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For which send
the Harmsworth
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FOR THE BALTIC.

GUNBOAT LEAVES ON A
CONFIDENTIAL MISSION.

Hurriedly Prepared for Her
Will Stay at Copenhagen and
Eventualities in Russia—
Admiral Aube Will Follow.

The orders to a por-
French northern squadron to
preparations to depart for
Sea and Copenhagen, the ul-
mination of the warships not
sed, were undoubtedly issued
atony move so as to have
available for service in Rus-
in case of emergency. The
divity prevails on board the
saint at Brest, which has been
Christmas leaves of all the
and men were hurried-
and a large extra force of
as engaged to complete her
provisioning and caulking
completed tomorrow when
the gunboat will sail. Her
will be at Copenhagen, where
siders are expected to reach
red cruiser Admiral Aube,
is being similarly prepa-
or accompany or follow

It is in circulation in naval
drest, that the Cassini will
official mail service between
hantzig. However, it is gen-
erated that the main purpose
is to maintain the protection of
of French citizens.
The Cassini will stay at Copen-
wait eventualities in Russia,
Admiral Aube will stay at Copen-
and the two German ships now
of the British ship at Kiel. If
necessary the two French
mark the French residents
sue, Dec. 7.—The gunboat
at 4 o'clock this after-
confidential mission.

TO ROBBERY.
LIQUOR STORE PLUNDER-
THE WHOLESALE.
and Seven Drivers Under
Charged With Theft That
Men Going on for Many
Prisoners Refused Bail.
patch: Still another sym-
has been unearthed at a
in this city. This time
of Michie & Company,
liquor dealers, 5 King street
are the sufferers. Two of
and seven drivers of deliv-
ers under arrest, charged
it is said that the police
into the thiefing has not
ended.
and Jones are employees of
ce, and it is charged that
league with the drivers
knowledge of the stealing
ng on.
over three months since
of a downtown house gave
formation of liquor being
the Michie store, but for
he firm took no action, be-
ing their trusted clerks
mation from the detective.
After about two months'
found that they had been
of stock, and, as one of
day described it, the dis-
of the liquor was by the
The Noble Dominion De-
was consulted, and one of
was put to work in the
nd in connection with the
a result of what he dis-
ported to the firm,
F. Michie yesterday morn-
Magistrate Denison and
tion against ten persons,
was arrested.
other investigation of the
Dr. Cross, attorney Gen-
ations for bar.

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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

LOVE AND A TITLE

Once, just as they are leaving the villa, ground, Verona looks back with a little quiver of her lips, but at the same instant, she glances up at the young lady, adoring face above her, and drives back the sigh.

"You are not afraid, darling?" asks Hal, anxiously, for he has noticed her backward glance.

"No," she says, simply; but nevertheless she starts a little with her eyes on the phaeton, and George holding the champing, fidgeting bays.

"It is only George," whispers Hal. "Do not mind him, darling! He is true as steel—as staunch as a woman."

"No," she says, quietly, but with a loving smile at Hal with a look that says, "No," and as George touches his hat, she says, in her gentle way: "How do you do, George?"

George does not answer, being too much overcome by her consideration in thinking of and speaking to him, but he looks from her to Hal with a look that says volumes in the way of devotion.

Hal helps her into the phaeton, takes the reins. George lets go the bays, and jumps up behind, and like an arrow shot from a bow, the impatient horses dash forward.

Then Hal's eyes seem to flash fire, his face glows, his lips part with a long breath of excitement and delight, and notwithstanding the bays are rushing like mad, he frees one hand and clasps for a moment, the little hand that nestles beside him.

"At last—at last!" he murmurs, and he draws her to him, for, hidden behind the hood, George may be a few miles away so far as seeing and hearing are concerned—"at last! I've lived ten years—twenty—in this one morning, and I can't believe it now. Say something, my darling; only a word, or I shall believe it's only a dream. Speak to me, Verona."

She looks up at him and nestles still closer.

"Hal."

It is only a word, but how much is compressed in it.

For a minute, a full minute, there is silence, during which Hal pulls the bays for he is a good whip, and they run themselves out at starting. Then he says, in a low voice:

"Now, tell me how you managed. Where is the count and that white cat? How did you get away? Steady—steady! Look at them! Do you think we are likely to be overtaken? Now, tell me how you got away, darling?"

"I—I scarcely know!" she says, with a little smile.

"The count?" says Hal.

"Was asleep. I waited until he went into the drawing room, where he always goes after luncheon, and then I went up to my room and asked Senora Titella to come with me—"

"You did," exclaimed Hal. "But why did you do that?"

Verona looks down and blushes.

"Because I knew she would not come if I asked her," she says.

Hal looks at her admiringly.

"Jove," he exclaims, "I did not think you were so clever."

"Who wicked," says Verona. "Who taught me to be so?" and she looks up at him with a little smile.

But Hal is still lost in admiration.

"Wonderful!" he says. "I thought George was a pretty good hand, but that you should be so cute," and he laughs his short, curt laugh. "Poor Senora. How soon will she find out that she was not really wanted—and begin to tear her hair? That sort of people always do tear their hair, don't they?"

"She will not find it out for an hour, two, perhaps—for she went to pack for—"

"for—"

"for—"

"for—"

"for—"

"Yes," she says, blushing softly, "I might have said that."

Whether the bays knew they were running away with a princess, cannot be said, but it is certain they never went better or more willingly. Past one small village after another they flew, as if they were winged, and once or twice George got up and whispered over the board: "Keep 'em cool, sir," and each time Hal looked up for an instant, with his usual cheery "All right, George."

As for pursuit, Hal placed such entire reliance on the bays' swiftness, and George's cunning that would have laughed any idea of pursuit to scorn.

Presently they dropped—if such a tremendous pace can be called by such a mild term—into a valley, which looked so sleepy that it might have passed for the village of sleeping waters, in which Rip van Winkle was born, and here Hal pulled up to give the bays a rest.

"You are not known here, darling are you?" he asked.

"No," said Verona, "I was never here before."

"Then you may get down and have a rest. What are you looking for, George?"

For George, as he stood at the horses' heads, was staring about him as if in search of a comet.

"Looking for a telegraph wire, Master Hal," he said with a touch of the hat; "and delighted to see that there isn't one."

"Isn't he thoughtful," says Hal, in a low voice; "I believe he's got more brains in his little finger than I have got in the whole of my head."

Verona smiled and went around to pat the horses—which was as good as patting George.

Then Hal got into the inn, and brings out two of the usual enormous tankards of beer and a glass of lemonade. Verona sips a little of the last, George and Hal silently and solemnly empty their tankards to the last drop.

"One more, sir," says George, and when Hal brings out another tankard, George pours it out in installments into his hands, and gives the bays their draught. Then he wipes the bays down as carefully as if they were made of wax, washes their feet with a bucket of water, and touches his hat as a sign that it is time to get on.

"Just about this time, sir," he says, as he climbs up and leans forward, "I am sure that extraordinary knowing hand, Mister Ned, is a hunting high and low for the grays—that is, if he's been to the backsmith's and found out that the bays have never been there; if not, he's making inquiries everywhere for a phaeton and pair of grays, and quite surprised when no body can tell him where they are," and George emits a low chuckle.

Hal laughs grimly.

"Let them inquire," he says; "but the time they've discovered for themselves we shall be very happy to give them every information. Are you getting tired, darling?"

"No—no," says Verona. "But the dear horses."

"They're wound up to run for two days and a half," says Hal, proudly. "Do they look tired?"

"On—on, still on, over hill, down dale, once they pass a village large enough to be called a town; and as they enter, Hal gets Verona to seat herself on the rug at the bottom of the phaeton, and so she is completely hidden. Then comes a patch of forest, and when they get out into the opening again, they find themselves at the beginning of a village which looks as though it had been cut out of a frame, so picturesque, so quiet, and so "pointed" it looks.

George leans forward and whispers, quietly:

"Here we are, sir."

He starts, and the color comes into his face. Verona, whose eyes seldom stray from him, presses his arm.

"What is it, Hal?"

"We are here, at your destination, darling!" he says. "Now let me look at you!"

Obediently she turns her face to him with the same quiet, trustful smile.

"Right!" he says. "You are not nervous—frightened? Here goes, then!" and he steers the bays straight for the inn. It is a picturesque little place, with a balcony running around the back in the Swiss style, at a little distance from the road. At the back a meadow turns into a little wood behind, filling up a screen, is the hill over which they have come. At the sound of the wheels, an hostler comes limping out from the stable, and almost immediately after a buxom dame and her almost as buxom daughter comes from the house, and instead of staring at the arrivals, as they do in some countries, drop a courtesy each and come up to the phaeton with a smile of welcome for the sweet-faced young lady.

"By George!" says Hal, as he lifts Verona to the ground; "I'd forgotten one thing. You'll have to do all the talking, darling, or nearly all."

Verona smiles.

"Very well," she says. "What shall I say?"

"Tell them," says Hal, "that you want a room for yourself. I and George will sleep over the stable. But first of all we want some dinner."

"Dinner!" says the landlady, in unmistakable English, notwithstanding the accent; "certainly, sir."

Hal stares.

"This is a most extraordinary country," he says, slapping his hand on his knee; "fancy a landlady in an English

country place knowing German. What look too, for us?"

The landlady looks over her shoulder as she leads Verona into the house.

"It is not that I am clever, sir; my husband was English, and I learned it of him."

"First rate!" says delighted Hal, in his brusque fashion. "Look here, then; I want some dinner, as good a one as you can manage; and this young lady will remain here. I'm sure you'll see that she is comfortable."

The landlady courtesies again, and looks from Verona to Hal.

"Your sister, sir," she says, quietly. Hal hesitates a moment, then, with his hat in his hand, he says:

"Let the young lady go upstairs," he says; and as Verona goes out with the daughter, he looks the landlady full in the face.

"Look here," he says, "you asked me a question. I could have told you a lie, but I don't like it's the best course; besides, I don't like it. That young lady isn't my sister—"

"I know that, sir," breaks in the landlady, softly.

"Sisters do not look at their brothers as the young lady looked at you, sir."

"Truth is best, after all," says Hal. "You're right, she is not my sister, but she is more than that to me. That young lady is to be my wife—that is why we are here together. If she were not here, she would be married to some other man, and I should be a grandfather. Now I've trusted you, do you mean to act fairly by us?"

The woman's face flushes and her lips quiver.

"You have trusted me, sir," she says, "and you have done well. You may trust me, on with safety."

And, without another word, she goes out.

Hal draws a long breath.

"That's a good beginning," he says, "such a honest face. Now for the horses, and then for the priest!"

The stable is a shed, plain enough, but comfortable enough; and he finds the bays already wiped down and George making up a most charming bed, hissing like a box-constructor as he piles the straw.

"Well, sir," he says, looking around eagerly—"all right!"

"All right, George," says Hal, cheerfully. "Does this fellow understand English?"

"Oh, yes, sir, he can say 'trof beef' and 'Jeepus dolned'—that's all. And how is the young lady, sir—begging your pardon?"

"All right," says Hal. "Look here—we've been obliged to take the landlady into our confidence."

"You couldn't have done better, Master Hal," says George, simply; "she's one of the right sort, sir—lay my life; and we couldn't have deceived her, sir; begging your pardon again, Master Hal, but a blind woman could see how it was between you and her highness."

"I don't mind that, George," says Hal. "And now will you go in and ask the landlady to tell her highness that I shall be with her directly?"

"Yes, sir; and I've something to say myself."

"Why, I must get her to tell our old friend here that if anybody comes along inquiring for a phaeton and pair, that he hasn't seen such a thing—oh, for years."

"Ah!" says Hal; "you forget nothing, George; but do you think there's much chance of their coming up with us?"

"There'd be every chance if they knew where to come, sir," says George, quietly. "It isn't the distance, Master Hal; it's the time, sir, that's the trouble. We've come, if I know 'em, sir, they'll go straight for Baden-Baden, or for the coast; they'll never think of looking near at home, and as to tracking us, how can they? If they hit on one village, they wouldn't hit on the next. No, Master Hal, I was awake all night, thinking this map, and there's only one man I'm afraid of."

"Who is that?" asks Hal.

"The marquis, sir," responds George. "Vane!"

"Yes, the marquis, Master Hal. He's got more brains than all the rest of 'em put together, and he's a cunning old dog, sir, and if he gets on the scent then—when there, Master Hal, they'll come up when it's too late!"

Hal nods emphatically and turns away, but George keeps him for a moment or two to brush the dust from his clothes, and then Hal makes straight for the little chapel, where the ivy-covered tower rises from a little clump of trees.

As he expected, he finds beside the chapel a low-roofed little cottage. There is a little garden in front, and as Hal swings open the gate, he sees the priest picking the autumn roses which clamber the porch and greater part of the cottage. He is a stout, middle-aged man, with a little white hair, and one of the old school, with a face so peacefully set in its long, white locks that it looks like one of the pictured saints. He raises his shovel hat as Hal comes forward bareheaded, and greets him with a friendly voice, and strikes at once on Hal's beating heart and stills its excitement.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Hal bends his head with the courtesy of a young English gentleman to the priestly greeting, and says, without much fear, for he has found that nine priests out of ten speak his tongue:

"I am English, sir."

"So I see, my son," says the cure, with a gentle smile.

"And a stranger, sir," adds Hal.

"That also I see," responds the cure, with a still more gentle smile. "If that be possible. 'Will you enter?' and he motions with a thin, sinewy hand to the door.

Hal hesitates; the cure immediately points to a near seat, and as Hal sits down, seats himself. And now, for the first time during the flight up the hill, he is not foregone, the difficulties that now arise like mountains, and threaten to crush him.

In silence, profound and exercising, he looks on the ground for fully a minute, and when he looks up and finds the soft, peaceful eye of the cure, he is not foregone, the difficulties that now arise like mountains, and threaten to crush him.

TO LIVE AND DIE
WITHOUT EVER DRINKING

Blue Ribbon

TEA is to die without knowing the full joy of living. Why miss the satisfaction of sipping a hot cup of this fragrant, refreshing drink. TRY THE RED LABEL.

breath, and I didn't think—and I didn't know what trouble I was in until this moment.

"Until you came here, yes?"

"Yes," says Hal, wiping his brow, "during which the old father folds his hands, and looks peacefully, patiently out to the setting sun."

Then Hal bursts out:

"I ought to tell you, sir, I am a Protestant."

The gentle face turns to him with a smile that lights it up as if the sun had shot out a ray full upon it.

"You are in trouble, my son."

"Six words only, but what a perfect charity, what a gentle, loving nature they reveal, and how fully they embody the good old man's creed."

Hal is only a boy—a boy whose heart is softened and electrical with love, and his eyes moisten.

"You mean, sir," he says, with a touch of reverence in his voice, "that is musical, 'that because I am in trouble and difficulty you will help me?'"

"Surely," says the old man.

Then Hal turns to him eagerly, anxiously.

"Look here, sir," he says, "I want to be married."

"The cure does not start; he smiles. 'I want to be married, and must be, at once, without delay.'"

"The cure lifts his eyebrows gently. 'Why this haste, sir?'"

Hal hesitates a moment—only a moment, then he edges nearer.

"I'll tell you," he says, and with hot, eager haste he pours out his confession—for it is nothing more or less.

He tells the whole story from the day of his stumbling over Verona to the present time; conceals nothing, exaggerates nothing, uses no eloquence, and yet the gentle eyes, and the old man's lips tremble.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON COSTER.

Characteristic Street Type Rapidly Disappearing.

The coster, that picturesque and unique product of old London life whom Albert Chevalier has made familiar to American audiences, is reported to be rapidly disappearing. The coster is the man who sells things from a barrow, and a barrow only. He is a street trader, but belongs to a breed by himself, which shows in the cut of his clothes and the rows of big pearl buttons on his trousers and jacket. He generally lives in the East End. In his more prosperous days he would occupy a small house with a yard, where he put his barrow at night, and in the morning he would go to his regular 'pitch' and return again at dusk.

The London fruit sellers, Italian ice cream men, flower girls and the like, who have multiplied in late years, are termed costers, too, but this is a misnomer.

The genus coster is said to have flourished for two centuries. His decadence is chiefly due to numerous small stores and street traders with horse and wagon, which the daily needs of large areas of London have brought forth. Formerly, children born to costers either took up their father's work or intermarried with others of the same calling. Even at this evolving a distinct class. Even at the present time it is estimated there are about ten thousand of his race in the British metropolis. In 1901 there were 110 street markets under the jurisdiction of the London County Council. The number of stalls in these markets were 7,055. Famous old Petticoat Lane could boast of 575 stalls.

A visit paid recently to the neighborhood of St. Luke's, in the East End of London, where the genuine 'pearly' is mostly in evidence, elicited this naive definition of his calling:

"A coster is a covey wot works werry 'ard for a werry pore. Even at the present time it is estimated there are about ten thousand of his race in the British metropolis. In 1901 there were 110 street markets under the jurisdiction of the London County Council. The number of stalls in these markets were 7,055. Famous old Petticoat Lane could boast of 575 stalls.

One who claims to have worked in St. Luke's as a coster for sixty years, and whose people for generations were costers before him, lamented the decay of his tribe.

"They costers!" the old man said when the street traders were referred to; "not much! Any bloke could call 'imself a coster wot sells matches in the street, but 'e ain't. I've known a good many in me time, but they're dyin' awf a bit, nah. See me, I've chucked the barrow business, nah, although it 'd me me. I seen wot was comin' and I bought this little fish shop, as yer see. Nah, I never put none o' my little ones at the

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THE RUSH CITYWARD.

Continued Decline in Population of Rural Counties in New York State.

Twenty-one of the sixty-one counties of New York had fewer inhabitants by the census of 1901 than they had by the census of 1890. These counties, which include one-half of the area of the State, showed a falling off in ten years ranging from a few hundreds of inhabitants in some small counties to several thousands in some of the larger ones.

Essex county, in northern New York, for instance, declined from 33,900 to 30,700 in the ten years. Wayne county, in western New York, famous for apples and mint, declined from 49,700 to 48,600.

By many persons this decline in population was attributed to the continuance between 1893 and 1897 of a period of industrial hard times, the general effect of which is to diminish population in rural or semi-rural districts. In such times, the demand for employment being decreased and the provision for public relief in farming counties being small, the larger cities are sought by needy persons, and these conditions are reflected in the ensuing census.

The years between 1900 and 1905 having been marked by prosperity and abundance throughout the State, it was supposed that the decline in population in interior counties would cease, that some of the former loss would be regained, and that, perhaps, improved conditions would be reflected in the census figures of this year, which show the entire population of New York to be more than 8,000,000, an increase of 11 per cent, compared with the census of five years ago.

Instead of this however, the recently completed state census shows that twenty-one of the sixty-one counties have fewer inhabitants than they had five years ago. Some of those which show the largest decrease in five years are Chemung, which includes the city of Elmira, heretofore one of the largest manufacturing towns in the southern tier, and Steuben, one of the most fertile of the farming counties in the same region. The falling off in Chemung in five years was 2,458 and in Steuben 1,670.

Some of the counties of the State which do not show a decline in five years show at least very little gain. One of these is Dutchess, which includes the city of Poughkeepsie and which is one of the best known of the dairy and farming counties of the State. Five years ago the population was 81,689—a gain of nineteen persons.

Delaware county, the chief distinction of which is that it includes more prohibition territory than any other county in New York, has increased from 46,415 to 46,788 only during five years of enormous State growth.

Among other counties which have lost in population in the last five years are Otsego, famed for hops; Oswego, noted

time; too much competition, me lad. I was born coster an' I'll die one; but there ain't many costers bein' born nah a-days."

Along with the costers, all the old city apple women and stall holders are gradually going. It looks as if every stall in the great business quarter of London would disappear in time, for no new permissions are granted and the keepers of these stands are dying out, or getting notices to move. Some of the old-timers who still linger are said to give her daily their stands for from thirty to forty years.

One of the most interesting of the pavement traders is Walker, an erudite hawk, who sells shoelaces, combs, studs and matches, etc., at the corner of the Bank of England at Moorgate street. Walker has two hobbies. One is looking after others in the same business older and poorer than himself; the other is learning. He spends his evenings at a night school, and recently added a diploma in commercial law to the many that decorate the walls of his simple home. Walker claims that many city men when in doubt on some abstract point of business law, refer to him, and he also acts as their almoner, distributing their hospital tickets and other contributions, out of which he has a hobby for forming infinitesimal pensions for some who can no longer work.

—London Globe.

Folles of the Foolish Rich.

It is exceedingly difficult to comprehend the moral and mental make-up of that class of men and women who compose the so-called fashionable set in our larger American cities, and who in days like these can find no higher or saner purpose for the expenditure of their time and money than in feeding their vanities and indulging their pampered appetites. With millions dying from starvation in Russia, and hordes of men and women desperate with hunger and privation marching through the streets of London, with a thousand appeals for help and service arising from every quarter of our own land, what but a heart incrustated with selfishness and filled with greed and foolish pride could remain oblivious and unresponsive? Such must have been the character of the rich and fashionable family out in Louisville, Ky., who gave a birthday luncheon to a pet dog the other day, with all the accompaniments of a high-class social function. The beast was the guest of honor, and around the board, we are informed, "were persons prominent in society." An elaborate menu was provided, and the dog was served from a silver platter. Of course no blame can be attached to the dog, who apparently had the wisest head of all engaged in this silly business, but as to the dinner guests, who furnished the "board," there can hardly be but one opinion among intelligent and conscientious men and women. Their proper status, we should say, was several grades below that of the dog. It is precisely such exhibitions as these, and such as the dinner guests who furnished the "board," that furnish ample food to the anarchist, and other enemies of the existing social order.—From Leslie's Weekly.

Dream of Thrush With Sovereign.

A correspondent relates a curious dream, an account of which came to him in a friend's letter. It seems this friend health and anxieties subsequent from ill health and anxieties subsequent on reduced circumstances.

"The writer says: 'I had an odd dream the night before your kind present of small cheese.' I dreamed I went to church and Mr. K. was preaching. The people began to go out one by one. I looked around and inquired why they were leaving the church. They said: 'To look for the magic bird in the churchyard. You will always have luck if you find it. I thought I would try and find back garden, and there among the fallen leaves, and there I found a beautiful speckled thrush and directly I took it up it dropped, I'll in my hand. The next morning I told L. my dream at breakfast. After breakfast I went into our back garden, and there among the fallen leaves was the speckled thrush, which had just been killed by a cat. It was quite warm. I took it and showed it to L. saying, 'Here is the magic bird