S.,
DENTIST, Oakville, will visit Milton on the last Wednesday of each month. Office: Bennett House.

J. ARTHUR ZIMMERMAN,
Druggist
Successor to
Garland & Rutherford
7 King St. East, Hamilton

WANTED.

Local agents and travelling salesmen for the sale of Fruit Trees, Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Etc. Steady work if desired. Pay weekly. Free outfit.

Over 600 Acres

under cultivation. Our stock includes all the best varieties as well as improved varieties not offered by other firms. We guarantee delivery of all stock in good condition. It will pay you to write for part time or whole time terms, as we offer the best inducements in the business. Apply now.

PELHAM NURSERY COMPANY,
17-1st Toronto, Ont.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

THE DAIRYMAN

The dairy business is a sort of sheet anchor for the farmer, says H. R. Wright. He depends upon it in times of trouble and hard times. He knows that the product of his dairy is a sort of net profit to him except for the added labor and cheapman who is raising stock knows that he will not raise any less number of calves if he milks the cows and makes the butter. He knows that [illegible] a larger number of [illegible] otherwise could do. He [illegible] milks his cows and [illegible] not milk his the [illegible] just so much less [illegible] and money lender [illegible] paid in every dairy [illegible] times are always [illegible] in other sections. [illegible] and values are [illegible] in general more [illegible] conditions [illegible] reasons why Iowa [illegible] solely surrounded [illegible] great agricultural [illegible] the farm where [illegible] the county, the [illegible] where butter and [illegible] the most certainly [illegible] portion of the [illegible] many products [illegible] King in Amer[illegible] is queen, and [illegible] cts, whether we

An Iowa Winner.

[illegible] first in butter at [illegible] fair with a score

[illegible] the best known [illegible] is an active [illegible] Butter[illegible] association.

A Skin Game.

[illegible] of ten rung their [illegible] pottery principle. [illegible] regulan nickel-in[illegible] it deals with [illegible] cents and that, if [illegible] enough and on a [illegible] chances are that [illegible] it will lose out. [illegible] city and sees a [illegible] in a slot, turn [illegible] gets in return. He [illegible] fool. Then he [illegible] the next year he [illegible] good alfalfa and [illegible] Brindle and [illegible] course he does [illegible] names because he [illegible] of the feed. Brindle she gives. [illegible] to blame him[illegible] as that he knows nothing [illegible] that he paid off [illegible] dairy and supposes [illegible] share. She certainly had not done it [illegible] been $10 ahead. [illegible] the fact that most [illegible] do not know [illegible] produce a gallon of [illegible] and Farm.

Dairy Laws.

[illegible] food which finds [illegible] human stomach which [illegible] the influences which [illegible] as butter, says [illegible] the cow's udder to [illegible] to enter the different [illegible] are those in [illegible] dairyman should be [illegible] measures adopted by [illegible] to promote cleanliness, enthusiastically welcome [illegible] consuming public [illegible] features of those states [illegible] the stringent dairy laws [illegible] to the fact that they [illegible] a debt which they [illegible] time in liquidating.

Get the Small End.

[illegible] see why the farmer [illegible] to sell milk at 3 [illegible] per quart when the milk[illegible] cents per quart for the [illegible] and at the consumer's [illegible] city market, remarks [illegible] editor. The farmer provided buildings, the herd [illegible] and grain, the labor, [illegible] risk of the industry, [illegible] milkman needs only a [illegible] wagon and plenty [illegible] inform the milk producer work like a slave [illegible] fence.

Cause of a Failure.

[illegible] factories during the [illegible] turned out 21,908 lbs. [illegible] of uncolored and 601 [illegible] oleo. This is 20 per [illegible] August make of 1902 [illegible] less than for August, [illegible] that is a failure this [illegible].—Hoard's Dairyman.

Creameries.

[illegible] ding to recent reports [illegible] creameries in that [illegible] ears ago there were [illegible] establishments. This [illegible] with which the in[illegible]ing in that country. [illegible]ere are as yet fewer [illegible] that great country [illegible]es of the American [illegible] as yet the day of [illegible] If the butter that [illegible] London market from [illegible]eameries is already [illegible]sh and French mak[illegible] will it be ten years [illegible] the Siberians count [illegible] y the thousands in[illegible] hundreds, as now. [illegible]ment railroads con[illegible]w territory and the [illegible]lending their pater[illegible] the business along [illegible]to the countries of [illegible]antities of Siberian [illegible]

Bilious?
Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills. Gently laxative; all vegetable. Sold for 60 years.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
REV. J. W. COOLEY, Pastor.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
REV. ROW. F. McL. SMITH, B.A., Minister.
Sunday services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30. p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
Girls Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. A. J. BELT, M.A., Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 3 p.m.
Bible Class in Vestry, 9.45 a.m.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at mid-day and 3rd and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m.
Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S R. C.
REV. FATHER O'REILLY, P.P.
Mass: Second Sunday of every month at 11 a.m.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.
Advertising Contractors
.....and.....
News Correspondents,
30 Fleet Steet, London, E.C., England.
A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

PULVO HOT STOVE POLISH
AND METAL CLEANER COMBINED.
The only Patented Polish in the World. No Dust, No Dirt, No Smoke, No Smell. Contains no benzine or other explosives. PULVO makes more polish and lasts longer than any other.
PRICE 10c. AT ALL GROCERS
SUGGETT & CO.

W. D. LINDSAY
MILTON
Pumps and Windmills
Repairing a Specialty.
Wood and Iron Pumps.
Brass and Iron Cylinders.
All orders promptly attended to.

WANTED.
A man to represent CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES in the Town of Milton and surrounding country, and take orders for
OUR HARDY SPECIALTIES
in Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Ornamentals, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, Seed Potatoes, &c.
Stock true to name and free from San Jose Scale. A permanent position for the right man on either salary or commission.
Stone & Wellington
FONTHILL NURSERIES
over 800 Acres
TORONTO, ONTARIO.
8-3m.

FOREST AND STREAM ROD AND GUN
Special Christmas Number
dated December 5, enlarged to 44 pages, superbly illustrated and filled with stories of sport, outdoor life and nature. A special feature will be an illustrated description of the game heads President Roosevelt has placed in the White House. A magnificent issue. Don't miss it. Ask your newsdealer for it, or send to us. Price, 25 cents. FOREST AND STREAM is a large illustrated weekly journal of shooting, fishing, natural history, yachting. $4 a year, $2 for six months. Every new subscriber sending his name and this advertisement before Jan. 1 will receive the Christmas number and following issues of 1903 FREE, also a sporting print (14 x 19) in 12 colors. Address
FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO.
346 Broadway, New York.

GOOD-NIGHT.

I am not brave enough to sing
The requiem of a hope just dead;
That word "good-bye" would surely bring
The shadow upon swifter wing—
Come, let us say good-night instead.

See where upon the water's crest
The sky comes down, a samite pall—
To our poor vision, dim at best,
That curtain of pure amethyst
Marks the sure ending of it all.

Ah, heart, the lesson you forget
The wind which goes with hurrying sweep
Sees farther on, and farther yet;
The white ships go, the waters fret,
The brave, true stars now vigil keep.

So not good-bye, good-night, that's all,
The loneliness, the loss is mine;
To-morrow, when the glad wind's call
The purple folds will backward fall,
And leave me with my wand in shine.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,
Author of "Under the Rose"

Copyright, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

Yet was she worthy of more than passing scrutiny. The gleam of the lamp fell upon her well turned figure, and the glistening of her eyes could be seen in the shadow that rested on her brow beneath the crown of hair. She wore a dark lavender dress, striped with silk, a small "jacquette," after the style of the day, the sleeves being finished with lace and the skirt full and flowing. Her heavy brown tresses were arranged in a coiffure in the fashion then prevailing, a portion of the hair falling in curls on the neck, the remainder brought forward in plaits and fastened at the top of the forehead with a simple pearl ornament.

If the young girl felt any interest in the presence of the taciturn guest she concealed it, scarcely looking at him and joining but rarely in the conversation. Susan, on the other hand, resorted to sundry coquettes.

"I fear, sir, that you find our poor company intrusive, since we have forced you to become one of us?" she said, toying with her fork and thereby displaying a white and shapely hand.

His impassive blue eyes met her sparkling ones.

"I am honored in being admitted to your fellowship," he returned perfunctorily.

Here the dark haired girl arose, the dinner being concluded. There was none of his usual brusqueness of manner as the manager, leaning back in his chair and taking her hand, said:

"You are going to retire, my dear? That is right. We have had a hard day's traveling."

She bent her head and her lips pressed softly the old man's cheek, after which she turned from the rest of the company with a grave bow. But as she passed through the doorway her flowing gown caught upon a nail in the wall. Preoccupied though he seemed, her low exclamation did not escape the ear of the soldier, and, quitting his place, he knelt at her feet, and she, with half turned head and figure gracefully poised, looked down upon him.

With awkward fingers he released the dress, and she bowed her acknowledgment, which he returned with formal deference. Then she passed on and he raised his head, his glance following her through the bleak looking hall, up the broad, ill lighted staircase, into the mysterious shadows which prevailed above.

Shortly afterward the tired company dispersed and the soldier sought his room.

CHAPTER II.

THE crowing of the cock awakened the French traveler, and, going to the window, he saw that daylight had thrown its first shafts upon the uneromantic barnyard scene, while in the east above the hilltops spread the early flush of morning.

Descending the stairs and making his way to the barn, he called to Sandy, the stable boy, who was performing his ablutions by passing wet fingers through a shock of red hair, to saddle his horse. The sleepy lad led forth a large but shapely animal, and soon Saint-Prosper was galloping across the country. After a brisk pace for some miles he reined in his horse and, leisurely riding in a circuit, returned on the road that crossed the farming country back of the tavern.

The rider was rapidly approaching the inn when a sudden turn in the highway as the road swept around a windbreak of willows brought him upon a young woman who was walking slowly in the same direction. So fast was the pace of his horse and so unexpected the meeting she was almost under the trampling feet before he saw her. Taken by surprise, she stood as if transfixed, when, with a quick, decisive effort, the rider swerved his animal and of necessity rode full tilt at the fence and willows. She felt the rush of air, saw the powerful animal lift itself, clear the rail fence and crash through the bulwark of branches. She gazed at the windbreak. A little to the right or the left, where the heavy boughs were thickly interlaced, and the rider's expedient had proved serious for himself, but chance—he had no time for choice—had directed him to a vulnerable point of leaves and twigs. Before she had fairly recovered herself he reappeared at an opening on the other side of the willow screen and, after removing a number of rails, led his horse back to the road.

With quivering nostrils the animal appeared possessed of unquenchable spirit, but his master's bearing was less assured as he approached, with an expression of mingled anxiety and concern on his face, the young girl whom the manager had addressed as Constance.

"I beg your pardon for having alarmed you!" he said. "It was careless, inexcusable!"

"It was a little startling," she admitted, with a faint smile.

"Only a little!" he broke in gravely. "If I had not seen you just when I did"—

"You would not have turned your horse—at such a risk to yourself!" she added.

"Risk to myself! From what?" A whimsical light encroached on the set look in his blue eyes. "Jumping a rail fence? But you have not yet said you have pardoned me?"

The smile brightened. "Oh, I think you deserve that."

"I am not so sure," he returned, glancing down at her.

Slanting between the lower branches of the trees the sunshine touched the young girl's hair in flickering spots and crept down her dress like caressing bands of light, until her figure, passing into a solid shadow, left these glimmerings prone upon the dusty road behind her. The "brides," or strings of her little muslin cap, flaunted in the breeze and a shawl of China crape fluttered from her shoulders. So much of her dusky hair as defied concealment contrasted strongly with the calm translucent pallor of her face. The eyes alone belittled the tranquillity of countenance; against the rare repose of features they were more eloquent, shining beneath brows delicately defined but strongly marked and shaded by long upturned lashes, deep in tone as a sloe.

"You are an early riser," he resumed.

"Not always," she replied. "But after yesterday it seemed so bright outdoors and the country so lovely!"

His gaze, following hers, traversed one of the hollows. Below yet rested shadows, but upon the hillside a glory celestial enlivened and animated the surrounding scene.

While the soldier and the young girl were thus occupied in surveying the valley and the adjacent mounds and hummocks the horse, considering doubtlessly that there had been enough inaction, tapped the ground with rebellious energy and tossed his head in mutiny against such procrastination.

"Your horse wants to go on," she said, observing this equine byplay.

"He usually does," replied Saint-Prosper. "Perhaps, though, I am interrupting you? I see you have a play in your hand."

"I was looking over a part, but I know it very well," she added, moving slowly from the border of willows. Leading his horse, he followed.

His features, stern and obdurate in repose, relaxed in severity, while the deep set blue eyes grew less searching and guarded. This alleviation became him well, a tide of youth softening his expression as a wave smoothes the sands.

"What is the part?"

"Juliana, in 'The Honeymoon.' It is one of our stock pieces."

"And you like it?"

"Oh, yes," lingering where a bit of sward was set with field flowers.

"And who plays the duke?" he continued.

"Mr. O'Flarlaty," she answered, a suggestion of amusement in her glance. Beneath the shading of straight, black brows her eyes were deceptively dark until, scrutinized closely, they resolved themselves into a clear gray.

"Ah," he said, recalling Adonis' (O'Flarlaty's) appearance, and as he spoke a smile of singular sweetness lightened his face, "a Spanish grandee with a touch of the brogue! But I must not decry your noble lord," he added.

"No lord of mine!" she replied gayly. "My lord must have a velvet robe, not frayed, and a sword not tin, and its most sanguinary purpose must not be to get between his legs and trip him up. Of course, when we act in barns"—

"In barns!"

"Oh, yes; when we can find them to act in."

She glanced at him half mockingly.

"I suppose you think of a barn as only a place for a horse."

The sound of carriage wheels interrupted his reply, and, looking in the direction from whence it came, they observed a coach doubling the curve before the willows and approaching at a rapid pace. It was a handsome and imposing equipage, with dark crimson body and wheels, preserving much of the grace of ancient outline with the utility of modern springs.

As they drew aside to permit it to pass, the features of its occupant were seen, who, perceiving the young girl on the road—the shawl, half fallen from her shoulder revealing the plastic grace of an erect figure—gazed at her with surprise, then thrust his head from the window and bowed with smiling, if somewhat exaggerated, politeness. The next moment carriage and traveler vanished down the road in a cloud of dust, but an alert observer might have noticed an eye at the rear port hole, as though the person within was supplementing his brief observation from the side with a longer, if diminishing, view from behind.

The countenance of the young girl's companion retrograded from its new found favor to a more inexorable cast.

"A friend of yours?" he said briefly.

"I never saw him before," she answered, with flashing eyes. "Perhaps he is the lord of the manor and thought I was one of his subjects."

"There are lords in this country, then?"

"Lords or patroons, they are called," she replied, her face still flushed.

From the window of her room Susan saw Saint-Prosper and Constance returning and looked surprised as well as a bit annoyed. Truth to tell, Mistress Susan, with her capacity for admiring and being admired, had conceived a momentary interest in the soldier, a fancy as light as it was ephemeral. That touch of melancholy when his face was in repose inspired a transitory desire for investigation in this past mistress of emotional analysis. But the arrival of the conch which had passed the couple soon diverted Susan's thoughts to a new channel.

The equipage drew up and a young man, dressed in a style novel to that locality, sprang out. He wore a silk hat with scarcely any brim, trousers extremely wide at the ankle, a waistcoat of the dimensions of 1745 and large watch ribbons sustaining ponderous bunches of seals.

The gallant fop touched the narrow brim of his hat to Kate, who was peeping from one window, and waved a kiss to Susan, who was surreptitiously glancing from another, whereupon, both being detected, drew back hastily. Overwhelmed by the appearance of a guest of such manifest distinction, the landlord bowed obsequiously as the other entered the tavern with a supercilious nod.

To Mistress Susan this incident was exciting while it lasted, but when the dandy had disappeared her attention was again attracted to Constance and Saint-Prosper, who slowly approached. He paused with his horse before the front door, and she stood a moment near the little porch, on either side of which grew sweet williams, four o'clocks and larkspur. But the few conventional words were scanty crumbs for the fair eavesdropper above, the young girl soon entering the house and the soldier leading his horse in the direction of the stable. As the latter disappeared around the corner of the tavern Susan left the window and turned to the mirror.

"La!" she said, holding a mass of blond hair in one hand and deftly coiling it upon her little head. "I believe she got up early to meet him." But Kate only yawned lazily.

In the taproom the soldier encountered the newcomer, seated not far from the fire, as though his blood flowed sluggishly after his long ride in the chill morning air. Well built, although somewhat slender of figure, this latest arrival had a complexion of tawny brown, a living russet, as warm and glowing as the most vivid of Vandyke pigments.

He raised his eyes slowly as the soldier entered and surveyed him deliberately. From a scrutiny of mere physical attributes he passed on to the more important details of clothes, noting that his sack coat was properly loose at the waist and that the buttons were sufficiently large to pass muster, but also detecting that the trousers lacked breadth at the ankles and that the hat had a high crown and a broad brim, from which he complacently concluded the other was somewhat behind the shifting changes of fashion.

"Curse me, if this isn't a beastly fire!" he exclaimed, stretching himself still more, yawning and passing a hand through his black hair. "Hang them, they might as well shut up their guests in the smokehouse with the bacons and hams! I feel as cured as a side of pig ready to be hung to a dirty rafter."

With which he pulled himself together, went to the window, raised it and placed a stick under the frame.

"They tell me there's a theatrical troupe here," he resumed, returning to his chair and relapsing into its depths. "Perhaps you are one of them?"

"I have not that honor."

"Honor!" repeated the new arrival, with a laugh. "That's good! That was one of them on the road with you, I'll be bound. You have good taste! Helgho!" he yawned again. "I'm anchored here awhile on account of a lame horse. Perhaps, though," brightening, "it may not be so bad after all. These players promise some diversion." At that moment his face wore an expression of airy, jocund assurance which faded to visible annoyance as he continued: "Where can that landlord be? He placed me in this kennel, vanished and left me to my fate. Ah, here he is at last!" as the host approached, respectfully inquiring:

"Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"More!" exclaimed this latest guest ironically. "Well, better late than never. See that my servant has help with the trunks."

"Very well, sir; I'll have Sandy look after them. You are going to stay, then?"

"How can I tell?" returned the newcomer lightly.

The landlord looked startled.

"How far is it to Meadtown?" continued the guest.

"Forty odd miles. Perhaps you are seeking the old patroon manor there. They say the heir is expected any day," gazing fixedly at the young man: "at least the antirenters have received information he is coming and are preparing"—

The sprightly guest threw up his hands.

"The trunks; the trunks!" he exclaimed in accents of despair. "Look at the disorder of my attire—the pride of

The landlord bowed.

these ruffles leveled by the dew; my wrist bands in disarray; the odor of the road pervading my person! The trunks, I pray you!"

"Yes, sir; at once, sir! But first let me introduce you to Mr. Saint-Prosper of Paris. Make yourselves at home, gentlemen."

With which the speaker hurriedly vanished, and soon the bumping and thumping in the hall gave cheering assurance of instructions fulfilled.

That porter is a prince among his kind," observed the guest satirically, wheeling to an unusual bang overhead [illegible]

[illegible] OCT 13

[illegible] coat of the dimensions of 1745 and large watch ribbons sustaining ponderous bunches of seals.

The gallant fop touched the narrow brim of his hat to Kate, who was peeping from one window, and waved a kiss to Susan, who was surreptitiously glancing from another, whereupon, both being detected, drew back hastily. Overwhelmed by the appearance of a guest of such manifest distinction, the landlord bowed obsequiously as the other entered the tavern with a supercilious nod.

To Mistress Susan this incident was exciting while it lasted, but when the dandy had disappeared her attention was again attracted to Constance and Saint-Prosper, who slowly approached. He paused with his horse before the front door, and she stood a moment near the little porch, on either side of which grew sweet williams, four o'clocks and larkspur. But the few conventional words were scanty crumbs for the fair eavesdropper above, the young girl soon entering the house and the soldier leading his horse in the direction of the stable. As the latter disappeared around the corner of the tavern Susan left the window and turned to the mirror.

"La!" she said, holding a mass of blond hair in one hand and deftly coiling it upon her little head. "I believe she got up early to meet him." But Kate only yawned lazily.

In the taproom the soldier encountered the newcomer, seated not far from the fire, as though his blood flowed sluggishly after his long ride in the chill morning air. Well built, although somewhat slender of figure, this latest arrival had a complexion of tawny brown, a living russet, as warm and glowing as the most vivid of Vandyke pigments.

He raised his eyes slowly as the soldier entered and surveyed him deliberately. From a scrutiny of mere physical attributes he passed on to the more important details of clothes, noting that his sack coat was properly loose at the waist and that the buttons were sufficiently large to pass muster, but also detecting that the trousers lacked breadth at the ankles and that the hat had a high crown and a broad brim, from which he complacently concluded the other was somewhat behind the shifting changes of fashion.

"Curse me, if this isn't a beastly fire!" he exclaimed, stretching himself still more, yawning and passing a hand through his black hair. "Hang them, they might as well shut up their guests in the smokehouse with the bacons and hams! I feel as cured as a side of pig ready to be hung to a dirty rafter."

With which he pulled himself together, went to the window, raised it and placed a stick under the frame.

"They tell me there's a theatrical troupe here," he resumed, returning to his chair and relapsing into its depths. "Perhaps you are one of them?"

"I have not that honor."

"Honor!" repeated the new arrival, with a laugh. "That's good! That was one of them on the road with you, I'll be bound. You have good taste! Helgho!" he yawned again. "I'm anchored here awhile on account of a lame horse. Perhaps, though," brightening, "it may not be so bad after all. These players promise some diversion." At that moment his face wore an expression of airy, jocund assurance which faded to visible annoyance as he continued: "Where can that landlord be? He placed me in this kennel, vanished and left me to my fate. Ah, here he is at last!" as the host approached, respectfully inquiring:

"Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"More!" exclaimed this latest guest ironically. "Well, better late than never. See that my servant has help with the trunks."

"Very well, sir; I'll have Sandy look after them. You are going to stay, then?"

"How can I tell?" returned the newcomer lightly.

The landlord looked startled.

"How far is it to Meadtown?" continued the guest.

"Forty odd miles. Perhaps you are seeking the old patroon manor there. They say the heir is expected any day," gazing fixedly at the young man: "at least the antirenters have received information he is coming and are preparing"—

The sprightly guest threw up his hands.

"The trunks; the trunks!" he exclaimed in accents of despair. "Look at the disorder of my attire—the pride of

The landlord bowed.

these ruffles leveled by the dew; my wrist bands in disarray; the odor of the road pervading my person! The trunks, I pray you!"

"Yes, sir; at once, sir! But first let me introduce you to Mr. Saint-Prosper of Paris. Make yourselves at home, gentlemen."

With which the speaker hurriedly vanished, and soon the bumping and thumping in the hall gave cheering assurance of instructions fulfilled.

That porter is a prince among his kind," observed the guest satirically, wheeling to an unusual bang overhead [illegible]

[illegible] OCT 13

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Of the United States Treasury Recommends Pe-ru-na.

Other Prominent Physicians Use and Endorse Pe-ru-na.

Dr. Llewellyn Jordan,
Medical Examiner United States Treasury.

DR. LLEWELLYN Jordan, Medical Examiner of the U. S. Treasury Department, graduate of Columbia College, and who served three years at West Point, has the following to say of Peruna:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from your wonderful remedy. One short month has brought forth a vast change and I now consider myself a well man after months of suffering. Fellow sufferers, Peruna will cure you."

A constantly increasing number of physicians prescribe Peruna in their practice. It has proven its merits so thoroughly that even the doctors have overcome their prejudice against so-called patent medicines and recommend it to their patients.

Peruna occupies a unique position in medical science. It is the only internal systemic catarrh remedy known to the medical profession to-day. Catarrh, as everyone will admit, is the cause of one-half the disease which afflicts mankind. Catarrh and catarrhal diseases afflict one-half of the people of United States.

Robert R. Roberts, M. D., Washington, D. C., writes:

"Through my own experience as well as that of many of my friends and acquaintances who have been cured or relieved of catarrh by the use of Hartman's Peruna, I can confidently recommend it to those suffering from such disorders, and have no hesitation in prescribing it to my patients."—Robert R. Roberts.

Dr. R. Robbins, Muskogee, I. T., writes:

"Peruna is the best medicine I know of for coughs and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Besides prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people, and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits so many cases.

"I have a large practice, and have a chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and the suffering."

Dr. M. C. Gee, writes from 513 Jones St., San Francisco, Cal.:

"Peruna has performed so many wonderful cures in San Francisco that I am convinced that it is a valuable remedy. I have frequently advised its use for women, as I find it insures regular and painless menstruation, cures leucorrhœa and ovarian troubles, and builds up the entire system. I also consider it one of the finest catarrh remedies I know of."—M. C. Gee, M. D.

Catarrh is a systemic disease curable only by systemic treatment. A remedy that cures catarrh must aim directly at the depressed nerve centers. This is what Peruna does.

Peruna immediately invigorates the nerve-centers which give vitality to the mucous membrance. Then catarrh disappears. Then catarrh is permanently cured.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

lady, which duties were perfunctorily performed. My art, however, I threw into the bell," concluded the manager, with a laugh.

"Do you find many theaters hereabout?" asked the other thoughtfully.

Barnes shook his head. "No, although there are plenty of them upon the Atlantic and southern circuits. Still we can usually rent a hall, erect a stage and construct tiers of seats. Even a barn at a pinch makes an acceptable temple of art. But our principal difficulty is procuring licenses to perform."

"You have to get permission to play?"

"That we do," sighed the manager. "From obdurate trustees in villages and stubborn supervisors or justices of the peace in the hamlets."

"But their reason for this opposition?" asked his companion.

They were now entering the little hamlet, exchanging the grassy path for a sidewalk of planks laid lengthwise and the peace of nature for such signs of civilization as a troop of geese noisily promenading across the thoroughfare and a peacock in its pride of pomp as a favored bird of old King Solomon crying from the top of the shed and proudly displaying its gorgeous train. Barnes wiped the perspiration from his brow as he answered:

"Well, a temperance and antitheatrical agitation has preceded us in the Shadengo valley, a movement originated in Baltimore by seven men who had been drunkards and are now lecturing throughout the country. This is known as the "Washington" movement, and among the most formidable leaders of the crusade is an old actor, John B. Gough. But here we are at the supervisor's office. I'll run in and get the license if you'll wait a moment."

Saint-Prosper assented, and Barnes disappeared through the door of a one-story wooden building which boasted little in its architectural appearance and whose principal decorations consisted of a small window garden containing faded geraniums and a sign with sundry inverted letters.

Barnes speedily reappeared with dejection in his manner and, with no word of explanation to his companion, began to retrace his steps toward the hostelry on the hill.

"Going back so soon?" asked the young man in surprise.

"There is nothing to be done here. The temperance lecturer has just gone; the people are set against plays and players. The supervisor refuses the license."

With which the manager relapsed into silence, rueful and melancholy. Their road ran steadily upward from the sleepy valley, skirting a wood where the luxuriance of the overhanging foliage and the bright autumnal tint of the leaves were like a scene of a spectacular play. Out of breath from the steepness of the ascent, and with his hand pressed to his side, Barnes suddenly called a halt, seated himself on a stump, his face somewhat drawn, and spoke for the first time since he had left the hamlet.

"Let's rest a moment. Something catches me occasionally here," tapping his heart. "Ah, that's better! The pain has left. No; it's nothing. The machinery is getting old, that's all! Let me see—ah, yes!" And he drew a cigar from his pocket. "Perhaps there lies a crumb of comfort in the weed!"

The manager smoked contemplatively, like a man pushed to the verge of disaster, weighing the slender chances of mending his broken fortunes. But as he pondered his face gradually lightened with a faint glimmer of satisfaction. His mind, seeking for a straw, caught at a possible way out of this labyrinth of difficulties and in a moment he had straightened up, puffing veritable optimistic wreaths. He arose buoyantly; before he reached the inn the crumb of comfort had become a loaf of assurance.

At the tavern the manager immediately sought mine host, stating his desire to give a number of free performances in the dining room of the hotel. The landlord demurred stoutly. He was an innkeeper, not the proprietor of a playhouse. Were not tavern and theater inseparable, retorted Barnes? The country lost had always been a patron of the histrionic art. Beneath his windows the mask and incendiade were born. The mystery, harlequinade and divertissement found shelter in a pothouse.

In a word, so indefatigably did he ply arguments, appealing alike to clemency and cupidity—the custom following such a course—that the landlord at length reluctantly consented, and soon after the dining room was transformed into a temple of art, stinted, it is true, for flats, drops, flies and screens, but at least more tenable than the roofless theaters of other days, when a downpour drenched the players and washed out the public, causing rainy tears to drip from Ophelia's nose and rivulets of rouge to trickle down my Lady Slipaway's marble neck and shoulders. In this labor of converting the dining room into an auditory they found an attentive observer in the landlord's daughter, who left her pans, plates and platters to watch these preparations with round eyed admiration. To her that temporary stage was surrounded by glamour and romance, a world remote from cook, scullion and maid of all work and peopled with well born dames, courtly ladies and exalted princesses.

Possibly interested in what seemed an incomprehensible venture—for how could the manager's coffers be replenished by free performances?—Saint-Prosper that afternoon reminded Barnes he had returned from the village without fulfilling his errand.

[illegible] continued.

WAKEFUL BABIES.

No baby cries for the mere fun of the thing. It cries because it is not well—generally its little stomach is sour, its bowels congested, its skin hot and feverish. This is often why babies are wakeful and make nights miserable for the parents. Relieve the little one and it will sleep all night, and let the mother get her needed rest as well. Just what mothers need for this purpose is Baby's Own Tablets—a medicine that speedily relieves and promptly cures all the minor ailments of young children. The experience of thousands of mothers has proved the truth of this, and among these mothers is Mrs. James Farrell, Banberry, Ont., who says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones. My baby was cross and gave me a good deal of trouble, but since using the tablets I could not wish for a healthier or better natured child."

Stronger praise could not be given, and the mother has a guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.