

SUMMER MILLINERY

Always Something New

The Millinery Season is proving entirely interesting from every point of view. The variety in shapes, material and trimming effects has not been greater at any time, nor have the styles been more unique and becoming. We have been in the city and secured a grand stock of summer millinery. Hats of all sizes are being shown. We are well prepared to take orders for the Summer Season. Dainty lace and Lingerie Hats, large and small, Milan, Mohair, Leghorn in white and Tuscan. We have a full range of all that is fashionable. We also procured a good supply of Childrens' hats in fancy shapes, leghorn and lacey straws. Outing hats in sailor effect, small and large. Always a large stock of black hats to choose from, close fitting toques and turbans, medium sized hats, sailors and large feather trimmed hats, a grand selection a ways on display.

Lambton St. **MISS DICK** DURHAM

THE RED YEAR

Continued from page 6

"Yes, Haven't you seen him? By gad, he's a wonder. A giant of a fellow with an eye like a hawk and a big black beard that seems, somehow, to suggest a blacksmith. He turned up at our mess on the first evening he was in camp. Everybody was laughing and joking as usual and he never said a word. I didn't understand it at the time, but I noticed that Nicholson just glowered at each man who told a funny story, and, by degrees, we were all sitting like mutes at a funeral. Then he said, in a deep voice that made us jump: 'When some of you gentlemen can spare me a moment I shall be glad to hear what you have been doing here the last ten weeks.' There was no sneer in his words. We have had fighting enough, Heaven knows, but we felt that by 'doing' he meant 'attacking,' not 'defending.' Sure as death, he will create a stir. Indeed, the heaven is working already. He sent me out here this morning, as he has gone to meet the movable column from Lahore, and there was a rumor of a sortie from Delhi to cut it off."

Malcolm fresh from association with Havelock realized that a grave and serious-minded soldier could ill brook the jests and idle talk that dominated the average military mess of the period.

"Nicholson sounds like the right man in the right place," he commented.

The dragon vouched for it emphatically.

"He has put an end to pony-racing and quots," said he, "and there is to be no more fighting in our shirt sleeves. Bear in mind, we have had a deuce of a time. I've been in twenty-one fights myself, and that is not all. The sepoy usually swarm out hell-for-leather and we rush to meet them. There is a scrimmage for an hour or so, we shove 'em back. Hodson gets in a bit of sabre-work, we pick up the wounded, tell off a burial party, and start a cricket match or a gymkhana. Of course the fighting is stiff while it lasts and my regiment has lost its two best bowlers, a really sound bat and a crack rider in the pony beats. Still if we don't lose any ground we gain none, and I can't help agreeing with Nicholson that war isn't a picnic."

Frank managed not to smile at the naivete of his companion. Though Saumarez was nearly his own age he felt that their difference in rank was not nearly so great as the divergence in their conception of the magnitude of the task before Britain in India. Nevertheless Saumarez said that Nicholson was a force, and that was something.

"Is the Hodson you mention the man who rode from Kurnaul to Meerut before the affair of Ghazi-ud-din-Nugur?" he asked.

"Yes, same chap. A regular fire-brand and no mistake. He has gathered a crowd of dare-devils known as Hodson's Horse, and they go into action with a dash that I thought was only to be found in regular cavalry. But here we are at our ghat. That is a weedy-looking Arab you are riding—plenty of bone, though. Will he go aboard a budgerow without any fuss?"

"Oh, yes. He will do most things," was the quiet reply.

Malcolm dismounted and fondled Nejd's black muzzle. How little the light-hearted dragon guessed what those two had endured together! Nejd as a weed was a new role. For an instant Frank thought of making a match with his friend's best charger after Nejd had had a week's rest.

It was altogether a changed audience that Havelock's messenger secured that evening when Nicholson rode to the ridge with the troops sent from the north by Sir John Lawrence, Edwards and Montgomery, while the generosity of Bartle Frere in sending from Scinde regiments he could ill spare should be mentioned in the same breath.

Saumarez's "giant of a fellow" was there, and Archdale Wilson, the commander-in-chief, and Neville Chamberlain, and Baird-Smith, and Hervey Greathed. Inspired by the presence of such men Malcolm entered upon a full account of occurrences at Lucknow, Cawnpore and elsewhere during the preceding month. His hearers were aware of Henry Lawrence's death and the beginning of the siege of Lucknow. They had heard of Massacre Ghat, the Well, and Havelock's advance, but they were dependent on native rumor and an occasional spy for their information, and Frank's epic narrative was the first complete and true history that had been given them.

He was seldom interrupted. Occasionally when he was tempted to slur over some of the dangers he had overcome personally, a question from one or other of the five would force him to be more explicit.

Naturally, he spoke freely of the magnificent exploits of Havelock's column and he saw Nicholson ticking off each engagement, each tremendous march, each fine display of strategic genius on the part of the general, with an approving nod and shake of his great beard.

"You have done well, young man," said General Wilson when Frank's long recital came to an end. "What rank did you hold on General Havelock's staff?"

"That of major, sir."

"You are confirmed in the same rank here. I have no doubt your services will be further recognized at the close of the campaign."

"If Havelock had the second thousand men he asked for he would now be marching here," growled Nicholson.

No one spoke for a little while. The under meaning of the giant's words was plain. Havelock had moved while they stood still. The criticism was a trifle unjust, perhaps, but men with Napoleonic ideas are impatient of the limitations that afflict their less powerful brethren. If India were governed exclusively by Nicholson, Lawrence, Havelock, Hodson, and Neils there would never have been a mutiny. It was Britain's rare good fortune that they existed at all and came to the front when the fiery breath of war had scorched and shriveled the nonentity.

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titles who held power and place at the outbreak of hostilities.

Then some one passed a remark on Frank's appearance. He was bare-headed. The fair hair and blue eyes that had perplexed Chumru looked strangely out of keeping with his brown skin.

"How in the world did you manage to escape detection during your ride north?" he was asked.

He explained Chumru's device, and they laughed. Like Havelock, Baird-Smith thought the Mohammedan would make a good soldier.

"With all his pluck, sir, he is absolutely afraid of using a pistol," said Frank. "He was offered the highest rank as a native officer, but he refused it."

"Then, by gad, we must make him a reminder. Tell him I said so and that we all agree on that point."

When Frank gave the message to Chumru it was received with a demonaic grin.

"By the Holy Kaaba," came the gleeful cry, "I told the Moulvie of Fyabad that I was in the way of earning a jaghir, and behold, it is promised to me!"

Next day Malcolm, somewhat lighter in tint after a hot bath, made himself acquainted with the camp. Seldom was war brought together such a motley assemblage of races as gathered on the Ridge during the siege of Delhi. The far-off isles of the sea were represented by men from every shore, and Britain's mixed heritage in the East sent a bewildering variety of types. Small, compactly built, Ghoorkhans hobbled with stalwart Highlanders; lively Irishmen made friends of quaint, saturnine Pathans; bearded Sikhs extended grave courtesies to pert-nosed Cockneys; "gallant little Wales" might be seen tending the needs of wounded Mohammedans from the Punjab. The language bar proved no obstacle to the men of the rank and file. A British private would sit and smoke in solemn and friendly silence with a hook-nosed Afghan, and the two would rise cheerfully after an hour passed in that fashion with nothing in common between them save the memory of some deadly thrust averted when they fought one day in the hollow below Hindu Rao's house, or a draught of water tendered when one or other lay gasping and almost done to death in a struggle for the village of Subsee Mundee.

The British soldier, who has fought and bled in so many lands, showed his remarkable adaptability to circumstances by the way in which he made himself at home on the reverse slope of the Ridge. A compact town had sprung up there with its orderly lines of huts and tents, its long rows of picketed horses, commissariat bullocks and elephants, its churches, hospitals, playgrounds, race-course and cemetery.

Malcolm took in the general scheme of things while he walked along the Ridge towards the most advanced picket at Hindu Rao's House. On the left front lay Delhi, beautiful as a dream in the brilliant sunshine. The intervening valley was scarred and riven with water-courses, strewn with rocks, covered with ruined mosques, temples, tombs, and houses, and smothered in an overgrowth of trees, shrubs and long grasses. Roads were few, but tortuous paths ran everywhere, and it was easy to see how the rebels could steal out unobserved during the night and creep close up to the pickets before they revealed their whereabouts by a burst of musketry. Happily they never learnt to reserve their fire. Every man would blaze away at the first alarm, and then, of course, in those days of muzzle-loaders, the more resolute British troops could get to close quarters without serious loss. Still the men who held the Ridge had many casualties, and until Nicholson came the rebel artillery was infinitely more powerful than the British. Behind his movable column, however, marched a strong siege train. When that arrived the gunners could make their presence felt. Thus far not one of the enemy's guns had been dismounted.

Frank had ocular proof of their strength in this arm before he reached Hindu Rao's house. The Guides, picturesque in their loose, gray-colored shirts and big turbans, sent one of their cavalry squadrons over the Ridge on some errand. They moved at a sharp canter, but the Delhi gunners had got the range and were ready, and half a dozen eighteen-pound balls crashed into the trees and rocks almost in the exact line of advance. A couple of guns on the British right took up the challenge, and the duel went on long after the Guides were swallowed up in the green depths of the valley.

At last Malcolm stood in the shelter-trench of the picket and gazed at the city which was the hub of the Mutiny. Beyond the high, red-brick walls he saw the graceful dome and minarets of the Jumma Musjid, while to the left towered the frowning battlements of the King's palace. To the left again, and nearer, was the small dome of St. James's Church with its lead roof riddled then, as it remains to this day, with the bullets fired by the rebels in the effort to dislodge the ball and cross which surmounted it. For the rest his eyes wandered over a noble array of mosques and temples, flat-roofed houses of nobles of the court and residences of the wealthy merchants who dwelt in the imperial city.

The far-ranging panorama behind the walls had a curiously peaceful aspect. Even the puffs of white smoke from the guns, curling upwards like tiny clouds in the lazy air, had no tremors until a heavy shot hurtled overhead or struck a resounding blow at the already ruined walls of the big house near the post.

The 61st were on picket that day, and one of the men, speaking with a strong Gloucestershire accent, said to Malcolm:

"Well, zur, they zay we'll be a-lootin' there zoon."

"I hope so," was the reply, but the phrase set him a-thinking.

Within that shining palace most probably was a woman to whom he owed his life. In another palace, many a hundred miles away, was another woman for whom he would willingly risk that life if only he could save her from the fate that the private of the 61st was gloating over in anticipation.

What a mad jumble of opposites was this useless and horrible war! At

any rate why could not women be kept out of it and let men adjust their quarrel with the stern arbitrament of sword and gun!

Then he recalled Chumru's words about the Princess Roshinara, and the fancy seized him that if he were desheathed to enter Delhi with the besiegers he would surely strive to repay the service she had rendered Winifred and Mayne and himself at Bithoor.

That is the way the gods smile when they dispose of man's affairs.

To be continued

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FOUND DEAD ON HIGHWAY.

Woodstock, Ont., May 5.—Word was received here to-day from Elmwood in Bruce County, to the effect that John O'Hanly had had been found dead at the side of the road. O'Hanly left Woodstock a few weeks ago on a visit to Owen Sound and probably died of exhaustion on the way. He was 70 years of age, and had spent the past several years between the jail and House of Refuge.—Mail and Empire.

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WOMAN ELOPED TWICE.

Winnipeg, May 5.—Mrs. McColl, who is on her way back to England from Lethbridge, at the express invitation of the Immigration Department, has had a most interesting career. She eloped from London, went to Toronto, and afterwards to Sturgeon Falls, Ont. From the latter place she eloped with another man and came West. McColl then followed them to Lethbridge, but was himself arrested there and deported. The woman was arrested and deported in February last, but came back to Western Canada in March. She will pass through this city to go through on her way to Montreal, where she will be deported once more.

A Richibucto School Teacher

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Richibucto, N. B., Nov. 17th 1909. Father Morrissey Med. Co., Ltd.

I have been teaching school for upwards of thirty years, during the last twenty-five of which I have suffered seriously with stomach trouble, indigestion and dyspepsia.

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Last year I had made up my mind to abandon my profession, feeling that in any condition I could neither do justice to myself or to the many pupils under my charge. A friend suggested to me that I try Father Morrissey's No. 11 Stomach Tablets; I did so, and have continued to use them with the result that my stomach trouble is cured—my indigestion and dyspepsia gone and I feel as well as I ever did.

I have, thanks to the Tablets, been able to continue in my profession, and feel that I am once more enjoying my work and am able to give justice to the fifty-four pupils under my care.

Yours Gratefully, (Signed) MARY CRYSTAL.

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Each No. 11 Tablet, when dissolved in the stomach, will digest 1 1/2 pounds of food—a good, hearty meal—so that no matter how weak your stomach may be No. 11 Tablets will enable you to get the nourishment out of your food and build up your strength, while the stomach, thus relieved, recovers its vigor. 50c. a box at your dealer's or from the Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

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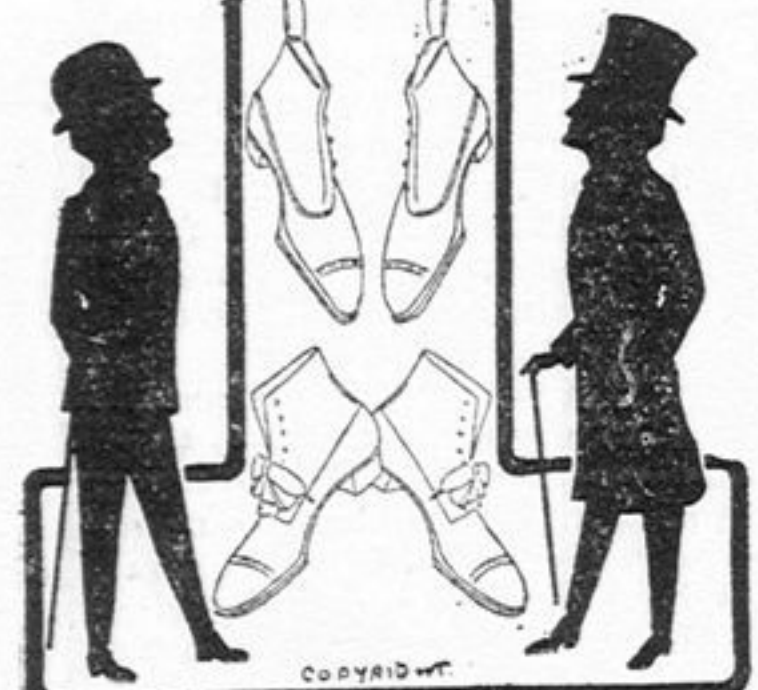
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THE POSTMASTERS RELIC.

Postmaster McCready has a valued though not imposing relic in his office, being nothing more or less than Harrison's original "Postoffice." It is a square wooden cabinet full of pigeon holes; en cabinet, full of pigeon holes; and has a flap door which when dropped serves as a desk. In by-gone days this cupboard was the repository of Her Majesty's mail for this part of the "Queen's Bush." Talk about skeletons in closets and such like things; if that little cabinet could talk what tales of joys and sorrows, comedies and tragedies it could reveal, from its little pigeon holes. The Traders Bank now occupies the site of the old general store where the "Postoffice" used to occupy a corner. Mr. McCready thinks the "Postoffice" was made in Elora.—Harrison Review.

JIM LIKES JAIL SOUP

James Hales of the Dog's Nest, near Alliston, was found guilty of a violation of the liquor law and has again been sent to Barrie jail for four months. The first case was tried in Beeton on Sept. 27th, when a fine of \$100 was imposed. On October 15th he was convicted a second time and for this offence spent four months in Barrie jail.—Shelburne Free Press.

THE WONDERFUL SIGHTS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Have you ever visited New York, the great metropolis of the new world? If not you should do so at the very first opportunity as a trip of this nature, besides being highly interesting, is also an education. The Grand Trunk-Lehigh Valley route is the scenic line from Canadian points. Convenient service and excellent equipment.

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