

Gov't Report

King  
under  
RE

ERTON'S GIFT.

as for the Operating  
the Jubilee  
Hospital.Presented Against  
ers to Be Called  
Shortly.tal board had a special  
to consider the matter  
erating room, plans for  
esented at the previous  
were present Mr.  
ident, in the chair, and  
ward, G. H. Brown, I.  
Crimp, W. J. Dwyer,  
Byrnes, H. D. Helme-  
Wilson, J. S. Yates,  
M.P.P. There were but  
sears. Flumerfelt, Pen-ltee on the subject  
ed board have en-  
dised, and transmitted  
a resolution, passed at  
dical staff on the 2nd  
ference with the archi-  
board are unanimously  
plan and site shown  
1, which they  
but for \$3,500;  
as large a building as  
modern scientific man-half of the committee  
payer; and on the other  
ressed strong disapprov-  
to endorse either the  
posed, on the ground  
not thereby be se-  
He thought that the  
position to give an in-  
the plans as the eleva-  
been made, and he ob-  
an architect the right  
ard. He wanted the  
before he would feel  
rd are to get the full  
money proposed to behe committee supplied  
ed for, pointing out  
the present plans, and  
could not entail addi-  
tional management. This  
Helmecken questioned,  
did not give his consent  
sential any private gift  
be an addition to the  
which has to be borne  
thought that the under-  
last meeting that the  
es would confer with  
but they had not done  
this meeting had no fur-  
that last week sup-  
he objected to pro-  
ceed.agreed that this matter  
ached in a very  
particularly as the  
of this operating  
the main principle on  
has been built—that is,  
He found, too, that  
vide for all the accom-  
two operating rooms be-  
and he felt that if  
work were taken off and  
angular in place of  
blazed rooms could be  
erring the plans back  
th definite instructions  
operating rooms, for  
architect's commission.  
on Mr. Hayward mov-  
Mr. Helmecken, that the  
be laid on the  
next regular meet-  
ers. Wilson, Yates,  
sented a committee to  
we plan in the mean-  
lost by 4 to 7, the  
ers. Brown and Wilson  
recorder.  
was adopted on the  
It was decided to  
ated and specifications  
called for after the  
received the approval  
of the money is the  
D. Pemberton.

## FIC CABLE.

ew in Montreal Mr.  
M.G., is reported to  
every hope the scheme  
into execution. Hon.  
he said, was in sym-  
g that tended to the  
empire and no doubt  
wer to aid the under-any of the Canadian  
Mr. Fleming, "since  
rence was made by  
s, but I believe that  
dication by cable and  
news is now on theby one of the many  
jections raised by in-  
a cable from Van-  
had disappeared, and  
here and in Britain,  
educated up to the  
from Canada to Aus-the opinion that the  
about the necessity of  
two or three years,  
e has every hope that  
will lead up to the  
the most important  
ed out by the British

## HE YUKON.

hal despatch to the  
the Canadian  
Messrs. Fred. C.  
the latter of Dyea,  
carrying the mails  
-mile creek. The  
in the 13th inst., and  
to be made every  
to miners in the nec-  
paying \$1 per letter  
communications, therealam cases coughs,  
sore throat and all  
age and chest.THE STORY OF  
FRANCIS CLUDDE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

(Copyright, 1891, by Cassell Publishing Co. All  
rights reserved.)

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The north wall of the church at Coton  
End is only four paces from the house, the  
church standing within the moat. Isol-  
ated as the sacred building, therefore, is  
from the outer world by the wide spread-  
ing chancel and close massed with the  
homestead, Sir Anthony had some excuse  
for considering it as much a part of his  
demesne as the mill or the smithy. In  
words he would have been willing to ad-  
mit a distinction, but in thought I fancy  
he lumped it with the rest of his posses-  
sions.It was with a lowering eye that on this  
Sunday morning he watched from his  
room over the gateway the unusual stream  
of people making for the church. Per-  
chance he had in his mind other Sundays  
—Sundays when he had walked out at  
this hour, light of heart and kind of eye,  
with his staff in his fist, and his glove  
dangling, and his dog at his heels, and  
free from care, had taken pleasure in each  
bonnet and each old wife's "God  
bless ye, Sir Anthony!" Well, those days  
were gone. Now the rain dripped from  
the eaves—for a thaw had come in the  
night—and the bells that could on occa-  
sion ring so cheerily sounded sad and  
forlorn. His daughter, when she came,  
according to custom, bringing his great  
service book, could scarcely look him in  
the face. I know not whether even then  
his resolution to dare all might not be  
sound of a word from her or at sight of  
her face have melted like yesterday's ice,  
but before the word could be spoken or  
the eyes meet another step rang on the  
stone staircase, and Brother Ferdinand  
entered."They are here!" he said in a low voice.  
"Six of them, Anthony, and sturdy fel-  
lows, as all Cioton's men are. If you do  
not think your people will stand by you—  
The knight fixed his eyes on the  
window, "if Cludde men cannot meet  
Cioton men, the times are indeed gone  
mad! Make way and let me come! Though  
the mass be never said again in Coton  
church, it shall be said today!" And he  
swore a great oath.He strode down the stairs and under the  
gateway, where were arranged, according  
to the custom of the house on wet days,  
all the servants, with Baldwin and Martin  
Luther at their head. The knight stalked  
through them with a gloomy brow. His  
brother followed him, a faint smile flick-  
ering about the corners of his mouth.  
Then came Ferdinand's wife and Petro-  
nilla, the latter with her hood drawn close  
about her face; Anne, with her chin in the  
air and her eyes aglow; "It is not a bit  
of a bustle will scare him," Baldwin mut-  
tered as he fell in behind her and eyed her  
back with no great favor."No, so long as it does not touch her,"  
Martin replied in a cynical whisper. "She  
is well mated—well mated and ill fated!  
Ha, ha!""Silence, fool!" growled his companion  
angrily. "Is this a time for antics?"  
"Aye, it is!" Martin retorted swiftly,  
though with the same caution, "for, when  
wise men turn fools, fools are put to it to  
act up to their profession! You see, brother—  
And he deliberately cut a caper. His  
eyes were glistening, and the nervous on  
one side of his face twitched oddly. Bald-  
win looked at him and muttered that Mar-  
tin was going to have one of his mad fits.  
What had grown on the fool of late?The knight reached the church porch  
and passed through the crowd which  
awaited him there. Save for its unusual  
size and some strange faces to be seen on  
its skirts, there was no indication of trou-  
ble. He walked, tapping his stick on the  
pavement a little more loudly than usual,  
to his place in the front pew. The house-  
hold, the villagers, the strangers, pressed  
in behind him until every seat was filled.  
Even the table monument of Sir Piers  
Cludde, which stood lengthwise in the  
aisle, was seized upon, and if the two sim-  
ilar monuments which stood to right and  
left below the chancel steps had not been  
under the knight's eyes they, too, would  
have been invaded. Yet all was done de-  
cently and in order, with a clattering of  
rustle boots indeed, but no scrambling or  
ill words. The Cludde men were there.  
Baldwin had marked them well, and so  
had a dozen stout fellows, sons of Sir An-  
thony's tenants. But they behaved dis-  
creetly, and amid such a silence as Father  
Carey never remembered to have faced he  
began the Roman service.The December light fell faintly through  
the east window on the father at his min-  
istrations, on his small acolytes, on the  
four Cludde brasses before the altar. It  
fell everywhere—on gray dusty walls but-  
tressed by gray tombs which left but a  
narrow space in the middle of the chancel.  
The marble crucifer to the left, matched  
the canopied bed of Sir Anthony's parents  
on the right, the abbess' tomb in the next  
row faced the plainer monument of Sir  
Anthony's wife, a vacant place by her  
side awaiting his own effigy, and there  
were others. The chancel was so small—  
nay, the church, too—so small and old and  
gray and solid and the tombs were so  
massive that they elbowed one another.  
The very dust which rose as men stirred  
was the dust of Cludde. Sir Anthony's  
brow relaxed. He listened gravely and  
sadly.And then the interruption came. "I  
protest!" a rough voice in rear of the  
crowd cried suddenly, ringing harshly and  
strangely above the father's accents and  
the solemn hush. "I protest against this  
service!"A thrill of astonishment ran through  
the crowd, and all rose. Every man in the  
church turned round, Sir Anthony in the  
first, and looked in the direction of the  
voice. Then it was seen that the  
Cludde men had massed themselves about  
the door in the southwest corner, a strong  
position, whence retreat was easy. Father  
Carey, at a sudden alarm and shouting  
went on as if he had not heard, but his  
voice shook, and all still waited with their  
faces turned toward the west end."I protest in the name of the queen!"  
the same man cried sharply, while his fel-  
lows raised a murmur so that the priest's  
voice was drowned.Sir Anthony stepped into the aisle, his  
face inflamed with anger. The interrup-  
tion taking place there, in that place,  
seemed to him a double profanation.  
"Who is that braver?" he said, his  
hand trembling on his staff, and all the  
old dames trembled too. "Let him stand  
out."

The sheriff's spokesman was so con-

coaled by his fellows that he could not be  
seen, but he answered civilly enough."I am no braver," he said. "I only  
require the law to be observed. If that  
you know, sir, I am here on behalf of the  
sheriff, and I warn all present that a con-  
tinuation of this service will expose them  
to serious pains and penalties. If you  
desire it, I will read the royal order to  
prove that I do not speak without war-  
rant.""Begone, knave, you and your fellows!"  
Sir Anthony cried. A loyal man in all  
else, and the last to deny the queen's right  
or title, he had no reasonable answer to  
give and could only bluster. "Begone, do  
you hear?" he repeated, and he rapped his  
staff on the pavement, and then, raising  
it, pointed to the door.All Coton thought the men must go,  
but the men, perhaps because they were  
Cludde, did not go. And Sir Anthony had  
not so completely lost his head as to  
proceed to extremities, except in the last  
resort. Affecting to consider the incident  
at an end, he stepped back into the  
without waiting to see whether the knight  
obeyed him or no and resumed his devo-  
tions. Father Carey, at a nod from him,  
went on with the interrupted service.But again the priest had barely read a  
dozen lines before the same man made the  
congregation start by crying loudly.  
"Stop!""Go on!" shouted Sir Anthony in a  
voice of thunder."At your peril!" retorted the inter-  
vener."Go on!" from Sir Anthony again.  
Father Carey stood silent, trembling,  
and looking from one to the other. Mar-  
tin, a priest of his faith would have risen on  
the storm, and in the spirit of Hildebrand  
he got no comfort there. He feared the man  
but the father was not of these, and he  
hesitated, fumbling with his service book  
his feeble white hands. He feared the man  
for his patron as for himself, and it was  
on the knight that his eyes finally rested.  
But Sir Anthony's brow was black. He  
got no comfort there. So the father took  
courage and a long breath, and with a  
mouth and read on amid the hush of  
suppressed excitement and of such anger  
and stealthy defiance as surely English church  
had never seen before. As he read, how-  
ever, he gathered courage and his voice  
strengthened.The solemn words, so ancient,  
so familiar, fell on the stillness of the  
church and averted even the sheriff's men.  
To the surprise of nearly every one, there  
was no further interruption. The service  
ended quietly.So, after all, Sir Anthony had his way  
and stalked out, silent and unbending.  
Nor was there any falling off, but rather  
an increase, in the respect with which the  
people rose, according to custom, as he  
passed. Yet under that increase of respect  
lay a something which told the old man that  
the heart he saw that his dependents  
pitied him while they honored him; that  
they thought him a fool for running his  
head against a stone wall—as Martin Lu-  
ther put it—even while they felt that there  
was something grand in it too.During the rest of the day he went  
about his usual employments, but proba-  
bly with little rest. He had done what he  
had done without any very clear idea how  
he was going to proceed. Between his loy-  
alty in all else and his treason in this it  
would not have been easy for a Solomon  
to choose a consistent path. And Sir An-  
thony was no Solomon. He chose at last  
to carry himself as if there were no dan-  
ger, as if the thing which happened were  
unimportant. He ordered no shut his ears  
took no precautions. He shut his eyes to  
the whispering which went on among the  
servants and his eyes to the watch which  
by some secret order of Baldwin was kept  
upon the Ridgeway.It was something of a shock to him,  
therefore, when his daughter came to him  
after breakfast next morning, looking pale  
and heavy eyed, and breaking through the  
respect which had hitherto kept her silent  
begged him to go away."To go away?" he cried. He rose from  
his oak chair and glared at her. Then his  
feelings found their easiest vent in a loud  
outburst. "What do you mean, girl?" he blustered.  
"Go away? Go where?"But she did not quail. Indeed she had  
her suggestion ready.  
"To the Mere farm, in the forest, sir,"  
she answered earnestly. "There will not  
look for you there, and Martin says—"

"Martin? The fool!"

His face grew redder and redder. This  
was too much. He loved order and disci-  
pline, and to be asked in such matters to  
woman and a fool! It was intolerable!  
"Go to, girl!" he cried, fuming. "I  
wondered where you had got your tale so  
pale. So you and the fool have been put-  
ting your heads together? Go! Go and  
spin and leave these matters to men! Do  
you think that my brother, after travel-  
ling the world over, has not got a head on  
his shoulders? Do you think, if there were  
danger, he and I would not have foreseen  
it?"He waved his hand and turned away ex-  
pecting her to go, but Petronilla did not  
go. She had something else to say, and  
though the task was painful she was re-  
solved to say it."Father, one word," she murmured.  
"About my uncle."

"Well, well? What about him?"

"I distrust him, sir," she ventured in a  
low tone, her color rising. "The servants  
do not like him. They fear him and sus-  
pect him of I know not what.""The servants!" Sir Anthony answered  
in an awful tone.Indeed it was not the wisest thing she  
could have said, but the consequences were  
averted by a sudden alarm and shouting  
outside. Half a dozen voices, shrill and  
threatening, seemed to rise at once. The  
knight strode to the window, but the noise  
appeared to come, not from the  
court-yard or the rear of the house. Sir  
Anthony caught up his stick, and followed  
by the girl ran down the steps. He pushed  
aside half a dozen women who had like-  
wise been attracted by the noise and hasten-  
ed through the narrow passage which  
led to the wooden bridge in the rear of the  
buildings.Here, in the close on the far side of the  
moat, a strange scene was passing. A dor-  
on horsemen were grouped in the middleof the field about a couple of prisoners,  
while round the gate by which they had  
entered stood as many stout men on foot,  
headed by Baldwin and armed with pikes  
and staves. These seemed to be taunting  
the captives, and daring them to come on.  
On the wooden bridge half a dozen of the  
servants, also armed. Sir Anthony recog-  
nized in the leading horseman Sir Philip  
Clifton, and in the prisoners Father Carey  
and one of the woodmen, and in a moment  
he comprehended what had happened.The sheriff, in the most unneighborly  
manner, instead of challenging his front  
door, had stolen up to the rear of the  
house, and without saying with your leave  
or by your leave had snapped up the poor  
priest, who happened to be wandering in  
that direction. Probably he had intended  
to force an entrance, but he had laid aside  
the plan when he saw his only retreat  
menaced by the watchful Baldwin, who  
was not to be caught napping. The knight  
took all this in at a glance, and his gorge  
rose as much at the Cludde men's trick  
as at the danger in which Father Carey  
stood. So he lost his head and made mat-  
ters worse. "Who are these villains," he  
cried in a rage, his face aflame, "who come  
attacking men's houses in time of peace?"

"Begone, or I will have at ye!"

"Begone, or I will have at ye!" cried, inter-  
rupting him, "in heaven's name, do not  
carry the thing farther! Give me way in  
the queen's name, and I will!"What he would do was never known,  
for at that last word, away at the house,  
he and Sir Anthony, there was a puff of  
smoke, and then the sheriff head-  
long, horse and man, and the report of an  
arquebus rang dully round the build-  
ing. The knight gazed, horrified, but the  
damage was done and could not be un-  
done—nay, more, the Cludde men took the  
advantage of the signal. With a shout, before  
Sir Anthony could interfere, they made a  
dash for the group of horsemen. The  
other, uncertain and hampered by the fall of  
their leader, who was not hit, but was  
stunned beyond giving orders, did the  
best they could. They let their prisoners  
go with a curse, and then, raising Sir  
Philip and forming a rough line, they  
charged toward the gate by which they  
had entered.The footmen stood the brunt gallantly,  
and for a moment the sharp ringing of  
quarter staves and the shivering of steel  
placed on level sword in full view of an  
English home. The spectators could see  
Baldwin doing wonders. His men backed  
him up bravely, but in the end the im-  
petus of the horses told, the footmen gave  
way and fled aside, and the strangers  
took place at the gateway. Sir Anthony's  
men being deaf to all his attempts to call  
them off, and then the Cludde horse got  
clear, and shaking their fists and vowing  
vengeance rode off toward the forest.They left two of their men on the field,  
however, one with a broken arm and one  
with a shattered kneecap, while the house  
party on their side, besides sundry knocks  
and bruises, could show one deep sword  
cut, a broken wrist and half a dozen scald  
wounds."My poor little girl!" Sir Anthony  
whispered to himself as he gazed with  
scared eyes at the prostrate man and the  
dead horses and comprehended what had  
happened. "This is a hanging business!  
In arms against the queen! What am I  
to do?" And as he went back to the house  
he muttered again:

"My little girl! My poor little girl!"

I fancy that in this terrible crisis he  
looked to get support and comfort from  
his brother, that old campaigner who had  
seen so many vicissitudes and knew by  
experience how to turn the worst into the  
best. But when Petronilla came  
again to him, her countenance so pale, and  
to go into hiding she found in a man he  
altered. "Go to the Mere farm," he said,  
not angrily now, but firmly and quietly.  
"No, girl, I cannot. I have been in fault,  
and I must stay and pay for it. If I left  
my father's fellows to bear the brunt, I  
could never hold up my head again. But  
do you go now and tell Baldwin to come  
to me."She went and told the stern, down look-  
ing steward, and he came up."Baldwin," said the knight when the  
door was shut and the two were alone,  
"the men who came to the house all the  
tenants—who have indeed been called out  
without my orders. Bid them go and keep  
the peace, and I hope they will not be  
molested. For you and Father Carey, you  
must go into hiding. The Mere farm will  
be best.""And what of you, Sir Anthony?" the  
steward asked, amazed at this act of folly."I shall remain here," the knight re-  
plied, with dignity."You will be taken," said Baldwin,  
after a pause.The man shrugged his shoulders and  
was silent."What do you mean?" asked Sir An-  
thony in anger."Why, just that I cannot do it," Bald-  
win answered, glowering at him, with a  
flush on his dark cheek. "That is what I  
mean. Let the priest go. I cannot go and  
will not.""Then you will be hanged!" quoth the  
knight warmly. "You have been in arms  
against the queen, you fool! You will be  
hanged as sure as you stay here!""Then I shall be hanged," replied the  
steward sullenly. "There never was a  
Cludde hanged yet without over to keep  
him company. To hear of it would make  
my grandire turn in his grave out there.  
I dare not do it, Sir Anthony, and that is  
the fact. But for the rest I will do as you  
bid me."And he had his way. But never had  
evening fallen more strangely and sadly at  
Coton before. The rain pattered drearily  
in the courtyard. The drawbridge, by  
Baldwin's order, had been pulled up, and  
the planks over the moat in the rear re-  
moved.

"They shall not steal upon us again!"

he muttered. "And if we must surrender  
they shall see we do it willingly."The tenants had gone to their homes  
and their wives. Only the servants re-  
mained. They clustered, solemn and sor-  
rowful, about the hearth in the great hall,  
starting if a dog howled without or a coal  
flew from the fire within. Sir Anthony  
remained brooding in his own room, Pe-  
tronilla sitting beside him silent and fear-  
ful, while Ferdinand and his wife moved  
restlessly about listening to the wind.  
But the evening and the night wore peace-  
fully away, and so, to the surprise of ev-  
erybody, did the next day and the next.Could the sheriff be going to overlook the  
matter? Alas! on the third day the doubt  
was resolved. Two or three boys, who  
had been sent out as scouts, came in with  
news that there was a strong watch set on  
the Ridgeway, that the paths through the  
forest were guarded, that bodies of armed  
men were arriving in the neighboring vil-  
lages, and that soldiers had been demand-  
ed—so it was said—from Warwick and  
Worcester and even from the north as far  
away as Oxford. Probably it was only the  
sheriff's prudence which had postponed the  
crisis, and now it had come. The net  
was drawn all round. As the day closed  
in on Coton and the sun set angrily  
among the forest trees the boys' tale,  
which grew no doubt in the telling, passed  
from one to another, and men swore and  
looked out of window, and women wept  
in corners. In the tower room Sir An-  
thony sat awaiting the summons and  
wondered what he could do to save his  
daughter from possible ruin, or even a  
hurt, at the hands of these strangers.There was one man missing from hall  
and kitchen, but few in the suspense not-  
ed his absence. The fool had heard the  
under such circumstances, he presently  
saw in the dusk to the rear of the house.  
Here he managed to cross the moat by  
means of a plank, which he then drew  
over and hid in the grass. This quietly  
managed—Baldwin, he said, had strict-  
ly forbidden any one to leave the house—  
he made off with a grim chuckle to-  
ward the forest, and following the main  
track leading toward Wootton Waveren  
presently came among the trees upon a  
couple of sentinels. They heard him, saw  
him indistinctly and made a rush for him,  
but this was just the sport Martin liked  
and the fun he had come for, and in a  
second he was lost in the underwood, his  
mocking laugh and shrill taunts keeping  
the poor men on the shudder for the next  
ten minutes. Then the uncanny accents  
died away, and satisfied with his sport  
and the knowledge he had gained the fool  
made for home. As he sped quickly across  
the last field, however, he was astonished  
by the sight of a dark figure in the very  
act of launching his (Martin's) plank  
across the moat."Ho, ho!" the fool muttered in a fierce  
under-tone. "That is it, is it? And only  
one! If they will come one by one, like  
the plums in the kitchen porridge, I shall  
make a fine meal!"He stood back, crouching down on the  
grass, and watched all the unknown, his eyes  
glittering. The stranger was a tall, big  
fellow, a formidable antagonist. But  
Martin cared nothing for that. Had he  
not his long knife, as keen as his wit—  
when they were at home, which was not  
now—would he not have been a better  
over of the darkness, creep nearer and  
nearer, his blood glowing pleasantly  
though the night was cold. How lucky it  
was he had come out! He could hardly re-  
strain the "Ho, ho!" which rose to his  
lips. He meant to leap upon the man on  
this side of the water, that there might  
be no tell-tale traces on the farther bank.But the stranger was too quick for him  
in this. He got his bridge fixed and began  
to cross before Martin could crawl near  
enough. As he crossed, however, his feet  
made a slight noise on the plank, and un-  
der cover of it the fool rose and ran for-  
ward, then followed him over with the  
stealthiness of a cat. And, like a cat, too,  
the moment the stranger's foot touched  
the bank Martin sprang on him with his  
knife raised—sprang on him silently, with  
his teeth grinning and his eyes aflame.

(To be continued.)

## GROSS LYING.

(From the Seattle Times.)

Do the jingoes realize what they are do-  
ing? Do they realize that they are great  
danger in inflaming the public mind by  
false statements and by gross exagger-  
ations of the truth so that the people will  
be unable to take a calm view of our foreign  
relations? We find in a Tacoma dispatch  
of the Pot-Intelligencer an illustration  
of what we mean. That dispatch  
states that the Canadian government has let  
a contract for the carriage of mails from  
Juneau to Forty-Mile creek, and this  
is alleged to be a gross outrage on this  
country because both points of the route  
are in Alaska. The Tacoma correspondent  
of our contemporary may be as ignorant of  
the geography of Alaska as he pretends to  
be, or he may be a simple ordinary every  
day liar, like the man who sent out from  
Tacoma to the Eastern papers the other day  
a story of how the people of Juneau were  
armed and ready to defend themselves  
against the British troops when they came  
down from the Yukon."I feel ashamed," said a prominent Ju-  
neau business man to the Times the other  
day, "when I read such things. Every  
man in Juneau knows that Canada has made  
and intends to make no claim to our town-  
ship, but we know that she does hope to  
show she is entitled to the head of Lynn  
creek, which, however, is a very different  
matter. The statement that Forty-Mile  
creek is in Alaska is one of those half-  
truths that are worse than a direct false-  
hood. Forty-Mile creek rises in Alaska,  
and unites with the Yukon in Canada.  
This has been settled by the Canadian sur-  
veys made by Ogilvie and confirmed by  
the United States survey made by direc-  
tion of Gen. Duffield, and there is no more  
doubt about the outlet and a few miles of  
the course of Forty-Mile creek being in  
Canada than there is that Seattle is in  
the state of Washington. We say it is a  
disgrace that the American public is being  
led to in this fashion, and that it is  
especially infamous that a newspaper which  
has every facility for learning the truth,  
which in fact only eleven days ago pub-  
lished a most completely contradicting the  
statement of its correspondent, should  
prostitute itself to such disreputable work."

SATOLLI'S ELEVATION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—After a conference  
with Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Rooker, Mgr.  
Satolli's secretary, to-night announced that  
the ceremony of elevation of Mgr. Satolli to  
the cardinalate will take place on the first  
Sunday in January, which occurs on the  
fifth of the month.TORONTO, Dec. 5.—The Mail in an edi-  
torial suggests that the Prince of Wales be  
invited to visit Toronto next year to open  
the new civic buildings.

"They shall not steal upon us again!"

How  
To Use  
Cottolenethe new shortening, like all other things  
must be rightly used if you wish the best  
results. Never, in any recipe, use more than two-thirds as  
much Cottolene as you used to use of lard. Never put Cot-  
tolene in a hot pan. Put it in when cold and heat it with  
the pan. Be careful not to burn Cottolene. To test it, add a  
drop of water; if hot enough, it will pop. Cottolene, when  
rightly used, delights everyone. Get the genuine, sold every-  
where in tins, with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head  
in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by  
THE H. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

## A BIG UNDERTAKING.

In this case, altogether too big. The turkey can't  
half cover that egg. That is what is the matter  
with buying on credit. Our knowledge of the  
markets; going into the markets with cash; our  
policy of quick sales and small profits, put us in a  
position to talk turkey.  
We have just received ex. Ardmore, a full line  
of Crosse & Blackwell's Olives stores. These are  
a few of our turkey-flavored prices:4 Crown Muscatelles, 3 lbs. for 25c.  
Table Raisins, 15c. New Figs, 15c.  
Candied Peel, 20c.  
Our Cleaned Currants, 3 lbs. for 25c. save many a  
growl.

DIXIE H. ROSS &amp; CO.

## WELL DRESSED LADIES

Now-a-days have their Skirts bound with

Women are usually anxious to make their money go as far as they can, hence the  
great popularity of the CORTICELLI SKIRT PROTECTOR. It is econ-  
omical and adds to the beauty of a garment as well.  
Sold in 4 and 6 yard lengths. The Mohair is in 5 yard lengths.  
Can be had in same shades as Corticelli Sewing Silk.CORTICELLI SILK CO., Manufacturers, ST. JOHNS, Que.  
0016-w-d-ew

## LEA AND PERRINS'

OBSERVE THAT THE  
SIGNATURELea & Perrins  
IS NOW  
PRINTED  
IN BLUE INK  
DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE  
OUTSIDE WRAPPER  
of every Bottle of the  
ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE  
Sauce.

Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors

Worcester;

Crosse &amp; Blackwell, Ltd., London;

and Export Olives generally.

RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

AGENTS—M. DOUGLAS &amp; CO. and URQUHART &amp; CO.—MONTREAL

## ALBION IRON WORKS CO., Ltd.,

ENGINEERS . . .  
IRON FOUNDERS,  
BOILERMAKERS.Marine and Land Engines, Boilers, Etc.  
Fish Canning and Mining Machinery.  
Hydraulic Giants, Pipes and Sinking Pumps for Mines.