

and expressed the feelings of the... that had soiled as to how much they... the reception given... spontaneous was it, and... the outcome of a uni-... of kindness... Daniel, of St. John, joined... of good will and... the contingent had done... that it had reflected such... in the Canadian name.

Midnight Procession.
A magnificent torch-... procession took place. The... were a perfect blaze of... rockets were thrown in... of the city bonfires... fireworks were burned till... became dark. The procession... grandest spectacle of the... seen in Halifax. And will... the procession, the... were carried in triumph over... of patriotic moti-... expressions of welcome... Knowing that the... friends of the... were anxious to learn of the... of the brave lad, the C... Graph Co. through its man-... Major Pelletier to... from a telegram from his... friends, notifying them... arrival at Halifax. Many... themselves of the privilege... Western Men Leave.

The procession to-night the... assembled at the... of the... for their homes... interesting episode occur-... The men when they were... and got their discharge were... as they rode. They said they... their rifles through the... war, and they intended... as souvenirs or for fu-... duty Minister of Militia was... and as the men persisted... he issued a provision-... allowing them to keep their... the... The boys left on the train to... their rifles by their sides.

SAW THE MURDER.

ent Made by the Valet
of W. M. Rice.

TRIED TO END HIS LIFE.

Report.—The death of the... William Marsh Rice at his... apartments on Sept. 1... of Mr. W. M. Rice, New... Albert T. Patrick, to cash... large amounts which par-... signed by the millionaire;... of one bank to cash the... on it, and the... bank officials that Mr. Rice... dead at the time the... were presented, the subse-... by Patrick that Mr. Rice... him by will the... of \$5,000,000 to any... three to eight millions;... of forgery, both as regards... and the will, placed... Patrick and Mr. Rice, New... Jones, the arrest of Pat-... and their lodgment in... the developments of to-day... to become the most cele-... many... courts of this city have... to investigate.

incident which led up to... was the fact disclosed... that... Jones had been... the district attorney's office... rumor that he had... to the authorities.

public had time to learn if... of a confession was true... more startling news that... silent hours of the night... in his cell in the Tombs... suicide by cutting his... a pen-knife given him by... Attorney Patrick, also con-... the Tombs.

What Jones Saw.
tion of the confession... to do with the last mom-... Mr. Rice is the following... by the authorities as con-... said—"I am very nervous... I wish you would not... Please go away." Some... have... some... Mr. Rice, that will cure... "ness."

duced a bottle and uncer-... contents smelled to me... very strong. Patrick... and a sponge. I got him... Patrick said—"Jones, you... I left. As I was leav-... said—"I'll remain here... I'll sleep." He... door behind me... in the hall for a few min-... I heard Mr. Rice laugh... this was queer. I pushed... I saw Mr. Rice... in bed. The... that I... Patrick was wrapped... sponge in a cone shape... was lying directly over... eyes and nose... was pressing it down with... hand. Patrick did not see... of course. Mr. Rice could... seeing what I had seen... lay on my bed... Patrick... "Go get a doctor."... for one. He pronounced... "head."

Patrick is furnishing... pen-knife and the... statements in the confession... after his suicidal attempt... to Bellevue Hospital, hasten-... physicians, having just... to see to the... death... of blood. At 8 o'clock... hospital surgeons said he... better, and the chances... in a few days he will again... in the Tombs.

LEEN TERRY ILL.

That She Will Quit
Stage for Good.
Nov. 2.—Miss Terry has... noticeable indifference for... of years, and although... she that the only wise... her to pause is to retire... laurels, the critics and... hesitates to say so, and she... not admit that her day... is past. Sir Henry Irving... hearted to suggest her re-... the true friends of the... hope she will take... of her present illness and... stage for good.

THE QUEEN'S TROKEN

But in truth Ruthven Ramsay was neither invulnerable nor indifferent; he was only scrupulously honorable, and excessively fastidious. No fortune with which a woman was ever dowered would have induced him to marry without love, but on the other hand, no love which a woman ever inspired would have induced him to accept all from her. So that he was accustomed to regard himself as an "outsider"—one to whom the prize matrimonial was never to be adjudged. The very refinement of taste, manners and habits, which he knew would be indispensable to any woman's inspiring him with love, rendered it more than improbable that he should find the one woman whom he must love out of the rank and condition of life in which wealth is as general as it is certainly indispensable; and he was rather glad to find that at twenty-eight he had not been obliged to fly from an agonizing temptation or induced to fail in his allegiance to his immature betrothed. He had never seen anyone whom he could have loved, had she been ever so romantically and accommodatingly poor; and he was beginning to think his lot might not have been a bad one, after all. It was only forty years ago, but men did then actually regard marriage with partiality, and the being debauched from it as its penalty. When Ruthven of Ramsay, part of whose regiment was quartered in Cornwall, entered the ball-room at Tredethlyn Castle he was heart who and fancy free.

Gemma had been correct in saying that he was the handsomest man in the room. It befell Ruthven Ramsay almost always to be so, and to produce so marked an effect by his presence, that people in general were very much surprised to find that he had anything but good looks to recommend him; for though lady novelists have been wont to paint a certain ugliness heroic, there already existed a notion that male beauty and boobyism were usually coincident. He was not remarkably tall, but his eyes were comely, his nose straight, his mouth and his face, with its dark-blue eyes, features fine and delicate, but peculiarly instinct with manliness; his noble hair, with its closely-curled masses, and his lustrous chestnut brown hair, were of quite typical beauty.

He was sometime in the ballroom before he attempted to penetrate the crowd surrounding Miss Tredethlyn, but waited patiently his turn for an introduction, looking about him in the meanwhile, and admiring the pretty, the graceful, the animated manners of many a county belle, to whom "the season" was utterly unknown, and the mere possibility of ever getting enough of the society of the guests at the ball, and the occasional glimpses of a face so beautiful, so bright, so full of youthful pleasure, and yet of delicate and refined sensibility, which was dark, proud, brilliant, and yet tender—a face in which intellect, feeling, cultivation, and race had cunningly blended their expression into such beauty as he had never before seen. He was looking at her, intervening between him and the figure, girlish, indeed, but stately and statuesque, at which he earnestly gazed. She only did not change her place. Presently, however, she animated manners of many a county belle, to whom "the season" was utterly unknown, and the mere possibility of ever getting enough of the society of the guests at the ball, and the occasional glimpses of a face so beautiful, so bright, so full of youthful pleasure, and yet of delicate and refined sensibility, which was dark, proud, brilliant, and yet tender—a face in which intellect, feeling, cultivation, and race had cunningly blended their expression into such beauty as he had never before seen. He was looking at her, intervening between him and the figure, girlish, indeed, but stately and statuesque, at which he earnestly gazed. She only did not change her place. Presently, however, she

When an admiring group had gathered round the palatine, Gemma came softly to Blanche's side and pressed her white, slender arm.

"Now for the secret," she whispered. "Look on the right of the picture, at the figure of the Dauphin."

"Yes, I am looking."

"Yes, I am looking."

"Yes, I am looking."

"Yes, I am looking."

cross me in it, will you?"

"No, indeed, I will not," said Gemma, who was not at all interested in her promise, not even talking of the coincidence to Captain Ruthven Ramsay.

Mr. Maldon found Blanche Tredethlyn an intelligent and much interested on the subject of her Irish property. She had a clear understanding now for prizing highly the wealth which she should have the power of conferring on another.

The bright weeks of the summer, flitted by, and the light cloud which rested from time to time on Miss Tredethlyn's thoughtful, placid face with some more frequently, and remained longer than the summer. Gemma saw it, only Ruthven Ramsay, of those who were most with her, did not see it. But he was unobservant of every one except Gemma—an example of the reflected egotism of love. To all attempts to discover the origin of this fitful sadness, Blanche opposed a gentle, steady denial of its existence. When her father, who had heard of her, would remind him that she was growing older, was a responsible person, and must be steady, or put him off with some other jesting reply. When Gemma was likely to say more, and more clearly than any one readily, and he made up his mind once and for all to the cause of the undeniable alteration in Blanche's spirits, and were becoming exceedingly variable, changing painfully from the placid cheerfulness which had characterized her. But Blanche, such as she looked, seemed to him, clear as the sky, and he was becoming exceedingly variable, changing painfully from the placid cheerfulness which had characterized her. But Blanche, such as she looked, seemed to him, clear as the sky, and he was becoming exceedingly variable, changing painfully from the placid cheerfulness which had characterized her.

It was true Blanche had seen the worst ghost which could be seen, the phantom of an unreal, impossible, deceptive hope. There is no more blighting vision. The young lady bore the dawning, the full, blinding, confirming light of truth bravely. Blanche's dream of happiness did not last for many weeks. It was dispelled by Captain Ramsay. One evening when she was singing, as she always sang to her mother, and he was standing at a little distance, she noticed the changes in the expression of his face, as the soft, passionate words of the song flowed over his lips, and he seemed to be addressing himself to her. Gemma was standing near her, leaning on the back of a high velvet chair, over which her arm was stretched, and she looked at Miss Tredethlyn's shoulder. It was Gemma's eyes his eyes were seeking. It was in Gemma's face he was looking for the sentiment of the song. With the next breath he turned his parted lips, Blanche turned her head and saw the answering glance. It told her all, and the stroke of a dagger in her heart could hardly have been keener, and more cruel, and more merciful pain. But Blanche was true to her race; she carried the heart of a hero in that slender body of hers. Her manner was as gracious and smiling as a sunset, and she was not aware that that evening as before, but there was something strange in her voice which Gemma remarked. Blanche imputed it to fatigue; she was very tired, and she would like to go to bed. But she was not to be so easily satisfied. She was to be a bit of old England.

(To be Continued.)

A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND.

Flint Abbey Purchased by the British Government.

A genuine bit of old England has just been secured by the Government of Great Britain, and is now in the London Daily Mail. This consists of the magnificent ruins of Flint Abbey, together with several thousand acres of land adjoining in the beautiful valley of the Nye, all of which have been purchased from the Duke of Beaufort, and will be maintained for the enjoyment of visitors.

An aroma of antiquity pervades the place. The abbey was founded by Walter de Clare in those merry monkish days when monastic visions were wont to have a solid substratum of "fat pullets and clouted cream."

The abbey is famous for its architectural character, which belongs to a transition between the Early English and Decorated periods. The church, begun in 1287, remains nearly complete, with the exception of the northern arcade of the nave.

To enter the church is like taking a step straight into the thirteenth century. One expects to be surrounded with fatted friars and pious rogues, and to see great visions of wallets and wassail. On the east side of the cloister are the aubry, the parlor and sacristy, and the chapter house with three alleys. On the north side are the postern and river gate, with the abbot's lodge over. In the vicinity of the abbot's lodge one naturally looks for the buttery, the refectory, and the kitchen, for look you, your real abbot was no ascetic.

The sacred rites of hospitality were duly observed, as is testified by the guest house, built over an undercroft. The church had, at one time the distinction of giving sanctuary to the person of Edward II. At the time of the suppression of the abbey there were 13 monks. After the dissolution of the abbey the monastery was granted to the Earl of Worcester, with whose descendants it has remained until the present day.

CYRIL'S NIGHT AFTER THE SHOW

Once upon a Time there was a Tender Boy who was half way between Knickerbockers and the University Glee Club. His name was Cyril and his folks lived in the first Stone Castle at the right as you entered Easy Street.

Cyril's Governor was a two-handed fighter who had an Office in the Street given over to Tickers and Blackboards and Good Things. The Governor had gone to the Mat and been through the Ropes and taken his little Red and more than a Gross of Scarf Pins. He had obedient Tutors to come to the House and try to pump knowledge into him without any Effort on his part. If he complained of Headache or was Peevish at the Breakfast Table, his Manma knew there must be something wrong with the City Air, so she would take him under her Wing and away they would go to the Aquarium or the Sea Shore, or Europe. Cyril had been to Europe twice, and to prove that he was a Bright Boy he could tell the name of the Ship they had come back on, and he knew that the Hotel in Paris began with an R.

Although the Earth and the Fulness thereof were laid in front of Cyril, and although Papa applied the Spectacle to the Little Fish every day or two to get more funds with which to buy Tutors and Automobiles for him, the Boy was not Happy. He had no end of Trouble.

As an Example, sometimes he would work for an Hour to get his Bath-Shaped Ties just right, so the Ends would Balance, and if he could not do it, he would feel Moody and Discouraged, and the Tears would come to his Eyes, and he would think that the Fates had conspired to lay Tribulation on his Young Shoulders.

Or he would put on a pair of Pastelate Hose, with the Stripes running up and down, and he would go out with his Trousers reefed up, so that all might see, and he would meet another Boy whose Socks were Checked, and he would wonder if Perpendicular stripes had ceased to be the Thing. The Clouds would gather over him with not a rift to let the Sunshine through, and he would regret that he had been Born.

Perchance he would see on the Drive a new style of Cart several Feet higher than the old one, and he would bite his nails and feel sure that the other Boys were trying to Humiliate him.

And he had more than his share of Grief and Disappointment, when he would see the Bands or making the Tailor get the proper Bell Effect on his Coats, so that they would stand out all the Way around.

However, the One and Consuming Sorrow of his Young Life was that he had never met a real Actress. He had purchased their Photographs, and he had even gone so far as to send Flowers, but he had never actually Met one, so as to have her Speak to him. That was what he wanted. One of his friends, named Paul, had ridden on a Train named "Virginia Girl," and had opened a window for Virginia Earl, who had thanked him with her own lips. Consequently, Paul was the genuine it when the boys got together in Cyril's Den to look at the pictures and talk about which one they liked Best.

Cyril dreamed one Night that he had Lillian Russell riding with him in his Stanhope, and that Edna Wallace and she threw Violets at them as they rode past, and that all the other boys were shriveled with Envy. When he awoke he was so Blue he had a notion to leave Home and go on the Stage, just so that he could be near them.

But Everything Comes to him who is on the Lookout. Cyril became acquainted with the Treasurer of a Theatre at which Hortense Effingham was appearing in "The Cash Girl," and one Day the Treasurer happened to ask Cyril if he would like to drop in at Miss Effingham's Apartment one Night after the Performance, and Cyril almost Fainted with Joy and told the Attache to name a Night.

THE HOME TREATMENT FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

Few indeed are the family circles from whence there has not been taken some member as the result of neglected coughs and colds. The prudent mother is constantly on guard lest her little ones fall prey to croup, bronchitis or colds. She knows that if colds are promptly cured there is certain protection against consumption, pneumonia, and other lung troubles.

Hosts of mothers have learned to trust implicitly to DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE to promptly loosen the tight chest coughs, to allay the inflammation, to clear the air passages and to cure the cold. Their confidence in this grand prescription of DR. CHASE has never been shaken, because it has never failed to prove beneficial. It is of such unusual merit as to have attained by far the largest sale of any similar preparation.

A HACKING COUGH.

Mr. W. A. Wyle, 57 Seaton Street, Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks, when we procured a bottle of DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. After he had used it for a few days, I was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured him. It is now well and as bright as a cricket."

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

Mother's favorite remedy for Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds, 25 cents a bottle; family size, containing about three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edman & Co., Toronto.

The Treasurer said he would speak to Miss Effingham.

Cyril did not set to let his parents know of the proposed Racket, so he said he was going to a Party. He touched his Father and Mother and the Coachman for Money and emptied his Savings Bank, and got together \$18 in case they had to send out for more Champagne and Cigarettes. He knew it was going to be a Wild Revel, for he had heard the Stories.

In his limited Experience he had learned that the Necest Families often break Glassware and do the Cake Walk when they get together after the Theatre, and the Lights of the House of Respectable Society People went as far as that, then the gay Professionals would probably turn Flip Flops over their Heads and use an Axe on the Furniture. He was in the mood to Tear, but he knew he would have to see it through, so he could Tell about it afterward.

On the appointed Evening he wore Full Dress, and he had all the pictures of Men about Town taking Late Suppers with Footlight Favorites he had noticed that the Long-tailed Coat was worn.

That Evening he was in Front of the Theatre, and as he watched Hortense Effingham flit and twitter and win the Plaudits of the Discriminating Metropolitans, he kept thinking to himself, "Little do these People sitting around me suspect that I am going to take supper with her." It seemed almost Too good to be True. He was in the Attache of the House had to walk around for a while after the Show, to give Hortense time to get off her Make-Up and arrive at her Flat. Then they went up, and when the music of the Bell Cypher heard his Heart beat, he expected to hear his Heart kicked off just as he stepped in, but he didn't propose to Let On.

They were welcomed by a pleasant Little Woman with Dark Hair. Cyril called the name as Mrs. Miller. She said her Husband would be out in a Minute. After she went away the Friend explained to Cyril that Effingham was her Stage Name, and that Mrs. Miller was Hortense and that the Wig makes a Difference.

She came back with Mr. Miller, whom Cyril recognized as the Leader of the Orchestra. Also, there was a Tall Boy about Cyril's age. Mrs. Miller said it was her Son, who was home on a Vacation. She hoped that he and Cyril would be Great Friends.

Mrs. Miller told Cyril she knew his Father quite well, as he had handled several Investments for her. She said he was a Lovely Man. Then she asked Cyril which he liked better, Hall Caine or Marie Corelli, and he said he thought both of them were all right. He was lucky to be able to say that much. He didn't know whether he was On Foot or Horseback.

After that they had a Little Lunch of Crackers and nice, rich Milk. Cyril was the only one present who wore Evening Clothes.

Mrs. Miller's son showed Cyril his Book of Animal Pictures and they had a little Music, and the time was Time to go Home. Mrs. Miller asked Cyril if he had Car Fare, and he told her he had. He still had \$18.

He went home, feeling Puzzled but Respectable. He was full of Milk.

MORAL.—Don't believe all you Hear

—Robert Howard Russell.

The Song of the Top.
Spinning!
Spinning!
Spinning!
Round
and round I go,
Twirling, tripping, dipping,
Gliding to and fro; Cutting
graceful circles. Then, with
sudden start, right and left go bounding—
Well I know my art! I life to
be in motion! But as he lies on
wing, With each revolution,
sing! Humming, hum-
ming, humming, A-
round and round
I go! Oh I feel
a gasp of life,
in Gliding
to and
fro
I
—Maggie Wheeler Ross in Little
Folk.

When a man takes the privilege of looking around his home, his women folks say that it is to find something to grumble about.

All public buildings in Washington are open every week day except on national holidays.