ation of the slave by cate of emancipation. es the former owner

my claim to compen-

inst the provisions of be published by a ng 500 rupees or by or a period not exonths, except in those eavier penalty is ine of other law."

LOSES CASE.

Portland Can est Easy.

PROBATE COURT. O .- Another claim to

re and dukedom has ase of Mrs. Florence ce, affecting relativeestates of the late d, has just been set-

ate Court. asting several days, arnes and a special was officially made arles Druce died Dec. entially, the verdict the declaration that and could not have ke of Portland.

oth Fights. state of Druce was is considered of litwhen taken in concontest for the title. song the will made and a codicil writdeclared valid. Thus the right to claim the coveted title of

Druce property.

at families in Engder over the result, ons of the Duke of many and so influenal had ramifications tingdom. Though a made that the case he House of Lords no one believes the herwise than in the

trial Mrs. Druce tremely eccentric has left the impresmad is unbalanced; leads and supportdomestic troubles ontests and disapbeen sufficient to he average human

forth by Mrs. Druce sational that were ity in England. She te illegitimate son of Druce, who kept a saker street, Lonwas honeycombed passages, which At times he would weeks, and then emerge into his nd resume business en absent for only

es Shut Out.

e period the fifth d lived in baroniai beck Abbey, and at us town house in tter place was surwalls that effecprying eyes into But things were lbeck. There the an had constructed sages, maze-like in was his custom to appear in a mys-

claim of Mrs. Druce Welbeck Abbey to Druce in the Baker ent, and that when weary of trade he s to his country the stains and merce, and-presto, again the high and

ortland. ec. 6, 1879, and was and estates by a but as Druce, the pired some years ling to the decision ustice Barnes, Dec. ce asserts that the bandoned the merever and remained

us days.

buried in Kensal Druce alleges that but lead pipe in his ot a permit to have ppened, but another raised, and it is now te outsi le worl i will hat tomb contains. nate Court decision the veil that covdouble life, and ople in England beer street merchant nobleman of Weld the same person, Mrs. Druce's sailor er be declared the he great Dukedom

ING STEAMER

n Fire Started by

Spark. Dec. 31.—The sterm

in, plying between on, Tenn., burned ge at 5 o'clock toags at the wharf from Fulton about

t with fifteen pasom were asleep on fire broke out. known to be lost, wile, of Old River. M. Tims, of Richrk. Their charred n recovered from three-months'-old is missing. It is c other persons on efre or ginated in ton on the boiler was started by a rnace. The boat 000, and was about

Town of Goderich tor Company was ock Assizes.

cargo was totally

The object of this advertisement is to induce you to try MONSOON CEYLON TEA. Get a package; it really merits a trial. woman for her cup of tea, and bids Deane has had no mental shock, or LEAD PACKETS. ALL GROCERS.

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"What do you mean?" he demands. "Your rival is gone-your way is they are not in your role at all! smooth, your ladyship and her money will be yours after due wooing and careful winning," Anne says, com- says, curtly. posedly. 'What need will there be of me, pray? I might as well be at savagely. "As if you hadn't an adthe antipodes, and I think I shall go dress where to write to him!" there-for all the use I can be! Let me go! Let me go! How dare you!" For Lacy had clasped her suddenly him?" he persists. "Are you not goin his arms, and, in spite of her strug- ing to follow him some of these gling and even striking wildly at him, days? Tell the truth, Anne, unless has kissed her over and over again. | you are ashamed of yourself!"

stab me! It is for the last time," your rudeness," Anne says, coldly, he pants. 'I'll let you go now for- unmoved. "I shall tell you nothing through them all, having to live on ever. You have the temper of a that concerns me and does not con-tigress, Anne, and the pride of a cern you in the slightest degree." of endless days with this iron weight demon, but I love you with all my | "Then that is admission enough!" heart, and I'll love you to my dying Lacy says, uttering his words beday," he says fiercely. " And I could | tween close-set teeth. "You are gokill any man you loved or married, ing to follow him! You are going

sneeringly, releasing herself from his | pride and avoidance of me, and the touch with gestures of impatient coldness and even incivility of aversion. "Fortunately your menaces which I complained! It was a great dentally, and if so, how do they use are as little to be regarded as your mystery, to be sure!" he says, with their wings, and how does it feel to

almost beside himself at her He pleases your taste better again, and to wondering vaguely taunts. "I'll make you believe me! than I ever did! Well, he is a very what o'clock it is, and to wondering If I saw you in another man's arms good-looking fellow, and very lucky why her head feels so heavy, and why I'd shoot you dead!"

to glow on each cheek.

"No I I might kill you, but I could first time. never conquer you," Lacy says, in a "You care for him so much, then!"

low tremulous voice. the moment gazes amazedly from proudly. "I love him better than her post of espial at the earnestness, many a sister loves a brother." tenderness, despair and passion, in | "So I should think," he says, in the the face of the languid, blase, "mili- same suppressed way. "And you will tary dandy," the fine gentleman of | marry him?" pised as a vain, little-minded, selfish to marry me," Anne replies, quietly;

or interests. a face as pale and eyes as burning | events. as her own. "You would be a brave | "And like the sons of Erin in gen-

"Perhaps," she says, calmly. "Perhaps there is such a one looming in your future, Anne?" he says, says, with fervent earnestness. trying to smile and speak as steadily

be glad to think I was destined to their backs on it. He might have ing to marry. brave, honest man."

perhaps?" Lacy suggests, with a smile, forcibly assumed on his haggard, paliid, miserable face. "I beeven in the past," he says, thickly, "that you liked George Archer better than you liked me!"

Gillian tightens her hand over her heart to still its loud throbbing, and holds her breath as she looks and listens.

Anne, who is turning over some books on the table and putting them neatly together, looks up with a cold, determined countenance, raising her haughty eyebrows in slight surprise. quite sure," she says. "I like George Archer a great deal more than I ever

liked you." And then there is one of those breathless pauses, as if the man dare not trust himself to speak, and the woman defiantly decides on

silence. "Indeed?" Lacy says, at length, his teeth showing between his dry, bloodless lips. "This is not quite surprising to me, only rather overwhelming me with conviction, I may say. Why did you trouble to and leaves the room. bid him good-bye, to-night, and weep over him, too, as I see you

have been doing?" briefly. "I have not so many friends present; and a minute later, after that I should not mourn at the ab- Captain Lacy's retiring footsteps

sence of one." will only make the fond heart fond- Gillian rises from her crouching posier," Lacy rejoins, his jealous eyes tion in the corner by the old sideflaming, his jealous lips trembling board, and creeps feebly and slowly with rage, "and when, especially, away, like a wounded creature seekabsence does not mean separation, ing refuge; poor little "milk-white do not see any adequate cause fawn," stricken and wounded nigh for your grief. I suppose he kissed unto death.

yours? Eh. Anno?" "If you wanted to hear and see |-and falls down heavily on her bed, all that passed, why did you not just as she is; and without stirring follow me?" Anne says, impatiently. hand or foot, lies there through the "Captain Lacy, I must remind you short, hot August night, and through It is nearly one o'clock in the morn- the long, sunny hours of the bright ing, and I really do not appreciate autumn morning, with the glad song

"Especially when it is the wrong of the flowers, and the radiance of man who pays the clandestine vis- the warm sunlight coming in through its," sneers Lacy. "You've spent an the open window and surrounding hour with George Archer out in the her, lying there unheeding it all,

You will have no need," inter- wood. It can't nurt you to talk for ing, for is she not in anguish of rupts Anne, coolly, "as after to-night ten or fifteen minutes to me in spirit? By and by she will suffer I shall be of use to you no longer." your own sitting-room. Don't go in dreadfully, when she quite rememfor young-lady affectations, Anne,

> Where is Archer going?" "You 'believe?" retorts Lacy,

Anne is silent, "Are you not going to write to

"I don't care if you strike me or "You ought to be ashamed of golden, serene autumn; and then win-

to marry him some of these days, "Could you, indeed?" Anne says, and that is the real reason of your "You won't find it so!" he says, You are going to marry him Anne!

with women." Not a muscle in her handsome, Anne is silent again; her face is

cult to convince me of your tender | will be a happy woman, Anne?" now, I fail to see what it avails." in a voice that trembles for the

Captain Lacy asks, in a low tone.

society, whom she had hitherto des- | "I will marry him when he wishes trifler, to whom nothing in life was | "but there is little thought of marof importance but as far as it in- rying anybody in his heart this terfered with his languid pleasures | night! Poor George! suffering for the sins of others-wronged, and "You have a soldier's spirit, Anne," | then banished into exile! He has the he says, coming nearer to her with | birthright of the son of Erin, at all

wife for a braver, more gallant man | eral," Lacy retorts; "he'll prosper on his wrongs and flourish in hisexile!"

"I hope so," she answers "I should lows such as he-those who turn George loves-the woman he is go-

hearted little girl," Anne says, cold- "I will go away this moment," nor will repress some expression of churches and trim hamlets peopled by now, when your competitor has fall- pillow. Captain Lacy. Please say good- "From whom?"

woman whom in his selfish soul he it on the table." jades! And I curse the hour I ever you bade him good-bye?"

courted either!" ! And then he turns on his heel

CHAPTER XXX.

She has heard all now. There is "Why should I not?" Anne says, nothing more to know or to suffer at have echoed through the corridor and "But when, in this case, absence across the hall in reckless loudness,

you, and mingled his tears with | She gets back to her own room in the darkness-how, she never knows clandestine visits at any hour." of the birds, and the morning incense

PAGE METAL GATES are so low in price to use wooden ones. Light, and yet strong enough to support a heavy man on the end while he swings around the circle without causing them to sag. They are neat in appearance, will last shifetime. Will not sag nor get rickety. They are supplied with latches which allow them to be opended either way and are self acting. The only good metal gate ed either way and are self acting. The only good metal gate ed either way and are self acting. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications. The only good metal gate ed either way and sessifications.

unseeing, unhearing, as if she were does me the honor of being jealous at eight o'clock, lying as she has ture!" lain throughout the night, with But Gillian only gathers up the less, with these wild, wide open burnt scraps of paper-illegible fragstaring vacantly about her, stunned | ments as they are-and puts them

of even all active suffering. In answer to the startled girl's paper in with them, and seals the alarmed questioning, her young mis- envelope, and puts it into a secret tress gives her a vague, quietly- jewel-drawer in her dressing-case spoken account of having got up and then lies down again dry-eyed and sat by the window some hours and as quiet as before. ago, and of having felt ill and lain

the fever of hope and fear is over finds her, and is puzzled, or profor her, and she speaks very gently fesses himself puzzled rather, as and smiles softly as she thanks her her ladyship assures him that Miss her close the blinds and draw. the fright, or distress or strain, on her eurtains, and shut out the sunshine, system whatever. and the song of the birds and the scent of the flowers, and go away

and leave her alone,. And the maid obeys her, though with a good deal of reluctance and misgiving; and for two hours more she lies there still, stirless, speechless, with those wilde, wide-open eyes aching, burning beyond the relief of tears,

By and by she tells herself conbers what this numbed agony means -when she can think clearly, and realize that her heart "To America, I believe," Anne and all the warmth and strength of life are torn away with

> must go on living still. There is an awful vista of bright, long days like this one, with sunny skies and balmy breezes, and tossing

one torturing wrench, and that she

flowers and warbling birds; and then succeeding days of dark, cold winter, and bleak, windy spring; and then gay, bright, joyous summer, and then awful days! And she living on of endless days, with this iron weight crushing her brain, this iron weight sinking down her heart, as it is doing

to count the number of the silk tasselballs in the cornice drapery! She wonders so much if those flies walking on the ceiling ever fall off accia laugh -"a woman's inconsistency. have wings? And she goes to counting the balls on the cornice fringe she cannot get up.

But about ten o'clock the door pale, scornful face alters at this very white now, and eyes are cast opens softly once more, and a and her cool, white, flower-scented and bye." hands, bends over her.

"Miss Deane! Gillian, dear! Are you worse this morning?" she asks, And Gillian, forgetting herself for "I love him dearly!" Anne says, with tenderest, gentlest pity in her voice, her look, her touch.

"She was never so gentle and kind to me before," Gillian thinks instantly. "It is because she is so happy-so happy and so sorrowful this morning-so happy in her lover's love and so sorrowful at his sudden departure, that her proud, cold heart is softened and sympathetic. She never spoke so kindly to me before-the woman he loves! The woman whom George loves! The woman he is going to marry. George, my lover, who is not mine any more

-Anne O'Neil's lover." A violent tremor runs through the poor little girlish body in the jealous agony she endures, She shrinks "Heavens grant he may," Anne away feebly, and presses her hand over her eyes to shut out the sight "Amen!" Lacy says, as bitterly as of her-tall, and fair, and fresh, ever. "Good fortune generally fol- and graceful-the woman whom

be the honored, faithful wife of a married Gillian Deane and a hun- "Please do not disturb me," she "Such a one as-George Archer, perhaps?" Lacy suggests with a great state of the says, in cold, faint, displeased, betray themselves in words or ges- whole Province of Quebec. It might tones. "Please do not speak to me; the intelegably had form." have been Normandy we saw through "It must be a perverted choice your voice hurts my head. And please

lieve, Anne-on my soul, I believe- ly. But there is no accounting for Anne says, gently, after a startled and I have suspected it sometimes, tastes. However, you both strove pause. "I only came to see if you for the prize, you know, and you were well enough to read a letter were both competitors in the race, which I have for you." She utters you know, and it was to be a fair the last words in a low tone, stoopfield and no favor between you, and ing lower to the wan cheek on the

en out and the race is your own, I "A letter? You have a letter for really do not see of what you have me?" Gillian says, keeping her face to complain. I should say Fortune averted and lying still, though her has smoothed the course to the win- heart is beating in great, irregular ning post for you most admirably, bounds almost to suffocation.

"From the person who wrote it," gleaming eyes confronting her-the have it, Miss Deane? I will leave son."

"Fortune and you have about suddenly sitting up, clutching at "And I may write to your father, and will end by quoting the words of every effort to get itself fastened." loves with a selfish, jealous passion. "Wait a moment!" Gillian says, what else to say. equally favored me, Miss O'Neil," he the rail of her bed to help herself. my pet, at once, and tell him the Dr. Tache: "The last shot that will about him at her bidding. He fled says, deliberately; "and I give you "Where is this letter? Mr. Archer good news that has made us all so be fired against union with the ignominiously. both your meed of thanks. Fickle gave it to you, last night, when happy?" her ladyship asks, with af- United States will be fired by a

ened by the sudden alteration in lian says, gravely, with a troubled can they hope to retain their lan-"Yes," Anne says, almost frightthe girl's manner and appearance as flush; "but Captain Lacy told me he guage, laws and religion, with her disheveled hair lying in "Bless you, my darling child!" her It is nine years since I visited Canshe sits up on the side of her bed, would write to papa."

She almost snatenes the letter from Anne, with a hot, nervous grasp, and, barefoot and tremblning with fevered weakness as she is, she walks toward the fireplace and strikes a match. And then she tears George's farewell letter to her-his first letter and his last-she tears it deliberately across and across, and putting the fragments on the mantelshelf, she holds a lighted match to them until they all blaze up and soon consume into blackened flakes and ashes.

"Now, Miss O'Neil," she says, confronting Anne with a smile, "you can tell Mr. Archer that his letter was appreciated as it deserved." And Anne, with one haughty, sorrowful glance from the burned paper to the girl's white, wild miserable face, inclines her head slightly in as-

sent, and without a word or look more, quits the room. "She will cry herself sick now over what she has done, and it will do her away the hot tears which are filling her own eyes. "Poor fellow! Poor and Works Off the Cold.

All talian blue and through air of crystal purity, we felt that this must be druggists refund the money if it fails to cure a cold last message, at all events! She in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Italian blue and through air of crystal purity, we felt that this must be druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Manitoba, whose granaries and wheat E. W. Greve's signature is on each box. 25c. good," Anne says to herself, wiping |

Her maid finds her there of me, too, poor, foolish little crea-

out of reason, out of memory, 'out into an envelope, and puts a dry sprig of pink heather in another

So Lady Jeannette finds her when she comes in, alarmed and anxious, But she is very pale and quiet- an hour later. So Dr. Coughlin

> Of course, the doctor is not deceived any more than any intelligent man is ever deceived by an assertion in direct contradiction of what experience assures him is truth; but he is silenced, and that is sil Lady Damer cares for, so he visits scribes tonics for her, and carriage she is pleased, but nobody else is- The wicked, inconstant woman! 'As exercise for her, and in about a ing she is no worse, and that drugs and opiates have at least forced and vigor to the young body which allowed him to speak one word to scornfully; "and Mr. Damer, too, has

scene and circumstances, amusement and interest, and so forth, I am bound to tell you, Lady Damer," the doctor says, gravely. least cold, or unfavorable occurrence of any kind, may bring on a serious illness. She is terribly below par-dangerously so for a young

person of her age." "So we will go to Killarney at once, Bingham," Lady Damer says, earnestly-it does seem ominous to her that the poor little gold-weight-- and then we can go on to the

depend for all on you." pale, cold, high-bred face darkens. myself, and I will-for the price."

waste of mental power to notice Cap- halts on the way, and with as much tain Lacy's passionate denunciations | comfort as the best inn could give. says quietly, with a slight, scornful wish for a happier fate than to be bright morning, comes beside the where! Poor, dear child! She little harvest of a myriad of acres, which smile. "And, as it certainly does not George Archer's wife, if she loved bed, where the little prostrate form thinks what pleasures and opportula quarter of a century ago were the little prostrate form thinks what pleasures and opportulation of the little prostrate form the lit

> And after this parting hint Lady wolverine. * * Gliding through the Jeannette thinks she will let well beautiful valley of the Ottawa, with enough alone for a day or two and the Laurentian Hills purple in the an acre. His sons, trained on neighsee what they will bring forth.

> distance, we came at night to Mat- boring farms, assist him on the es-But that very afternoon, as she tawa, an old trading post, where tate, and seem as happy and conis in her dressing room enjoying her Champlain, Hearne, Simpson, La tea and one of Gaboriau's novels, Verendrye, and many an early ex-Captain Lacy comes in, shutting the plorer halted on his way to the undoor behind him. "Are you alone-quite alone-Aunt | broken country brought us to North

> Jeannette?" he asks. And his tone, and his pale face, and Nipissing. Here the Duke and Duchthe look in his eyes, bring Lady Jean- ess had a welcome typical of many. nette to her feet with a start of Church belis rang out through the MENT is our remedy for sore throat, "Yes-yes! What is the matter?" station-farmers, woodmen, hunters,

"Nothing except what will please the royal train drew up to the platshe says, hoarsely. you," he says, briefly. "I have been form, there came from a hundred with Gillian in the conservatory, you sweet young voices the Canadian Anknow, and she has quite agreed-is them. The words, written by Alexquite anxious, indeed-to agree to ander Muir, a Scotch schoolany plans for a tour which we may master, of Toronto, are sung decide on, and, more than that. I to the air, "The Land of Cakes," [?] asked her to marry me, and she con- and their popularity is so firmly essented, fully and freely, if I can get tablished that they may be added

to the anthology of National Song. her father's permission." mits even her strongest emotions to France is written large over the It is a Doubtful Compliment to Wos tures. "It is intolerably bad form," have been Normandy we saw through Snakes have never appealed to me she says; but now she neither can the windows, as we sped past quaint

ly bursting into tears, and embrac- needed to convince one that they are ing her nephew-silent and unre- more sensitive on racial than on responsive-with all the maternal af- ligious questions. I know that many fection she has ever known. "My people in Europe, as well as in Amer-

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Certainly, Lady Damer," Gil- scious that only under British rule fectionate humility.

great ruffled silky colls over her ladyship says, with a scream of gay. ada, and it appears to me that even shoulders, and the soft, dark eyes ety. "Bingham has written! Locked in that short time the social relaso sunken, so deeply shadowed in himself up in his room instantly, the tions of the two races have become the piteouus, white young face, lit silly boy, with pen and ink, and two more intimate and the use of Engwith a sudden fire of pride and dis- quires of paper, I believe, to pour lish more general in the cities where the price of find on which the flats were built was 25 to 35 out a volume of epistolary affection the majority of the inhabitants are france a square metre, which is raon your poor, dear father's devoted of French origin. French-Canadians ther more than a square yard. The head. But that doesn't preclude the are intelligent and shrewd enough to company that started the venture necessity of my writing to your see that their children cannot suc- has a reserve fund of 540,737 francs, father, you know, love," she adds, ceed without an intimate knowledge and pays a steady interest of 4 per sweetly, with her cold, white, bony of English. Even the cabmen in French | cent. We, says the Westminster Gafingers tapping Gillian's velvety Quebec speak English. One great ob- zette, ought to add that the profits cheek; "to explain to him how we stacle to this healthy tendency is have been largely increased by cheap have come to steal his dear little the fanaticism of a small but noisy restaurants in connection with the girl, and keep her for ourselves for party who clamor for the suppression of the French language and of

Gillian smiles faintly, but flushes the Roman Catholic Church. This ness of despair. "And, I need scarcely ask, you have naturally arouses racial feeling. ciety.

written, dear child, of course?" hints When you tell a man that you inher ladyship, determined on closing tend to suppress him, you ought not up any possible loopholes for retreat. to be surprised if he shows fight. "Oh, yes! I will-that is, I have Laissez faire is often a wise policy, written a letter to papa," Gillian and it is especially wise in cases of says, blushing again and wincing. race and religion. Lady Damer's rapturous satisfaction is like a rough touch on a throb-"She doesn't know that I know she unbroken before us, with no land-

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25°

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c. At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c.

HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

"But she requires total change of miserable and jealous, though she has me since yesterday." his love," Gillian says, trembling. "I

known west. A wild stretch of

Bay, on the woody shores of Lake

with their wives and children. When

French-Canadian. They are con-

On Thursday morning we were in

sun. As the train toiled over this

a new land. Great plains stretched

girl mutters indignantly. "I suppose! hope she is! I hope she is unhappy? that is one comfort. Captain faithless as she is proud and coldweek he has the satisfaction of see- Lacy is just as wretched hearted, Captain Lacy says, and it as I am, I know very is quite true. So there are three miswell, and cares as little for me as erable enough out of the 'all' who I do for him, or I would not have are 'so happy,' " the girl thinks will not easily lose its hold on life. me! And I believe Anne O'Neil is neither looked at me nor spoken to (To be Continued.)

AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISHMAN:

Jottings by the London Standard Correspondent With the Duke of Cornwall.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 1.-The King fields have made the name and place grasp when she is surest of her hold came to Canada forty-one years ago, familiar since childhood. Almost and stayed on the shores of Lake province has over a million and threehotels are so gay just now, and the Huron. To reach the Pacific in those quarter acres under wheat, and weather is superb. And then, if she days you had to sail round Cape Horn | yielded last year more than thirteen likes the idea, we can go on to Swit- or journey through the Great Lone million bushels. zerland. It shall be managed some- Land, over boundless prairies where In 1871-twelve months after the how, Bingham, though money is very | the Red man hunted the bison, across | Lieutenant Governor of the new hard to be got at, and-I can only mountains crowned with snow and Province of Manitoba met in Counclothed with virgin forest, in which | cil the representatives of the In-He knows what that means, and his roamed panther and grizzly bear- dian tribes, and entered into treamost feroclous of his tribe-and along | ties with them for the transfer of "Yes, I know," he says, slowly, "I rivers on whose banks waz the spoor | the prairies, lands where we now. am a nominally 'free slave.' So no of moose and cariboo. The King's see immense tracts of wheat and oats one can legally sell me, but I can sell son has come from Ottawa to the and barley-Winnipeg had only two Capital of British Columbia-a dis- hundred and forty inhabitants shel-Lady Damer says nothing, Experi- tance of 3,162 miles-in seven days, tered in log cabins. To-day it is a ence has taught her that it is a great | travelling at leisure, with many city of over fifty thousand people, I had some talk with a farmer at against the fate he means to accept. In one week he has passed through Poplar Point, not far from Winnipeg. "Well, I repeat," she says, calmly, the four seasons-from Summer to He is an example of what may be smoldering fires under the black "I hope you will be happy, Anne," lashes, and one red rose spot begins to glow on each about to glo lashes, and one red rose spot begins Lacy cays, regarding her with a fresh dress of pink- and-grey ging- to persuade her to this plan of bing with a new and energetic life, scornful, bitter smile. "I may say here with a last a light, graceful ligure, in a have any influence with Gillian— has been welcomed in cities, through the plan of bing with a new and energetic life, scornful, bitter smile. "I may say here with a last a light, graceful ligure, in a have any influence with Gillian— has been welcomed in cities, through the plan of bing with a new and energetic life, scornful, bitter smile. "I may say here with a last a light, graceful ligure, in a last a light, graceful ligure, in a last a light, graceful ligure, in a last a light, graceful light, and a light, graceful light, graceful light, and a light, graceful light, and a light, graceful light, and a light, graceful light scornful, bitter smile. "I may say ham, with a cluster of dewy car- that much, may I got? I hope you notions fortered in the broad helew for the good of her where his father would have seen three hundred pounds. He knew noth-"You would find it even more diffi- that much, may I not? I hope you nations fastened in the breast below health. The child has been rather only barren plains, the haunt of health. The child has been rather will be a happy woman, Anne?" the snowy collar of embroidered moped all her life, I fancy, and seems wild cat and grey wolf. He has lived in the country may affection after that proof," she "I don't thick any woman could says quietly, with a slight, scornful wish for a happier fate than to be ninety-one acres he is now dwner make me either love you or fear you him and he loved her!" Anne says, lies, and with her dark, kind eyes now, I fail to see what it avails." homestead, six teams of horses, forty dian, the buffalo, the fox and the head of cattle, and would not sell his land for five or even six pounds

> C. C. Richards & Co. Dear Sirs,-Your MINARD'S LINIdarkness, and people hastened to the colds and all ordinary ailments. It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN. Port Mulgrave.

IS THIS WOMAN'S WAY?

greatly. It seems to require a woman to handle them. Nearly all of "My dear boy!" she exclaims, fair- quaintance with French-Canadians is them will strike at a stranger, but, and they understand that you mean no harm, the most dangerous snakes, are not vicious. I have a Hindu dear Bingham! Heaven bless you! lear put no faith in their professions girl who seems to be able to do You have given me the greatest of loyalty to the British Empire, and anything with them that a mother pleasure I have had for many a believe that they would seize the first could do with a child, and it is opportunity of setting up a French really weird and uncanny to see her Republic on the banks of the St. Law- late at night sitting with her bare rence, or of joining their destiny feet in their box, while they crawl "My darling Gillian!" Lady Dam- with that of the United Staets. If all about her, and she talks to them er says, rapturously maternal, 'I you want to move a French-Canadian in her strange soft dialect. She has shall now have the desire of my heart | to the eloquence of indignation, just | a nasty temper, and is disliked by "You need not suspect, you may be led and the does not stir. Anne says, briefly, in her coidest at last; for hint at a possible union with the Re- most of the people about her, but a dear little daughter at last; for hint at a possible union with the Re- most of the people about her, but a dear little daughter at last; for hint at a possible union with the Re- most of the people about her, but a dear little daughter at last; for hint at a possible union with the Re- most of the people about her, but a dear little daughter at last; for hint at a possible union with the Re- most of the people about her, but a dear little daughter at last; for hint at a possible union with the Re- most of the people about her, but a dear little daughter at last; for hint at a possible union with the Re- most of the people about her, but a dear little daughter at last; for like George. but stands a minute with folded tones. "It was given to me to give you know, my child, that dear Bing- public across the border. He will re- momber the time when a brute of arms, and white, set lips, and to you-last night. Do you care to ham is quite the same to me as a cite to you with pride the exploits member the time when a brute of of his fathers, who, in the Revolution | a porter struck her, and she went "Yes," Gillian says, not knowing of 1774 and again in the war of directly to her snake box, returning 1812, fought for British supremacy, with a boa constrictor, which made

> Cheap Houses in France. An inhabitable flat at £4 a year, with tiled kitchen and three or four, rooms prepared and floored in oak, sounds the wildest impossibility in a crowded industrial city. Yet comfortable, well-built flats have been built at this price in the most crowded quarter of the city of Lyons, and this where the price of land on which flats, where a good meal can be had for 11-2d the course, This interesting information is given by the Co-operwith a hot, faint thrill of the sick- sort of agitation, however much it ative News, which is loud in its praise may be regretted by thoughtful men, of the Lyons Economic Building So-

Too Long a Job. Primm-One mark of the gentleman is that he always keeps his hands

Glimm-Oh, I don't know. I know. a gentleman who never washes his

Primm-Oh, come, now! Glimm-Fact. He employes 200 in is telling me a lot of horrid lies," the mark save the rising and setting his factory.

infinite green waste, under a sky of TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY