The Stouffville Tribune.

VOL. III. NO. 33 — STOUFFVILLE, FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1890 — WHOLE NUMBER 137

The Tribune

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Friday Morning,

—AT THE OFFICE—

MAIN STREET, - STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.

$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Space.	1 year.	½ year.	¼ year.
One column....	$70	$40	$25
Half column....	40	25	15
One quarter col.	25	14	9
One eighth col	15	9	6

Transient Advertisements—legal, municipal, &c., 8 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards one inch and under, $4 per year, $3 for 6 months.

Advs. of Farms for Sale, one inch and under, month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents.

Advs. of Stray Animals $1 for 3 insertions.

Advs. of 2 or 3 lines, such as Lost, House to Let, Servant Wanted, &c., 25c. 1st insertion. 75c. per month.

Locals—All notices, excepting of entertainments for which the printing is done by this office, 7 cents per line each insertion. Black line locals 15 cents per line.

Transient Advertisements must be sent in not later than Thursday noon. Notice of change of standing advertisements must be given not later than Monday noon, and copy must be sent in not later than noon on Wednesday.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing and sent to the publishers.

Notices—Births, Marriages and Deaths—free.

JOB PRINTING.

We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—Terms Cash.

MALLOY & KEEFER,

Editors and Proprietors.

BUSINESS CARDS.

PROFESSIONAL.

FRED W. HILL, B. A.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c.

Formerly with Moraby & Miller, Toronto. Office—Sanders' Block, formerly occupied by the late Mr. McLean, Stouffville, Ont.

TAYLOR & SANGSTER,

BARRISTERS.

A. M. Taylor, B. C. L. — F. H. Sangster, L. L. B. Barrister, Solicitor. — Barrister.

MONEY TO LOAN.

OFFICE New Bank Block, Stouffville.

GEO. H. STEPHENSON.

BARRISTER, &c.

15 and 16 Manning Arcade, - Toronto.

At Tremont House, Markham, on Monday's, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at Unionville from 4.30 to 8 p.m.

February 20th, 18[illegible] — 52-ly

W. D. GREGORY. — G. W. HOLMES

HOLMES & GREGORY,

Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc.

OFFICES No. 10 King St., West, Toronto, and Town Hall, upstairs, Markham.

Money to Loan at six per cent.

Mr. Gregory or Mr. Holmes will be at Markham office every Saturday from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. and at Webber's Hotel, Unionville, from 5 to 8. 51-ly

Kerr, Macdonald, Davidson & Patterson,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,

Notaries Public, etc.

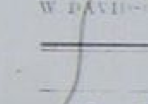
Offices—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.

J. K. KERR, Q. C. — W. McDONALD.
W. DAVIDSON. — JNO. A. PATERSON.
R. A. GRANT.

DENTAL.

A. ROBINSON,

DENTIST.



Will be at Miller's Hotel, Stouffville for the 1st, and at the Tremont House, Markham on the 15th of each month. Commercial Hotel, Albert, on the 16th. Victoria Square on the 1st. When these dates fall on Sunday the following Monday will be the day.

VETERINARY.

TODD & VANZANT.

VETERINARY SURGEONS AND DENTISTS.

GRADUATES OF ONTARIO Veterinary College, Honorary Members of Ontario Veterinary Medical Society. Treat all diseases of domesticated animals by the latest and best system known. All calls by telegraph promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Office Todd's Block, West End, Stouffville.

JAS. G. CLARKE,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

GRADUATE IN HONORS of the Ontario Veterinary College, and Honorary Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Society. Treats all diseases of domestic animals by the latest scientific methods. Orders by telegraph or otherwise night or day promptly attended to. Charges moderate.

Office and residence, corner Main and Albert Streets, Stouffville.

TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

THE PARIS

HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING PARLOR.

Stand—one door west of Sanders' block, Main Street, Stouffville.

Complete ladies' and gents' hair dressing parlor. Hair cutting, singeing, shampooing, curling, etc. Hair dressing for balls, parties, theatres, etc., in the most fashionable styles.

J. W. SHANKEL. - Proprietor.

CENTENNIAL SHAVING PARLOR.

FASHIONABLE HAIR Dressing, Shampooing, Seafoaming, &c. Ladies and children's hair dressing a specialty. All work attended to promptly and done in the latest style. Stand—Burkholder's block, Main Street, Stouffville.

H. HANDREHEN. - Proprietor.

AUCTIONEERS.

N. J. ARMSTRONG

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of York. Sales of Farm Stock, &c., promptly attended to, and at moderate rates. Residence, East End, Stouffville.

R. E. SMITH,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Ontario. Sales of farm stock, etc. attended to on shortest notice and at reasonable rates. Stouffville, Ont.

JAMES O'BRIEN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Ontario. Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention. Charges moderate. Stouffville, Ont.

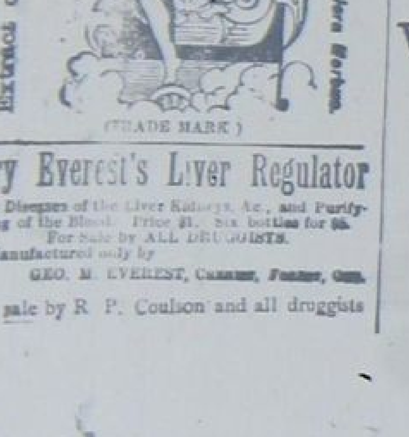
FREE. FREE.

Our new $85 Solid Gold Watch ... $100.00 ... best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy ... ladies' and gents' sizes ... Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call ... Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

EVEREST'S COUGH SYRUP

CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

Try it and be convinced of its wonderful curative properties. Price 25 cents.



Try Everest's Liver Regulator

For Diseases of the Liver Kidneys, &c., and Purifying of the Blood. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. For Sale by ALL DRUGGISTS.

Manufactured only by GEO. M. EVEREST, Cannon, Fenter, Ont.

For sale by R. P. Coulson and all druggists

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have ... had ... return of the disease."—...

"One year ago I was taken ... inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS,	DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA,	DROPSY,
INDIGESTION,	FLUTTERING
JAUNDICE,	OF THE HEART,
ERYSIPELAS,	ACIDITY OF
SALT RHEUM,	THE STOMACH
HEARTBURN,	DRYNESS
HEADACHE,	OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to

about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

Madrigal.

If my love shall prove unkind,
How may I reprove her?
Shall I tell her all my mind?
Will its pleading move her?
Or would silence golden be
In my heart's mute anguish?
Might she not still careless be,
Though my love did languish?
If I, kneeling at her feet,
Tell my heart's desire,
Will her heart in unison beat,
Moved by love's true fire?
Might she not mistake my sense,
Bid me cease my wooing?
So would all my eloquence
Be mine own undoing.
Better now than later know
If my wooing please her:
She may love me never, though
I might longer tease her.
Then no more will I delay;
Brave hearts do not tarry;
I will ask my love to-day
If she will not marry.

Condition of Dakota Farmers.

Mr. W. A. Webster of Leeds, Ont., who has been acting as the agent of the Dominion Department of Agriculture during the past three years for the purpose of reporting on the condition of Canadians settled in the western United States, and furnishing information to them as to the facilities for homesteading in Manitoba and the territories, returned to Ottawa the other day. In conversation he said he went out to Dakota towards the end of last month and since that time had travelled for several hundred miles in South Dakota. The condition of the farmers there, he said, could not well be worse. The crops have been almost a total failure, caused by drought, and in July by a hot wind in particular. The farmers told me that at the beginning of July the crops looked as if they might produce something in the shape of a crop but a hot ... [illegible]

... have had ... two fair crops ... have gradually been ... last year their crop produced nothing, and this year is simply a repetition of last. In South Dakota I saw hundreds of farms, and, having stood around the threshing machines, I am satisfied that the wheat crop in the state cannot possibly exceed on an average five bushels to the acre. Dozens of the farmers told me that they had finished threshing, and that their yield in many cases would not exceed one bushel to the acre. Not a man reported to me as high an average as four bushels. Scores told me that the time had come when they must get out. I attended a meeting of farmers held at Westport, Brown county, South Dakota, at which the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas the crops in this section have been failing for years, and for the past two years have proved almost a total failure, we have decided that the time has arrived that we must emigrate somewhere, and having now heard W. A. Webster's description of Manitoba's agricultural resources; resolved that Mr. George Lounsberry be, and he is hereby appointed a delegate to accompany Mr. Webster to Manitoba and the western territories, and carefully examine their resources and the opportunities they possess for farmers and their families to settle, and report the facts to the farmers of this district on his return. Carried unanimously.

(Signed) J. Damock, Secretary.
H. A. Jester, Chairman.

"The gathering was a large and representative one and consisted of farmers drawn from all parts of Brown and Macpherson counties. The resolution shows just what the feeling of the settlers is, and I could substantiate it if necessary by a score of clippings, from the Dakota newspapers, and Mr. Lounsberry, I should say, is a Canadian by birth. He comes from Elgin county, Ontario. He went with me to Manitoba, and I can tell you he was more than pleased with what he saw there. From what I saw and heard hundreds would willingly leave the country if only they had the means to get out. Many of them have their farms mortgaged up to the very last dollar, the rate of interest on real estate averaging 15 per cent., while on goods and chattels it runs all the way up from 20 to 60 and even 100 per cent. Well you it makes one's heart bleed to see the way they have suffered. No wonder that many of them, loaded down with debt, are skipping out. Men whom you might see to-day are gone to-morrow. The committee of five which wrote from Leola, Macpherson county, to the Toronto board of trade last year asking for aid are all gone. I could not find a trace of one of them this year."

British Iron and Steel Association.

Ottawa, Oct. 10.—Dr. Selwyn has returned from his trip to New York, where he invited, on behalf of the Canadian Government, the members of the British Iron and Steel Association to visit the Dominion. He says that the programme of the association is as follows:—It has split into two parties. One goes to Pittsburg, where a three days' session will be begun to-morrow. The southern section goes to Alabama. After the close of the Pittsburg session the northern section will visit Chicago, Sault Ste. Marie, and Niagara, thence to Sudbury and North Bay, returning again to Niagara, where they will be entertained at luncheon by Mr. Wiman. The two sections will then reunite at Washington where the members will be presented to President Harrison. The whole party will then return to Niagara. They will then visit Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, and possibly Quebec, sailing for home on November 8th.

WEDDED ...

... I've seen a good many of these tremendous friendships between subalterns and officers' wives before, but I never knew one that didn't come to a bad end sooner or later.

... Monty, old man, you're sane ... same points but you're as mad as ... certain others, and on women ...

... mark my words," Carlton persisted, "when anything happens, don't ... I warned you."

... carelessly. "Only I wish I ... the command of the Fifteenth ... nothing of that sort will happen. Why man alive, Mrs. Dennis ... children together, babies almost ... all my life; we couldn't get ... if we tried, and I'm sure we ...

... of course not—of course not— ... I've seen plenty of that sort," ... said Carlton grimly.

[illegible]

... a turn was interesting. ... Major Dennis himself. He ... a very loud welcoming ... manner which ... describe him as blatant ... somehow became impressed with ... was annoyed to find ... as wishing them all at ... however ... Mrs. Stratton ...

... at him in and," ... Jack heard her whisper ... matter? Are you not ... —yes," he replied ... try me. I'm all right ... when Jack ... he noticed ... shelf where he left ... talking however ... rations had betaken ... Dennis's anxiety ... longer. ... am sure something is the matter.

... is drawing a temporary barrier ... their hut ... the Major's hut is such ... good one, and the garden quite ... disc. Major Lawrence took ... with it."

"Yes, and ... of garden," ... am having ... and ... you ...

... I shall be only too delighted," ... Jack in all good faith.

"I am really out of all that sort of thing," the Major continued with an air of great good humor—"and when I get into any kind of a shop, except it's a saddler's or a boot-shop, I always feel like the proverbial bull among the china. I daresay I look like it too—ha, ha."

He walked away laughing heartily and Jack Trevor stood looking curiously after him.

"Well, you're a queer fish, upon my word, you are. And to think you married my little friend, Ethel Mordaunt! Poor little soul, no wonder she looks so miserable ever now and then and talks about Blankhampton and the Cliffe, as if the old days were paradise."

Then he, too, turned on his heel and went about his own business, which at that moment happened to be something concerning one of his horses. While he was talking to the groom, Monty Carlton passed the end and seeing him came in, and ... they looked at the sleek satin-coated ... together.

"You've heard the news," ... as they walked towards the ...

"No. I've heard nothing ... Dennises are going to live ..."

"Oh, I've heard that, too ... when she was a child, didn't ..."

"Yes."

"What did she marry him for?"

"Oh! I don't fancy she had ... about it," Jack said carelessly. "She was the sort of woman who does ... anyone within her range too much rope, a little girl, Mrs. Dennis was let to go ... every way pretty much, but as a young ... I believe she had the devil's own time. You see the title weighed a good deal with her."

"With the mother, I suppose."

"Of course."

"H'm! What an odd thing it is that titles do weigh so heavily with women as they ... I should have thought that all the titles under the sun would never have gilded a blatant brute like that, let alone it's being only a title in prospective."

"Yes. It's rough on her anyway," said Jack with a sigh. "By the bye, what was your news?"

"Oh! Craddock is going to be married."

"Craddock—you don't say so! And who is he going to marry?"

"Angela Drummond," said Carlton, looking straight in front of him.

"An—gela—Drum—mond! Nonsense," cried Jack.

"Nonsense or no nonsense. It's ... Carlton asserted ... Craddock."

"And w..."

"I said he was ... it. And then ... and say that I ... only that I ... should marry ... Service."

"And old C..."

"Oh, he la... cock that had ... would never be ... myself. In love— ... it," he ended in ...

Jack laughed ... can't think of it ... ever giving you ... well enough to be in love with ...

"They'd give me the chance ... no fear," said Carlton grimly.

"Yes—I daresay they would ... thir—

... flame and made ... to see as much of ... circumstances of ... permitted.

And it must be admitted from the very beginning that the circumstances of their lives allowed of a good deal of intercourse. Jack very soon found that Major Dennis did not in the smallest degree permit the fact of his wife's existence to hamper his movements. Within the boundaries of her own hut Mrs. Dennis was apparently supreme—that is to say she asked whom she chose there, she went out when she liked, and came in to suit her own pleasure. She had her own carriages, a neat single brougham and a very smart victoria, and very seldom indeed was Major Dennis to be seen in either of them.

Outside their hut Major Dennis seemed to consider that his wife had no claim upon him whatever—he frequently went up to London, but beyond telegraphing his address to the orderly-room, he did not often trouble to communicate with his wife during his absences.

"The Major gone to London *again*," remarked Jack Trevor one day, in accents of involuntary surprise—"but—but how is it you are not going, Ethel? Don't you like London?"

"Yes—I am very fond of London," she replied, "but Cosmo did not suggest my going—and—and—I like Chertsey very much."

"Well, I dare say London is a bit hot and dusty at this time of year," Jack rejoined feeling that he had trodden on what must be painful ground to her. "And after all, Chertsey isn't half bad, is it? Supposing we go down to the Recreation Ground and watch the people—the band is playing, you know."

"Oh! I should like it immensely," she cried, brightening up in a moment. "Shall we walk down?"

"Just as you like. I'll go and get out of my paint and come back for you, eh?"

"Yes—that will be quite charming."

Therefore, about half an hour afterwards, Mr. Montagu Carlton who was smoking a last pipe before going out somewhere, had the gratification of seeing his great friend and chum, Jack Trevor, faultlessly arrayed in an exceedingly light suit, a white hat, flower in his button-hole and a jaunty air of enjoyment about his whole bearing, go across the open space between the officers' quarters and the married officers' huts and open the little gate which led into Mrs. Dennis's tiny garden. Then after a few minutes he saw them come out together and go happily off in the direction of the gates.

Carlton followed them with disgusted eyes until they turned the corner of the mess-hut and were out of sight. "Pretty business brewing," he muttered. "The Major off to Town—leaves his wife behind—Trevor consoles her, old friend, and all that humbug. Ugh! hope they won't want me to condole with any of 'em, whatever happens; and something will happen before long mark my words. I suppose he's telling her this moment that *he'd* never go to London and leave her in Chertsey camp all by her little self. Ugh! it's disgusting, disgusting. And to think it should be poor old Trevor, of all others, that's never given a woman a second thought since he's been in the regiment. Bah, it's simply sickening."

However, as it happened, Jack Trevor was saying nothing of the kind to Mrs. Dennis. At that precise moment he was saying—"And how is it you go home so seldom?"

Mrs. Dennis blushed a little. "Cosmo doesn't care for Blankhampton, and since Lord Frothingham married he does not get on so well with my mother as he did. And really, as I tell her, he couldn't help his uncle marrying again and having children and all that."

"Of course not. Then why don't you go yourself?"

Mrs. Dennis shook her head. "No—my mother and I get on very well when we are apart, but—but—well, I don't care to go home much—I am best here."

"Mother, I don't care for Major Dennis," she had wailed in her despair—"I never shall care for him, never could care. It is wicked to marry a man you loathe——"

"Ethel,"—cried Mrs. Mordaunt—"you are really quite indelicate. I can listen to no more of this raving—you are nervous, hysterical, unstrung, but I should not be doing my duty as your mother, if I allowed you to say any more. If you felt like this about Captain Dennis, you were very wrong indeed to accept him—indeed, I do not understand ... As it is, everything ... draw back now—the ... break faith ... and your ... blame you if ...

... dy and soda, Sir," ... jumped at once to ... had unexpect... love, whose pre... dingly awk...

... rase," said ... then turned ... didn't frighten ... reminded suddenly of ... my life and ...

... something very like ... eyes. "What was ... king voice.

... was spending a long leave ... the Riviera to be particular. ... of a while ago. I was only ... and-twenty in fact. And one ... with some people when the ... turned on fortune-telling. I ... say I didn't believe in it—I don't now, it's all the most utter ... However, a young lady of ... asked me to show her my hand ... that she would tell me my fortune, ... whether I believed it or not ... true all the same."

"What did she tell you?" Ethel asked.

... had the devil's own temper for ... he answered shortly, "which ... enough."

... there's nothing very wonderful in ... you that," cried his wife, won... thinking that a woman who couldn't ... would indeed be a poor hand at ...

... me a lot more ... and ... that I should die by the hand of a ... I was fifty."

... Ethel cried. "And ..." ... to day?"

... one very much like ... and. "And ... other have seen the ...

... off the brandy and ... brought him and declared ... feel like an ass now ... you," he said ... red face. "I dare... at all, only some one ... trust you, Trevor ... it."

CHAPTER VIII.

A PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

... of love is that which has ... ; take heed ... himself ... fool ...

... that such ... knees ... with no more than one long reproachful look at her mother, a look which saw all too plainly through her assumption of sham indignation. And in that moment all her blood seemed to shrivel up and die, all hope of home seemed to fade into nothing in the oppressive magnitude of her despair.

How well she remembered it all that bright summer afternoon as she and Jack Trevor walked down to the Recreation Ground together. She and Jack, just as they had been ... to go down to the river's bank at home, ... to sit watching for fish that they seldom caught, the best of friends, the most ... and entertaining of companions ... well, it was all gone by for ever and ... all, they were friends still—that was ... something—it was more than something to her, indeed although she hardly owned as much to herself, it was nevertheless true, that their friendship was almost everything to her.

However, as she reminded herself bitterly, it was no use thinking about that now—the past was past and what was done could not be undone. After all, her life might have been more unendurable than it was, her husband let her go her own way pretty much, if he neglected her and led her in some senses a dog's life, treating her as an incident, a chattel to ornament his house, feeding her and clothing her, leaving her behind when he did not want her with him, intimating that she might go with him when her presence would not actually annoy him—at all events he did not trouble her with jealousy, and she was, on the whole, free to take her amusement how and when she liked.

So she decided in her own mind that she would make the best of her life and enjoy herself as well as she could, and since Jack Trevor was now in the same regiment and Major Dennis did not seem to mind her friendship with him, why life might not be so dull a business, after all.

For a long time they sat upon a garden seat under the shade of a group of big trees in the Recreation Ground, listening to the music, watching the people and chatting on all manner of subjects.

"I wonder who that strange-looking woman with the dark eyes is," she said at last, as a middle-sized dark-complexioned woman passed them for the third time.

"I don't know—I scarcely know a soul in Chertsey," Jack replied. ... you have ... not two mo...

... to his weight ... carelessly, "he has put on flesh ... last six months, but he says ... as clever as daylight and as ... paint."

... thing," Jack laughed. "I ... am going to have a look at ... said Carlton decidedly. "Will ... not?"

... afternoon?" ... I'm going over directly after ...

... awfully sorry, old chap. I ... feel to go immensely but I ...

... I've promised to go somewhere ... Jack mildly. ... granted Carlton in disgust.

... ing to Mrs. Dennis's," returned ... he's got an afternoon on. Didn't ...

... she asked me right enough," ... crossly, "and I've got more ... what is euphoniously ... in a stuffy hut ... drinking tea and only ... it to'em." ... cried Jack ...

... If you had ... Where are you go... "With you ... promptly. "Oh! I ... to the floras ... where they h... drawing-r... "The M... be tremendo... ers," Jack sai... gether.

"Oh! I don't think ... very cheap simple furniture ... obliged to have the hut papered and painted, I cannot think," she ... wonderingly. "Why Cosmo wanted to do it in camp. He has always set his face against anything of the kind before—has always insisted on having a furnished house."

"But he could not get one in Chertsey."

"Oh! yes—there was a little house to let; but Cosmo ... would not take ... He ... I shall enjoy camp-life—and so I daresay I shall," she added smiling.

"I think it will be glorious to have you in camp," Jack declared. "And do you know, Ethel, I do think it is so awfully good of the Major to be so open and jolly about our old friendship. Some men in his place might have said, 'Oh! I'm not going to have any old playfellows hanging around—' and that would have made just all the difference in our friendship, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—that's so, Mrs. ... is assented. It must be owned that ... Trevor took full advantage of the ... that he should ... take ... that Dennis; he was ... helped ... from one shop ... choice of ... seeks those ...

"and I never make calls, except very occasionally on our own ladies; and as I don't go about much, of course I don't get to know people very much either. I don't fancy that lady belongs to the place."

"Why?"

"Because I've been watching her all the time we've been here and I havn't seen her speak to a soul yet. I havn't seen any one take off his hat to her either."

"Then I daresay she is a stranger, or perhaps the wife of someone on the staff and only just come here—like ourselves, in fact."

"Very likely—oh, very likely," but all the same, Jack did not think that she looked much like an officer's wife and was not sorry when Ethel Dennis rose declaring that it was time for them to go home.

Strangely enough, the dark-eyed lady was leaving the Ground just as they were and twice they passed and re-passed each other during the time they were traversing the length of High Street.

"She seems very much interested in you, Jack," Ethel whispered teasingly when she ... them ... the second time. "I suppose ... most ... wonderfully romantic affairs every now and then—at least so Cosmo always tells me."

"Don't know, I'm sure," returned Jack rather shortly "some fellows may, but I never had an affair of any kind in my life. I never saw the woman before—and it isn't a bit of good her starting anything romantic with me, I'm no good at that sort of thing."

Mrs. Dennis laughed merrily. "What a disappointment you must be whenever you go to a fresh town—why, you are a perfect detrimental, to be reckoned out of the running always. There, now she is looking in that window. She wants us to pass her again."

"Then let us look in this window until she is bound to go on—she can't stand looking in a window for long."

"Neither can we."

"No, but we can talk and put in a much longer time than she can—much longer," he answered.

Already they had stopped before the window of a very old-fashioned shop filled with old pictures, china, and other curiosities. The dark lady was looking at a jeweller's and was apparently deeply interested in what she saw there.

"Oh! there is such a lovely old plate—I should so like it!" Ethel cried, "don't you see, the old Lowestoft—I must have that—I really must."

"Then come in and get it," Jack replied. "It will give our mysterious friend a chance of coming in after us to look at old china."

They went in to the shop and Mrs. Dennis was soon lost in admiration over half-a-dozen old plates which were quickly brought out for her inspection. Jack was interested too, not in the old plates for he had no eye for such things except as they hung on the dainty walls of Mrs. Dennis's little drawing-room, but in Ethel herself, who was wildly enthusiastic over all manner of quaint things and was then softly feeling the old plates with the tips of her delicate fingers very much as a blind man passes his fingers over the face of a person whose lineaments he wishes to be familiar with. And just then the little bell above the old-fashioned door went tinkle-tinkle and the two looked up at the same moment to see the dark-complexioned lady enter the shop.

"What is your pleasure, Madam?" asked the little woman who ruled over this quaint domain of antiquities.

"Will you be so obliging as to show me those miniatures which are in the window?" the lady replied.

"Certainly, Madam—pray, take a seat," answered the mistress of the shop.

Mrs. Dennis and Jack looked at one another involuntarily. It was a refined voice, clear and sweet, and there was a foreign ring about it—not a markedly foreign accent, but scarcely more than that resonance of the R which marks the English spoken rat on own Court.

There were five miniatures upon the tray which the little woman took out of the window, and she set it down on the glass counter in front of the stranger. "Will you look at these, Madam, whilst I attend to this lady?" she said.

The stranger bent her head, and began to examine the little portraits carefully. Mrs. Dennis held up a plate as its owner returned to her.

"I will have this one and those two and I think that one, also. How much will they be?"

"Twenty-five shillings, Madam," the little woman answered. "I will send them this evening."

"No, do them up in paper and I will take them," Mrs. Dennis returned, and in a tone which admitted of no further argument.

They went away in less than five minutes, Jack Trevor carrying the parcel by the string.

"Do you know who that lady is?" asked the stranger.

"Oh! yes, that is Mrs. Dennis."

"Dennis! Oh! She is very pretty. Is that her husband?"

"Oh! no, that is one of the officers—I don't know his name. No, Major Dennis is much older—very much older."

"Ah! Major Dennis! H'm! Well—now tell me the price of these miniatures. What are they?"

"They are all twenty-five shillings each, Madam, except that one which is not so well painted, I can let you have that for twelve shillings."

"I thank you, no. I will have these two," picking out the two best on the tray.

"I see you understand miniatures," said the little curio-dealer with a smile.

"I understand many things," said the stranger quietly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

... Holy Sepulchre ...

... Pilgrims thronged the great building everywhere; peasants in fur cap, and caftan, and heavy boots, just as they had trudged from the steppe and the wilds; homely little women, with shawls or kerchiefs covering their heads. Their intent faces, full of worship and awe, their undoubting, untroubled devotion, the rapture in some, the overwhelming emotion in others, the passion of entreaty in which some of them were pouring out their hearts, were half as impressive to behold as if the pilgrim of another sort had been as sure as they were of everything he saw. One follows these poor peasants with wondering admiration and sympathy; there are perhaps some lookers on who pity their all-belief, but there are many others who will find in the faces of these simple brethren the best inspiration and comfort that this great shrine can give them. When I penetrated into the strait chapel of the holy tomb, on an occasion when the crowd was less than usual, there was one woman with a basketful of books, pictures, crosses, and other little sacred things, meant, one could not doubt, to fill a far-distant village with holy memorials, at once tokens of human love and symbols of the deepest mysteries, which she was placing to hallow them upon the stone of the sepulchre; while another on her knees was praying, unconscious of all about her, in an agony of supplication, with moving hands and rocking form.

One could not understand the half-audible flood of broken words, but the eloquence of the hands, now held out in entreaty as if to a visible listener, now pressed upon the beating breast, now clasped in beseeching earnestness, could not be mistaken. What was her prayer? For the pardon of her own sins, or for some one dearer than herself, whose soul or whose life hung in the balance? He alone knew to whom, in fond human confidence of being nearer to Him in that spot where he had lain in death, she was pouring out her heart. That God might grant to her the answer and the consolation the granting of her petition, was the echo that rose from the soul of the lookers-on! We steal away in the gloom with only this and no more individual sentiment in our heart. She has gone home by this time, retracing the weary steps of her pilgrimage to the far-distant banks of the Volga or the Neva, over leagues and leagues of unknown roads, footsore and exhausted with the long, long, terrible journey. Perhaps some time or other, in the ages to come, we shall hear whether she got the thing for which she prayed.

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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

FALL FOLLIES.

Did you ever notice that tall girls often marry beneath them.

A pretty girl doesn't need an elevator—it is easy enough for her to get up stares.

There is no use of arguing against obstinacy. If you squeeze a burr it will prick you.

There is one thing a woman can never do—she can't make a man tell her where he has been.

Something which ought to be stopped—Some women when entering a prayer in church don't say "amen," but "a man."

A Paris milliner has made a ten-strike by teaching her parrot to say every time a fair client enters, "Oh ain't you just lovely?"

The man who expects to go to heaven on his wife's church membership or on the chickens he fed to the preacher is taking awful chances.

Edwin—"And you'll always be true to me, Angelina?" Angelina—"Why do you doubt me, Edwin?" "Oh, you're too good to be true."

So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?" "I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarreling."

Emma—"We saw a sea serpent from the hotel I was at." Bertha—"Huh! That's nothing. There were two young men at the hotel where I spent my vacation."

"How is it you never go to the season's lectures any more? You used to be very fond of them." "I know, but I've sort of got tired of 'em since I've been married."

Fannie—"I understand, Marie, that you broke your engagement with Mr. Earthleigh." Marie—"Oh, no, I didn't dear. It just came apart, don't you know, after the season closed."

She (who has promised to ask for no more jewelry this year)—"I wish I were you for a little while." He—"Why, my dear?" She—"Because then I would buy my wife a pearl necklace."

It's a pity there had not been a phonograph in Adam's time, so that we could now turn the crank and hear Mrs. Adam yell: "Here, you Ad! Come right in here and hold this baby while I set this bread."

There is one great advantage in being near sighted. A man can flirt with his aunt or his mother-in-law across the grand stand all the afternoon and never find out his mistake until it is too late to have spoiled his fun.

A young girl whose name was Melissa
Had a lover who oft tried to kiss her;
She was so very shy,
She would cry out "Oh my!"
Whenever he'd kiss her or miss her.

Schwarzbrod—"Say, you vaiter, dot roast beef vas not right. Take it avay." Waiter—"You said you wanted it medium done." Schwartzbrod—"I know dot; but dis vas too medium altogedder. Bring me some dot vas not quite so medium.

Fond Parent—"Now that you are about to be married, my dear children, I want to do the handsome thing by you and here is a check for $10,000." The Bride—"Oh, popper! How perfectly lovely." The Bridegroom—"Would you mind getting it certified?"

They were sitting together in the dark and her head was resting on his breast. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Why, George! I didn't know that you carried your toothbrush in your side pocket." And he snickered a sickly snicker, but did not explain that he had stooped over and kissed her.

Capers—"I don't see why Chandband, the minister, should have two months' vacation ... Summer. I'm sure his work is easy enough." Smiley—"Of course his sermons are not hard to write; but just think of all the afternoon teas he has to go to." Capers—"That's so. He ought to have three months."

"I am so troubled about my husband," said Mrs. Badman, seeking sympathy from the pastor's wife. "He goes from bad to worse: he is an infidel and an atheist and now he says he is an agnostic and doesn't know anything and doesn't believe anything and doesn't think anything." "My dear sister," replied the pastor's wife, "you don't know what trouble is. My husband thinks he knows how to cook."

And pity 'tis 'tis true—
A letter from the one you love
May be for a week or more
About the city idly rove,
In searching out your door
But let your tailor send a dun,
And in a manner spry
It's sure to catch, you on the run
Before the ink is dry.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

The boilermakers at Newport and Monmouth, Wales, have struck.

The Manitoba Government will open an emigration office in England.

The authorities of Constantinople smell a plot against the Government.

Hon. Lawrence Clarke, chief factor for the Hudson Bay Co., at Prince Albert, is dead.

Lightermen at Hull, England, and cartmen at Liverpool have struck for higher wages.

John Card, a Napanee man, made a bad gash in his throat in an attempt to commit suicide.

The suit of the Hudson Bay Railway Co. against contractors Mann and Holt has been dismissed.

The little steamer Dixon, plying between Port Arthur and Duluth, has gone ashore in Chicago Bay.

Near Maxville, in the County of Glengarry, James McNaughton and a little girl were burned to death in their dwelling.

H. T. Richter, of Montreal, and his twelve-year-old boy are missing, and it is feared the father killed his child and himself.

An agent of the Shearers' Union at Melbourne has been fined £135 on different charges of inciting men to break their agreements.