His Word

of Honor.

an et his courades, he had been conducted o the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement. Struck by his youthful appearance, and lee astonished at the boy's coolness in this sour of extreme peril, the commandant had redered that the tatal verdict, should, so ar as he was concerned, be suspended for he moment, and that he should be kept a risoner until his companions had met their ate at the neighboring barricade.

Apparently quite calm and resigned, its great eyes and his face—the pale see of a Parisian child—showed neither anotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch ill that was passing around him as though hey held no concern for him. He heard he minister report of the fusilade rhich hurled his companions into termity without moving a muscle; his alm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into he great 'Atterwards,' which was soon to secome the 'Present' to him also. Perses childhood—he had hardly outgrown it; or haps of his relations and their sorrow when they heard of the chain of fatality which had made him fatherless and had ossed him into the seething turmoil of viril war, and now demanded his life at he hands of fellow-countrymen; and, serhaps, he wondered why such things were.

At the time war was declared he was

perhaps, he wondered why such things were.

At the time war was declared he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk, who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the he d of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

One day when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterwards, driven partly by lunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, tear and fear only had led him into and kept him in the ranks; he had no heart for a war of brothers, and now that his life was about to pay the penalty, he was glad that he could lay no man's death to his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate.

The things he had seen and suffered

te his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate.

The things he had seen and suffered during the last few months had given him a dread of life. He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world—his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so inexpressibly good to him; but he comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come too—she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

to think of leaving his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so inexpressibly good to him; but he comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come too—she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

'Kiss me again, dear—again,' she had said, 'for I feel that I may never see you more.'

'Ah,' he thought, sadly, 'if they would only trust him—would give him only one hour of liberty—bow he would run to her and then come back and give himself up to the hands that hungered for his lite. He would give his word, and he would keep it. Why not? Save his mother—and she, too, was dying—he had no one to regret. To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful—then he could face death bravely.'

He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

'Now my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle; you know what a waits you? 'Yes mon commandant, I am ready.'
'Really? So ready as all that? You are not afrised ot death?'

'Less than of lite. I have seen so much

not afriad ot death?'
'Less than of life. I have seen so much
the last six months—such awful things—
death seems better than such a life.'

'I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice, It I said: 'Put your best foot isrmost and show me how soon you can be out of sight,' you wou'd soon be off, I'll warrant.'

"Try me, non commandant, try me! Put me to proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will ke p my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

'Oh! ds! you're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to swallow that, my boy!

11

you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to swallow that, my boy!

"Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than aught else in the whole world. It, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her one more, for the last time. Mon command ant, do for me what you would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty, and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?"

While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging viciously at his moustache and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved.

"My word," he muramed. This urchin talks of "my word as though he were a Knight of the Round Table!"

He stopped shruptly is irent of his prisoner and asked, in a severe tone,
"Your name?"

'Victor Oury.'

Commune? The thirty sous chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbours and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was atraid of them, and wept and prayed me to obey them.

whom.'
'You have no father then P'
'He was killed.'
'And where P'
'At Bourget, fighting for his country."
The commandant turned toward his taff as though he would consult them at a lance. All seemed moved to interest and sity.

glance. All seemed moved to interest and pity.

'Well, then! it is understood' the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. 'You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to be back again in an hour. C'est bien. I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here by eight o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart, and care more for life thun honor. Allons! Quick march!'

'I thank you, mon commandant. At eight I will be here.'

'You are sure?'

'Certain.'

'We shall see when the time comes.'

The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, and the latter repelled him gently.

'No rot now' he said. 'This evening.'

gently.

'No, not now,' he said. 'This evening, if you return, I will embrace you—in front of the firing party,' he added, grimly. 'Off with you?'

of the firing party,' he added, grimly. 'Off with you?'

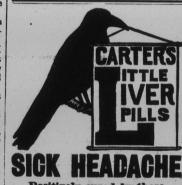
Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the neighbor who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for, like everyone else, she believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mothers room, but the woman stopped him.

'Go very quietly,' she said, in a low voice; 'she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, bit she is better now. The doctor said yesterday that if she could sleep she would soon get stronger; but she must not be awakened. Poor thing! she will be glad to see you, for she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you she was praying the Bon Dieu to preserve you and to restore peace in the land. Helas! one would say He had abandoned us, the Bon Dieu, and let men do just as they liked. It is awful!

But Victor, imputient, thought he heard his name called in a faint voice. He moved on tip-toe toward his mother's bed. He had not been deceived—the sick woman's eyes were opened wide.

'Victor! my boy!' she cried, in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily.

And now the boy who had faced death



Positively cured by these

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A per-fect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowst-ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue. Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Viotor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child. Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self common trol, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully.

The sight restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once. Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, and gazed at her eavnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come, not seeing a soul he met nor daring to look behind him.

'What! so soon P' the commandant cried astonished. He had hoped, tike the good hearted man he was, that the boy would not return.

'But I had promised!'

But I had promised! But I had promised! Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer, and still have keep your word.

You might have stayed with your mother some time longer, and still have keep your word.'

'Poor mother! After a scene of tears, which seemed to take all my couragetears of joy for her, of despair for me—she tell asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?

'So I kissed her and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. Mon commandant, I have one more thing to ask— to finish quickly.' The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

'You are quite resigned, then death does not frighten you?' he asked.

Victor answered him with a gesture.

'And if I pardoned you?'

'You would save my mother, a life, too, and I would revere you as a second father.'

'Allons! you are a plucky lad, and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first—bien! Now go, and go quickly. Join your mother, and love her always.'

As he spoke the few last words, the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him away gently.

'It really would have been a pity,' he said, half-apologetically, to his staff, as he turned toward them.

Victor did not run—he fisw home. His mother was still sleeping. He would dearly liked to hav? covered her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her.

Suddenly she sat up, crying; 'Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh! Mercy!—Ah! you are here it is really you?' she added, waking.

Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and

ng. Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive subs, which Victor could not calm.

'Oh! my boy! my boy!' she moaned, 'I dreamt they were going to shoot you!'

It is always well to be prepared for accidents, for we don't know when they will happen. Everyone should keep "Quick-cure" at hand. In cases of burns, scalds, cuts, toothache or any pain, it gives instant relief, and cures more quickly than any other preparation onthe marke:

PLUCKY BUT FOOLHARDY.

An English Officer who Was not as Cautie As he Sheuld flave Seen.]

A hunter of wild beasts must be plucky, and he must also be prudent. He may possess coolness, nerve and quickness, and know how to handle his rifle; but if he is foolhardy, there will some day be an 'ac-In his 'Reminiscences of India,' cident.' In his 'Reminiscences of India,' Colonel Pollok tells how one of the best shots in the country, and a very 'lucky' have met his death by his toolish resh ness. Wedderburn was an English officer who had floored elephants and tigers right and left. One day, news having been brought him by the jungle people that there was a rogue elephant in the neighborhood, he took the field, accompanied by Oochs, a native hunter, noted as the slaver of many elephants, and by a dogboy famous for his steadiness.

He soon came across the rogue, a huge, tuskless elephant, and floored it; it got up on its teet, and again Wedderburn knocked it down. The beast would not die, and a running fight ensued, which was kept up ill all the hunter's ammunition was expended except the charge in one barrel of his rifle. The dog-boy had been sent back for more ammunition, but had not re-

The elephant, though weak, was very angry, and evidently had made up its mind angry, and evidently had made up its mind to beat off its foe, or to die fighting. Retiring to an open space, the animal stood at bay. Wedderburn proposed to Oceha to accompany him into the glade, but that experienced hunter said, 'Sahib, I have never known any elephant take so many bullets. He is a shaitan (a devil). We are in bad luck to-day. Leave him alone; he has no tusks, and besides, he is sure to die. You have but one barrel loaded; my rifle is empty; there is not a tree near, and the elephant means fighting.'



BROOK STREET MANCHESTER

ENGLAND.

Wedderburn called him a coward, and said, 'Well, stay here, and see how I will kill him,' and rushed on to his fate. The rogue allowed the hunter to get close up to him, and then, wheeling round, charged. Wedderburn fired, failed to stop him, turned to run, and fell. Before the smoke cleared away his body was a shapeless mass.

The next day the beast was found dead.

For Ten Cents.

Have you ever tried to estimate the sat-

A recent traveller to Spain writing in Blackwood's Magazine, describes a touching scene witnessed at the departure of a regiment for Cuba. All day long there had been heard the measured tread of soldiers, marching through the streets; all day gaily bedecked boats had been passing to and from the vessel that was to take them to Havana. The twilight had begun to deepen when the correspondent saw 'a startling and pretty sight'—the impetuous action of a portly, good-looking and well dressed lady, who noticed a young soldier walking dejectedly alone down the pier in his travelling gray, with a knapsack strapto look elated and full of hope. This lad had no one, and it might be divined that he pocket and walking out with a look of disgust on his face. was carrying a desolate heart cverseas. The handsome woman burst from her group of friends, took the boy's hand, and said, 'My son has already gone, to Cuba. He is in the regiment of Andalusia, and sailed two months ago. You may meet him. Pepe G; take this kiss to him.' She leaned and kissed his cheek. An English boy would have shown awkwardness, but these graceful southerners are never at a loss for graceful southerners are never at a loss for a pretty gesture and a prettier word. The boy flushed with pleasure, and still holding the lady's hand, said, with quite a natural gallantry, without smirk or silly smile 'And may I not take one for myself, senora?' The lady reddened, laughed a little nervously, and bent and kissed him again, to the francic applause of soldiers and civilians, while the boy walked on braced and happy. and happy.

Why They Cheered.

Doctor Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, was a great but un popular man. Whenever he entered the Senate House, it was the ill-mannered practice of the under graduates to begin a

practice of the under graduates to begin a loud and continuous whistle.

'How th's originated I do not know,' writes Dean Farrar in his recent book, "Men I have Known.' "There were two legends about it: one was, that it intimated that the master would have to whistle for a

bishopric; the other-equally absurdthat when some one had asked him how to pronounce his name he had said, 'You must shape your mouth as if you were go-ing to whistle!"
But under the rough manners of the

DO JOHN OBLE KNOCKABOU FROCKS for GIRLS

students there was a genuine goodness of heart. Doctor Whewell's wife died; he had been tenderly devoted to her, and when be attended chapel after her death the undergraduates were touched by an 'old man's anguish and a strong man's

Have you ever tried to estimate the satisfaction, pleasure and financial returns that you get when you spend ten cents for a package of Diamond Dyes? The advantages and profits are strikingly wonderful. Faded and dingy looking dresses, blouses, apes, knitted shawls, hose, lace curtains, and pieces of drapery are all restored to their original value and usefulness. The trath is, they are made as good as new and the cost is only ten cents.

This work is done every day by thousands with the Diamond Dyes. Beware of imitations that some dealers offer for the sake of big profits.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q., for a valuable book of directions and sample color card; sent post free to any address.

In front of a down town store, not more than a thousand wile a strong man's tears.'

'When next he entered the Senate House,' writes Dean Farrar, 'There was a dead silence. For the first time for I know many years not a whistle was beard; and then, a moment afterward, as by spontaneous impulse, the whole crowd-nate with the Diamond Dyes. Beware of imitations that some dealers offer for the sake of big profits.

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'When next he entered the Senate House, 'writes Dean Farrar, 'There was a dead silence. For the first time for I know many years not a whistle was beard; and then, a moment afterward, as by spontaneous impulse, the whole crowd-nate was not astonishing that such a proof of imitations that some dealers offer for the sake of big profits.

Send to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q., for a valuable book of directions and sample color card; sent post free to any address.

In front of a down town store, not more than a thousand will a strong man's tears.'

In front of a down town store, not more than a thousand miles from Bunker Hill Monument, stood a pyramid of valises of the peculiar type commonly known as 'telescopes.' The one at the bottom of the pile was very large, and the one at the top rather small.

Surmounting the structure was a card bearing this inscripton:

FROM 22 CENTS UP.

This attracted the attention of a citizen who was passing. He stepped inside and said to one of the salesmen.

'I wint that largest telescope out there. Here's your twenty-two cents.

'That large one will cost you two dollars,' eplied the salesman.
'Which one is twenty-two cents?'

'The top one.' 'Then why don't you make your sign read, 'From 22 Cen's Down?' retorted

IT STRIKES HOME!

Chase's Cintment Cures Ali Skin Irrita-



Of the many skin

Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. Mr. Andrew Aiton, ot Harttand, N. B., says:

'My little daughter, Grace Ella, aged three and a half, was a dreadful sufferer from eczema for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctore, but all without effect.' Her's was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our local drugg st, Mr. Wm. E. Thistle, recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment is just as effective for piles, salt rheum and serce of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co., Manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents.

There is nothing to equal Chase's Linged and Turpentine for severe colds and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents.