Let me tell you a story.

It was during the war between the Northern and the Southern States. A great battle had been fought. It had extended far beyond the typographical limits set by the tacticians; it had raged far beyond the ferocity expected of the

BY GRACE KING

A battery had been charged again and gain. Each time the hoatile flag led the column of uniforms and bayon mearer and nearer, each time the in-tremened artillery drove it back with greater havoe, and each time the curtain of smoke lifted over a ground thicker atrewn with fallen soldiers.

Finally for one moment the two flags

the colors of the uniforms mingled, tossed at the ends of glittering bayonets; then there was a terrible plosion; an earthquake shook the ground; the curtain of smoke was too heavy to lift; the battery was silenced; so were

The battle turned in another direction; the guns sounded from another quarter of the heavens. When the sun set it set on the field, but not on the struggle. Night fell, but not to closk the slumbers of exhausted humanity; the darkness was used to conceal the stealthy forwarding of re-inforcements to this point, ammunition to that. The moon the fields of trampled grain, over the

evacuated camps, over the prostrate rank and file, over the silenced battery. The smoke all cleared away; a dewy coolness refreshed the parched air, and made it balm to parched lips and burning skins. A breeze rose with the moon. It swept gently over the field, so gently gathering all the sounds that were falling unheard from stiffened lips and failing hearts, and bearing them all on -sighs, groans, plaints, prayers, blue and gray together—into one common neutral prayer that rose and fell fitfully, like the strains of an Æolian harp. It w Æolian harp with human strings.

Around the battery the moon's rays self-with the ground, so thick were the bodies, or fragments of them, and the breeze seemed to thicken perceptibly with sound as it passed over what had breeze seemed to thicken perceptibly with sound as it passed over what had been the breastworks. With the fitful sounds there were fitful awakenings from what seemed the sleep of death; eyelids

ment before resurrection.

From under a heap of mortal and military debris on top of the embankment a e head raised itself; it seemed fear fully alone in its life. Its staring wide eyes glittered with fever, its groans and sighs broke in bloody bubbles over its face; there seemed no mouth or member left to utter them. All around were blood and blue and gray, bayonets, corp ses, and disjects membra of corpses; there was nothing else to see, for the moon to show him. Below the ghastly, bloody head-in touching distance if the hands could have moved to touch them; in speaking distance if there had been a tongue to speak - lay in a bright glare of light two forms. They were still clasped together in the tight, convulsive, desperate grasp with which they had clinched when they were threaded by the same flash, mangled by the same shell. Un-

groan came from the other. They made the other.

"You-you are a Yankee?" came from one.

"Confederate."
The wounded, bloody, gazing man would fall back, from weakness, into un-consciousness, which held sweet visions; but the air, getting always purer and fresher, would wake him out of them with a morning alertness. With faculties cleared and rested, he would open his eyes eagerly, raise his head, and see always the same picture, hear always the same Æolian harp of mortal anguish. "If I could only move !" complained one of the figures near him.

"Don't-don't leave me," implored the other.

All through the night, among the sounds borne by the breeze, the man could hear those two voices from the dying men clasped in each other's arms. Their talking went into his own delirious imaginings, and started all sorts of It . was low and sweet, like the talking of angels or women or children. What they said he never could precisely unravel. Sometimes he could remember a long conversation between them; sometimes it was all a blur in his mind.

He thought while their tones came him of hoys playing out in the meadows; of children in their night-clothes saying their evening "Our Father; of homesick students crying for "mother;" of companions on a railway journey ex-changing names and addresses; of parting relatives sending long messages home, as people do at a "goodby;" the congregation in a country church repeating the creed; of the Saviour forgiving His enemies; of weeping mothers; of sorrowing penitents; of angels in long robes, with upward-pointed wings, flying to Heaven across a moonlit sky. Then there was a confused babbling both voices, like the babbling of the fever in his own brain. After what appeared an eternity of this, a cloud came

over the moon and rain fell. The rain being so long and heavy as to render the roads impassable, the battle surprised both armies again by ten minating suddenly in an unfinished condition. Squadrons were immediately girl stopped suddenly and pouted, and detailed on each side to look after the would have nothing more to do with the

killed and wounded. A prominent family in Boston telegraphed to friends in their army to spare begged. no expense that the body of so-and-so, aged twenty, five feet ten, regular features, black hair, etc., etc., might be sent home for burial.

A prominent family in Richmond telegraphed to relatives in their army that nothing be left undone to secure the remains of so-and-so and send them home "But for burial; aged eighteer, five feet nine, light hair, regular features, etc., etc. From bo h sides officers came to the love you.

battery to search for the missing one and found them lying check to check, almost lip to lip, hardly more than one mangled body between them, two bat-tered flags betteath. There could be no

asparation althout mutilation.

All that was possible was done. The seath was dong from under and around them, and both sauk together in a common trench, were both covered by one hillock. Both sets of officers were generously emulous to accure identification of the spot. A picket-fence was put up around it, and boards lettered with the necessary record.

the necessary record.

Among the wounded in the battery a man with his jawbone shattered and congue shot away was discovered in voiceless delirium. He was sent to the voiceless delirium. He was sent to the nearest hospital, and there with difficul ty recognized as Marcot; the caricaturist and newspaper correspondent, an amateur soldier unattached to any com-

The war ended ; peace was restored. From his hospital, Marcot—the hid-cous, deformed Marcot—wrote his account of the death scene of the two soldiers, and published it over his signature in papers North and South; but he had forgotten, if he had ever heard, the names. He then left America forever to hide his ugliness and dumbness, and seek ameli-oration of his sufferings at some obscure

bathe in Europe.

The battle-field grew over with weeds and grasses; the earth settled into quiet uniformity over the place where the two great armies had fought, where the half of both of them lay buried. A whitewashed picket-fence, surrounding a double ridged grave, marked the elevated site of the battery. Near by, the fresh timbers of a new dwelling replaced the old homestead which had been shot away been scared away at the time from their property, returned like birds to their roost as soon as the disturbance was over. They were honestly proud of the honor conferred on their small territory, and groans, plaints, prayers, blue and gray together—into one common neutral prayer that rose and fell fitfully, like the strains of an Æolian harp. It was an Æolian harp with human strings.

Around the battery the moon's rays aldom hit the ground so thick were the saldom hit the ground so thick were the

shrill voice of his wife. The old woman was as cheerful and energetic as she had ever been. When quivered into feeble liftings, fingers twitched, glassy eyes gleamed with a momentary light, bodies rolled over, legs daily increasing wonderment at a battle in her own native State and on her own little scrap of land, a battery in her own cornfield.

But the battle itself was a cheap homemade production and the day a faded representation to the battle and day called Buena Vista. Her only son and child had been killed there and then, some twenty years before. The very name meant to her the clashing of swords and the shining of the panoply of the archangels. Whenever people talked to her of the last war and the fighting in it, she would simply ask them if they had ever heard of the battle of Buena Vista;

that was all. On the anniversary of the battle, the battle that took place in their own fields, which they determined to keep with the Sabbath-like propriety of clean clothes and no work, a hack drove up the road from the station and stopped at their derneath them were their two flags, undistinguishable from the dye of blood.

"Water! water!" gasped one. A a question, but seeing the grave in the side by side out of the path before an effort, but could not move one from distance, she burst into tears, and hast-them. ened up the path toward it, motioning to the little boy to remain behind. He the same time. They stood close togethsat down, shy and embarrassed, on the lowest step. The old woman, looking statues. All white! No color of hair, after the lady, saw her drop on her knees uniform, or eyes to distinguish, to sepain the grass, and rest her head against rate them. And the features - had the the fence around the grave. The whistle artist tricked them and sent duplicates? of the northern-bound train was heard, and shortly after the same back returned with another fare; and stopped at the ed with another fare; and stopped at the gate. A thin, gray-haired lacy in shabby mourning descended, holding a toddling little girl by the hand. She would not be detained by a word. Hastily putting the little girl on the steps, she pointed to the grave, and ran toward it, not by the path, but over the field, which took her, atraighter, and field, which took her, atraighter, and the prodestal above, gunstock, hands, breast, subject and commenced to talk of a new subject and commenc

> first comer rise from her knees, and then ferences innumerable, which the cunning the other rose, and both women confront- artist had wrought into the stone, ined each other over the fence, looking visible to all except a mother's eye. across the grave. the mother of the killer of her son, and the image of the original. Who could the batteries of their hearts shot out a dmire the one without admiring the hatred that dried the tears in their eyes, other? Who could love the one and and silenced the prayers on their lips.
> What wrongs and outrages each one remembered, what the war had left unavenged each heart only knew. They raised their hands to point, and opened both," said the other.

their knees. Each mother got out her little store of relics and spread them on the grass. The gray cap, lock of fair hair, trinkets and photographs on one side, the blue cap, dark hair, trinkets and photographs on with a mother's well-worn garrulity.

the other, with the little pieces of each The old woman at the farm house callflag which the kind-hearted officers had ed the son and daughter to see the ladies cut off for them the day their boys were walk up the path hand in hand.

"Mary;" said the young man, "see; at last they are friends. Now you have no account of the cars of the other, and their prayers intermingled, until the hackman came, first for the passenger on the Northern train, then for the passenger who wished but what you represent. Your peo-

to go South.

"Go away !" she answered.

"Why won't you play with me any

"Becaure I hate you. "But why do you hate me?" Because you are a Yankee. "But you are a nice little girl, and I

Then his mother called him to get nto the hack. Each anniversary of the battle brought the mothers to the grave. They never spoke. They wept and prayed together the mothers to the grave. They never spoke. They wept and prayed together when it could not be avoided, and separated, each one resenting more and more bitterly the presence of the ether's son in her son's grave. The old woman cared for them both, one just as tenderly as the other, welcoming and speeding them, and invariably asking them if they had ever heard of the battle of Buena Vista. The children always had their Vista. The children always had their glass of milk and plaved pleasantly together, until the little girl would remember that she hated the little boy. Then no prayers or entreaties would

move her to speak to him.

As years went by, publicity was given to much that was mpeterious at the time exploits were unearthed to be celebrat ed; battles were refought by the new lights of statistics; honors, even immor-tality, were conferred lavishly. Many a family recovered from grief to clamor for pensions, glory, monuments, and many a poor dead soldier became willingly spared for the gain and profit of his

death to his relatives. National cemeteries and national com memorations were set apart by public feeling, good-fellowship became the picture "Amor Patrize." In the backwogue, and elequent speeches were always a-making full of patriotism and praise for living and dead, for friend or caricaturists, inflamers of passions, ex-

whom rejoicings could not rejoice, and one woman at the South whom speeches ed the idea, although they knew it could could no longer elate. Patriotism to never be carried out, and they seconded each represented a missing son; their his wish to return to America for reain the introductory movement to the country's renewed reconciled prosperity listic effects studied on the battle-field battle. The thrifty old couple, who had Dead Sea fruit. The more others forgot and forgave, the more were they de-

that as statues were being put up every-where to far less glorious soldiers, the

not lie ignominiously uncommemorated back of the spot where the soldier-boys by the side of his rich foe. She sent an agonized. rder to Italy, and for fear of unfavorable comparison against her and hers, to color—golden, opaline, crimson, violet. the same sculptor selected by the rich The maimed and mutilated survivor of Northern woman. The artist promised the old conflict lingered till he became seerecy, and pledged himself not to de-

liver the one statue before the other.

They arrived together against the date appointed, and were put up side by side guardian angel. And drawing hastily at the head of the grave. Such was their impatience that the two mothers he saw, hand clasped in hand came overnight before the anniversary, each one thinking to precede the other.

The old woman furnished the beds in the world for a time, seeing but each different rooms, but she could hear them other's faces, hearing but each other's walking the floor at all hours of the voices. The hour was waking its glad walking the floor at all hours of the night waiting for daylight, crying, praying in their excitement, as if the battle When out of ear shot the crippled man had only been of yesterday. She went looked back. The full moon was rising from one to the other with soothing as it rose that night over the battery. words of patience, and advice to make a In the silver light the pure white marbl trial of sleep, promising to wake each figures stood like a glorified transfiguraone at the first cock-crow.

one carrying her wreath of immortelles,

"He has made yours like mine!' accused one.

"He has made yours like mine !" re-

Each mother looked into the face of other as they did, each statue was yet

"They are as alike as brothers," one mother exclaimed. "One statue could have served for

their lips to speak, but a simultaneous And then for the first time each moththought or feeling drove them again to er understood and sympathized with the loss of the other. They fell into each

ple..."
"Hush!" he said, "we must not quarize how blasphemous your words sound. done, where you would never come with "What is the matter with you?" he me. though I have begged you so oft-

"Richard, your brother-

"Won't you play with me some more?" ever change, you will tell it to me out there ou that grave, and nowhere else. there on that grave, and nowhere else, in the evening twilight, of your own to Steam Engines, Mills, Factree will. I shall never ask for your love to ries and Machinery of all kind.

This was the last visit of the mothers to the grave. One died during the following year, and the other, curiously enough, maintained that she would not

go to the grave to mourn there alone without the other mother.

without the other mother.

The moonlight scene of the battle-field had never left the poor, half-crazy brain of Marcot. When the pain was not in his head he could look upon the beautiful, visionary landscape of the heavenly Meriditerranean, and think of the gentle, resigned things to write in the diary which was to be published after his death. But when the pain got into his head he would tear his hair, and clutch his body, and shed great tears of agony, for words—words to express himself but once more in life. Not one word now—he who had been so voluble. He who had been so witty and humorous—never a smile witty and humorous—never a scale again! He would fling aside pen and ink and seize his pencil—the old trenchant pencil—and throw on paper the horrors he felt, the horrible horrors he knew of civilized warfare; the bloodshed, the ghastliness, the mutilations, the un-pardonable sins against humanity in it. The scraps of paper that fell from him in these moods hurt the eyes of the servant who picked them up.

Then the fancy came to him to paint

For years he stroye to express himself in color, to speak to the world, to find a substitute for his tongue in that way. He dreamed of painting two beautiful youths dead in each other's arms, hostile flags, hostile uniforms, wet with on

aggerators of differences, newspaper promoters of sectional strife.

And so he came to the farm-hous termined to maintain the position in and was received by the old woman, and which their boys had died. which their boys had died.

On one anniversary the old farmer's Buena Vista and other battles and mothwife whispered to the Southern mother ers and killed sons. He waited over the anniversary, and mixed in the gathering at the national cemetery with his face swathed in a handkerchief, listened to at the head of his grave.

The Southern mother cried aloud in despair at her poverty, but starve or not, she determined that her son should not lie ignominiously uncommended.

The sun sank down on rich banks of to that spot where mutual hate had been buried in a common grave, with love its

tion of that valor which once had strewn She kept her promise. In the early the spot with slain; the young man and gray, from one side of the house crept woman confessing and acknowledging one woman, from the other stole the other, each one hoping to be first, each good-will which it had seemed the cannone had shattered at that spot forever each one lost in preoccupation, forget-ting the taking away of the fence. and it appeared to Marcot that this suited his name "Amor Patrie" better As it were miraculously, the dew-sprinkled white marble soldier boys rose years in his brain.

In time the belief became current that the two statues were raised to two brothers who were killed fighting on opposit sides during the war. - Harper's Bazar.

The use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine con stitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the malady, without injury to the sys-

field, which took her straighter and pedestal, shoes, gunstock, hands, breast, quicker. She too fell on her knees in face, hair, cap. The rays shot over the the grass outside the fence, and seemed to sob heavily. The old woman saw the inch. There was a difference, and difference and difference the day, when she expenses the solution of the control o claimed, "Ah. it's our bodies we're concerned about!" Her friend, not under standing her, observed, "Tuits! Never

Whereas much disease is caused by wrong action of the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, and whereas Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia, kidney com-plaint, liver complaint, dropsy, rheumatism, sick headache, etc. Therefore use B.B.B. and be restored to health, 2

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#### REPAIRS

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ASHFIELD.

Council met Aug. 29th. Minutes of former meeting read and signed. According to bylaw the county rate is 2 2-10 mills on the dollar; local rate, 14 mills. The reeve and treasurer were asked to borrow \$400 for three months asked to borrow \$400 for three months to meet current expenses. Accounts paid: E Audrew, inspecting gravelling, \$5; R Armstrong, inspecting gravelling, \$5; R Armstrong, inspecting gravelling, \$1.25; F Jury, gravel, \$11.36; T Baird, gravel, \$3.44; O Nicholson, gravel, \$1.68; P Fisher, gravelling, \$33.74; D Keys, bridge, con. 10, (\$179; J Vint, gravelling, culvert and inspecting, \$22.50; R Twomley, gravelling, \$3.60; D Allin, inspecting gravelling, \$1.25; Wm Mourn, gravelling, \$55.50; M Finleon, gravelling, \$54.50; J Drennan, culvert and repairing road, \$9.50; J Kilpatrick, balance on work on Richards. culvert and repairing road, \$5.50, 3 km; patrick, balance on work on Richardson's hill and repairing soraper, \$12.75; Mrs Glenn, gravel, \$16; W Rutherford, gravelling, \$25.20; J Thompson, culvert, \$14.25; D McIntyre, inspecting gravelling, \$2 50; J Lannan, filling gravel pit, \$2.50; J Mahaffy, plank to pathmasters, \$1.60.68; H Okra, function appears for \$9.68; H Otway, funeral expenses for the late Mrs Martin, \$3.30; J Sullivan, repairing hill, \$4; J Buckley, inspecting gravelling, \$12; J Dalton, culvert, \$2 F McLennan, repairing culvert, \$1.50; J McNain, balance on Pritchard's bridge. \$8; Ed Hannah, gravelling, \$102.86; C Murray, drain, \$2; A Dreaney, repairing road, \$8 50; T Congrain, work on road, \$2; T Culbert, work on road, \$2; G Harris, lumber, \$2.60; D McWhinney, gravelling, \$43.75; W Kilpstrick, equalizing union school sections, \$20, and underdrain, \$4; W H Maize, inspecting gravelling, \$14 37½; Wawanosh Agri Society, \$25; J Murphy, spreading gravelling, \$8; T Ford, work on road, \$6; T Disher, repairing bridge, \$55 70. The clerk was asked to write W T Pellow, respecting change in course of river at his mill. Council meets again Oct. 18 W. LANE, clerk.

A single scratch may cause a festering sore. Victoria Cartolic Salve rapidly heals cuts, wounds, bruises, burns and

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effect. It invigora

ed the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it

did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left the nerves all fagged out. The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound— the Spring medicine of to-day—does all this, as nothing else can. Prescribed by Physicians, Recommended by Druggists, Endorsed by Min Guaranteed by the Manufacturers to be

#### The Best Spring Medicine.

"In. the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I boughta bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I fel very much better. I can cheefully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthen ing medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

#### Paine's **Celery Compound**

is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cured dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. \$1.00. Six for \$6.00. Druggists WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., - MONTREAL.

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2169-3m W. C. BONNELL, Manager

May 11th, 1887.

My wife suffered for five years with that distressing disease, catarrh. Her case was one of the worst known in these parts. She tried all of the catarrh remedies I ever saw advertised, but they were dies I ever saw advertiser, but they were of no use. I finally procured a bottle of Nasal Balm. She has used only one half of it, and now feels like a new person. I feel it my duty to say that Nasal Balm cannot be TOO HIGHLY recommended for caterny troubles, and am, pleased to for catarrh troubles, and am pleased to have all such sufferers know through its use they will receive instant relief and CURE CHAS. MCGILL Farmer

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NEWS FROM London, Sept.

the establishment in Ireland. It say will not be abolish for non-conformis avail themselves

avail themselves control of the conciliation of at Belfast will empowered to cor saving from the Collège at Cork Galway, combine retrenchment at expected partially endowment of the London, Sept. De Coulanges, the Rome, Sept. 14 poses the formatic Committees on the suggests that the meeting under the Paris, Sept. Antwerp disaster poses the adoption for the storing powder will be almore than twenty authority. authority.
PARIS, Sept. 14
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to engage in nine sion of the electi Tours, while exhe their political rigi entering political i VIENNA, Sept. Prese says the vis to Germany do Russia, the pape foment a war bet The appoints Govenor of Bohe as to the probabi Joseph being cre The discussion ha to call for an offic subject.

LONDON, Sept.

submitted to the
settlement of th the terms propos six shillings a da tute a day's labor

issue are to be Mr. Burns think these terms and resume work nex the strikers amo Mr. Burns wen commércial docks men not to hinde disputed points The Daily Telestrike, says: It is £2,000,000 has there are not wan former prosperity while if the cas replaced by a high of workers, somet toward the evolut ATHENS, Sept

the Cretan Ass papers unanimous the Porte. TELEGRA Another Stage of G.N.W. and MONTREAL, Ser

Christians, one o

ing the announce Great North Wes intended applying sion to reduce th Montreal Telegra and pay as rental It created a fit Telegraph stock has since recover continued to-day son, when Mr. Re was examined. was examined. S
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excluded from pro
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deal of feeling on Montreal stock, b public as an evide part of the G.N.V Behin NEW YORK, Sej New York, Sej can workingmen Europe last Jul dition of Europe yesterday on the Thompson, manage workmen on the compared withour represented in the carefully the prod Old Country. I machinery was on completeness seen Glasgow iron wowere 33 per cent. One of the part printing trade sai about where the were twenty year. were twenty year who looked into

Europe said wag lower than in this London, Sept.

Surrey Commerci fused to grant the men's manifesto, matter will be men are only stri