

WAR!

BY . . .
HENRY DE VERE
STACPOOLE

"So we must not be too hard on the
ance for forgetting disaster at the
sight of a frying-pan, nor on the good
plans, fathers of families some of
them, for the use they would have made
of their swords if he had attempted

"As the prince was placing the palm on the fire I heard a sound from the outside, a sound as if the wind were blowing. I turned round, not talking leisurely. It struck strangely on my ear, for common sounds in times of peace sometimes become very common noises in time of war. I took it for the sound of a regent's cloak in far called cellar; it was indeed. I took it to the door; it had a flaming torch and showed me a broad strip of white road spread with puddles and a black shadow of a man in the distance. "All else was the darkness of the pit, filled with the hiss of the falling rain. The sound of the tin can drew nearer and nearer; then out of the dark and the rain came a man in a coat of lead, before me a company of spearmen in new order, one might say."

"First came two women, one young, one very old. The old woman was car-

They both were of the poorest order of peasantry, and their faces as they appeared at me in passing were filled with absolute and blank despair. At length, leading a goat, after him a very old man leading by the hand a child. The old was crying and dragging along after it a tin can tied to a string, clanging and clanging. They vanished, swallowed up by the blackness; homeless, and going God knows where.

"I thought of them in review. The thought of them badly passed in review before me as the troops were passing in review before the Kaiser; and through the blaring of trumpets and beating of drums I seemed to hear the dreary cry of the poor wretches as they went.

"I went after all after Love what I thought attractive to the human heart in an War." The women clap their

"I never fail, my son, to keep a promise," he said. "There is going to be a duel. Fetch the strap!"

BUTTONED FOLKS FOR DUELS.

—PARIS, Jan. 11.—Paris is threatened with a new fashion in duels. Two young adons of fashion had a dispute over a café and decided to encounter the inevitable. To render the meeting fully safe it was decided to fight with buttoned fols. The attack was force enough that one of the combatants had to be badly torn by his opponent's weapon.

The incident attracted such attention

at buttoned foils may now be considered de rigueur in such affairs.

Peppering the Question—"Miss Olden, I have a very momentous question to put to you."

"Go on, Mr. Dashleigh-George—I—"

"A question upon the answer to which depends my piece of mind."

"Oh, this is so—but go on George, sir."

"How old is Ann?"—Houston Post.

"Star" in St. John.

ADDRESS
J. C. R. States and Trains,
Indiantown,
Richmond Station

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Garden street.
Coburg street.
Garden street.
Wall street.
Wall street.
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Waterloo street.
Brussels street.
Brussels street.
Charlotte street.
King street.
King street.
King street.
Pitt street.
Leinster street.
King street.
Duke street.
Sydney street.
Main street.

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 Duke street.
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 St. James street.
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 Union street, W. E.
 Stanley street.
 Garden street.
 Main street.
 King street.
 Marsh Road
 Marsh Road
 Union street.
 Waterloo street
 Pitt street, s
 Elliot Row.
 Brussels street.
 Winter street
 King street, W. E.

Charlotte street, W. E.
 St. Andrews street
 Queen street
 Union street.
 Mecklenburg street.
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 Union street, W. E.
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