

MARY FOUND LOCHINVAR

Mary was alone in the world. She sold flowers in a department store. When she had time she dreamed at her glass case of the tall knight that was to come from somewhere to take her away with him—away from the store to that magic sunlit country where life would be lived in a flower garden, not behind a flower case.

One day there came a man who showed a man who wanted a bunch of violets. He was not tall, and he was not like her dream knight at all. He was not a "dear." It was just a nose. Mary thought of him only until he was walking away, and then only as the man that had bought some violets.

After that he came each week, and each time he bought a bunch of violets. Slowly they came to know each other, and while she wrapped up the flowers, to talk like casual friends. He never had much to say but what he did say always was agreeable. She seldom thought of her violet customer. He was "nice," and Mary sometimes said as much to herself while he was walking away. When he disappeared she promptly forgot him.

Week after week went by and with each week came the quiet man for his flowers. By imperceptible degrees their friendship grew, and he came to stand a while after making his purchase. Sometimes Mary was very tired, and in these short talks she would unburden herself, so that bit by bit he came to know of her life, its emptiness, and its dreams—even of the dream knight, for Mary came to tell him all without reserve. He seemed always to understand. He knew just what she meant when she could not make things clear, and he had dreamed himself.

She learned these, too, in time. He had dreams of work he would do. Great work, it seemed to Mary. Always it was with an inspiration behind it for he was to strive to make this world a better place for a woman and her children—the woman yet unborn and the children yet unborn.

When he was gone and the shade of Lochinvar had come, Mary pined him. What great work would he do? He was not tall and bold like her Lochinvar. Still when he told her of his dream cottage and the visions it held within and without—

the evenings by the fireside with a wife who was like a chum and children that were like the flowers that grew in the garden—Mary forgot the bad air she was breathing, the ache in her weary back and all things that pertained to the store. For a moment she would enter the cottage, see the pure air, see the charm of well chosen pictures—feel the sense of home and the comfort of love.

It was a fairy land, in which she trod on enchanted feet. Music, pictures, books, children, sunshine, color, beauty, warmth—all the things she craved were there. Then the vision would fade and abruptly she would be back in her world of bad air, aching back and weary feet.

One day her violet customer said: "Mary, we both can make our dreams come true."

"How, Jim?" said the breathless Mary.

"Don't you see, Mary?" he asked. "Don't you know that I love you? If I can have you, Mary, we can have the dream cottage. I know that I am not tall or handsome, but I love you very, very much, Jim, but somehow I—Oh, Jim, I can't!"

She did not want to cry, but she did ever so little, in the corner of her handkerchief. Jim went quietly away.

The next Saturday night she reached her room late and wearily began to prepare for bed. She thought of her unopened pay envelope. There was the usual \$8 and a card, saying:

"Because of the dull season... it has become necessary to lay off some of our help. A receipt of this card your services will not be required."

Eight dollars and two she had made ten. The next day she paid for her room for two weeks in advance. That left her with \$4.

Nearly two weeks she lived on \$4 and during that time she searched for a way to make her dream come true.

"Mrs. Kerns Suffering from Nervous Breakdown Thought She Would Never Be Well Again, But Recovered."



THURSTON THE MAGICIAN At the Grand next Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee.

the city for work. Everywhere she met the same answer. This was the dull season, she was told. Her money dwindled and her lunches grew more meager.

The day came when she was hungry. The hunger lent terror. She wondered how it would feel to "go down." She had heard that it was pleasant. That day Mary came face to face with the most horrible fact of her experience. A blunt man told her that a pretty girl like her had a great value in the market. In her extremity she grew afraid. She covered her face with her hands to shut out the too awful light. Oh, for a friend! she thought. And then Jim stooped into her mind, and she went to him. How her heart sang as she remembered that if he were not tall and handsome he had at least always been "nice."

When they met he looked tenderly into her pale face with his tear marks and his great circled eyes. "Why, Mary?" was all he could say. "Jim, I'm hungry," she said. "And you have come to me?"

"Mary had never heard his voice ring like that before. She marveled at the quietness with which he found place to eat, at the knowledge he had of just what she wanted, and at the way he made the waiters hurry. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. A sense of being at home and a great peace came over her. It mattered not that she was in a restaurant. She was with Jim.

While she ate Jim told her how he had missed her at the flower-counter. He had tried to find where she lived and had failed. While he talked she wished that this might last forever. But, no, tomorrow she knew that the struggle must be renewed. She must find work, and she must have money until she found work. At last she spoke:

"Jim," she said, "it hurts me to ask you, but you are the only friend I have, and I must ask someone. You have always understood. Will you help me a little money until I find work?"

"Poor little girl," said Jim, "of course I will."

Sympathy was more than Mary could bear. Worried brain and weary nerves gave way. She sobbed softly into the corner of her handkerchief and was thankful that Jim had provided a booth. He watched her helplessly. From time to time he muttered, "Poor little kid."

When her composure had returned she said: "I don't know how to thank you Jim. You have always been kind. Perhaps I am asking too much of a friend."

"Too much, Mary? Why, girl, don't you know that I love you? What you ask is so very little compared to what I would do if you would let me."

Something in his voice made Mary look up, and then she saw a great light. Straight into his big eyes she looked. They were blue and beautiful just like Lochinvar's. "I'd die to make you happy," he was saying.

In Mary's heart vibrated to thrilling ecstasy a chord that had never moved before. "Why, Jim," she said, "you are my dream man, my young Lochinvar! I've loved you all the time and I never knew it till now!"

NO ELECTION WANTED NOW. Baptist Pastor's Remark Applauded By His Congregation. St. John, N. B., Oct. 13.—In Main street Baptist church, on Sunday evening Rev. Dr. Hutchinson, the pastor, said Canadians did not want political candidates at present. "We are united in fighting a common foe, and we want to remain united," he said. This sentiment was so endorsed by the congregation that it broke out into hearty applause.

THE KAISER THANKS GOD. His Telegram in Relation to Taking of Antwerp. London, Oct. 13.—The Telegraph has a special from Rotterdam saying that the Kaiser has telegraphed to his aunt, the Grand Duchess of Baden, in Antwerp was occupied this afternoon without fighting. God be thanked, in deepest humility, for this glorious result. To Him be all the honor.

Hydro-electric power was turned on in Woodbridge by Rev. O. L. ...

Prices, \$1.75 to \$8.00; bulk of sales, \$7.40 to \$8. Sheep—Receipts, 45,000. Market steady. Native, \$4.85 to \$6, yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.50. Lambs, \$6.10 to \$7.95.

PROPHECIES DOOM KAISER. Hroscope, Published in 1898 Forecast Present War. A reader of an English paper sends a copy of the hroscope of Kaiser William taken from W. Gren Old's "New Manual of Astrology," published in London in 1898. It reads: "Born Jan. 27, 1859, 3 p.m., at Berlin. Here we find Saturn in the sign of its debility opposing the sun in its weakest sign; Mars and Neptune conjoined in the meridian, and the sun square to both; the malefic Neptune, Mars and Uranus, elevated, and the moon in opposition to Uranus. The Emperor has a most fateful hroscope, and during his reign the German Empire will suffer reversals of which hitherto it has had no shadow of experience.

"The destiny of Kaiser Wilhelm is such that his reign will be nearly the whole of his possessions. He will never be a popular monarch. Mars in the meridian, will cause him to engage in continual quarrels, and the sun in opposition to Saturn will demand the end of his power among the nations. He will lose his royal spouse (the moon in opposition to Uranus retrograde) suddenly.

"It is not improbable that his territory will pass into the hands of France and Russia. These, at least, are the two powers who will contend for the possession of the empire which the Kaiser is powerless to retain. Nothing more adverse or less royal than this hroscope of the Kaiser, except perhaps that of the Sultan of Turkey, is to be found among the rulers of Europe. The Kaiser will die suddenly, and the heart will be the seat of the fatal affection.

"This hroscope is introduced to illustrate the rules in regard to the question of royal possessions. Before the year 1915 it is probable Germany will in part have passed into the hands of its enemies."

The following prediction by an Indian magi, which was published in the Good Hope Almanac last January, completed the cycle of forecasting the downfall of Germany:

"In the month of July, 1914, all Europe will be overwhelmed by a war between the great powers, and terrible disasters will result. "But to knower a great Emperor will lose his crown and hostilities will cease."

The Paris Figaro prints the commencement of a Latin prophecy, dated 1600. The author is not known. The monk Johannes has written the verses like a chapter of the Bible. Some of them are:

"It is true that anti-Christ will be a monarch, a son of Luther, invoking God and calling himself God's envoy."

"He will have only one arm, but innumerable armies whose device will be 'God with Us.'"

"He will use craft and felony for a long time with spies throughout the world."

"He will have learned men in his pay proving his mission to be Divine."

"All Christians and all Mussulmans will partake in war. Armies will be formed in the four corners of the world and eight angels will open men's eyes to understand by the first week that if they fight not anti-Christ all will become his slaves."

"Anti-Christ will be recognizable by his massing priests and monks and women and aged persons. No mercy will be shown. He will pass torch in hand, like the barbarians but invoking Christ."

"Besides living in so uncleanly a way that both man and birds keep him at a distance, this ill-mannered bird has a hateful trick of hissing. There's no melody in his throat at all, no one ever heard him sing, but when he takes flight he makes a noise similar to that made by an angry snake."

Historic Stirling. The history of Stirling is practically an epitome of Scottish history. For Stirling took a hand in nearly every thing important which happened in Scotland from the battle of Stirling bridge, "the key to the Highlands," in 1297, to the time of the young pretender, who besieged Stirling Castle in 1746. The castle in which many Scottish kings have lived and in which none have died has probably seen more sieges than any other building. For this reason, as well as its strategic importance at the time, it is one of the fortresses specially appointed by the act of union to be perpetually kept in repair.

Society's Mandates. Society can do except to execute its own mandates, and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle it practices a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating more deeply into the minute details of life, and enslaving the soul itself.—John Stuart Mill.

Automatic Gas Lighters. The English city of Leeds will install automatic lighting devices on about 17 gas street lamps.

Renewed Vigor in Old Age

This Letter Brings a Message of Cheer to the Aged—Results of Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

New, rich blood is what is most needed in the declining years to keep up energy and vitality. That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a wonderful help in maintaining good health and prolonging life is attested by the writer of this letter.

Mr. Stephen J. Leard, North Tryon, P. E. I., writes:—"At seventy-five years of age my heart gave out and became very irregular and weak in action and would palpitate. My nerves also became weak, and I could do nothing but lie in bed in a languishing condition, losing strength and weight. In that condition I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and am cured. Had I not obtained this treatment I would now be in the box with the roof over my nose. At eighty-one I have an energy which means go, and I am writing this letter so that old people like myself may prolong their health and strength by using this great medicine." 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50.—For sale by all dealers.

Passed to Rest. Bury Business Man at Cape Vincent Home. Watertown, N. Y., Oct. 13.—The body of Frank Dezenegrel, aged fifty-four of Cape Vincent, who died at his winter home at No. 928 Boyd street, this city, on Sunday night, will be taken to Cape Vincent, Wednesday. The funeral will be held at St. James Episcopal church, and burial will be made in the Cape Vincent cemetery.

Mr. Dezenegrel was born in Rosiere. He lived practically all his life in Cape Vincent, where he was prominent in business. He was one of the organizers of the Cape Vincent Fair association, a charter member of the Cape Vincent Yacht club and the Cape Vincent Motor Boat association. Besides his wife he leaves two daughters, the Misses Edna and Harriet Dezenegrel.

A radiogram to the revenue cutter service, Washington, from the commander of the Behring sea fleet reported the drowning of Assistant Surgeon L. W. Jenkins, P. H. S., and five other men when a boat from the cutter Manning swamped Saturday, in Ungala Pass, off Cape Sargelien.

Two more furnaces of the International Nickel Co., Copper Cliff, have started up.

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Centre Tables, any finish, \$1.50 and up.

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Loading Undertaker. Phone 577.



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CHILD'S CAPE COAT

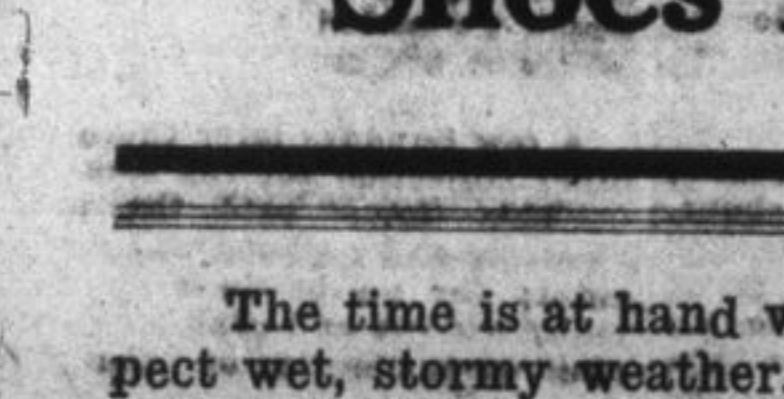


The cape coat is one of the new models for girls this season. Buttoned at the throat or rolled back, it is very effective.



OLD 35-54 INCH MATERIAL WITH NAP. Pictorial Review pattern No. 5551. Sizes 4, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

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