THE PULLOSOPHY OF LAPORITER

toth 'never wan a brow of curs of frown with rueful kravity. For with the child of wisdom, and good-humar is the twin. No treed to play for the control of t

soft word oft turns wrath aside too rays the great instructor, smile disarms resentment, and a jest drives gloom away heerful laugh to anger is a magical conduct.

conduction augm or anger is a magical conduct.
The deadly flash averting—quickly changing right to day the changing right to day the changing right to day with the changing right control of the changing right changing the changing right right

temper life's austerity with timely relaxation,

So temper life's austerity with timely relaxative vight of all is h. who M at witten vight of all is h. who The heart grows grey before the head, and sinks in sad prostration. It winter knows no Christimas, with ris glowing log of yule. In the sink of the single control of the single control of the work of the winter of the single control of the single control of the spoulency stands by us, L. this is laugh — Cork Examiner.

-Cork Examiner.

WARRINGTON, V.G.

(From the Harmsworth Magazine).

(1) ON THE FIELD.

A pitch-black night in a rocky valley of Afghanistan, a few stars in the heavy, black, moonless sky only intrasfying the almost palpable dark-rise. A mile or two southward, where the rocky valley swelled lete tocky heights, little dashes of light recurring at intervals, followed by sharp little cracks, showed where the late skirnish and retreat was fighting itself out around about the camp.
Where one of the innumerable broken ridges that seamed the valley made a darker wall across the dark-ness two figures were dimly discernible (when you knew where to look for them), the one semi-recumbent, propeed argains a bowlder, the other till and straight beside him.
"Clear out, Warrington—please go, sir," the voice came faintly from the recumbent figure. "You can get back to camp and send 'em for me."
"Not likely, young 'un," observed the other. "What says the great R.

"When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan plains, And the women came out to cut up what remains— Just——"

Just—" said the wounded man, and almost succeeded in stopping a groan between his clenched teeth.
"Poor old Vicary," said Warrington, bending over him. "Let me undo your bek. " " Now grab yourself with both hands."
"Fellows in books," said the weak voice, drowsliy, "never get hit in the summy." " Always—head in a landage—or—arm in sline. " " Those Johnnies that write books—ought to come out with us."
There was silence for a time; the far-off nakes grew more rare. The wounded man shifted himself a little and spoke again.

spoke again. You're a brick, Warrington!'' he

"You're a brick, wasterns said.
"Slightly different from Piocadilly and the Strand this-eh, Vro "
"I wish the mater could see us now," said Vicary: "the's going to bye-bye just about now. Shed stick you pretty high up in her prayers if

you pretty mess are sale knew."

"The next time you start talking nonsense," said Warrington, "I shall consider you delirious and past hope. consider you delirious and past hope, and I thall turn tall and make tracks

and f chair.

for samp."

A jong silence.

'I's getting beastly cold," said Vicary, with a shiver; "I shall never pull through to-night."

'Cheer up, lad," said Warrington, and pulled at his moustache, and spired at the darkness, "cniy a few hours till daybreak. * • Pity ycu're six foot four in your boots and solid in proportion. I'm not equal to two miles with you on my back, my sainty midget."

two miles with you on my dainty midset."

"Can't see how you got me this far.

" " Why don't you sheer off now and get back, and—O God! No! Warringtn. " " You're not going?"

"Another word like that, my son, and I leave you for Mr. and Mrs. Pathan and all the little Pathans to play with."

Lleutenant Vicary, of the—What's 1.p. Warry?"

His companion had touched his fore-head lightly with his lips, risen to his feet, and, with his arm raised above

the silery of the night H vol know the sale intensity of the content that revolve is in said Cheerfully. But—that you feel considered old silly teel-so will these orown deaths?

therifully But-lul you food you do at old silly ted-so will they grown death old silly ted-so will they grown death.

Can't help that ward Warrington, with a fittle laugh of its too chilly to stop out late to his word. Warrington a lewer for N. For the sake of aul lare some. The reloaded his revolver. When the choes had rattled away into accept silene, they heard the distant shots suddenly recombened, and distant shots suddenly recombened, and the thints facility and hook come to them like whispers. From the metablic hills facility and hook come to them like whispers. From the metablic willing and scraping sounds as of cats scrambling down rocks. A noting white blur appeared somewhere in the thick darkness, then another and another, and a suggestion for low-toned guittural conversation reached Warrington's straining cars. He shifted his revolver to his left hand and gently drew his sword. Then from over there where he knew the camp lay came six revolver shots in quick suicersion.

That's Weiby, he said to himself. Wicery's hand had been grasping the help of his foot tightly. Now he felt the will he alight thick of steel on the rek and groated.

In another moment a dozen howling hilmen were blazing away at random loward the spot whose the groan seemed to have come. They simed low and erratically, and Warrington held his fire for a few interminable sectads.

seemed to havo come. They almed low and crestically, and Warrington held his fire for 9 few interminable sectade.

Then they closed in, and one stumbled over Vicary's outstretched legs tefore they could realize that two British officers were winin a yard of them Warrington felt the man yard lim as he fell, and fired with the harried of his recolver touching here skin After that he fred and slashed very much at random, and the darkness around him shricked and howled and spat fire, and iong sraceful knives suscegated themselves to the imagination of the man who had seen them or work before. * * For ten long milities Warrington was busy-wondering all the time what Vicary was ding down there between his legs, and how he liked it, and which of them would die first.

Then suddenly in a juli he heard faintly a wound that sent the blood to his head with a rush-the scraping of many books over rocks bundreds of yards sway, and the dim echo of a word of command. He shouted and fired his last cartridge above his head that they might see the flash, and fling the empty weapon at a white eyeball that was too near to be pleasant, and cut and pointed and sisted away with renewed vigor. Down the vally sand over the rocks-come 2 boarse, breathiest cheer, and pith helments gleamed faintly in the near destance. He shouted his fores still contronted him. But they did not wait to meet his friends. They well had not wait to meet his friends. They did not wait to meet his friends. They left. All but two, to whom even British troops were a master of indifference now, as they staged behind huddled into a grim semi-circle around Lieutenant Warrington and Second Lieutenant Wicary. When his men came up they found him with Vicary in his arm; leaning

(2) AT HOME

(2) AT HOME.

An afternoon in early November, a copy room, bright five, big armchairs, plano, blipes, photographs, and decainers; a male figure extended to enormous length in one armchair, with feet steetched out on the hearthrus; another may figure with back turned toward the room, gasing out of window at the uncessing rain. Takek clouds of to-bacco smoke and allence.

"Of all the brustal, filthy, miserable depressing days i" said the man at the window, auddenly.

"Weather seems to worry you, old man," said the man by the fire, settling down a little deeper into the depth of this armchair. "Third time in twenty minutes you've got up to look at limand the said of the settling with the series of the settling with the series of the seri

fire. "I must be Wely company today, but this weathen seems to upset
one attogether."

"I time," and Vicary, blowing a
cloud. "I'm pretty comfy, thanks. I
prefer rain in St. James' to starlight in
Chukundra.

The other did not answer, but stood
nervously opening and shutting his
hands over the cheerful blase.

"By George!" said Vocary, meditatively, "it seems almost like a dream
now—all but the souvenires we carry—
sh. Warry?"

Warrington's itsaid went up to the
livid band that ray across forebead,
nose, and cheek, and almost bleeded his
strong face.

"One comfort," Vicary went on
"nine don't show, Not but what that
has its drawbacks," he added, with-a
chuckte: "no one seems to believe
they touched me—thinfit I got my sick
leave on the bounce. And I can't continually strip to prove it."

Still his senior was allent. Vicary
core around a little to look at his
face. Then his eyes opened, and bis
soice chariged.

"Warrington," he said, "d'you remember that very first does up, we had

the second day out from Ku Wallah! Waytierton notifed

Waytierton notifed

That was my first taste of the walkup-ind-d-wan-sentrarget business."

sald Wanty solemuly "and I was in
a blue funk. Couldn't help it Knees
all dashy and face all twitchy when
hose bullers bygan whispering and pat
uring."

Warrington laughed nervously.

"I gave you the right sort of a
dressing down." he sald

"It pulled me through, sald Weary
then leaning forward, ann still more
solemuly." I say, what did I look like
and fraw up and ghearly?

"A bir," admitted Warrington.

"Look the glass now," said Vicary, in an awestuck volce, for Warington was sentior officer and brother
and Ajax and Wellington and Lord
Roberts all rolled into one, in the sulfstring of was sentior officer and brother
and Ajax and Wellington and Lord
Roberts all rolled into one, in the sulfstring of the string of the sulftring of the string of the sulfarmonale." I'm in an owful funk at
this very moment."

"Oh!" breathed Vicary, and allowed
the amazing fact to sink into his consecongness.
"Exet," said Warrington, and drag"Fact," said Warrington, and drag"Fact," said Warrington, and drag"Fact," said Warrington, and drag-

end.
"In Heaven's name," said Ensign
'Vicary, "what are you frightened of ?"
"Of that little girl I could pick up
and carry under one arm," said Lieutenant Warrington, V.C.

Vicary drew a long breath.
"You gave me quite a turn," he

Vicary drew a long breath.

"You gave me quite a turn," he said.

"It's serious, boy," said the other man, bending his long, gaum body forward, his gray eyes call alight. "I haven't the pluck to face her."

"Name? said Varrington, with reverence: "Catherine Rivers," said Warrington, with reverence: "Catherine Rivers," "Pretty Kitty Rivers," cried Vloary. "Old man, I congratulate you." "Don't be a fool," said Warrington, ansarily, and wasked to the whadow, "On your good tatch of course," said Vicary, with a grin. "Is it a bad case?"

"I shall—ask her to be my wife," all dure rall—which I haven't done since we've been back—more than a week."

Vicary whatled rose, and strolled over to the plano.

"Well. I should advise you to go and

over to the plano.

"Well, I should advise you to go and have it out with her," he said, twist-ing himself around on the music-stool.

"Come back when it's over and spatisle

"Come back when it's over and sparkle up a bit."

"Shut up," growled his sentor. Vicary shrugged his shoulders, and struck a few atimizes notes. This sort of timedity was attempt to him. In matters relating to the 'opposite sex his senton was a child compared with that good-looking boy at the plano.

that good-tooking boy at the plano.

Suddenty Vicary grinned, struck a
chord, and broke into a music hall
song, accentuating the twang of
Cockayne to exag_eration.

O-twnly one gurl—in the world for me,
O-ownly see gurl—as my sympathee;
She myn't be vairy pility—

"Fhakespeare" between the shoulder-bladee cut his efforts short. He
twisted round, chuckling and rubbing
himself.

"Steady on, old chap! What'J
up?"

"I came here to-day for your help."

"I came here to-day for your help,"
said Warrington, and stopped short.
"Warry!" said Vicary, nervously.
He had never seen him like this be-

fere.

"Vic, I am longing to see her—to at k! I've been longing for months, and now—I simply daren't call."

"Buildog-heavy father-comic pa-rs," murmured Vicary, quite uncom-

"Buildog-heavy rather-comic paters," murmured Vicary, quite uncom-jiehending.
Warrington glared.
"If you're going to be a driveling young Tolot," he said, icily.
"No-no! Drive shead," said Vicary.



In Love's Flower Garden there is the full-blown rose of married happiness and for every woman who clakes proper care of her health in a womanly way. For the weak, sickly, nervous, despondent woman, who suffers untold miseries in silence from the suffers of the substitution of substitution of the substitution of substitution of the substitution

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Clergymen of all denominations endorse it. The general public swear by it.

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"It's just hor I'm frightened of," said Warrington. "I'd rather go through as week of Chukundras than speak; but I'd go through as lifetime of them with her at the far end." "But, Warrington." said Vicery, pussied, "she's not such a Tartar." Shie's the best girl in the world," said Warrington, V.C., "and the only thing in it I'm sarial to face." "Why, what would she do?" said Vicary.

"Why, what would she do?" said Vicary.
"Do?" said Warrington, with both hands at his moustache. "Do? Why, she'll drop her eyelashee or she'll cut the corners of her mouth, or she'll glance at me over her shoulder, with her chin up and then—and then—" and then?" said Vicary, twinkling.

"And then ?" said Vicary, twinkling.
"Then I shall sweat like a coolle and stand-gaping like-a stuck pig." said Warrington, sawagely, and my knees will go flatby and my face twichy, as you elegantly put it. slood-bye."
"En?"
"I'm going there now. I mean to go there now."
"Yes," said Vicary, "and directly you're outside you'll stand still for a quarter of an hour, and then cut off home and spend the evening practising profanity in solitude."

home and spend the evening practising profanity in solitude."
Warrington stood in front of his junior and dared not contradict.
"Unless—" said Vicary, and stopped and grinned.
"Unless," said Warrington, with jainful eagerness.
"Unless," said Vicary, cucilly knocking his pipe out in the grate, "unless I come with you."
Warrington drew a long breath.
"Thanks," he said, shortly, and watched Vicary putting on hat and coat and pulled his moustache violently.
As they left the room he slipped his

ly.

As they left the room he slipped his hand through Vicary's arm.

"This is my Kir Wallak," he said,

hand through Vleary's arm.

'This is my Kir Walisk," he said, gravely.

Vicary laughed round at him.

'There's a whacking big balance on the Chukundra side," he said.

'Needn't say good-bye to the mater," he went on, as they descended the stairs; 'Jou'll come back to dine.'

'To be cheeved up," said Warrington, with pathos.

Vicary did not deign to reply to such an absurd remark. He halled a Fansom,

'Hadn't we better-er-walk?" said Warrington, nervously.

'You jump in," said Vicary: "don't he frightened. I'm coming to hold your hand."

He save the address, and they bowled away through the gray wetness.

Warrington was trying to see the whole of his person at once in a sixint. Intil of looking-glase.

'Now, I ak of you, Vic," he said, plaintively, "is it likely shed have an object like me?"

'Fishing," said the subsitern.

You're not an Adonis, but a V. C.

object like me?"
"Fishing," said the subaitern.
"You're not an Adonis, but a V. C.
covers a multitude of sins."
"Pouh! What does a girl care
about that?" said Warrington, and
Vicary laughed aloud at him. To
himself he said: "The girl who gets
you will get the bravest, cleanest, best you will get the braves, cleanest, best man that wears the Queen's uniform, and the girl that will refuse you doesn't exist."

"Why, we're there," said Warrington, flushing and flageting; "how that horse has been going!"

"Three doors down the square," said Vicery to the cabman through the trap.

"Tell him to drive once round first," said Warrington, pulling a glove off and then beginning to put it on again.

"I've not seenthing to say to you—"

"It'll keep," said Vicary, "Out you get."

"No-I say-half a minute, Vicery. In yile straight? I ought to have changed my collar. Hang it-all right I'm coming. Wait (or us, cabby, we shan't be five minutes. Vicery, don't ring. I-I don't think I'll call to-day, after all-life a bit iste, don't you think? You have rung? Dash it! I-I-left me ask." The door was opened.
"Is Mr. Rivers in? No? Oh, thank you. It don't matter—I'll call again. Good—"
Vicary caught him as he turned and reld him fast.
"Is Miss Rivers in!" he asked.
"Yessic," said the man, who knew lim well.
"Say Lisutenant Beverley Warrington wishes to see her for a few numents on most important—come here, you old idiot—on most important business."

Inside the house Warrington mopped

his face, and rehearsed speeches in a low monotone until the man reappeared.

"Will you walk upstairs, sir,

please?"
"Walk up," said Vicary, sternly, and marched him out of the room." Right half face! Quick march-Gon, you conquering hero, and good luck attend you."
Warrington did not answer, but breathed stertorously and fingered the

breathed steriorously and interest the balustrade.

"Up you go!" said Vicary.
"There's no retreat. She's waiting or you."

"I—I wish you could come, too,"
said Warrington, in a loud, hoarse

said Warrington, in a loud, hoarse whisper.

Vicary grinned, shaking with internal laughter. Warrington glared at him, groaned and went slowly upstairs, where the man stood patiently waiting to announce him.

Vicary heard him say breathessily. Wait a minute!" but the man preferred not to bear him, and opened the door with a most portentous "Licutenant Beverley Warrington." Vicary waked in the library. He smoked one cigareste and another and another. He fried to read, but he gave it up. He fried to laugh at the scene in which has find just taken participation; he had been the continuation of the city of the continuation of the city of

And at last, when the fixeds of the clock showed three-quarters of an hourgone. Watrington's voice from upstalis called housely, "Vicary!"

He paused a moment, breathless. Then another voice, far cleaver and sweeter, but with Just a faint temor in it, repeated "Vicary!"

And then he flew upstalis as fast as his feet would allow him.

WHERE SLEEP THE DEAD.

WHERE SLEEP THE DEAD.

Montreal, Nov. 2.—It is computed that twenty-five thousand people responded to the invitation of the Archbishop yeaterday, and were present at the Cote Nelgae Cemetery to take part in the religious ceremonies for the souls of the dead intered-there. This is the first time probably that such a large attendance has taken place at the cemetery.

At three o'clock Mgm Bruches, standing upon a platform ersected for the cometor, delivered an eloquent and impressive address, which evidently had resat effect upon his bearers. I have," he commenced by saying, "convened you to the city of the dead, and you have come hither in thousands, guided by your spirit of faith and charity. It was thus that the early Christians of the first centuries were wont to congregate in the calacombe surroundcongregate in the catacombs su-ing their pontiffs, to recall the

THE TAXABLE PROPERTY OF THE PR ing and sorrows their immortal hopes. But they had to hide beneath the earth this plous duty, while we can pray and sing in the open day. This liberty is already several centuries old, and is already several centuries old, and ti was secured by our forefathers and our marriva by their sacrifices, their virtues, and even their blood. This land on which we stand is blessed. It has seen blessed by the Church, and seen apart from all profane turrivory: It has taken it under its protection, and has pianted the Cross on it to reveal its sacred character. Consequently all its sacred character. Consequently all its acred character. The sacred we come to weep and to pray. It is a holy and a dear spot. Is there another to which we go with more emotion? It is a part of ourselves. This there we come to weep and to pray. It is a part of ourselves. This there had a part of ourselves. This there had a part of ourselves. The there had a part of ourselves. It is all there, one among you all who has not shed tears upon some of these graves? Has not a portion of your hearts been placed in one or more of these graves? Has not a portion of your hearts been placed in one or more of these graves? The poon departed remain untel to us always by the strong set ites, and I was anxious to bless them all to-day. To-day it may be irrely said is their day and tifer feast. "What does there remain here to the favored and the rich of the world? Look around you once more; a grave, tour boards, and a shroud this is all? Yes, it is all. This is the fate reserved to all the human race, though we may agect over their ashes grand mausole to all the human race, though we may agect over their ashes grand mausole trumpet will call all to the throne of the Saviour Judge. You will all come here, my breithren one after another, at a time which God alone knows. Next mailence, all submitted to the same lews of decay and ruin, all sleep in the asme less of many among you." His after wise and the arm lives, and to be at a

who participated in it.

who participated in it.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no cocasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine uness coughe, colds, inflammation of the unest coughe, colds, inflammation of the consumption of the consum

therest and lungs from vised phlegs.

The General Assembly of the Presbyteriage Church South, which me treteriage to the fractions of the combody, the message concluding as follows: — See Acts twenty-three two.

The clerk of the Assembly, may a xRegous Journal, therefore read Acts
commanded them that stood by him
to smite shim on the mouth. This meamage "ride" the chergyen, who looked upon it as distinctly unfriendly in
foot that the telegraph operator who
handled the despatch had omitted to
flace a comma after the word twenty.

The text really sent was Acts XX. 32:

The text really sent was Acts XX. 32:

To God and to the word of His grace
which is able to build you up and give
you an inheritance among all them
which are sanclified."