## Heekly

# Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1904.

NO. 30

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London and Westminster Bank, London, England Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below, showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase of business in the last year

STATEMENT

They answered him with angry shouts. their votes when you run for circuit judge. What are we doin' here? What's the good of listening to you?"
There was a yell at this, and those who heard the speaker would probably have started for the Crossroads had not a rumor sprung up which passed rapidly from men to man and to a forrapidly from man to man and in a few moments had reached every person in the crowd. The news came that the two shell gamblers had wrenched a bar out of a window under cover of the storm, had broken jail and were at

oles by the men you never lifted a

finger to hender, because you want

vividness. They had sworn repeatedly to Bardlock and to the sheriff and in the hearing of others that they would "do" The Gentleman for the man who had taken their mon ey from them and had them arrested. The prosecuting attorney, quickly per-From Indiana ceiving the value of this complication in holding back the mob that was already forming, called Horner from the

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

HE courthouse bell ringing in the night! No hesitating stroke of Schofields' Henry,

pealing out to wake the countryside, a

apid clang! clang! clang! that struck

clear in to the spine. The courthouse bell had tolled for the death of Mor-ton, of Garfield, of Hendricks; had

Sep Bardlock and intrenched himself

in the lumber yard and would not be

nmodation, crowded with children

within twenty yards of the station.

into the dimness.

crowd and made him get up on the fence and confess that his prisoners had escaped, at what time he did not know, probably toward the beginning of the storm, when it was noisiest. "You see," cried the attorney, "there is nothing as yet of which we can accuse the Crossroads. If our friend has been hurt it is much more likely that these crooks did it. They escaped in time to do it, and we all know they

were laying for him. You want to be mighty careful, fellow citizens. Horper is already in telegraphic communiner is already in telegraphic communi-cation with every town around here, and he'll have those men before night. All you've got to do is to control your-selves a little and go home quietly." He could see that his words (except those in reference to returning homeno one was going home) made an impression. There was a babble of shouting and argument and swearing that grew louder and louder.

ton, of Garneid, of Hendricks; had rung joy peals of peace after the war and after political campaigns, but it had rung as it was ringing now only three times—once when Hibbard's mill burned, once when Webb Landis killed Sen Bardlock and introched himself. Mr. Ephraim Watts, in spite of all confusion, clad as carefully as upon the preceding day, deliberately climbed taken until he was shot through and through, and once when the Rouen acthe fence and stood by the lawyer and made a single steady gesture with his hand. He was listened to at once, as his respect for the law was less notoand women and men, was wrecked rious than his irreverence for it, and Why was the bell ringing now? Men and women, startled into wide wakehe had been known in Carlow as customarily a reckless man. They wanted illegal and desperate advice and fulness, groped to windows. No red mist hung over town or country. What was it? The bell rang on. Its loud quieted down to hear it. He spoke in his professionally calm voice.
"Gentlemen, it seems to me that Mr. alarm beat increasingly into men's hearts and quickened their throbbing Smith and Mr. Ribshaw," nodding to the man with the rawhide whip, "are both right. What good are we doing to the rapid measure of its own. Vague forms loomed in the gloaming. A horse, madly ridden, splashed through the here? What we want to know is what's happened to Mr. Harkless. It looks town. There were shouts; voices called boarsely; lamps began to gleam in the just now like the shell men might have lone it. Let's find out what they done. windows; half clad people emerged Scatter and hunt for him. Soon as anyfrom their houses, men slapping their braces on their shoulders as they ran thing's known for certain Hibbard's

out of doors; questions were shouted Keep on looking till it does; then," he finished, with a barely perceptible scornful smile at the attorney—"then Then the news went over the town. It was cried from yard to yard, from group to group, from gate to gate, and we can decide on what had ought be Six Crossroads lay dark and steam ers shouted it as they sped by, and ing in the sun that morning. The forge was silent, the saloon locked up, the ooys panted it, breathless; women with oosened hair stumbled into darkling roadway deserted even by the pigs. hambers and faltered it out to new The broken old buggy stood rotting in wakened sleepers, and pale girls, clutchthe mud without a single lean little old ng wraps at their throats, whispered man or woman-such were the chilacross fences. The sick, tossing on dren of the Crossroads—to play about it. Once, when the deputy sheriff rode eir hard beds, heard it. The bell mored it far and near; it spread over he countryside, and it flew over the vires to distant cities. The White Caps through alone, a tattered black hound, more wolf than dog, half emerged, growling, from beneath one of the tumbledown barns and was jerked back into the darkness by his tail, with Lige Willetts had lost track of him

ut near Briscoe's, it was said, and had a snarl fiercer than his own, while a come into town at midnight seeking him. He had found Parker, the Herald gun barrel shone for a second as it swung for a stroke on the brute's head.
The hound did not yelp or whine when the blow fell. He shut his eyes twice foreman, and Ross Schofield, the type-setter, and Bud Tipworthy, the devil, at work in the printing office, but no and slunk sullenly back to his place. of Harkless there or in the cot-The shanties might have received a tage. Together these had sought for him and had roused others who had involley or two from some of the mount-ed bands, exasperated by futile searchquired at every house where he might have gone for shelter, and they had heard nothing. They had watched for prisoners made the guilt of the Cross-road converse dentity. roads appear doubtful in the minds of the storm. He had not come, and there was no place he could have gone. He his coming during the slackening of was missing. Only one thing could bers had made away with Harkless have happened.

They had roused up Warren Smith, the prosecutor, and Horner, the sher-iff, and Jared Wiley, the deputy. William Todd had rung the alarm. It was agreed that the first thing to do was to find him. After that there would caped by the 1 o'clock freight train, be trouble, if not before. It looked as which had stopped to take on some

be trouble, if not before. It looked as if there would be trouble before. The men tramping up to the muddy square in their shirt sleeves were bulgy about the right hips, and when Homer Tibbs party went out to examine the railjoined Columbus Landis at the hotel corner and Landis saw that Homer Men began to come back into the vilwas carrying a shotgun Landis went lage for breakfast by twos and threes, back for his. A hastily sworn posse galloped out Main street. Women and not feeling the need of food or caring children ran into neighbors' yards and began to cry. Day was coming, and as the light grew men swore and savagely kicked at the palings of fences low for the most part, but swollen

agely kicked at the palings of fences as they ran by them.

In the foreglow of dawn they gathered in the square and listened to Warren Smith, who made a speech from the courthouse fence and warned them to go slow. They answered him with angry shouts and hootings. But he made his big bass voice heard and bade, them do nothing rash. No facts were known, he said. It was far from certain that harm had been done, and

certain that harm had been done, and hunt, set out his whisky with a lavish. no one knew that the Six Crossroads people had done it, even if something had happened to Mr. Harkless. He declared that he spoke in Harkless' name. Capital Authorized, - \$3,000,000 Nothing could distress him so much as the legislative halls of Washington Capital Subscribed, - 1,336,150 for them to defy the law, to take it long ago. He'd of done us honor there. for them to dery the law, to take it out of the proper hands. Justice would be done.

But we never thought of doin' anything fer him. Jest set round and left "Yes, it will!" shouted a man below him, brandishing the butt of a rawhide whip above his head. "And while you tlemen," he finished gloomily. "I don't jaw on about it here he may be tied up grudge no liquor today-except to Lige like a dog in the woods, shot full of

"He was a good man," said young William Todd, whose nose was red, not from the whisky. "I've about give

"It's goin' to seem mighty empty around here," said Ross Schofield. "What's goin' to become o' the Herald and the party in this district? Where's the man to run either of 'em now? Like as not," he continued desperately, "It'll go against us in the fall."

gers. "We might's well bust up the For coughs, colds, bronchitis,

asthma, weak throats, weak lungs, consumption, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Cherry Pectoral

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dab dusted ole town ef he's gone." "I don't know what's come over that Cynthy Tipworthy," said the landlord. "She's waited table on him last two years, and her brother Bud works at the Herald office. She didn't say a word, only looked and looked and looked, like a crazy woman; then her and Bud went off together to hunt in and Bud went off together to hunt in he was right here in our yard talking the woods. They jest tuck hold of to us all. I won't believe it till they've

each other's hands like"—
"I reckon there ain't many crazier than them two Bowlders, father and son," interrupted a patron, wiping the drops from his beard as he set his glass on the bar. "They rid into town like a couple of wild Indians, the old man beatin' that gray mare o' theirn till she was one big walt, and he ain't natcherly no cruel man either. I expect Lige Willetts better keep out of

Hartley's way." "I keep out of no man's way!" cried a voice behind him. Turning, they saw Lige standing on the threshold of the door that led to the street. In his hand he held the bridle of the horse he had ridden across the sidewalk and that now stood panting, with lowered head half through the doorway, beside his master. Lige was hatless, splashed with mud from head to foot; his jaw was set, his teeth ground together, his eyes burned under red lids, and his hair lay tossed and damp on his brow. "I keep out of no man's way." he repeated hoarsely. "I heard you, Mr. Tibbs, but I've got too much to do, while you loaf and gas and drink over Landis' bar. I've got other business than keepin' out of Hart Bowlder's way. I'm lookin' for John Harkless. He was the best man we had in this ornery hole, and he was too good for us, and so we've maybe let him get killed, and maybe I'm to blame. But I'm goin' to find him, and if he's hurt I'm goin' to have a hand on the rope that lifts the men that did it if I have

to go to Rouen to put it there. After that I'll answer for my fault, not be-He threw himself on his horse and was gone. Soon the room emptied, as the patrons of the bur returned to the search, and only Mr. Wilkerson and the landlord remained, the bar being he professional office, so to speak, of

At 11 o'clock Judge Briscoe dropped wearily from his horse at his own gate and said to a wan girl who came running down the walk to meet him:
"There is nothing yet. I sent the telegram to your mother-to Mrs. Sher-

Helen turned away without answering. Her face was very white and looked pinched about the mouth. She went back to where old Fishee sat on the porch, his white head held between his two hands. He was rocking himself to and fro. She touched him gen tly, but he did not look up. She spoke to him. "Father," she said.

He did not seem to hear her. "There isn't anything yet. He sent the telegram. I shall stay with you now, no matter what you say." She sat beside him and put her head down on his shoulder, and, though for a moment he appeared not to notice it, when her father at the door, the old man had put his arm about the girl and was stroking her fair hair softly.

Briscoe glanced at them and raised a warning finger to his daughter, and the felds had been trampled in many the fields had been trampled had been trampled in many the fields had been trampled had been tramp they went tiptoeing into the house, where the judge dropped heavily upon a sofa. Minnie stood before him with

any hope," he answered her, biting nervously at the end of a cigar. "I expect you better bring me some ceffee n here. I couldn't take another step to save me. I'm too old to tear around the country horseback before break-"Did you send her telegram?" Minnie asked as he drank the coffee she

brought him. She had interpreted "coffee" liberally and, with the assistance of Mildy Upton, whose subdued nose was frankly red and who shed but many kept on searching the woods, not feeling the need of food or caring an appetizing table at his elbow. "Yes," responded the judge, "and I'm glad she sent it. I talked the other way yesterday, what little I said—it isn't any of our business-but I don't think any too much of those people somehow. She thinks she belongs with Fisbee, and I guess she's right. That young fellow must have got along with her pretty well, and I'm afraid when she gives up she'll be pretty bad over it; but I guess we all will. It's terribly sudden, somehow, though it's only what everybody half expected would come, only we thought it would

come from over yonder." He nodded toward the west. "But she's got to stay here with us. Boarding at Tibbs' with that old man won't do, and she's no that old man won't do, and giri to live in two rooms. You fix it up with her—you make her stay."
"She must," answered his daughter as she knelt beside him and patted his top. There were smaller stains above coat and handed him several things and below, none beyond it to left or to eat at the same time. "Mr. Fisbee will help me persuade her, now that



"Father," she said. she's bound to stay in spite of him and the Sherwoods too. I've always thought she was grand, ever since she took me under her protection at school, when I'— Minnie was speaking sadly, me-chanically, but suddenly she broke off with a quick sob, turned to the window, then turned again to Briscoe and cried: "I don't believe it! He knew how to take care of himself too well. He'd have got away from them."
Her father shook his head. "Then why hasn't he turned up? He'd have

gone home after the storm if something bad wasn't the matter."
"But nothing—nothing that bad "But nothing—nothing that bad could have happened. They haven't of Plattville, county of Carlow, state "But why hasn't he come back, on our souls!"

"Well, he's lying hurt somewhere, that's all." "Then why haven't they found him?" "I don't care," she cried and choked with the words and tossed her disheveled hair from her temples, "it isn't true! Helen won't believe it. Why should I? It's only a few hours since

searched every stick and stone of Six Crossroads and found him."
"It wasn't the Crossroads," said the old gentleman, pushing the table away and relaxing his limbs on the sofa. "They probably didn't have anything to do with it. We thought they had at first, but everybody's about come to believe it was those two fellows that he had arrested yesterday." "It wasn't the Crossroads!" echoed Minnie, and she began to tremble vio-

lently. "Haven't they been out there "What use? They are out of it, and they can thank God they are."
"They are not!" she cried, very much agitated. "They did it. It was the White Caps. We saw them, Helen

and I." The judge got upon his feet with an oath. He had not sworn for years un-til that morning. "What's this?" he

said sharply.
"I ought to have told you before, but we were so frightened, and-and you went off in such a rush after Mr. Wiley was here. I never dreamed everybody wouldn't know it was the Crossroads; that they would think of any one else.

blown down at all; and Helen saw them in the field besides; saw all of mean? Try to tell me about it quietly, child." He laid his hand on her shoul-

easy, buting his eight to pieces and groaning at intervals. When she had finished he took a few quick turns about the room, with his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, and then, charging her to repeat the story to no one, left the house and, forgetting his fatigue, rapidly crossed the fields to the point where the bizarre figures of the night had shown themselves to the two girls at the window.

The soft ground had been trampled by many feet. The boot prints pointed to the northeast. He traced them backward to the southwest through the field and saw where they had come from near the road, going northeast; then, returning, he climbed the fence and followed them northward through the next field. From there the next field to the north, lying beyond the road that was a continuation of Main street, stretched to the rallroad embankment. The track, ruggedly defined in trampled loam and muddy furrow, bent in a direction which indicated that its

terminus might be the switch where the empty cars had stood last night waiting for the 1 o'clock freight. Though the fields had been trampled in places by the searching parties, he felt sure of the direction taken by the Crossroads men, and he perceived that in the hunt. On the embankment he saw a number of men walking west a sofa. Minnic stood before him with a look of pale inquiry, and he shook his head.

"No use to tell him, but I can't see any hope." he answered her. biting

hand, and he knew it. The men on the embankment were walking slowly, bending far over, their eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly one of them stood erect and tossed his arms in the air and shouted loudly. Other men ran to him, and another far down the track repeated the shout and the gesture to another far in his rear. This man took it up and shouted and waved to a fourth man, and so they pessed the signal back to town. There came almost immediately three long, loud whistles from a mill near the station, and the embankment grew black with people pouring out from town, while the searchers came running from

on both sides of the railway. Briscoe began to walk on toward the embankment. The track lay level and straight, not dimming in the middle distances, the rails converging to points both northwest and southeast in the clean washed child's drawing book. About seventy miles to the west and north lay Rouen. ballasted with sand. What had been discovered was a broad brown stain in the sand on the south slope near the

right, and there were many deep footprints in the sand. Men were examtethered to a fence near by at the end. of a lane through a cornfield. Jared Wiley, the deputy sheriff, was talking to a group near the stain, explaining.
"You see, them two must have knowed about the 1 o'clock freight and that it was to stop here to take on the empty lumber cars. I don't know how they knowed it, but they did. It was dow they beat through the sto straight for this side track. At the same time Mr. Harkless leaves Briscoe's, goin' west. It begins to rain. He cuts across to the railroad to have a sure footin' and strikin' for the deepo for shelter-near place as any, except Briscoe's, where he's said good night already, and prob'ly don't wish to go back, fear of givin' trouble or keepin' 'em up. Anybody can under-stand that. He comes along and gets to where we are precisely at the time they do, them comin' from town, him strikin' for it. They run right into each other. That's what happened. They re-cog-nized him and raised up on him and let him have it. What they on him and let him have it. What they done it with I don't know. We took everything in that line off of 'em. Prob'ly used railroad iron, and what they done with him afterward we don't they done with him afterward we don't

know, but we will by night. They'll sweat it out of 'em up at Rouen when they get 'em." "I reckon maybe some of us might help," remarked Mr. Watts reflectively.

Jim Bardlock swore a violent oath. "That's the talk!" he shouted. "Ef I ain't the first man of this crowd to set my foot in Roowun and first to beat in of Indiana, and the Lord have mercy

Tom Martin looked at the brown

he went back slowly to the village. On the way he passed Warren Smith. "Is it so?" asked the lawyer.

Martin answered with a dry throat He looked out over the sunlit fields and swallowed once or twice. "Yes, it's so. There's a good deal of it there.

Little more than a boy he was." The old fellow passed his seamy hand over his eyes without concealment. "Peter ain't very bright sometimes, it seem to me," he added brokenly; "overlook Bodeffer and Fishee and me, ed suddenly, then finished-"and act the fool and take a boy that's the best take Peter off the gate. He ain't fit

When the attorney reached the spot was made for him. The old colored man, Xenophon, approa same time, leaning on a hickory stick ing on his hip as if to ease a rusty joint. The negro's age was an incentive to fable. From his appearance he night have known the prophets, and he wore that hoary look of unearthly wisdom which many decades of superstitlous experience sometimes give to tured with wrinkles that it might have been made of innumerable black threads woven together, was a living mask of the mystery of his blood Harkless had once said that Uncle Xenophon had visited heaven before And I looked for the scarecrow as soon as it was light, and it was away off from where we saw them and wasn't blown down at all; and Helen saw were set firmly. He stopped and look- say."

"Here was where it happened, Uncle Zen," answered Wiley, leading him for-

ward. "Here is the stain." Xenophon bent over the spot on the sand, making little odd noises in his throat. Then he painfully resumed his former position. "Dass his blood," he said in the same gentle, quavering tone. "Dass my bes' frien' whut lay on de groun' whay yo' staind, gelmun. Dass whuh dey laid 'im, an' dass whuh he lie," the old negro continued. "Dey shot 'im in de fiel's. Dey ain't shot 'im heah. Yondeh dey druggen 'im, but dis whuh he lie." He bent over again, then knelt groaningly and placed his hand on the stain, one would have said, as a man might I are his hand over a heart to see if it still beat. He was motionless, with the air of heark-

raised his voice as if calling. "Is yo' He looked up at the circle about him, from the sand, seeming to wait "Whafo' yo' gelmun think de good Lawd summon Marse Hawklis? Kase he de mos' fittes'? You know, dat man buil' up big fiah een ole Zen' shainty. Say: 'He'p yo'se'f, an' welcome. Reckon you hongry, too, ain' you, Xeno-phon?' Tek an' feed me, tek an' tek keer o' me ev' since. Ah pump de baith full in de mawn', mek 'is bed, pull de weeds out'n de front walk; dass all He tek me in. When Ah aisk 'im ain' he 'fraid keep ole thief he say, jesse 'Dass all my fault, Xenophon; ought look you up long 'go; ought know long 'go you be cole dese baid nights. Reck-on Ah'm de thievenest one 'us two, Xenophon, keepin' all dis wood stock' un when you got none,' he say, jesso. Tek me in; say he lahk a thief; pay me sala'y; feed me. Dass de main whut de Caps gone shot lais' night." He raised his head sharply, and the mys-

sky unseeingly. "Ah's bawn wid a cawl!" he exclaimed loudly. His twisted frame was braced to an extreme tension. "Ah's stretched a long, bony arm straight to the west, where the Crossroads lay; shape!" cried Eph.

stood rigid and silent, like a seer; then "De men whut shot Marse Hawkrigid body till the arm pointed north-

at Judge Briscoe. "An' dass de main," he cried; "dass de main kin tell yo' Ah speak de

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Before Briscoe answered, Eph Watts

were set nrmiy. He stopped and looked at the faces before him. When he spoke his voice was gentle, and, though the tremulousness of age harped on the vocal strings, it was really controlled. and Helen had seen, and he grew more and more visibly perturbed and uneasy, biting his cigar to pieces and "please t' be so good ez t' show de ole" the truth. I didn't mean to tell it to-day, but somehow"— He paused. "The hounds!" he eried. "They deserve it. My daughter saw them cross-"The hounds?" he asked, "The hounds?" he defend the The work of Professor Langeley, who had been employed by the War Department of the United States Government. He show there was where it happened, Uncle saw them—saw them plainly. The lady saw them several times clear as day by the flashes of lightning. The scoundrels were coming this way. They must have been dragging him with



them them. He couldn't have had a show for his life among them. Do what you like. Maybe they've got him Wharton's New Story. at the Crossroads. If there's a chance of it, dead or alive, bring him back!"

A voice rang out above the clamor

that followed the judge's speech. "'Bring him back!" God could, may-be, but he won't. Who's travelin' my way? I go west!" Hartley Bowlder had ridden his sorrel right up the embankment, and the horse stood between the rails. There was an angry roar from the

deputy sheriff, he declared his intention of taking with him all who wished to they opened wide and stared at the in making himself heard above the same streets to come here-l've been "The square!" he shouted. "Start at which crossings to look out-I

braced to an extreme tension. "Ah's bawn wid a cawl! De blood anssul!"

from the square. We want everybody. We'll need them. And we want every shop windows. It saves a lot of wear "It wasn't the White Caps, Uncle one in Carlow to be implicated in this

Xenophon rose to his feet. He "Don't you worry about that."

\*\*They will be the property about that."

\*\*We want to get into, some sort of I like to think that everything's cut
\*\*They will be the property about that."

I like to think that everything cut
\*\*They will be the property about that."

\*\*We want to get into, some sort of and pothing unexpected can "Shape!" repeated Hartley Bowlder scornfully.

There was a hiss and clang and ratliss lies yondeh, hidin' f'um de light o' tie behind him, and a steam whistle day. An' him"—he swerved his whole Hartley's sorrel scrambled down just a smile: "Doesn't such a plan of life est—"he lies yondeh. You won' fine in time as the westbound accommodawest—"he hes yongen. You won he in time as the westbound accommendation rushed by on its way to Rouen, an' dey druggen 'im heah. Dis whuh dey lay 'im down. Ah's bawn wid a sheriff, Horner, waving his hands franched by on the westbound accommendation rushed by on its way to Rouen. The old gentleman made a contemptuous motion. "Possibilities of what? Of being multifariously miserable? tically as he flew by, but no one un- There are lots of ways of being miser-There were exclamations from the derstood or cared what he said or in ining the place excitedly, talking and gesticulating. It was Lige Willetts who had found it. His horse was the thereof to a fence near by at the end. appeared and the noise of its rush grew faint the courthouse bell was heard ringing, and the mob was rush-have a fairly good time." ing pellmell into the village to form on the square. The judge stood alone on

the embankment.
"That settles it," he said aloud, gloomily watching the last figures. He took off his hat and pushed back the thick white hair from his forehead. responded his friend. "Lots of people thick white hair from his forehead. have found out the secret—the trouble "Nothing to do but wait. Might as well have found out the secret—the trouble go home for that. Blast it!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I don't want to go there. It's too hard on the little girl. If she hadn't come till next week Number). "The Last Asset," by Edith Wharton, in the August Scribner's (Fiction Number). she'd never have known John Harkless."

(To be continued.)

twelve pounds in weight before
the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is
cheap for such valuable material.

Some pay more some
twelve pounds in weight before

Dear Sirs,—For some years I have
had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used
every remedy without effect, until I
got a sample bottle of MINARD'S
LINIMENT. The benefit I received
from it caused me to continue its use

R. W. HARRISON.

Forest fires are still racing in New-foundland. The hamlet of Little Bay was destroyed, and three hundred families are homeless.

CHEMISTS,
Ontario.

Ontario.

druggists.

To mean were only saved by the speedy dren were only saved by the speedy and feel dull and stupid after eating, all you need is a dose of Chamberdiren were only saved by the speedy and feel dull and stupid after eating, all you need is a dose of Chamberdire Stomach and Liver Tablets.

They will make you feel like a bear. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Flying in Air.

Mr. Graham Bell Tells of This Work in Constructing an Airship.

A man who invents a telephone may not be able at any after time to offer anything else so commanding, but Dr. raham Bell has not only given us of these days, the perfected air-ship,

through which we can navigate the That, at least, is the hope, if not the conviction, of the veteran inven tor, who is now stopping at the Wind-

sor Hetel Dr. Bell, who spoke to-day before he departed for Cape Breton, where he has a beautiful country home, stated that he was working on the kite prin ciple, which would be ultimately the aphant principle of the successful air-ship. He had studied other modes of work; he had followed Santos-

mont and others, but he was convinced that never by a balloon or gas pag would the problem of flying "I am doing construction work, and have been for some time past. This is the crux-the character of the cdnstruction. I think," Dr. Bell said, significantly, "that I have made a few

out at this juncture I do not think I hould disclose their nature. from where we saw them and wasn't blown down at all; and Helen saw them in the field besides; saw all of them"—

He interrupted her. "What do you deeply puckered lips beneath them deeply puckered lips beneath them adopted lips beneath them to Lige Willetts and whispered: "Get on your horse, ride in and ring the famous Lilienthal. The latter had no motor. He simply attached wings to like the work of Professor Langeley, who had It seemed to Dr. Bell like a steam engine. There was no person in it, and built from the model had not beer

> derstanding with the War Office and . Dr. Bell glanced at the work of San opinion of Dr. Bell, Santos Dumont nad proceeded from the start upon a false principle. That is to say, he had used a balloon, which would never amount to much, and he had used a motor. He had to put weights to his balloon to overcome the specific gravity of the air, and then he had to use motor for propelling purposes. This was all wrong, in Dr. Bell's opinion The kite principle would prove to be the true solution of the flying machine

used as yet, because of some misun

Dr. Bell spoke with enthusiasm, and one listening to him and noting his earnestness, would be disposed to think oravely of a project the realization of which would be the greatest of modern scientific miracles.

eliminate surprises. Arrange things to that, when you get up in the morning, you'll know exactly what is going o happen to you during the day-and sav it's funny-it ain't. But it's better than being hit on the head by a crowd. The prosecutor pleaded and threatened unheeded, and, as for the my meals at this restaurant. I know things-if I went to the next place I loing it for ten years now. I know "It wasn't the write Caps, Xenophon," said Warren Smith, laying posse." posse."

Menophon, said Warren Smith, laying posse."

They will be!" shouted a farmer. a good many years I never did know, from one minute to another, and now and-dried, and nothing unexpected can

> jump out at me like a tramp from a He paused calmly to knock the ashes from his cigar, and Garnett said with able, but there's only one way of being comfortable, and that is to stop running round after happiness. If you make up your mind not to be happy "That was Schopenhauer's idea, I believe," the young man said, pouring his wine with a smile of youthful in-

credulity. "I guess he hadn't the monopoly," responded his friend. "Lots of people is that so few live up to it."-From

Sick at Your Stomach

Perhaps feeling as if the bottom had away the minute you take Nerviline and an extra dose or two is alweys sufficient to set you up in first-class shape. Nerviline is an old tested rem-edy for stomach and bowel troubles,

of people who are sitting down rying about the future.

worth of his employer's time, robs his employer by that much of his just due. -He that wastes idly a quarter's

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