ALL FOR HER

"Yes," said Olivia dreamily, "but he might have had a brass band."

This so tickled the Cherub that he broke into a loud laugh, which brought two bright-eyed, fresh young girls to their side. They were the two Penstone girls, who were in nowise remarkable excepting for their position as Sir William's daughters—the baronetage was one of the oldest in the county—and their perfectly frank unenvying delight in, and admiration for, Olivia.

To these two, simple, country girls there had never been since the world was created, so beautiful and clever and altogether fascinating a creature as Olivia Vanley.

They pounced upon her, one on each side of the horse, and clung to her with loving eagerness.

"Why, dear, we thought you were never coming!" exclaimed Mary, drawing the supple neck downwards that she might kiss the fresh, red lips. "How well you are looking!"

"And how beautiful!" murmured nie, drawing her gauntlet from her hand.

"You flatterers!" said Olivia, kiss them both and slipping from her horse.

"We were so afraid you wouldn't come," said Mary, "and we are so glad to see you, you can't tell. And isn't this delightful? So kind of Mr. Bradstone! And you rode over with dear Bertie. No wonder he looks so bright and happy," and she shot a half-playful, half-jealous glance from her boyish eyes at the Cherub, who, having got rid of one of the giants in plush, was mixing a salad.

"He will look ever so much brighter and happier when he has had some lunch," said Olivia.

"For heaven's sake persuade him to send some of those fellows away, sir," said Bertie in a low voice to the squire as they seated themselves; "it isn't a bit like a picnic with them hovering like huge birds-of-paradise over us!"

The squire shrugged his shoulders.

"Let him alone—he means well," he said good-naturedly.

Bartley Bradstone came up to them at this moment. He was looking flushed and excited and—fussy.

"Have you got all you want? Miss Olivia, let them give you some of the pate. Squire, I think you will find this champagne correct—Pommery, '73."

The butler swooped solemnly down with the bottle, just as he would have done in the dining-room at The Maples.

It was fearfully and dreadfully unlike a picnic, but the high spirits of the two Penstone girls rose even above the overwhelming presence of the footmen and butler, and they were soon laughing and romping, and Olivia was smiling at them in sympathy, when suddenly, in the very middle of the informally formal repast, and just as Mr. Bartley Bradstone was mentally congratulating himself upon its complete success, a man and a woman, with a couple of children clinging to them, came through the opening of the trees. The woman stopped short, and with the true gypsy whine said, as she hungrily eyed the costly spread:

"Will the pretty ladies cross the poor gypsy's hand with silver, and let her tell them their fortunes?"

Mr. Bradstone looked up, almost choking with rage. That gypsies should dare at any time to trespass upon his property, was bad enough to bear, but that they should inflict their odious presence upon his special picnic party was simply unendurable.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, angrily. "Here! Go away! Go away at once!"

The woman shrank back a little; but the man, at the sound of his voice, gave a little start and came a step nearer.

"We means no harm, gentlemen," he said, whiningly, his dark eyes fixed upon Bartley Bradstone's angry face. "Let the wise woman tell the pretty ladies' fortunes."

Bartley Bradstone was about to send them about their busines with the nearest approach to an oath he dared to utter in the presence of ladies, when Mary Penstone, with a laugh, said:

"Oh, don't send them away, Mr. Bradstone. "I should like to have my fortune told, I should, indeed!"

"It's all nonsense," he said, with ill-concealed impatience.

"But is it?" demanded Annie, eyeing the dark-hued gypsy woman wistfully. "Oh, yes, of course, it is, I know; but let her stay. Mr. Bradstone, just for a minute. Mary, lend me a shilling—I'll be the first."

Mary did not possess the coin; but Olivia found one, and Mary, with manifold gigglings, gave it to the gypsy.

The woman crossed the soft palm with it.

"Your fortune is easy to tell, miss," she said; "you'll marry the man of your choice and be happy."

Annie snatched her hand away with a disappointed pout of her full lips.

"I don't think that's worth a shilling," she said. "It's a swindle. I ought to have fallen in love with the wrong man and died of consumption. Now, Mary!"

But Mary declined, positively.

"Well, you, then, squire," said Annie, tugging at his arm.

"My fortune's made or marred long ago," he said, shaking his head as he tossed half a crown to the woman.

"Well, then, it's Olivia's turn," said Annie. "Now, Olivia, you must, you must have your fortune told."

Olivia smiled and held out her hand promptly.

"Don't prophesy anything very dreadful, please," she said.

The woman crossed her long, shapely hand and peered at it. Then she slowly let the hand drop.

"Is there any other gentleman or lady would like their fortune told?" she said.

"Oh, but that isn't fair!" exclaimed Annie Penstone. "You must tell this lady's, you know."

The woman glanced at her, then at Olivia.

"Am I to tell it, miss?" she said.

Olivia smiled. "Of course," she said. "Why not?"

The woman took her hand and looked into her eyes, just as a short-sighted person might have done; then she glanced behind her at the spot where the man stood in an attitude of perfect repose and self-possession, his dark eyes fixed upon Bartley Bradstone.

"Shall I tell this pretty lady her fortune, Seth——"

The man nodded, and the woman in a low voice said:

"There are lines of much sorrow, miss, and much doubt. You will mate with a man you do not love, and love a man you do not mate. But in the end——"

She stopped short, and dropping Olivia's hand, bent over one of the children.

Olivia smiled her calm, sweet smile.

"It is your turn now," she said to Bertie; but Bertie, with affected horror and awe, shook his head.

"Your experience is enough for me," he said.

"That will do," said Bartley Bradstone," and he flung a coin towards the group. "Clear off now!"

The woman darted at the coin, but as her hand closed over it she said:

"Let me tell this gentleman his fortune."

"Oh, do! oh, come, Mr. Bradstone!" exclaimed the two Penstone girls in chorus. "In common fairness——"

"Oh, I'm quite ready," said Bartley Bradstone, but with anything but alacrity; and leaning on his elbow he extended his right hand reluctantly.

"The left, if you please, gentleman," said the woman.

"You are mighty particular," he said with an uneasy laugh, and he shifted his position and gave her the left hand.

As he did so the man took a step passability, but she bent lower over the woman's ear.

Her face did not change from its imforward and whispered something in Bartley Bradstone's hands, and amidst the almost solemn silence she said in the dreamy voice she had adopted in the former cases:

"It is a fair hand, a clever hand; but there are lines that trouble the poor gypsy. Lines of the past, and the coming future. Beware of the woman with the black eyes and the cut lip."

Bartley Bradstone changed color and snatched his hand away.

"That will do," he said. "Don't bother us with any more, but take yourself off. And look here; I don't allow gypsies to settle or squat, or whatever you call it, upon my land."

The woman tied the coins she had received in the corner of her apron with deliberate composure, then dropping a curtsey, followed the man, who had already struck into the thick undergrowth.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Annie Penstone. "Mr. Bradstone, I believe you had them brought here on purpose, just to make your picnic complete."

"No, I didn't," he said abruptly. "I hate them. They are the worst thieves——" He stopped. "Bring some more wine," he called to the butler.

"Beware of the woman with the cut lip and the black eyes, Mr. Bradstone," exclaimed Annie laughingly.

The butler filled their glasses, and in the midst of the general laughing and talking, Bartley Bradstone was recovering his composure and feeling pretty comfortable again, when he heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and looking up, saw a man on horseback riding into the glade.

The horse was a hunter of good character, and his rider was evidently so lost in thought that he had thrown the reins almost on the animal's neck, and was perfectly indifferent to the course it was taking.

All the picnic party stared at him, and Mary Penstone had just time to whisper to Olivia, "What a handsome man!" when Bartley Bradstone sprang to his feet and seized the horse's loose rein.

It was bad enough to have his grand picnic interrupted by ill-conditioned gypsies, but that an unknown rider should dare to intrude was simply intolerable.

"Here, you, sir," he exclaimed angrily, "do you know you are trespassing?"

The gentleman pulled up, and looked from the angry face below him to the rest of the party with a half-awakened expression.

Then he drew the rein from Bartley Bradstone's grasp and looking at him calmly, said:

"I beg your pardon, I did not know I was trespassing.

"But you are!" insisted the giver of the feast. "This is private land, and you ought to know it if you found it, sir, you've no right to ride over private property like this!"

The stranger's face flushed; but before he could speak Bertie sprang to his feet and approached the two men.

"Mr. Bradstone," he said, "this gentleman is a friend of mine, and I can assure you that he had no desire to trespass——"

Bartley Bradstone looked from one to the other with his characteristic expression of moody suspicion.

"A friend of yours! Of course, that makes a difference. I suppose it's all right."

Olivia had risen and came slowly towards them. The rest kept their seats.

"Yes, this is a friend of mine — Mr. Faradeane," said Bertie, and he laid his hand upon the bridle of the stranger's horse.

He looked from Bertie to Bartley Bradstone and then at Olivia, and on her face his eyes seemed fixed.

"Although a friend of Lord Granville, I am still a trespasser," he said, "and I beg your pardon"; and he turned and rode off.

Both Bartley Bradstone and Olivia turned upon Bertie.

"Is he a friend of yours, Lord Granville?" demanded Bartley.

Olivia said nothing, though her eyes were eloquent enough.

The color rose to poor Bertie's face.

"It—it is Mr. Faradeane, of The Dell," he stammered—fancy the Cherub stammering!—"I made his acquaintance the day his dog ran loose, Olivia. That's all!"

[To be Continued.]

Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's"

A NEWSPAPER DUEL

In Pursuit of Circulation the Echo Gives Away £1,000 a Week.

London, Dec. 23.—South Wales is in the throes of an exciting newspaper duel. About a year ago the "Evening Express," which is published at the "Western Mail" office, Cardiff, started a series of schemes of money prizes.

These schemes proved so successful that a week or two back the "Express" claimed a circulation in South Wales and Monmouth of over 100,000 copies, and described how 80,000 pounds had been spent upon the paper.

Numbered postcards were then sent out to householders, the numbers and names of persons entitled to sovereigns being regularly published. In this way 20 pounds per week was distributed.

The proprietors of the "South Wales Echo" responded with an announcement that that paper was the most largely circulated in South Wales and the West of England, and announced that they would distribute 100 pounds every week in a similar way.

The "Express" immediately increased their offer to 200 pounds per week, and the "Echo," not to be outdone, has announced the distribution of 1,000 pounds per week in sovereigns.

Consumption can certainly be cured

Nearly all cases in the early stages. Many even when far advanced. Fresh air stands first. Good food next. Then a medicine to quiet the cough and control the inflammation—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor about this advice. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

SANTO DOMINGO THE NEXT GRAB

Uncle Sam About to Seize Negro Republic.

ALREADY HOLDS A BIG CITY

Puerto Plata Is Controlled by the Americans and Three Others Soon To Be Seized.

London, Dec. 22. — It is quite probable that the next important move in world politics will be the seizure by the United States of the Republic of Santo Domingo. The preliminary steps are now being taken, prominent newspapers defending the administration even before it is attacked by the anti-expansionists. The following announcement is made by the New York Tribune: "The United States will not purchase, annex or even accept as a gift the Republic of Santo Domingo. This may be stated on the highest authority. That the United States may find it expedient to take temporary charge of Santo Domingo, reorganize its Government, pay off its indebtedness, and replace intolerable conditions with a safe and sane government, precisely as was done with Cuba, is not only possible, but probable. It is also possible that, in return for thus acting as Domingo's receiver, the United States may acquire the use of a coaling station on Samana Bay."

The American Government is already in control of Puerto Plata, one of the most important towns in the island. That the three other chief ports, Monte Christi, Sanchez, and Samana, will be seized in the near future is almost certain. Thus far the United States may go with the propriety gained by arbitral sanction; for this power was granted by the three arbitrators whose decision of last July was supposed to put an end to the trouble between Santo Domingo and the United States. By this award certain sums were granted the latter country as compensation, and the seizure of the ports and collection of customs was suggested, in the event of Santo Domingo failing to abide by the court's decision and settle promptly. In September last Mr. John T. Abbott took charge of Puerto Plata, under this authority, the republic having defaulted.

The step from occupying four ports, as permitted by agreement, to claiming authority over all the island is a long one or a short one, according to the point of view. The Government view is thus set forth:

"The assumption that the United States will, after undertaking the administration of the four ports named, go further, and assume temporary charge of the entire Dominican administration, with the hope of establishing it on a sound and businesslike basis, is occasioned by the hopeless insolvency of the present regime, the tyranny of militarism which dominates the republic, and the constant danger that European creditors may be driven to exasperation and their Governments feel called upon to do the work which can be better done by the United States, and which, if performed by this country, would be unattended by danger of foreign complications. In this connection it may be said that the state department has reason to understand that temporary American administration of Dominican affairs would be welcomed by the European nations whose subjects are creditors of the insolvent republic."

The anti-expansionists have hardly grasped the situation yet, or we might be able to contrast the foregoing with this opinion. They would probably point out that similar excuses are always available for nations with "benevolent assimilation" in view. Naturally the victim of these good-natured offices must be more or less unfit for resistance. In a nation insolvent, hopeless and tyrannized, we have a fair subject for illustration. The "fear that European creditors may be driven to exasperation," being translated by an anti-Imperialist, means the fear that some other vulture may be first on the carcase. Imperialists say that what has been done to Cuba would be repeated, and here again opinions differ, the antis holding that in every essential Cuba is a mere dependency of the United States. The whole situation as regards Santo Domingo may be likened to that of a drunken man reeling home. An affable stranger presents himself and links arms with the inebriate. Does he mean to lead him to a Salvation Army shelter, or lure him down an alleyway?

That Santo Domingo is very drunk indeed there can be no doubt. The national debt is more than $32,000,000, and this is increasing every year. Under present management and methods the republic is hopelessly bankrupt. European creditors whose claims are now in the hands of the Belgian-French commission are owed $13,000,000, but clearly realizing the bankruptcy of the country they have expressed a willingness to accept 50 cents on the dollar, if monthly payments of $25,000 be made in lieu of interest. These creditors would naturally be glad enough to have the United States guarantee them full payment, but it may reasonably be doubted that they would surrender their own little dreams about seizing the place themselves. The Dominican army is composed largely of colonies; graft reigns everywhere. There are twelve governors for a populations of 600,000, each with a suite of Oriental proportions. No wonder the place is always undergoing a revolution.

Here is how one citizen describes the situation:

"We have no census; no surveys; no roads; no good ports; no instruction, 95 per cent of our population being illiterates; no farmers; no sailors; no professional men; no trained soldiers, but hundreds of colonels; no surplus and an indebtedness of $30,000,000, and all our revenues are spent in war, killing people."

The same citizen also gives a Christmas list of the things the country wants. If Uncle Sam consents to play the part of Santa Claus the world will see a repetition of the Cuban and Panama incidents.

PAYS FOR BURNED BONDS

Adams Express Company Settles for Canadian Lumber Bonds.

New York, Dec. 22.—The Adams Express Company settled yesterday with the Knickerbocker Trust Company for the $200,000 in coupon bonds of a Canadian lumber company which were destroyed by fire in the express company's car near Worcester last Friday morning. Other claims on account of the fire, including one for $4,000 worth of bank notes, will be paid by the company as they are established.

The loss of the company, it was said at the main office yesterday, would undoubtedly amount to $240,000 unless something could be recovered on the notes and bonds destroyed. The company has no definite record by numbers of the notes or bonds in the consignment, but will make some effort to establish them.

This, it was said, is the first instance in which the company's safes have gone back on them. Safes of the same make have passed through other fires without serious results to the contents, and the officials of the company are at a loss to explain how the notes, and particularly the jewelry, in the express car safes were destroyed. There is no question, however, in the minds of the company's officials, that the fire was purely accidental.

If the company is not able to establish the identity of the Treasury notes burned the Government will, of course, be a winner. An official of the Sub-Treasury, when asked yesterday how much the Government made approximately in a year from circumstances such as are presented in the Adams Express Company case, said he couldn't say definitely, but that it was safe to put it well up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

MINNESOTA TRIES TO HALT EXODUS

Western State Taking Steps to Stop Emigration to the Northwest.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 23.—Realizing that year by year more and more American farmers cross the border and take up land in the northwest of Canada, the State Legislature of Minnesota will make a determined effort to fustrate this and to show the hundreds who yearly emigrate from this state that they can obtain land under as good conditions here as across the line.

The question, after considerable agitation, is being strongly entered into by A. L. Cole, member-elect for the local legislature, and he has declared positively that he will do his utmost to stem the tide of this emigration. "The only relief we can get in this irritating question is to organize an immigration board," said he yesterday. "This will counteract the influence of the Canadian immigration office in this city, representatives of which meet the land-seekers' trains coming from the south to this State, and urge the foreigners of large communities to continue their journey to Canada. That will gain our end to a certain degree, but will be far from absolute in persuading farmers to stay right here in this State, or on this side of the line at least. There are in Minnesota some 2,000,000 acres of swamp lands. At the next session of the legislature I will bring up the matter of draining all these lands and then selling them to men who will put them under cultivaion at once. We will absolutely refuse to sell to speculators, and will have to have guarantees from purchasers that they will take up residence on the land at once. I can tell you, however, that this scheme is only the beginning of an effort that will be made by this country to turn back the tide of immigration that each year flows with increased current over Canada's border."

During the last three years the emigration from this country into Manitoba especially, and the Canadian Northwest generally has increased with alarming rapidity. The Canadian Government has been particularly active in its efforts to advertise that country among farmers of the border States, and that it has been successful is apparent from the official returns. Besides this, Canadian land companies have shown wonderful enterprise in their methods of taking American settlers over their lands. This has all resulted very disastrously for the United States, and Uncle Sam has been forced to look on with ever-increasing alarm. The thing has reached such proportions now that politicians are determined to stop it or do all in their power in that direction. It is believed that plans are being made for a huge campaign that will begin with the coming spring.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

"TIS WELL TO KNOW A GOOD THING, said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Knowwell, when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil," and Mrs. Surface, who hates puns, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a weak back there was another customer for Eclectric Oil.

The Irish Registrar-General's report shows that the number of marriages during the 10 years from 1891 to 1900 showed an increase of 8,513 over the preceding 10 years, although the population had decreased, and over 400,000 emigrants left Ireland in the 10 years, 83 per cent of them beng between the ages of 15 and 35.

SICK AT NIGHT WELL IN THE MORNING.

A MOST WONDERFUL CHANGE IN EVEN A FEW HOURS CAN BE EASILY ACCOMPLISHED IN NATURE'S WAY.

Your head aches and feels heavy. Perhaps your throat is a little dry. You have little appetite, and occasionally chilly feelings creep along the spine. Your eyes are hot, tongue furred, and you are about half knocked out. You know what the trouble is. You have been drinking and eating too much. You have felt this way before and it took you a week to get well. You are just "bilious" and your stomach has gone back on you. Now if you do the right thing at the very start you will feel better tomorrow. Just take two or three of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, take them now, and tonight when you retire take one or two more, and you will feel one hundred per cent better tomorrow morning and before the day is passed you will forget all about it. These wonderful little pills, combining the antiseptic and resolvent properties of pineapple with the laxative and cleansing effects of butternut, wil quickly relieve a congested circulation, and drive out of the blood the bile accumulations, restoring harmonious action to the digestive organs. Just one day's use of these little pills will cure any threatened bilious attack. They are good for young or old, never gripe or weaken, nor leave behind any unpleasant after effects. They always cure sick headache, constipation and biliousness in one night. 25 cents at all dealers.

All genuine signed W. F. Smith.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.

AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS.

A CURE AT THE PEOPLES PRICE.

SPECIAL NOTICE—WE ARE NOW SETTLED IN OUR NEW STORE **232 Dundas Street.**

A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to All

A good many hearts are being made happy and contented through this great festival—CHRISTMAS, and the coming of the New Year. Presents are shipped into homes by the score, money spent happily and freely, for those beloved. How every heart beats impatiently for the happy day to arrive, when one's eyes open—OH! HOW BEAUTIFUL! Perhaps there are a good many today who have not as yet bought their presents. Why? Because they don't know what to buy. One article may be too dear and another too cheap.

Should you feel any way inclined to accept our advice we will give you one free of charge. Your Sister, Daughter or Sweetheart must be presented with something, I am sure. Well, here is a couple: For instance, a Beautiful Short Skirt for SKATING; a Beautiful WINTER WALKING SKIRT, etc. You put this aside. You say, well this present was made me by Sister, and I am only going to wear it for skating. How delightful Sister would feel to think that she perhaps only paid **$1.95, $2.45** or **$2.85** for this Skirt, and how much it is being appreciated. However, we are here and will request you all to call at our store for those Skirts, and see if we cannot do as we say. Our prices are reduced again considerably and we want you to know a good thing when you see it.

These Are Just a Few Prices Good Until Saturday Night at 11 O'Clock:

A $2.40 Skirt for $1.48
A $3.50 Skirt for $1.95
A $4.55 Skirt for $2.45
A $5.00 Skirt for $2.85
A $5.50 Skirt for $3.15
A $6.00 Skirt for $3.30
A $7.50 Skirt for $4.95
An $8.00 Skirt for $5.45
A $9.25 Skirt for $6.75

Our Winter Coats Good for driving or walking, range in prices from **$4.50** up to **$10.00.** These are $8.00 to $20.00 values. Come at once, for you have only a couple of days to do this.

WITH COMPLIMENTS

The Metropolitan Skirt and Suit Manufacturing Company,

232 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.

DUCKED THE SWINDLER

Two Lock Him in Car and Send for Reinforcements.

Washington, N. J., Dec. 23.—A stranger giving his name as Charles B. Moyer collected $2 from about twenty poor girls here by representing himself as an agent for a company manufacturing silk flowers. He offered the girls employment by which they could make five dollars a week, but made them pay him two dollars for an outfit, which would be sent to them later.

Moyer went from here to Oxford, and worked there for several days. Anna and Teresa Flanagan, two of his victims, met Moyer on the street here yesterday, and demanded a return of their money. Moyer laughed. The girls are robust and they grasped Moyer and pulled him to a railroad switch, where stood an empty freight car. They locked in Moyer and then went for help.

In a little while a dozen girls marched in a body to the car, opened it and pulled Moyer out. He was helpless from drink and the girls resolved to sober him up. This they did by plunging him two or three times into the icy waters of the nearby creek. He emerged after the girls left him and took the first northbound train for Scranton.

No better Candy in the city. French mixture, 2 pounds for 25c. Largest variety and best-made Candy to be obtained is at the Olympia Candy Store, 186 Dundas street. 90k

MAGIC SODA

TRADE MARK

OR SALERATUS IS THE BEST.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Get Your Leather Goods

Christmas Presents

AT ONCE, AT

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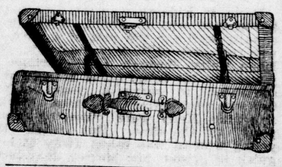
198 DUNDAS STREET.



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For ladies and gentlemen.

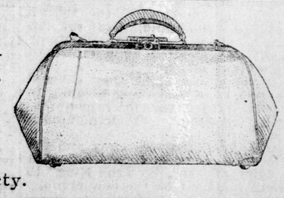
IN PURSES We have the beautiful new gray color—the New York novelty.

HAND-SATCHELS From 50c to $7.00; with children's special in all colors, 25c

DRESS SLIPPERS A beautiful range including the new champagne color and beaded lines at from $1.25 to $3.50.

Letter Bags

With ribbon handle, the newest line for afternoon calling.



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