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" 4 Express, 1.10 p.m.	" 13 Express, 10 15 a.m
" 22 Mixed, 6.45 p.m.	" 7 E press, 12 40 p m
	" ress, 1.10 p.m
	" 19 Mixed, 6.45 p.m

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MY MATCH WITH EILEEN

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A Cycling Adventure in Ireland.

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BY LAWRENCE O. ROBBINS.

Two years ago I travelled by wheel in the north of Ireland, when the roads were well settled, and that delightful freshness was upon all things out of doors which the wheelman is so keen to appreciate. As for itinerary, I had the rough headings of my route laid out in advance, to be sure; but in details I would not suffer myself to be trammeled with a schedule. The slightest clue to a picturesque or interesting spot could easily swerve me a day's journey to the right or left. I followed that agreeable guide, my own sweet will.

Belfast had been my starting point; and after doing ample justice to the splendid pile at Carrickfergus, Lake Neagh exhausted some enjoyable days, following which I turned north by the highway skirting the river Maine, a stretch of most pleasant memory. Now it happened that on this stage, at an inn near Ballymena, I heard from a party of tourists such glowing descriptions of the wild and striking scenery about Glenarm, a resort on the coast of the Channel, and by the compass nearly due east, that I resolved at once on a side expedition thereto, and sought directions for the route. The landlord bent with me over my pocket map, and sketched line of travel which seemed to me ridiculously roundabout.

"Why not straight across?" I asked. "It looks a bare twenty-five miles that way, and you make it three times the distance by these detours."

The landlord shook his head. "That's no way for a stranger," he explained laconically. "Bog and mountain, and the dreariest bit short of Allen. If you lose your way but half a dozen times, you come out well. No, with the wheel you will save time and strength by going the long way round."

Shortly afterward I earned my promotion, in the landlord's eyes, from a brevetship to the full rank of madman by starting by the short course, mid-afternoon though it was.

In describing my course for the next two hours it is possible to be very harrowing, but I prefer to be very brief. I pass by weary 'venturings hither and thither; much solicitude as to supper and the night's lodgings; frequent consultations of that unsatisfactory counsellor, the pocket compass; a sense of growing loneliness, and a strong disapproval of bogs.

It was just sunset when I rounded a bend of the road and came upon a group of three or four cottages strung along the highway, so low as to seem leaning and sinking in the uneven ground. A church and belfry loomed against a clump of trees, in front of which a yard, inclosed by a low wall, was set with ghostly looking tombstones. Just beyond, with the damp look of a vault burrowed up from underground, green and weedy about thatch and walls, the inn stood close off the road.

As I swung from my wheel at the door, out jumped a big shaggy dog from under the bench and leaped at me with a furious snarling. He met a kick that changed his direction in mid-air, and likewise his mind for attack.

The noise brought out two from the door: a huge, sullen figure of a man, who was the landlord, and a thick-set man of middle age and an uninviting face.

"Can I put up here for the night?" I asked, trying to ignore the episode just passed.

"Don't take in the blackguard, daddy; he kicked old Bally to the death for a spite, and it's a blessing I hain't cracked his skull," said a lout, whom I had not noticed before.

"Why, the dog jumped at me. He isn't dead; and he's got all the better manners for his kicking," I replied.

But the landlord held the evidence in, and the case closed with his son's speech. "Go furder," he said briefly; "you can't stay here."

Here the thick-set man spoke: "You're a fool, Shannon, and your son's a worse one. He tipples all day, and is the sulkiest lad in Antrim; and as for the dog, it should be shot. Many about here have felt the brute's teeth."

He went on and set them some excellent copy-book texts, to which the two listened, as to one in high authority; and at the end the landlord turned to me, but with no good grace:—

"Well, come in, if you choose."

"No, the gentleman shall spend the night at the Tower, by his leave," said my ally; he addressed me directly. "I am Malin of the Tower." Of course the word "Tower" was enough to ensure my acceptance. I had no mind to be housed with the sullen giants of the Three Horseshoes. My host untied his horse and bade me take up my machine in the gig front, and we had soon left the inhospitable hamlet behind.

It was well past sunset, but from a rising moon enough light filtered through the fleecy clouds to reveal much of the scenery. Malin of the Tower urged his horse into a sharp pace, and we fell into talk.

"Lost, I suppose?" he inquired briefly.

I sketched my adventures of the afternoon, and pleaded the obscurity of the roadways.

"Yes," he assented, "it's a wild bit hereabouts, and lonely. Most of us that live here go to our graves without thinking it, but we have been better hermits than Peter, for all that. Look at me, my nearest neighbor is that clown we have just left and his son, and they beyond the sound of gunshot on the stillest night. There's many a one in the far turf-hovels that's near to forgetting the king's English, and would, if it weren't for the fairs. We have two dozen of 'em in Antrim, God bless 'em! Never you cry out on a bogman for guzzling at the taverns and getting drunk at fair-time."

"But why do they stay here?" I demanded. "There's a good deal of the world besides bog-lands."

"For a reason that sounds weak enough, but that often outweighs the best reasons: they were born here."

"Well, if a man has a family," I suggested.

"Family?" echoed Malin of the Tower. "I am a bachelor, and, we'll say it's my own choice. I've seen fine women in the towns that maybe would look on me well enough for a husband; but there isn't one of 'em I'd ask the question without driving her first through these miles of bog and hill, and showing her the Tower, lonely and far as it is, then ask, 'Will you give up your friends and society, your dances, parties, lawn-tennis, and take the burden of this place for a man that was half-soured by solitude before he grew up to know it wasn't the rule of the world?' How many would say 'Yes'?"

I wondered if as much had not happened between some "fine woman in the towns" and this sombre though frank-looking man by my side.

"As it is," he went on, "there's the scullery wench at the Tower that will burn your porridge to-night, be like; I'd rather talk to my horse, and hear it whinny for answer, than to her. There is a clod sleeps in the stables by night and sleeps on his feet all day, you'd say. And there is" he continued after a pause, "my niece." The horse started forward at an impatient cut of the whip with these words.

The hint was explicit enough, whether conscious or not.

"An excellent animal you drive," I remarked.

"Not a bad bit of horse-flesh, to be sure, rejoined my companion. But you should see my mare, Eileen. She has'nt a half-dozen peers in Ulster for speed and staying powers. He mentioned doing the sixty miles from Belfast to Dunkirk behind Eileen in excellent time.

"Very good, I agreed "but I belive I could better your time by close to a couple of hours with this, and I tapped my wheel.

Malin of the Tower shook his head incredulously. "I have heard they do some clever things on these machines: but Eileen, he declared positively, "would lead you easily for any distance you can pick."

Had the spirit of prophecy dwelt upon me at the moment, should have known that this very point was to be put to the issue of fact before this night was out.

We sped on with but little said, in the clear moonlight, following the windings of the road, past thicket and grass-tufted hummocks, though some fair-sized mountains loomed to the north and west. At last a straggling plantation of trees hove in view at the roadside, flanking a small, rough tower which seemed to spring from a setting of squat and thatched outbuildings.

"The Tower," said Malin.

As we came in full view of the space before the building, Malin uttered an exclamation of surprise, called forth, apparently, by the sight of a horse and a kind of buckboard wagon that were at stand in the road. A woman held the reins in the seat. She turned at hearing us, and called out something, "Hurry!" I thought it was, as if to some one within. Then Malin touched his horse with the whip, and we were at hand in a moment.

"Annie, what does this mean?" he demanded angrily. "What are you doing, girl? Why is Eileen in the harness?"

At that moment there came quickly down the path from the Tower a man who carried a small package in his hand; and on him Malin turned with a blaze of wrath in his face.

"Rarrick, come here!"

The man approached; a tall, lanky youth, with a face that missed being handsome through a suggestion of unamiable cunning after the type of showmen at fairs. Malin had snatched the whip from its socket in the gig, and was about leaping to the ground.

"You blackguard! You scoundrel," he roared. "I warned you that if ever I saw your cringing face on a foot of ground I owned, I'd thrash you within an inch of your life; and, by heaven, I'll keep my word."

But he recoiled, nevertheless, for this fellow had whipped a revolver from his pocket in a flash, and the bright steel muzzle fairly covered my companion, and sent the cold shivers creeping up my spine at my proximity to the target. It was as wretched a moment as ever I have passed in my life, with Malin, one hand on the guard-board, and one on the seat, caught rigid in the very act of vaulting out.

"Drive on, you fool!" the fellow called out, evidently to the woman in the buckboard, though without turning his head. She started her horse, and as the wagon rolled on, I could hear a rattling, metallic sound for something carried in the rear under a cloth. Then, in an instant, the man Rarrick lowered the barrel of his revolver and fired, not at Malin or myself, but at the horse. The poor brute sprang in the air with a screech, and would have plunged on, but the life was all out of one leg. The human brute had turned in a flash, and was speeding after the departing buckboard. Malin started in pursuit at his best rate of running, and I close after. I passed him quickly, and overhauled the long-legged fugitive at every bound. With a longer stretch, I should have quite overtaken him; as it was, when he caught the buckboard I was so close behind that, had the wagon slowed and he tried to clamber in, I could certainly have grappled him; but, instead, he put his hands on the back, the girl within, who was white with excitement, lashed the horse at the moment, and running with that aid he had opened a long gap between us quickly enough and could soon scramble in. Then I gave up the chase and hurried back to Malin. He was already making for the Tower, and before disappearing in the doorway shouted back, "Look to the horse."

The horse had fallen, breaking the thills, and there was nothing for me to do but to ease off its harness, pat its head, stand about, and wonder at Malin's abrupt departure. A light flashing hurriedly before several window revealed his hasty movements in the interior. I heard loud calls as if for the scullery wench; and after some minutes, out he came and down to me, panting, and his strong face stamped with consternation.

"Everything! They've got everything" he gasped. "They've got every ounce of silver in the house—the Malin silver; they've got my mother's bracelets and jewels; they've got my strong box entire, with three hundred odd pounds in it, and the place is under mortgage; man, I'm ruined if I can't catch 'em!"

"Who was the girl?" I asked. "They mustn't get away; don't give it up."

"Why the girl was my niece. That fellow's bewitched her. They have Eileen; they'll be half way to Belfast or Carrickfergus before we could start on the trail, and no trail to follow at that."

"Well, where is the nearest telegraph office? Notify the police at Belfast and every neighboring town. Spread it all around."

The plan met his favor; but the chances were, he declared, that the fugitives would make for the coast near at hand. "Rarrick's a Scotchman," he explained "a Wigtonshire man, and his brother owns a sloop that plies in the Channel. They're all of a piece; more than likely the robbery was a cut-and-dried affair, and the sloop lies off shore to take him on at some place appointed, heaven knows where." In that case, he declared, Rarrick would have a wide field for escape.

We stood there in the moonlight, with the Tower a black contour at half a hundred yards, and the wild and ragged outline of the moorlands stretching away on every hand. Mount Trostan and its neighboring peaks jagged the milky clouds of the horizon to the north. It was as silent—but I halt for a comparison; nothing could be more deathly still than these moorlands on a windless night. I saw Malin's rugged, careworn face looking down the roadway where his horse and all his meagre household treasures were spinning away, and his own flesh and blood in the thievery. Then, of a sudden, I felt the kindling impulse of the chase. An idea sprung in my head that was moved and carried in a flash, and I hauled down my wheel from the gig like a bit of juggling.

"I'll follow them!" I cried. Malin caught fire. "Go on; you're my friend, man; you're my friend." He sprang to my side and wrung my hand. "But there's a tangle of roads in the mountains and hiding-places galore; he knows 'em like a book; he's driving Eileen!'

I did not stop to listen. I was in the saddle and bending over the bars in a moment; a genuine racing start, and Malin's excited "Hurrah, lad, hurrah!" came already from a far distance. Eileen, indeed! I am a wheelman, and swear by the machine.

I think I have an idea, now, how a hound feels on the scent. To overtake these two ahead, to beat them, not to be eluded, this was the whole aim of the moment that nerved me to strength.

About three miles, I think, and the road forked. I jumped off. There was no trouble to make out the marks of Eileen's long strides; to the left she had gone; and so, to the left, on I bowled at the top of my speed. Now came a long stretch, the last of the level ground of the moorlands, terminating in a brief up-grade into the higher ground; and here was a spot where, counting the road I came, four ways separated.

Again I was down in an instant; but here the conditions were far different, for bed-rock shelved up to the surface at many points, and what was not open rock was still much too hard for impress. I tried all three ways for a short distance; not a clue. I picked up my wheel and stood there with my hands on the bar, reduced to the odds of one chance in three, and sounding for an inspiration as to my choice. A toss of a penny decides for us between two courses; how with three? I had actually mounted my wheel, and was turning the pedals slowly, still irresolute, when the clue came. There came a brief sound, of the quality of great remoteness; thud, thud, thud, thud, five or six times, and a faint rumble—so faint, I could have questioned having heard it. Yet I knew it was the sound of a horse and wagon passing rapidly over a loose, wooden bridge; and never have I felt such a thrill of adventure as at that moment.

Some few minutes later that wooden bridge rumbled under my wheel, though in no such tell-tale register. On I dashed, as if I had slept, eaten and drunk. Just ahead walked a strapping young woman and a child, swinging their joined hands in accompaniment of a song. I rang my bell. They turned as I loomed swiftly up, and then the child ran, quick and silent, into the bushes by the roadside. I learned from the girl the course of the wagon that had gone on no great while before.

I had touched at this point, it seemed, the main pike from Kilrea to Cushendun; but here a rough road branched toward the north, leading among the mountains, and giving promise of sharp grades; along this, my informants were positive my quarry had gone. Now, as between the wheel and the driven horse, an incline to be mounted usually favors the wheel; for a stout climber can often make a fair pace where a horse must walk, and in this case I knew their buckboard to be fairly loaded. To my disadvantage, however, was the circumstance that the moon was often lost behind thick clouds; the road, moreover, was the roughest I had yet encountered. When not many rods advanced I began to be dismounted at times, by ruts and stones. There were ascents that made my lungs heave and my thighs ache, but few where I must push the wheel afoot. In the darkness I could make out little of the roadway, often twisting to escape boulders, ridges, and gullies; and it will be understood that I dared not light my lamp. Frequently I paused to listen; and I believe I came then for the first time to consider what I should do if I came up with the fugitives. I had law and order by way of moral support, and my meed of strength; but he had a revolver, and, in these lonely parts, that was decidedly the trump card of the game. The clear course lay in dogging the fugitives unseen to some town or village where I might raise the hue and cry.

So on I toiled, almost steadily upgrade, until I must have gained many hundreds of feet above the level of the cross-roads. My present road was of no better quality than a by-path. It was a wonder the wheel escaped damage over such uneven surface so clumsily taken; and if my mind had not been so intent otherwise, I could have framed a eulogy for the bicycle that seemed to take its way under my faulty guidance with a sort of animate intelligence. Always the face of the mountain seemed to stretch before me, and the up-hill was interminable. I began to feel that I must surely have missed them, for Eileen could have never held her interval against me with the killing pace I had hung to up the mountain-side. I flung myself from my machine for breath and a moment's rest, for the first time dead tired and discouraged.

It happened that I was at the time in a sort of natural cutting, choked, close to the roadway, with cedars and low brush. It was very dark. The current of air that came strong in my face had a singularly fresh, salty flavor, as if from the ocean; and peering forward, instead of the eternal up-slant of rocky wastes before me, I seemed to look out on a dark void. That meant the summit. I wheeled a few yards further, and, sure enough, I had the feeling of commanding a great outlook, with dim things seen at a far distance, and nothing definite. There was a broad expanse that seemed at times blank; at others, vaguely illumined by faint filterings; there was a vivid white light that must have been dozens of miles away, and another at a different quarter; there was a cluster of red lights hardly larger in bulk than a pin-head, which, even as I looked, was occulted behind the trunk of a cedar by the roadside. The lights were moving; it flashed upon me in a moment that I stood overlooking the expanse of the North Channel and the Irish Sea, and these brighter rays of light were from the lighthouses; the other was a steamer.

Somehow, the sense of height and scope, and the fresh, tonic sea-air, seemed to build my energies again, and my resolution as well, for I remember muttering, half aloud, "I'll have them yet; I'll break my neck on that slope, see if I don't, but I'll catch the horse just the same." And I was on the point of mounting again in this reckless mind, for the descent, when a thing occurred to fasten me rigid in a moment; I heard the sound of voices close at hand.

It is a blessing on my wheel, that had crept up soft as a cat. My approach had not been signalled to the speakers, and but for the accident of their speaking as they did, I should have ridden right on them in a moment more, and some awkward crisis must have been forced. As it was, I swiftly and stealthily lifted my machine to the margin of the road, and let it softly settle down among the bushes, practically out of sight; then, with the utmost caution and alertness, I crept forward along the road. But by the time I could make out the outline of a wagon, and two within, it had started again and at once on their moving I heard the sound of metallic rattling which I had noted at the start from the Tower. I stole back to my machine and mounted. From that moment I stood to win the game.

The descent on this side of the mountain was far sharper than on the other, and, in the darkness, a gait faster than a walk would have been, for the most part, sheer madness. For my part, I soon found it best to proceed afoot, since the steep grade and the necessary slowness of pace had combined with the roughness of the road to dismount me several times. I could let them lead by a considerable distance, secure now of keeping the trail by the sound of their progress. And now there was abundance of time to speculate as to their plans. I had little exact knowledge of the country, to be sure; but I remembered noting on my pocket-map that a thoroughfare skirted the coast sharply from Glenarm to Red Bay and Cushendun, thence, dipping inland, in briefer course to Ballycastle. This thoroughfare, making straight for the coast as we were, must shortly be reached; and provided only Rarrick turned then to the north or south, and proceeded any fair distance, his doom was sealed. Or, if he went in hiding near at hand, Cushendun could not be so far but that officers could be quickly summoned therefrom. But, with the sloop off shore, and men in waiting somewhere to slip away the two in a boat, they might, at the last, elude me. Against this chance, I had in mind descriptions of the west Antrim coast as rocky and dangerous in the extreme; while within the last hour a sharp wind had beaten up from the sea.

A cautious advance revealed some yards back from the road-bed, low building, much like a New England farmhouse, with light streaming from the windows, and a rather convivial hum of voices came from within. In front was a watering-trough, and across the way was a ruinous barn. The wagon, I saw, had halted at the trough; but though the horse had finished drinking, the two within were not about starting again, but were talking with an appearance of dispute. I could see their movements well enough, though what they said escaped me. In the end, Rarrick got to the ground, and the girl swung down in his arms; he tied the horse to the iron piping that fed the trough, and the two presently entered the building without knocking.

The first thing I did was to take a good look about me. I have not mentioned that in coming down the mountain, the distant electrical rays from the lighthouses had been from time to time visible; and indeed, as I learned next day, the road from the summit down commands a continuous view of the Channel and the Irish Sea. I judged however, that we must still be three o
four miles from the coast; saving these
distant beacons, there was no light no
sign of dwelling in sight; and this road
side house had the look of being as lonel
a place as could be wished, or, rathe
not wished, under the circumstance
The question was, Who was inside? Pe
haps some of Rarrick's clan, appoint
to help him off on this very occasio
although the seeming argument the
had been between the man and the g
as to going in did not favor that id
Or the house might be an inn, wh
Rarrick was a stranger, and had mere
stopped for refreshment. At any rat
had no mind to go in for the prese
at least. What I then did was the fr
of a sudden impulse, not very wise, n
be, and certainly looking to no defin
end, but successful enough in the iss
My bicycle lay behind a boulder
many paces up the roadway. I hurr
back to the spot in a moment, and t
my monkey-wrench from the leath
pouch. It was short work, althou
very nervous work, under the const
chance of discovery, to unscrew a
from a hind wheel of the buckboard t
held the hub on the axle, and slip i
my pocket.

"Perhaps," I thought, "my frie
may meet with an accident and be
suaded to stay here the night; in wh
case I may be able to plan some li
surprise for them."

This done, with Eileen standing dro
ing and spiritless during the operati
I crept up near a corner of the buildi
where it was dark, and edged my w
close under one of the windows. For much as five minutes I lurked and listened. Perhaps it is an odd way of putting it, but it seems to me I have never enjoyed myself more in my life than at that very time. As many perplexities and, it may not be too much to say, hazards as there were in the situation, there was all the delight of adventure; the suspense and stealth and that tingling sense that our best daring and wit may be at instant demand. The fresh wind exhilarated me; I grew bolder, and even ventured to peep in at a window, with no reward, however, but the sight of one end of a tap bar, and a blowzy-looking girl moving behind. That proved the inn. The clinking of glasses I could hear distinctly, and the voices were loud enough; but I caught nothing connected. It happened that I was near the corner when the door finally opened, and Malin's niece, followed by Rarrick, passed out. They paused at the threshold with the light upon them, and Rarrick searched his pocket, apparently for coins. He drew some out and handed them to one standing in the doorway, but then fumbled for more.

"Never mind the threepence; I'll score off the tally on this," said a hearty voice, and forthwith a man moved out past him from the threshold, bareheaded, and thrust his hands in his pockets, with the air of closing his transaction.

"All right, then," agreed Rarrick, and turned with the girl to go down to the wagon. The innkeeper made as if to follow them, as a hospitable attention, it appeared; but Rarrick, in rather more earnest than the face of things called for said, "Don't be bothering yourself to come along; never mind us; we can get off all right."

"Going down to the Bay?" called out the landlord presently, who had stopped at this discussion.

"That's where we're going, sure enough," sung out Rarrick.

I heard the wheels grate as they started; when the landlord cried out, "Dark travellin' down the mountain," and upon Rarrick's shouting back some rejoinder, turned again into the house.

Now this I conceived to be just the cue for the wheelman to enter upon a stirring last act. These scraps of talk I had heard, brief and matter-of-fact as they were, had served to assure me of one thing: that the people of the inn were certainly not Rarrick's confederates, and probably not even his friends or acquaintances. Furthermore, the landlord's face had been easily visible as he stood in the bar of light from the open door, and I liked the looks of it. A tall, brawny man he was, with the broad Scotch cast of features so often seen in the North of Ireland, hale cheeks and frosty white hair. As I say, he looked honest; and even if his face had not given him such excellent credit, still, honest men are the rule in this world, after all, and it is well enough to take a chance, sometimes, on that rating. In fact, I used much less time to think the matter over [illegible] write these observations. The absconders were destined for accident, and might be back, no knowing how soon, for aid at the inn; my part was to be beforehand with them, and scarcely had the door shut behind the landlord (and the wagon still in hearing), before I had turned the knob and slipped quickly within the house.

It was a low, long room, brown with the smoke of the peat winter fires. All was bare wood: floors, chairs, tables, bar, shelves, sides and ceilings for decoration, advertising lithographs and reeds plaited in odd patterns about the wall. There were within the room the landlord, his son, as I learned, a strapping lad of nineteen to be; the blowzy barmaid, and an aged grand-dame, who sat before the hearth as if to derive warmth by association. These stared at me pretty sharply, but I hastily asked:—

"Do you know who that man was that just left you?"

"The man and the woman? No," said the landlord, puzzled. I knew it was the truth.

"Well," said I, "he's a thief. He's got money and silver goods in his wagon that he stole from Malin of the Tower, and the girl's eloping with him."

"Malin? I know him," said the landlord. "But who be you? Malin's place is a long ways back. How did you get here? Be you a detective officer?"

I told them I had followed the thieves on a bicycle, and gave them forthwith the heads of the adventure, and the sensation grew with the narrative. The old man took his hat from a peg; the young fellow got a stick somewhere that may have been a genuine shillelah from its looks; and they both edged towards the door.

The two men were fidgeting to be in chase before I had finished my hasty sketch; but I stopped them with their hands on the door-knob.

"He's got a pistol!"

"Has he, the blackgaurd? And by the Eternal, we've got a shot gun; and, Barney, go fetch it down quick."

"But wait a bit; likely he won't go so far soon; you may look for him back any moment."

"How so?" asked the landlord.

He clapped me on the back when I told him of my mechanics with the wagon wheel and produced the nut from my pocket. At the moment, his son, looking out from the window down the roadway, declared he saw a light in that direction. It was gone when we had opened the door and strained out eyes to see; but presently a faint blaze as from a match or a bit of paper kindled, was visible for a brief time.

"Something's happened," murmured the landlord; and, a moment later, "Hark! He's coming this way! Go back in the house to draw him in, and don't let him see we suspect anything."

We slipped indoors, all three.

"Nora," he commanded the maid, "take mother in the next room and shut

(Continued on page three.)

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DOCTORS SAID DIABETES.

Mr. W. H. Janes, Oshawa, Ont., states: "I have had Kidney and Urinary troubles for nine years—severe pain in the small of the back and in both sides. Doan's Kidney Pills have entirely removed all the pains. The doctors said I had Diabetes of the worst kind, and could not live six months. Doan's Kidney Pills have made a perfect cure.

CURE BACK ACHE

BACKACHE and DIZZINESS.

Mr. Theo. Daub, Berlin, Ont., says: "I had a severe pain across my back, and was seriously troubled with my kidneys. I had terrible headaches and dizziness. My appetite became poor, and my sleep not refreshing. Doan's Kidney Pills have done wonders for me. I have not the slightest pain now. I eat better, sleep well, and am strong and vigorous."

CURE DIABETES

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURE DROPSY

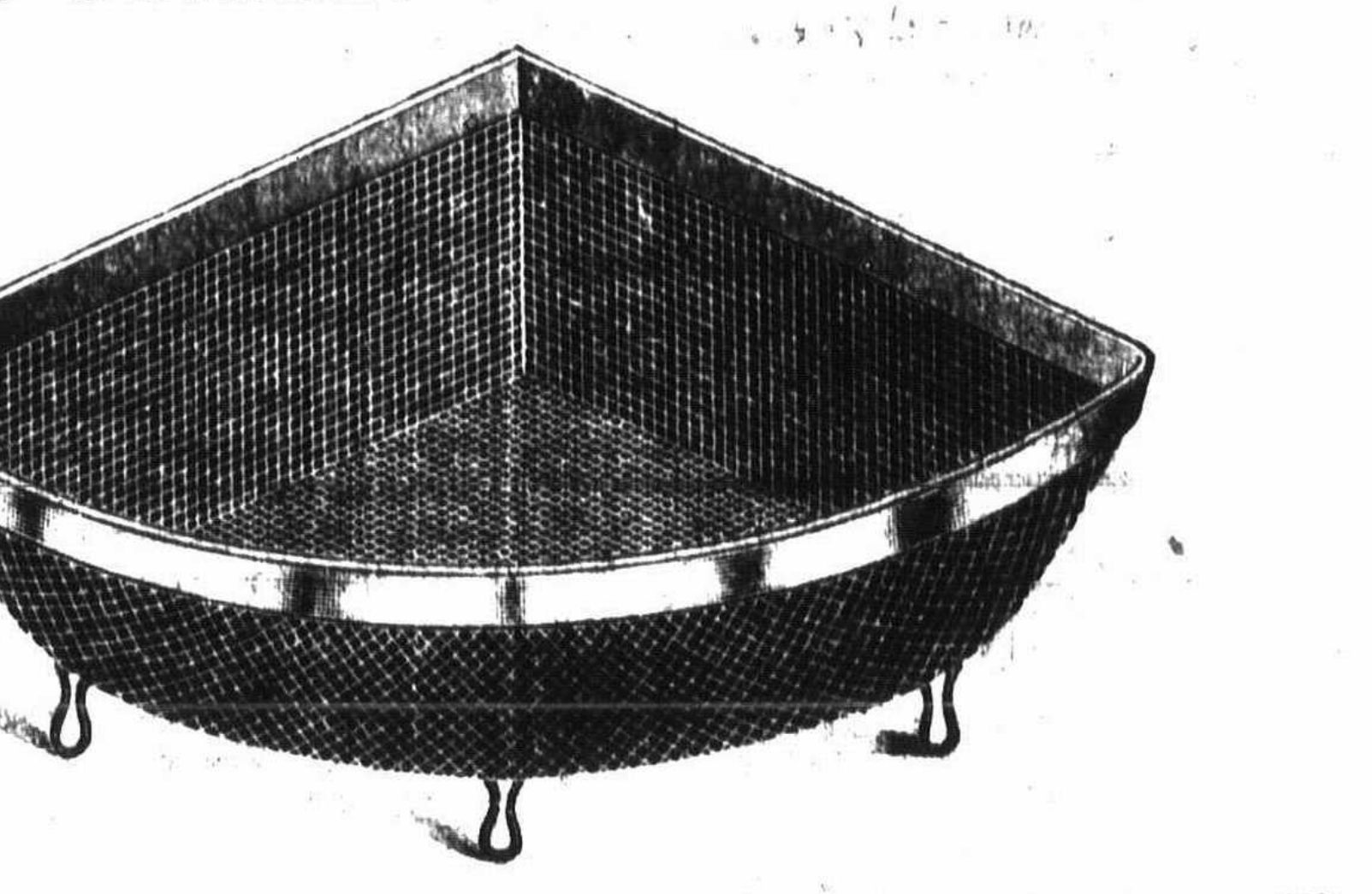
NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Mrs. John Hook, 3 Edward Street, St. Thomas, Ont., said: "Doan's Kidney Pills cured my son of incipient Bright's Disease. He had terrible back aches and night sweats, and always felt tired and worn. His nerves were unstrung, his sleep bad and appetite poor. He commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and is now completely cured.

CURE BRIGHT'S DISEASE

The DROPSY DISAPPEARED.

Mrs. Catharine Burton, 32 Alexander St., Montreal, says: "I was troubled for years with pain across my back, headaches, dizziness and poor appetite. There were dropsical swellings of my limbs. I was so sick I thought I was going to die. The doctors seemed unable to cure me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought relief at once, and have cured me.



THE CORNER SINK STRAINER

means no more clogged up waste pipes and it will save its cost ten times over. We have also many other new wire goods, including Jelly and Soup Strainers, Sink Whisks, Coffee Balls, Meat Rests, Vegetable and Egg Boilers, Potato Mashers, Egg Whips, Toast Racks, Broilers, Etc., all direct from one of the largest factories in the world.

McKELVEY & BIRCH 69 & 71 Brock Street, KINGSTON.

Will Not be Pumped into the States.

WINDSOR, Ont., Jan. 11.—The directors of the Ontario natural gas company are delighted with the decision of the Canadian government to prevent any increase of the facilities for piping natural gas across the river to the United States. Dr. King, managing director, says that were additional pipes laid to carry gas for exportation to Ohio, the gas fields would probably be exhausted within three or four years. Without such increased exportation it will last twelve or fourteen and possibly twenty years.

William Kay has laid information against Augustine Marentette with shooting his son Douglas with an air gun. Kay said that the two boys were standing together when young Marentette shot his son in the back of the head, and when the latter turned around he fired again, the shot taking effect in young Kay's upper lip. The shot had to be extracted by a physician.

International Curling Match.

DETROIT, Jan. 11.—The Canadian curlers who are to take part in the international bonspeil began arriving in the city yesterday afternoon and the expression on their faces was not the happiest in the world as they thought of the slush and soft weather that the bureau had provided for the event. However, the committees in charge of the affair had been thinking of getting over the old trouble of provokingly poor ice when the best sort was needed in their rink, and began planning to hold the bonspeil in Kingston or Belle Isle. They finally decided upon the latter place, and

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER—254-256 Princess street Telephone 147A Open Day and Night

HENRY BRAME,

LEADING UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER—145 Princess street, Corner Sydenham street. Telephone communication.

T. F. HARRISON COMPANY

Undertakers and Embalmers, 233 and 235 Princess Street. 'Phones:- Warerooms, 90. Residence, 91. Open day and night.

DIED.

QUINN.—In Kingston, on Jan. 10th, 1898, Michael Quinn, aged eighty-three years.

Funeral will leave the residence of his son-in-law, Michael Walsh, 680 Princess street, at nine o'clock, Wednesday morning, for St. Mary's Cathedral, where a solemn requiem mass will be sung. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

BOARD.

BOARDERS CAN BE ACCOMMODATED with both single and double rooms, with modern conveniences, at 288 Queen Street.

LOST.

YESTERDAY, A BLACK PERSIAN LAMB GAUNTLET, west of Princess Street. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning to MRS. BEAMISH, 225 Bagot Street.

TO LET.

A LARGE FURNISHED ROOM IN CENTRAL locality, modern improvements, private home. No. 3 Brick Terrace, opposite St. Paul's Sabbath School, Montreal Street.

Modesty Itself.

"He's the most modest man I ever knew."

"Yes, he won't even tell the naked truth."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

From the Heart the Mouth Speaketh.

Her cheeks were pink, her eyes were blue,
And golden were her tresses.
Her milk white teeth, when they showed through,
Wore cherry lips for dresses.
A queen she was, whose royal rule
Extended o'er a country school.

Before her trembled Thomas Gray,
The biggest of her scholars.
And Thomas hadn't sense, they say,
Where other folks had dollars.
But what "they say" sometimes is not
A picture "taken on the spot."

He had been whispering in school,
And she had seen him do it,
Which, being quite against the rule,
She thought she'd make him rue it.
Some queens are cruel. This one was
When any subject broke her laws.

"Why did you whisper, Thomas Gray?
You knew it was forbidden."
And Thomas knew not what to say
When thus he had been chidden.
At first he didn't. After while
The dull face lighted with a smile.

And Thomas stammered in alarm
As well as he was able:
"You looked so golderned purty, marm,
A-settin by yer table,
I had to speak. I knowed I must
Say something, er I'd shorely bust."
P. P.—Punishment postponed.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wood Yard

James Campbell, corner of Wellington and Barrack streets, always has on hand a good stock of best maple, cut and uncut, dry slabs, pine and cedar blocks. All cheap for cash. Telephone 116.

Miller's Worm Powders the Medicine for children. Sold by E. C. Mitchell.

How's The Children's Health?

Are They Thriving, or Are They Wea Puny and Sickly?

Build Up Their Health With MANLEY'S CELERY-NERVE COMPOUND.

There is no remedy that takes pale, pinched and puny children and so quickly and effectually starts their growth, puts flesh on their bones, and restores the ringing laugh, and vigorous romp of childhood, as Manley's Celery-Nerve Compound. It is the best remedy for over-worked, run-down school children, as it restores the fagged brain and renewes the energies. Price $1 at all druggists.

Cough Chaser."—The Best for Children's Coughs. 10c.

Sold in Kingston by E. C. Mitchell, 124 Princess Street.

STAMPS RUBBER STAMPS OF all kinds. Self-Inkers Linen Markers, Daters Seals, Stencils, Bank, Ticket & Office Stamps, etc. Repairs promptly done. JOHN OSBORN, Whig Office.