CHAPTER I.

"Don Basilio, play the cornet and let us dance! It is not warm under the trees."

"Yes, yes, Don Basilio, play the cornet!"

"Give Don Basilio the cornet on which Gasquin learned."

"No use! Will you play it, Don Basilio?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Bus why not?"

"Bus why not?"

"Because I do not know how."

"Not know how! Was there ever such bypoorisy!"

"Of course you desire to gratify us?"

"Well, come! We know that you were

Of course you desire to gratify us?"
Well, come! We know that you were chief musician of the infantry!" "And that no one played the cornet as

"And that no one played the cornet as you did."

"And that they listened to you at the palace, in the time of Espartero—"

"And that you have a pension."

"Come, Don Basilio! Have pity on us!"

"Well, then, senor. It is true! I have played the cornet; I was a—a specialist, as you say nowadays; however, it is also true that two years ago I presented my cornet to a poor licensed musician, and that since then I have not even wished to sound it."

"What a pity!"

"Another Rossini!"

"All since it is this evening you ought to play!"

to play!"
"Here in the fields everything is permis-"Remember that it is my birthday,

grandpapa !"
"Hurrah! hurrah! Here is the cornet!"

"Yes, now play!"
"A waitz!"
"No, a polka!"
"Polka! away with you! A fandango!"
"Yes, yes, a fandango, the national nice!"

dance f"
"I am so sorry, my children; but I cannot possibly play the cornet."
"You, so amiable!"

"You, so amiable!"
"So willing to please——"
"Your little grandchild begs you to!"
"And your nicce——"
"Leave me alone, for God's sake! I have
said that I cannot play."
"Why not?"
"Because I do not remember; and because, moreover, I have sworn not to learn

gain—"
"To whom have you sworn?"
"To myself and to someone who is dead
—to your dead mother, my child!"
Every face saddened suddenly on hearing

these words.

"Ah! if you knew at what a cost I learned to play the cornet?" added the old

ran.

"The story! the story!" exclaimed the young people. "Tell us the story."

"In fact," said Don Basilio, "it is quite a story. Listen to it, and you may judge if I can or cannot play the cornet." And seating himself under a tree, surrounded by

seating nimsel under a tree, surrounced by the curious and courteous young people, he told the story of his music lessons. In the same way Mazzepa, Byron's hero, related one night to Carlos XII. beneath another tree, the terrible story of his riding-lessons. Let us listen to Don Basilio.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

Seventeen years ago Spain was agitated by the civil war. Carlos and Isabel were disputing for the crown, and the Spaniards, divided into two bands, poured out their blood in the fratricidal struggle.

I had a friend, called Ramon Gamez, licutenant of my battalion, the most clever man that I have ever known. We were educated together; together we left college; together we had been reprimanded a thousand times, and together we desired to die for liberty. Ah! I must say he was more liberal than I or than auy one else in the whole army!

whole army!

But a certain injustice had been done by our chief to the hurt of Ramon; one of those abuses of authority which diagnats one with the most honorable profession. This arbi-trary act made the lieutenant of the Caza-dores desire to abandon the ranks of his brothers, the friend to leave the friend, the liberal to turn to the taction, the subordin-ate to kill his lieutenant-colonel! Ramon was not in the most secartly in the more was not in the mood so early in the morn

was not in the mood so early in the morning, to bear insults and injustice.

Neither my threats nor prayers were sufficient to discusde him from his purpose. He had decided to change the helmet for the cap, although he abborred the rebels.

We were then within three leagues of the

It was the night in which Ramo was to desert, a cold, rainy night, melan-choly and sad, the eve of a battle.

About two o'clock Ramon entered my

lodging.

I was asleep.

"Basilio," he murmured in my ear.

"Who is it?"

"It is f. Adieu!"
"Thou art going now!"
"Yes; adieu."

And seizing my hand—"Listen," he con-tinued. "If there should be a battle to-morrow; as they think, and we should mest

in it—"
"I understand: we are friends,"
"Very well; we will embrace and then fight. I shall die in the regular way tomorrow; however, I hope to trample all under foot till I have killed the lieutenantcolonel! As for thee, Basilio, do not expose thyself to danger—glory is only smoke."

"And life?"

"Thou art right; make thyself commander!" exclaimed Ramon. "The pay is not smoke—until after one has smoked it. Ah I all that is ended for me!"

"What sad thoughts." I said, not without terror. "We shall both survive the battle to-morrow."

"Then let us arrange to meet afterward."

"Where?"

At the San Nicolas Inn. at one in the

At the San Nicolas Iun, at one in the morning. Death alone shall prevent the meeting. Let us agree to it?"

"Agreed."

"Then—adieu!"

"Adieu"

Having said this, and after tenderly em-bracing me, Ramon disappeared into the shadows of the night.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

As we hoped the rebels attacked us on the following day.

The action was very bloody and lasted from three in the afternoon till it grew dark. About five my battalion was fiercely stracked by a force commanded by Ramon. Ramon now were the badges of commander and the white cap of the Carlists.

I gave the order to fire against Ramon, and Ramon against me; that is to say, his men and my battalion fought hand to hand.

We were victorious, and Ramon was put to flight with the small remnant of his force; but not without first having himself killed with a pistol-shot him who the night before was his lieutenant-colonel, and who in vain tried to-defend himself from the fury of Ramon. At six o'clock the action took an unfavorable turn, and I and a part of my poor cempany were cut off and obliged to surrender.

They led me to the little village of —,

which had been occupied by the Carlists since the beginning of the campaign, and where it was certain they would shoot me immediately. The war was then without

CHAPTER IV.

It was one o'clock in the morning after that melancholy day—the hour of my ren-dezvous with Ramon!

I was confined in the dungeon of the public prison of the enemy. I asked for my liend and they answered me: "He is a brave man! He killed alieutenant-colonel, but he perished during the last hour of the battle."

"How! Why do you think so?"
"Because he has not returned to the camp nor can the men who to-day were under his command give any account of

him."

Ah! how I suffered that night! One hope I still had. Ramon might be waiting for me at the San Nicolas Inn; this would explain his failure to return to the rebel encampment. How distressed he would be to find that I did not keep the appointment! ment! "He will," I said to myself, "think me

"He will," I said to myself, "think me dead! And truly how far am I from my last hour? The rebels always shoot their prisoners, the same as we do!"

Thus dawned the following day.
A chaplain entered my prison. All my companions were asleep. "Death?" I exclaimed at sight of the priest.

"Yes," he answered gently.

"Now?"

"Yes," the house, ""

"No; within three hours."

A minute later my companions were awake. A thousand cries, a thousand sobs, a thousand curses filled the prison.

CHAPTER V.

Every man who is about to die is posessed by some idea which will not leave

Whether it were nightmare, fever, o whether its were nightmare, fever, or madness, the thought of Ramon—of Ramon alive, of Ramon in the inn, took possesion of my brain in such a way that I could think of nothing else during those hours of agony. They took from me my captain's uniform and dressed me in a soldier's cap and an old clock.

Thus I went to meet death with my

Thus I went to meet death with my nineteen companions in misfortune.
Only one was to be saved from death.
He was a musician—and the Carlists did not shoot musicians, because they were in great need of them in their battalions.
"And were you a musician, Don Basilio? Were you saved on that account?" asked all the young people with one voice.
"No, my children," replied the veteran.
"I was not a musician!"
The square was formed and we were placed in the zeiddle of it.
I was number eleven—that is. I would be

I was number eleven—that is, I would be

Twas number eleven—that is, I would be the eleventh to die.

Then I thought of my wife and my daughter, of thee and of thy mother, my child! They began to fire.

Those detonations maddened me. As they had bound our eyes I did not see my companions fall.

companions fall.

I tried to count the discharges, that I might know a moment before dying that my sojourn in this world was finished.

However, at the third or fourth detonation I lost count.

I lost count.

Ab! these shots will thunder eternally in my heart and in my brain as they thundered on that day!

Now I heard them a thousand leagues distant; now I felt them reverberate in my

nead. And the detonations continued.
"Now!" thought I. The discharge sounded and I still lived.
"This one!" I said at last.
Then I felt myself seized by the shoulders
and shaken, and voices sounded in my ears.

I knew no more.

Then I experienced something like a profound sleep. I dreamed that I had been shot dead.

CHAPTER VI. I dreamed that I was stretched on a small

I raised my hand to my eyes to take away the bandage and touched my wideopen, dilated eyes. Was I blind?
No. I was in the prison, in utter dark-

I heard the toll of a bell, and trembled. It was the ringing of the animas.
"It is nine o'clock," I thought, "but

of the prison, leaned over me.

It appeared to be a man. And the others
—the other eighten?

All had been shot!

And I? Did I live or was I delirious in the grave? My lips mechanically murnured a name; always bis name, my nightmare— "Ramon!"

'What is it?" the shadow beside me

answered. answered.
I shuddered.
"My God!" I exclaimed. "Am I in the other world?"
"No!" answered the same voice.
"Ramon, art thou alive?"
"Yes."
"And I?"
"Thou also."

"Thou also."
"Then where am I? Is this the San Nicolas Inu? Was I not taken prisoner? Have I dreamed it all?"
"No, Basilio; thou hast dreamed nothing. Listen.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.

"As thou knowest, yesterday I killed the lieutenant-colonel in fair fight. I am revenged! Then, mad with fury, I kept on fighting and killing till it grew dark, till there was not a Christian on the battlefield. When the moon arose I remembered thee. Then I directed my steps toward the San Nicolas Inn, with the intention of waiting for thee.

"It was ten o'clock. The appointment was for one, and the night before I had not closed my eyes. So I slept profoundly. About one I gave a cry and awoke. I dreamed that thou wast dead. I looked about me and found I was alone. What had become of thee? It struck two, three, four—what a night of anguish!

"Thou didst not appear."

"Thou didst not appear.
"Without doubt thou wast dead!
"Day dawned.
"Then I left the inn and directed my steps to this village in search of the rebels. The sun arose.
"Every one thought that I had fallen the

day before.

'Thus at sight of me they embraced me and the general loaded me with honors.

'Then I learned that they were about to shoot 21 prisoners. A presentiment arose in my mid.

in my mind.
" 'Could Basilio be one of them?' I asked myself. I ran then to the place of execu-tion. The square was formed.

"I heard several shots.

"They had begun to shoot the prisoners.
"I strained my eyes, but I could not see.
"Grief blinded me. I was delirious with fear.

"Finally I distinguished thee.
"Thou wast about to be shot!

thee.
"What should I do?
"I became crazy; I screamed; seized thee
in my arms, and with a hoarse voice trem bling with emotion exclaimed:
"'Not this one! Not this one, my gen

"The general who commanded the squar and who knew me for my deeds of the day before, asked me: ""Why not? Is he a musician?"

"That word was to me what it would be an old man blind from birth to see sud

to an old man blind from birth to see sud-denly the sun in all its brightness.

"The light of hope shone so vividly in my eves that it blinded me.

""Musician!" I exclaimed; 'yes—yes, general! He is a musician—a great musi-cian!"

"In the meantime thou wast stretched senseless.

enseless.
"'What instrument does he play?' asked the general. "The-the-the-yes!-exactly!-it is

the cornet!'
"'Do you need a cornet player?' asked
the general, turning to the band of musi-In five seconds, which seemed five cen-

in five seconds, which seemed five centuries, came the answer:

"'Yes, general; there is one needed,' replied the chief musician.

"'Then take that man from the ranks and let the execution continue instantly,' exclaimed the Carlist chief.

"Then I took these in my arms and "'Then I took thee in my arms and carried thee to this dungeon."

CHAPTER VIII.

As Ramon ceased speaking I got up, and weeping, laughing, and trembling I embraced him.

"I owe thee my life!"
"Not at all!" replied Ramon.
"And why not?" I exclaimed.
"Dost thou play the cornet?"
"No."

"Then thou dost not owe me thy life. I

I turned cold as stone.
"And music?" asked Ramon, "dost thou

know it?"
"A little, very little. I remember what "A rettle, very little. I remember what they taught us at college—"
"A very little it is, or better say none! Thou shalt die without fail, and I also as a tristor. Just imagine: in less than two weeks the band to which thou shalt belong

will be organized.'
"Two weeks!" "Neither more nor less! And as thou dost not play the cornet (unless God performs a miracle) they will shoot us both without doubt."

"Shoot thee!" I exclaimed; "thee! and for me! for me, who owes thee my life!
Ah! no, heaven forbid! In less than two
weeks! shall understand music and play
the cornet."
Ramon laughed.

What more shall I tell you, my children

What more shall I tell you, my children? In two weeks—oh, power of the will—in fifteen days, with fifteen nights (for I neither slept nor rested a minute for half a month), in two weeks I learned to play the cornet! What days they were!

Ramon and I left the camp and passed hours and hours with a certain musician who came daily from a place near by to give me a lesson. Escape? I read the word in your eyes, Nothing more impossible! I was a prisoner and they watched me, and Ramon would not escape without me.

neither spoke, thought, nor ate. I was crazy, and my monomania usic—the cornet, the devilish cornet!

I desired to learn, and I learned!

And if I had been dumb I should have talked.
And if paralyzed should have walked, if

blind should have seen,
Because-I willed it so!
Oh! the will can do anything!
To wish is to be able.
To wish—that is a great word!
To wish—and I advise you, children,
learn this great truth!
I saved, then, my life and Banon!* But

learn this great truth!

I saved, then, my life and Ramon's. But I was mad, and my madness was art. During three years the cornet did not leave my hand. Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si; that was my world during all that time. My life was reduced to blowing. Ramon did not leave me. I emigrated to France, and in France I continued to play the cornet.

The cornet was I! I sang with the cornet at my mouth! Men, people, celebrated artists crowded to hear ne.

Here was a wonder, a marvel. The cornet was flexible in my fingers; became clastic, moaned, wept, cried, and roared; it imitated a prayer, a human sob, or a wild beast.

beast.

My lungs were of iron. Thus passed two more years. At the end of them my friend died. Looking upon his body I recovered my reason. And when, now in my senses, I took up the cornet one day, to my astonishment I found I did not know how to what it.

Will you ask me now to play it for you to





CORES DYSPEPSIA AND INDICESTION If you cannot get Diamond Vera Cura rom your Druggist, send 25c. for sample

CANADIAN DEPOT 44 and 46 Lombard St.

-COLD MEDAL-PARIS 1878-



Surprise Is the Best.

Montreal.

St. Croix Soap Co. I use your Surprise Soap, and no other. It is the best I ever

MRS. WALSHAW.

Newport Landing, N. S. St. Croix Soap Co.
I am still using Surprise Soap. I find it pays a great deal better than any I have ever had. It is, as it says, "the best on earth," and is the cheapest and best soap

MRS. HENRY LYNCH.

I like your Surprise Soap better than any I ever used before. I find I can do my washing far easier than with any other.

MRS. P. WHITTY.

SURPRISE SOAP is economical.

I have ever used.

St. Croix Soap Co.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Our Celebrated Scranton has no superior.

It is strictly first-class. Order now and avoid the rush.

YARD AND OFFICE BURWELL STREET AT G. T. R.

INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION

Perry Davis'

FOR CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY,

> CHOLERA MORBUS, AND ALL BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c A BOTTLE.



Smoke Blossoms.

"Did you ever see a smoke blossom?" Well, the way to make them is this: Buy one of the latest new CAT CIGARS. Light it and blow a ring in a still atmosphere, and then watch it. The smoke making the ring revolves towards the center as you look towards it. While it is floating away a part of the ring shoots slowly away from the rest forming a loop. When the two sides of the loop come almost together the loop seems to burst at its apex and a lily-shaped blossom appears thereon. Try it. Manufactured by

BRENER BROS

182-190 Horton Street, London, Ont.

ROBT. MILLER SON & CO., AGENTS, MONTREAL. VICTORIA PARK NOTICE BAND CONCERTS FOR SEASON OF 1891.

Everybody can have a seat by buying one of those Patent Camp Chairs with Reversible Backs in Cak or Cherry Wood; light, strong and durable Wilton Carpet seats. 500 now ready for sale. Your choice for \$1 at

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS,

174 and 180 King Street. N. B.—Be in time, as they are going like hot cakes.

BINDER TWINE BINDER TWINE BINDER TWINE

All kinds—Composite, Crown, Red Cap and Blue Ribbon. Prompt shipments from stock guaranteed. Bowman, Kennedy & LONDON ONT.

For Your Lawn and Cemetery Lot See our new and handsom designs in WIRE and CHAIRS AND SETTEES,

ARBORS. ARCHES (with name and Hanging Basket for graves.) R. DENNIS, manufacturer of Wire and Iron Work in endless

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

FARMERS, MILLMEN, THRESHERS

-USE-McColl's Lardine Machine Oil

Which as a Lubricant Has Never Been Excelled. Their CYLINDER OIL is acknowledged to be the purest in the Dominion Manufactured by McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto, Ont. For sale by all leading dealers.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO JAN. I. 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. LONDON TIME. Canada Southern Division—Going East Leave Leave St. North Shore Limited (daily) 8:30 p.m. 11:00 p.m N. Y. Express (daily) 8:30 p.m. 3:05 a.m American Express (except Monday) 8:30 p.m. 3:05 a.m Canada Southern Division—Going West, | North Shore Limited (daily) | 8:30 p.m. 7:23 a.m Chicago Express (daily) | 8:30 p.m. 6:50 a.m Chicago Express (daily) | 8:30 p.m. 6:50 a.m Chicago L'yd Exp. (daily) | 8:50 p.m. 6:50 a.m Mall except Sundays) | 9:50 p.m. 6:50 a.m Mall except Sundays) | 9:25 p.m. 9:10 p.m Accomd in except Sundays | 8:30 p.m. 6:45 p.m Accomd in except Sundays | 8:30 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 6

[Nore._No trains to or from London on undays.]

JOHN PAUL. City Ticket and Passenger gent, 395 Richmond street. GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division Corrected May 11, 1891.

MAIN LINE Going East ARRIVE. | DEPART lantic Express (A).... Day Express
St. Louis Express (A) (D)...
Mixed—No. 28 Freight (C)...
Frie Limited...

MAIN LINE-Going West. ARRIVE. | DEPAR 5:10 a.m. 5:30 a.m. 6:45 a.m Chicago Express (A)... West End Mixed... Erie Limited... St. Louis Express (A). Accommodation 11:00 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 11:20 a.m. 11:30 a.m. Accommodation.
Pacific Express (A)...
Mail.... 7:20 p.m Sarnia Branch.

ARRIVE. | DEPART. Limited Express

Chicago Express (B).
Accommodation.
Erie Limited (B)...
Accommodation...
Pacific Express (B)... London, Huron and Bruce. ARRIVE, | DEPART. 10:15 a.m. 8:05 a.m. 6:45 p.m. 4:25 p.m. London and Port Stanley. modation St. Marys and Stratford Branch. ARRIVE. | DEPART.

Toronto Branch. Hamilton—Depart—
a.m., a.m., a.m., p.m., p.m., p.m., p.m., p.m., p.m.
7:00 9:15 10:50 12:25 4:10 6:40 87:00 9:25 a.m. a.m. a.m. p.m. r.m. p.m. p.m. 112:30 18:50 19:09 R11:10 4:00 6:25 8:15

Express-Mixed.

* These trains for Montreal.

† These trains from Montreal.

† These trains from Montreal.

(a) Runs daily, Sundays included.

(b) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.

(c) No. 33 carries passengers between London and Paris.

(d) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket gent, No. 3 Masonic Temple.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Going East.

 Montreal
 7:55 p.m.

 Quebec.
 6:30 a.m.

 Portland, Me
 8:30 a.m.

 Boston
 8:10 a.m.

 Halifax, N. S
 11:10 p.m.

 3:00 p.m 8:35 p.m 8:60 p.m Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:90 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

7:00 a.m. 11:35 a.m. 7:05 p.m

ARRIVE— 10:00 a.m. 1:05 p.m. 8:22 p.m. Detroit. 2:45 p.m. 10:00 a.m. 2:45 p.m. 10:40 p.m. St. Louis. 7:45 a.m. 6:15 p.m. 5:20 a.m. 7:45 a.m. 6:16 p.m. 7:20 a.m. 7:45 a.m. 6:16 p.m. Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 12:15 E. M. Deservices. E. M. PEEL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

DEPART-

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South Exp Exp Mix Mix A.M. P.M. A.M. P.M. 6:10 7:40 ... 5:40 8:20 ... 5:45 8:22 ... 7:45 10:35 3:30 P 7:45 10:40 4:40 Sarnia (G. T. R.) M. C. R. Junction.... Fargo (M. C. R.).... Trains North.

M. C. R. Junction (dep 9:13 3:37 11:20 Courtright 11:25 3:55 Sarnia (G. T. R.) arr 12:00 6:25

ADVERTISER JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

Promptitude guaranteed. Prices moderate. Anything printed from a card

to a book, Favor us with a trial order and judge for yourself.

Two hundred horadependence, Ia.,

A sucking colt Miss Redmon, 2:20 was recently sold for

THE F

Good grooming begets good spirits some appearance, an Watch the feet his first shoes on. are caused by care to shoes.

Baron Hirsch's w far this season are all of which he ha We recall the na that within the pa-sold for the enorm [Mirror and Farme

Kentucky Stock men are loath to a concede, that as a potent in reproduc-A couplet from a ing the last centur

Pet the young control to be spoiled; get but don't let the National Stockman It is said that A place of Electione Palo Alto. He is coit, out of Lulu V second dam Lulu, made a record of 2

I like to see the grovemows it:
I like to see the rack he goes it.

"Requiescat in reaved lady, as sh band's tombstone. man says it mea took rather more let it stand. In Japan, horse stalls, then a door which has a gr veniently constru-hitched. When I hitched. When I

kicked, and no re

The Fairview

the property of Sons, were sold be New York. Ove ent, including meastern racing s lively and good sold for \$55,950-Individuals went "Blue Blood" i for August write license fee of say for service, horse proper authoritie filed and certifica

broduced that bereditary disea expenses are defr the fees to the

Horses that a doubly dangerous all without comin The way to break to drive them in as possible and t whip to make th get them kept a 1 the railroad, who dozen times a d accustomed to the by the cars with

Trotting is gr in England, like of gradually open if formed road hot ters. Alexandra trotting in Engla purses had been as against \$3,000 The entry list started in trotti season half finish All this betokens sport, and show land must look to sires. We often heap place for every g out I find it is m for some good lastance, if one looking, sound a that can trot in a minutes, it is no him at the price kind, say \$250 trotter that can and is by a sire hard matter to a for a good \$2,000, according etc. But when trot about 2:40 a at from \$500 to hard matter to buys a horse for buys a horse for buys a horse for the first hard ready owner is ready what some good then try again ft T. Maxim in Ho

The 1 The 1