

FOUR KILLED

Injured in Accident on Maine Central Road.

Me. Dec. 10.—Four persons were killed and three others seriously injured in a head-on collision between a regular freight train on the Maine Central Railroad near the town of Amherst...

Lodge, of the special Engineering-Fletcher, of the regular...

the late hour at which the crew of the telephone and fire in the vicinity were...

of the special, Engineer-Fletcher, of the regular...

of the special, it is believed that the train was 70 minutes late...

ASKS FOR PARDON.

RICE DECIDES TO GOVERNOR.

His Family—Wife and two children—were at last prevailed upon to return to the North...

of appeal disposed of, might be presented to the grand jury...

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Every Leaf is Full of Virtue Every Infusion is Delicious



Has Such a Fine Flavor That You Will Use it Always After a Trial.

Lead Packets Only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At All Grocers.

TRIAL FOR LIFE

"Think of all that to-morrow, child, and when all the country around shudders at my crime, when all the people call down imprecations upon my name, do not you curse one who has nourished you at her breast, when that bosom is cold in death..."

"Oh! she is mad! mad!" exclaimed Rose, in dismay, at hearing these words; then lowering her voice, she said: "Mother! mother! try to collect yourself! It is I, your poor daughter Rose, that kneels before you. Do you know me?"

"Yes, my lady," said Rose, seating herself in the chair at the same table that had lately been occupied by Colonel Hastings.

"Dear mother, why do you think me so long looked upon as your mother? It will be the last time I will ask you to do so. Demand it, a perfect stranger, this day of all others, when she sees no one!"

"Hush, Rose! and for once obey one whom you have so long looked upon as your mother. It will be the last time I will ask you to do so. Demand it, a perfect stranger, this day of all others, when she sees no one!"

"Child, hear my words, but do not judge them! Say to Lady Etheridge that Magdalene Elmer, her dying nurse, prays—prays, demands—to see her this night! Tell her I have a confession to make that she must hear to-night, or never! Conjure her by all she holds dear on earth! by all her hopes of heaven! by all her fears of hell! to come to me to-night! Tell her if she would escape the heaviest curse that could darken a woman's life, to come to me to-night! to come to me at once! There; get on your bonnet, and go!"

"Oh! indeed, I fear her wits are wandering! It is not safe to leave her alone!" thought Rose, in distress.

"Do as you please as to that, only lose no time on your way to the castle," said the woman, in a tone of asperity that admitted of no opposition to her will.

Rose hastily prepared herself for her long walk, and then stepped into the next door to ask a neighbor to attend her mother until she should return, and then bent her steps in the direction of the castle.

Lady Etheridge was sitting alone, wrapped in a love dream, when Mrs. Maberly, her waiting woman, announced that a young person who represented herself to be the daughter of her ladyship's nurse desired audience.

Don't neglect your cough. Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption. And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough. You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold.



The hand of Lady Etheridge, and adverting to her all those tender epithets of love that she had accustomed to bestow upon Rose! The poor girl did not faint nor exclaim; the blow was too sudden and too heavy; it stunned and benumbed her into the stony stillness of a statue, as she stood there within the shadow of the window curtains. She was cold as ice, her blood seemed freezing in her veins, her heart was sinking, there was a dead weight in her bosom, yet she was unconscious of these feelings—every sense was absorbed in the agonizing pain of the library table.

Again he raised her hand to her lips, with more expressions of passionate love, when the lady, with a playful gesture toward the window, indicated that they were not alone. Then they spoke in tones so subdued that they must have been inaudible, at that distance, to any sense of hearing less preternaturally strained than that of Rose.

"I have begged you come here this evening, but I may place these documents in your hands," said the baroness, gently pushing toward him a packet of papers.

With a look of interest, he took them up, and perceiving their import, flushed to the forehead with ill-concealed triumph, as he exclaimed: "The title deeds of the Swinburne estates!—my adored Lady Etheridge!—your munificence overwhelms me! You—when you never did your own personal worth, nor my love the wrong, to imagine that any necessary thought mingled with my devotion to you?"

"The baroness raised her own large, inquiring, dark gray eyes to meet the fierce, burning dilated orbs of the woman, and felt a strange, painful, electric thrill shake her whole frame.

"Oh, pray do not look at me! it distresses me and can do you no good," said the baroness, shuddering.

"Lady Etheridge, you would be astonished were I to address you by any other title than that you now bear, would you not?"

"The baroness looked at the speaker inquiringly, and did not answer.

"Or if not astonished, you would only be distressed at the supposed hallucination of your old nurse; therefore, as yet, I shall only call you by the name to which you have been accustomed."

"The baroness could only look and listen intently, being unable to conjecture to what the strange words of the woman tended, if, indeed, they tended to anything.

"Lady Etheridge, what sort of an education have you received?—Oh, I do not mean to ask you to recite the catechism, but I mean to ask you have all sorts of masters and mistresses for every art and industry; for these are the lot of all; must come or later come to every one, even to you, who are styled the Baroness Etheridge, of Swinburne?"

"And here the woman paused, fixing her wild, mournful eyes intently upon the baroness, and when Magdalene Elmer had drunk a glassful, she drew a deep breath, and commenced her story.

"Lady Etheridge, my father was the game-keeper at Swinburne Castle, as his father and grandfather had been before him. Our family name was Coke. When I was about seventeen years of age, my mother died, leaving to my care one lovely little sister, about ten years old, I became the housekeeper for my father, and the mother of my little sister, May. William Etheridge, the late baron, was then about my own age, and he had no other children, save a single daughter, then about his title, as his bachelor uncle was still living. The young gentleman spent all his holidays at Swinburne Castle, and during the season, employed his time largely in the pursuit of many a gallant and unbecoming sport. He was often with my father at the deer park, and he was also a frequent visitor of our lodge in the woods when there was no one present to prevent his going."

"The old idea of 'nothing new under the sun' is completely put to flight by the Pacific Coast Securities Company, of Portland, Oregon. The stock of the Sea Island Copper Company, this company, whose shares have been issued for some time, have perfected a plan whereby the investor's money is under his own control and accrued dividends are satisfactory."

CHAPPED PATCHES AND COLD SORES

Zam-Buk a Speedy Cure. At this season chapped hands, chilblains, rough, red skin, and other effects of the cold are very common; and Zam-Buk, the homely healer, is in great demand.

Not only for chapped hands, cold-sores, chilblains, etc., but for cuts, bruises, ulcers, running sores, blood-poisoning, festering wounds, abscesses, pimples and eruptions, etc., Zam-Buk is a cure. It also eases the pain and itching of piles, and stops the bleeding. It will be found able to close old wounds and sores which have defied all other treatment.

Mr. J. H. Hamilton, of Thornbury, quotes an instance of this. He says: "The first Zam-Buk I obtained was for a friend who had a small sore on her temple. It had been treated once or twice by a doctor, and would heal up for a short time, but would break out again. Zam-Buk healed it up, and it shows no signs whatever of returning. Having had this proof of Zam-Buk's value, I tried it personally for sharp stinging pains which I had in my ankle. There was no outward trouble, but I found Zam-Buk equally satisfactory in this case. I have great faith in it, and think it an excellent balm."

For all skin injuries and diseases Zam-Buk will be found a sure cure. Rubbed well in over the parts affected by the various rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc., and rubbed on the chest, it eases tightness and aching in cases of colds and chills. All druggists sell it at 50 cents a box, or it may be obtained post-free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price, 6 boxes for \$2.50.

On Lundy Island. Rising sheer from out the depths of the great ocean, and towering upwards towards the skies, lies a remarkable mass of jagged rock, upon which now dwell a few score of inhabitants, who, although their island is not more than twenty miles from the English coast, yet, except in the summer season, are almost as shut out from the world as are the inhabitants of Pitcairn or Norfolk Island.

But from time to time those rugged beetling cliffs, those upheaved crags and sharp, partly submerged rocks, and those sterile irregular masses of hard lime rock, the destruction of many a gallant ship driven by the wild fury of the elements upon that sullen, iron-bound coast, and of vain cries for help from the wrecked and mangled remains are engulfed in the sea, when the island is veiled in a dense mantle of impervious fog, so thick and so opaque that it is utterly blotted out from view, a vessel, having lost its reckoning, may be late to stop its onward course, find itself rushing on to certain destruction, in a few moments with a hoarse crash, becoming stranded on those fatal rocks, only, if released, to sink down into the depths beneath, a hopeless, helpless wreck.

And this fate has recently befallen one of Britain's mighty battleships. Unwisely groping its way in the obscurity of the fog instead of anchoring until the winds had wafted away the murky hall, the powerful vessel struck those rocks, and in a moment the Empire is deprived of one of the staunchest of her iron bulwarks, and a fighting ship costing more than a million sterling is but a useless mass of iron and steel.

As the spectator, standing upon the cliff immediately above the wreck, looks down upon the dismantled colossus, a thrill of acutest regret and chagrin throbs through the veins at the spectacle of the dire tragedy which has so disastrously deprived the Empire of one of those mailed defenses, which, under Providence, keep the jealous foreigner from flying at our throat, or which enable us to shield those of our own and in the process they may also enjoy some new sensations. At the end of three years they may reach the conclusion, which some of their fellow-Tories could mention to them beforehand, that there may be one pit, but only one, more utterly bottomless than an Albany Club party organ that by neither a recording angel nor a Mephisto could be made to pay.

Sky Scrapers Near the Pyramids. The Egyptian pyramids will probably lose much of their magnificent and legendary appearance in the near future. The Egyptian government has given permission for the erection of a Paris factory that the French plain stretching from Ekobah to the Nile and covered with the ancient sphinxes and structures already several societies have been formed to avail themselves of the picturesque view of the building of large hotels. All around the pyramids of Giza there are to be erected real American skyscrapers from nine to ten stories in height.

No Appetite. An old sea captain had a faithful servant named John, who invariably provided a penny roll for his master's breakfast. One morning the breakfast room bell rang, and on John going in his master groaned and said, "John, I'm very ill. Go to Dr. Dobson. This is probably the beginning of my last illness." "Indeed, sir," said John, agitatedly, "I hope not. What is it, sir? What does it feel like, sir?" "Very bad, indeed, John," said his master. "My appetite's entirely gone, John; entirely. I can't get through my penny roll." "Eh," said John, very much relieved, "is that all, sir? When the baker came round this morning, I took the penny roll for you, sir, so I gave you a two-penny one."

Twice. He—"I saw you twice on the street to-day and you never even glanced at me." She—"I never notice a man in that condition."

Country pleasures are much sung about by poet and prose writer, also by num- bers of old city men who have made fortunes in the city, who continue to live there and will die there. However, they still talk of the merry days down on the farm, and when with bare feet and padder around in the streams and brooks, fishing with pin hooks and disporting themselves generally. They have never gone back to the farm!

A spirit of unrest pervades the farming class, says a Farm Journal. It starts with the women, wives and daughters of the farmers. In every locality you will find households where the women are restless, dissatisfied and living under protest, yearning for city, town or village life, with a longing that will sooner or later cause the family to move to town. We do not have to seek far for the main reason for the dissatisfaction among the women.

CURRENT COMMENT

Hearst says his election campaign cost him \$236,370. Did he get that much fun out of it?

The last widow of the United States revolutionary war has just died. It is a far cry from 1783 to 1906. But pensioners are generally healthy and long-lived.

Japan has just launched the largest Japan. Will the "little brown people" warship in the world, built wholly in become competitors with Europe and America in naval construction?

In Pennsylvania the health officers are conducting a campaign against sellers of glucose candy. Already the Coca Products Company is paying the \$90 fines incurred by the dealers.

The more that Ontario Bank case is probed the greater grows the wonder that exposure did not overtake the manager. The clerks should have "written letters out of bounds" long before they did.

The school children of Toronto have to their credit in the Penny Savings Bank in connection with the schools the sum of \$53,730.20, accumulated almost entirely in copper. These school banks inculcate lessons of thrift to the young which may be of much benefit to them in after life.

The dastardly attempt to destroy or seriously damage that magnificent pile St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, will not tend to make the world more lenient toward Anarchists. Fortunately no great damage was caused, and strange to say nobody was wounded. These are times when men for represent law and order have need for courage, vigor and firmness, and when trifling with anarchism is a crime. The vermin should be rooted out and exterminated.

The New York Herald reporter has interviewed Major Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, regarding the aeroplane or flying machine as an engine of war. In the course of the interview, the Major said: "Just consider what could be done with such a machine. An officer going up in it can spy out the enemy's land, see where his strength and weakness lie, and report to headquarters. This undoubtedly will be the use to which the flying machine will be put in the next war, and the time may, may, will, come when you can go up in the air and drop explosives wherever you choose. This shows how important the study of aerial navigation is, and all the first class military powers must reckon with it."

Just so. But the Major overlooked another possibility. The enemy's flying machines might interfere with this programme and we might be treated to a pitched battle in the clouds. Possibly before we reach this stage of development in the art of war the nations may awaken to the cruelty and foolishness of the whole matter.

We have not heard much lately of the Anti-Suicide organization of Governor Pingree, of Michigan, but the Rev. Henry M. Warren, of New York, has views on this subject also. Speaking in the parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel to a large audience on Sunday night, he said: "It has occurred to me that some lives might be saved if those who are contemplating a step into eternity could first find some one to whom to tell their troubles."

There are people coming into our city for the sole purpose of ending the worry of an uneven struggle. They feel that no one cares for them and they send a bullet into their heads and die, alone and forlorn. It would give me infinite pleasure if I could feel that these unfortunate would send for me and allow me to talk to them when they were planning such a step.

I would like to reason with them and show them that there is another way out of their troubles besides suicide. I stand ready to call upon any one who needs such a friend.

Possibly Mr. Warren might be able to reason some unfortunate out of his idea to take the fatal plunge, if he or she should call upon him, but generally when people come to the suicide stage they are not looking for advice. We fear he would have to contend with not a few friends who might wish to play upon his feelings, with a view to extort money.

Judging from the number of horrors reported by the burning to death of children who have been locked into the house and left alone by their parents, the habit of thus leaving children locked in the house without means of escape in case of fire must be very prevalent in this way through the children playing most dangerous practice, and only the most thoughtless of parents, we would think, would be guilty of such criminal an act. But it is done every day. The many cases of burning that take place in this country and the States. It is a with matches or their clothes catching fire at the stove do not seem to act as a warning to parents, as these "accidents" are increasing rather than decreasing. Perhaps the law will yet have to make the locking up of children alone in the house a criminal offense.