of Ostentation inerals.

ELD IN LONDON.

4.-Missionaries re-Church of England and Mourning Reare soon to visit es to preach the

tentation. ed at the annual association in Lonrnoon that Ameriwas greater than , and that a very ed the socety's efand. Rev. Frederick of York, and loundsecretary of the lead the invasion. oric growth of Amsaid Dr. Lawrence comes a ciamoring display that makes believe that the as ever the cradie implie ty. There is y in the world ing is so great. Unnot always etherare sought, More of excellence beice after vulgarity. moricans are great enough to bear y, and we want to

nes Lewther, M. P. to-day's meeting, inglan : is cursed professional mournpurveyors of crepe are systema cally eeple to "die styl-

the benefit of our

eat Brita n for the

ng them back to

Vivian Poole, late o the Briti h forces g of the plainness ed the buriai of of epidemic, said he at people who were acks stood a bettting to the Kinghan those who were aken caskets with

ree, pastor of the hapel, testified that ays of the rich so and emulation of the sums that fufights were now attractions of the

teform Association, lops and clergy of mpt ng to sup ess ir. Lawrence said, n: "We are not h success in this ene in the Iri h blood, y eradicated."

it of Police Asks rch Spectators.

OT MAGISTRATE

. July 13.-While k Rogers was being ng, Supt. of Police gistrate Alexander search everyone in led weapons, as he present were care request caused a court, which was hermen and others he trial of Rogers, ith kidnapping Jap-

the union. refused permission, sought for on acurbance caused in hen six fishermen midating Japanese and which necessieleared.

hing in spite of the

max to the Fralishermen's strike iternoon, when a a union fisherman livan, attempted to , the police magis-

associated in the cannery, and has urging the proseermen arrested for dation and kidese. The magisdown fown from an, supposed to be

y to treat the Before he could Russell knocked rm, and the latn up an alley and re police force is but he has not

him, and, pointing

of Provincial rnoon made the le authorities were law and order that people who tht as well unders last.

s made unofficier trouble occurs, sent for from Esnaval patrol esm everybody con-

strike. ters Stranded. s. Col., July 14.rgan zed gang of

ting at Colorado ble for a party of orth Leaguers behere. Men and been robbed, not they had with ad tickets as well. droads will issue on their proof of and paid for rides and back, they will sk aid from the

mmission. The commissione Government to mmigration are restriction on They will also n of the Japa.

# CEYLON AND

NATURAL LEAF GREEN TEA

Is Free from Any Particle of Coloring Matter; is Dainty and Invigorating; is the only Tea that suits fasti dious palates and is wholesome for the most delicate digestions,

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him, but it prevented him asking sev-

of the great entrance porch.

to meet him.

are Mr. Sabin, sir ?"

your Grace?" he said.

"You know me," he remarked.

The man withdrew with a low bow,

"Mrrs. Peterson," he remarked to

lawns, attracted his attention. He

of ringing the bell, when the man who

"What is that little flag?" he asked.

game of which Mrs. Peterson is very

Mr. Sabin tried the window.

"I want to get out," he said.

"If you are going down there, sir,"

"I understood so, sir," the man an-

ance away. If it is inconvenient for

send you anywhere you desire later."

The man opened it.

"It is connected, I believe, in some

some surprise.

with respect.

for ten years."

answered.

temporary Review."

# PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

CHAPTER LII. Mrs. James B. Peterson, of Lennox.

Mr. Sabin found himself late on the afternoon of the following day alone on the platform of a little wooden station, watching the train which had dropped him there a few minutes ago snorting away round a distant curve. It was only a little clearing which had scended and stepped through the wide been made for the depot; a few yards down, the line seemed to vanish into | a tunnel of black foliage, from amongst which the red-barked tree trunks stood out with the regularity of a regiment of soldiers. The clear air was fragrant with a peculiar and Sabin inquired. aromatic perfume, so sweet and wholesome that Mr. Sabin held the cigarette which he had lighted at arm's length, that he might inhale this, the most fascinating odor in the world. He was at all times sensitive to the influence of scenery and natural perfumes, and the possibility of spending the rest of his days in this country had never seemed so little obnoxious as during those few moments. Then his eyes suddenly fell upon a large, white house, magnificent, but evidently newly finished, gleaming forth from an opening in the woods, and his brows contracted. His former moodiness re-

"It is not the country," he muttered to himself. "It is the people." His servant came back presently, with explanations for his prolonged

"I am sorry, sir," he said, "but Mr. Sabin merely nodded. A little time ago a mistake on the part of a swered. "Is there anything which I servant was a thing which he would can bring you?" not have tolerated. But those were days which seemed to him to be very far back in the past.

"You ought to have alighted at the and Mr. Sabin stood for a few minlast station, sir," the man continued. | utes turning over magazines and jour-"Stockbridge is eleven miles from nals which covered a large, round

"What are we going to do?" Mr. literature of nearly ever country in "We must drive, sir. I have hired, a conveyance, but the luggage will ! himself, "must be a woman of Cathohave to come later in the day by the lic tastes. Here is Le Petit Journal

cars. There will only be room for your | inside the pages of the English Condressing-bag in the buggy.' Mr. Sabin rose to his feet. "The drive will be pleasant," he said, | with interest, when he chanced to 'especially if it is through such coun- glance through the great south window try as this. I am not sure that I re- a few feet away from him. Something

gret your mistake, Harrison. You will he saw barely a hundred yards from remain and bring the baggage on, I | the little iron fence which bordered the "It will be best, sir," the man rubbed his eyes and looked at it again.

agreed. "There is a train in about an | He was puzzled, and was on the point hour." They walked out on to the road | had admitted him entered, bearing a

where a one-horse buggy was waiting. | tray with liqueurs and cigarettes. Mr. The driver took no more notice of Sabin beckoned him over to the winthem than to terminate, in a leisurely | dow. way, his conversation with a railway porter, and unhitch the horse. Mr. Sabin took the seat by his side, way," the man answered, "with a

It was a very beautiful road, fond. I believe it indicates the localand Mr. Sabin was quite con- ity of a small hole." tent to lean back in his not un- "Golf?" Mr. Sabin exclaimed. comfortable seat and admire the "That is the name of the game, sir," scenery. For the most part it was of a the man answered. "I had forgotten luxuriant and broken character. There it for the moment." were very few signs of agriculture, gave in the immediate vicinity of the large, newly built houses which they passed every now and then. At times they skirted the side of a mountain, he said, "I will send James Green to and far below them in the valley the meet you. Mrs. Peterson is so fond of River Leine wound its way along like | the game that she keeps a Scotchman a broad silver band. Here and there here to look after the links and inthe road passed through a thick forest | struct her." of closely-growing pines, and Mr. Sabin, holding his cigarette away from him, leaned back and took long world." draughts of the rosinous, piney odor. 'If you would like to see your room, It was soon after emerging from the sir, before you go out," the man suglast of these that they suddenly came gested, "it is quite ready. If you will upon a house which moved Mr. Sabin give me your keys I will have your almost to enthusiasm. It lay not far | clothes laid out." back from the road, a very long, two- Mr. Sabin turned about in amazestoried white building, free from the ment. over-ornamentation which disfigured | "What do you mean?" he exclaimed. most of the near-by mansions. White "I have not come here to stay." pillars in front, after the colonial fachion, supported a long sloping veranda | swered. "Your room has been ready roof, and the smooth, trimly-kept for three weeks. lawns stretched almost to the terrace | Mr. Sabin was bewildered. Then he which bordered the piazza. There remembered the stories which he had were sun blinds of striped holland to heard of American hospitality, and the southern windows, and about the concluded that this must be an inwhole place there was an air of simple | stance of it. and elegant refinement, which Mr. "I had not the slightest intention Sabin found curiously attractive. He of stopping here," he said to the man. broke for the first time the silence "Mrs. Peterson expected you to do which had reigned between him and so, sir, and we have sent your convey-

the driver. "Do you know," he inquired, "whose you to remain now, it will be easy to house that is?" The man fllipped his horse's ears "For the immediate present," Mr.

with the whip. is the old Peterson house. Mrs. James | course." B. Peterson lives there now."

Mr. Sabin felt in his breast pocket, man said, "I will show you the way." and extracted therefrom a letter. It They followed the winding footpath to ken," she replied. was a coincidence undoubtedly, but which brought them suddenly out on "It's no' bonnie, an' I dinna like which may be translated as follows the fact was indisputable. The ad- the border of a magnificent stretch it." dress scrawled thereon in Felix's of park-like country. Mr. Sabin, whose sprawling hand was "Mrs. James B. Peterson,

' Mass., U. S. A. "By favor of Mr. Sabin." "I will make a call there," Mr. seen in his life. By his side was a stiff, so he took his leave sooner Sabin said to the man. "Drive me up raised teeing-ground, well and solidly than usual. Next night he did not

to the house." The man pulled up his horse.

asked. Mr. Sabin affected to be deeply interested in a distant point of the maybe?" remarked a voice by his side. landscape. The man muttered some- in familiar dialect. Mr. Sabin turned apart. thing to himself and turned up the around to find himself confronted by

be?" he suggested.

Mr. Sabin took absolutely no notice of the question. The man's importing of the question. The man's importing the description of the question. The man's importing the description of the question of the ence was too small a thing to annoy to have a magnificent course here." for.

too. Mr. Wilson, will you be sending me two boys down from the house?"

In less than ten minutes Mr. Sabin a new gleam of enthusiasm in his eyes. He modestly declined the honor, and Mr. Green forthwith drove a ball which he watched approvingly. "That's no such a bad ball," he remarked.

Mr. Sabin watched the construction of his tee, and swung his club lightly. "Just a little sliced, wasn't it?" he said. "That will do, thanks." He addressed his ball with a confidence which savored almost of carelessness, swung easily back and drove a clean, hard hit ball full seventy yards further than the professional. The man "Aye, mon," he exclaimed. "That in Quebec in the story of Bigot, and was a fine drive. Might you be having a handicap, sir?"

"It's none so bad," Mr. James Green

"There is nothing in this wide world," Mr. Sabin answered truth-

admitted. "Maybe the gentleman

would like a round."

I have no clubs or any shoes"

"I am scratch at three clubs," Mr. Sabin answered, quietly, "and plus four at one.' A gleam of delight, mingled with reeral questions which he would like to spect at his opponent, shone in the

have had answered. The man mut- Scotchman's face. tered something about a civil answer "Aye, but we will be having a fine to a civil question not being much to game," he exclaimed. "Though I'm expect, and pulled up his horse in front thinking you will down me. But it is grand good playing with a mon Mr. Sabin, calmly ignoring him, de- again.

open door into a beautiful square hall, The match was now at the fifteenth ir. the centre of which was a billiard hole. Mr. Sabin, with a long and table. A servant, attired in unmistak- deadly putt, became four up and ably English livery, stepped forward three to play. As the ball trickled into the hole, the Scotchman drew "Is Mrs. Peterson at home?" Mr. a long breath.

"It's a fine match." he said, "and "We expect her in a very few min- I'm properly downed. What's more, utes," the man answered. "She is out | you're holding the record of the links riding at present. May I inquire if you up to this present. Fifteen holes for sixty-four is verra good-verra good Mr. Sabin admitted the fact with indeed. There's no man in America today to beat it.'

And then Mr. Sabin, who was on The man received the intimation the point of making a genial reply, "Will you kindly walk this way, felt a sudden and rare emotion stir his heart and blood, for almost in his Mr. Sabin followed him into a large ears there had sounded a very sweet and delightfully furnished library. and familiar voice, perhaps the voice Then he looked keenly at the servant. above all others which he had least expected to hear again in this world. "Monsieur Le Duc Souspennier," the "You have not then forgotten your man answered with a bow. "I am an golf, Mr. Sabin? What do you think

Englishman, but I was in the service of my little course?" of the Marquis de la Merle in Paris | He turned slowly round and faced her. She was standing on the rising "Your face," Mr. Sabin said, "was ground just above the putting green, familiar to me. You look like a man the skirt of her riding habit gatherto be trusted. Will you be so good as ed up in her hand, her lithe, supple to remember that the Duc is unfor- figure unchanged by time, the old bemade a mistake in taking the tickets." | tunately dead, and I am Mr. Sabin?" | witching smile still playing about started by the sound of footsteps, "Most certainly, sir," the man an. her lips. She was still the most beau. and perceived before him a light fig- ging were shot away and damaged,

tiful woman he had ever seen. Mr. Sabin, with his cap in his hand, moved slowly to her side, and bowed "Nothing, thank you," Mr. Sabin ed to him. "This is a happiness," he murmur-

ed, "for which I had never dared to hope. Are you, too, an alien?" She shook her head. table, and represented the ephemeral "This," she said, "is the land know that I am Mrs. Peterson?"

gravely, "for I never heard of your marriage." house. Mr. Sabin was amazed He was turning the magazines over find that the possibilities of emo-

tion were still so great with him. the son of the minister at Vienna. have lived here mostly ever since."

me to you?"

She assented quietly

"It was Felix." beautiful here," he said.

said, "but it is very lonely." "Your husband?" he inquired. "He has been dead four years." Mr. Sabin felt a ridiculous return ered. Many reports were circulated, of that emotion which had agitated some tracing the deed to the Intend. out of her they found that her build- The present owner of the mill puts

him so much on her first appearance. ant's wife, as already recorded, oth. ers had laid a silver dollar on each that motto on every bag of flour he He only steadied his voice with an ef- ers alleging that the avenging mo-"We are both aliens," he said quiet. A mystery, however, to this day, sur-

exile and a failure. I have come here and the letter "O" engraved on the erected, it was placed in its northern to end my days." She flashed a sudden brilliant smile century ago, marked her resting scription, it forms an object of deepchanged!

softly. He looked at her increduously, Her child of the wilderness, over which the hands of the British, the old "This," Mr. Sabin murmured, "is the eyes were bent upon the ground. green moss and rank weeds cluster building of which this stone formed most extraordinary thing in the

There was something in her face profusely. which made Mr. Sabin forget the great failure of his life, his broken | spreads out a panorama of incomdreams, his everlasting exile. trembled with a passion which for W. D. Howells, is founded by the novorce was his master.

you-forgive me?" And she gave him her hand. "It is true," she whispered.

THE END.

Sandy Waited Long. cottage built for Mary A --

her father's house Mary, in a play- in order to revenge himself, he placed | tice became, later, the wife of a disful way, showed him the "ticking" in the front wall of his house a stone tinguished officer, Major Mathews, that was to cover their braw feath- | tablet, bearing the sculptured figure | governor of Chelsea Hospital, Enger bed. Sandy knew something of a dog gnawing a bone, accompan- land, Sabin said, "Mrs. Peterson not having about weaving, so he looked at it ied by the following lines: "I guess so," he answered. "That arrived, I want to see that golf critically, remarking at the same "Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os time, "Weel Mary, I really thocht | En le rongeant je prends mon repos, "If you will permit me, sir," the ye had far better taste than that." Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu. "What's wrang wi' it, I wad like | Que je mordray qui m'aura mordu,

> "A' richt, then," Mary added. "Get enthusiasms were rare, failed wholly a tick to please yoursel', an' I'll let to restrain a little exclamation of ad- | ye ken when I want it." miration. A few yards away was one | No more was said on the subject, of the largest and most magnificently but Sandy's enjoyment for that kept putting-greens that he had ever evening was over. Mary was very

> built. Far away down in the valley call, nor the next, so time slipped by. "The gentleman's a golf-player,

a long, thin Scotchman, who had ished, but poor Mary never crossed on the list of those officers who tain that in packing the value we "Last Sunday I preached from the "You have met her abroad, may strolled out of a little shed close at its threshold. They both remained served under the Chevalier de Levis omitted a few little necessaries in text 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'"

THE GOLDEN DOG.

fully, "that I should like so well. But Finding a Relic of the In-"Come this way, sir, come this way," was the prompt reply. "There's clubs tendant Bigot. here of all sorts such as none but Jimmy Green can make, aye, and shoes

was standing upon the first tee, a ONE OF THE CHARACTERS

In the Famous Novel by William Kirby.

LORD NELSON'S ROMANCE.

(Special to the Montreal Star.) Quebec Report-The finding of an interesting relic, at Chateau Bigot, for a moment was speechless with of the famous Intendant of New the Chien'd'Or.

Chateau Bigot is four miles east of Charlesbourg, the pretty village perched upon the rising foot hills of the Laurentian Mountains, four miles north of Quebec. Little beyond the ruins of former greatness now marks the site of the nefarious Intendant's former country mansion in the depths of the Canadian forest. It was known as Beaumanour, and sometimes as the Hermitage. The present proprietor of the ruins and surrounding land, Mr. Brousseau, was fitting up the place a few days ago, for the accommodation of visitors, a five franc silver piece of 1726, year of 1812. Although 89 years for as ships go she was always un-

of the grandeur, extent and secret city by the sea a lady who saw the in that way got several tons of coppassages of the original building, which was erected by Bigot, whose profligacy and extravagance were unlimited, and whose rapacity supplied his requirements. Hither with companions as graceless as himself, he was wont to resort, to indulge in every excess of dissipation and here was enacted the tragedy in connection with the Golden Dog, which resulted in the death of Caroline, the unhappy Algonquin maid, and

forms one of the leading features

of Kirby's entrancing historical ro-

mance,-"Le Chien d'Or." Bigot is said to have first met with Caroline after losing his way in the woods, where he had been hunting. Sitting down, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he was ure, with eyes as black as night and and, worse than all, her crew were raven tresses flowing in the night many of them killed and wounded. wind. It was an Algonquin beauty, Among the latter was her commanlow over the hand which she extend. one of those ideal types whose der. Captain James Lawrence. white skin betrayed their hybrid As he was being carried to his on the banks of the Ottawa, a French faster and don't give up the ship. mother. Struck with the sight of days later, June 4, 1813, he died. "I did not know it," he answered, such beauty, Bigot requested her guidance to his castle, as she must on Broadway, New York City, where be familiar with every path of the is also his monument with those mem-They turned together towards the forest. The Intendant was a mar- orable words and a short account of the battle, and in many of them you ried man, but his wife seldom accompanied her lord on his hunting

but no clue to the murderer discov. her to pieces. ther of the Metisse was the assassin. ly. "Perhaps you have heard that all rounds the deed. The victim was to have been, as now, in gilt. When things have gone ill with me. I am an buried in the cellar of the castle the present post-office building was flat stone, up to less than half a facade, where, with its curious in-How little she had place. The chateau at once fell into est interest to all enquiring tourists disuse and decay, and a dreary, and visitors in the Ancient Capital. "Did you say here?" she murmured solitude now surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of that dark-haired siege of 1759, when Quebec fell into

From the hill in rear of these ruins | while from 1775 to 1800 it was | Bits. He | parable beauty. One of the chapwhispered her name, and his voice | ters in "A Chance Acquaintance," by elist upon a visit made by him to "Lucile," he cried. "It is true that | these ruins, famed as they are for both legendary and historic mem-

According to some writers it was with Bigot that Philibert, the owner, under French regime, of the property upon which the Quebec post-In a busy little town in Forfar- office is now built, had the disagreeshire a couple had courted seriously ment that resulted in the tragedy and constantly for years. At length | connected with the Chien d'Or. Oth-Sandy had not only proposed and been ers claim that Philibert's quarrel marriage. His friends, however, sucaccepted, but was getting a fine new | was with Pierre Legardeur, Sieur de | ceeded in withdrawing him from the Repentigny, an officer who had been sway of a passion which threatened One night while he was visiting at | quartered in his house. At all events, to destroy his career, and Miss Pren-

"I am a dog gnawing a bone, While I gnaw I take my rest. The time will come, though not yet, When I will bit him who now bites

The story, as continued by one version, goes on to state that Philibert was assassinated by Legar- is little danger of prices going above bile Register. deur, and that Philibert's brother or \$5.50. he could see the flag of the first hole | Sandy now felt that he could not | son pursued the assassin to Europe, "What, do you know her?" he just on the other side of a broad go back unless Mary asked him. She and later to Pondicherry, East Indies, never did ask him, and the two, who and slew him. If there be any truth really loved each other, drifted in this story, the killing of de Repentigny could not have been prior (we generally carry several on such The bonnie cottage was duly fin- to 1760, since his name occurs up- trips) we are astonished to ascer- asked his wife. tured figure of the dog seems always polite society .- Richmond Despatch. Times.

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HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL

# Chesapeake and Shannon.

Aged Lady Remembers the Home-Coming in 1812.

The Chesapeake and the Shannon! with the heel of the mast. What Canadian school boy does not know the thrilling story of the duel superstitious in some things, and this between these two ships, an American man-of-war and a British friwhen in removing a stone at the gate, in which the British won their have good luck. Their superstition corner of the chateau, he found most signal naval victory in the failed in the case of the Chesapeake. bearing the fleur-de-lys and the have elapsed since Capt. Brooke lucky to the last degree. After the image and supscription of Louis XV. towed his defeated rival into Hali- workmen had broken her up all they These ruins give but a faint idea fax harbor, there still lives in the could they set fire to the rest, and ships come in. Miss Etter, a hundred years old, as was related in The Herald a few days ago, told a reporter how the band on the Shannon struck up "Yankee Doodle" as the ship came up the harbor, and how Captain Brooke passed up the

street with his head bandaged. June 1, 1813, a warm, clear, pleasant day, the United States ship Chesapeake sailed down Boston harbor and just outside met the British Shannon. Battle between the thro ships began as soon as they were well clear of the land, and in fifteen minutes after the first gun was fired the Chesapeake was whipped and hauled down her flag. Great holes were shot in her sides, her guns were more than half of them dismounted, her sails and rig-

origin-a mixture of European blood cabin, suffering and disabled by a with that of the aboriginal race. It dreadful wound, he called out in was Caroline, a child of love, born his agony: "Tell the men to fire of officer, her sire, while the Algonquin In his delirium he kept repeatmy adoption. Perhaps you did not tribe of the Beaver claimed her ing, "Don't give up the ship." Four His body lies in Trinity churchyard,

the battle cut into the stone. The Chesapeake was taken to Hali- celved during the same action excursions, remaining in the capital. fax, where she was repaired and be-"I married," she said, softly, "an It was soon whispered abroad, how- came a part of the British navy. She American six years ago. He was ever, and came to her ears, that afterwards crossed the ocean to Eng- think to what a different use they something more than the pursuit of land. She had been terribly battered have come at last, Originally gotten wild animals attracted him to his in the fight, and in the year 1820 out for the purpose of destruction "Do you know who it was that sent | country seat. Jealousy is a watchful | it was found that the usefulness of and death, they fu'f lled that mission sentinel, and after making several the Chesapeake as a man-of-war was but ten short years, then they were visits to the castle she verified her at an end, and it was determined to converted into a flour mill and have worst fears. On the night of the 2nd break her up. All her guns, ammuni- been the means of providing food, They drew nearer the house. Mr. July, when every inmate was tion and war stores were taken out health and happiness to humanity for Sabin looked around him. "It is very wrapped in slumber, a masked per. of her and she was beached not far three-quarters of a century, and bid son rushed upon this "Fair Rosa. from Southampton, England. A large fair to do so for a hundred years to "It is very beautiful, indeed," she mond," and plunged a dagger to the force of men went to work on her come. Looking on them, you will be hilt in her heart. The whole house- with saws, axes and crowbars, and certain to recall those immortal

> When they came to take the masts | the ship." of the step plates and covered it sells .- Montreal Herald,

known as Freemasons' Hall, and the

lodges in Quebec held their meetings

of youth. The immortal Nelson, then

the youthful commander of the Albe-

and was one of the habitues of Pren-

tice's Hotel. The future admirer of

Scarcity of Lemons.

advance of still another dollar. Good

lemons are now selling at \$4.50 a

The Editor on His Vacation.

unusually high for July.

Lady Hamilton was so smitten with

Sailors and shipbuilders are very per bolts and nails that had been

used in her construction. After the wrecking of the ship was complete they piled all the timbers and iron and copper in a confused pile on the beach, and the British Government advertised them to be sold at auction.

Not far from Southampton is a little village by the name of Wickham. Living there at the time was a miller. John Prior, a Quaker gentleman. He had been watching the destruction of the Chesapeake and saw the great heavy beams, panks and timbers that came out of her. Some of the beams were of white oak, thirty-five feet long and eighteen inches square, and there were carloads of beautiful heavy pine plank, together with knees and braces from the live oak trees of Florida and Georgia. When the day for the auction came, he bought the whole of It just as it lay there on the beach, and that was the last of the ship Chesapeake. The miller went back to Wickham and tore down his mill and rebuilt it of such timbers of the ship as best served his purpose, and there

they are to this day. Wickham is only a few miles from Southamptom. The miller heartly we'comes visitors and takes much pride in showing to you the timbers that were in the old ship. In some of them can be seen grape shot which were fired into them on the day of will be able to trace deep scars re-

Looking at those dusty white beams and planks one cannot but hold was alarmed. Search was made worked for several months tearing words, uttered by a defeated man, dying in his agony, "Don't give up

Drifting Dollery.

Nell-He has a very strong face. Belle-It ought to be strong. He has travelled on his cheek for a good many years."-Ohio State Journal. Mrs. Chatter-Do you believe all Before, and for a long time after the the disagreeable things you read in

the papers about people? Mrs. Tattle-Oh, dear, no! only a part, was used as a coffee-house, those about people I know .- Tit-"No, indeed," said the eminent cor-

there. The proprietor of the house netist, when asked if he had been in 1782 was Miles Prentice, himself a | educated by some master of the in-Freemason and formerly a sergeant in strument, "I never had a teacher. the 78th Regiment under Wolfe. He | You might say that through all my had either a daughter or a niece of career I have been my own tooter." remarkable beauty, and in the bloom | -Baltimore American.

Mistress-Bridget, I cannot allow marle, a frigate of 26 guns, conveyed | you to have your sweetheart in the some merchandise to Quebec in 1782, kitchen any more. Bridget-Oh, Mum, it's very kind of you, but I'm afraid he's too bashful to come up into the drawing-room .-

the young lady that he offered her Boston Globe Banks-You think I look glum. Well, why shouldn't I? I have lost a rich aunt. Beach-Did she die suddenly?

Banks-Die suddenly? She isn't dead at all. Her niece has jilted me. -Boston Transcript. "What kind of a cover is this on

The very warm weather of the past | your umbrella?" said the inquistcouple of weeks was the cause of a | tive friend. very heavy demand for lemons, with "Well," answered the unblushing the result that the immediate supply person, "judging by the way it came is almost exhausted. Within a few into my possession and the way it days prices jumped a dollar a case, will probably depart. I should call

and it is likely that there will be an | it a changeable silk."-Chicago News. Young Mother-Do you think baby case, which price, however, is not looks like me or his papa? Nurse-Like you, mum. Mr. Jenkins Although the stock of the wholesale is a mighty handsome man. fruitmen is very low, shipments are Advertisement-Wanted - a compeexpected from New York, and there | tent and well-mannered nurse.-Mo-

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job," exclaimed the village We think we are superbly equipped, minister, as he threw aside the local

but when we go to change our shirt paper. "Why, what's the matter, dear?"

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO