a will have no need," inter-Anne, coolly, "as after to-night be of use to you ne longer." at do you mean?' he demands. Ir rival is gone—your way is a, your ladyship and her money by yours after due wooing and winning." Anne. says' comvinning," Anne says; com-'What need will there be pray? I might as well be at ntipodes, and I think I shall go-for all the use I can be! Let! Let me go! How dare you!" Lacy had clasped her suddenly arms, and, in spite of her strugand even striking wildly at him, seed her over and over again. on't care if you strike me or e! It is for the last time," Ill let you go now for-have the temper of a ou have the temper of a Anne, and the pride of a but I love you with all my ind III love you to my dying e says fiercely. "And I could man you loved or married,

you, indeed?" Anne says. d you, indeed I Anne says, gly, releasing herself from his with gestures of impatient i. Fo tunat ly your mences attle to be regarded as your

von't find it so!" he says, beside himself at her 'I'll make you believe me! you in another man's arms you dead!"

you dead!"
muscle in her handsome,
raful face alters at this ler brilliant eyes burn like ing fires under the black and one red rose spot begins on each cheek. ould find it even more diffi-

after that, proof," she says quietly, with a slight, scornful smile. "And, as it certainly does not make me either love you or fear you now, I will to see what it avails."

"No; I might kill you, but I could never cofquer you," Lacy says, in a low tremillus voice.

low tremulous voice.

And Gill an, forgetting herself for the moment gazes amazedly from her post of espial at the earnestness, tenderness, despair and passion, in the face of the languid, blase, "military dandy," the fine gentleman of tary dandy," the fine gentleman of same suppressed way. "And you will marry him?" tary dandy," the fine gentleman of society, whom she had hitherto despised as a vala, little-minded, selfish trifler, to whom nothing in life was of importance but as far as it interfered with his languid pleasures or interests.

You have a sold er's spirit, Anne." a face as pale and eyes as burning as her own. "You would be a brave wife for a braver, more gallant man than ine"

han you liked me!"
Gillian tightens her hand over heart to still its loud throbbing, and holds her breath as she looks and

Anne, who is turning over some books on the table and putting them neatly fog-ther, looks up with a cold, determined countenance, raising her haughty eyebrows in slight surprise. "You need not suspect you may be quite sure," she says. "I like George Archer a great deal more than I ever liked you."

liked you."

And then there is one of those breathless pauses, as if the man dare not trust himself to speak, and the woman defiantly decides expenses.

'Indeed?" Lacy says, at length, his teeth showing between the dry, bloodless lips. This is not quite surprising to me, only rather overwhelming me with conviction. I may say. Why did you trouble to bid him good-bye, to-night, and weep over him, too, as I see you have been ding?"

It is hearly one o'clock in the morning, and I really do not appreciate clandestine visits at any hour."

"Especially when it is the wrong man who pays the clandestine visits," sneers Lacy. "You've spent an hour with George Archer out in the her,

says, curtly.
"You 'believe?" retorts Lacy,
savagely. "As if you hadn't an address where to write to him!"
Anne is silent, says, curtly.

Anne is silent,
"Are you not going to write to him?" he persists. "Are you not going to follow him some of these days? Tell the truth, Anne, unless you are ashamed of yourself!"
"You ought to be ashamed of your rudeness," Anne says, coldly, unmoved. "I shall tell you nothing that concerns me and does not concern you in the slightest degree."
"Then that is admission enough!"
Lacy says, uttering his words be-

"Then that is admission enough!"
Lacy says, uttering his words between close-set teeth. "You are going to follow him! You are going
to marry him some of these days,
and that is the real reason of your pride and avoidance of me, and the coldness and even incivility of which I complained! It was a great mystery, to be sure!" he says, with Inystery, to be sure! he says, with a laugh —"a woman's inconsistency. You are going to marry him Anne! He pleases your taste better than I ever did! Well, he is a very good-looking fellow, and very lucky with women."

Anne is silent again; her face is yery white new and again; her face is

very white now, and eyes are cast

down,
"I hope you will be happy, Anne,"
Lacy Says, regarding her with a
scornful, bitter smile. "I may say
that much, may I rot? I hope you
will be a happy woman, Anne!"
"I don't thick any woman could
wish for a happier fate than to be
George Archer's wife, if she loved
him and he loved her!" Anne says,
in a veice that trembles for the
first time.
"You care for him so much ther"

"You care for him so much, then!"

"I will marry him when he wishes to marry me," Anne replies, quietly; "but there is little thought of marrying anybody in his heart this night! Peor George! suffering for the sins of others-wronged, and then banished into exile! He has the lithright of the son of Erin, at all events."

then bankined into exile! He has the lithright of the son of Erin, at all as her own. "You would be a brave wife for a braver, more gallant man than ine."

"Perhaps," she says, calmly.

"Perhaps," she says, calmly.

"Perhaps there is such a one looming in your future, Anne?" he says, trying to smile and speak as steadily and coldly as she.

"I hope so," she answers. "I should be glad to think I was destined to be the honored, faithful wife of a brave, honest man."

"Sach a one as—George Archer, perhaps?" Lacy suggests, with a smile, forcibly assumed on his haggard, pallid, miscrable face. "I believe, Anne—on my soul, I believe—and I have suspected it sometimes, even in the past," he says, thickly, "that you liked George Archer beater than you liked George Archer beater than you liked George Archer beater than you liked me!"

"Billian tightens her hand over here gallant man and flower the hand over the process of Erin in generally prosper cral," Lacy retorts; "he'll prosper cral," Lacy re for the prize, you know, and you were both competitors in the race,

ning post for you most admirably, Captain Lacy. Please say goodnight. I am tired!"

But even now he does not stir, but stands a minute with folded

night. I am tired!"

But even now he does not stir, but stands a minute with folded arms, and white, set lips, and gleaming eyes confronting her—the woman whom he selfish soul he loves with a selfish, jealous passion. "Fortune and you have about equally favored me, Miss O'Neil," he says, deliberately; "and I give you both your meed of thanks. Fickle jaces! And I curse the hour I ever contred either!"

"From the person who wrote it," Anne says, briefly, in her coldest tones. "It was given to me to give to you—last night. Do you care to the table."

"Wait a moment!" Gillian says, suddenly sitting up, clutching at the rail of her bed to help herself. "Where is this letter? Mr. Archer gave it to you, last night, when you bade him good-bye?"

"Yes," Anne says, briefly, in her coldest tones. "It was given to me to give to you—last night. Do you care to the table."

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1. And then he turns on his heel

and leaves the room.

CHAPTER XXX.

weep over him, too, as I see you have been ding?"

'Why should I not?" Anne says, pricily "I have not so many friends that I should not mourn at the absence of one."

"But when, in this case, absence will only make the fond heart fonder," Lacy r.j ins, his jealous eyes flaming, his jealous lips trembling with rage, "and when, especially, absence does not mean separation. I do not see any adequate cause for your grisf. I suppose he kissed you, and mingled his tears with yours? Eh. Anne?"

"If you wanted to hear and see all that passed, why dil you not follow me?" Anne says, impatiently, "Captain Lacy, I must remind you it is nearly one o'clock in the morning, and I really do not appreciate clandestine visits at any hour."

"Especially when it is the wrong man who pays the clandestine visits at any hour."

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"Especially when it is the wrong man who pays the clandestine visits at any hour."

"En the has heard all now. There is not ding more to know or to suffer at present; and a minute later, after cap and Lacy's retiring footsteps have echoed through the corridor and acr is the hall in reckless loudness, Gill n rices from her crouching position in the corner by the old sideboat, and creeps feebly and slowly away. Ike a wounded creature seek-into in the corner by the old sideboat, and creeps feebly and slowly away. Ike a wounded creature seek-into in the corner by the old sideboat, and creeps feebly and slowly away. Ike a wounded creature seek-into in the corner by the old sideboat, and creeps feebly and slowly away. Ike

open window and surroundir lying there unheeding it a

PAGE METAL GATES are so low in

to use wooden ones. Light, and yet strong enough to; porta heavy man on the end while he swings around circle without causing, them to sag. They are near appearance, will last a lifetime. Will not sag nor get rick. runce, will isstra lifetime. Will not sag nor get ricket are sup-lied with latches which allow them to be open her way nd arciself acting. The only good metal ga farm pupposes I We also make Farm and Orna ment es. The Page W. Fence Co. Limited, Walkervilla, Ont.

unseeing, unhearing, as if she were dead. Her maid finds her there at eight o'clock, lying as she has lain throughout the night, with less, with these wild, wide open staring vacantly about her, stunned out of reason, out of memory, out of even all active suffaring.

In answer to the startled girl's alarmed questioning, her young mistress gives her a vague, quietly-spoken account of having got up and sat by the window some hours ago, and of having felt ill and lain down again.

But she is very pale and quietthe fever of hope and fear is over for her, and she speaks very gently and smiles softly as she thanks her woman for her cup of tea, and bids her close the blinds and draw the curtains, and shut out the sunshine and the song of the birds and the scent of the flowers, and go away and leave her alone.

And the maid obeys her, though with a good deal of reluctance and misgiving; and for two hours more she lies there still, stirless, speech-

with a good deal of reluctance and misgiving; and for two hours more she lies there still, stirless, speechless, with those wilde, wide-open eyes aching, burning beyond the relief of tears,

wood. It can't nurt you to talk for ten or fifteen minutes to me in your own sitting-room. Don't go in for young-lady affectations, Anne, they are not in your role at all! Where is Archer going?"

"To America, I believe," Anne says, curtly.

with a good deal of reluctance and misgiving; and for two hours more she lies there still, stirless, speechless, with those wilde, wide-open eyes aching, burning beyond the relief of tears,

By and by she tells herself confusedly she will surely begin weep-ing, for is she not in anguish of spirit? By and by she will suffer dreadfully, when she quite remembers when this numbed agony means—when she can think clearly, and realize that her heart and all the warmth and strength of life are torn away with

and realize that her heart and all the warmth and strength of life are torn away with one torturing wrench, and that she must go on living still.

There is an awful vista of bright, long days like this one, with sunny skies and balmy breezes, and tossing flowers and weaklesses. flowers and warbling birds; and tossing flowers and warbling birds; and then succeeding days of dark, cold winter, and bleak, windy spring; and then gay, bright, joyous summer, and then golden, serene autumz; and then wingay, bright, Joyous summer, and then golden, serene autumn; and then winter and spring and summer—endless, awful days! And she living on through them all—an appalling vista of endless days, with this iron weight crushing her brain, this iron weight sinking down her heart, as it is doing now.

now.

And with all this she is so anxious to count the number of the silk tasselballs in the cornice drapery! She wonders so much if those flies walkwonders so much it those lines walking on the ceiling ever fall off accidentally, and if so, how do they use
their wings, and how does it feel to
have wings? And she goes to counting the balls on the cornice fringe again, and to wondering vaguely what o'clock it is, and to wondering why her head feels so heavy, and why

why her head feels so heavy, and why she cannot get up.

But about ten o'clock the door opens softly once more, and a gentle footstep crosses the floor, and a light, graceful figure, in a fresh dress of pink- and-grey gingham, with a cluster of dewy carnations fastened in the breast below the snowy collar of empirications. the snowy collar of embroi embroidered

linen, fair and calm as the cool, bright morning, comes beside the bed, where the little prostrate form lies, and with her dark, kind eyes and her cool, white, flower-scented hands, bends over her.

"Miss Deane! Gillian, dear! Are you worse this morning?" she asks, with tenderest, gentlest pity in her voice, her look, her touch.

"She was never so gentle and kind to me before," Gillian thinks instantly. "It is because she is so happy—so happy and so sorrowful this morning—so happy in her lover's love and so sorrowful at his sudden departure, that her proud, cold heart is softened and sympathetic. She never spoke so kindly to me before. She never spoke so kindly to ma be-fore—the woman he loves! The

go away and leave me alone."
"I will go away this moment,"
Anne says, gently, after a startled
pause. "I only came to see if you
were well enough to read a letter

you know, and it was to be a fair field and no favor between you, and now, when your competitor has falled on the race it your own, I really do not see of what you have to complain. I should say Fortune has smoothed the course to the winning nort for you were to deviable.

which I have for you." She utters the last word: in a low tone, stooppillow.

"A letter? You have a letter for me?" Gillian says, keeping her face averted and lying still, though her heart is beating in great, irregular which I have for you." She utters the last word; in a lost tone, stoop-ing lower to the wan cheek on the me?" Gillian says, keeping her face averted and lying still, though her heart is beating in great, irregular bounds almost to suffocation.
"From whom?"
"From the person who wrote it,"
Anne says, briefly in her goldet

you bade him good-bye?"

"Yes," Anne says, almost frightened by the sudden alteration in
the girl's manner and appearance as
she sits up on the side of her bed,
with her disheveled hair lying in
great ruffled silky coils over her
shoulders, and the soft, dark eyes
so sunken, so deeply shadowed in
the piteouus, white young face, lit
with a sudden fire of pride and disdain.

She almost snatches the letter from Anne, with a hot, nervous grasp, and, barefoot and trembling with fevered weakness as she is, she walks toward the fireplace and strikes a match. And then she tears George's farewell letter to her—his first letter and his last—she tears it deliberately across and across, and putting the fragments on the mantelshelf, she holds a lighted match to them until they all blaze up and soon consume into blackened flakes and ashes.

"Now, Miss O'Neil," she says, of fronting Anne with a smile, "you can tell Mr. Archer that his letter was appreciated as it deserved."

And Anne, with one haughty, sorrowful glance from the burned paper ess as she is, she walks tow

rowful glance from the burned paper to the girl's white, wild miserable face, inclines her head slightly in as-sent, and without a word or look more, quits the room.

"She will cry herself sie now over

"She will cry herself sic now over what she has done, and it will do her gool," Anne says to her elf, wiping away the hot tears when are filling her own eyes. "Poor lellow! Poor George! I will never tell him that hast message, at all events! She

does me the honor of being jealous of me, too, poor, foolish little crea-ture!"

ture!"
But Gillian only gathers up the burnt scraps of paper—i legible fragments as they are—and puts them into an envelope, and puts a dry sprig of pink heather in another paper in with them, and seals the envelope, and puts it into a secret jewel-drawer in her dressing-case, and then lies down again dry-eyed and as quiet as before.

So Lady Jeannette finds her when she comes in, alarmed and anxious.

she comes in, alarmed and anxious, an hour later. So Dr. Coughlin finds her, and is puzzled, or professes himself puzzled rather, as

an nour later. So Dr. Coughlin finds her, and is puzzled, or professes himself puzzled rather, as her ladyship assures him that Miss Deane has had no mental shock, or fright. or distress or strain, on her system whatever.

Of course, the doctor is not deceived any more than any intelligent man is ever deceived by an assertion in direct contradiction of what experience assures him is truth; but he is silenced, and that is sill Lady Damer cares-for, so he visits Miss Deane every day, and prescribes tonics for her, and carriage exercise for her, and in about a week he has the satisfaction of seeing she is no worse, and that drugs and opplates have at least forced back a certain amount of repose back a certain amount of repose and vigor to the young body which will not easily lose its hold on life. "But she requires total change of scene and circumstances, amusement and interest, and so lover," am bound to tell you, Lady Damer," "The

the doctor says, gravely. "The least cold, or unfavorable occur-rence of any kind, may bring on a serious illness. She is terribly below

par—dangerously so for a young person of her age."

"So we will go to Killarney at once, Bingham," Lady Damer says, earnestly—it does seem ominous to her that the poor little gold-weight—did prize appears to sile from her her that the poor little gold-weighted prize appears to slip from her grasp when she is surest of her hold—and then we can go on to the Highlands afterwards. The lakes and hotels are so gay just now, and the weather is superb. And then, if she likes the idea, we can go on to Switzerland, it shall be managed somehow, Bingham, though money is very hard to be got at, and—I can only denend for all on you."

He knows what that means, and his pale, cold, high-bred face darkens.

He knows what that means, and his pale, cold, high-bred face darkens.

"Yes, I know," he says, slowly, "I am a nominally 'free slave.' So no one can legally sell me, but I can sell myself, and I will—for the price."

Lady Damer says nothing, Experime has taught her that it is a greatwaste of mental power to notice Captain Lacy's passionate denunciations, against the fate he means to accept. "We'l, I repeat," she says, calmly, "that I quite look to you—if you have any influence with Gillian have any influence with Gillianto persuade her to this plan of a little tour for the good of her health. The child has been rather moped all her life, I fancy, and seems to quite dread the idea of going anywhere! Poor, dear child! She little thinks what cleanesses.

thinks what pleasures and opportunities her money can afford her by

and bye."

And after this parting hint Lady Jeannette thinks she will let well enough alone for a day or two and see what they will bring forth.

But that very afternoon, as she is in her dressing room enjoying her tea and one of Gaboriau's novels, Captain Lacy comes in, shutting the door behind him.

"Are you alone—quite alone—Aunt Jeannette?" he asks.

And his tone, and his pale face, and the look in his eyes, bring Lady Jeannette to her feet with a start of terror.

terror.
"Yes-yes! What is the matter?"

"Yes—yes! What is the matter?" she says, hoarsely.
"Nothing except what will please you," he says, briefly. "I have been with Gillian in the conservatory, you know, and she has quite agreed—is quite anxious, indeed—to agree to any plans for a tour which we may decide on, and, more than that, I asked her to marry me and she conasked her to marry me, and she con-sented, fully and freely, if I can get

her father's permission."

Lady Jeannette Damer seldom permits even her strongest emotions to betray themselves in words or ges tures. "It is intolerably had form. she says; but now she neither can nor will repress some expression of her excitement, gladness and relief. "Www.derr.boy!" she excluding for she exclaims, fairbursting into tears, and embrac ing her nephew-silent and unresponsive-with all the maternal at fection she has ever known. "My dear Bingham! Heaven bless you! You have given me the greatest pleasure I have has for many a year !

CHAPTER XXXI.

"My darling Gillian!" Lady Damer says, rapturously maternal, 'I shall now have the desire of my heart -a dear little daughter at last: for you know, my child, that dear Bingham is quite the same to me as a

"Yes," Gillian says, not knowing what else to say.

"And I may write to your father, "And I may write to your fatner, my pet, at once, and tell him the good news that has made us all so happy?" her ladyship asks, with affectionate humility.

"Certainly, Lady Damer," Gil-

girl, and keep her for ourselves forever and aye!"
Gillian smiles faintly, but flushes
with a hot, faint thrill of the sickness of despair.
"And, I need scarcely ask, you have
written, dear child, of course?" hints
her ladyship, determined on closing
up any possible loopholes for retreat.
"Oh, yes! I will—that is, I have
written a letter to papa," Gillian
says, blushing again and wincing.
Lady Damer's rapturous satisfaction is like a rough touch on a throbbing wound. doesn't know that I know she is telling me a lot of norrid lies," the

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girl mutters indignantly. "I suppose she is pleased, but nobody else is—that is one comfort. Captain Lacy is just as wretched as I am, I know very well, and cares as little for me as I do for him, or I would not have allowed him to speak one word to me! And I believe Anne O'Neil is miserable and jealous, though she has his love," Gillian says, trembling. "I mope she is! I hope she is unhappy! The wicked, inconstant woman! As faithess as she is proud and cold hearted, 'Captain Lacy says, and it is quite true. So there are three miserable enough out of the 'all' who are 'so happy,'" the girl thinks scornfully; "and Mr. Damer, too, has neither looked at me nor spoken to me since yesterday."

(To be Continued.)

AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISHMAN:

Jottings by the London Standard Correspondent With the Duke of Cornwall.

came to Canada forty-one years ago, and stayed on the shores of Lake Huron. To reach the Pacific in those days you had to sail round Cape Horn or journey through the Great Lone Land, over boundless prairies where the Red man hunted the bison, across mountains crowned with snow and clothed with virgin forest, in roamed panther and grizzly bear-most feroclous of his tribe—and along rivers on whose banks was the spoor rivers on whose banks was the spoor of moose and cariboo. The King's son has come from Ottawa to the Capital of British Columbia—a distance of 3,162 miles—in seven days, travelling at leisure, with many halts on the way, and with as much comfort as the best inn could give. In one week he has passed through the four seasons—from Summer to winter, from winter to spring. He has been welcomed in cities, throbbing with a new and energetic life, where his father would have seen only barren plains, the haunt of wild cat and grey wolf. He has only barren plains, the haunt of wild cat and grey wolf. He has passed granaries, bursting with the harvest of a inyriad of acres, which a quarter of a cendury ago were wild wastes, given over to the Indian, the burialo, the fox and the wolverine. * * * Gliding through the beautiful valley of the Ottawa, with the Laurentian Hills purple in the distance, we came at night to Mattawa, an old trading post, where Champlain, Hearne, Simpson, La Verendrye, and many an early explorer halted on his way to the unknown west. A wild stretch of broken country brought us to North Bay, on the woody shores of Lake Bay, on the woody shores of Lake Nipissing. Here the Duke and Duch-ess had a welcome-typical of many. Church bells rang out through darkness, and people hastened to the station—farmers, woodmen, hunters, with their wives and children. When the royal train drew up to the plat-form, there came from a hundred the royal train drew up to the platform, there came from a hundred
sweet young voices the Canadian Anthem. The words, written by Alexander Muir, a Scotch schoolmaster, of Toronto, are sung
to the air, "The Land of Cakes," [?]
and their popularity is so firmly established that they may be added
to the anthology of National Song.

France is written large over the have been Normandy we saw through the windows, as we sped past quaint thurches and trim hamlets peopled by dark-skinned peasants. Little acdark-skinned peasants. Little acquaintance with French-Canadians is meeded to convince one that they are more sensitive on racial than on re-ligious questions. I know that many people in Europe, as well as in America, put no faith in their professions of loyalty to the British Empire, and believe that they would seize the first opportunity of setting up a French Republic on the banks of the St. Lawremee, or of joining their desting with that of the United Staets. If you want to move a French-Canadian to the eloquence of indignation, just hint at a possible union with the Rehint at a possible union with the Republic across the border. He will recite to you with pride the exploits of his fathers, who, in the Revolution of 1774 and again in the war of 1812, fought for British supremacy, and will end by quoting the words of Dr. Tache: "The last shot that will be fired against union with the be fired against union with the United States will be fired by a French-Canadian. They are consolous that only under British rule can they hope to retain their language, laws and religion.

fectionate humility.

"Certainly, Lady Damer," Gillian says, gravely, with a troubled flush; "but Captain Lacy told me he would write to papa."

"Bless you, my darling child!" her ladyship says, with a scream of gayer. "Bless you, my darling child!" her ladyship says, with a scream of gayer. "Bless you, my darling child!" her ladyship says, with a scream of gayer. "Bless you, my darling child!" her ladyship says, with a scream of gayer. "Bless you, my darling child!" her silly boy, with pen and ink, and two quires of paper, I believe, to pour out a volume of epistolary affection on your poor, dear father's devoted head. But that doesn't preclude the necessity of my writing to your father, you know, love," she adds, sweetly, with her cold, white, bony fingers tapping Gillian's velvety cheek; "to explain to him how we have come to steal his dear little girl, and keep her for ourselves for ever and aye!"

Gillian smiles faintly, but flushes with a hot, faint thrill of the sickness of despair.

"And, I need scarcely ask, you have written, dear child, of course?" hints her ladyship, determined on closing up any possible loopholes for retreat.

"Oh, yes! I will—that is, I have written a letter to papa," Gillian says, blushing again and wincing. Lady Damer's rapturous satisfaction is like a rough touch on a throbbing wound.

"She doesn't know that I here at the fantalesm will be fired by an error of silvent on they hope to retain their language. laws and religion.

It is nine years since I visited Canada, and it appears to me that even in that short time the social relations of the two races have become more intimate and the use of English more general in the cities where the majority of the inhabitants are in telligent and shrewd enough to see that their children cannot succeed without an intimate knowledge of English. Even the cities where the majority of the inhabitants are of French Canadian.

They hope to retain their language and relations of the two races have become more intimate and the use of English more ge

On Thursday morning we were in a new land. Great plains stretched unbroken before us, with no land-mark save the rising and setting sun. As the train toiled over this infinite green waste, under a sky of Italian blue and through air of crystal purity, we felt that this must be Manitoba, whose granaries and wheat

****************************** Victoria, B. C., Oct. 1.-The King fields have made the name and place familiar since childhood. Almost equal in size to Great Britain, the province has over a million and three-quarter acres under wheat, and yielded last year more than thirteen million bushels.

In 1871—twelve months after the

Lieutenant Governor of the new Province of Manitoba met in Coun-Province of Manitoba met in Council the representatives of the Indian tribes, and estered into treaties with them for the transfer of the prairies, lands where we now see immense tracts of wheat and oats and barley—Winnipeg had only two hundred and forty innabitants sheltered in log cabins. To-day it is a city of over fifty thousand people.

I had some talk with a farmer at Poplar Point, not far from Winnipeg. He is an example of what may be accomplished with a little capital, some skill and much industry. Eleven years ago he left England with a family of elevent and a capital of three hundred pounds. He knew nothing of farming beyond what a man who has lived in the country may know. Beginning with a holding of ninety-one acres he is now dwner of nearly six hundred acres, a fine homestead, six teams of horses, forty head of cattle, and would not sell his land for five or even six pounds an acre. His sons, trained op neigh-boring farms, assist him on the estate, and seem as happy and contented as men can be.

C. C. Richards & Co. Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINI-MENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments. It never fails to relieve and cure

CHARLES WHOOTTEN. Port Mulgrave

IS THIS WOMAN'S WAY?

it is a Doubtful Compliment to Wo-

Snakes have never appealed to me greatly. It seems to require a wo-man to handle them. Nearly all of them will strike at a stranger, but after you get familiar with them and they understand that you mean and they understand that you mean no harm, the most dangerous snakes are not vicious. I have a Hindu girl who seems to be able to do anything with them that a mother could do with a child, and it is really weird and uncanny to see her late at right sitting with her bare really weird and uncanny to see her late at right sitting with her bare feet in their box, while they crawl all about her, and she talks to them in her strange soft dialect. She has a nasty temper, and is disliked by most of the people about her, but none dare offend her, for they remember the time when a brute of a porter struck her, and she went directly to her snake box, returning with a boa constrictor, which made every effort to get itself fastened about him at her bidding. He fled agnominiously. ignominiously.

An inhabitable flat at £4 · year, with tiled kitchen and three or four rooms prepared and floored in oak, sounds the wildest impossibility in a crowded industrial city. Yet comfortable, well-built flats have been built at this price in the most crowded able, well-built liats have been built at this price in the most crowded quarter of the city of Lyons, and this where the price of land on which the flats were built was 25 to 35 francs a square metro, which is rather more thin a square yard. The company that started the venture has a reserve fund of 540,737 francs, and pays a steady interest of 4 per cent. We, says the Westminster Gazette, ought to add that the profits have been largely increased by cheap restaurants in connection with the her more than a square yard ompany that started the ve have been largely increased by cheap restaurants in connection with the flats, where a good meal can be had for 11-2d the course. This interesting information is given by the Co-operative News, which is loud in its praise of the Lyons Economic Building Society.

Primm—One mark of the gentleman is that he always keeps his hands clean.

Glimm—Ols, I don't know. I know a gentleman who never washes his

Primm-Oh, come, now! -Fact. He employes 200 in

his factory. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
druggists refund the money if it fails to cu
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

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