

THE OUTPOST.

I.

FOR the time the enemy had retreated and we occupied the captured position.

The sergeant had gone away, disappearing over the crest of the hill, leaving the conscript Claude Latapie as outpost upon a small eminence where he was sheltered by the broken walls of a shot-shattered cottage.

Night was drawing on. In the fast darkening twilight the surrounding objects threw strange, eerie shadows and the young soldier's heart sank within him at finding himself all alone in the midst of this dreary winter scene. His superstitious peasant's mind imagined in these forms the weird spectres concerning which so many wonderful tales beguiled the long evenings in the countryside.

The sky was dark; the clouds gathered more and more thickly. Scarcely a star was to be seen and the wind howled with shrill mournful sounds in the bare branches. The sentinel's mind grew heavy and dull as his body grew cold and torpid in the deadly frost. Soon his thoughts wandered no longer back to the dear old hearth of home; he even lost consciousness of the weighty responsibility that was his.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a groan proceeding apparently from a spot close by. Startled by the sound, Claude shook off his oppression, grasped his weapon more firmly and with ear alert peered anxiously through the gloom. He bethought himself of his comrades sleeping under his protection; he remembered that their safety depended upon him and he reproached himself for his weakness.

The cry was repeated. Clearly it came from the interior of the ruined cottage. Claude entered by the open door, struck a match and beheld lying in a corner amid the debris of the fallen roof a human form. He lit a candle which he found upon the floor and cautiously approached the injured man.

By the flickering light of his taper he saw that it was one of the enemy who had been struck by a beam which lay across his chest. Claude, obeying his first impulse, brandished his bayonet menacingly, but the poor fellow's wild imploring look shamed him. This was a foe indeed but a wounded one!

The sentinel lowered his gun and its butt end clashed upon the frozen ground. "He will die anyhow if he is left there!" muttered Claude to himself.

A choked voice entreated: "Drink!" "Drink?" The soldier's hand felt for his flask still half-full with the coffee he had filled it with before leaving for his post—a double ration of coffee fortified by a strong infusion of brandy. What! Should this precious liquid serve to warm an enemy's carcass at the expense of a Frenchman's?

He uncorked the flask and put it to his own lips with an insulting parade of intense enjoyment. But the first mouthful choked him. After all this German was a man!

Claude propped his gun against the wall and, leaning over the wounded man removed the beam which was crushing him. Then he knelt at the German's side and held the flask to his lips. The other stretched out his hands to take it into his own grasp.

"None of that!" said Claude. "Hands off! or none of this do you get. To think that I shall be obliged to suck the place soiled by the lips of this beer-drinker!"

The injured man understood these words for he was familiar with French, having lived in France before the war broke out. Upon hearing Claude's expression of disgust he turned aside his head for a moment but his terrible thirst speedily mastered every other feeling. He opened his mouth into which the sentinel slowly poured the lukewarm coffee. Then Claude rose to his feet and went out to resume his watch.

II.

At the end of half an hour, either to look after the suffering stranger or to shelter himself for a moment from the icy blast, Claude re-entered the cottage.

Still tortured by fever, the German soldier held out his hands for the flask. Again Claude had pity on him. Forgetting entirely his first repugnance and anxious to return to his duty, he unfastened the strap to which the flask was attached, and gave it into the man's hands.

This done, he left the cottage. And lo! before him stood four armed men, while another fell upon him and disarmed him before he could give the alarm.

A large number of soldiers were advancing with footsteps muffled by the snow. The company halted. Its commander, a Bavarian captain, ordered the prisoner to be taken into the ruined house.

There the captain questioned Claude in French. He could get nothing out of him.

"I shall find the way to loose your tongue," threatened the captain; "we shall see what these bayonets can do! Where are your posts, your main body, your camp?"

Still the soldier kept silence. "Hallo, you others!" commanded the captain "spike this obstinate fellow for me!"

A feeble voice cried: "Stop!" Looking round in surprise, the officer saw the wounded German, and recognized him as a soldier of his own company, who had been left for dead. From his lips he learned how compassionate the prisoner had been to him.

"Very well, then," said the captain; "I will spare him for the present; but should he make the least sign, he shall be shot on the spot. He must go with us. Muller and Hermann, guard him between you. At the first word, force his voice into his throat. Let us be off! No fear but that we shall soon discover for our selves both our post and camp!"

Claude was in the depths of despair. He had started his post; he had failed to give the alarm; and the consequence was that his comrades would be surprised and massacred. How now could they be warned and saved?

He marched quietly with the others, rejoicing at first because the reconnoitering party went in the "wrong" direction. But the captain observed his look of satisfaction, and changed the route.

This time he took the right road, leading directly to the camp; all was lost! Suddenly, Claude tripped and fell. As his guards stooped to raise him, his fingers twined themselves around Muller's gun.

Muller tried to wrest it from his grasp. Claude resisted. He had already managed to cock it, in spite of the pain caused by the ligature, and he was trying now to get at the trigger. Before he could do so, Hermann made a thrust at him with his bayonet. Not until he was mortally wounded did his nerveless fingers relax their hold. In the struggle the gun went off at last. Loudly the report rang out upon the stillness of the night, and Claude, gathering into one last effort all his expiring strength, shouted: "To arms!"

Then he fell, staining the snow with his blood. But the report and his cry had been heard.

The soldiers of two stations rushed to the spot, one party attacking the Germans in front, and the other harassing them in the rear. The main body hastened to their aid, and soon the enemy, hemmed in on every side, was forced to surrender.

III.

Standing beside the ambulance where Claude lay in his death agony, the commander of the corps, who had heard the story of his devotion, wished to bestow upon him that decoration of the brave, the Cross of the Legion of Honor. But the dying youth, with an almost horrified gesture, objected:

"No! no! if you only knew—"

"I know you to be a gallant fellow," said the General.

"Ah! must I, then, confess my dishonor before I die? I deserve the court-martial rather than the cross."

With sobs of penitence and shame he confessed the momentary relaxation of his watch.

"His comrades have recompensed you fully."

"That is nothing," replied Claude simply. "I had been warned and knew what to expect. I preferred to have their bayonets in my body to knowing that they would cut down my sleeping friends who trusted to me. I am happy, indeed, my General, to die for France when I deserve execution!"

"Give me your hand, my brave boy! You have nobly redeemed your little dereliction. I am proud to command men such as you!"

The General bent over Claude and laid the cross upon his breast. The face of the dying youth brightened wonderfully. Laying his feverish hand upon the cross he murmured:

"My mother will be pleased with this. You will send it to her, will you not, my General?"

The General promised. The young soldier smiled and died.—San Francisco Monitor.

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others it will also do for you. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all blood diseases.

Ireland as a Tourist Resort.

The question is continually asked, Why is Ireland, with its exquisite scenery and almost unrivalled beauty, neglected by the peripatetic Saxon? There are, or have been, invariably two methods of solving the problem. The Saxon has shrugged his shoulders and repeated for the thousandth time the old formula about the discomfort and the excessively high tariff of the Irish hotel. Or, on the other hand, he may have remarked on the dilatoriness of the Irish railway train. It is not for us to deny that, to a very considerable degree, complaints of this character have been more than justified; but a recent and rather extended experience of both these necessary adjuncts to the business of touring has revealed to us the fact that such grounds of dissatisfaction are being rapidly and certainly removed. Ireland has at last awakened to her possibilities as a tourist resort which—whether it be in sea, mountain, lake or river scenery—rivals, if it does not excel, Scotland and Wales.

She is accelerating and improving her railway service; she is opening up new and—for the tourist—virgin routes; her hotel proprietors are alive to the necessity for materially changing their methods; and, given these conditions, there can be no possible reason in the world why Ireland should not obtain a fair share of the holiday harvest which at present is bestowed with bounteous hand upon the Continent.—St. James's Gazette.

Danger in X-Rays.

The craze for having the members of one's body Roentgened—to coin a new verb—is likely to be checked by the recent experiment of Dr. Waymouth Reid, professor of physiology in University College, Dundee, says Engineering Mechanics. Having to deliver a popular lecture, he desired to obtain a photograph of his own chest or abdomen through the clothing, to exhibit the contents of the pockets in addition to the skeletal structures. The exposures were in the aggregate an hour and a half, and the coil was one giving a 10 in. spark, fed by 10 amperes. The Crookes tube was some 3 in. from his waistcoat as he lay upon the table. On the evening of each exposure marked erythema of the skin of the abdomen and chest was noticed immediately beneath the position of the vacuum tube, and, in addition, slight redness of the skin of the back over an area corresponding to exit of the rays from the body. In seventeen days the outline began to peel off, leaving a surface which was "raw" but not very painful. There was apparently a complete immunity of structure deeper than

GOOD ROADS.

the skin, there being no sign of lung trouble, but it is also obvious that the affected skin did not stop all the injurious rays, as enough of them were able to pass through the body to attack the skin of the back. One of the most curious things about this effect is that, though the action takes place in the immediate neighbourhood of the nerve terminals, there should apparently be no accompanying sensation to give warning of it.

GOOD ROADS.

Some Experiments Regarding the Use of Wide and Narrow-Tired Wagons.

A most important question of the present day is the demand for good roads. In this connection the following extract from the New York Post will be found interesting:—

Some valuable experiments with the draft of wide and narrow-tired wagons have been made by the officers of the agricultural experiment station at Columbia, Mo. Contrary to public expectation, it was established that in nearly all cases the draft was materially lighter when tires six inches wide were used than with tires of standard width. This is thought to remove the last objection to the gradual adoption of the broad wheel, as its effect in making, rather than in breaking roads has been thoroughly appreciated. On a macadam street the same draft required to haul a ton load with narrow tires hauled more than a ton and a quarter with broad tires. On gravel roads the draft required to haul 2,600 pounds with narrow tires hauled 2,610 pounds on the broad tires. On dirt roads, dry and hard and free from rut, the broad tires pulled more than one-third lighter. On mud roads, spongy on the surface and soft underneath, the broad tires drew one half lighter than the narrow tires. On the same road, when soft and sticky on top and firm underneath, the

NARROW TIRES PULLED MATERIALLY LIGHTER.

the difference amounting to an average of one-third. When this same road had been wet to a great depth by continued rains, and the mud had become stiff and sticky, so that it would gather on the wheels, the difference was again largely in favor of the narrow tires. These two are the only conditions of the dirt road in which the narrow tires showed to advantage. On meadows and pastures the results have been strikingly in favor of the broad wheels. When the meadows are soft, from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds may be hauled on the broad wheels with the same draft as that required to haul a load of 2,000 pounds on the narrow wheels. The beneficial effect of the wide tire on dirt roads was also strikingly shown in the tests. A clay road, badly cut into ruts by the narrow tires, was selected for the test, as presenting conditions least favorable to the broad tire. A number of tests of the draft of the narrow tire were made in these open ruts, and immediately followed by the broad tires running in the same ruts. The first run of the broad tire over the narrow-tire ruts was accompanied by an increased draft; the second by a draft materially less than the original narrow tire; the third by a still greater decline, and in the fourth trip the rut was practically obliterated and filled, thus demonstrating that if even half the wagons had broad tires the results would be beneficial to all in decreased draft and better roads.

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THE COLORED SHIRT FAD

A Profanation of Good Taste, and the Young Man's Enemy.

In writing of "The Offense of the Colored Shirt," Edward W. Bok, in the June Ladies' Home Journal, denounces it in its present development—violent colors with white collar, and worn with a loud cravat—as an absolute offence against good taste. "Many of the colors and combinations worn in shirts by men of good repute," he asserts, "have been borrowed from the sporting element—gamblers on the race-track and followers of the prize fight, who for a long time had a monopoly of this style of wardrobe, and were known by their shirts of wonderful design, as well as by their clothes of loud and large 'cheeks.' Too many of our young men consider themselves well dressed nowadays with the lurid-colored shirt as part of their toilette. If they could, however, see themselves with the eyes of others they would very speedily come to a different conclusion. A young man can, at least of all, profane good taste in dress, no matter how general a foolish fad may become. He is always being judged by some one older than himself, and many a business man judges a young man's character by his dress. The colored shirt of violent color or design is not the young man's friend; it is his enemy. He does not impress people with his good taste by wearing it; on the contrary, he shows the weakness in his character of a tendency to unwise imitation. The quiet, gentlemanly garb is his, and he should adhere to it. Employers look not for the latest styles in a young man's dress, but for a sense of neatness and becomingness.

"Dress cheerfully: at twenty we need not dress as if we were fifty. There is a happy medium between the black tie and the violent cravat of rainbow hue. That is where good taste comes in, and a young man must exercise it. The colored shirt is possible for him, but within limitations. On the contrary, it is not offensive: on the contrary, it is becoming. But brilliant cravats, fancy waistcoats, loud and large 'cheeks' in clothes, and extreme colors in shirts, are not for the young man of taste, refinement or of future standing. Nor are they in one whit better taste for the man of mature years. They are offensive, and bespeak the man who affects them."

DEATH-BED MARRIAGE.

A YOUNG AMERICAN'S DEVOTION TO THE WOMAN OF HIS CHOICE.

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woman of his choice very rarely manifested in this progressive period of the world.

Mr. Fanning had pulmonary consumption in the second stage. In May physicians told him he must go to a drier climate, so he moved from Pomona, Cal., to Tempe. Last week he had several hemorrhages that nearly killed him. His mother and Miss Eleanor Spencer, to whom he was engaged, were called to Tempe. Mr. Fanning was told his end was near, and on Tuesday he was married on his death bed to Miss Spencer. He grew steadily worse, and passed away during a hemorrhage.

He was assistant to the general manager of the Iron Mountain Railroad, and one of the most promising railroad officers in the West. He inherited wealth from his father, and he will, that and a large insurance to his bride.

The Cabs of London.

London stretches ten or twelve miles from east to west, and eight miles from north to south. Two thousand omnibuses, a thousand tram cars, nearly twelve thousand cabs and several railways are required to carry the people of this great town to and from their places of business and to the theatres, for making calls, etc. It is said that almost the entire middle class of the capital are dependent upon hired carriages for their transportation, while even men and women of wealth are not always in the position where their own carriages can be relied upon. It is estimated that 100,000 passengers are taken daily wherever they please in London, and about \$500,000 is spent every twenty-four hours for the privilege of riding in a wheeled conveyance.

A late report says that the number of licensed hackneys and two-wheeled cabs reaches 7,396 and the "four wheelers" come to 4,000. The cab drivers number 15,514, some of these doing night duty on cabs driven by other men in the daytime. Each of these men must pass an official examination before he can secure a license and among the things which he must know are the streets of London, the railroad stations and the public buildings.

The city has about 600 public cab ranks, besides those at the railway stations, with an average of ten standings of cabs at each place; but these are seldom entirely occupied. A plan carried out in late years of providing "cabmen's shelters" has been found to be most popular among these men, who sometimes have to stand for hours without a "fare." These booths sell wholesome refreshments at a small price, and there is always a supply of books and papers. Some of these little stands have been constructed in a highly ornamental manner, and vines and flowering shrubs are frequently seen about them during the summer.

These shelters have been the means of forming numerous clubs among the drivers for mutual benefit and amusement. Members who are ill are helped by their fellows, and the families of dead companions are assisted with substantial aid.

The Poultry Business

The poultry interest in the southern States has received a great impetus with the enormous decline of prices of staple crops, and almost every householder is turning attention to this important source of revenue. Even the country merchants, who keep little groceries at almost every crossroad, not only find their poultry trade more remunerative than other departments of their business, but many of them actually keep little poultry ranches of their own. They buy up fowls in exchange for merchandise very cheap, and then feed them upon grain which they procure at still less cost comparatively; and gathering a rich harvest of eggs, they ship them along with other articles of produce received at their stores. There are, however, very few breeders of thoroughbred poultry in Tidewater Virginia. Duck culture is another important interest with Virginia farmers, but they find a formidable competitor in the crow, as young ducks are very much to his fancy. Most of the counties have granted bounties for the destruction of hawks and owls, for the protection of the poultry interest, but as yet the crow has escaped proscription, and it is to be hoped that this immunity will be continued, as notwithstanding his evil traits, the crow is really a very useful bird. By far the most destructive enemies of poultry are the weasels and minks, which abound in a Tidewater country. These animals will sometimes destroy dozens of fowls in a single night.—Poultry Monthly.

FLAG TORN UP.

GIRLS OF EVANSTON, ILL., LED THE MOVEMENT.

CHICAGO, June 2.—At the Garrett Biblical Institute of the North Western University, in Evanston, Ill., on Decoration Day, George Washington Skinner, a student from Halifax, N. C., hung a Confederate flag from his window. There

You think of Scott's Emulsion as only for those who have consumption or who have inherited a tendency to it. Almost its greatest use is for those whose condition is so impaired as not to be able to get the good they should out of their ordinary food. In nearly every case with these, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil brings back appetite, stimulates digestion, restores color and plumpness, and controls the diseases of thinness. Book about it, free,

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were several protests, but Skinner stood his ground, and the flag remained where he put it until the girl students organized an indignation meeting. They were joined by several male students, and a general rush was made for the flag. A volley of stones and sticks flew at the flag. There was a crash and the Stars and Bars with a broken staff, fell into the hands of the crowd. A moment more and it was in as many pieces as there were students.

A THANK OFFERING.

A CLERGYMAN WRITES ON BEHALF OF GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORED THEIR HEALTH AND THEY WISH OTHER SUFFERERS TO KNOW IT—A LETTER THAT WILL BRING HOPE TO MANY—NO OTHER MEDICINE GETS SUCH VOLUNTARY PRAISE.

The following letter, written by the Rev. Wm. Lawson, Methodist minister, at Richibucto, N.B., attests in the strongest manner the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a perusal of it will suggest why this great medicine is so popular in thousands of homes throughout the Dominion—it cures when other medicines fail.

Richibucto, N.B., April 26, 1897.
Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

DEAR SIRS—I am glad to furnish you the following voluntarily given testimonial, with the fullest permission to give the names and place. They do this as a thank-offering to God and your medicine. Mrs. Wm. Warman of Molus River (near here) says her son Alden was sickly from birth. He could hardly ever retain food, and his parents had but little hope that he would live long and the doctors who attended him were of the same opinion. Till seven years of age he continued in that condition. Then the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was begun, and under them he recovered and is now a strong healthy boy. Mr. Warman, the boy's father, also adds his testimonial to the great value of Pink Pills, saying:—"I suffered for years with a bad back, until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they cured me." Miss Annie Warman adds this evidence with enthusiasm and freedom: "I was weak and sickly, and did not know the blessing of good health till I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used eight boxes and have since enjoyed the best of health. In fact I am never sick now."

Here you have three members of a family restored to health by the use of your medicine, and you would almost covet their good health and genial ways largely resulting from such health. They wish you to truly use these facts to help other sufferers, and I am able as their pastor to certify to the facts above stated.

Sincerely yours,
WM. LAWSON
Methodist Minister.

Canadian Trade.

TORONTO, Ont., June 3.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly statement of trade in Canada says: Reports from all parts of the Montreal district as well as from the Province of Quebec generally indicate a continuance of cold, backward weather conditions. The roads in some sections are reported well-nigh impassable for any heavy traffic owing to the continued rain of the past several weeks; from the same cause little spring work has been accomplished on low-lying lands, and in the case of potatoes a good deal of replanting will probably be necessary. In some districts a good deal of grass has been winter-killed owing to the light snowfall of last winter, but on the whole indications at present are favorable for an average crop of hay. It can readily be imagined that the above somewhat discouraging conditions have their effect on country demand for merchandise, and the general trade movement has not undergone any material improvement during the past week. The dry goods trade naturally suffers most from the unseasonable weather, and the effects are seen in a lessened demand, and some falling off in collections. General payments are characterized by more or less slowness, but failures are very few considering, showing that wholesalers evidently recognize and appreciate the general conditions and are disposed to accommodate their customers as much as possible. The money market is unmarked by any new features, the rate for call loans and discounts being the same as for some weeks past.

There is a better feeling in wholesale circles at Toronto, but as yet there is no perceptible increase in the volume of business. Grain crops are said to be looking well, and the damage to fruit trees by the late frost is not of any great moment. The outlook on the whole is favorable, and on the adjournment of Parliament increased activity is expected. Money is cheap. Over a million and a half dollars were paid to shareholders by banks this week, the profits of the past six weeks, and a good share of this will be reinvested. The large increase in bank clearings for May is a favorable feature as indicating an extension of trade. The clearings aggregated \$29,059,000 for the month, being the largest for any other month this year, excepting January, while the total in May last year was \$27,796,000, and in the same month of 1895 it was only \$25,698,000. Dealers in dry goods and hardware report a very good trade this week, while there is some improvement in groceries. Prices are steady as a rule. The grain market has been very dull of late with the lowest prices for wheat for some months. Feeds are weaker, the quotations being the lowest on record.

and oats have had a set back. Wool is 1c to 2c lower. Prime commercial paper is discounted at 6 per cent., and call loans are quoted at 1/2 per cent. on choice stock. Owing to increased demand for bank, cable and assurance stocks, prices are higher. Cable has declared its regular quarterly dividend of 1/2 per cent., payable July 1st. The Bank of England discount rate is unchanged at 2 per cent., and the open market is 1 per cent. An improvement is noted in American stocks, with some buying on London account. The Grangers have participated in the most owing to good outlook for grain in the west and southwest. Failures for the week are 32, as against 29 for the same week of last year.

In Norfolk, at a feast given at the end of the harvest, the hostess, thinking to honor one of the principal men, asked him to come and sit at her right hand. "Thank you, my lady, but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather sit opposite this 'ere pudden'."

Poet: "Let me tell you, sir, that poem cost me a week's hard labor." Editor (who has read it): "Is that all? If I had the passing of the sentence you'd have got a month."

SURGEON-DENTISTS

FALSE TEETH WITHOUT PLATE

GOLD and PORCELAIN Crowns fitted on old roots. Aluminum and Rubber plates made by the latest process. Teeth extracted without pain, by electricity and local anesthetics.

Dr. J. G. A. GENDREAU, Surgeon-Dentist

28 St. Lawrence Street.
Hours of consultation:—9 A.M. to 6 P.M. TELEPHONE, BELLE, 2818. 7-9

DR. BROUSSEAU, L. D.S.

SURGICAL DENTIST,
No.