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The Sentimental Chippie

Continued.

Meantime I shot things and recovered tone. Of course, mentally and intellectually, Triggs is nothing. Men who live all their lives among domestic animals, and who retain effete Tory principles, and only read the Times and the Field, cannot be said to have their hand on the pulse of the hour, don't you know. Conservatism with Triggs has become simply a disease. Talk about Loredity! Why Triggs is his father over again, and his grandfather and his great-grandfather; and he glories in it. His un-failing answer to every objection or suggestion is this:

"Change? Why? It was good enough for my ancestors. I'm no better than they were. What's the use of changing?"

So, amongst other atrocious habits he turns day into night and retires at ten o'clock, and gets up at half past six, or some godless hour of that kind. You must try and fall in with a faddy Johnny if he happens to be your host, so I proposed a compromise between my hours and his. If he'd split the difference and gone to bed at two or thereabout, and risen at eleven or so, I would have said nothing; but no, his ancestors went to bed at ten, at least he fancies they did; what's the use of changing?

The weather chanced to be fine and warm, so when Triggs retired I generally strolled out into the grounds and smoked and turned over ideas. My host had a grand garden, with a and other luxuries. Here I walked by ghost's walk in it, and a fish-pond night in moonlight while Triggs slept. I wandered by the lake and heard the fish splash, and saw great silver circles widen dimly out into the water, where they had risen. I listened to the owls uttering weird cries; and, from high above the ripe horse-chest-nuts would come suddenly bumping down, with a rustle through the autumn leaves, and a thud on the ground, breaking the deep silence of night. The ducks kept respectable hours too. When they saw me they would hurry with loud nocturnal quackings across the lake. A duck will eat at any or all times.

And here I am on the threshold of my mystery: Triggs' cat. We met a few evenings after my arrival. He jumped from the darkness one night, rubbed himself against my leg, raised two green, moanlit eyes to mine, and meowed. He was a queer Johnny and understood me perfectly. But the extraordinary thing was that I understood him. Night after night he sat by me, while I smoked. I told him all about my private concerns, and he curied his whiskers and reasoned quite differently from Triggs. His idea was not to commit myself to anything: to keep free, and "gather ye roses while ye may." For sheer worldliness tomcats come after men, with this difference, that many men are not world-ly; all tomcats are.

Here, then was Triggs urging one thing all day and Triggs' cat argu- ing for quite a different course by night. I sometimes wonder if any Johnny, since the world began, ever deliberately asked for a bit of advice and took it when he'd got it. Personally, I'd pretty nearly made up my mind about Edith; but I'd made it up myself, don't you know, quite un-aided. So, again and again, the world-ly cat with green eyes took his mid- night stroll with me. I asked him, as we perambulated the ghost's walk, if he had ever seen the spectre. He replied that he had not, and didn't believe in it. I didn't either. I don't fancy that when men die they simply go through some process of being made transparent, and then get sent back here to worry people and spoil the value of house property. When I go to heaven, if I go, and I find I'm expected to return and maunder round and haunt chippies, I shall argue it out, don't you know, and explain what a mistake it is.

The longer I stopped with Triggs the more I yearned to get back to Edith. There was no doubt about it, I loved her all right—in fact, more than ever. I felt I really couldn't live without her. She was in my mind's eye all day long, and I heard her voice as I paced through the tremendous silence of the night. At such times I contrasted the silver mists, rustling leaves, soft nocturnal voices, black shadows, and air of mystery and solemnity and peace that filled Triggs' place after dark, with the scenes of London life I knew so well. I saw the Strand and my "Vampire" johnnies trooping out of their haunts. I saw the gleam of electricity and the glare of gas. I heard the roar and rattle and rush and hustle and bustle of it all, don't you know, and I almost doubted if it was really good enough. People don't think I'm a sentimental chippie, but I am; and nearly every night, as Triggs' cat and I watched the moon dip behind the trees, I got grand and beautiful ideas, which I might have remembered and written down on this page, but for the absorbing thought that filled my

mind and left no room for anything else to stop in it.

One night, indeed, my feelings became too much for me. I repeated her name three times out loud, and looked up through my eye-glass, and waved my cigarette at the moon. Thereupon Triggs' cat sneaked over from the other end of the garden-seat, where he was sitting, and stood up on his hind legs and poked his nose in my ear, and said,

"Put her out of your mind; give her up; forget her."

And the ducks quacked out, "Go back, go back, go back to her."

And an owl hooted, "Of course, go back; of course, go back."

Triggs' cat advised me not to mind the owl. He knew what owls were; he'd eaten them. They weren't worth climbing for, and their knowledge of the world was infantile.

Then I laughed, and told Triggs' cat that his advice was useless, that I'd made up my mind, that I was going back to her. I wanted to marry, and get away from electric lights and noise. I desired to buy a place with trees, and owls and a ghost's walk. But even in that moment, when the happy idea of having Edith all to myself, in an environment of fish-pond, and ghost-walk, and owl, was strongest upon me, I heard Triggs' cat sneering, cynically, and saying:

"Remember the War Office Johnny. The girl wouldn't stop in a place like this a week. He knew what owls were; he'd eaten them. They weren't worth climbing for, and their knowledge of the world was infantile."

I was getting irritated with Triggs' cat, and this finished it, I said,

"You clear out, you hard-hearted, misanthropical beggar, or I'll pitch you into the fish-pond."

He looked round, blinked his green eyes, and grinned at me.

"Go your way," he said; "only don't pretend nobody warned you. They're all alike. I ought to know. Everything that's feminine is feling; therefore a cat understands women better than men do."

With which observation he took his leave; but I could still hear him chattering wickedly to himself, and cleaning his claws on a tree stem hard by in the darkness.

Next morning I told Triggs I was going back to her, and asked him if he heard of any old country place like his in the market to let me know. I also advised him to have his cat shot. The cat was there at the time, and just looked up, and then folded in his paws and yawned, and went to sleep again. For by day he's an ordinary, unintelligent brute enough. It is only by night he gets so demoniacally awake and clever and satirical. So I went back to town, dy- ing to see Edith and hear her voice and feel her little hand. My chip-piness had entirely departed.

Dyon know the Corinthian? It's a snappy print, and the mouth-piece of the Vampire Club. I read it in the train just to get in touch with the train again, for I'd been buried alive a week. It didn't seem as smart as usual, and the jokes struck me as just a shade broad; but that was the fresh atmosphere of Triggs' place still hanging about my mind, don't you know.

Edith's eyes looked out of every page, and I couldn't get interested in anything but my own thoughts. At length, however, I came on to a paragraph that did rouse and chain my attention. It ran thus:

"Congratulations to cheery Fred Soper, the genial 'Vampire,' Freddy has dropped on good business to the tune of fifty thousand. Glasses round, boys."

I asked him if he was ill. Then, with a horrible effort, he said:

"It's like this. You've changed your mind again. Well, other people change their minds too. They ought to have sent on her letters and—and mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine," he answered; and I saw his fat hands were shaking and his black eyes squinting like a crab's.

"The truth is, Miss Marchant felt she'd made a mistake, and couldn't live her life with you, and—and—"

"Who's the new Johnny?" was all I could manage to say.

"I am," he answered, bristling up like a dog in a fight. "You needn't look like that. It's all fair in love. I didn't cut you out. You cut yourself out. Somebody told her why you'd gone away."

"Who could have? There's only one knew it."

He tried to lie to me, but the lie stuck in his throat. It was what theatrical johnnies call a tableau, don't you know; and I could have sworn I saw Triggs' cat on Soper's shoulder, winking those damnable green eyes at me.

Certain words flashed into my mind. I had a sort of inspiration that a chippie only gets once in a lifetime. I said:

"You asked her to marry you and your fifty thousand pounds. She looked into your face and then hung her head down. She stole her hand into yours and said, 'Haven't you seen that I love you? Why, dearest, I love as I have never loved or thought I could love. It's not money I want, but love. I'll make you a good little, true little wife; and I thank God for bringing such happiness into my life.'"

Soper turned several colors that I had never seen before anywhere. He looked at me with his mouth open and nodded in spite of himself, keeping time to the words I said. And Triggs' cat nodded too.

I laughed.

People think I've got no sense of humor, but I have, don't you know.

"IT'S NOT MONEY I WANT BUT LOVE."

ENGLAND IN CHINA.

The Large Hold the British Have Gained in the Celestial Empire.

Great Britain is farther in China already than any other power. The facts are sensational when taken together. The British have most of the trade in strong ports where they have put up handsome buildings, and they have most of the concessions. It is the expectation that British capital will play the largest part in the modernization of China. Frank G. Carpenter, who has been in that part of the world for some time, contributes to the Saturday Evening Post an article giving the most recent facts of the situation. He says:

"The English are doing the most of the foreign banking for China. They get a percentage on the greater part of the quarter of a billion dollars used in its foreign trade. They have made the Chinese Government loans up to the last four or five years; the first two loans at the close of the Chinese-Japanese war, each amounting to \$80,000,000, having been placed with the English and Germans. There is one English bank in China which has deposits of \$80,000,000. It pays six per cent. on deposits, and, notwithstanding this, declares big dividends. In a recent transaction it made a clear profit of \$2,000,000, and its stock is now two hundred per cent. above par.

Fashion Review.

Fashion has a varying list of charms for women, but one of the most potent of all lies in its power of stimulation. It is a sort of invigorating tonic for the feminine mind, and involves a periodical renewing of the general appearance which is very grateful to feminine vanity. Each season brings its changes and at once a new picture of how she will look in this or that new costume promptly presents itself to a woman's innate sense of befitting attire. Variations in dress are bound to incite some fresh interest, for there is nothing else which can so quickly change a woman's point of view, and transform her appearance, as a new gown made in the latest mode.

The dominant note in the present ideas of beauty lines of figure is flexibility, and to this idea is due the change in the fashionable princess model. Herebefore the lines of skirt and bodice have been continuous, the only fault with them being that they have a tendency to give stiffness to the figure. The modistes have come to the conclusion that much is to be gained in style and grace by draping the bodice to fit the upper figure and fastening it in an imperceptible manner to the train skirt. Velvet is the particularly smart thing for these modish gowns, as it is coming to be for all ceremonious and evening gowns. Little or no trimming is used on the de-collette velvet bodices, as it is intended that the velvet shall mould the figure as closely as possible. A faultless figure is of course a necessary concomitant of the princess gown, and the desired effect is so simple that the de-collette is finished only by tucked black tulle drawn closely to the shoulder and draped slightly over the upper arm, below the straps.

This year elaborately trimmed garments are very popular, but many persons still cling to the serviceable, plain jacket and skirt, which is the original tailor dress.

Of course gold and red are used extensively as trimmings, and braid, panne velvet and French knots are still in favor. The narrow stitched band of cloth around the edge of the waist, and the very wide crushed girdle, are the belts for the season.

Soma waists and most jackets are loose in front, the latter having also in many cases a straight, loose back. And all of the coats extend only to the top of the hip, with the exception of the full length garment.

It is the tendency of all skirts to spread out with a great deal of flare around the feet; and flounces, whether they are plaited, gathered or cut in circular form, assist very much in bringing about this result. The flounce tucked in vertical lines for half of its width from the top down is still used, as it was in the summer, both for cloth and thinner materials. The tucks are fine, with generous spaces between them or set in groups of three, with more or less wide intervals between. A tall, very thin figure is improved by the flounced skirt.

The women with the circular flounced skirt, whether straight or graduated, is grand mode, and this style will continue in fashion until the spring. The very newest of these flounces are cut full and tucked down a few inches to fit the skirt piece.

Some very gorgeous new gowns are made entirely of panne velvet. They are worn with boleros to match over lace blouses, and trimmed with chiffon and fur. Often the skirt and bolero is embroidered with gold thread.

The much disputed question of skirts has also received at least a temporary settlement, the close-fitting skirts having the lead far and away beyond any others. The most fashionably dressed women wear the close-fitted skirt flaring well around the feet, and with the fullness at the back stitched down in a few small plaits. The women with pretty figures are not quite ready to discard the skirt which shows off their pretty lines and accept one with plaits all around the hips, so the full skirt must bide its time. There are skirts with close-fitting hip yokes with plaits below.

There are, in round numbers, about 13,421 foreigners in China. I do not include the soldiers called in by the present war. Of these foreigners more than 5,000 are English, 2,000 Americans, 1,000 Germans, 800 French, 160 Danes, 400 Spanish, 150 Italians, 1,000 Portuguese, and 1,700 Japanese. More than two-thirds of the Americans are missionaries.

"A look at what the English are doing at the different ports will show whether they are profitable or unprofitable servants. They surely have not wrapped their talent in a napkin and buried it in the sand. They have made the open ports modern European cities. They are everywhere the leaders in society, education and business."

A DUBLIN FLOWER.

Not long ago, as the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were driving through Dublin, a corpulent man ran alongside their carriage for such a distance that the duchess stopped it, and asked the man his wishes.



The medium brim is covered and draped with violet panne, and the crown, of several tiers, has a top of embroidered white felt. Each tier is first covered with dark violet panne, then the extreme edge is finished with a thick cording of light mauve panne. A drapey of novelty velvet separates crown and brim, and a black coque plume curves over the top of hat.

and there are skirts plaited at the waist line but they are usually in the soft, thin materials like veiling, crepe de chine and mousseline, and then the plaits often take the form of tucks. There were many skirts with circular flounces, and all the skirts were very full at the hem, but the hips were almost if not quite as closely fitted as when the habit skirt was in vogue. In fact it is not altogether out of vogue, for some of the new cloth gowns have no fullness in the back save that which is given by the flare.

Some neat cloth gowns are being strapped with the bias bands of stitched taffeta, in the same or a contrasting shade. One brown cloth dress recently seen was daintily strapped with daffodil yellow taffeta, and the effect was good. There is a great deal of brown and yellow about, and rich deep yellow promises decidedly to be the favorite evening shade, while it is much seen in millinery.

Despite the fact that many Empire gowns are seen among the imported



Velvet Cape.—This handsome velvet cape is one of the latest English models. Material required 6 1/4 yards 24-inch velvet and 7 1/2 yards of fur.

costumes they do not lead, as the Empire shapes do among the coats and wraps, especially those for evening wear. Princess effects are very much liked both for evening and day gowns, and a very short bolero gives the Empire style to the costume without the superfluous fullness around the waist. The favorite materials for these costumes are the Louis XIV. brocade, crepe finished satins, and faced taffetas, yet semi-transparent fabrics are often used, India crepes and silk gauzes are especially pretty made over the creped satin. It is also a foundation dress for lace and various kinds of net.

In general cloth skirts are trimmed very little, either with tucks, stitched bands or velvet bands, but there certainly seems to be a growing tendency toward wider and fuller skirts. On the very elegant gowns fur decorates the skirt as well as the entire costume, and we see it in graduated bands of three set on so closely together that they have the appearance of one. Some of the cloth gowns show perfectly plain skirts with rows of stitching for the finish and two small box plaits at the back, while others are gathered directly in the back.

The new panne which is classified among the velvets is unusually beautiful and is exhibited in all the loveliest and softest of shades, comprising every variety of patterns showing broche, Paisley, brocade and applique designs. Velvets appear on everything; much stitched, much appliqued, its popularity seems far to be enormously sweeping, not only in Paris, but London. White panne is the smartest thing for separate waists, and replaces white satins which have been in vogue for the past two years. When embroi-

ered lightly in black with silver or gold paillettes they have an enviable "cachet."

Black and white cloth over gold are both very effective as a trimming, and tan cloth over brown panne, which is the material of one gown, forms the lower part of the skirt. Stitched bands of black taffeta piped with black velvet are the trimming on one cloth gown in a dark shade of red. Again we see bands of satin or panne, inset and the edges laced across with narrow black velvet ribbon, silk cord, or black satin ribbon if the band is in the color of the gown. Folds and pipings are also very much employed.

Every thing in the way of Empire effects is fashionable for evening wraps, owing chiefly, it is said, to Bernhard's success in "L'Aiglon." In the Empire coats of silk or satin a broad stitched band of the silk passes under the arms and fastens in front with large antique silver buttons. Directoire coats, fitting the figure more closely than the Empire, are finished with wide pointed revers covered with fur, or elaborate embroidery. While the long coat has the lead in evening wraps there are capes of various styles made in cloth with triple effect, and three-quarter length capes, cut with a seam in the back to give them a pretty flare at the hem and a closer fit around the shoulders. They are elaborately trimmed with chiffon plaittings and embroidery.

The shaped flounce reigns both for gowns and for three-quarter length mantles and coats. The pleated skirt of the Empire coat owes its origin to the desire to provide a fluted flounce at its edge. Evening skirts have foundations with shaped flounce, and not a few have the transparent overdress cut with shaped flounce, which is covered with small frills and flounces. This is pretty, and suits most figures.

At no time for years has there been such variety in styles of bodices as there is to-day nor has there been a time when more elegance or taste has been displayed. This latitude of choice is noticeable in the various cuts of bodices. Although the bolero in its many phases still takes the lead, the princess and redingote are gradually forcing their way to the front. Pouched bodices and blouse effects are somewhat, too, in favor. On dressed wide lapels and revers are a thing of the past among the smart dressers, but they still continue to be quite the thing for coats, especially when fashions are applied to furs. On the most fashionable fur coats the revers are very wide at the top so as to form a protection across the chest. The most strictly up-to-date fashion for a strictly tailor-made gown is a small coat lapel below the collar. Narrow band revers turn back from waist to shoulder ofttimes showing a vest of a differing color, or a deeper shade of the same color. The style is simple but effective especially if the waist be of handsome material and the revers are trimmed with a strip of rich passementerie.

Many waists are to be bloused and all have the straight front effect. They are dressier than usual and are made particularly in shades of red gold or white. Pannes, velvet, silk chiffon and mousseline de soie are the popular fabrics.



This coat is represented in velvet and is cut in three-quarter length. The coat has single bust-darts and underarm, side-back, and centre-back seams. The back has a coat lap below the waist-line. A moderately wide flaring collar has a seam at the back and may be worn rolled over or standing high at the back. The two-seam coat-sleeve is gathered at the top and is cut with a bell-shaped flare at the hand. The closing is made invisibly at the centre-front. Any cloaking material can be used for the coat. Size 36 requires 23-8 yards of 42-inch, or 2 yards of 54-inch material.

HOW HE GOT IN.

Torpey—I assure you I was perfectly amazed to meet Losevish there. How did he manage to get into society. Depulpit.—Oh, he got a bad name, and everybody wanted to have him.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

Trace back the man who came to fame— ("Twill do his name no harm And ten to one you'll find Was brought up on th'