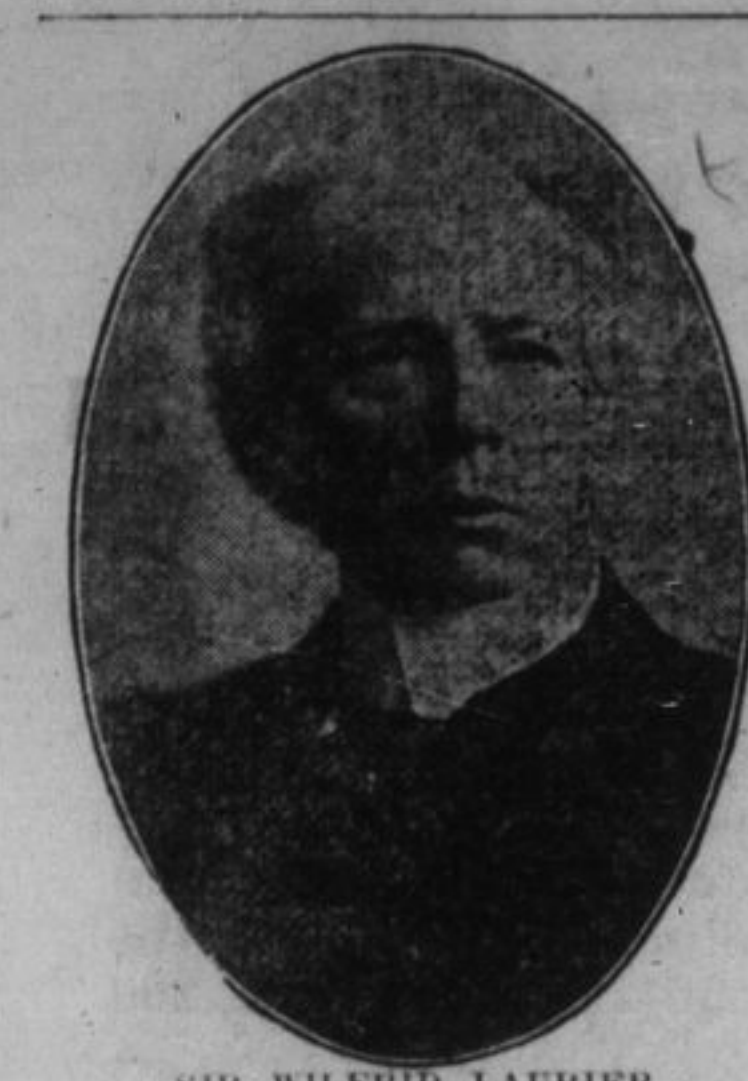


WHEN DANGER IS NEAR

"The 'British Flag is Our Talisman' Was the Statement.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the House of Commons, said:

"I hold in my hands at the present moment a letter which I received a few days ago from a friend who was a visitor in the city of Rome, which will show what are our rights and privileges as British subjects. My honorable friend (Mr. Monk) knows that there is in the city of Rome a Canadian college built a few years ago by the priests of the Society of St. Sulphur of Montreal, and maintained by them for the education of young Roman Catholic students in theology. At the date of my friend's letter, on the



SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

15th of October, the city of Rome, like many other cities in continental Europe, was in the throes of a violent emotion occasioned by the execution of Prof. Ferrer in Barcelona, Spain, and riots were imminent at different points of the city. The Spanish embassy at the Vatican had to be guarded by a strong detachment of the Italian army, threatened as it was by an infuriated mob. My friend, who was a visitor in Rome, was asked by a member of the Canadian colony if there was an element of danger, and he made this answer, an answer which I commend especially to my honorable friend from Jacques Cartier:

"No," said the reverend father superior, "I will hoist the British flag if we are attacked. The British flag is our talisman here."

"Sir, it is impossible not to be struck with the similarity of events which occurred some five or six hundred years ago at a time when the empire of Rome had reached the summit of its power. Paul of Tarsus in the course of his labors as an apostle of Christ, was attacked by a mob and his life was imperilled. He bethought himself of his Roman citizenship and he had only to utter the words: 'I am a Roman citizen,' and his life was safe. That fact was his talisman and at once he was safe from the mob. Now in our own day, only last week, a disciple of Christ in the city of Rome, once the mistress of the world, whose name carried with it a mission like that of Paul of Tarsus, is also attacked by a mob. He bethinks himself that he is a British subject. He bethinks himself that he belongs to an empire, which, for power, majesty and prestige, can rival the empire at Rome in its palmier days. And as his talisman, he unfurls the British flag; it floats to the breeze over the famous city as his talisman and the result is that all danger passes away and the mob is awe-struck."

"I have made this remark to the honorable member for Jacques Cartier—wherever there are rights, wherever there are privileges, there are like-wise duties and responsibilities, and so long as we enjoy the rights and privileges of British citizenship, so long we must, we shall, we will, assume and accept all the responsibilities that appertain to that position."

"These are the sentiments with which we should approach this question. I say 'we.' What do I mean? I mean Canadians of all origins, of all races, of all nationalities. I mean Canadians from the east to the west, I mean Canadians above all—above all—above all—the province of Quebec who claim the honor of being descendants from a race which has always stood foremost for chivalry, in honor, and in idealism."

How Love Came to Harriet.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Harriet threw her books on the couch and said in a tone of disgust:

"Everything is so different this year, and how!"

Mazie looked up languidly. "What's the matter?"

Harriet sat down on the foot of the couch. "Well, last year all the girls were just jolly and simple and natural, and now they've all come back in love. Four of them engaged and the rest—mooing."

Mazie laughed. "Well, they are old enough, aren't they?" she demanded.

"This is their senior year."

"Yes, they are old enough," Harriet admitted, "but I don't see why they wanted to tie themselves up, and now they can't talk of anything but romance and roses, and they are always writing letters. Even you, Mazie, when I begin to talk on sensible things, your eyes get dreamy and before I know it you are asking me if I don't like blue-eyed men better than brown-eyed ones."

Mazie blushed. "You'll know how it is yourself some day, Harriet."

"If I do," said Harriet, fiercely, "no one will know a thing about it. I'll keep it to myself, and not go around looking like a dying calf."

Mazie's laughter rippled. "You couldn't hide it, Harry—no woman can."

"Well, you see," Harriet said, "but I'm not going to fall in love—I'm going to stick strictly to books and let boys alone."

"Of course," said Mazie, demurely. "I wish you joy, Harriet."

"You studied in silence for awhile, then Harriet said, 'I am going for a walk—want to go, Mazie?'"

Mazie's eyes twinkled. "I've got a letter to write, Harriet."

"To Bob?" Harriet demanded.

"Yes."

"That you wrote to him yesterday?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, you are hopeless," said Harriet, and flung herself out of the room.

On the way down stairs she met four dreamy maidens, each of whom refused her invitation to wait, and Harriet laughed and joked and teased but when at last she was out on the snowy path her eyes were full of tears. It was not easy to make new friends and last year she had had such close companions.

She went down the Lake road, head up, cheeks red, trying to walk off the blues that oppressed her.

And because her head was up she slipped on a icy stretch of ground, twisted her ankle and fell in a forlorn heap.

And there a plodding old farmer, with his plodding team, found her, a half hour later, half frozen in the middle of the road.

"I called and called," Harriet said, "and I couldn't make anybody hear."

"There wasn't anybody to hear," said the old man. "I was on my way to the mill, but they ain't many goes this way."

"If you could take me to the—"

Harriet began, as she tried to stand up, and then, before she could finish her sentence, she fainted dead away.

"Hum," said the old man, and rubbed his stubby chin. Then he loaded her into the wagon like a sack of meal, and never stopped driving until he had reached the office of the only doctor in the town.

When Harriet opened her eyes, some one was saying, "It's a pretty, bad

IS NOT CONQUEST

SPAIN WILL FIGHT TO THE BITTER END.

New Minister of War Says That Operations in Morocco Must Continue.

Madrid, Nov. 19.—Gen. Luque, the new war minister, famous for his bravery in Cuba, made the following statements concerning the Rif campaign, in an interview with a newspaper reporter.

"The liberal party was opposed to the war, but since it has broken out we shall pursue the operations to the bitter end, accepting all the possible consequences. We shall send out as many more men as is necessary. Our aim is not conquest, but pacific penetration."

"We are fortifying all the positions from Melilla to Zuluana, and also the peak and the northern slope only of Mount Gurgum. If it is necessary to go further south on punitive expeditions we shall do so, but we shall quickly return to the old positions."

"The new government will adopt a policy of encouragement to commercial enterprise. We shall strictly respect the religious beliefs of the natives."

HUNTING ROCK HARES.

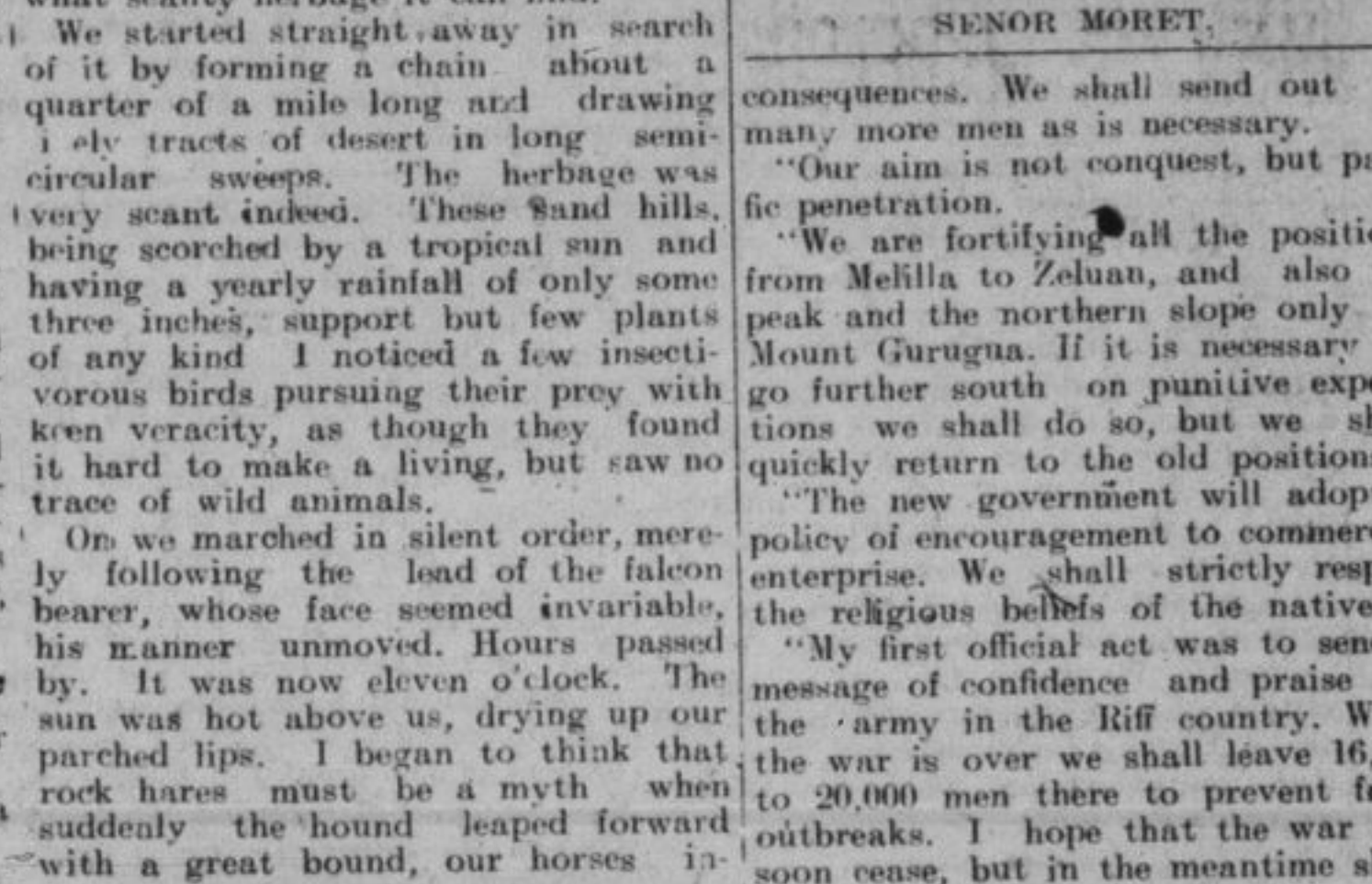
Found Among the Sand Hills of Arabia.

How long the Arab has inhabited the deserts, of the near east is a much discussed question. How long he has indulged in the chase of the hare is equally difficult to say. Sure it is that this kind of blood-race has not lived all these centuries in those sun-scathed wastes without some sort of recreation, and his delights to-day are probably much the same as those of his ancestors a couple of thousand years ago.

Curious to see what natural sport these barren regions could afford, the writer accepted an invitation to join a party of Syrian Arabs for a week's hunting. Our quarry was the rock hare, an animal about the size of an English rabbit, but with fawn-colored fur, which frequents these deserts in small numbers, living on what scanty herbage it can find.

We started straight away in search of it by forming a chain about a quarter of a mile long and drawing it by a line of the finest of line semi-circular sweeps. The herbage was very scant indeed. These sand hills, being scorched by a tropical sun and having a yearly rainfall of only some three inches, support but few plants of any kind. I noticed a few insectivorous birds pursuing their prey with keen tenacity, as though they found it hard to make a living, but saw no trace of wild animals.

On we marched in silent order, merely following the lead of the falcon bearer, whose face seemed invariably, in his manner unmoved. Hours passed by. It was now eleven o'clock. The sun was hot above us, drying up our parched lips. I began to think that rock hares must be a myth when suddenly the hound leaped forward with a great bound, our horses instinctively following at a full gallop. But we had not far to go. It was only a "garbour." The hound was soon up to it, and I thought it all over; but no—the little creature leaped, as it were, right out of his mouth.



SENIOR MORET.

N. G. NEIL, Appointed industrial commissioner at Port Arthur.

He was one of the greatest men in the faculty at Heidelberg. One day the authorities of that city ordered that the street in front of the professor's house should be paved.

"If you don't stop that noise," remarked the professor to the pavers, "I shall give up my position as a member of the Heidelberg faculty."

The pavers stopped work at once. The municipal authorities sent around to inquire respectfully of the professor when they might pave the street.

"When I take my vacation," he replied.

"Yes," and then only, was the street paved.

A Haughty Personage.

Professors in Germany are important personages and know it, but few probably ever reach the pinnacle of haughtiness attained by the one of whom this anecdote is narrated.

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Was It Worth It?

Workman Smeargent, royal academician, was painting the portrait of Lady Anstruther Anstruthers, and Lady Anstruther Anstruthers was very plain-well, as a matter of fact, she was jolly ugly. And though she was painting him 300 guineas, mostly for painting the portrait and was going to pay him 600 guineas more for the portrait itself when it was completed.

Workman Smeargent was not satisfied. He felt he might be going blind. Looking at her £300 as much hurt his eyes.

"Now, what I want, Mr. Smeargent," said the unfair lady, "is for you to do me plain, simple justice."

"My dear lady," replied Smeargent, "what you require is not justice, but mercy. When I tell you to look pleasant you don't look natural, and when I tell you to look natural you don't look pleasant."

The Chestnut Horse.

There is an ancient tale of a band of Arabs being pursued by their enemies which sums up their theory about a horse's color. Among the fleeing band was a man with unusually keen eyesight, and from time to time he would describe to his leader the horses ridden by the enemy.

"What manner of horses do they ride?"

"Black horses."

"Then there is no need of haste." At the noon halt the leader again asked, "What manner of horses do they ride now?"

"Bay horses."

"Then we must ride harder." A few hours later the leader asked, "Are they horsed again?"

"They ride chestnuts."

"Then we ride for our lives."

Old Hair Made Young.

Dr. Dawson's Hair Restorer restores gray hair to its original color without dyeing it. This is the natural and proper method. It promotes the life of the hair where dying destroys it. In bottles 50c. each at J. B. McLeod's drug store, corner King and Brock streets, (Wade's old stand, and corner Princess and Montreal streets.

Not Unanimous.

She—Thera's. Mrs. Toozle. She seems quite reconciled to the death of her first husband. He—Yes, but I'm afraid her second never will be.

IMPERISHABLE LOVE.

Romance of Girl Whose Fiance Lost His Life.

A touching bit of sentiment has been brought to my attention recently which is an echo of the Spanish war. Among the bright young men who went into that contest was a young man recently out of West Point. He was one of the many poor young men who get appointments to the military academy and pass with creditable distinction, and who are on the way to making good army officers.

At West Point he met a girl, quite a usual thing for cadets at the military academy, as well as for midshipmen at the naval academy. But this meeting developed into a strong sentiment between the young officer and the girl. He was poor, she very rich. They became engaged and were to be married when he returned from Cuba. But he was killed in one of the fights on that island, and was brought home and buried. His mother did not know of his love affair and consequent grief until after the funeral, when the young lady appeared at the humble home of his parents and told the story. The officer had a younger brother, a mere boy, who looked very much like him. The girl, who would have been a wife, became very much interested in the boy and persuaded the parents to allow her to take charge of his education.

She sent him to preparatory schools and established him at Harvard college, from where he is soon to graduate. The young man spends his summers at the home of this woman, who no longer is a girl, and who never married. She had made a will in favor of this young man, in which she also has provided amply for the care of his mother.

Though the Spanish war is eleven years away, the sentiment of this woman, who would have wedded the soldier, is as strong as ever, and it is not likely that she ever will allow any man to come between her and the young man she met so long ago on the banks of the Hudson.

His Conscience.

London Express.

An English lord used to tell a story of a sheriff substitute he once knew slightly.

Although he was a very religious man, the sheriff had his faults, and one of these was that he had a habit of using strong language without realizing what his words implied. The sheriff's best friend was the minister of the parish, and a great misfortune befell the reverend gentleman by the death of his wife.

The sheriff wished to express his sympathy, but he found himself quite at a loss to know what to say. He sat for a long time scratching his head and puzzling himself to know what he should say to the minister. At last he blurted out, "Well, minister, this is a d— of a business."

Expels The Poisons.

People who suffer from Sciatica, Neuralgia and other ailments of a rheumatic nature say that if their muscles were being pulled to pieces with red hot pincers the suffering could be no greater. The nerves affected are in a state of acute inflammation, due to the presence of irritant poisons in the blood. Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure relieves these affections promptly and cures them permanently, because it neutralizes and expels the poison from the system. It is a certain cure and relief is usually given by the first few doses. Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure is a great blood purifier and spring tonic. In bottles, 50c., at J. B. McLeod's Drug Store, corner King and Brock streets (Wade's old stand), and corner Princess and Montreal streets.

Men And Women And Money.

Atchison Globe.

Divide \$500 between a boy and a girl and start them on a vacation with it, and the girl will give twice as far, see ten times as much and come home with new clothes and money in her purse. But the boy will be dead the difference: A girl when out sightseeing will live on crackers and soda water, and the boy will stuff himself with three big meals a day. The same difference is apparent when the boy and girl are grown. Ever know that father and doesn't get to see as much as mother, who makes every time she misses a meal take her a few miles farther?

Poisoned By Alcohol.

Detroit News Tribune.

A physician who has practiced his profession in Michigan over half a century, believes that most of the deaths in this country attributed to snake bite are really due to alcoholic poisoning. "I have never attended such a case," he says, "without finding the patient drunk. Whiskey is given in such large quantities that it is worse than the snake bite. The medical method is to give no alcohol. Instead a series of bandages are tied above the wound, and these are removed one at a time at intervals. The virus thus gets into the circulation gradually. Local treatment to the bite is given to oxidize the poison."

It Didn't Work.

Philadelphia Times.

There is a woman living on Spruce street who never calls a doctor if she can help it, but who is forever trying to get free advice by different means. One day, recently, after her return from the store, where she had caught a slight cold, she lay in bed, a gruff, middle-aged medicine of the old school whose office is in Pine street, and after a little preliminary conversation asked tentatively:

"By the way, doctor, what do you do when you have a cough?"

He looked straight in her eyes for a moment, and then answered without moving a muscle:

"I cough, madam."

Food Scarce.

"This circular describing the Mounting says you can sit at the dinner table and see the beautiful mountain peaks," said the man who contemplated eating going.

"That is true," replied the one who had been, "and that's just about all you can see."

Fast friends should be slow to believe all of each other.

You can't get much music out of the horn of a dilemma.

Special Sale

Saturday Morning, 8.30 O'clock

360 Ladies' Net and Lace Blouses

Regular values \$7.00, 8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 12.50

Your Choice for \$3.98 Each.

This is certainly the greatest bargain we have ever been able to offer to the ladies of Kingston.

The price is so absurdly low that you will be absolutely astonished when you see the superb qualities of these Blouses.

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- Black Lace Blouses
- Fancy Colored Lace Blouses
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Each Waist is handsomely finished and trimmed in the latest New York Fashion.

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