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Parties having old stamps used before 1870, can get high prices for them by communicating with Jno. Lindsay, Box 3, Paris, Ontario, the rarer kinds being worth from \$1 to \$100 each. Look up your old letters and write him for particulars. Collections in albums also bought. 3tw

TRUST THE HELMSMAN.

It seems but a stubborn old world That won't be reformed in a day. Don't fail to lamenting that all things are wrong And a new one is being fought for; Just guide your own course by the truth. As the truth seems apparent to you. And when in such harbor you anchor at last You may find all the others there too.

There's many a ship on the sea, And all by the same tempest blown, But one ship can't steer by another ship's helm; It has to be steered by its own. They'll answer a call of distress, And help till the danger is past, But on its own course each ship must rely To reach the home harbor at last.

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

The Eyes of Chance.

"A racial more or less of these scamps won't count. Try some of these phantasms, your honor. They were sent me by a friend, a trusted old friend. Yes, as I was saying, a racial more or less."

And the speaker, a broad shouldered, blond bearded man in uniform, launched forth into a tirade against the Arabs that from any other man would have brought down swift vengeance from these hardy sons of Algeria. But Vandier's cheery smile and kindly sympathy for the very men he was engaged in excommunicating were proverbial beneath the white tents that dotted the sandy plains around us.

We, the judge of El Azegre and I, the military doctor, were seated at Vandier's table. In spite of the disparity of our positions—Vandier had risen from the ranks to a sergeant—yet we loved him for his geniality, devotion to his duty and, above all, to his family, for whom he lived, breathed and thought.

No, decidedly our good friend was exempt from the risk other men had incurred. But what did worry me was his perpetual and incurable fondness for winging anything feathered that came within gunshot, despite the stringent laws that forbade such sport and the danger he, as guardian of these same laws, ran when he infringed upon them.

I wondered silently whether the judge was deceived by this excuse of an old friend, and as I glanced at the sweet faced little wife and her two bonny children I resolved to repeat my warnings to Vandier at the first opportunity. Alas, fate would it otherwise!

The day after our pleasant little visit I was returning from a long and somewhat cheerless journey into the desert, whither I had been summoned to relieve a suffering Arab, when I was stopped by a crowd of people, headed by my friend, Garlen, the judge.

"Quick, doctor," he cried. "I am off to El Azegre. Vandier has been assassinated!"

"Dead?" I repeated, chilled to the heart. "No; but a pistol shot in the groin. He is in great danger."

"Mechanically," wheeled my horse's head in the opposite direction and galloped rapidly along beside Garlen, who informed me that the police were already on the spot.

The minutes grew into hours in my distorted fancy! I hoped my colleague had been summoned in my absence for I felt myself too excited to handle my patient with the calm deliberation so necessary to a physician. But, then, would he be still living when we arrived?

"Oh," cried the village smith as we dashed into El Azegre, "he is alive and the murderer has been caught. Justice, justice, your honor."

We entered the house hurriedly. As I had hoped, my colleague had preceded me. Vandier, his face tensely drawn with the agony of his wound, lay among the white sheets that were spotted by a few drops of blood. Mine, Vandier knelt sobbing beside him. The doctor straightened as he saw us.

"He still lives. You will have time to take his deposition."

Vandier opened his eyes with a groan. "Oh," he whispered, "it's all over with me. Watch over Marie and my little ones. The government must provide for them now. Don't abandon them."

I could not answer; my grief tugged at my throat, and I nodded sorrowfully. Again the doctor spoke:

"To save his strength I will repeat the story of his mishap. Listen carefully, Vandier, so that you can sign the declaration when it is finished." Vandier nodded, and his face set in more dolorous lines than before.

"Vandier was shot at very short range; just how I cannot say, as it is impossible to search the wound—some Arab contrivance, loaded with stones perhaps. The murderer is a well known rascal, Cheneb Omar Abdelkader, living yonder at Mahoudi. He has just been arrested. Vandier was returning from the farm of Pavani in his runabout. He was alone, armed as usual with his gun and cartridge belt, both carelessly thrown under the seat. Everything seemed as usual until he approached El Azegre, when this blackguard sprang upon him from some bushes at the roadside and without a word shot at him. Vandier, though gravely wounded, reached for his gun; the trigger caught and the gun went off, the bullet passing through the flooring of the carriage. This accident gave the assassin time to escape in the brush, but before the victim had recognized him as a scamp who had just been imprisoned for six months for theft. Then, by a supreme effort of his will, he managed to drive into the village."

Poor Vandier! He had, then, fallen a victim to his hasty words. During the narrative his pallor had increased and the judge glanced up, expectantly awaiting his affirmation of the details, he opened his eyes with an expression of anguish I have never before or since, thank God, seen on any face.

"Well, Vandier, as you hope for immortal salvation, is this the truth?" "Just an instant," interrupted my colleague.

"Did the Arab shoot from the right of the left side?" "Left."

"Strange," murmured his interlocutor. "We must investigate this. The wagon is very high."

We filed out to inspect the wagon, and when we returned convinced that a very tall man could have accomplished the deed the invalid took the oath, and we turned from the painful farewell scene between husband and wife.

Outside the crowd surged and shouted for justice. For Vandier was a universal favorite. Had it not been for the presence of the guards the culprit would undoubtedly have been torn limb from limb. He sat there impassive, his sinister face the embodiment of evil, awaiting the moment of identification.

At last my colleague summoned us.

"Fetch the Arab, or it will be too late," Vandier opened his eyes as we entered with our prisoner, then closed them with a shudder.

"Vandier, is this the man?" The sergeant's features were convulsed by some mental struggle, and his threatening words against the Arab rang in my ears, why I could not tell.

Then, with an expression of pity, almost penitent remorse, he murmured: "It is."

Noble soul, true hearted Vandier grieved that his murderer should suffer the penalty of his crime.

But Omar cast himself beside the dying man and cried, with a refinement of hypocritical sincerity: "In Allah's name, I have never injured this man!"

And before we could prevent him he had kissed Vandier's hand with passionate devotion.

The excitement overwhelmed the invalid, his breath came in gasps, his eyes closed, and then followed an ominous silence.

The following days we devoted to careful investigation of the facts. Needless investigation to my mind, convinced as I was of Vandier's absolute loyalty. As impartial judge, however, I pretended the absolute necessity of investigating the prisoner's unswerving asseverations of innocence, and my colleague, for some reason unknown to me, but based, he told us, upon pathological reasons, supported him.

Our researches, however, confirmed all the details of Vandier's story. That Omar's friends and relatives swore he had not been absent from his tent at the hour specified we did not need, for the Arabs would naturally seek to protect their kinsman.

One thing, however, impressed us as strange. The terrible remembrance that must have followed had not stained the bottom of the runabout, and yet the ground where the attack was made had been flooded a deep crimson.

"It dropped through the cracks," I asserted, when Garlen mentioned the improbability of the wounded man having climbed from the wagon in pursuit of the villain.

But in that case we would find traces of it all along the road."

I left the judge in anger at his implied doubt of Vandier's veracity. Our Arab maintained an attitude of dignified resignation, and would not desert his child until his innocence had been proved.

Early in the morning of the day appointed for the man's conviction Garlen came to me with something clasped tightly in his left hand.

"What do you make of that?" he asked, extending a bullet of the caliber used by Vandier, the friend of the Arab, and in the place of the rag they use, a bit of wood.

"Why, wood; rather superfluous in a wound it seems to me."

"Where did you get them?" I asked, vaguely disconcerted by the occurrence. "Your colleague brought them from me after the autopsy," replied Garlen, between his teeth. "Come, let us examine the wagonette again."

We went out together. I still seeking an explanation to this undefined accusation against my departed friend.

Garlen quietly fitted the splinters into the small hole in the bottom of the runabout. No sound was made. Vandier himself had explained this hole by the accidental discharge of his gun.

"There," said he at last. I could not believe my eyes.

"Impossible," I cried. "They are not the same color as the wagon."

The judge gravely scraped away the blood on the splinters. The bright yellow that Vandier had used to stain his wagonette gleamed beneath the spongy bloodstain.

"I—I don't understand," I stammered. The judge looked at me; then he said: "You know Vandier hunted, or, rather, poached," he said coldly.

I nodded.

"Well, he shot himself, and Omar is innocent. It is all quite clear. Returning that morning, he discovered one of the splinters his trusted friend was so fond of sending him. Dismounting he started to pull out his gun, but the trigger caught, discharging the bullet, which lodged in his groin." Garlen illustrated just how this had happened. "By a marvelous effort of love and devotion, Vandier, realizing what the consequences for his family would be if the true cause were known, forced his way back into the runabout and drove home with his carefully planned tale. For one of Vandier's frank, honest nature the stupendous deceit with which he dared face his Maker, from sheer love for his wife, amounted to a real heroism. It is superb and abominable. And to think that a man's life should depend upon such a chance!"

We entered the little courtroom where our prisoner was already seated. "You are free," said Garlen, "to return to your home."

The Arab answered simply: "Allah be praised. May he watch over you for long days to come."

Then, with the easy grace of a man who feels his innocence proved in the face of doubt, he added:

"The tongue of a witness is a serpent who drinks of lies, but innocence is reflected in the eyes of a just man."

"That is sometimes a truth and sometimes an error," murmured Garlen, as we watched the Arab winding his way along the sunlit road.

I thought of Vandier in his grave, with that lie in his eyes. And, strong man that I was, I wept.—Translated from the French for Milwaukee Sentinel.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company, to be called "The Windsor, Essex, Lake Erie and Chatham Railway Company," to construct, maintain and operate a railway of either standard or narrow gauge and utilizing steam, electricity or other motive power, from a point in or near the City of Windsor, in the County of Essex, to a point in or near the Town of Leamington in the said county, and from the last mentioned point to a point in or near the City of Chatham, in the County of Kent. Also, to construct and own wharves, piers, docks and landing places, and to acquire, own and operate steamers, barges, ferries and other vessels in connection with such railway. Also to construct and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with said railway, together with such other powers and privileges as may be necessary for the attainment of the object for which incorporation is sought.

CLARKE COWAN, BARTLETT & BARTLETT, Solicitors for Applicants, Windsor, the 17th day of December, 1900.

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