house and went upstairs to his room, ask her to marry him, and be sayin' bluish tinge. Abner sat transfixed. The forgetting that there was a man from as how she threw herself at him, but others at the table had a charming di-

Boston, to arrive late that evening, who was to have the room next to his.

Abner put up the horse and went home. As he went by Strout's door thoughts of the rum and molasses, and the good cigar that he had enjoyed the night of the surprise party one week ago went through his mind, and he stopped before Strout's door and list themselves." remarked Mrs. Hawkins looked the woodshed.

"List'ners never hear any good of themselves." remarked Mrs. Hawkins somewhat diminished by the events of he continued.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Boston to come down to breakfast. She how Mis' Hepsey Putnam was power-then waited impatiently from eight ful bad, and she wanted me to run o'clock until nine. During that time down to 'Zeke Pettengill's and have his fork to she put the breakfast on the stove to trips to the front entry, where she listened to see if she could hear any con's wife said as how I could go up their faces were red with their exer-

"It's nine o'clock and your breakfast's goin' to die, and she don't want to be most dried up," replied Mrs. Hawkins, left alone up in that big house."
"I don't wish for any breakfast," said Betsy looked at Mrs. Hawkins the voice within the room, but in a quiringly.

much pleasanter tone. "What time do Mrs. Ha

"All right," answered the voice, cheerfully, "I'll take my breakfast and

as she entered the kitchen. "What beats all?" asked Betsy Green, down agin about one o'clock arter Bet-

to the word she transferred the ap- and his resentful feelings had subsid-

nam was failin' very fast. She keeps has he got in his hands?" her bed all the time now, and Samanthy has to run up and down stairs 'bout ed out. Lindy do a thing for her."

Well, if I was Lindy," said Mrs. her if she wanted me to. She used to head of lettuce in his hand, abuse that child shamefully. Is Miss Lindy goin' to keep house arter her said Betsy. "She's got her laid eggs would suit him to a T."

things all packed up, and she told Samanthy she should leave town for well Hawkins.

Hawkins. "Where's Samanthy goin'?" rich I wouldn't git up any day till it "Oh, she says she wants to rest awhile wuz time to go to bed again." And he afore she goes anywhere else to live. laughed loudly at his own remark.

"No," said Betsy, "she won't go

"Oh, yes," replied Betsy, "but the me this one, 'couse we're putty

"That's all right," said Mrs. Haw- walked out into the woodshed. In a kins. "You can tell Samanthy for me few moments he was vigorously at can come here and stay a work chopping wood, whistling to himcouple o' weeks with you. Your bed's self as he worked.
big enough for you, and I won't charge "Mr. Hawkins is an awful good-naher no board if she's willin' to wait on tured man, isn't he?" asked Betsy.

with Mr. Pettengill arter he marries it up, and I'll make the dressin'."

stopped before Strout's door and lis- themselves," remarked Mrs. Hawkins tened attentively, but there was no as Hiram advanced into the room. sound, and he went upstairs discon- "I didn't hear nothin'," said Hiram. solately, and went to bed feeling that "I've got too many things in my head his confidence in the Professor had been to tell yer to mind any women's talk," 'What is it?" cried Mrs. Hawkins

and Betsy simultaneously. with your usual conversation. I have "Well, fust," said Hiram, "early this no doubt Mr. Stiles can tell us a good Mrs. Hawkins' Boarding House.

Mrs. Hawkins waited patiently until eight o'clock for the gentleman from to Deacon Mason's house and said as of village gossip that he would like to how Mis' Hensey Buttern was a first time to be a first time. him bring his sister right up to the keep it warm, and also made several house, 'cause Mis' Putnam wanted to Betsy assisting him in the search. When signs of movement on the part of her with him and her, and so we druv up, new boarder.

When nine o'clock arrived she could restrain her impatience no longer, and, "asked me if I'd drive over and ask months," where he looked at Betsy again, "asked me if I'd drive over and ask going upstairs, she gave a sharp rap Mis' Hawkins if you," here he looked on the door of Quincy's room. "What is it?" answered a voice, some-hat sharply.

come up and stay with her this arter-noon, for she thinks Mis' Putnam is

Betsy looked at Mrs. Hawkins in-Mrs. Hawkins saw the glance and cy, and thus the ice was broken." said: "I can't spare yer till arter win-"Twelve o'clock," said Mrs. Haw- ner, Betsy; say, 'bout one o'clock. You in my

right back and tell yer, and I'll drive

wasted."

and ready, Mother Hawkins!" And he what are you goin to do with it?"

and ready, Mother Hawkins!" And he told him there wuz a place where he'd headed "After Antiphanes," and they a struck the horse such a violent blow left off a shingle. Abel laughed and sez show that Lord Cromer has himself the "What are you goin' to do with it?" struck the horse such a violent blow asked Betsy. "Twon't keep till tomor- with the whip that it required all his he. 'If I hadn't better eyesight than gift of true poetry, and that empireattention for the next few minutes to you've got I'd carry a telescope 'round 'I'm goin' to eat it myself," said bring him down to a trot. When he with me. 'Well,' sez I, thinkin' I'd fool Mrs. Hawkins. And suiting the action had done so he reached his destination

was up there Sunday evening," re- the window, the former exclaimed plied Betsy, "and she said Mis' Put- "Why, there's Jonas, and what on airth Betsy ran to the window and look-

"I guess it's a head of lettuce," said At that moment the door opened and Hawkins, "I wouldn't do anything for Jonas Hawkins entered, bearing a huge "Wall, Marthy," said Mr. Hawkins, "how did the man from Bosting like his breakfast? I kalkilated them fresh-

"Must have been putty tired," con-tinued Mr. Hawkins. "I kinder envy 'I don't blame her," exclaimed Mrs him. Do yer know, Marthy, if I wuz "What do yer expect me to do with "P'r'aps she'll go and stay with yer that head of lettuce?" asked Mrs. Hawkins with some asperity in her tone.
"Wall," said Jonas, "I was over to Hill's grocery and he'd ordered some "Ain't yer mother 'n' her on good from Bosting for Mis' Putnam, but she's too sick to eat 'em, so Sam gave four boys send mother five dollars a customers, you know, and I kalkilated month apiece, and us girls give her that if you made up one of them nice two dollars a month apiece, and it's chicken salads of yourn it might please understood that none of us is to go the new boarder, and the old ones, and loaf 'round at home. 'less we pay too," and chuckling to himself he laid the lettuce on the kitchen table, and

table at dinner time. You'll get the benefit of it, ye know, Betsy, for you kin get the dinner dishes done so much good. If I'd known him twenty-five years ago he'd have money in the bank "That's very kind of you, Mrs. Haw- now. His fust wife wuz slacker'n dishkins," said Betsy, and the conversa-tion lapsed for a moment till she in-quired, "Will your daughter Mandy stay chicken I boiled and bone it and chop

versity of expressions on their faces, ranging from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." No one at the table enly to severe." No one at the table en-poyed the situation any more than Quincy finished his story. Samuel Hill, who was very fond of a joke, and who knew of Quincy's intenion to meet his enemy at close quar-

several minutes no one spoke. Betsy flew from one to the other waiting upon table, but a solemn hush seemed to have fallen upon the dinner party. Again Quincy broke the silence "I trust, gentlemen," said he, "that you will not let my presence interfere with your usual conversation. I have

Here Samuel Hill purposely dropped his fork upon the floor, and was oblig-ed to get under the table to recover it,

As we have seen on other occasions, the Professor was very quick in rescuhimself from any dilemma into which he might be thrown. He saw an opportunity to divert attention from himself, and speedily improved it. "I think I'll have to walk over and see Miss Tilly James, this afternoon," said the Professor.

At this shot at Samuel Hill and Betsaid: "I can't spare yer till arter winner, Betsy; say, 'bout one o'clock, You kin go and stay till the fust thing to-"All right," answered the voice, heerfully, "I'll take my breakfast and finner together."
"That beats all," said Mrs. Hawkins, said Hiram. "I'll drive she entered the kitchen she with the said and tell version in' you, Stiles"; and he gave the latter Corfu as a young subaltern artillery officer a nudge with his elbow that nearly

him. 'let's see which one of us has got the best eyesight.' I pointed up to the and, taking a seat, began to devour it.
"Have you seen your sister, Samanthy, lately?" she asked.

After Hiram had gone Mrs. Hawkins a hunderd feet off from where we stood, and sez I to Abel, Can you see that fly dinner. Happening to glance out of walking along on the sides of the house, which was bout a hunderd feet off from where we stood, and sez I to Abel, Can you see that fly dinner. to the back of his ear, and sez he, 'No, I can't see him, but I can hear him

> As Robert concluded a loud shout of laughter went up from the table.Quincy had no desire to be considered "stuck up," so he joined in the laugh, although he had heard the story in a So had the Professor, and he never allowed an old story to be told in his presence without working in two lines of doggerel which he had composed, and "He ain't got up yet," replied Mrs.

of which he was very proud. So, turning to Robert Wood, he said patronizingly, "That was very well told, Robert. The story is an old one, but you worked it up very nicely; but," continued the Professor, "as I have often remarked on similar occasions:

"It makes no difference whether a story's new or old, Everything depends on the way it's

Turning quickly to Quincy, he said,

'No doubt, Mr. Sawyer, can favor us with a story that we've never heard be-Quincy was a little taken aback, for said in a low but pleasant voice, "I am afraid that my story will have to depend on the way it is told rather than upon its novelty." He wondered if his hearers were acquainted with the travels of Baron Munchausen, but decided to try the experiment. "About a year ago," resumed Quincy, "I went down to Maine on some law business. I transacted it, but had to travel some ten miles to the county town to record my papers. I had a four-wheeled buggy, and a strong, heavily-built horse. It began to snow very fast after I started, but I knew the road and drove steadily on. As I approached the county town noticed that the snow was deeper When twelve o'clock sounded from than the highest building in town, in

Quincy Adams Sawyer

AND MASON'S CORNER FOLKS.

BY

CHAS. FELTON PIDGIN.

"Waal, I think the events proved," said Abner, "that you wus the most poplar man in ther town."

"Waal, I think the events proved," said Abner, "that you wus the most poplar man in ther town."

"Way," said "Why," said Strout, "Why," said Strout, "Then she must think a good deal of their town, and that's more'n any other to the town, and that's more'n any other feller could say."

"If you don't shut up," said Strout, "I'm on objections again yer."

"If you don't shut up," said Strout, "I'm on objections again yer."

"If you don't shut up," said Strout, "I'm on objections there town, and that's more'n any other to the room, and that's more'n any other town in sain yer."

"If you don't shut up," said Strout, "I'm on objections again yer."

"If you don't shut up," said Strout, "I'm on objections there were tourteen search at the casting my eyes upward there won't be any use of anyone run and hints and wobbles all 'round the question, but he don't ask half and he and to the short sone to he point. He hints and wobbles all 'round the question, but he don't ask half and he and of the shale was turned town's him. Seeling as that Mr. Sawyer is goin't to put him inter the grocery store and there won't be any use of anyone run and hints and wobbles all 'round the question, but he don't ask half and the won't come to the pint. He hints on the part of the town was visible extend the boarded with one shot table. The rofessor's face grew crimmon, how had arrived the hings and the processor's face grew crimson, home. Strout entered the boarding shale here were to the barried with me, and the won't come to the pint. He hints he won't come to the pint. He hints he won't come to the pint. He hints with the won't come to the pint. bluish tinge. Abner sat transfixed. The ture, but the stableman charged me fifty cents for the strap that I was obliged to leave on the church spire." A number of low whistles, intermixed

To be Continued Next Saturday.

LORD CROMER A POET AND CLASSIC SCHOLAR

Creator of Modern Egypt Finds Time to Woo the hiuses.

dary in Egypt, has always been regarded as the busiest man in the service of the British crown, the task of extricating the land of the Nile, as well as the sad Soudan from the slough of bankruptcy, corruption, insurrection and general chaos into which it had been plunged by Khedive Ismail and his immediate predecessors, fallowing upon centuries of Mameluke and Caliph maladministration, being a labor of so colossal a character as to monopolize the energies and to overtax the strength of even the most strenuous man. Yet in spite of this he seems to have found time not only to make a profound study of ancient Greek, but like-wise to convert into ringing English verse some of the most beautiful but least known of Greek poems, finding in this a relaxation from his administrative labors. learn modern Greek. This acquisition in-terested him in ancient Greek, and the

making, statesmanship, and the most arduous sort of financial reorganization do not necessarily destroy illusions. In deed, a man is a worse, not a better, ad-ministrator and leader of men who cares nothing for letters, and who has never, in the words of the London Spectator, discovered "the muses" secret hoard." It walkin' along on the ridgepole near the may be remembered that the great Marchimney? I ken.' Abel put his hand up quis of Wellesley, one of the most illustrious of India's governing generals, found time amidst the affairs of his viceroyalty to write some exquisite verse, named "The Rupert of Debate." found leisure to make and publish while premier the finest translation of Homer's mier the finest translation of Homer's "Iliad" in existence, while the present English Prime Minister's philosophic writings and the volumes which Lord Rosebery has published on Pitt and on Napoleon at St. Helena, all go to prove that statesmanship and letters go hand in hand.—Marquise de Fontenoy.

Advice to Married Men. Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Lawrence, Mass., in his Parish Calendar, has the

following remarks on the duties of married men: "I see no need of denying a man a night or so in a week to be ababsenting himself from home continually is what calls for condemnation. What is there that should more interest you than your home? There is your wife, whom you took in the holy sacrament of matrimony as your companion for life. Has she not more right to your company the appeal was unexpected, but he re-covered his self-possession quickly and covered his self-possession quickly and said in a low but pleasant voice. "I am the home. She labors during the day to keep the home. Why, then, when all labor is over, abandon her for the com-

> they not dearer to you than anything else in the world? Yet, as they grow up, they become more and more estranged from you, because they see so little of you. During the day you are at work, and consequently they do not see you. During the evening you absent yourself from home, and when you return they are in bed. The result of this is that children ee little of the fathers on account of this "Fathers, for your own sake, for your wife's and children's sakes, for the hap-

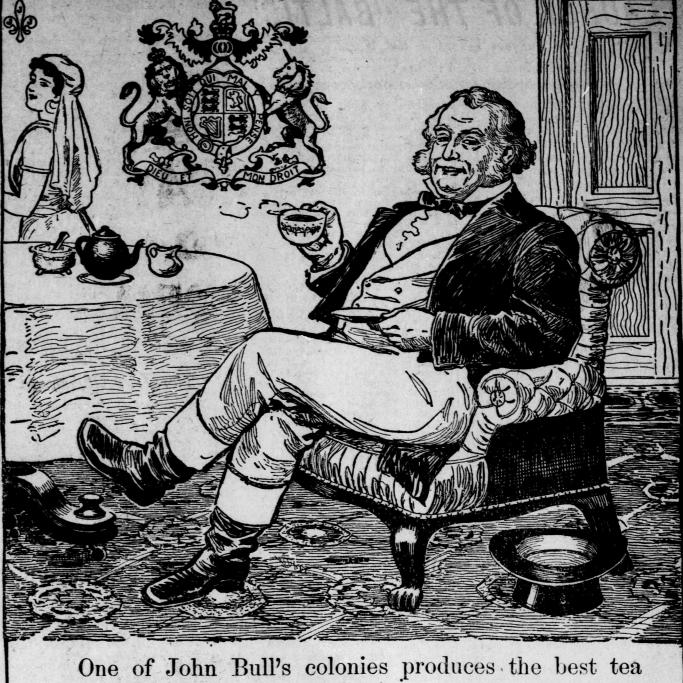
A Swinton-Dana Story.

ouched by a brilliant journalist, the late mon spectacle glasses. editor of the New York Sun, in a retort on Mr. Dana. "Swinton," said Mr. Dana one day, "I need a first-class editorial route will be but best in the best in the bottom of the basket and were hanging out an unspotted one every one day, "I need a first-class editorial writer. Have you one to recommend?" "How much are you willing to pay, Mr. Dana?" asked Mr. Swinton. "For a first-class man \$125 a week." was the reply. "But you cannot get a first-class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton. "Why not?" asked Mr. Dana, "That is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first-class man?" "No, Mr. Dana." rejoined Mr. Swinton. "If I were a 'first-class man' I should be paying you \$125 a week." That \$125 a week practically marked the limit of Mr. Swinton's opportunity, as it may be said to mark the limit of the same quality of brains in journalism today—and also the limit of something far more vital, for the difference between a Dana and a Swinton defies status.—Atlantic.

Horce's Sense of Smell.

A horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostrils will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the tairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his ever and wallow a mouthful

LESS YESTERNO AND THE STATE OF



grown. That colony is Ceylon!

There are grades of Ceylon tea—Blue Ribbon is the crême de la crême of Ceylon tea.

"Hill grown" where the temperature is cool, it contains all the tasty, creamy, odorous, nourishing properties that can be extracted from a luxurious and fertile soil. John Bull knows Blue Ribbon Tea and drinks lots of it.

Black Blue Ribbon Ask for the Red Lab Ceylon Tea Ceylon

now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded * * The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell, and at a considerable diswildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The smell informs them of its Others will, when loosened from the stable, go direct to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet, and patiently await its opening.—Agricultural World.

THEY ARE A HOUSEHOLD WORD

sent from his home, but the practice of Dodd's Kidney Pills Doing Great Work in Prince Edward

> They Put John J. Burns On His Feet Af-Darnley, P. E. I., Dec. 11. - All

panionship of others, since to her belongs your companionship?

"And there, too, in your home are your children—your own flesh and blood. Are word. Many are the cases of Kidney hrough this tight little island Dodd's Disease that have vanished before a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have proved they cure sick Kidneys and consequently vanquish all Kidney complaints from Backache to Bright's Disease, and all diseases resulting from disordered Kidneys from Rneumatism ed into the possession of her ex-footman to Heart Disease. John J. Burns, of lot 18, Darnley, and

mania of so many of our married men a well-known member of the I. O. F., to forget their homes and consequently is one of the most notable cures, and that natural love, filial love, of children he often tells the story of it. "For for father is chilled, weakened and frefrom what the doctors pronounced wife's and children's sakes, for the nappiness of your home, stay at home at night—become better acquainted with your children, spending all the time you can possibly in their midst; educating them by your conversation and good example; and, as they grow in years, love, each respect for you will grow the latest to give up in despair, when an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney. Pills. They did a wonderful work for your will grow the Lam now cured and thank Dodd's the piles and a specific properties. Kidneys. I got so bad I could scarceeverence and respect for you will grow me. I am now cured and thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for saving my life.'

Galileo's first telescope was made The crux of the newspaper question was each end of which he cemented com-John Swinton, for many years managing From Liverpool to Yokohama by

really her own until she has certified nasal proof of the fact. A blind horse. RELICS OF DANTE

of the Poet. Globe-Democrat.

Now that Sir Henry Irving is in this country, reviving interest in the great Italian poet, Dante by his wonderful impersonation of the latter on the stage, it may be of interest to recall the fact that most of the authentic and interesting relics of Dante are in the possession a short talk, other noted players crowdof an ex-footman, but who now bears a ing at the wings to hear his remarks. title of nobility obtained by the judicious expenditure of money. He was in the service of the late Countess Zucchini, who lied a few years ago at Florence, bequeathing to him her entire fortune, amounting to several million francs, after having raised him from the servants' all to the position of agent and factorum in the management of her property. countess was the last descendant he's doin' fierce. Been of Dante, the immortal poet of the "In- and ain't had a laugh yet." ferno," who, like herself, was a member of the Alighieri family. Marrying young a Count Zucchini, she left him after a ter Eight Years' Suffering—His Case Only herself to all kinds of eccentricities, despising etiquette, convention and formality. Several times the relatives of her mother and of her husband endeavored to have her put under restraint. But the courts invariably decided in her favor, declaring that while she was odd she was quite keen-witted enough to It had been hoped that she would bequeath the numerous relics of Dante which she had inherited as the last of the house of Alighieri, to some of the museums or public institutions, either of

> When Does Indian Summer Begin? In that gentle and indefinable shading off of summer into autumn, when doe Indian summer begin? Is it a genuine, authoritative Indian summer if no frost has preceded it? Or must the woods light up their banners to herald its ad-An Indian summer that is not n of a few frosty nights may suddenly backslide and become a reversion to summer itself. We can reconcile no ideals of that perfect season of the year with a return to perspiration and the casting off of coats. An Indian summer of hot days is no Indian summer. It cannot come scorching and sweitering as July, August and September, but veiled in blue mists or gray, every day, break-ing in the same unvarying tints and tones and likewise temperature of the one before it, as if nature had saved her

Whooping Cough, Croup,

Bronchitis, Coughs, Grip,

Asthma, Diphtheria.

CRESOLENE is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases

nged and constant treatment. Those of a consumptive tendency, or rers from chronic bronchitis, find immediate relief from coughs or in-

ased surfaces of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving

indicated. It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS dissolved in the mouth, are effective and

safe for coughs and irritation of the throat. 10c. a box. ALL DRUGGISTS.

LEEMING, MILES & CO., 1651 Notre Dame St., Mentreal, Canadian Agents

ned conditions of the throat. Descriptive booklet free.

Florence or of Rome. But they all pass

and the legal proceedings instituted to

upset her will resulted in defeat.-Mar

quise de Fontenoy.

been gathered to its companions in the IN FOOTMAN'S HANDS brown windrows. It is not perplexing to discover when Indian summer ends. It is swept out and washed away in long, cold November rain, that stretches Bequeathed Him by Last Descendant for days before it spreads its dripping wintry pail over the earth. But when does Indian summer begin?—St. Louis

Severe on Jefferson.

Not long ago Joseph Jefferson took part the winding staircase from their dressing room. One of them came over to the wings, listened a moment and went back to her companion. a monologue," was the reply; "and, say,

Women are now being substituted for men in the Italian postal service. Signor Galimberti, the Minister of Ports and Telegraphs, is responsible for the change

A COUGH CONUNDRUM

When is a cough more

than a cough? When it's a settled cold.

When it hangs on in spite of all you can do. Cough mixtures won't cure it because they are merely for a cough and this is something more.

Scott's Emulsion cures the cough because it cures the something more. It heals and repairs the inflamed tissues where the cold has taken root and prevents its coming back.

We'll send you a sample free upon request. SCOTT & BOWNE. Toronto, Ont.

READY REFERENCE GUIDE OF LONDON-BANKS. WHOLESALE DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

AUCTION, STORAGE, MOVING. PORTER & CO. Phone 1,162. BANKS. DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVEST-

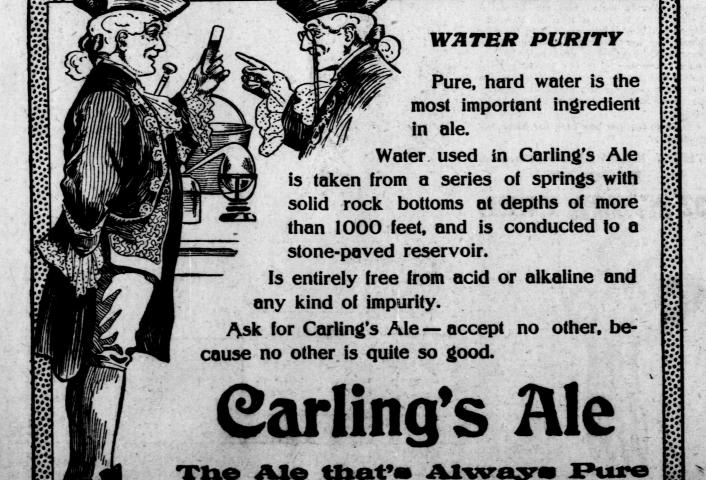
DRYGOODS. ROBINSON, LITTLE & CO., 343 Rich. WHOLESALE GROCERS.

CANADIAN SAVINGS AND LOAN.

A. M. SMITH & CO., 176 York street. ELLIOTT, MARR & CO., King st. HARDWARE. HOBBS HARDWARE CO., 339 Rich.

IRON, BRASS, WIRE WORK S. DENNIS WIRE & IRON CO., King. INSURANCE.

NORTHERN LIFE, Masonic Temple. LUMBER BOXES.



Augus Normas Ti, interest to the contract of t