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int-Have you Absent-minded e or brunette.

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night.

Thanks, dear Mrs. Grundy, for your advice about 40c MONSOON CEYLON TEA. I have tried it and must say it is most delicious. My ausband now says that breakfast is something to look forward to.

## The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

MAPTER L

" suppose," G.Lian says, thought. 'chat there are some hand some houses in Ir land? Mount Odsory, for instance, my mother told me, was quite a fine old place?" She glances inquiringly at her companion as she speaks; the young Woman who is standing beside her

on the deck of the channel steamer. ant, with a straight, slenger figure state of his health, and his acquirather above the middle height, with escence in his "duty," as his medesoudescript features and rather pair cal man has told him to take care the complexion, and the r. p. e. sed air of his health; and has been most of one who is accustomed to ob y, generous in all his arrangements here until to-morrow, Miss O'Neil?" then," Miss O'Neil interrupts, in her And yet, her attitude is scarcely de. sence, as she is to reside with a terential enough for a waiting wo- former governess of hers at Brighman, and is by no means familiar ent ton. ough for a friend.

lian, and speaking so composedly, and dial and graceful invitation of Lady with such apparent good faith that Jeannette Damer, of Mount Ossroy, the younger girl n ver suspects the begging that Cillian may be conreply to contain what it does, a fided to her motherly love and thrust of keen-egded satire. "There | care during the period of her fathare, really, I assure you, a few er's absence. tann some old country houses in Ire- And the ex-alderman, delighted tand. Places quite fit to live in. you beyond measure, has promptly and know. Just as some of the scenery most gratefully-with over-lavish ta quite nice, I dare say you will thanks and compliments, indeedconsider it. Some visitors consider accepted the invitation for his the lake and mountain actually-ra- daughter, and entreated her ladyther fine. I hop you will consider it ship to draw on his bankers for so, too, Miss Deane."

timilly. She is rather afraid of this penses or finishing masters for her | Macarthy to drive us to the Imperial | furs about her. plainty dressed young woman with education. the sareastic voice and the keenly-

demurely downcast. Though Miss Deane, the young heirces, knows that her companion, who has been her escort from London, is only in the position of personal at- tented. bendant on her, as she is on Lady Jeannette Damer, who is to be the hosters at Mount Ossory. Lady Jeanbette h rself, indeed in writing her graceful and cor al invitation, has sail, "I will send my dame de campagnie, Miss O Neil, to escort you to Lreland, My dear little cousin.'

But the young woman herself, as she pres ated herself to Gillian Deane to her father's house in South Ken sington, had said curtly and plainly "My name is Annie O'Neil, Miss Deane, and I am one of Lady Damer's waiting women.

And somehow, from that mowoman, and whose position is that of a menial in a great lady's cham-

"I heard there are miles and miles of bogs in Irelan !," Gillian continues. with a gentle propitiatory smile on ber fair, soft face. "What is a bog

like, Miss O'Neil?" "Lk"? rep ats Miss O'Nell. elevating her straight, fine black eyebrows with an air of contempt, which Gildan fancies is assume!. "Like a wild common without any grass, and here and there square haps of half-dried place on the day before Gillian's armul, and square holes full of liquid rival, and the name which arouses mu!" she says, sed it ly, but her thin a curious antagonistic feeling in red lips curl bitterly. "At least that her nature she hears for the very is exactly how Captain Bingham first time in Miss O'Neil's speech Lacy describes it, Miss Deane. And about the bogs of Ireland. es tapt Lacy had traveled half the "I never heard mother speak of world over, and seen everything worth him," she says, knitting her delicate seing. I believe, he is quite capable hazel brows, "although she often of describing the turf-bogs of poor told me of Mr. Damer, and Lady

Ireland, of course." ble distikes to the very sound of Bingham Lacy?" al, sensitive little girl she is.

ma of the city of London, she

"Has but lain in the lilies And fed on the roses of life," white fawn of a girl with innocent gazelle-like eye of deepest, softest brown, and the beauty and del'cacy of face, feature and comp'ex'on which before to a delicate exotic, reared

care and indulgency. And yet the child-she looks little more, though she is over eighteen thing like a make our smile on her business in Ballyford to-day? Is he sory simply to order dinner for us?" years of age-is gentle and lowly- thin, satirical lps, and she sees staying here? Not at the Imperial?" | "Captain Lacy came in from Mount hearted; a shy, loving, modest little the look of dismay deepening in "No, ma'am, he's staying at the Ossory simply to order dinner for maiden as ever shrank close to her Gilian's big, dark eyes, and the Quay Hotel," the coachman answers, you," the other says, her white mother's protecting side. The pro- white, wan little face that peers in a subdued tone, "an' he's goin' teeth showing in a cold, mechanical tecting side from which, alas, she out of the splendid sealskins and sa- back to-night as soon's the lines clear, smile. "I dare say he was delight-

friendless a girl as ever owned a with a shiver, as she looks a little startled to see that the Lacy.' dower of a hundred thousand pounds, across the deep, wide waters crowd has edged Miss Deane close | "Indeed? Is he so very good-na-

Her father to her had been little apidated sheds, the rotting boat- coachman has just told me there curling lip, and staring at Gillian more than a name; the retired alderman bing one of those excellent parents who do everything in the world for their children except love them, and win their love in return. Gillian has seen less than ever of him since her mother's death; and so it has been with no pang of regret, or feeling of desolation, she has listened when her father has announced to her, about a month previously, trees. "It looks most miserable and smile, "and I really do not feel able Miss O'Neil says forci- says 15 cents for a first-class hair closed up, but it will be fine if they his intention of joining a frend in a forlorn," the girl says, with another to travel any further. We will stay bly, with that curling lip and that curling trip to the United States; to be ab- shiver. "Are all the towns in Ireland at the Imperial Hotel to-night, scornful look still visible. "A hand- first-class hair."

<del>^</del><del>^</del> said, forcing a deep sigh, and with as we have sixteen miles further to

a lugubrious expression on his hard, | travel; if you feel able to go on with full-featured, slightly purplish visage, your journey this evening. But if you inferring the existence of deep heart | are too tired Lady Damar desired woes from his widowed condition, which his silent, meek little daughter, watching him very closely out of her wistful, brown eyes, secretly Lady Damer herself always stays a lower tone.

and utterly disbelieves. However, Mr. Deane makes pre-A young woman in a thick, well parations for his trip with a great Irish hotel, o' course." worn uister, and plain, black, felt many mournful allusions to the "hear, see, and say nothing." for his daughter during his ab-

When, all at once, not a week be-"Oh. yes," she says, answering Gil- fore his departure, comes the cor-

whatever may be needful for his "There are a great many bogs, are daughter to have in the way of there not?" Gillian says, rather toilet, visiting or traveling ex-

It is a genteel and satisfactory brilliant eyes which are generally so way of lavishly reimbursing her with a tladd reluctance to the new she lies back in her velvet chair, her daughter's board and lodging at you, or the servants who have come | velvety seal . 'n. and her fair, pale Mount Ossory, and Lady Damer to meet me? It seems so s'lly to stop little face crowned with soft, sulk-

> ship, as her kindest and most faithful guardian, knowing that she can- | ing." not but be safe in the shelter of your name and position," Mr. Deane says, in his valedictory letter, which he thinks is remarkably well-written and cleverly phrased-"Well put," he says to himself-but which is in reality about as florid and tasteless an effusion as could well be penned, and at which her ladyship, Jeanette Damer, laughs very heartily.

"The man talks as if I were the ment, Gillian Deans, sensitive and guardian angel of all the noble house tender-harted, has felt a sort of Deane," she says, scornfully, "and respectful f ar of Annie O Neil, and a I never even saw him in my life, and thing which she dimly feels is rough Damer's cousin married a person Neil follows her. "And I do feel ill, head of noble development, and hard in Annie O Neil's lot in life; called Deane-a rich grocer, or tal- and I wish I had not to go any a woman whose accents, language low merchant or something of that further, or to meet Lady Demer and the gifts, and all the graces, and all and bearing are those of a gentle- kind in London, some twenty years Mr. Damer and their visitors to- the charms of other girls, to set off ago. And the man knows nothing of night. But it cannot be helped now." and adorn her dower of one hundred me-absolutely nothing, thank Hea- For Miss O'Neit is giving directions | thousand pounds !" Anne O'Neil says "And yet you want me to stoop to | young lady visitor.

'shoddy,' " Bingham says, shortly. sharply and shortly.

But this conversation has taken

Jeannette, and Mount Ossory, and "Who is Captain Lacy?" Gillian the 'meets' and the hunting breakasked, rather coldly. She has taken fast when she was a girl, and visa distikt one of her vague, intangi- ited at Mount Ossory. Who is Capt.

his nam -like to romantic emotion- "He is Lady Damer's nephew," Miss O'Neil answers, coldiy and has just addressed. Far too sensitive, and tonder-heart- briefly; "her sister's son. Lady ed and trustful, poor little Gillian, Louise married Colonel Lacy more pushes his way through the crowd. | altering with her discovery, and cessful in my search for a cure the day's massacre, reposed on the to be an heiress to a hundred thous- than thirty years ago, I believe, A tall, broad-shouldered, athletic speaking coldly and formally in her until a friend advised me to try wet pavement, using it also as a dirand pounds, as the only child of a and the boy, though not born in young fellow, in a light gray tweed | turn. wealthy retired merchant and ald India, was only sent home when he suit, with a sunburnt face, and close- "I suppose so, Miss Deane," Miss I may have had as to the merits meat, which they were too fatigued was ten years old."

'Oh! That was why my mother his felt hat. did not know him!" Gill.an says, "And they say, ma'am," Gillian her ladyship desired Captain Lacy to long before I noticed an improve- quet for M. Thiers' "heroes!" A tenderly-reared. pettod. "mik- thoughtfully. "Is he an officer in overhears the coachman declare in a order dinner here for you, on the ment in my condition. I continued the army?"

briefly and coldly, and turning clear for night three hours! Mr. "How very kind of her!" Gillian cured. To-day I am as well as aside as if to end the conversation. Archer went himself, Miss O Neil, to says, carelessly, rather resenting the "We are almost in, Miss Deane. inquire at the terminus, sure." In hot-house luxury and with tender Ballyford does not look imposing "Is he here?" Gillian hears in Miss which is implied in some manner in

from the river, does it?" has been severed more than a year bles in which the girlish heiress is he told me."

muffled. And Gillian Deane, as lonely and "No, Indeed," Gillian answers, briefly, and turning around she looks Deane. It is just like Captain feels that with the loss of that gen- of the river, and sees the rickety to her side. tle and beloved mother she has been dockyard building, the crooked, red- "I am very sorry, Miss Deane," skeptical. tiled roofs, sunken with age, the dil- she begins, earnestly, "but the "Very!" Miss O'Neil answers with a timbers, that so disfigure the ap- has been a slight accident on the with a scornful little look which no prouch to the quaint, ancient town, line, and the road is blocked for an assumed smile can hide. "Very. with its splendid quay, its gray Dan- hour or two. I am afraid you must | When it suits him. Good-natured, ish tower, and its old-world look, ris- go to the Imperial after all, until kind-hearted, gracious-mann red and ing fleeply up to the gray, old, mili- we hear we can travel. You will charming, when it suits him to be tary barracks on the top of the hill feel better after a rest of a couple | so.' on one side of the river, and on the of hours, I dare say, and we can | "What is he like? Is he handother the green meadow-lands, the reach Mount Ossory to-night in any some?" Gillian asks, her girlish curiwooded heights, and the villas and case." farmhouses nestling here and there "I am very glad we have to stay," think I shall like him somehow?" "Look here, my friend," said the It will rain the whole day long if amongst the full-leaved chestnut Gi lian answers with a wan little 'Oh! You will be sure to like him barber, diplomatically, "that sign the flowers of the chickweed are

good as this. Ireland is such a wretched place, you know, Miss Deane! Captain Lacy says that his English friends always tel him there but one remedy for Irish woes and Irish wrongs generally: To take all the upper classes-the landed gentry. you know, they are the salt of the earth-to take them safely out of it. and then put Ireland under the water, and let the waves of the Atlantic flow over her from Carrickfer-

gus to Cape Clear !" A deep pink flush comes to Gillian's lily-pale face, and her soft, shy gazelle eyes sparkle and flash. "I do not care who said that," she

says, decisively, "it is an ignorant and wicked speech !" Miss O'Neil looks keenly at the excited young face for a moment, and

she laughs carelessly. "It is about the only thing which would terminate-all our miseries." she says, in a curious, suppressed voice. "I should not mind it for my

part !" But the next minute, while Gillian is glancing at her, doubtfully, speaks again in her usual coldly respectful tones.

"I see the Mount Ossory coachman is walting with a carriage to drive us to the railway station, Miss Deane. me to say she begged you would not distress yourself, but stay at the Imperial Hotel for to-night. It is where when she is in Ballyford, and it is a tolerably comfortable hotel-for an

"I am very tired," Gillian says,

with a weary look, "and my head

aches so, from the motion of the boat

I suppose. Do you think Lady Damer will be disappointed if we stayed Miss O'Neil says very decisively. And for ment a glimmer of smile plays over her face. "Lady Damer will wish you to do whatever you think best, Miss Deane," she adds, deferentially. "Perhaps, as you feel ill, another train journey will make

"That is just what I am afraid of." Gillian says, impulsively, with an appealing, wistful look. "I would rather | ing it eagerly. "I feel my headache not meet strangers-Lady Damer is quite a stranger to me, and everyone at Mount Ossory, you know-when I fortable." feel so stupid and tired. I think I shall stay here this evening, if you down in her eassy-chair, with a please, Miss O'Neil."

reach Mount Ossory.

at once.

ladyship for the expenses of his arrangement. "Will it inconvenience slender, girlish form buried in the knows that it is, and is quite con- short a few miles from the end of the en brown hair peeping up like a "And I commit my beloved O'Neil; my head is not very bad, and ble, she loks fair and fragile as a and only child to your lady- I think I should feel glad to know I costly exotic-a delie te human

> But Miss O'Nell utters no word of nor the sun beat strongly. advice in the girl's timid uncertainty; she preserves a respect- her with a burning light of fully impassive demeanor, and looks jealous regard in her dark, bright gravely into space, waiting, as it eyes, with compressed lips of bitter would appear, amidst all the confus- endurance, owns to herself, with a ion and bustle of landing, for Miss dull, cold pain settling down on her Deane to make up her mind. It rend- heart, that the girl looks pure, and ers Gillan more nervous and more uncertain, this silent deference to the fair, refined, and luxuriously-bred. caprices of the petted heiress. "I don't think I shall like Miss

ven! How should he? I am as poor | to the coachman at this moment; and | bitterly to herself, "Fate and fortune as a church mouse, I know, but I he, with his hand to his hat, is giv- are so fairly distributed in this have never stooped to 'shoddy,' yet, | ing ner a lengthy reply in an earnest | charming world of justice and equalas you say, Bingham, in your slang." | undertone, his eyes giancing at the | ity!"

ter !" her ladyship retorts, both around her, rather bewildered; "and tentedly nibbling toast and drinking things! And there are women with dark eyes opposite. bare feet, this cold day! and they wore red cloaks. They look coarse and asks. thin and hungry. No! there is one hair-such a pretty girl, laughing so | plies.

and the humorous voice.

yerself is in it!" she says, with an | sensation of dismay. enthusiastic gesture, and a long, she gazes after the gentleman she now.

"Yes," Miss O'Neil answers, more argument, "that the line won't be journey here." O'Neil's voice, which has suddenly Miss O'nen's statement. "And did She asks the question with some- changed. "I did not know he had any | Captain Lacy come in from Mount Os-

CHAPTER II.

Gi lian has made up her mind see low-c iled rooms, huge "turf" fires-s. his heart they burn "tur." in Ireland-and waiters after the pattern or stage in hoen, red haired, looe, and familiar, in the Imperan Hotel in B.liy.ord.

she is therefore rather amazand taken aback, she is ushered by bowing attendants, dressed in the regulation black suits and white ties, through a handsome hall, and up a wide stail case adorned with evergreen plants, and statues, and rose-colored gas globes, into a lofty sitting-room on the first floor, where Turkey rugs lie on the polished oak boards, and handsome mirrors reflect the snowy window curtains, her tea up as the speaks. the jardinleres of splendid fachsias, the velvet-covered furniture, and the dainty dinner table laid with I ish damask-f ne and shining as white satia-glass and silver laid for two

persons. Miss O'Nell orders tea and toast to be brought immediately, and dinner in an hour. "A pair of soles, a duckling and

green peas, and a gooseberry tart," she says, but the waiter coughs deferentially, pauses, and looks a little " Dinner has been ordered, ma'am, he says. "Dinner for two, at six,

ma'am. Sup and lobster patties, and roast chickens, and-" "Has been ordered? Who ordered it?" Miss O'Neil says suddenly, but in

"I really can't quite say, ma'am, the waiter answers, coughing dubiously. "I believe it was a gentleman from Mount Ossory, ma'am; btu I am not sure. He was to meet two ladies here, I understood,

ma'am--" 'Oh, very well! That is quite right, "I am quite sure she will sharpest, coldest tones, and she waiks away abruptly to the nearest window and stands looking out, as Gilian supposes, for the curtains hide even her face and figure, until the deferential waiter returns with the tea-tray with its silver teapot of strong, high-flavored tea, and its silver jug of cream, and silver you quite worn out by the time you rack of dainty toast, and shellshaped scrolls of golden butter.

"What delicious tea," Gillian says, with gir i h enthusiasm, drinkgoing away as fast as it can go, Miss O'Neil, and I feel so drowsy and com-

She laughs gayly as she nestles chi dish sati faction in the warmth "It is as you please, Miss Deane," of the fire-for the July afternoon the dame de compagnie corrects, would do credit to January in its with a frigid smile. "Then I shall tell dull dampness-and hucdles her rich

She has laid her hat aside, but pre-"Stop a moment," Gillian pleads, fers to keep her mantle on, and as journey. I think I will go on, Miss flower from the fringe of dark sahad done with travelling this even- | growth produced by care and luxury, on whom the wind must never blow

And Anne O'Neil, watching gentle, and love-worthy, as well as

The dark shy, fawn-lke eyes are wells of truth; the white forehead, O'Neil, and I'm sure she doesn't like stainless as a lily-petal, is broad and me," the gir! mutters, flushing with intellectual; the siken, nut-brown some annoyance, as she hurriedly hair, that lies in little shadowy rings gentle compass onat ness for some know nothing of him except that Mr. steps on the gangway, and Miss O'- and curls about her temples, covers a "I shouldn't wonder if she had al

Gillian is warming her sim little "How nice and how droll the Irish | feet, in their dainty lacquered boots, how excited they look! And, oh dear! | tea, and so fails as yet to perceive how shabby their clothes are, poor the keen, unfriendly regard of the

are not pretty, either. I thought that say that dinner had been ordered for ing near St. Jerome, Que. To a re- both shudder. Up to the previous day. Irish women were all pretty, and us before we came, Miss O'Neil?" she porter of L'Avenir du Nord, Mr. the fight had been going on be-

with beautiful rosy cheeks and black | came, Miss Deane," her companion re- | "For three years I was an almost | few traces of the carnage were to At the rigid, ley formality of the And Gillan laughs a little, out of tones, Gillian looks up hastily, and I felt as if some heavy weight was the blood and it had become coververy sympathy with the gay laugh detects the gaze that is fixed on her | pressing against my chest. I was ed with a concealing layer of fine ere it can be averted, and the girl's

Gillian only notices him, as he pose?" Gillian says, her own manner tried many remedies I was nusuc- the gutter. S. I lers, fatigued with

exaggeration of respectful attention, ed to have the chance of being the "Oh! very we'l," Miss O'Neil says | first to welcome you to Ireland, Miss

tured?" Gillian asks, rather coldly

osity becoming excited. "I don't get around that." 

The gance and the accent with which the last words are uttered sen! their mean ng home. Gilian crimon, and her heart thous fast wto indignation

but he wants a rich wife."

"That seems to be rather a universal want, esp cially with handsome, charm'n; young officers," h? says with a sumed indifference. "I hope I had not be clsap, oinced when see this faccinating person, after your d scription of him, M 8: ON 1." and the laughs a little contemptu-

but the elder woman-for Anne O'Neil has pas ed hir girlhood by ome y ars-m ke; no r s) n se for a minute or so; and then her head is down bent, and she is acoking into

"You wil find him. I beleve, just what I have described him to be," she says in a low constrained tone. "He is hand ome. A fair, highbred looking m.n. Not tall, but al nier and well-made, with gracious manners, and a soft voice, and a weet, kind smile. A gallant felow, too, who has been on foreign service, and one of the best riders and best shots in Ireland! He is quite a young girl's idea!!"

She does not ook at Gillian now her head is resting on her hand, her fingers toying nervouly with her cup and spoon, and her voice "You are warm in Captain Lacy's praise, Mis O'Nell," Gill an says, a Ltile madision ly, her wemany in-

Captain Lacy." and with a slight, malicious smile these squadrons or cavairy. A but dimpling about her lips, "I am quite | was made at the spot (above indianxious to see this hero! He is quite | cated) where I was stanuing and a personification of 'Erin's native the commanding officer, a roung falshamrock, isn't be?

"'A type that blends Three godlike fri nds-Love, valor, wit, forever!" She is a little startled at the fect of her apt quotation. (To be Continued.)

NO JOY IN LIFE.

## So Say the Sufferers From Chronic Dyspepsia.

A Trouble That Makes the Life of Its Victims Almost Unbearable-Causes Beadaches, Heart Palpitation, Diz- of the bravery of the troops. "Yes, ziness, a Feeling of Weariness, and | said the loiterer, "if your men had Distaste for Food.

ome, Que.) Sufferers from dyspepsia or bad digestion are numerous in this country. Almost daily one hears some er y?" I ascelo: a iri nl. a Fr ach caused them by this malady, and it the insite of it very minutely. and is no uncommon thing to hear a the last two months, but I think sufferer say, "I with I was dead." It is lost now." And no wonder, the suffering caused by bad digestion cannot be imagfered from it. The victim is a con- as above indicated, was the usual sleep and has always a feeling weariness and depression. there is a sure cure for this tron- raised cried, "Vive le peuple!" ble and it is found in the greatest "That is an entirely different mat- voices sound," Gillian thinks, gazing high on the steel fender-bar, and con- liams' Pink Pills for Pale People." I met Mr. Holt White, of the Pall

decisive tone as in conclusion of an chance of your wishing to break the the use of the pills some weeks, rest of the fighting would be to rewhen I considered myself fully ever was in my life, and would dead bodies were lying about. There strongly advise all similar suffer- were no wounded, for the troops ers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills gave no quarter. In every direction and I am sure that they will find them as beneficial as I have."

going to the root of the disease. They make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves and thus tone up the whole system. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

First-Class Hatr Cut.

The farmer from the country was angry. He had gone into a barber interesting study. If the marigold shop near the depot and the barber was trying to rob him. The barber it is certain to rain, and also thunasked him 25 cents for a hair cut. der. If the flowers of the winter-The farmer roared. He led the barber green droop it is going to rain; outside and pointed to the sign. "Thar's yer old sign. Fifteen cents sky by extending. Different species for a first-class hair cut. Ye can't of trefoil always contract. their

Teeth and Breath

Sezodoni

HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL

BLOODY DAYS

OF THE COMMUNE.

Wm. Trant in The Century.

On the following morning, Wo ... day, I again salied forth. The first sound that fell upon my ears was as 'Vive la Ligne," and turning round ow as if she spoke but to hers if. the corner or my aweiling place were the soldiers of the line, who for two hours had advanced is enstincts detecting a certain suppress. Ble file along the Bus St. Hopere, ed interest in the other woman's | keeping close to the houses, tac. cor words, and she smiles as she sees | I.n.ing shelter from the mitrade the sudden forces change of man- that was poured against them spom ner with which her remark is re- a parricade a little farth ron. These bluscoats moved thas along this mar-"Oh! Warm in his praise? Certain- row street and down that passage ly!" she says, in her cold, sareastic | convolving like a huge saper insvoice. "Why should I not, Alss Denne? | tening on the city. Everywhere they He is the invorite nephew, almost, I | Went they were received with cheers. may say the only, favorite of Lady | The tracolor was holster out of the Damer! My mistress' adopted son- W.ndows of the great shops that that is how I teach myself to regard had been closed during the last two months. After the intentry ourse 'Indeed!" Gillan says, very coolly, batteries of artillery, and att low, sm ked a c garette and consuited a plan of instructions. Just then two of his men diagg d toward h m a person who, the arows said was a communist. 'Fu iliente!" orl of lout the throng, and the officer ff was standing close to him) said. 'Out fuillez-le." I little thought that before long I should hear the same comman, given as regards mys II. In less time than is occupied in recording the fact, the poor wr teh was dragged a few yards away; one of the men put the musale of his chases pot underneath the victim's skull the barrel along his back; the other soldier stooped and pulled the trigger; a report, a smoke, a groan, and with protests of innocence on his lips the soul of the poor victim

passed away. . . . A man standing at the corner of a street heard two officers talking fought Ike that against the Prussians, all this would not have hap-(From L'Avenir du Nord, St. Jer- pened." The officer pulled out his pistol an i shot him. 'Our army has behave i h roisally," sail M. Thi rs. "We execute with the law and by the law." "Where's your boasted lib complaining of the tortures man. Taking off his shoe, has arched then said, "It has been there for

"The Honor of a Firing-Party." The method of formal execution by ined by anyone who has not suf- young cigarette-smoking colonels kind of execution. The honor of a stant sufferer from headaches, living-party was reserved for a few. heart burn, heart palpitation, and persons of distinction, such as Milnausea. He has a bad taste in his liere, who had resigned his seat as mouth, is unable to obtain restful deputy for Paris in the National Assemily to become a member of the Commune. He was placed in front But of the Pantheon, and with arm There was a roll of mu ketry, a mu mur, and he was dead. As I was of all known medicines-Dr. Wil- walking away from the sad spectacle Among those who have been cured Mail Gazette," who said to me, "I am to ry I am too late, I wanted to of this distressing malady by Dr. see Miliere. People say he loks so Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Alfred much like Jesus Christ." We then "Did I understand the waiter to Chasbot, a well-known farmer liv- witnessed a sight that made us Chasbot told the following story of neath a glorious sun and a cloudless "Yes, dinner was ordered before we his illness and subsequent cure: tky. I was astonished to find how continual sufferer from the tor- be seen in the streets. The reatures of bad digestion. After eating son was that the sunshine bad dried racked with violent headaches; my dust. Now, however, there had "Musha! long life to ye, sir! It's gentle young heart flutters with a temper became irritable; my appe- been showers of rain, and the effect tite uncertain; my nerves were a was as if the very stones of the There is envy, scorn, hate, in those | wreck, and I was always troubled streets were bleeding afresh. Near grateful look in her bright eyes, as | dark, restless eyes, so demurely veiled | with a feeling of weariness. I was | the Pantheon, at a spot where sevable to do very little work and eral men had been shot, hi od was "By Lady Damer's orders, I sup- sometimes none at all. Although I tricking in sluggish streams to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Any doubts ing-table. We saw them eating raw cropped fair hair showing beneath O'Neil says, constrainedly, but in her of these pills were soon dispelled, to remove from the streams of blood usual deferential voice. "I suppose for I had not been taking them that trickled about it-a sorry ban-

To detail what I saw during the peat in effect what is above written. Everywhere in the streets the work of death and destruction went on; the human brute un-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by chained, the imbecile wrath, the mad fury of man devouring his bro-

ther man. The part of the city in possession of the conquerors, however, was safe, though not comfortable to walk in. Scattered brains, limbs, tolies, and blood formed a ghastly

Plants as Barometers.

To foretell the weather by means of flowers and plants is quite an does not open by 7 in the morning and woodsorred doubles its leaves "Ye can't bunker me," he yelled. before a tempest, foretelling a clear leaves at the approach of a storm flowers are half concealed by their sent from England for about six like this?"

The farmer meditated a moment, green mantle. Wet summers are months. His health has been far from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he "wanted change ing the edge of her teeth in a voice-from good lately, he wanted change in the counter wanted