# WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening In the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

Rewritten and Rendered Into Modern English From Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

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(Continued.)

"I am glad to learn that you knew nothing of it," said Henry, addressing me, and I was glad, too, for him to learn it, you may be sure.

Then spoke Wolsey: "If your majesty will permit I would say that I quite agree with you; there has been witchery here—witchery of the most potent kind; the witchery of lustrous eyes, of fair skin and rosy lips; the witchery of all that is sweet and intoxicating in womanhood, but Master Brandon has been the victim of this potent spell, not the user of it. One look upon your sister standing there, and I know your majesty will agree that Brandon had no choice against her."

"Perhaps you are right," returned Henry.

Then spoke Mary, all unconscious of her girlish egotism: "Of course he had not. Master Brandon could not help it"—which was true beyond all doubt.

Henry laughed at her naivete, and Wolsey's lips wore a smile as he plucked the king by the sleeve and took him over to the window, out of our hearing.

Mary began to weep and show signs of increasing agitation.

After a short whispered conversation the king and Wolsey came back, and the former said, "Sister, if I promise to give Brandon his life will you consent decently and like a good girl to marry Louis of France?"

Mary almost screamed: "Yes, yes; gladly. I will do anything you ask," and fell at his feet, hysterically embracing his knees.

As the king stooped and lifted her to her feet he kissed her, saying, "His life shall be spared, my sweet sister." After this Henry felt that he had done a wonderfully gracious act and was the kindest hearted prince in all Christendom.

Poor Mary! Two mighty kings and their great ministers of state had at

*"Brother, let me die for him."*

last conquered you, but they had to strike through your love, the vulnerable spot in every woman.

Jane and I led Mary away through a side door, and the king called for De Longueville to finish the interrupted game of cards.

Before the play was resumed Wolsey stepped softly around to the king and asked, "Shall I affix your majesty's seal to Brandon's pardon?"

"Yes, but keep him in the Tower until Mary is off for France."

Wolsey had certainly been a friend to Brandon in time of need; but, as usual, he had value received for his friendliness. He was an ardent advocate of the French marriage, notwithstanding the fact he had told Mary he was not, having no doubt been bribed thereto by the French king.

The good bishop had, with the help of De Longueville, secretly sent Mary's miniature to the French court in order that it might as if by accident fall into the hands of Louis, and that worthy's little, old, shriveled heart began to flutter just as if there could be kindled in it a genuine flame.

Louis had sent to De Longueville who was then in England, for confirmation of Mary's beauty, and De Longueville grew so eloquent on the theme that his French majesty at once authorized negotiations.

As reports came in Louis grew more and more impatient. This did not, however, stand in the way of his driving a hard bargain in the matter of dower, for "the Father of the People" had the characteristics of his race and was intensely practical as well as inflammable. They never lose sight of the dot—but I do not find fault.

Louis little knew what thorns this lovely rose had underneath her velvet leaves, and what a veritable tartar she would be, linked to the man she did not love, or he would have given Henry 400,000 crowns to keep her at home.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### PROSERPINA.

So the value received for Wolsey's friendship to Brandon was Mary's promise to marry Louis.

Mary wanted to send a message at once to Brandon, telling him his life would be spared and that she had made no delay this time—a fact of which she was very proud—but the Tower gates would not open until morning, so she had to wait. She compensated herself as well as she could by writing a letter, which I should like to give you here, but it is too long. She told him of his pardon, but not one word upon the theme he so wished not feared to hear of—her promise never to wed any other man. Mary had not told him of her final surrender in the matter of the French marriage, for the reason that she dreaded to pain him and feared he might refuse the sacrifice.

"It will almost kill him, I know," she said to Jane that night, "and I fear it is a false kindness I do him. He would, probably, rather die than that I should marry another. I know that I should rather die or have anything else terrible to happen than for another woman to possess him. He promised me he never would, but suppose he should fail in his word, as I have today failed in mine? The thought of it absolutely burns me." And she threw herself into Jane's arms, and that little comforter tried to soothe her by making light of her fears.

"Oh, but suppose he should?"

"Well, there is no need to borrow trouble. You said he promised you, and you know he is one who keeps his word."

"But I promised, too, and think of what I am about to do. Mary in heaven, help me! But he is made of different stuff from me. I can and do trust his word, and when I think of all my troubles and when it seems that I cannot bear them the one comforting thought comes that no other woman will ever possess him—no other woman, no other woman. I am glad that my only comfort comes from him."

"I hoped that I might have been some comfort to you. I have tried hard enough," said Jane, who was jealous.

"Oh, yes, my sweet Jane. You do comfort me. You are like a soothing balm to an aching pain." And she kissed the hands that held hers. This was all that modest little Jane required. She was content to be a humble balm and did not aspire to the dignity of an elixir.

The girls then said their prayers in concert, and Mary gently wept herself to sleep. She lay dreaming and tossing nervously until sunrise, when she got up and added more pages to her letter until I called to take it.

I was on hand soon after the Tower gates had opened and was permitted to see Brandon at once. He read Mary's letter and acted like every other lover since love letters first began. He was quick to note the absence of the longed for but not expected assurance, and when he did not see it went straight to the point.

"She has promised to marry the French king to purchase my life. Is that not true?"

"I hope not," I answered evasively. "I have seen very little of her, and she has said nothing about it."

"You are evading my question, I see. Do you know nothing of it?"

"Nothing," I replied, telling an unnecessary lie.

"Caskoden, you are either a liar or a blockhead."

"Make it a liar, Brandon," said I, laughingly, for I was sure of my place in his heart and knew that he meant no offense.

I never doubt a friend. One would better be trustful of ninety-nine friends who are false than doubtful of one who is true. Suspicion and supersensitiveness are at once the badge and the bane of a little soul.

I did not leave the Tower until noon, and Brandon's pardon had been delivered to him before I left. He was glad that the first news of it had come from Mary.

He naturally expected his liberty at once, and when told that he was to be honorably detained for a short time turned to me and said: "I suppose they are afraid to let me out until she is off for France. King Henry flatters me."

I looked out of the window up Tower street and said nothing.

When I left, I took a letter to Mary, which plainly told her he had divined it all, and she wrote a tear stained answer, begging him to forgive her for having saved his life at a cost greater than her own.

For several days I was kept busy carrying letters from Greenwich to the Tower and back again, but soon letters ceased to satisfy Mary, and she made up her mind that she must see him. Nothing else would do. She must not, could not and, in short, would not go another day without seeing him—no, not another hour. Jane and I opposed her all we could, but the best we could accomplish was to induce her for Brandon's sake—for she was beginning to see that he was the one who had to suffer for her indiscretions—to ask Henry's permission, and if he refused, then try some other way. To determine was to act with Mary, so off she went without delay to hunt the king, taking Jane and me along as escort. How full we were of important business as we scurried along the corridors, one on each side of Mary, all talking excitedly at once! When anything was to be done, it always required three of us to do it.

We found the king, and without any prelude Mary proffered her request. Of course it was refused. Mary pouted and was getting ready for an outburst when Wolsey spoke up: "With your majesty's gracious permission, I would subscribe to the petition of the princess. She has been good enough to give her promise in the matter of so much importance to us, and in so small a thing as this I hope you may see your way clear toward favoring her. The interview will be the last and may help to make her duty easier." Mary gave the cardinal a fleeting glance from her lustrous eyes full of surprise and gratitude and as speaking as a book.

Henry looked from one to the other of us for a moment and broke into a boisterous laugh.

"Oh, I don't care, so that you keep it a secret. The old king will never know. We can hurry up the marriage. He is getting too much already—400,000 crowns and a girl like you. He cannot complain if he have an heir. It would be a good joke on the miserly old dotard, but better on 'Ce Gros Garcon.'"

Mary sprang from her chair with a cry of rage. "You brute! Do you think I am as vile as you because I have the misfortune to be your sister, or that Charles Brandon is like you simply because he is a man?" Henry laughed, his health at that time being too good for him to be ill natured. He had all he wanted out of his sister, so her outbursts amused him.

Mary hurriedly left the king and walked back to her room, filled with shame and rage, feelings actively stimulated by Jane, who was equally indignant.

Henry had noticed Jane's frown, but had laughed at her and had tried to catch and kiss her as she left, but she struggled away from him and fled with a speed worthy of the cause.

This insulting suggestion put a stop to Mary's visit to the Tower more effectually than any refusal could have done, and she sat down to pour forth her soul's indignation in a letter.

She remained at home then, but saw Brandon later, and to good purpose, as I believe, although I am not sure about it even to this day.

I took this letter to Brandon along with Mary's miniature—the one that had been painted for Charles of Germany, but had never been given—and a curl of her hair, and it looked as if this was all he would ever possess of her.

De Longueville heard of Henry's brutal consent that Mary might see Brandon, and, with a Frenchman's belief in woman's depravity, was exceedingly anxious to keep them apart. To this end he requested that a member of his own retinue be placed near Brandon. To this Henry readily consented, and there was an end to even the letter writing. Opportunities increase in value doubly fast as they drift behind us, and now that the princess could not see Brandon or even write to him she regretted with her whole soul that she had not gone to the Tower when she had permission, regardless of what any one would say or think.

Mary was imperious and impatient by nature, but upon rare and urgent occasions could employ the very smoothest sort of finesse.

Henry's brutal selfishness in forcing upon her the French marriage, together with his cruel condemnation of Brandon and his vile insinuations against herself, had driven nearly every spark of affection for her brother from her heart. But she felt that she might feign an affection she did not feel, and that what she so wanted would be cheap at the price. Cheap? It would be cheap at the cost of her immortal soul. Cheap? What she wanted was life's condensed sweets—the man she loved—and what she wanted to escape was life's distilled bitterness—marriage with a man she loathed. None but a pure woman can know the torture of that. I saw this whole disastrous campaign from start to finish. Mary began with a wide flank movement conducted under masked batteries and skillfully executed. She sighed over her troubles and cried a great deal, but told the king he had been such a dear, kind brother to her that she would gladly do anything to please him and advance his interests. She said it would be torture to live with that old creature, King Louis, but she would do it willingly to help her handsome brother, no matter how much she might suffer.

The king laughed and said: "Poor old Louis! What about him? What about his suffering? He thinks he is making such a fine bargain, but the Lord pity him when he has my little sister in his side for a thorn. He had better employ some energetic soul to prick him with needles and bodkins, for I think there is more power for disturbance in this little body than in any other equal amount of space in all the universe. You will furnish him all the trouble he wants, won't you, sister?"

"I shall try," said the princess demurely, perfectly willing to obey in everything.

"Devil a doubt of that, and you will succeed, too, or my crown's a stewpan." And he laughed at the huge joke he was about to perpetrate on his poor old royal brother.

It would seem that the tremendous dose of flattery administered by Mary would have been so plainly self interested as to alarm the dullest perception, but Henry's vanity was so dense and his appetite for flattery so great that he accepted it all without suspicion, and it made him quite affable and gracious.

Mary kept up her show of affection and docile obedience for a week or two until she thought Henry's suspicions were allayed, and then, after having done enough petting and fondling, as she thought, to start the earth itself a-moving—as some men are foolish enough to say it really does—she began the attack direct by putting her arms about the king's neck and piteously begging him not to sacrifice her whole life by sending her to France.

Her pathetic, soul charged appeal might have softened the heart of Caligula himself, but Henry was not even cruel. He was simply an animal so absorbed in himself that he could not feel for others.

"Oh, it is out at last!" he said with a laugh. "I thought all this sweetness must have been for something. So the lady wants her Brandon and doesn't want her Louis, yet is willing to obey her dear, kind brother? Well, we'll take her at her word and let her obey. You may as well understand, once and for all, that you are to go to France. You promised to go decently if I would not cut off that fellow's head, and now I tell you that if I hear another whimper from you off it comes, and you will go to France too."

This brought Mary to terms quickly enough. It touched her one vulnerable spot—her love.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE GEORGE OF SERVIA,

the heir apparent of King Peter, in honor of whose coming of age all Servia will soon be in gala array. The prince is heartily despised by those of his subjects with whom he has come in contact and the rulers of Europe are not expected to take kindly to the search for a wife that he will presently make, for they fear a repetition some day of the fearful tragedy in which Alexander and Draga were the victims.

## NOVA SCOTIA GIRL COMMITS SUICIDE.

AMHERST, Dec. 12.—Word was received here this evening from Middleboro, about six miles from Wallace, of the death of Jennie Canfield, daughter of James Canfield, of Middleboro. The deceased was only about twenty-three years of age, and during the past five months has been suffering from nervousness and mental trouble.

She left the house yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock and was seen by some of the neighbors going in a straight course to the river. When her absence from home was discovered a search was at once instituted, but the body was not recovered from the water until about 5 o'clock this evening. The doctor did not consider an inquest necessary.

## RECENT DEATHS.

EDWARD ATKINSON.

BOSTON, Dec. 11.—Edward Atkinson, the aged economist, publicist and statistician, died this noon at the Massachusetts General Hospital, whither he had been hurried unconscious from a fatal attack of acute indigestion with which he was seized while driving from his Brookline home to his Milk street office. After first aid had been administered by physicians hastily called to the lobby of 31 Milk street, into which Mr. Atkinson was taken from his carriage as soon as his condition was discovered, he was sent in an ambulance to the hospital, where his death soon followed. Mr. Atkinson was in his seventy-ninth year.

MRS. GEORGE WILSON.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of George Wilson, of Brittain street, died on Monday. The funeral will take place on Thursday. Besides her sorrowing husband, Mrs. Wilson is survived by one son, Stanton, in Chicago, and three brothers in California.


## When Baby Comes You'll Need Strength

**No Mother Can Rear a Healthy Child Unless She is Stronger Herself.**

A woman's anxieties multiply tenfold about the time the new baby is expected. If her strength is exhausted and her blood weak, it goes hard in the hour of trial. Ferrozone should be used because it makes the blood nutritious and rich. By instilling new strength into every part of the body, it uplifts your spirits at once.

Childbirth is certainly made easier by Ferrozone. The following statement expresses the earnest gratitude of Mrs. M. E. Duckworth of Durham. It is a woman's story—of her own case—told that other women may profit by her experience:

"Before baby was born I was in a miserable, weak, nervous state. I had no reserve strength. I tried to build up, but nothing helped me. I looked upon the coming day with dread, knowing I was unequal to the occasion.

"Ferrozone braced me up at once. It gave me strength and spirits, brought back my nerve and cheerfulness. From my experience with Ferrozone I recommend it to all expectant mothers."

There is more concentrated nourishment in Ferrozone than you can get from anything else. It supplies what weak systems need. Simply take one tablet at meals and you'll feel uplifted at once. Ferrozone makes healthy, virile, vigorous women; try it. 50c. per box of fifty tablets, or six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.


## MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA DEAD

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 12.—Henry Holmes, formerly musical instructor to Queen Alexandra of England, and for the past seventeen years a resident of San Francisco, died at his home in this city on Saturday last. He was born in London in 1839 and came to this city in 1888 after attaining a distinguished reputation as a violinist in the capital cities of the world.


DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.


## DOMINATED BY PETER VERIGIN

### Doukhobors Are Restive, Says Rev. R. E. Welsh.

### They Are Potentially Splendid Citizens, But Scarcely Own Their Souls—Community Life Should Be Abolished.

(Toronto Globe.)

"I have a very high idea of the Doukhobor and think he is a splendid potential citizen. He is sturdy and simple in his habits, keeps his home, though bare, very clean, his stable likewise, he has the finest horses, good thrashers, and so on—but he can scarcely call his soul his own because Peter Verigin acts as dictator."

Rev. R. E. Welsh, M. A., general secretary of the Canadian Bible Society, who has just returned from a western tour, in the course of which he visited and closely observed the Galician, Doukhobor, Mormon and other foreign settlements in western Canada, made this remark to a Globe reporter.

"Do not take it on my word alone," continued Mr. Welsh, "but I am stating what every man out in the Northwest considers to be necessary, when I say that it is imperative in the interests of the community and for the development of these Doukhobors, Mennonites and Mormons, who are living in communes, that they should be compelled to live on their homesteads and to cultivate them after the same rules as are imposed on any other settlers. If this were done, they would no longer be under the thumb of Peter Verigin and the Mormon apostles, but would take their place as citizens of this free dominion."

Like the Mormons around Raymond, where there are only 50 Gentiles but 2,000 Mormons, the latter living in village communities, not on their farms and not cultivating a quarter of the land which other homesteaders have to cultivate. Mr. Welsh says he found 8,000 Doukhobors living in village communities, which were composed of the people of about 40 homesteads. All their interests are merged in these communes.

Peter Verigin is their accepted leader, and he dominates them, keeps them both in subjection and in ignorance. He is, in fact, in Mr. Welsh's opinion, the evil genius of the Doukhobor communities. His agents meet the young men at the stations at Yorkton and elsewhere and get the money which they have earned, for he is the buyer for the villages. They have the highest idea of him, venerating him as though almost a sort of deity. And wherever he has gone he has succeeded in persuading the Doukhobors to withdraw their children from the public schools.

"He drove around last summer," said Mr. Welsh, "in the neighborhood of Buchanan, when I was on the Canadian Northern, where there are five or six of those Doukhobor villages, with more on the other side, on the Canadian Pacific—with his four-in-hand, with two outriders and the day after he had passed the Doukhobor children were all absent from the schools."

The people themselves, however, he says, are getting tired of Verigin and are "kicking." In one village ten have pulled out of the commune. Others would do so, too, only that they would lose their share of the property. "How do you manage," he asked one of them "when you have to give all your money to Peter Verigin?" "Oh," was the reply, "we have two pockets, one for Verigin and one for ourselves!"

Mr. Welsh was spending his two months in the interests of the Bible Society. He had splendid congregations on Sundays, and found "a very needy, very clamant field for Bible Society work all over the west" among those many races. Every twelfth man throughout the Northwest, he said, is a Galician, between 60,000 and 70,000 being found there, chiefly beside the Saskatchewan; then there are the Finns, Poles and many other races. The Bible Society has the scriptures in the languages of them all, there being inquiries at the new Bible house in Winnipeg for forty-five different tongues.

Mr. Welsh has made provisional arrangements for the circulation of the Scriptures in Slavonic and Ruthenian for the Galicians, and has arranged with Galician teachers and workers to help on this undertaking.

A most interesting movement he noted is that among the Galicians making for a new religious organization, the independent Greek Church, which is returning to the primitive type of the Greek Church. This new church now has about 25,000 Galicians under its influence.

His main object being to study the distribution of these various races, to see where the Bible Society ought to send colporteurs, Mr. Welsh could not fail to be impressed at the same time with the broadness of the resources of the west, and he was also struck, he said, with the astounding profanity of the men, in hotels, waiting rooms, even in sleepers. "It gets to be a habit," he said; "they don't notice it themselves."

Edmonton, he believes, will be the great focal point; it is coming to be a great centre of activity with its three railway systems and its wide region of "hinterland." So also is Saskatoon a very busy and promising place, while North Battleford, which sprang into being only four months ago, already numbers 500 inhabitants, and is beginning to get past the "packing-box" stage and have more substantial buildings, stores and other business establishments.

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How did our colleague acquit himself during the trial? inquired Sen. Slye.

Oh, he acquitted himself all right, replied Sen. Sniffkins. It was the dotrotted jury that convicted him.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

# How F. C. Gates of St. John Didn't Catch the Smugglers.

## He Had Quite An Experience at Houlton—News From Eastport—The Frozen Herring Industry.

EASTPORT, Me., Dec. 11.—U. S. customs officer F. C. Gates, of St. John, who has been watching the port of Houlton, in the absence of the regular officials, who have been in Portland attending court, met with rather an exciting experience near Houlton one evening this week. As a result of what happened Mr. Gates is probably of the opinion that the customs work in this section is not as pleasant as in other parts of the state. Mr. Gates hired a livery team one evening and started in the direction of the line stores, thinking that perhaps he might be able to surprise someone who was taking a chance in bringing some of the ardent across from the other side. He had only gone a short distance when he observed a team, in which there were two fellows, coming toward him at a good rate of speed. As he approached the team, he of course, as is customary for the officials to do, drove his horse across the road, alighted from the vehicle and caught the other horse by the bridle. But the fellows were not to be stopped. They were bound to get by the officer and they did. The driver lashed his horse with a whip, the steed started up quickly and in going past the officer's team they collided. Notwithstanding the fact that one of the thills on the fellow's team was broken and detached from the vehicle, the men went on their way, leaving Uncle Sam's employe in the background. Mr. Gates is now unable of course to tell whether or not the men had any spirituous liquors in their possession, but, however, it is only natural to expect that he is "guessing."

The attempt to locate J. Rand, the young Canadian wanted here for attempting to force an entrance into the basement of E. S. Martin and Son's hardware store last week, was not successful, and it is probable that the man escaped to one of the dominion islands near this city after he got away from the station. As Rand is wanted at one of the Canadian settlements for getting away with a supply of cured fish, it is not probable that he will start for home very soon, and as he is also watched for here in connection with the above burglary, will not care to come to this city for some time. With two attempted breaks during the week, it seems as if a careful watch was necessary along the business front for the winter.

The Canadian protective cruiser Curlew, Captain John H. Pratt, was in the harbor during the latter part of the week, and the officers and crew had a chance to visit in this city. The impromptu revolver shooting match between Capt. Pratt and Capt. William R. Bibber of Co. I, 2nd Regt., of this city, was of considerable interest to their many friends, the former using a large Colt's revolver, such as are in use in the Canadian navy, while Capt. Bibber had a Smith and Wesson, and came in a winner. It is probable that before the next visit of the Curlew that our esteemed friend Capt. Pratt will have considerable practice and another meeting of the crack shots will be arranged.

Several of the Quoddy boatmen secured a quantity of large sized herring, which are now in big demand, and a few of the local dealers in fish came in for a supply, which was shipped west in quick time. Owing to the unusually mild weather for December, it was impossible to freeze the fish, although the frozen herring industry will start in just as soon as the mercury takes a fall so that the fish will be handled without a serious loss. The coming in of the big herring is also of considerable importance to the many owners of smoke houses in this citiy and along the eastern coast of Maine, and the boneless herring plants will have a supply of the larger smoked herring at an early date in place of the small fish that have been handled at a loss to the employers. Although it has been several weeks since the big herring came down this way, it was to be expected that many schools would be found before the winter was far advanced and now that the advance guards have turned up is it looked upon as favorable by the fishermen who follow the habits of fish about Passamaquoddy Bay and the Bay of Fundy. With the recent closing of the sardine canning plants and no demand for the herring of small size, most of the weirs down the bay have been dismantled for the winter, so that they will not be seriously injured by the strong tides and floating ice later and they can be repaired in a short time when needed in the spring for catching sardines again.

## TARIFF COMMISSION, TO VISIT THE SOO

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., Dec. 12.—The dominion government tariff commission will hold a session at the Soo December 21. Word to this effect has been received by J. B. Way, secretary of the board of trade, from Hon. W. S. Fielding.

One of the most important matters to be brought before the commission when it visits the Soo, will be a request for the removal of the duty on soft coal to be used for cokeing purposes.

If the request is granted it doubtless will result in the establishment by the Lake Superior corporation of a large coke plant here.

PRINCE LOUIS' FLAG-SHIP BROKE RECORD.

HALIFAX, Dec. 12.—News from Gibraltar is to the effect that Prince Louis of Battenberg's flagship, the Drake, made the voyage from New York to Gibraltar in seven days, seven hours and ten minutes, the average speed of the vessels having been 18.504 knots an hour. This beats all records for warships by an average of half a knot an hour. The Bedford broke down in crossing and is believed to have put into the Azores.

The steamer Amethyst arrived here this morning with decks swept, rails smashed and otherwise damaged. She encountered a gale about 100 miles east of Halifax. She was loaded with pulp wood, bound from St. Anns, Cape Breton, for Portsmouth, N. H. She lost

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The impression seems to prevail that advertised goods cost more than those not advertised. The very opposite of this is true. Why? Because the larger the quantity of goods produced, the cheaper they can be produced.—Hon. Elijah A. Morse, "Rising Sun Stove Polish."

## TO STOP MANUFACTORIES LOCATING IN CANADA.

### Illinois Association Becoming Alarmed At the Result of the Tarriff Restrictions.

CHICAGO, Dec. 11.—The conditions which are rapidly drivng large manufacturing interests from the United States to Canada are to be considered within a few days by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. Reports just gathered show that 132 of the leading concerns of the country have been obliged, chiefly on account of tariff restrictions, to establish branch plants in Canada. The resulting loss financially is estimated at upwards of $50,000,000

The agitation which the Illinois manufacturers are about to start is expected to assume the form of a national appeal to congress. The remedy most in favor locally and throughout the country provides for reciprocity legislation, which will permit of the freer exchange of American and Canadian manufactured products. It is likely that congress will be asked during the present session to take some steps in this direction.

NOT WELCOME.

The flat-hunter timidly entered the modern apartment house.

"You have apartments to let?" he ventured.

"We have," replied the big janitor with a searching glance.

"And do you allow dogs?"

"Yes, sir."

"And birds?"

"All but one."

"Ah, the parrot?"

"No, the stork."


## A XMAS PRESENT OF THREE BEAUTY DOLLS FREE

A big MAMMA doll and two little twin girl dolls. The mamma doll turns her head and has movable arms and legs, and they are all beautifully dressed, and have the costliest underclothing, slippers and stockings.

GIRLS, wouldn't you like to have these three beautiful dolls, especially when Christmas is so near? Just think, THREE all at once! They won't cost you one cent. We don't want any of your money. Just send us your name and address and we'll mail you, postpaid, 30 packets of beautifully

Colored Picture Postcards, Xmas Cards and Comic Cards

to sell at 10c a packet. Four lovely cards, all different, in every packet. One girl wrote: "I sold all the post cards before I got home. Everyone thinks they are beautiful and very cheap." Another wrote: "Everyone thinks your post cards are beautiful. Some wanted more than I had to sell." Another wrote: "I was surprised to find how fast your post cards sold. The people said they were the nicest they ever saw." It will be the easiest thing you ever did. Just show them to people and they buy at once, send us the money, and we will immediately send you the three lovely dolls

ADDITIONAL PRESENT — A beautiful stone set ring will be given to every girl who writes at once for the post cards and is prompt in returning the money, THE COLONIAL ARTS CO., Dept. 1662, Toronto, Canada.