

F. B. Carvell, M.P.

which the government has been formed. And in that I think I express the sentiment of the great majority of the people of Canada.

The hon. gentleman (Hon. R. L. Borden) intimates that we will have a plebiscite. But think of handing over a great matter of policy such as this to a plebiscite which may mean nothing, and which certainly will not bring out one-half, even if it brings out one-quarter of the vote of Canada. My hon. friend knows that the scheme is unworkable. He knows he will not satisfy the people of this country in this way. He knows that he will place Canada in a position of humiliation in which she never need be placed. It is a scheme which, I believe he will regard, on full consideration, as ill advised, and, therefore, not to be carried out.

For my part, I am a firm believer in the policy adopted by the right hon. gentleman (Sir Wilfrid Laurier) who leads the opposition, and by the Liberal party, the policy of building our own navy. I believe we have reached the time in our history when it is our duty to adopt whatever means may be necessary to protect ourselves and to render to the mother country in time of danger whatever assistance it may be possible for us to render. We know that it is possible to do something in the way of training soldiers on short notice, for we have had experience of that in the past. But we know also that such a course is impossible in the case of naval defence. We know that naval defence involves the employment of trained, technical officers and seamen. A body of untrained men on board a man-of-war would be worse than useless. Therefore, if we are going to do anything, we must commence somewhere, and I do not think we can commence a day too soon.

There is another side to the question—the moral effect which the building of a navy by ourselves will have upon the rest of the world. This is worth more to us than all the millions of dollars we should contribute even if we were to adopt the policy of contributing \$25,000,000 now and \$25,000,000 two or three years hence. The sending out of a few thousand men to South Africa to take part in the war there brought about results that will outlast the life of any man in this building. By that course we placed Canada in a position which no money contribution could have secured for us. We not only increased our national spirit, but we compelled the admiration of the people of the empire generally. Even considering it on the low basis of money value alone, we have got back in the last ten years a hundredfold what it cost us.

By pursuing that course with respect to the navy, we will place ourselves in a much better position than we occupy at the present time. In my opinion, the amendment of the leader of the opposition is well advised, and I hope the leader of the government and his friends will take this matter to heart, and will accept the amendment, and that we may then go on our way in the development of the policy inaugurated by the late government, taking the main course of making a start, building a navy, so that if the need ever arises, we may be in a position to do our share in the defence of Canada and the defence of the empire.

**Humor and Philosophy**  
By DUNCAN H. SMITH

#### PERT PARAGRAPHS:

NEARNESS dissolves enchantment. Altruists that used to be regarded as airy nothings are now regarded as thrilling and death dealing affairs.

Many a woman has been driven to bridge by her husband's baseball talk.

The football season is over, but the aviation meets still fill the obituary columns and cemeteries.

When a woman loses her temper over the remarks of an acquaintance her friends say it is her sensitive disposition and her enemies say it is merely one of the symptoms of a bad conscience.

Some women are so constituted that they can't be happy as long as the woman next door has more solid silver spoons than they have.

Lots of men think they have a call to reform existing institutions when it is only a desire to air their opinions at so much per.

When a man says he doesn't know what the world is coming to it is probable that one of the giddy ones has stepped on his corn.

Many a man who wouldn't know a scotch from a flank movement is busy planning a successful campaign against a newly discovered enemy.

## UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

thunder shouts like spears of steel smiting on shields of bronze. But she stretched her hand out and swept it backward to the desert border of the south with a gesture that had awe for them.

"Hush!" she said softly, with an accent in her voice that hushed the riot of their rejoicing homage till it lulled like the lull in a storm. "Give me no honor while they sleep yonder. With the dead lies the glory!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

THREE weeks after the battle of Zanzibar Cigarette, in conversation with Cecil, had been scoring England.

"We talk of Albion—there is one of her sons," she said suddenly. "I detest your country; but, my faith, I must confess she breeds uncommonly handsome men."

She was a dilettante in handsome men. She nodded her head now to where, some yards off, at another of the campfires stood, with some officers of the regiment, one of the tourists—a very tall, very fair man, with a gallant bearing and a tawny beard that glittered to gold in the light of the flames.

Cecil's glance followed Cigarette's. With a cry he sprang to his feet and stood entranced, gazing at the stranger. She saw the startled gaze, the longing love, the agony of recognition, in his eyes. She saw the impulse in him to spring forward and the shuddering effort with which the impulse was controlled. He turned to her almost fiercely.

"He must not see me! Keep him away—away, for God's sake!"

He could not leave his men. He was fettered there where his squadron was camped. He went as far as he could from the lamplight into the shadow and thrust himself among the tethered horses. Cigarette asked nothing, comprehended at a glance, with all the tact of her nation, and sauntered forward to meet the officers of the regiment as they came up to the picket line with the yellow haired English stranger. The eyes of the stranger lighted on her, and his voice laughed in mellow music to his companions.

"Your intendant is perfect; your ambulance is perfect; your camp cookery is perfect, messieurs, and here you have even perfect beauty too. Truly campaigning must be pleasant work in Algeria."

Then he turned to her with compliments frank and gay and full of a debonair grace that made her doubt he could be of Albion.

Retort was always ready to her, and she kept the circle of officers in full laughter round the vedette fire with a shower of repartees that would have made her fortune on the stage of the Chatelet or Folies Marigny. And every now and then her glance wandered to the shadow where the horses were tethered.

Bah! Why was she always doing

him service? When they were quite gone, she came softly to him. She could not see him well in the gloom, but she touched his hand.

"Dien! How cold you are! He is gone."

He could not answer her to thank her, but he crushed in his little warm, brown palm. She felt a quiver shake his limbs.

"Is he your enemy?" she asked.

"No."

"What then?"

"The man I love best on earth."

"Ah! She had felt a surprise she had not spoken that he should feel thus from any foe. "He thinks you dead, then?"

"Yes."

"And must always think so?"

"Yes." He held her hand still, and his own wrung it hard, the grasp of comrade to comrade, not of man to woman. "Child, you are bold, generous, pitiful; for God's sake, get me sent out of this camp tonight. I am powerless."

There was that in the accent which struck his listener to the heart. He was powerless, fettered hand and foot as though he were a prisoner; a night's absence, and he would be shot as a deserter. "I will try," said Cigarette simply, without anything of her audacity or of her vanity in the answer. "Go you to the fire! You are cold."

"You have ingenuity, compassion, tact; you have power here, too, in your way; for the love of heaven, get me sent out on some duty before dawn. There is Blüch's murder to be avenged—would they give the errand to me?"

She thought a moment.

"We will see," she said curtly. "I think I can do it. But go back or you will be missed. I will come to you soon."

She left him then, drawing her hand quickly out of the clasp of his.

Cecil, mechanically returned to the fire at which the men of his company were cooking their welcome supper and sat down near them, rejecting with a gesture the most savory portion which their customary dove and care for him they were careful to select and bring to him. He sat like a man in a dream, while the loosened tongues of the men ran noisily on a hundred themes as they chafed each other.

"He said once that he would take my hand before all the world always, come what would," he thought. "Would he take it now, I wonder? Yes; he never believed against me."

And as he thought the same anguish of desire that had before smitten him to stand once more gullible in the presence of men and once more bear unvarnished the name of his race and the honor of his fathers shook him yet is fast rooted at its base, though it sways awfully beneath the storm.

"How weak I am!" he thought bitterly. "What does it matter? Life is so short, one is a coward indeed to fret

over it. I cannot undo what I did. I cannot if I would. To betray him now! God, not for a kingdom if I had the chance! Besides, she may live still. And even were she dead, to tarnish her name to clear my own would be a scoundrel's baseness—baseness that would fall as it merited. For who could be brought to believe me now?"

As he sat with his head bent down and his forehead leaning on his arm, while the hard biscuit that served for a plate stood unnoticed beside him with the food that the soldiers had placed on it, he did not hear Cigarette's step till she touched him on the arm. Then he looked up. Her eyes were looking on him with tender, earnest pity.

"Hark, I have done it," she said gently. "But it will be an errand very close to death that you must go on—"

He raised himself erect eagerly.

"No matter for that. Ah, mademoiselle, how can I thank you?"

"Child, I am no Paris demoiselle," said Cigarette, with a dash of her old acrimony. "Ceremony in a camp



He stooped and kissed her.

Pouf! You must have been a court chamberlain once, wasn't you? A great thing I have done certainly! Got you permission to go and throw a carter at old King Death; that is all! There! Love's griffes-de-fer is coming to you. That is your summons."

The orderly so nicknamed approached and brought the bidding of the general in command of the cavalry for Cecil to render himself at once to his presence. These things took no second's delay in obedience. He went, with a quick adieu to Cigarette, and the little friend of the flag was left in his vacant place beside the fire.

And there was a pang at her heart. "To go to do his duty to his death," she thought. But Cigarette, little mischievous though she was, could reach a high in one thing; she could reach a love that was unselfish and one that was heroic.

A few moments, and Cecil returned.

"Rake," he said rapidly in the French he habitually used. "Saddle my horse and your own. I am allowed to choose one of you to accompany me."

Rake, in paradise and the envy of every man in the squadron, turned to his work—with him a task of scarce more than a second—and Cecil approached the little friend of the flag.

"My child, I cannot attempt to thank you. But for you I should have been tempted to send my lance through my own heart."

"Keep it! I have for the Arabs, my friend," said Cigarette brusquely—the more brusquely because that new and bitter pang was on her. "As for me, I want no thanks."

"Not you are too generous. But none the less do I wish I could render them more worthily than by words. If I live, I will try; if not, keep this to my memory. It is the only thing I have."

He put in her hand the ring she had seen in the little bonbonnière—a ring of his mother's that he had saved when he had parted with all else and that he had put off his hand and into the box of Petit Reine's gift the day he had entered the Algerian army.

Cigarette flushed scarlet with passion, he could not understand and she could not have disentangled.

"The ring of your mistress! Not for me, if I know it! Do you think I want to be paid?"

"The ring was my mother's," he answered her simply. "And I offer it only as a souvenir."

She lost all her hot color and all her fiery wrath. His grave and gentle courtesy always strangely stilled and rebuked her. But she raised the ring off the ground where she had flung it and placed it back in his hand.

"If so, still less should you part with it. Keep it. It will bring you happiness one day. As for me, I have done nothing."

"You have done what I value the more for that noble disclaimer. May I thank you thus, little one?"

She lost all her hot color and all her fiery wrath. His grave and gentle courtesy always strangely stilled and rebuked her. But she raised the ring off the ground where she had flung it and placed it back in his hand.

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through a fiercely hostile region, occupied by Arabs with whom no sort of peace had ever been made, the most savage as well as the most predatory of the wandering tribes.

"We must ride as hard and as fast as we can and as silently," were the only words he exchanged with Rake as he loosened his gray to a hand gallop.

The first five and twenty miles passed without interruption, and the horses laid well and warmly to their work. They halted to rest and bait the beasts in a rocky hollow.

"Do you ever think of him, sir?" said Rake softly, with a lingering love in his voice as he stroked the grays and tethered them.

"Of whom?"

"Of the King, sir. If he's alive, he's getting a rare old horse now."

"Think of him! I wish I did not, Rake."

"Wouldn't you like to see him again, sir?"

"What folly to ask! You know—"

"Yes, sir, I know," said Rake slowly. "And I know—leastways I picked it out of an old paper—that your sister brother died, sir, like the old lord, and Mr. Cecil's got the title."

To his bitter disappointment, Cecil's face showed no change, no wonder.

"I have heard that," he said calmly—as calmly as though the news had no bearing on his fortunes, but was some stranger's history.

"Well, sir, but he ain't the lord," pleaded Rake passionately. "He won't never be while you're living, sir!"

"Oh, yes, he is. I am dead, you know."

"But he won't, sir," reiterated Rake. "You're Lord Royallieu. If ever there was a Lord Royallieu and if ever there will be one."

"You mistake. An outlaw has no civil rights and can claim none."

The man looked very wistfully at him; all these years through he had never learned why his master was thus "dead" in Africa, and he had too loyal a love and faith ever to ask, or ever to doubt but that Cecil was the wronged and not the wrongdoer.

"You ain't an outlaw, sir," he muttered. "You could take the title if you would."

"Oh, no! I left England under a criminal charge. I should have to disprove that before I could inherit."

Rake crushed bitter oaths into muttered words as he heard. "You could disprove it, sir, of course, right and away, if you chose."

"No, or I should not have come here. Let us leave the subject. It was settled long ago. My brother is Lord Royallieu. I would not disturb him if I had the power, and I have not it."

They were before long in saddle again and off, the country growing wilder at each stride the horses took.

"It is all alive with Arabs for the next ten leagues," said Cecil, as he settled himself in his saddle. "They have come northward and been sweeping the country like a locust swarm, and we shall blunder on some of them sooner or later. If they cut me down, don't wait, but slash my saber tache loose and ride off with it."

"All right, sir," said Rake obediently, but he thought to himself, "Leave you alone with them demons? Hang me if I will!"

And away they went once more in speed and in silence, the darkness of full night closing in on them, the skies being black with the heavy drift of rising stormclouds. They had reached the center of the plain when the sound they had long looked for rang on their ears, piercing the heavy, breathless stillness of the night. It was the Allah-Allah of their foes, the wavery of the Moslem. Out of the gloom—whether from long pursuit or some near hiding place they could not tell—there broke suddenly upon them the fury of an Arab onslaught. How they were attacked, how they were encompassed, how they thrust back those who were hurled on them in the black night, with the north sea wind like ice upon their faces and the loose African soil drifting up in clouds of sand around them, they could never have told, nor how they cut their way through the foe whose very face they scarce could see and plunged away into the shadows across the desolation of the plain, pursued whether by one or by a thousand they could not guess, for the gallop was noiseless on the powdered soil, and the Arab yell of baffled passion and slaughterous lust was half drowned in the rising of the windstorm.

The first faint streak of dawn grew gray in the east when Cecil felt his charger stagger and away beneath him and halt, worn out and quivering in every sinew with fatigue. He threw himself off the animal in time to save himself from falling with it as it reeled and sank to the ground.

"Massena cannot stir another yard," he said. "Do you think they follow or still?" There was no reply. He strained his sight to pierce the darkness but he could distinguish nothing. The gloom was still too deep. He spoke more loudly. Still there was no reply. Then he raised his voice in a shout. It rang through the silence, and when it ceased the silence reigned again.

A deadly chill came on him. How had he missed his comrade? They must be far apart, he knew, since no response was given to his summons. Without a moment's pause he plunged back in the direction he had come, leaving the charger on the ground to pant its life out as it must, and sought to feel his way along, so as to seek as best he could the companion he had deserted. He still could not see a road before him, but he went on slowly, with some vague hope that he should ere long reach the man whom he knew death or the fatality of accident alone would keep from his side. He had re-passed the ground already traversed by some hundred yards or more, which seemed the length of many miles in the hurricane that was driving over the

earth and sky, when some outline still dusky than the dusky shadow caught his sight. It was the body of a horse standing on guard over the fallen body of a man.

Another moment and he was beside them.

"My God! Are you hurt?"

He could see nothing but an indistinct and shapeless mass, without form or color to mark it out from the brooding gloom and from the leaden earth. But the voice he knew so well, answered him with the old love and fealty in it, eager with fear for him.

"When did you miss me, sir? I didn't mean you to know. I held on as long as I could, and when I couldn't no longer I thought you was safe not to see I'd knocked over, so dark as it was."

"Great heavens! You are hurt, then?"

"Just fished, sir. Lord, it don't matter! Only you ride on, Mr. Cecil, fiddle on, I say. Don't mind me. I never meant you should know, sir. I meant just to drop behind and die on the quiet. You see, sir, it was just this way: They hit me as we forced through them. I hoped you wouldn't miss me in the darkness and the noise the wind was making, and you didn't hear me then, sir, I was glad."

A great sob shook Cecil as he heard. No false hope came to him; he felt that this man was lost to him forever, that this was the sole recompense which the cruelty of Africa would give to a fidelity passing the fidelity of woman.

"Don't take on about it, sir," whispered Rake, striving to raise his head that he might strain his eyes better through the gloom to see his master's face. "It was sure to come some time, and I ain't in no pain—to speak of. Do leave me, Mr. Cecil—leave me, for God's sake, and save yourself!"

"Did you leave me?"

The answer was very low, and his voice shook as he uttered it, but through the roar of the hurricane Rake heard it.

"That was different, sir," he said simply. "Let me lie here, and go you on. It'll soon be over, and there's naught to be done."

The morning had broken now, but the storm had not lulled. By the fitful gleams of day he could see the blood slowly ebbing out from the great gap where the lance head was still bedded, with its wooden shaft snapped in two. He could see the drooped head, and Rake's eyes, smiling so brightly and so bravely still, looked up from under their weary lids to his.

"I'd never let you take my hand before, sir. Just take it now, will you, while I can see you still?"

Their hands met as he asked it and held each other close and long. All the loyal service of the one life and all the speechless gratitude of the other told better than by all words in that one farewell. A light that was not from the stormy, dusky morning shone over the soldier's face.

"Don't grieve that way, Mr. Cecil. If I could just have seen you home again in your place, I should have been glad, that's all. You'll go back one day, sir. When you do, tell the King I ain't never forgot him."

There was a long silence, a pause in which the windstorm ceased and the clouds of the loosed sands sank. In that momentary hush as the winds sank low the heavy eyes, half sightless now, sought with their old faithful doglike loyalty the face to which so soon they would be blind forever.

"Would you tell me once, sir—now? I never asked—I never would have done—but may be I might know in this last minute you never aimed that sin you bear the charge on?"

"God is my witness, no."

The light, that was like sunlight, shone once more in the aching, wandering eyes.

"I knew, I knew! It was"—

Cecil bowed his head over him, lower and lower.

"Hush! He was but a child, and I"—

With a sudden and swift motion, as though new life were thrilling in

"If I could have seen you home again," him, Rake raised himself erect, his arms stretched outward to the east, where the young day was breaking.

"I knew, I knew! I never doubted. You will go back to your own some day, and men shall learn the truth. Thank God! Thank God!"

Then, with that light still on his face, his head fell backward, and with one quick, brief sigh his life fled out forever.

Cecil raised the body reverently in his arms and with long, laborious effort drew its weight up across the saddle of the charger, which stood patient waiting by, turning its docile eyes with a plaintive, wondering sadness on the form of the rider it had loved. Then he mounted himself, and with the head of his lost comrade borne upon his arm and rested gently on his breast he rode westward over the great plain to where his mission lay.

(To be continued)

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CHAPTER XVI.  
THE errand on which he went was one, as he was well aware, from which it were a thousand chances to one that he ever issued alive. It was to reach a distant branch of the army of occupation with dispatches for the chief in command there, and to do this he had to pass