

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

BY RUDYARD KIPPLING.

"An officer and a gentleman."

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery-book, and that was the end of the Willie Winkie title. His mother's name was Mrs. Williams, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that she said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was colonel of the 195th, and at once as Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he acquired an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to share. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the colonel's, and Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Copsy, because of your hair. Do you mind being called Copsy? It is because of your hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Willie Winkie of this habit. He had just given Copsy the name of "Pops," but nothing that the colonel could do made the Station forego the name, and Mrs. Williams remained Mrs. Williams, and the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Copsy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tommils," said Willie Winkie, and his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforth to be called "Copsy" for the sake of brevity—Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Copsy returned his liking with interest. Copsy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Willie Winkie. Copsy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Copsy had permitted him to witness the marvellous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Copsy had said that even he, Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap-box and a silver-handled "putter-blade," as Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong and valiant as Copsy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Copsy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardye to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Willie Winkie had seen Copsy so doing, and, like the gentlemen he was, had promptly wheeled round and entered back to his groom, lest the groom should allude to it.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Copsy ought first to be consulted.

"Copsy," shouted Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—"I want to see you, Copsy."

"Come in, young un," returned Copsy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup, and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: "I say, Copsy, is it proper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My mother's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't proper, how was your kissing Major's Allardye's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Copsy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardye had with great care managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardye should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Willie Winkie calmly. "But we groom didn't see. I said, 'Hut jao.'"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Copsy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I tried to ride we buffalo we my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Copsy, enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it—I'm going to marry Miss Allardye, and then she'll be Mrs. Copsy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Copsy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Willie Winkie, briefly. "But my father says it's unmanly to be always kissing, and I didn't think you'd do the Copsy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened, "It's like ve sputter-brake."

"Exactly," said Copsy gravely. "But I don't think I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my mudder. And I must vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Willie Winkie. "Are you fond of vis big girl, Copsy?"

"Awfully," said Copsy.

"Fonder vat you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Copsy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardye will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Willie Winkie, rising. "You've fond of vat girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now. Copsy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding:—"You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you that. Is thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardye engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Copsy, who knew Willie Winkie's ideas of truth, was at ease for he felt that he would not break promises. Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardye, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinning eyes. He was trying to discover why Copsy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Copsy's property, and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Copsy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Copsy kept Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hay-rick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he stooped to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Copsy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm unuse awrest," said Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed to the roof of the house—that was forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardye going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in winter. From his earliest years, Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Copsy—the almost almighty Copsy—had never set foot beyond it. Willie Winkie had once been near to, out on a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare, black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper, and the Bad Men, who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bed-rooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardye's big girl, Copsy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Copsy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess! She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Was Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then—broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden-paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been hidden to stand still and look at Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Copsy's, and went out at the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a

Waler. Miss Allardye was far ahead! She passed through the crops, beyond the police-post, when all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as she went. Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still fogging, Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardye a black speck, flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Copsy, in a tone of too hastily assumed authority, had told her over night that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Copsy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardye staggered clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a steed as silent as a shadow.

"Are you badly, badly hurt?" shouted Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardye, ruefully, imitating the report. "Miss Allardye staggered clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a steed as silent as a shadow."

"You said you were going across ve river," panted Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Copsy—must go across ve river, and I came after you over so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurt yourself, and Copsy will be angry vat me, and I've broken my awrest! I've broken my awrest!"

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from the cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Copsy. Copsy told me so. I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you vat Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis in a bad place, and I've broken my awrest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardye, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Willie Winkie, who had brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardye, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardye closed her eyes; and the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Willie Winkie. "There's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay vat you. My father says a man must always look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven ye'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal and murder. Then he saw that the played in Curdie's legend, he had seen the picture, and thus had frightened the Princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pashto that he had picked up from one of his father's late dismissed men. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives, after all.

They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardye's horse had blundered, and then they turned back.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the Dominant Race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically "Jao!" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laugh as laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted; and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, with an audience some twenty strong, Miss Allardye screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men. "I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my father is the Colonel Sahib. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap!" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take the child and the girl and we can at least ask the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These were the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's ayah, would be an injury greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future Colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanching and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little Sahib Bahadur, the tallest of the men, 'and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly, "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men! What this babble says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let us go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. Our villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Rhoda. Yaw's breast-bone with khaki when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their God, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahomed, the dismissed groom of the Colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardye, waited the upshot. Surely his "regiment," his own "regiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devil, the color sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barracks-rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! Set me, 'e couldn't fall off," he blabbered at Long Point. The prosecution of this case cost the Government \$6000, the total expense of the two trials, at both of which the jury disagreed, being over \$25,000. A novel founded on this case will shortly be issued. Mr. Macdonald was also counsel for Albert Thomas, Ransom Forbes and Maria Stillwell, charged with the murder of the latter's husband, Louis Napoleon Stillwell, who was shot dead in the woods near Acadia on New Year's Day, 1882.

The chapel of Long Point Abbey, Wellington place, was the scene yesterday morning of a most solemn ceremony. Eight young ladies, six of whom are Canadians, one an American and the eighth a native of Germany, passed through the ceremony which is the history step towards consecrating their entire lives to the service of the church and education. The names of the novices were: Miss Long, Collingwood, in religion Sister Mary Irene.

Miss Helen, Chicago, Sister Mary Agnes. Miss Barry, Ottawa, Sister Dorothy. Miss Riordan, Guelph, Sister Mary Pauline. Miss Egan, Sarnia, Sister Bon Ignia. Miss Gumpfert, Germany, Sister Mary Gertrude. Miss Farrelly, Lindsay, Sister Mary Paulina. Miss Phelan, Walkerton, Sister Felicitas.

THE HISTORY OF A BEQUEST. Scotch Money Left for the Education of Slaves—Claimed by Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 10.—The state school commission and attorney-general were in consultation yesterday in regard to securing, for purposes of negro education in this state, a sum of money that has lain in the Bank of England for many years. It is a legacy, the history of which is very singular. Archibald McLean, a Scotchman, was a prosperous planter in Chatham early in the present century. His estate was known as Gowrie, and on it he had a large number of slaves. His family in Scotland was strongly opposed to slavery. After his death and the death of his son and heir, a certain interest in the estate went to his brother, John McLean. John McLean died at Glasgow on July 9, 1830, leaving a will that directed the application of half his interest in his deceased brother's Georgia estate to the education of negro slaves through or of their offspring, as soon as the laws of Georgia should permit the education of the slave population. Four prominent Savannah merchants were named as trustees under the will, but declined the trust on the ground that the laws of Georgia prohibited the education of slaves and the bequest was therefore void. The sum involved was a little over \$250,000.

The heirs in view of the legal condition of the legacy in Georgia, attempted to secure the money, but the courts decided against them. Accordingly the money has been in charge of the Bank of England, and William Lloyd Garrison was notified of the fact at the end of the century. The money might arise under which the money could be applied according to the terms of the will steps could be taken for securing possession of it. After the emancipation of slaves in this country, a son of Garrison, who had found among his father's papers a memorandum of the matter, called the attention of the Georgia authorities to the legacy. While the Bank of England is anxious to pay over the money to whoever is legally entitled to receive it, a letter to that effect having just been received by the school commission of Georgia, the difficulty is that the negroes of the Gowrie plantation have been scattered all over the world, and there is no way of finding their heirs. Now the question is whether the bequest, which has been bearing interest since 1830, can be secured and devoted to the general education of negroes.

An Expedition to the North. QUEBEC, Sept. 10.—The government is sending out a party composed chiefly of Indians and nuns to the country of Mr. Charlevoix, to explore the unexplored limits on the Upper Ottawa. The party of explorers will go north to the waters at the head of Hudson Bay, and it is expected that rich and fertile fields of timber will be discovered. The exploration will take about three months.

A \$70,000 Blaze at New York. NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—The large fancy goods store of M. Strauss, Bro. & Co., extending through the block from 124th to 126th street, West Third Avenue, was gutted by fire early this evening. The loss is \$70,000. It is believed the watchman employed in the store was burned to death.

Sage Loans Dr. Talmage \$125,000. BROOKLYN, Sept. 10.—Russell Sage has agreed to loan \$125,000 for one year to enable Dr. Talmage to complete his new testament company. Dr. Talmage is secured by a guarantee company. Dr. Talmage has insured his life for \$25,000, the policy to be a partial security for the loan.

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TORONTO TOPICS.

The Dominion Medical Association Elect Officers—Exhibition Receipts.

TORONTO, Sept. 11.—The Dominion Medical Association yesterday elected their officers: President, Dr. T. G. Roddick, Montreal; General Secretary, Dr. Birkett, Montreal; Treasurer, Dr. W. H. B. Atkins, Toronto; Vice-presidents—Ontario, Dr. A. E. Wright, Toronto; Quebec, Dr. S. P. Lachapelle, Montreal; New Brunswick, Dr. S. H. Coburn, Fredericton; Nova Scotia, Dr. John Stewart, Halifax; Prince Edward Island, Dr. A. Prager, Nanaimo; Northwest Territories, Dr. E. Kennedy, Fort McLeod. The association decided to meet next year at Montreal.

The Dominion millers' convention held a session yesterday morning. The Dominion Government will be asked to change the law so that the flour standards will be selected twice a year, the board selecting them to include three representatives from the association. The officers for the ensuing year are: President, J. C. Hay, Listowel, re-elected; vice-president, W. H. Meldrum, secretary, David Flew, Brantford, re-elected; treasurer, William Galbraith, Toronto, re-elected.

The second day's receipts at the exhibition were \$174, against \$1010 on the corresponding day last year. For the first two days the receipts are \$463 more than they were last year.

Mr. Colin Macdonald, Q.C. of St. Thomas, one of the clearest criminal lawyers in the province and a well-known crown prosecutor, has been retained by the Attorney-General as associate counsel with Mr. B. B. Oler, Q.C., in the prosecution of Rex Bichard, charged with the murder of Benwell.

Mr. Macdonald was counsel for the defence in the celebrated Long Point mystery when Havelock Smith was twice placed on trial for the murder of Marshall Piggott, whose dead body lay with ropes was washed ashore at Long Point. The prosecution of this case cost the Government \$6000, the total expense of the two trials, at both of which the jury disagreed, being over \$25,000. A novel founded on this case will shortly be issued.

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Minard's Liment Cures Diphtheria. Loiz de Desendo, a Rio de Janeiro jeweller, has bought from Dum Pedro, of \$60,000, the jewels of the deceased Empress.

MESSES C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Gent's—I have used your MINARD'S LIMENT successfully in a serious case of erysipelas in my family. In fact I consider a remedy no home should be without.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM, Cape Island.

SO SAY ALL.—That MINARD'S LIMENT is the standard liment of the day, as it does just what it is represented to do.

Victor Hugo's granddaughter, Jeanne, is a stylish and pretty blonde who was the ideal of the great novelist in his declining years.

Wilson's Wild Cherry. For nearly twenty years this valuable medicine has been largely used for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Loss of Voice, and Lung. Those who know its value always recommend it to their friends, and it is now being used by the friends of the sick in every part of the world. The genuine is sold by all druggists in white wrappers only. 1m

Bismarck's wife is expert with the needle and is famous as a cook. She is also a remarkable for her simple piety and for her charities.

Minard's Liment for Rheumatism. Cardinal Newman used to be an accomplished performer on the violin, much to the scandal of some of his more austere associates, who did not believe in "fiddling." Of late years, however, a weakness in his fingers kept him from using his favorite musical instrument.

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Minard's Liment Cures Colds, etc. The Presbyterians of Spokane recently sold their church to a man who at once started a saloon in the basement, and now there is a beer sign on the corner of a fine structure with a tall steeple on it.

Felicia Holt, a magazine writer, quoted a little girl as asking her mother "if she might take off her dress and play in her underclothes like the ladies did in the beach." Miss Holt is opposed to promiscuous bathing.

York Farms, Meosomlin, N. W. T. Writing from this fertile district, Mr. G. F. Clark says: "I had a severe attack of diarrhoea, but was quickly cured by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry."

In his private study Lord Randolph Churchill has on the mantelpiece a fine portrait of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Gladstone. Lady Randolph told a friend that he put it there out of "pure goodness."

Minard's Liment is the Best. Marion Harland has measured a lance with Elizabeth Stuart Phelps on the low-neck question. Before the battle is over it is supposed that all the good and bad points of this practice will be laid bare.

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