

HAT ROOM

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E. N. HUNT

190 DUNDAS STREET.

THE PIECE OF GOLD

When Lucien Hem saw his last hun-
dred-franc note gripped by the bank-
keeper's rake, and rose from the
roulette table, where he had lost the
last fragments of his little fortune, col-
lected for this supreme struggle, he
felt giddy, and thought he was going
to fall.

With a dizzy head and tottering legs,
he threw himself down upon the broad
leathern settee surrounding the play-
table.

For some minutes he gazed vacantly
on the candelabrum gambling house, in
which he had squandered the best
years of his youth, recognized the ravaged
faces of the gamblers, crudely
lighted by the three large shaded
lamps; listened to the light jingle of
gold on the cloth-covered table; felt
that he was ruined, lost; recollected
that he had at home the pair of regu-
lation pistols which his father, Gen.
Hem, then a simple captain, had used
so well in the attack of Zaatcha; then,
overcome by fatigue, he sank into a
profound sleep.

When he awoke, with a parched mouth,
he saw by the clock that he had slept
for barely half an hour, and felt an
imperious need for breathing the night
air. The clock hands marked a quarter
before midnight.

At that moment old Dronski—a pil-
lar of the gaming house, the classic
Fole, wearing the threadbare hooded
woolen cloak, ornamented all over with
grease stains—approached Lucien, and
muttered a few words in his grizzled
beard.

"Lend me a five-franc piece, mon-
sieur. It's now two days since I've
stirred out of the club, and for two
days the 'seventeen' has never turned
up. Laugh at me if you like, but I'll
suffer my hand to be cut off if that
number does not turn up on the stroke
of midnight."

Lucien Hem shrugged his shoulders.
He had not even enough in his pocket
to meet this tax, which the frequent-
ers of the place called "the Pole's hun-
dred sous." He passed into the ante-
room, took his hat and fur coat, and
descended the stairs with feverish rap-
idity.

Since four o'clock, when Lucien had
shut himself up in the gaming-house,
snow had fallen heavily, and the street
—a street in the center of Paris, very
narrow, and built with high houses on
either side—was completely white.

In the calm sky, blue-black, the cold
stars glittered.

The ruined gambler shuddered un-
der his furs, and walked slowly away,
his mind still teeming with thoughts of
despair, and more than ever turning to
the remembrance of the case of pistols
which awaited him in one of his draw-
ers; but after moving forward a few
steps, he stopped suddenly before a
heart-wringing sight.

On a stone bench, placed according
to old custom near the door of a man-
sion, a little girl of six or seven years
of age, dressed in a ragged black
frock, was sitting in the snow. She
was sleeping, in spite of the cruel cold,
in an attitude of frightful fatigue and
exhaustion; her poor little head and
tiny shoulder pressed as if by a heavy
weight into an angle of the wall, and re-
posing on the icy stone. One of her
wooden shoes had fallen from her foot,
which hung helplessly and lugubriously
before her.

With a mechanical gesture, Lucien
put his hand to his waistcoat pocket,
but a moment afterward he recollected
that he had not been able to find even
a forgotten piece of 20 sous, and had
been obliged to leave the club with-
out giving the customary "tip" to the
club attendant; yet, moved by an in-
stinctive feeling of pity, he approached
the little girl, and might, perhaps, have
taken her in his arms, and given her
a night's lodging, when, in the wooden
shoe which had slipped from her foot
he saw something glitter.

He stooped. It was a gold coin.
Some charitable person, doubtless
some lady, had passed by, had seen on
this night the little wooden shoe lying
in front of the sleeping child, and, re-
calling the touching legend, had placed
there, with a secret hand, a magnifi-
cent offering, so that this poor aban-
doned one might believe in presents
made for the infant Saviour, and pre-
serve, in spite of her misfortune, some
confidence and some hope in the good-
ness of Providence.

A gold piece! It was several days of
rest and riches for the beggar, and
Lucien was on the point of waking her
to tell her this, when he heard near
his ear, as a hallucination, a voice—

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Cheaper Than Daylight.

Light your bedrooms, summer resorts and
tenting camps with Paraffine Candles
during the hot weather.

100 per lb. 6-lb Cans, 50c.

Complete assortment of Campers' and Pione-
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and Duck.

SLICED HAM A SPECIALTY.

Sardines, Shrimps, Lobsters, Herring, Mackerel,
Salmon, etc.

FRUITS—CANNED AND IN GLASS.

Best Assorted Family Biscuits, Condensed
Milk, Coffee, Cocoa.

TRADING STAMPS GIVEN.

Fitzgerald, Seandrett & Co

189 DUNDAS ST.

WE GIVE

in

TRADING

STAMPS

the voice of the Pole, with its coarse,
drawing accent, almost whispering:
"It's now two days since I stirred
out of the club, and for two days the
'seventeen' has never turned up. I'll
suffer my hand to be cut off if that
number does not turn up on the stroke
of midnight."

Then this young man of three-and-
twenty descended from a race of hon-
est men, who bore a proud military
name, and who had never swerved
from the path of honor, conceived a
frightful idea. He was seized with a
mad, hysterical, monstrous desire. Af-
ter glancing on all sides, to make sure
that he was alone in a deserted street,
he bent his knee, and, carefully out-
stretching his trembling hand, he stole
the gold piece from the fallen shoe!

Hurrying, then with all his speed,
he returned to the gambling house,
scaled the stairs two and three at a
stride, and, entering the accursed play-
room as the first stroke of midnight
was sounding, placed the gold on the
green cloth, and cried:

"I stake on the seventeen!"

The seventeen won.

With a turn of the hand, Lucien
pushed the 36 louis to the "red."

The "red" won.

He left the 72 louis on the same
color. The "red" again won.

Twice he "doubled"—three times—al-
ways with the same success. He had
now before him a pile of gold and
notes, and began to scatter stakes all
over the board. All his bets were for-
tunate. His luck was unheard-of—su-
pernatural. It might have been ima-
gined that the little ivory ball dancing
in the roulette was magnetized, fasci-
nated by the eyes of this player, and
obedient to him. In a dozen stakes he
had recovered the few wretched thou-
sand franc notes, his last resources,
which he had lost at the beginning of
the evening.

Now, staking 200 or 300 louis at a
time, and aided by an strange run of
luck, he was on the way to regaining
and more besides, the hereditary cap-
ital he had squandered in so few years,
and reconstituting his fortune.

In his eagerness to return to the
gaming table he had not taken off his
fur coat. Already he had crumpled his
large pockets with bundles of notes
and rouleaux of gold pieces, and, not
knowing where to heap his winnings,
he now loaded the inner and exterior
pockets of his frock coat, the pockets
of his vest and trousers, his handker-
chief—everything that could be made
to hold his money.

And still he played, and still he won.
Like a madman, like a drunken man!

Only something like a red-hot iron
was his heart, and he thought of noth-
ing but of the little mendicant sleep-
ing in the snow, whom he had robbed.

"Is she still at the same spot? Sure-
ly she must be still there. Presently—
yes, when I o'clock strikes—I swear it!
I will quit this place. I will take her
sleeping and carry her to my home. I
will put her into my warm bed, I will
bring her up, give her a dowry, love
her as if she were my own daughter,
care for her always, always!"

But the clock struck 1, then a quar-
ter, then a half, and then three quar-
ters.

And Lucien was still seated at the in-
fernal table.

At length, one minute before 2
o'clock, the keeper of the bank rose
abruptly and said in a loud voice:

"The bank is broken, boys—enough
for today."

With a bound Lucien was on his
feet. Roughly pushing aside the gam-
blers who surrounded and regarded him
with curious admiration, he hurried
away quickly, sprang down the stairs,
and ran all the way to the stone bench.

"Heaven be praised!" he said. "She
is still there."

He approached her, he took her
hand.

"Oh, how cold she is, poor little one!"

He took her under the arms and raised
her so that he might carry her. Her
head fell back without her awaking.

"How soundly children of her age
sleep!"

He pressed her against his bosom to
warm her, and, seized by a vague in-
quietude and with a view to rousing
her out of this heavy slumber, he kiss-
ed her eyelids.

Then was that he perceived with
terror that these eyelids were half-
open, showing the eyeballs—glassy,
lifeless, motionless. Upon his brain
flashed a horrible suspicion. He placed
his mouth close to that of the little
girl.

"No breath came from it."

While, with the gold piece which he
had stolen from this mendicant, Lu-
cien had won a fortune at the gaming
table, the homeless child had died—died
of cold.

The present time Lucien Hem is a
lieutenant in the First Regiment of
Chasseurs d'Afrique. He has only his
pay to live on, but he contrives to make
it suffice, being a steady officer, and
never touching a card. It appears even
that he found the means of saving.
For the other day at Algiers one of his
comrades, one of the hilly
streets of the Kasba, saw him give
something in charity to a little Spanish
girl sleeping in a doorway, and had the
curiosity to see what it was that
Lucien had given the child.

Great was their surprise at the poor
lieutenant's generosity.

Lucien Hem had got into the hand
of the poor child a piece of gold.—From
the French of Francois Coppee.

The Hamburg-American Steamship
line has let contracts to Bohm & Voss
for the construction of a twin-screw
steamer with water-tight compart-
ments between the outer and inner
sides, and a double bottom, making
it practically unsinkable. The new
boat will be 600 feet water line, 65 feet
beam and 42 feet in depth, and have
accommodations for 1,100 passengers.

Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach,
Giddiness, Fullness after meals, Head-
ache, Dizziness, Brownishness, Flashes
of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Constipation,
Blisters on the Skin, Cold Chills, Dis-
turbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all
Nervous and Trembling Sensations.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF

IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer
will acknowledge them to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as direct-
ed, will quickly restore Families to com-
plete health. They promptly remove
obstructions or irregularities of the sys-
tem and cure Sick Headache. For a

Weak Stomach

Impaired Digestion

Disordered Liver

IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN

Beecham's Pills are

Without a Rival

And have the

LARGEST SALE

of any Patent Medicine in the World.

BISMARCK STORIES

The Ready Wit of the Man of
Blood and Iron.

A Cemetery That Would Not Agree
With Him—Lessons in Politeness to
Count Thun of Austria—A Startling
Answer to an Indiscreet Question.

The late Prince Bismarck, although
known as a man of blood and iron, was
remarkable for his ready wit and his never
failing alertness in any emergency. A few
years before his death he was surprised by
a delegation of peasants from his family
estate, Schoenhauzen. They had come to
ask him to choose their village cemetery
for his final resting place.

"It can't be," replied Bismarck calmly.
"The conditions of your cemetery do not
agree with my rheumatism, and I have no
desire to bring my gout with me into the
grave."

Naturally brave and often reckless in
the face of danger, Bismarck shunned
nothing when a life was to be saved. As
a young lieutenant he risked his own life
to save that of his drowning servant. He
received the medal "for saving of human
life," and he continued to wear it on all
ceremonious occasions until his withdrawal
from public life. Once some high person-
age, proud of his titles and decorations,
noticed the insignificant little medal on
the breast of Bismarck and asked sneer-
ingly, "What does that thing mean?"

"Not much," said Bismarck, "only
that I am in the habit of saving a life now
and then."

He was a man of the world who never
wanted to be so and an excellent talk-
er. These qualities surprised no one more
than the empress of France, who, like most
of her countrywomen, was inclined to
conceive Bismarck as a rude, cold blooded,
clumsy brute of the old uncivilized Teu-
tons, who led a primitive life in the vir-
ginal forests of Germany, dividing their
time between the hunt and the bear and
Romans. It was she who said of him,
"Mais il est plus cauteux qu'un Fran-
cais!"

While Austria remained the head of the
Federation of German States and Bis-
marck attended the federal council at
Frankfurt as the representative of Prussia
he had many dealings and as many semi-
hostile encounters with the Austrian pre-
sident of the council, Count Thun, whom
he viewed with unlimited disgust. Once
he called on Thun, who received him in
his shirt sleeves. Bismarck proceeded to
pull off his own coat without a moment's
hesitation, saying, "Indeed, count, it is
very hot in your room!"

The count jumped from his chair and
hastened to put on his coat, at the same
time pouring out apologies. On the occa-
sion of another visit he was seated at
his writing desk smoking and with an
open box of cigars in front of him. He
asked Bismarck to wait for a few mo-
ments, but offered him nothing to smoke.
Bismarck, who was an enthusiastic devo-
tee of the weed, suffered in silence for a
few moments and then walked up to the
desk and deliberately picked out a cigar
under the nose of the startled count, and
once more that gentleman had to apolo-
gize.

Bismarck's fondness for tobacco lasted
till his death in spite of all protests from
his physician. All the faithful Dr. Schwen-
inger could do was to have the strong ol-
gars of earlier years supplanted by long
stemmed, well cleaned pipes. On the day
before his death Bismarck smoked five of
these.

"He lies like an official news bureau,"
exclaimed Bismarck once in the Prussian
diet.

Bismarck was always disliked by the
diplomats of the old school, whose tricks
and conceits he despised. He confounded
their clever plans time and again by an
improbable overbearing use of the truth. In
the spring of 1878 when the war against
Austria was nothing but a possibility,
Bismarck, who was then president of the
Prussian cabinet, attended a dinner given
by the minister of Saxony, the Countess
Hohenhausen, who sat by his side, was in-
considerate enough to ask, "Is it true that
your excellency intends to go to war with
Austria?"

"Certainly, my dear countess," replied
Bismarck in his blindest manner. "I
have thought of nothing else since I en-
tered the cabinet. Our guns are ready,
and you will soon find that they are su-
perior to the Austrian artillery."

"But, then, you must give me some
friendly advice," said the countess. "I
have two castles, one in Bohemia and one
near Leipzig. Which one will be the safest
to go to?"

"If you take my advice," answered Bis-
marck, "you will not go to Bohemia.
Your castle is located in the very vicinity
where we intend to beat the Austrians.
Go to Saxony, and you will be perfectly
safe."

The countess made her indiscretion com-
plete by telling every one of this remark-
able conversation. The world was startled,
and demands for an explanation came
from all quarters.

"Pooh!" smiled Bismarck, with a shrug
of his shoulders. "Do you pay attention
to an ironical answer prompted by an in-
discreet question?"

Wolf's Telegraph bureau was honored
with Bismarck's attention on account of
some alleged irregularities. The chancellor
summoned one of the government officers,
who promptly asserted that he did not
know a thing about the whole matter.

"You had better make a thorough in-
vestigation and give me a detailed report,"
said Bismarck. "But there is no special
hurry. If I have the report by tomorrow
at noon, that will be time enough."

Good living was one of Bismarck's weak
points, and the first Countess Bismarck
said sometimes that the chef de cuisine
was the only one who could govern her
Iron Chancellor. Certain it is that this
magnate, Herr Mueller, could take lib-
erties which would have proved dangerous
to one occasion that dinner was ready.

"Not hungry yet. Wait another half
hour," was the reply that came from the
chancellor.

The third message received from the
kitchen magnate admitted of no appeal:
whether he is hungry or not, for I, the
premier of the kitchen, cannot keep the
dishes any longer."

The premier of Prussia submitted with-
out demurring and went to dinner at once.
—Exchange.

Parson and Bunker.

On the St. Andrews golf course there is
a bunker known as "hell," says Scottish
Life and Humor. A parson who was play-
ing got into this bunker one day and could
not get out of it. In the midst of his ef-
forts a telegram arrived for him, and a re-
turning caddy was asked if he had seen
him. "Oo, ay," was the reply; "I've
just left him down in hell, damin an
swarin maist awn'!"

A BLIZZARD!

Prevails in the West and Southwest—
Railway Traffic Delayed.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 17.—A genu-
ine blizzard prevails in the south and
west today. A heavy wet snow has
fallen since 3 o'clock this morning,
driven by a strong wind. Wires are
down in all directions and delays rail-
way traffic. The snow followed 24
hours of steady rain. The sidewalks are
covered three inches deep with slush.
There has been a decided fall in tem-
perature, and the suddenness of the
storm, coming as it has on the track of
summer weather, will undoubtedly
cause great suffering, especially on the
ranges covered with cattle. Kansas
City is practically cut off with tele-
graph communication with the west.

SENSATIONAL
SUICIDE!Mother Shoots Herself in View of Her
Two Little Boys.

Omaha, Neb., Oct. 17.—Mrs. Hattie
Steele, wife of William W. Steele, at-
tempted suicide under the most dis-
tressing conditions at her home in this
city. Her husband had called to ar-
range final documents for their final
separation. While they were discus-
sing the future of the children Mrs.
Steele suddenly arose and in the pres-
ence of her husband and two little
boys, placed a pistol to her head and
fired. She was removed to a hospital
and the bullet extracted, but the sur-
geons say there is no possibility of her
recovery. Mr. Steele is held by the po-
lice, although there is no charge
against him.

MINNESOTA IMMUNES.

"They should send a regiment of im-
munes against those Chippewa In-
dians."

"Immuness?"

"Yes; bald-headed men."

Window plants in Germany are often
watered with cold tea or coffee. The
effects are said to be beneficial.

Failure.

Failure consists in giving up,
not in not succeeding. Many
a man fails in business because
his system is already bankrupt.

It takes a strong body and a
healthful constitution to stand
the hard work and the hard
knocks of the business world.

Those persistent attacks of
Sleeplessness; those Sick Head-
aches; those many worrying
forms of Indigestion; that con-
stant worn-out feeling, and
those many little ills, all leave
their traces unless promptly
stamped out.

Abbey's

Effervescent Salt

prevents and cures these under-
mining ills. Take it every
morning when you rise. It will
improve your digestion, help
you enjoy your food, and in-
crease energy and vitality into
body and brain.

The daily use of this standard En-
glish preparation will keep you in
good health. Sold by all druggists
at 6c a large bottle. Trial size, 25c.

WISE

WOMEN

WIN

By using common sense
and that wonderful dye:

Maypole

Soap.

IT DYES equally well

Woolens,

Cottons,

Silk or Satin

and Mixed Goods.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

FREE advice about Home

Dyeing and sam-
ple of work on application to

CANADIAN DEPOT:

8 Place Royale, Montreal.

A. P. TIPPET & CO., Managers.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE.

THIS TIME OF A
RUNNING SORE.

B. B. B. Cures Mr. D. Burch of Renton, Ont., of a
Bad Sore on the Leg in 1892.

IT HAS NEVER BROKEN OUT SINCE.

Look around you and see if you can
find any other remedy with such a re-
cord of permanent cures to its credit
as Burdock Blood Bitters.

Not a little patching and mending up
of the system to last a short time, but a
thorough renovation, whereby dis-
ease is uprooted completely and health
permanently restored.

Take the case of Chronic Sores of all
kinds, which everyone knows are hard
to heal with ordinary remedies.

To make a thorough and permanent
cure the blood must be cleansed so that
pure nutritious blood shall be supplied
to the affected part, and supplant the
decaying tissues with healthy flesh.

Sores or ulcers, no matter how large
or how long standing, heal up readily
when Burdock Blood Bitters is applied
externally and taken internally accord-
ing to directions.

The statements of Mr. D. Burch of
Renton, Ont., given below, prove this,
and again establish the claim made for
B. B. B. that it is the greatest remedy
in existence for not only giving tempo-
rary relief, but making permanent cures.

This is the letter written by him,
dated February 26th, 1893:

"In the year 1888 I was taken ill
with Typhoid Fever. When I had re-
covered from the fever I got what the
doctors called Phlebitis, which left my
ankles a very dusky color, and my leg

was swollen to the knee all the time until
the spring of 1892 when it broke out
half way between my knee and the ankle
joint.

"I went to the doctors and they pre-
scribed for me but to no effect. I quit
taking any medicine for a while when
I was persuaded by some friends to try
Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I had not much faith that it would
do me any good, but after using it for
three days I could see that my leg had
started to heal up.

"I kept on using the B. B. B. until I
had taken five bottles in all, when my
leg was healed up completely, and as
sound as ever it was. If any one wants
more particulars let them write to me
enclosing a three-cent stamp for return
postage and I will gladly answer them."

(Sgd.) D. BURCH.