MR. LAURIER IN QUEBEC.

DREW ELEVEN SALARIEST

going on. There were ten names on which Van Brocklin had been drawing salaries.

He broke down completely and made a full confession. He admitted stealing, adding the ten fictitious manes to the pay roll twice a month and drawing \$666 86 every month. This money, he said, he had last in land speculations.

He could not tell how much he had stolen

ut the pilfering had been going on more

than six years.

Van Brocklin was locked up. An employe of the controller's office is said to be implicated in the steal, and will be ar-

ost in land speculations.

CARTER'S

CURE

HEAD

to bene of so many lives that here is where make cur great boast. Our pills cure it le others do not.

ARTEN'S LITTLE LIVER PILIS are very small very easy to take. One or two pills make one. They are strictly vegretable and do gripe or pure, but by their gentle action as all who use them. In visit at 25 cents; for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE OO., Nov York.

Small Fill. Small Dogs. Small Price.

ss Davenal remained in the parlor below an hour or two after breakfast; she sat

own to write. The letter-Mr. Alfred King's letter-was

sal root of the stairs.

Sal ? 'she asked.

"I didn's hear, nunt: What is it?'

"Then you ought to have heard!' was the stort of Miss Davenal, at cross purposes as bual.

"You are not turning deaf, I sup-

"What is it, aunt?" repeated Sara, going half-way down the stairs. Instead of anawering, Miss Davenal turned that went into the breakfast-room again, stare could only tollow her. Her aunt's issueers had never releved to her from the fermose assumed at the time of Dr. Davials death; cold and severe she had relative dever since; but she looked unusually led and severe now.
"Shut the door," said Miss Davenal. Sara hesitated a moment, more in mind san action, and then she obeyed. She had off her deek and wanted to get back to it.
"Hold this," said Miss Davenal.
She had taken her seat in her own chair ad was cutting out some article of linen ad was cutting out some article of linen and was cutting out some article of linen and was cutting out some article of linen and was cutting out some article of linen.

ad was cutting out sor ething that looked as for income was a very it ful she did a great deal putting it out. Sara to and, and held it while learning to the

erminable proceeding to an inate, for Miss Davenal cut meh at a time, and then drew and cut again.

her own chair article of linen

What is it, aunt?" repeated Sara, going

be success has been shown in carries as a construction of the construction of the construction of the correct aid disorders of the stomach, and regulate the bowels.

maining in regardless

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VEST PRICES. RICK'S STREET.

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STREET we are prepared F LIGHT WIR-

power station sumers, should

y low, making it T. Local Manager

MR. LAURIER IN QUEBEC.

Splendid Reception to the Liberal Leader at St. Atme.

Sorel, Que., July 12.—The leader of the Opposition arrived here Monday evening by the Richelieu and Ontario steamer, and was received at the wharf by hundreds of citizens, happy to welcome the distinguished orator to the town. He was escorted to his hotel by a torchlight procession, headed by a band of music, the crowd cheering over and over again. An address was presented to him, and he replied with his usual eloquence. Mr. Monette, M. P. for Napierville, and Mr. Bruneau, M. P. for Richelieu, also made speeches.

Yesterday morning Mr. Laurier and a large party of electors started at 8 o'clock for St. Anne by the steamer Arthur. They were soon accompanied by the steam yacht St. Anne, which brought the Berthier contingent, including Hon. L. Sylvester, Mr. Beausoleil, M. P., Mr. Tarte, M. P., Mr. Chenevert, ex-M. P. P., and others. At Yamaska Dr. Migneault's yacht was waiting for the party.

The gay little flotilla arrived at St. Anne at 12 o'clock, and was met by a big crowd of electors from all parts of the counties of Yamaska and Richelleu. Mr. Dorlet, Mr. St. Martin, warden of the county, Mr. Methot, mayor of the parish, were on the wharf and escorted Mr. Laurier and his friends to the seignorial mansion, where dinner was served.

The meeting began at 2 o'clock. Mr. St. Martin, warden of the county, Mr. Methot, mayor of the parish, were on the wharf and escorted Mr. Laurier and his friends to the seignorial mansion, where dinner was served.

The meeting began at 2 o'clock. Mr. St. Martin, warden of the county, Mr. Methot, mayor of the parish, were on the wharf and escorted Mr. Laurier with an elaborate address, which is in itself an eloquent vindication of Mr. Laurier with an elaborate address, which is in itself an eloquent vindication of Mr. Laurier with an elaborate address, which is in itself an eloquent vindication of Mr. Laurier was in his best form, and probably never spoke with greater effect before a popular audience.

He "No, it will not teer; and I should think there's hardly a parish school child in the kingdom but would know that without asking."

Sara, rebuked, held her part in silence. Presently Miss Davenal lifted her eyes and looked her full in the face.

"Who was that letter from this morning?"

Had it been to save Sara's life she could not help the change that came over her countenance. Miss Davenal's quick peneration took in everything; the dismayed look, the hesitating answer.

"It was a private letter to me, aunt."

"A what?" snapped Miss Davenal.

Sara let fall the work, and stood fearlessly before Miss Davenal. The most gentle spirit can be aroused at times. "The letter was from a gentleman, aunt. It was a private letter to myself. Surely I am not so much of a child that I may not be trusted to receive one!"

Miss Davenal flung away Sara's hand in anger. The words had borne to her ear but one interpretation. "A private letter!—A gentleman!" she slowly uttered in ner dismay. "I might have believed this of Caroline had she been single, but never of you. A sweetheart in secret! And your father not yet four months in his grave!"

The bare mention of the word, unconnected with Oswald Cray, the idea altogether as thus put, was repulsive to Sara Davenal. She stood quite still for a moment, while the faint flush that was called up died away on her cheeks, and then she bent close to her aunt's ear, her low voice unmistakably clear and distinct.

"Aunt Bettina, you know there was some unhappy business that papa was obliged to meet—sand bear—just before he died. The letter I have received this morning bears reference to it. It is from a Mr. King, but I don't know him. I should be thankful if you would not force me to these explanations; they are very painful."

Miss Bettina picked up the work, and drew at a thread until the broke, "Who is Mr. King?" sa saked.

"I do not indeed know. He had to write to me just a word about the business, and I must answer him. In telling you this much, Aunt Bettina, I have told you all I can t

How a Buffalo Civic Official Scooped in the Shekels.

BUFFALO, July 12.—Eric Ontario Van BUFFALO, July 12.—Erie Ontario Van Brocklin, secretary of the Board of Fire Commissioners, has been arreated, charged with embezzling, and has confessed his crime. Van Brocklin added fi titious names to the fire department pay roll, and, it is said, mulcted the city for \$50,000. The commissioners went to the controller's office and got the pay rolls for the time over which the embezzlement has been coing on. There were ten names on which

rest of; this seems a plot, I think! Have you nothing more to say?"
"No, aunt," was the low, firm answer.
"Then you may go," said Miss Bettina, twitching the work out of Sara's hand. "I can do this myself."
And Sara knew that no amount of entreaty would induce her aunt to admit of help in her cutting, after that, G ad to be released, but sick at heart, she went upstairs, and met Neal coming out of the drawing-room.

singled out from his bundle of letters. Had it come at last? Had the joyful news of the money come? She closed the window, and ran swiftly fown the stairs, and met Neal turning from the door with a letter. That gentleman was robably not at all obliged to her for demanding the letter from him so summarily. But he had no resource but to give it up.

It was from Mr. Wheatley, and Sara carried it to her room, a bright flush of hope upon her cheeks, an eagor trembling in her happy fingers. Mr. Wheatly did not like letter-writing, and she knew quite well that he would not have written uselessly. Opening the evelope, she found it a blank; a blank entirely; nothing oven written inside; it had but inclosed a letter for herself which had apparently been sent to Hallingham. Oh, the bitter, bitter disappointment! there was not a line, and there was not a word from Mr. Wheatley! A conviction arose that she had seen the other handwriting before; it seemed to be made up of flourishes. Whose was it? Suddenly the truth flashed over her-Mr. Alfred King's! Her heart stood still in its fear, and seemed as if it would never go on again. The contents ran as follows:

"Madam—I am sorry to have to give you notice that unless the money owing to me, and which I have been vainly expecting these last few weeks, is immediately paid, I shall be under the painful necessity of taking public steps in the matter; and they might not prove agreeable to Captain Davenal. —I am, madam, your obedient servant.

"Miss Sara Davenal." ALFRED KING." released, but sick at heart, she went upstairs, and met Neal coming out of the drawing-room.

"I thought you had finished the room, Neal," she said, a sudden fear stealing over her as she remembered that her desk was left with the key init.

"So I had, miss. I came up now for this vase. My mistress said it was to be washed."

She stood for a moment before her desk; it looked exactly as she had left it. She turned the key and raised the lid, and saw that had anybody else done the same Mr. Alfred King's letter was lying face upwards and might have been read without the slightest trouble in an instant of time. Had Neal seen the letter? Would he be likely to do such a thing as raise her desk surreptitiously? Many a servant would be in a room with an unlocked desk time and again, and never attempt to peer inside it. Was it probable that Neal had any propensity for prying into affairs that did not concern him? It all lay in that.

(To be Continued.) "Miss Sara Davenal."
"Miss Sara Davenal."
So the first cloud of the haunting shadow if the past weeks had come! Sara sat with he lotter in her hand. She asked herself what was to be done—and she wished now no fit of repentance that she had written ong ago to Mr. Altred King, as it had been in her mind to do.

She must write new. She must write a

long ago to Mr. Altred King, as it had been in ter mind to do.

She must write new. She must write a note of regret and apology, telling him the exact truth—that the sale of the different effects at Hailingham and the realization of the proceeds had taken more time than was anticipated, but that she expected the money daily—and beg of him to wait. In her feverish impatience it seemed as if every moment that elapsed until this explanation should be delivered to Mr. Alfred King was fraught with danger, and she hastened to the room below the drawing-room.

Her desk was there. It was generally kept in her own chamber, but she had had it down the previous evening. Neal was quitting the room as he entered; he had been putting it in order for the day. Sara did not fear interruption from her aunt, for Bliss Davonal remained in the parlor below. Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cryfor

Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The letter—Mr. Alfred king's letter—was thread open before her, and she sat pen in sand, deliberating how she should answer it, when her aunt's voice started her. It sounded on the stairs. Was she coming up? Sara hastily placed the open letter in the siesk, closed and locked it, and opened the srawing room door. But in her flurry she sait the key in the desk. Miss Davenal was standing on the mat at the foot of the stairs. "Can't you hear me sail?" she asked. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. "You can't suffocate a shoemaker," ob-served the exchange editor, "because he can always breathe his last." "If he does,"

retorted the financial editor, "won't it bring him to his waxed end?"

bring him to his waxed end?"

\*\*Ethers! Methers!! Methers!!!
MRS. WINSLOWS SCOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDLENS WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A steetly live eve is said to indicate a A steely blue eye is said to indicate a covetoue disposition, while a black eye frequently indicates that its possessor got more than he wanted.

You may think that the young man who is delivering the valedictory looks rather pleased and proud; but you ought to see his

rate one now, sewing instead the stuff in her aunt out; an inimpatient help, only about an quant and a series of the stuff in her aunt out of the stuff in the st Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once

\$1 00 PER DOZEN

BEST BRANDS OF CORN, PEAS AND TOMATOES

3 TINS FOR 250 FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.,

169 MUNDAS STREET.

"Won't it tear?" asked Sara.
"It will wear. Did you ever know me buy linen that wouldn't wear? I have too good an eye for linen to buy what won't wear."

wear."
"I asked, aunt, would it not tear."
"Tear?" repeated Miss Davenal, offended at the word—at the ignorance it betrayed "No, it will not tear; and I should think there's hardly a parish school child in the kingdom but would know that without asking."

And her pulses suddenly quickened. Even from that height she could discern—
or fancied she could discern—that the letter was from Mr. Wheatley. That gentleman giways used large blue envelopes, and it was certainly one such that the man had licent the man had to come at last? Had the joyful news of the money come?

an Brocklin had been drawing saturies. The names are flotifious.

The commissioners went before Judge King and secured a warrant, and Officer vuls, of the district attorney's office, went or Van Brocklin. When the secretary reached the mayor' office he was told he was under arrest and what the charge was. "Mr. Van Brock-in," said Commissioner Hutchison, "we lin," said Commissioner Hutchison, "we have undisputed evidence that you are an embezzler, and we shall give you into the custody of the police. The best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of the whole affair."

Van Brocklin was too astonished to speak for several minutes. He had no idea the commissioners suspected his crockedness. He had covered up his tracks so cleverly for five years that he did not believe he could be detected.

He broke down completely and made as

Children Cry for

A GIRL BURGLAR CONFESSES.

Minnie Net Only Robbed Stores, But
Beid Up Children.
Boston, July 12.—The Dorchester police
have in custody a female burglar in the
person of Minnie Schneider, 12 years old.
It is alleged that on July 4 Minnie entered
the provision store of Wm. Hunt, in Dorchester avenue, and stole \$14 in money
from the cash drawer; and that on Sunday

from the cash drawer; and that on Sunday she entered the store of Patrick W. Fallon, in the same avenue, and got away with \$13.

The girl began to spend money a great deal more freely than children of her age are generally allowed to, and this excited the suspicious of some of the dealers of the district. Besides, purchases were made without the supervision of her mother.

district. Besides, purchases were made without the supervision of her mother. When, therefore, she appeared at a millinery atore and selected an expensive bonnet the police were notified, and, with the two burglaries fresh in their minds, they took her to the station house.

When Minnie was accused she at first denied any knowledge of the burglaries, but her brother Otto, a lad of 7, broke down and confessed the whole affair. He said his sister had placed him on the watch outside of the store while she forced an entrance. Thereupon Minnie also gave way to tears and corroborated Otto's story.

While at the station the girl was further questioned, and it was brought out that she has been in the habit of holding up little children on their way to the store to make purchases for their parents.

Paul Schneider, her father, appeared before Judge Churchill and asked that she be sent away, as he had no control over her. The court continued the case.

What Do You Take what Do You Take edicine for? Because you are sick and want get well, or because you wish to rrevent illess. Then remember that Hood's Sorsappalla CURES all diseases caused by impure ord and debility of the system. It is not hat its proprietors say but what Hood's presparille DoEs that tells the story of its crits. Be sure and get Hood's, and only ood s.

merits. Be sure and get Hood's, and only Hood's.
Purely vexetable—Hood's Pills—25c.
"I've got it in for you, my friend," solio-quized the mosquito, sinking it a little deeper in the sleeping victim's sose.
Piles: Piles! Itching Piles.
Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; werse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Olxymeny stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and ir most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.
When it somes to the art of boxing, the

Lyman, Sons & Co., stontreat, where agents.

When it comes to the art of boxing, the dainty-leoking strawberry is about as near the top as anything.

A mens' wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

25 DOSES 250 THE GREAT SHILOH'S COUGH CURE

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WITCH HAZEL GIL

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns, The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.
For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.
For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore-Nipples, It is invaluable.
Price, 86 Cents.
Trial size 462 Cents.

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21.—There is refrom Pike fought in Vesday, in we roop were keep the There has been to be 10th inst., sion!

y 21.—An dx haft of the Ki leville this af three men as I to recover. I "Martin Bren I, Patrick Mi Thus? old man, San was sent to County Ma some cucumb

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