They were obliged to procure another, as the yacht's boat was not large enough to accommodate them all, and Ned's heart bounded with new hope, as seizing an oar, he helped to propel the light craft toward the vessel, where his friend Hunting was awaiting him, and where he believed the stolen treasure would soon be rescued and restored to his employers.

They reached the yacht a little before midnight, and without encountering any other boat on their way: and as they stepped upon the iron stairway leading to the deck, Mr. Hunting leaned over the railing above, and called out in a low, anxious tone.

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employers.

They reached the yacht a little before midnight, and without encountering any other boat on their way: and as they stepped upon the iron stairway leading to the deck, Mr. Hunting leaned over the railing above, and called out in a low, anxious tone:

"Heatherton, is everything all All right," Ned answered, cheerily, newcomers were all standing upon the deck.

chief soon made his arrangements for the night. He stationed his three men in various portions of the yacht below, to make sure that no mischief should brew in that quarter; then he, with Ned and Mr. Hunting, remained upon the deck to await the return of the first mate and his com-

It was between three and four in the morning when they came.

Everything was quiet on board the yacht, and they had not a suspicion of the fate awaiting them.

"Ship ahoy!" the mate called out, as the boat shot alongside the iron

"Ay, ay, sir," was the subdued response that answered this greeting from above, whereupon the men ran lightly up the steps, to be immediate-

ly confronted by the powerful police-man, Ned, and Mr. Hunting.
"Not a word, my men," said the chief, as he levelled a revolver at them; "you are my prisoners. Behave yourselves and no harm shall befall ou; make any disturbance and into rons you will go quicker than you will What is the meaning of this inva-

slon?" the mate demanded, in a voice that was far from steady. "It means that you, with all the rest of the crew, are under arrest."

That is a question that will have to be answered later."
"Where is the captain?"
"In his state-room, subject to the

"In his state-room, subject to the same restrictions as yourself."

The mate made no further resistance, but submitted, with his companions, to be led below and locked up, while Ned, Mr. Hunting and the officer continued their watch on deck for the remainder of the night.

When morning dawned the steward was released more solemnity promising

was released upon solemnly promising that he would attend to his regular duties, and make no effort to release any of the crew. ne men must all be fed, and there and to be no better way to supply

their needs.

He was only too glad to comply conditions the chief

with whatever conditions the chief chose to impose upon him, but his movements were closely watched by one of the officers below.

Nichols was also detailed to do service on deck, under the eyes of the three watchful men stationed there.

After a good breakfast. Ned was

distance a boat containing two persons making toward the yacht.

They concluded to wait a while, hoping that the orders which the captain was expecting from the own-

aptain was expecting from the own-rever about to be delivered. They were not disappointed. The boat headed directly for the yacht; and when it was within hall-ing distance, one of the men sang

Captain Bleiberg, of the Eagle, on board?"
"Tell him yes," the chief commanded of Nichols. "Ay, ay, sir!" obediently responded

"I have a telegram for him." came back from the messenger in the boat, "and he must sign for it."
"Go for it and bring the book to

said the officer. Nichols obeyed.

The officer signed for Captain Bleiberg and sent the book back; then deliberately tore open the message

A grim smile passed over his face as he did so, and Ned's heart gave a great bound when he looked up and beckoned to him.

"Read it," he said, as he put the message into Ned's hands, and the young man's eyes devoured it greedily.

It ran thus:

It ran thus:

I shall arrive Friday evening about eight. Meet me at wharf, and be ready to sail immediately.—Gould.

"We're sure of our bird now," said the chief, with a chuckle.

Ned grew pale, in spite of the thrill of exultation in his heart.

"What will you do?—go to the city, to arrest him?" he inquired, as he passed the telegram to Mr. Hunting.

"No; we will send a bout to meet him, as he orders; then, when he arrives, we will place him under arrest, and have our rogues all together," and have our rogues all together,

the officer returned.

"Who will you send with the boat?"

Mr. Hunting asked.

"Nichols, attended by one of my subordinates."

"Will he not suspect that some

the officer returned.

"Will he not suspect that something is wrong when he sees that the yacht is not ready to sail?" said Ned.
"I don't care what he suspects, after we once get eye on our man," the officer replied; then he added: "And now you can send word to your firm as soon as you choose. Tell them to despatch some one armed with proper authority immediately; and we'll have this business settled up at we'll have this business settled up at short notice.'

So Ned went ashore and sent his telegram, notifying the officers of the bank of his whereabouts, and en-treating them to send some one to him without delay, and one capable of identifying the property belonging to the bank, in case it should be found.

so the bank, in case it should be found, as he hoped, on board the Bald Eagle. He longed to send word to his mother also, but concluded that it would be better to wait a day or two, until he should ascertain just how long be was liable to be detained in Hall-

he was liable to be detained in Hali-ax. His heart also went out, with long-

CHAPTER XLIII.

But could Ned have known the treachery of which his dear one was about to become the victim, his joy over the recent conquest which he had achieved would have been greatly marred. Could he have known that even then a message purposting to even then a message, purporting to come from him, was being prepared to lure Gertrude into a miserable trap, he would have been wretched indeed.

Bill Bunting had been greatly cha-Bill Bunting had been greatly cha-grined by the scornful reception and rejection which the beautiful girl had accorded his proposals of marriage to her. Vowing that he would yet hu-miliate her haughty spirit, and at the same time revenge himself upon Ned, he began from that moment to plan for the accomplishment of his purpose.

As we have seen, he was associated with Gould, in his various crimes and schemes, and it was only with his assistance that the man had been able to carry out to a successful issue the bold robbery of the —— Bank. Consequently he had been obliged to agree to certain conditions which Bill named, and among others, that he should be allowed to flee the country in the yacht with him, and that Gould should also nests him to decoy Contracts. also assist him to decoy Gertruds aboard the vessel, and compel her to be the companion of their flight. This could be very easily accomplished, he said, since the girl was already in Halifax. The wretch hoped, by thus compromising her, to finally force her to marry him to marry him.

Gould protested that such a proceeding would be very unwise, if not dangerous; they would have enough to do, he said, to look out for their own safety, without burdening themselves with a woman. While, too, with Ned also on board the lovery would be with a woman. While, too, with Ned also on board, the lovers would be llable to discover the presence of each other, and make them no end of trouble.

brouble.

But Bill was obstinate. He said they could drop Ned at the first port they sighted, and he need never suspect that the girl was on board.

Gould knew that he was in the fellow's power, and he did not dare refuse to co-operate with him. Therefore, he appeared to yield his objections, though he secretly vowed that he would get rid of Bill at the first foreign port they ran into and thus save the girl from the wretched fate he had planned for her.

wretched late he had planned for her.

We know that a little more than a week after the robbery and disappearance of Ned, Gertrude left for Halifax with her friend, Mrs. Page, and the following Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Langmaid sailed for Europe.

Gertrude, as may be supposed, went back feeling very sad and unhappy, for aside from her anxiety about her mother's health, she had many misgivings regarding the fate of her lover, and she began to grow pale and hollow-eyed, greatly to Mrs. Page's uneasiness.

and hollow-eyed, greatly to Mrs. Page's uneasiness.

The good lady exerted herself to cheer her, and planned many ways to keep her mind occupied, and prevent her from brooding over her troubles.

During the day while they were together, she succeeded to a certain extent, but when night came and Gertrude retired to the solitude of her own room, the old anxieties would return, and she spent long hours in tears and sobs.

tears and sobs.

Ned and his friend, Mr. Hunting, Ned and his friend, Mr. Hunting, achieved their wonderful triumph over the crew of the Bald Eagle on Thursday night, and for Friday Mrs. Page had planned a little excursion into the country for the benefit of

her young charge. She owned a farm a few miles out of the city, which she rented on shares, and she thought it might be a pleasant change for Gertrude to spend a day or two there, while she business with the farmer. which would require her own presence

But the poor girl had spent such a wretched night, that she was not able to rise from her bed when Friday morning dawned, so the trip for her was utterly out of the question. This was a great disappointment to Mrs. Page, who, having promised her tenant that she would go that day, to give some directions to the carpenters regarding needed repairs, felt that it was absolutely necessary for her to keep her appointment.

her to keep her appointment. Gertrude told her not to mind leaving her, that she only needed rest, and would lie quietly in bed and try

to sleep the time away, while she was gone.

Her friend promised that she would return that day, although she could not reach home until evening, and after giving orders to the servants to attend faithfully to the young girl's comfort, she bade her an affectionate good-by and departed.

Gertrude slept most of the forenoon, for she was literally exhausted with so much grieving, and finally, when she awoke, feeling greatly refreshed, she arose and dressed herself.

she arose and dressed herself.

After partaking of a tempting breakfast she sat down to the piano, thinking to while away an hour or two in learning a difficult nocturn which her teacher had recently given ber

nocturn which her teacher had recently given her.

While thus engaged the door beli rang a violent peal, and presently a servant entered the drawing-room and handed to her a note, bearing the level restricted. local postmark. It was addressed to her in bold, but unfamiliar character, and she opened it with no little curiosity.
"My dear Gertrude," the note be

gan.
"Why, who in Halifax knows me well enough to address me thus?" Gertrude exclaimed; then referring to the end of the note, she read with great astonishment and no little excitement, the name of "Edward Heatherston"

The name, however, was not like the other writing. It resembled Ned's

on board a vessel, in which I shall sail to-morrow, Saturday, for a foreight country, and thue forever sever the which binds me
to my native land. There is much that I would like to say to you regarding what has recently occurred, and I feel that I cannot go without seeing you once more, for it is probable that we shall never meet again. Will you come to me, Gertrude, for a final farewell? It is a bold request, but I dare not go to you; and, for the sake of the past, I entreat you not to fail me in this my hour of despair. I must also ask you to observe the utmost secrecy, if you accede to my request, for my personal safety depends upon it. A carriage will be waiting for you at the corner, near your residence, at eight corner, near your residence, at eight o'clock this evening, and a guide will be with it to attend you, if your heart has not become so hardened against me that you have no desire

to see me again.

Oh! I -pray you do not deny me this last boon, before I leave you to become an alien and an outcast, for all time. As you approach the carriage speak the word "Eagle" and the guide will know that you are the the guide will know that you are the one he is to bring to me. Ever, but hopelessly yours, Edward Heath-

erton.

Gertrude was in tears before she had haif finished this torturing letter, and a feeling of utter despair settled upon her heart.

settled upon her heart.

The tone of the whole epistle went to prove that Ned was guilty of the dreadful crime attributed to him. It had, in fact, been cunningly worded with this intention. It seemed to the stricken girl that she could not bear the fresh sorrow, for, in spite of all her loyalty to her lover, and her repeated assertions to her father, that she would never lose faith in him. she was now compelled to her

repeated assertions to her father, that she would never lose faith in him, she was now compelled to believe that he had fallen, and that he was, indeed, lost to her forever. She could not marry a felon, and when Ned left the country, they would surely be "parted for all time."

"Oh, I cannot have it so," she walled, a tempest of agony, of utter desolation and despair, sweeping over her soul. "He seemed so inately noble and true, I never would have believed, but for this, that he could be guilty of such a crime. How can I give him up? What shall I do? How can I let him go away into exile and never see him again? My whole life is ruined also. I have loved him with my whole heart. I love him now, in spite of all, and to him—or at least to what I believed him—I must be true until I die."

She walked the floor in restless wretchedness, tears raining over her face, great, heart-broken sobs bursting from her quivering lips, while she tried to decide whether she would go to him or not. "He is ill, poor fellow," she mur-

face, great, heart-broken sobs bursting from her quiverifig lips, while she tried to decide whether she would go to him or not.

"He is ill, poor fellow," she murmured, referring again to the letter. "In a moment of temptation he has fallen, and now he is reaping the fruits of his bitter act. Oh! Ned, Ned, it does not seem as if I could believe it. even now, with this terrible evidence before me. Who can have written this note for him?" she went on, as she stadled the strange writing, yet never questioning the truth of the epistle, since it had that familiar signature at the end. "Can it be some accomplice, and are they both going to escape to another country with their booty! I am afraid so! Shall I go to him? May I not, at least, go and appeal to him to restore what he has taken, and pray him, for my sake, never to yield to temptation again?"

Her heart said "yes;" her judgment told her "no"—that if would be a very unwise thing to do; that it would be far better, if they must part forever, to avoid a harrowing and probably a useless interview.

And yet, he was ill; he begged for the "boon of one last word"—a "final farewell."

Could she be hard enough to refuse it?—could she allow him to feel that she condemned him and, was utterly indifferent to his misery?—and he must be suffering keenly since he had not been able to write himself, and could hardly trace his signature in a legible manner.

'Oh, if Mrs. Page was only here!' the deeply tried girl sighed, 'I would confide in her and ask her advice; but she will not be back until long after eight, and thus I am left to act upon my own responsibility. Papa forbade me to have anything more to say to him," she continued, musing-ly. "I suppose he would tell me, if he were here, that it would be my duty to give him up to the authorities, but that I could not do. Was ever any one placed in such a trying position before?"

She threw herself upon a lounge-exhausted from the conflict within her, and trembling with nervous ex-

tion before?"

She threw herself upon a lounge, exhausted from the conflict within her, and trembling with nervous extement, and utterly unable to think her way out of the perplexing

situation. She shrank from going out alone, even to meet for the last time the man she so dearly loved, and from trusting herself to a strange guide. All the finer instincts of her womanly nature revolted against the ar

If nature revolted against the arrangement.

And yet she knew if she refused this last appeal—if she allowed Ned to go forever out of her life without a word of kindly farewell, without earnestly entreating him to restore the money, which she was forced to believe he had taken, and strive to live honorably in the future, she would always regret it. and never cease to reproach herself for having neglected the opportun-

for his heart-broken mother's sake also she felt as if she owed him this much, and finally, after hours of mental struggle, she resolved to brave everything and grant him the boon he had craved, Still, as the hour grew near, she recoiled more and more from the try-ing ordeal, wishing most fervently that Mrs. Page was at home to go

with her, as a protector, for she believed that she would attend her in this hour of bitter trial, even though she might not approve of what she contemplated.

Once she resolved that she would take one of the servants; then she reasoned that it would be a great one marked would the servants; then she it would be a great tresult in Ned's arrest, wiction, followed by long tronment, and she would

chirography, but looked as if it had been traced with difficulty and with a trembling hand.

Turning back to the beginning of the note, she read with a pale and startled face, the following:

My dear Gertrude,—You will doubtless wonder at receiving a note from me, written in a strange hand; but I am ill and not able to write my self. I am also in deep trouble, as, of course, you already know, and am at present confined to my stateroom on board a vessel, in which I shall sail to-morrow, Saturday, for a foreign country, and thus foreign every

morning.

Then, locking herself in, she conned a dark street dress and hat, and tied a thick, brown veil over her face, after which she stole softly out of the house. the house without attracting the

attention of any one.
She had a latch-key which Mrs. Page and given to her when she first came to Halifax, therefore she knew that she would have no difficulty in getting in again and have head the she will be a she will be should be sh in again, and hoped that no one would ever be the wiser for her night's ad-

venture.

It lacked just five minutes of eight as she ran lightly down the steps into the street.

The night was cloudy, consequently it was darker than usual at that hour, so that Gertrude did not fear being identified by any one.

She sped along to the corner where she found a carriage stationed as she had expected.

The driver was standing by his horses, as if waiting for some one, and when Gertrude uttered the password "Eagle," which her note directed her to use, he responded, respectfully:

"Yes which the light was a standing to the password the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to some one, and when Gertrude uttered the password that the she was a standing to some one, and when gertrude uttered the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to the password that the she was a standing to the corner where the password that the she was a standing to the corner where the password that the she was a standing to the corner where the password that the she was a standing to the corner where the password that the she was a standing to the corner where the password that the she was a standing to the corner where the password that the she was a standing to the corner where the password that the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the corner where the she was a standing to the she was a standing to the she wa

respectfully:

"Yes, miss; it's all right, and the gentleman has sent a stewardess to keep ye company."

He opened the door as he spoke, and Gertrude caught sight of the outlines of a woman's figure seated within the vehicle.

She was greatly relieved, and felt that Ned had been very thoughtful—as he always was—of her comfort, while she was also very glad that she had not brought a servant along, as she had been tempted to do.

do.

She unhesitatingly entered the carriage, taking the seat opposite her companion, who was of somewhat capacious proportions, the door was closed, the driver sprang upon his seat, and away they went, through the darkness, at a lively sneed. speed.
"You are a stewardess," Gertrude

remarked, after several moments oppressive silence.

'Yes, marm," was the brief but half-smothered reply.

"What is the name of the vessel to which you belong?"

"Bald Eagle, marm," in the same

"Bald Eagle!" repeated Gertrude, and comprehending now why she had been told to use the latter word as a signal.

a signal.
"Yes, marm."
"The woman did not appear inclined to be very communicative, Gertrude thought; but she was so nervous and excited she felt that she must talk to some one, so she continued her questions "When does the vessel sail?" she

when does the vessel sall?" she inquired.
"To-morrow morning, marm."
"What port is she bound for?"
"Ahem!—couldn't say, marm, exactly; some—some foreign port, most

likely."
"You have a bad cold, haven't
you?" Gertrude observed, for her com-panion's tones sounded strangely husky and unnatural.

and unnatural.

"Ye-yes, marm," supplemented by an embarrassed cough.

The young girl felt there was not much satisfaction in trying to carry on a conversation with one so tacturn, therefore she gave up the attempt, and fell to musing upon the approaching interview with her lover.

The carriage finally stopped, after a rapid drive of perhaps fifteen minutes.

The moment the door was opened The moment the door was opened the stewardess hastened to alight and Gertrude followed her, but with a sinking heart and faltering steps, down some stairs to the water's edge, where a rowboat with two men seated in it, was moored.

ed, and shrinking back, "have we to go in a boat?"
"Yes, marm, but only a short distance," said her companion, trying

to speak reassuringly.

"But I thought—I imagined I was only to go aboard some steamer lying at the wharf." Gertrude returned, as she looked about her anxiously, and regretting, all too late, that she had come at all. It was so dark, everything about her was so dismal and uncanny, while a feeling of distrust of her companions was stealing over her, that she began to be thoroughly frightened.

Another man now made his appearance and curtly called out:
"All aboard! Step right in, marm
and we'll soon be on the Bald Eagle." The stewardess was already seated in the boat and, before Gertrude hardly realized how it was done,

she found herself sitting beside her and the light craft speeding over the dark waters. (To be Continued.)

Interesting Old Churches.

Some of the most interesting old churches in the world are said to be located in Yorkshire, England. At Adel, for instance, there is probably the one perfect Norman church in England, with its lion's head on the door for sanctuary. At Lastingham there is the wonderful church founded by St. Ceadda, which has a hole in the alies down which one descende in the alies down which one descende ed by St. Ceadda, which has a hose in the aisle, down which one descends to find oneself in another church acting as the foundation for the edifice above. At Kirkdale stands the ancient church built by Brand, the priest, which was actually restored some years before the conqueror set foot on British soil. Among the other numerous resities in the other numerous rarities in churches which Yorkshire boasts may be mentioned the Saxon frescoes on the walls of the aisle in the parish church at Pickering.

Just Chaft.

Policeman-What are you loafing around here for at this hour? Inebriate I jush ashed a sailor what time tish.
"Well?" "Well, he said he wush goin"

Work of a Devoted Pries Among Fire Victims.

CONSOLATION FOR THE DYING

One of the most impressive and pathetic sight; of the dreadful catastrophe at Hotoken, N. Y., where so many persons perished by tire, was the heroic action of Rev. John Brosnan, of the Mission of Our Lady of the

Suddenly he saw the fire boat New Yorker coming into her pier. On her decks were dark io. m. In an instant he recognized what they were, the forms of men dying, unconscious, men burned or crushed, or half drowned the evidence of a great disaster.
Sending to the Misson for the holy
oils and Viaticum, Father Brosnan
administered conditional ab olution to
alton board.
"Are there others?" he asked of a

slowly settling to the bottom. She swung in under the grey shell as close as Cap'ain Roberts dared to go. The priest, stanling in the bow of the tug, sturdy, impresive—a figure to inspire awe in his simple vestments—bold in a coverifix before the

to inspire awe in his simple vestments—held up a crucifix before him.

As the tug rounded to under the stern of the settling vessel, he saw right in front of him a human face wearing a look of agony such as the old masters were wont to paint on the pictures they marked "Eccs Homo."

It was the face of a young man, but it looked like the face of seventy, The bloodebut eyes had little of life or in. bloodshot eyes had little of life or in-tellect left in them. For three hours the man had been in agony—three hours—an eternity!

The good priest's eyes filled with

The good priest's eyes inflet with tears. Horrors are not his forte, and standing in the presence of one, it was not so much the horror as the pathos of it, which struck him, though he was keenly sensible to the former. He looked beyond this ghas ly spectacle of a human being prisoned beyond all hope of saving, with colness and fresh air and health and happiness sust beyond his reach, and saw a soul struggling to be free.

gling to be free.

He stood on tiptoe and tried to reach the crucifix to the lips of the dying man. But the distance was too great. He uttered the sacred words of peace and benediction. The dying man opened his eyes.
They lit up with the light of understanding. He could not talk English but he understood the blessing, and with the understanding it seemed as if his force controlled. ed as if his face softened and changed and lost its horrible, re-

pellant look.

relant look.

The tug passed on From one port hole to another it went, pausing long enough for the priest to carry consolation to those within.

The last port hole was empty. At the next to the last were the face and arms of a man of about twenty-seven. The rising water had reached his chin. He was too weak to rake it. He spoke English, and when the priest began to pray for him he cried weakly:

"God bess you, Father! I saw what you were doing, and feared you would not reach me. Christ forgive me!"

me!"
As the tug's bow rose on seswell the priest reached in and touched the crucifix to the man's black lips. He kissed cifix to the man's black lips. He kissed it, then uttered a long sigh. The creeping water rose. Now the brine reached his lips. He weakly tried to raise his head above the waves, but lacked the strength, and sank out of sight. Blessed, his last prayer answered, the young man had died with faith in his soul.

faith in his soul.

It was 3 a.m. before Father Brosnan found there was no further call for his ministrations.

In speaking of the affair, Father Brosnan suid: "I did not stop to inquire whether or not the sufferers were of my religious faith. I administered extreme unction to thirty persons before they were carried to the hospitals.

"It seems to me as though I had aith in his soul.

They spent their last moments in maying with n...

"Many fur plurall wife he leeds of hiroling darting the way is not it that to do that it was it in to mirro carry consolation to some the highest that produce real horoes."

Father Brosnan is a native of Ireland. He was educated in France and in Rome, and recently e and to New York 20 later in the midden.—Catholic Transcript.

DORSET HUMOR. When Hanging Was a Popular

(Cornwall Magazi nan, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

Father Brotson was walking along the Battery when he heard of the f.re.

Suddenly he saw the fire boat New Yorker coming into her pier. On her decks were dark 10. ma La an instatus he recognized what they were, the

struck another match."

A kind-hearted and wealthy man who had from small beginnings built up a large fortune, used to allow the public to freely traverse two of his estates. He had put up a notice, asking for good conduct from his visitors, and stating that "the two estates is the property of So-and-so, Est." Some humovous passers in the circle of the

"Are there others?" he asked of a lireman.

"Father, there is worse, if you have the nerve to face them. There are men burning to death before one's eyes on the steamer, but the sight is too awful to bear. You better not go, Father."

"My good man," said Father Brosnan, "if men are suffering and dying there is the plane for Christ's mercy to go, and the consolation of His religion. How call I get there?"

"I will take you, Father," said Captain Roberts, of the Lugboat Mutual. The priest stepped on board, and the big tug steamed over to Commun paw flats, where the doomed vessel was slowly settling to the bottom.

She swung in under the grey shell to be a swing in increase of the property of So-and-so, Esq.," Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is" and wrote over it "am." The property of So-and-so, Esq.," Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is" and wrote over it "am." The property of So-and-so, Esq.," Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is" and wrote over it "am." The property of So-and-so, Esq.," Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is" and wrote over it "am." The property of sale who was different to a friend who was with him, and in all innocence asked.

"Which is right." His companion tentient if the word "are" was substituted.

Mr. Francis Fane, who first sat for Dorch seer in 1790, was desperately, fond of practical joking, and trayelling one day to London inside the coat-tail of the Dorch seer in 1790, was desperately, fond of practical joking, and trayelling one day to London inside the coat-tail of the Dorch seer in the word "are" was substituted.

She swung in under the grey shell in the word wis" and wrote over it "am."

The property of So-and-so, Esq., "Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is" and wrote over it "am."

The property of So-and-so, seeing the sum of the property, seeing the alteration, turned to a friend who was with him, and in all innocence asked.

"Which is right to a friend who was with him, and in all innocence asked."

"The property of So-a was outside, hung down temptingly, near the open window. Mr. Fane could not resist the opportunity of slitting the barber's pocket and extracting its contents, which proved to be a large packet of bank notes, which had large packet of bank notes, which had been entrusted to the barber to deliver safely in London. When the barber discovered his loss his dismay was great, and after he had been reduced to a state of desperation, Mr. Fane produced the packet of notes, and by way of amends proposed to give the barber a dinner at the White Horse Cellar in London. The dinner took place on the afternoon fixed for the barber's return to Dorchester, and the barber, waxing mellow, plied with barber, 'waxing mellow, plied with good liquor, Mr. Fane assisted him into

narber, waxing menow, piled with good l'quor, Mr. Fane assisted him into the night coach for Dorchester in Oxford hire, where the bewildered barber in the acily hours of the morning could neither find his pole nor his local laudmark, the town pump, hard by, which was his shop.

Times were rougher in those days than now. "Hangings" were then looked forward to as a pleasant break in the duiness of life, Said an old Dorset shepherd, pointing to where the gibbet stood on the wild downs near Cranbourne, "A hanging was a pretty sight when I were a boy, for the shere and javelin men came a horseback, and they all stopped for refreshment at the inn near by, as they'd come a long way, and we all had a drink." "And did the man who was going to be hanged have we all had a drink." "And did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?" "Lord! yes, sir, as much strong beer as he liked, and we all drank his health, and then they hanged him, and buried him by the gibbet."

The gay wit of Lord Alington needs no bush When County Councils were

The gay wit of Lord Alington needs no bush. When County Councils were established in 1889, Lord Alington stood for a division in Dorset as a County Councillor, and had for an opponent a country parson from the neighborhood. The parson, carried away by the fervor of the contest, told his would-be constituents, in somewhat rhetorical language, that he "was prepared to die for them." In spite of this generous offer, when the contest was over, it was found that Lord Alington had been returned by a thumping majorwas found that Lord Alington had been returned by a thumping majority. In his address that evening to the electors, thanking them for his elector, Lord Alington humorously, said that he had no intention whatever of dying for his constituents, he meant to live for them, and he thought that they had shown, by electing him, that they considered that "a live lord was better than a dead parson."

Chinese Learning.

Chinese Learning.

There is much to be learned after the world captures China. Many scientists belive that the nucleus of great events is imbedded amid the mysteries of that great region of country, which may not be so benighted as is generally supposed. The preservation of grapes, to make use of one illustration of Chinese industry, is one of the many things that were of my religious faith. I administered extreme unction to thirty persons before they were carried to the hospitals.

"It seems to me as though I had brought consolation to some of them. Death they knew was certain. There was no way of escaps. Many of whom I saw did not seem to be frenzied.

## CHAFING AND

Exasperated by Summer Heat, Become Intolérable Relief is Prompt and Cure Certain When Dr. Chase's Ointment is Used.

Ointment has come to be considered

"Well?" "Well, he said he wush goin' to see."

Hoax—Poor Jenks! he's in a very unsettled state just now. Joax—Financial troubles? Hoax—Oh, no! He's visiting friends in Kentucky.

"Now, my friends," shouted the temperance orator, "what is it that drives men to drink?" A young man in the rear of the hall, interpreting the query as a conundrum, confidently oried: "Balt mackerel!"

Ontment has come to be considered the tensistended by considered the standard preparation for itching skin diseases, and has by far the skin diseases, and has by far the skin is remedy.

Try it when the feet are chafed and sore with walking. Try it when the skin is chafed, inflamed, and irritated. Try it for pimples, black heads, hives, eczema, salt rheum, and every form of itching skin diseases. It cannot fail you.

Mr. John Broderick, Newmarket,

Skin, and never found anything to do the standard preparation for itching skin, and never found anything to do the standard preparation for itching skin, and never found anything to do the standard preparation for itching skin diseases, and each of the standard preparation for itching the skin disease, and far the would advise all sufferers, and especially bicycle riders, to have the would advise all sufferers, and especially bicycle riders, to have if I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I would advise all sufferers, and especially bicycle riders,

To many fleshy people summer is the time of much misery from chafing and skin irritation. Some complain particularly of sore feet, caused by perspiration while waiking. Others suffer from itching skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, rash, or hives.

Persons who have tried Dr. Chase's Olntment for itching or irritated skin are enthusiastic in recommending it to their friends, because it is the only preparation which affords instant relief and speedily brings about a thorough cure.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment has come to be considered Ointment has come to be considered of the itching immediately.

Ont., writes: "I have been troubled for thirty years with salt rheum, I used remedies and was treated by plysicians all that time, but all used remedies and was treated by plysicians all that time, but all salted to cure me. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get, relief, but all in vain. My son brought me at trial sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the it-hing immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

Mr. M. A. Smith, Brockville, Ont, writes: "I suffered many years with call in vain. My son brought me at trial sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I found great relief, and had the first night's rest in years. It stopped the it-hing immediately. One box cured me. Publish these facts to suffering humanity."

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skin, and never found anything to do me good, or even give me relief, until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I would advise all sufferers, and especially bicycle riders, to always have it on hand."