Ottaw

law lice

chase

but onl

to seek

Hon. I

count f

aggrega

and set

postage

lic depa

The I

age ma

eight r

immedi

Hon.

office i

tracts

view

and si last ni

The

sheep

pointed

terday

require shipme

try.

The

attend

ference

E. K

ernmer

ceed

tain v

view 1

river,

be cho

In t

gumen

Cuba

from

court

Cuba

Elliott

Sydney

throug

Cuba

road

nel na

Harris

ment

lan w

appeal

the pr

below

lants;

ment

Sho

of Jor which

morro

Mor

Thos.

move

elwoo End

and ti

is no

veyor

more

nation The

Prince

of but 32,322. Robert

In t

the ar

of Jor

Jones.

equity

money

appel

the n

as du

signe

favor

ceptio

lected

was

appell claim

Chapr

latter

was

was

Palm

The

next

a clai

groun

any

had 1

policy

ledge

treate

not t

was r to his in tr

adjou Pugsi for t

S. I

ing a

with for i

and

in ex

The

tice.

over.

## AUTUMN PAGEANTRY

REV. DR. TALMAGE DELIVERS AN-OTHER SEASONABLE SERMON.

"We All Do Fade as a Leaf"-The Glory of the Woods-How Like the Leaf Is Dur Life-4 Great Variety of Dead Leaves - From Youth to Age.

Washington, Nov. 1. The season of the year adds much appositeness to Dr. Talmage's sermon, which we send out to-day. His subject is "The Pageantry of the Woods," and his text Isaiah lxiv, 6, "We all do fade as a

It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes blackboard and puts upon it figures and diagrams so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of His Bible and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champollion, the famcus Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them. There are Scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the

natural world. Habakkuk says: "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without falling. Knowing that fact, we understand that when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "the daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness," a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its egg in the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant, "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness."

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them, and the face of nature has such a flush and sparkle and life that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's roice unless he has sat at summer evening tide at the edge of a wood and listened to the cry of the whippoorwill.

There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumac than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Cropsey and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant 2000 miles tong. Let artist stand back when God stretches His canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes there was an indescribable mingling of gold and orange and crimson and saffron, now obering into drab and maroon, now flaming into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore; it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw, occasion ally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tiptop of the Alleghanies, and then it had come dripping down to

he lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness and a string of joy infinite.

'We all do fade as a leaf." First.—Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which week before last felt the frost have day by day been changing in tint and will for many days yet cling to the bough waiting for the fist of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took In its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No; deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After awhile, leaf after leaf, they fall, Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been

quenched. So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of overfatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After awhile we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. stead of bounding into the vehicle, we Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian fails. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No derce cannonading of the batteries of life, but a fading away—slowly—gradu-

ally. As the leaf, as the leaf!

Again, like the leaf, we fade to make room for others. Next year's forest will be as grandly follaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves today because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctering, selling, sewing or digging, let us cheerfully give way for thos who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been. As we get older do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a lit-tle. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said: "You need not think I am old because my hair is white. I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days and remember when in winter nights in the sitting-

room the children played the blithest

and the gayest of all the company

were father and mother. Although

reaching fourscore years of age, they

never got old.

Do not be disturbed as you see good and great men die. People worry when some important personage passes off the stage and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the church nor the state will suffer for it. There will be others to take the places. When God takes one man away, He has another right back of Him. is so rich in resources that He could spare 5000 Summerfields and Saurins, if there were so many. There will be other leaves as green, as exquisitely veined, as gracefully etched, as well pointed. However prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Adirondacks. A ship is not well manned unless there be an extra supply of hands some working on deck, some sound asleep in their hammocks. God has manned this world very well. There will be other seamen on deck when you and I are down in the cabin

sound asleep in the hammocks. Again, as with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will strew all the streams, they will drift into the caverns, they will soften the wild beast's lair and fill the eagle's eyrie. All the aisles of the forest will

covered with their carpet and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Axminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains?

So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between 50 and 70 people every day lie. down in Greenwood. That place has over 200,000 of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then, if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there are two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Peking are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses.

Caesar is there and all his subjects Nero is there and all his victims. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations Thebes and Tyre and Babylon and will swallow all our cities. Yet city of silence. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clash No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great city of silence! Of all its million million hands not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes not one of them sparkles. Oll all its million million hearts not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

If, in the movement of time, some great question between the living and the dead should be put and God called up all the dead and the living to decide it, as we lifted our hands, from all the resting places of the dead they lifted their hands, the dead would utvote us. Why, the multitude of the dying and the dead are as these autumnal leaves, drifting under our We march on toward eternity, not by companies of 100, or regiments of 1000, or brigades of 10,000 but 1,600,000,000 abreast! Marching on

Marching on! Again, as with variety of appearance leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees at the firs touch of the frost lose all their beauty They stand withered and uncomely and ragged waiting for the northeas storm to drive them into the mire The sun shining at noonday gilds then with no beauty. Ragged leaves. Dead leaves. No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. So death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickor one blast off the cold waters and they are gone. No tinge of hope No prophecy of heaven. Their spring was all abloom with bright pro Their summer thick follaged with op portunities. But October came, and their glory went. Frosted! In early seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you

look out of the window and say, "There was a black frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after awhile death comes-It is a black frost, and all is ended. Oh, what withering and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them—their house, their families, their friends, books, their pictures, and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They quit the presence of bird and bloom and wave to go unbeckoned and unwelcomed. The bower in which they stood and sang and were chaplets and made themselves merry has gone

of their condition. Frosted! But, thank God, that is not the way people always die. Tell me on what day of all the year the leaves of the woodbine are as bright as they are to-day. So Christian character never attractive as in the dying hour. Such go into the grave, not as a dog, with frown and harsh voice, drive into a kennel, but they pass away calmly, sweetly, grandly. As the leaf! As the leaf!

down under an awful equinoctical. No

bell can toll one-half the dolefulness

Why go to the deathbed of distinruished men when there is hardly nouse on this street but from it a Christian has departed? When your baby died, there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coro-nation. When your father died, you sat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand upon his arm to see if there were any warmth left and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing, and when all was over you, thought how grandly he slept—a glant resting after a battle. Oh, there are many Christian deathbeds! The chariots of God, come to take His children home, are speeding every whither. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse, that one at the gate of princes. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The 12 gates of heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the ac-cumulated glories of a thousand Christian deathbeds—an autumnal forest illuminated by an autumnal sunset. They died not in shame, but in triumph. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Lastly, as the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice and sap and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trum-pet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a

I have with these eyes seen so many of the glories of the natural world and the radiant faces of my friends, that I do not want to think that when I close them in death I shall never open them again. It is sad enough to have a hand or foot amputated. In a hospital, after a soldier had had his hand taken off, he said, "Goodby, dear old hand, you have done me a great deal of good service," and burst into tears. It is a more awful thing to thi having the whole body amputated from the soul forever. I must have my body again, to see with, to hear with, to walk with. With this hand I must clasp the hand of my loved ones when I have passed clean over Jordan and with it wave the triumphs of my King. Aha, we shall rise again! We shall rise again! As the leaf! As

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder and our bodies be eaten by the sharks, but God tameth leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments in the air, but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but he will find us and fetch us out and up to Judgment and to victory.

We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot and with perfect body. All our weaknesses left behind. We fall, but we rise, we die, but we live again! We molder away, but we come to higher unfolding! As the leaf!

For Women's Wear. Eton jackets of black, blue or dark creen trimmed with black braid. Chiffon frillings of different width, lack, white and colors, for dress rimmings. Otter fur and velvet, embroidered in

As the leaf!

feathers.

pearls and jewels, for evening gown rimmings. Underwear of silk, batiste, ither of black trimmed with white or

Black cloth gowns made up with a vaits nearly all of black velvet brocaded with a color. Black chiffon dotted with turquoise

and rhinestones for vests in silk gowns or odd waists. Simple gowns in figured black goods, with a black satin stock and high corselet belt, and white linen collar nd cuffs. Immense neck ruches of fluffy mousseline or chiffon studded with ribbon

ows, flowers or tiny tufts of ostrich

Jewish Substitute for Butter. The Jewish Chronicle of London describes a new Jewish product, to be used as a substitute for butter, which it calls nucoline. It is simply the fat or butter of sweet cocoanuts. Cocoa nut butter, like that from cow's milk, rapidly becomes rancid and this has prevented its introduction into Europe as an edible fat. This difficulty overcome by a patented process of refining which removes the characteris-tic odor and taste of cocoanut oil and transforms it into palatable fat or butter of such remarkable stability that it remains, odorless and sweet for

many months. Sarony's Memory. Sarony has a most remarkable memory for faces. He will remember a

what kind of a picture he turned out. Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. THE WEEKLY SUN \$1.00 a year.

sitter a number of years after the

DEATH OF NELSON.

Twas in Trafalgar Bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay
Each heart was bounding then,
We scorned the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British onk,
And hearts of oak our men.

Our Nelson marked them on the wave, Three, cheers our galant seamen gar.

Nor thought of home and beauty.

Along the line this signal ran:

"England expects that every man.

This day will do his duty."

And now the cannon roar
Along he affighted shore;
Bave Nelson led the way,
His ship the Victory named,
Long be that victory famed,
For victory crowned the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought, Too well the gallant hero fought. For England, home and beauty, He cried, as midst the fire he ran "England shall find that every m This day shall do his duty?" At last the fatal wound.

Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast received;
"Heav'n fights on our side: "Heav'n fights on The day's our own," he cried; "Now long enough I've lived."

"In honor's cause my life was passed, In honor's cause I fall at last, For England, home and beauty." Thus ending life as he began; England confessed that every man That day had done his duty.

## MAN IN POSSESSION.

"What outrageous conduct!" claimed Mrs. Fielding, gazing at her laughter with wide opened eyes. "Very extraordinary!" agreed Ethel. 'I never heard of such a thing in my

"I should hope not," returned Mrs. Fielding. "What would your por, dear father have said if during his lifetime a young man had come to propose for your hand and, on being refused by you, had expressed his intention of staying in the house until you accepted him? I've not even read in novels" (with a fine touch of scorn, "of such a preposterous notion. Did-did-did he eem firm about it, my dear?"

"Frightfully!" Ethel assured her frightfully firm, and you should just ee what a chin he has. It would make three of mine!" "What did you say?" asked Mrs. Fielding.

"What could I say? I've already told you everything. I met him, as you know, at Merchant-Mainwaring's, and after our first introduction saw him almost every day during the following month. The night before I came home e proposed to me, and I-well, you know what I said. He then declared his Intention of asking me again every six months, and didn't seem to care in the east when I assured him that my answer would be just the same, however nany times he asked. Well, it is exactly six months to-day since the-the first time I told him that I couldn't think of marrying."

"And he expressed his intention of staying here in the house till you said put in Mrs. Fielding. Ethel nodded

"Then," was Mrs. Fielding's decision, ve must send for the police." "Oh, no no no no !" ejaculated Ethel, springing up. Please don't do that. He's sure to go. He—he's very gentlemanly, mother, and I'm sure he'll behave himself if he does stop. Besides, if he fought the policeman (and am sure he would fight them) there would be such a scandal!" Yes, Mrs. Fielding agreed that the affair would give Market Norbury a month's food for tittle tattle if the

strong arm of the law were to inter-"I will see the young man myself!" exclaimed the elderly lady, majestical-

'Don't be harsh, mother," said Ethel, blushing a little, "because after all, you know he's—" "Head over heels in love with you ! Of course," rejoined Mrs. Fielding. 'Of course he is. If he weren't I should suspect him of having designs on the plate. Leave him to me, Ethel!"

So saying, Mrs. Fielding swept magificently into the drawing-room. But severe as was her tone and stern her mien. Dick Waterbury declined to budge. He apologized for the gross rudenes of his decision, but, neverthe less, refused to spike his guns and retire. During the altercation Mrs. Fielding discovered that he was a young rentleman of twenty-five, with as ample income, and a small country seat that stood sadly in need of some one to

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Fielding eturned to her daughter. "My reasoning had no effect whatever," she informed Ethel: "none whatever. I suppose he must remain. He may be in a more sensible frame of mind in the morning. Don't let the servants know anything about the real state of things, and say his luggage will arrive in due course."

look after it.

The result was: (1) That Mr. Richard Waterbury gained his point and stayed at Pleasant View. (2) That only his fixed determination to win Ethel Fielding would have led him to take such a desperate step. (3) That Ethel by no means deceived her maternal judgment when she expressed herself indignantly about Dick and his resolution. (She let slip his name-"Dick"-

several time unthinkingly.) (4) That was the general opinion in the kitchen that the gentleman who had come so suddenly-without any lugrage—was a "man in possession." (5) That he seemed to the kitchen a very vell dressed man in possession. (6) That the gentleman immediately down and wrote a long letter which was given to the housemaid to post. (7) That he wired to another address for some clothes. (8) That the letter was addressed to Mr. John Blunt, Friar's Court, Temple, London. And (9) that in the opinion of the kitchen Court sounded like a new place for any gentleman's friends to live in.

Dick Waterbury had been yith the Fieldings a week, and still showed no signs of departing from his resolution. He had soon made himself at home; he had broken the ice over the dinner table during the first night of his stav. Mrs. Fielding and her daughter had opened the ball by treating him with rigid politeness; but Dick had pretended not to notice their manner, and rattled on so gaily that he effectually dispersed the cold barrier which the adies had attempted to place between themselves and their self-invited guest. After dinner he regaled them with photograph is taken, and can even tell omic songs, anecdotes and news of the day which had failed to penetrate to the fastnesses of Market Norbury. So

very agreeable did he make himself. that by bedtime he had quite won Mrs. Flelding over to his side. Ethel kept very close to her mother all the evening, he noticed, and would neither play nor sing, although could do both very nicely. On the folowing day his clothes arrived, and on the third day a letter, addressed to him in a bold masculine hand He appear ed to peruse this letter with much in erest, and the one he wrote in reply ae delivered to the housemaid with special instructions that it was to be posted before six p.m., at which hour the Market Norbury mail cart was despatched. The housemaid told the cook that, for a man in possession, the new comer wrote a very elegant hand. This

letter, too, was addressed to that low place, Friar's Court, Temple. So, by the time Dick had been located at Pleasant View seven days he was quite on friendly-nay, intimate-terms with his hostess and her daughter. Every morning when he met the latter at the breakfast table (seizing an opportunity, of course, when Mrs. Fielding was not present), he had asked: "Well?" and Ethel had shaken her head very determinedly, and made the most of the exceedingly dimpled chin, which only represented one-third of Mr. Waterbury's. During the whole of that week Dick had never once been out. The kitchen commented severely on this point. It savored more of the "man in possession" than anything else he had done.

"He's been sent, and he's got to stop," was the cook's verdict. "And mistress is making the best of a bad job by treating him as a gentleman guest. I've always understood that the poor master left her comf'able off, and I can't understand how she's lost her money. I suppose its a mine or something. Thank goodness! I've got all my little savings wrapped up in a stocking and locked in my box!" Seven doys had gone—the seventh

night had come, and still Ethel remained obdurate. But she paid, her mother noticed, 'considerable attention to her toilet, and wore her prettiest

III. What was that?

Mrs. Fielding sat up, bathed in cold erspiration. What was-there it was again-a scratching the window. She listened-her heart beating a wild tattoo

against her ribs. Yes-there againsomebody was trying to break in! Only a sliding door separated Mrs. Fielding's room from her daughter's. Her teeth chattered in time with the wild throbbing of her pulses. Mrs. Fielding crept out of bed and, the sliding door being partly open, into her daughter's room. Ethel was slumbering peacefully, but a touch woke her. There was a hurried explanation in whisper from Mrs. Fielding, and then the two women clutched each other for comfort, stole into the outed bedcoom and once more listened. The scratching had ceased, and only the shuffling sound could be heard; then there were footsteps on the gravel walk, and then the scullery window which was immediately beneath) was shot up with a force that denoted a careless haste on the part of the mid night intruder.

"A burglar!" exclaimed Ethel, pale to the lips, for she was only nineteen, and an ordinary girl with ordinary nerves.

"I'll wake Mr. Waterbury." said Mrs. Fielding. She tripped swiftly out of ped at her guest's door.

In almost les time than it takes to relate it. Dick found himself standing at the door, in dressing gown and trousers, trying to instill some calmness into the troubled breasts of Mrs. Fielding, her daughter, the cook and the housemaid-for Mrs. Fielding had aroused the servants, there being comfort in numbers, even scared ones.

'Stop here," said Dick. "I'll go down.

If he doesn't use arms I can manage him !" So saying, he moved quietly down stairs, and the women, afraid to be left by themselves, followed him at a respectful distance. A few moments, and the darkness had swallowed up Dick's form. An anxious interval followed, during which nothing could be heard. Suddenly there was a crash of crockery and a savage exclamation. Then another crash. Then a whole series of crashes. The cook and housemaid shrieked with fright. Mrs. Fielding grasped the bannisters and trembled Ethel trembled, too, for Dick, Yes,

for Dick. She loved him, she knew it, now. His life was in peril. A desperate fight was going on in the passage leading to the kitchen. The women could dimly discern the forms of the two men, who, breathing in short, quick gasps, were struggling furiously for the mastery. Backward and for ward they swayed with clenched teeth and straining muscles. Still the wemer dared not move. The couple had fought their way down to the extreme end of the passage and were close to the scul lery dor. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out, there was a cry, a splintering of wood and a crash of glass, and the two vanished.

A few seconds later Dick returned his dressing gown half torn off his

"He got away." he exclaimed: "but he didn't take anything. I'll get some things on and be off to the police station.' The women gazed at their hero with

fond admiring eyes. Once again they breathed freely. Slowly they moved upstairs—all but Ethel "Are you hurt?" she asked him, with infinite tenderness in her voice. "Only a bruise or two," he replied. 'T'll soon set the police on his track,

But first-" He took her hand in his. 'I said I would not leave the house." he began.

Ethel looked swiftly up the stairs to make sure they two were unobserved. Then she bent forward, quickly breathed "Yes" in his ear, and fled to her room. The police never caught the burglar,

safely, after catching the earliest train from a roadside station six miles from Market Norbury. Ethel quite meant "yes," and in due time was married to the "man in possesison," much to the cook's and housemaid's wonderment.

who got back to Friar's Court quite

And Mr.John Blunt, reading the wedding announcement, chuckled softly to himself. "It was a good idea of Dick's!" was

all he said.—Tit-Bits. THE WEEKLY SUN \$1.00 a year. | Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

By the Wemen's Christ an Temper. ance Union of St. J. hn.

Trust the people the wise and 'he ignor-nt, the good and the bud-with the 'gravest uestions, and in the end you edua ate the

MRS. HARRISON LEE.

This Australian lady, now on a visit to England, was born at Douglas. ford, Victoria. In 1884 she signed the emperance pledge. Experience in Christian labor had opened her eyes to the need of such a step, and she resolved "to bind herself that others might be free." Later she became an active worker for the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Her visitations among the slums also forced upon her the necessity for social purity work, and by her pen and speech she added the cause in a thousand ways. Part of the temperance work has consisted in organizing model meetings for the officers, secretaries, conductors and members of Bands of Hope. For the last six years Mrs. Lee has been working under the auspices of the Victoria Alliance, but has also aided kindred organizations wherever opportunities occurred. The Victoria Alliance is a union of every branch of the temperance movement, therefore moral suasion and educational lines, by means of literature and other methods, have as large a share of attention as its political propaganda, though the latter is stoutly supported. Thousands have signed the pledge at Mrs. Lee's meetings, where she advocates legal suasion for the liquor seller, and moral suasion for the drinker.

Much of the work has been done in the power of simple faith in God. At time Mrs. Lee started for the wilds of Gappsland to contest licenses. with a railway ticket in her pocket to take her the first part of the way, and half a crown in her pocket. A wild tract of forest had been selected to bo cleared, and the liquor sellers were petitioning the governor for a poll, where men might record votes in favor of the liquor supply. It was thought that if Mrs: Lee could go among these men and persuade them to do without licenses in South Gippsland great good would result. In some cases there were many miles of travel from section to section, and this had to be done on horse back, as there were no roads made. After numberless difficulties the sight of tents and bark huts would gladden her eyes, and before long she would have an audience round her. In many parts men refrained from voting for the licenses, and so the evil was kept

From Mr. Lee she receives help, encouragement and strength in combating the many difficulties which beset her path. His unselfish willingness to spare her from the home where they are so united is, he says, "repaid when he sees the vast amount of good which is being accomplished through her, and amply repays him for the sacrifices he joyfully makes for her sake, and the sake of the work she loves better than her life."

Mrs. Lee has no children of her own, so she claims all little children as specially her's, seeing the need everywhere of children who shall be 'Godmothers." She desires that through her efforts "many women ed to holiest heights of consecrated motherhood, and that this nation may learn what great things God can do through weak instruments. The text of all missions is, "Love much, work much, trust

much."-From The Christian. NONE NEED BE LEFT.

Girls! do you want to get married? It you do, listen!

J. G. Dewin, the well known prospector, who has travelled all over British Columbia for years, and is therefore familiar with its wants, observed to the Toronto World: "What we need most in British Columbia is women. Why don't you easterners, who are oversupplied, send some out?"

"What we need most in British Columbia is women. Why don't you easterners, who are oversupplied, send some out?"

"What we need most in British Columbia is women why the scribe replied, "we'll see what can be done for you. Have the British Columbians any preferences?"

Int. Devilin thought of course that pretty ones would be most in demand, but maintained that any good, healthy girl could pick up a husband. Further, to give an idea of the extent of the demand in the west, he asserted that if, 1,500 nice girls went out to Rossland alone, every one of them could find a sturdy prospector or miner with a "swug," who would be glad to make her his wife. If one camp can afford so many openings for husband hunting maddens, the natural deduction is that before all British Columbia is supplied, there will be no more old malds in Canada." ore an British Columbia is supplied, there will be no more old malds in Canada."

