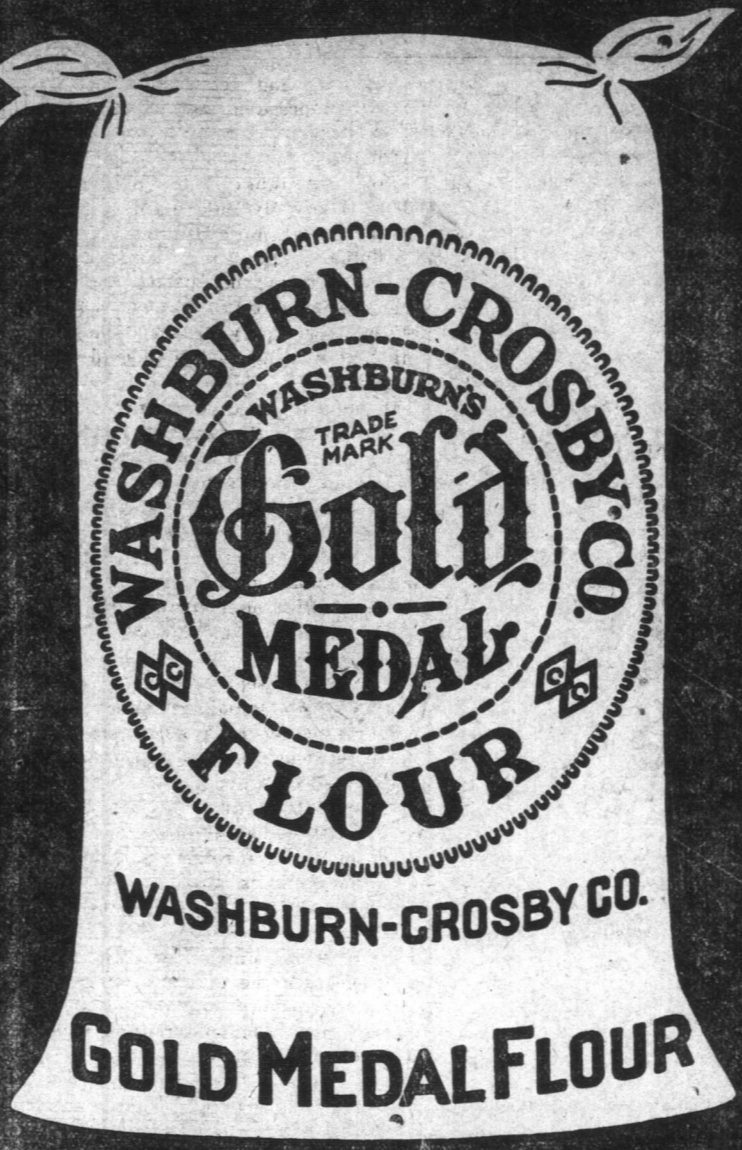


Eventually



WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT - 1910 WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 93

A MURDER In the Time of the Crusaders.

(Concluded.)

The Lady Alianore did not die under this dreadful calamity; she lived to mourn. The knight was interred within the precincts of the Abbey Church of Gloucester; his tomb and effigy were in a niche at an angle of the cloisters. Here would Alianore continually come, accompanied by Leo, who, since his master's death, never left her side; here would she stop, fixed gazing upon the monument, the tear in her eye, and the chill of hopeless sorrow in her heart. There are, indeed, few of us, who wandering through the interior of some noble ecclesiastical edifice, can suppress a feeling of melancholy, when we view the sepulchre of a knight of repute, who has died in his prime, in the midst of his achievements and his fame, and who, clad in the harness of his pride, lies outstretched on the marble before us. Courage and courtesy, chivalry and Christianity, are buried there—there the breast, replete with honor, the

heart to feel, and the right arm to defend. The monument tells of the sudden extinguishment of some bright light that shone in a semi-barbarous age, which had its main civilization and refinement from knights and churchmen solely. If this sight would sadden a stranger soul, what must have been the deep grief of the lady as she contemplated the cold memorial of Sir Ralph, and felt that the consummation of her whole earthly comfort was there entombed! A secret sentiment that satisfied, or rather softened her mental agony. Lrought her again and again to the place—ay, again and again to gaze upon the grave, and then to retire into the church to long and ardent prayer.

About two years after the knight had been dead, the Lady Alianore was one morning departing through the cloisters from a visit to the tomb, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a low growl from the dog who accompanied her. She turned back, and saw two persons in the garb of foreign merchants or traders, the one pointing out to the other the knight's monumental effigy. Secretly had she made the observation, when Leo rushed from her side, and flew at the throat of him who was exhibiting the grave; in an instant he brought him to the ground; the other endeavouring to escape, but some sacrists who heard the noise, hastened to the spot, and the men were arrested.

On examination, the two pretended merchants were found to wear eastern habiliments beneath their long gowns, and the cloth of the turban was concealed under the broad brimmed hat of each. They both had daggers, and upon the arm of the one the dog had seized, there was the deep scar of what seemed to be a desperate bite. Further proof became needless, for when every chance of escape was gone, they made a full confession, and seemed to glory in it. They were emissaries from the Old Man of the Mountain. The one on a previous occasion had journeyed from the far east to do his fearful master's bidding, and had stabbed the knight in the back, on the evening he rode in his gladness from the abode of his affianced bride. The fanatic himself narrowly escaped destruction at the time; for the dog had fixed his teeth into his arm, and

it was only by allowing the flesh to be torn out, (his dagger was in his victim.) that he contrived to reach a swift Arabian horse, which bore him from the scene. He had since returned to Phoenicia, and had once more come to England, bringing with him a comrade to remove a doubt expressed by his master, and to testify to the Monarch of the Mountain how effectively his object had been accomplished.

The Barron de Botetourt, with the assent of the crown, caused the two miscreants to be hanged upon a gibbet on the summit of his castle, their turbans tried to their heels. Leo, as if he had nothing more to live for, soon after pined and died. The Lady Alianore, retired into a convent, and eventually became its abbess. During the course of her monastic life, she preserved in silence her undying regret for the knight, and the recollection of her happiness, so miserably thwarted. She was always kind and gentle, yet always dignified and reserved. On her death-bed she requested that her remains might be interred in the Abbey of Gloucester, nigh unto the tomb of Sir Ralph de Sudley, and that her monumental tablet should contain no more than her name and state, and an inscription pointing out the extreme vanity of all human felicity. Such a memorial, it is said, was until entirely effaced by time, to be seen, read, and thought upon, within the cloisters of Gloucester's time-honored and sanctified cathedral.

CRITICS

The physician who recommends the patient who uses and the chemist who analyzes

Scott's Emulsion

have established it as pre-eminently the best in purity, in perfection and in results.

No other preparation has stood such severe tests, such world-wide limitation and met with such popular and professional endorsement.

To the babe, the child and the adult it gives pure blood, strength, solid flesh and vitality.

ALL DRUGGISTS

"Every Man His Own Lawyer."

A smarter trader, a keener appreciator of the tendencies to a rise or fall in colonial produce—sugar more especially—than John Linden, of Mincing Lane, it would have been difficult to point out in the wide-city of London. He was not so immensely rich as many others engaged in the same merchant traffic as himself; nothing at all like it, indeed, for I doubt that he could at any time have been esteemed worth more than from eighty to ninety thousand pounds; but his transactions, although limited in extent when compared with those of the mammoth colonial houses, almost always returned more or less of profit; the result of his remarkable keenness and sagacity in scenting hurricanes, black insurrections, and emancipation bills, whilst yet inappreciable, or deemed afar off, by less sensitive organizations. At least in this wonderful prescience of future sugar value did Mr. Linden himself attribute his rise in the world, and gradual increase in rotundity, riches, and respectability. This constant success engendered, as it is too apt to do, inordinate egotism, conceit, self-esteem, vanity. There was scarcely a social, governmental, or economical problem which he did not believe himself capable of solving as easily as he could eat his dinner when hungry. "Common-sense business habits"—his favorite phrase—he believed to be quite sufficient for the elucidation of the most difficult question in law, physics, or divinity. The sciences of law, especially, he held to be an alphabet which any man of common sense and business habits could as easily master as he could count five on his fingers; and there was no end to his ridicule of the man with horse-hair head-dresses, and their quirks, quidnits, cases, tenures, and such-like devil's lingo. Lawyers according to him, were a set of thorough humbugs and impostors, who gained their living by false pretences—that of affording advice and counsel, which every sane man could better render himself. He was unmistakably mad upon this subject, and he carried his insane theory into practice. He drew his own leases, examined the titles of some house-property he purchased, and set his hand and seal to the final deeds, guided only by his own common-sense spectacles. Once he hid, at the Auction Mart, as high as fifty-three thousand pounds for the Holmford estate, Herefordshire; and had he not been outbid by young Falliser, son of the late, recently deceased eminent distiller, who was eager to obtain the property, with a view to a seat in parliament which its possession was said to almost insure—he would, I had not at the time the slightest doubt, have completed the purchase, without for a moment dreaming of submitting the vendor's title to the scrutiny of a professional adviser. Mr. Linden, I should mention, had been for some time desirous of resigning his business in Mincing Lane to his son, Thomas Linden, the only child born to him by his long-since deceased wife, and of retiring, an exalted squire-arch, to the otium, cum, or sine dignitate, as the case might be, of a country life; and this disposition had of late been much quickened by daily-increasing apprehensions of negro emancipation and revolutionary interference with differential duties—changes which, in conjunction with others of similar character, would infallibly bring about that utter commercial ruin which Mr. Linden, like every other rich and about-to-retire merchant or tradesman whom I have ever known, constantly prophesied to be near at hand and inevitable.

With such a gentleman the firm of Flint & Sharp had only professional interviews, when procrastinating or doubtful debtors required that he should put on the screw—a process which, I have no doubt, he would himself have confidently performed, but for the waste of valuable time which doing so would necessarily involve. Both Flint and myself were

however, privately intimate with him—Flint more especially, who had known him from boyhood—and we frequently dined with him on a Sunday at his little box at Fulham. Latterly we had on these occasions met there a Mrs. Arnold and her daughter Catherine—an apparently amiable, and certainly very pretty and interesting young person—to whom, Mr. Linden confidentially informed us, his son Tom had been for some time engaged.

'I don't know much about her family,' observed Mr. Linden one day, in the course of a gossip at the office, 'but she moves in very respectable society. Tom met her at Slades'; but I do know she has something like thirty-five thousand pounds in the funds. The instant I was informed how matters stood with the young folk, I, as a matter of common sense and business, asked the mother, Mrs. Arnold, for a reference to her banker or solicitor—there being no doubt that a woman and a minor would be in lawyers' leading-strings—and she referred me to Messrs. Dobson & Chancery Lane. You know the Dobsons?'

'Perfectly,—what was the reply?'

'That Catherine Arnold, when she came of age—it wants but a very short time of that now—would be entitled to the capital of thirty-four thousand seven hundred pounds, bequeathed by an uncle, and now lodged in the funds in the names of the trustees, Crowther & Jenkins, of Leadenhall Street, by whom the interest on that sum was regularly paid, half-yearly, through the Messrs. Dobson, for the maintenance and education of the heiress. A common-sense, business-like letter in every respect, and extremely satisfactory; and as he pleased, after Catherine Arnold's coming of age, and into actual possession of her fortune, Tom may have her, with my blessing over the bargain.'

I dined at Laurel Villa, Fulham, about two months after this conversation, and Linden and I found ourselves alone over the dessert—the young people having gone out for a stroll, attracted doubtless by the gay aspect of the Thames, which flows past the miniature grounds attached to the Villa. Never had I seen Mr. Linden in so gay, so mirthful a mood. "Pass the decanter," he exclaimed, the instant the door had closed upon Tom and his fiancée. "Pass the decanter, Sharp; I have news for you, my boy, now they are gone."

"Indeed! and what may the news be?'

"Fill a bumper for yourself, and I'll give you a toast. Here's to the health and prosperity of the proprietor of the Holmford estate; and may he live a thousand years, and one over!—Hip—hip—hurra!'

He swallowed his glass of wine, and then in his intensity of glee, laughed himself purple.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON DIRECTORY

(Published Annually)

ENABLES traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs, the Directory contains—

- EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonias and Foreign Markets they supply.
- SHIPMENT LINES arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate sailings.
- PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.
- A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for £20.
- Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for £1, or large advertisements for £5.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY Co. Ltd
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C.

LADIES' APRON



Ladies' Apron.

This apron gives ample protection to the dress, and with its deep armholes and neck edge is easy to make and comfortable to wear. It may be developed in gingham, percale, chambray, lawn or similar fabrics. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for the Medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.

Name

Address in full:

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

Altogether yesterday three new cases of diphtheria reported at the Health Office. One developed at Rosette's Lane, another at Cabot Street, and a young man residing on King's Bridge Road was also stricken with it. These patients are now in hospital where a large number are undergoing treatment.

LAI'D UP FIVE YEARS

Until Half a Bottle of Father Morrissey's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.

Mr. Jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith of Bathurst, N.B., July 16, 1909:

"I cannot let this opportunity pass without letting you know what benefit I received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder. For prevented me from working or from sleeping at night. I had tried everything possible and still could find no relief, until I was advised to try a bottle of your liniment, which I purchased without delay. I only used one half of the bottle when I was completely cured, and now I feel as if I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffering from Rheumatic pains to give your Liniment a trial, for I cannot praise it too highly."

A liniment that will do that is the liniment you want. It is equally good for sore throat or chest, backache, toothache, earache, sprains, sore muscles, cuts, bruises, burns, frost-bites, chapped hands or chilblains. Rub it in, and the pain comes out. 25c per bottle at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey's Medicine Co. Ltd., Montreal, Que.

W. A. SLATT

Duckworth and

Job Print

BEWARE

The doctors of infection is MILITARY by germicide use milk that has

Reindeer

Jersey Cream

Manufactured

THE TRURO LTD., Truro.

DID YOU

We can take care of

In the cutting, making and trimming of Suits, Overcoats and Trousers from your own material, or we can furnish Goods if you desire us to do so.

We are practical Tailors. We guarantee satisfaction.

Give us a trial

TRUEFIT

Means what it says if REGISTERED BRAND

THIS BRAND is designed by seam, S. B. Vest and very popular with all classes.

OUR SUCCESS with packed in stock boxes, is compelled to build a new create our output.

Ask your Dealer

TRUEFIT, A.M.S. FITREFORM, STILENFIT

8. 11, ET

THE N.F.L.D. CLOTHING

225 and 227 DUCK

SLATT

Wholesale

WE OFFER and Outport Bed Stock of Dry and English—

See our Stock of Embroideries and

ing elsewhere.

