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CLUE TO A TREASURE.

Irish Stone Unearthed In Donegal Arouses Great Interest.

A discovery which he believes is of great archaeological interest has been made by Prof. Edward Spencer Dodgson, M.A., of Jesus College, Oxford, who, in company with Prof. Sanki Ichikawa, a savant from Tokio, is at present studying Gaelic at the Gortahork College, West Donegal.

He has found a peculiarly-shaped stone, which apparently has been lying unnoticed at Killult, Falcarraugh, West Donegal, for several hundred years. One face of the stone is covered with Ogham-like characters, and here are indications suggesting that the stone provides a clue to the whereabouts of an extensive treasure belonging to an ancient Irish chieftain and believed to be hidden in its immediate neighborhood.

Ogham is a peculiar alphabet of straight lines used by the ancient British and Irish. Only a fractional part of the inscription has as yet been interpreted and no further light on the message can be had pending the arrival of Ogham scholars, who are on the way to the scene of the discovery.

Prof. Dodgson was returning from an excursion to Tory Island, and had reached the neighborhood of Killult when his attention was attracted to a stone over a yard in length which lay partially exposed in a field less than 100 yards away from the east side of the local Protestant church. Some parts of the stone's surface bore resemblance to the body of a big petrified fish. The Ogham-like markings revealed themselves on the nearer view.

The professor called the attention of the owner of the field (Mr. Brady) to the position of the stone and its peculiarities, and Mr. Brady said he never noticed the markings before. With the permission of Mr. Brady the stone was removed to Gortahork College, where it attracts the attention of many teachers and the students there. Some of the markings on the stone have been deciphered, one group being interpreted as signifying soul or "spirit."

There is an old tradition in Killult that the treasure of an ancient Irish chief is hidden there, and some rare gold ornaments were found during the digging of a local mound sixty years ago.

The "Northern Whig," Belfast, suggests that the discovery of the stone is the result of a practical joke on the part of the students at the Gaelic College, who may have thought it excellent fun to provide a new version of the famous incident in "Pickwick Papers."

An Adventurous Life.

That remarkable novelist, Mr. Joseph Conrad, who now receives a well-deserved pension from the British Civil List, is a Pole by birth. He was born in 1857, his father being a well-known poet and critic, and the proprietor of a review in Warsaw. As the elder Conrad was an ardent patriot, he came under the notice of the Russian Government, and was arrested just before the Polish rising of 1861. Various members of the Conrad family were concerned in this rising, and the novelist's mother was banished to Siberia.

Mr. Joseph Conrad was educated in Cracow, and in his youth followed the sea. His first voyage was made on an English trading vessel, and in this manner he acquired a knowledge of the English language. He stuck to the sea for many years, and qualified as a master in 1884, becoming at the same time a naturalized British subjust. About ten years later he wrote his first novel, "Almayer's Folley," and though it did not secure many readers, the literary critics were kind, and Mr. Conrad resolved to adopt writing as a profession.

Coster Queen Dead.

"Old Mother Snow," the queen of Clerkenwell, London, costers, is dead. Thousands of costers from all parts of London lined stretches of the road from Clerkenwell to Leytonstone as a last mark of respect to the woman, who in private life was known as Mrs. Catherine Snow. Never has Clerkenwell seen so impressive a funeral as that of "Old Mother Snow," as she was affectionately called, and the countless wreaths that covered the hearse showed the kindly memory in which she is held by the people of Clerkenwell. The flower girls of the district sent their tribute of white flowers in the shape of a broken column, more than four feet high. There is little time in a flower girl's life for anything but work, and the honored few who were deputed to make the column cheerfully gave up a night's rest to the task. "Old" was but a title of affection, and by the death of Mrs. Snow at the age of fifty-eight, Clerkenwell costers have lost a friend who was ever ready with practical help as well as sympathy when any of her subjects fell on evil days.

'Is Royal 'Ighness.

An amusing story of King George when he was a young prince is related. His Majesty always greatly liked the old-fashioned London horse-bus, and as a young prince knew and patronized every route. He himself has recounted this adventure. Seated immediately behind the driver, he heard the latter say to a troublesome horse: "Come up, yer Royal 'Ighness; come up."

"Why do you give him that name?" asked the unknown prince.

"Well, y' see, guv'nor," answered Jehu, "that 'oss is so 'aughty and lazy and good for nothing that I—well, I just calls 'im 'Is royal 'Ighness—there ain't nothin' else for it."

Quarter Century a Governor.

The Governor of Queensland, South Australia, Sir W. Macgregor, was recently congratulated by Parliament on the completion of a quarter of century's service as governor. The Premier made a speech eulogizing his Excellency, and expressed the hope that his term of office would be extended.

A King Edward Memorial.

Plans for the foundation of a new hospital at Parel, a suburb of Bombay, as a memorial of the late King Edward, are now being framed.

Come now, sale on.
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Commencing with the October issue, Mr. Harry F. Gadsby, one of Canada's most brilliant writers, will contribute a series of character sketches on the Borden Ministry, beginning with the Prime Minister.
oct1

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PUZZLED.

You ask me whether I'm High Church,
You ask me whether I'm Low,
I wish you'd tell me the difference,
For I'm sure that I don't know.
I'm just a plain old body
And my brain works pretty slow,
So I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain, old fashioned way
Laid down in mother's Bible,
And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelations
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray—why, I'm generally praying,
Though I don't always kneel or speak out—
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
Till I fear he is all tired out;
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
The Collect, perhaps, for the day,
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
So long ago taught me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,
And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the prayer book
Will seem to come into my mind.
But I know what I want and I ask it,
And I make up the words as I go;
Do you think now that shows I ain't High
Church?
Do you think that it means I am Low?

My blessed old husband has left me,
The years since God took him away,
I know he is safe, well and happy,
And yet, when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
And I ask the dear Lord to do for him
What I would do if I was there.

Of course He can do it much better,
But He knows, and He surely won't mind
The worry about her old husband
Of the old woman left here behind.
So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
And I'm sure that I shall till I die;
So may be that proves I ain't Low Church,
And may be it shows I am High.

My old father was never a Churchman,
But a Scotch Presbyterian saint;
Still, his white head is shining in heaven,
I don't care who says that it ain't:
To one of our blessed Lord's mansions,
That old man was certain to go;
And now do you think I am High Church?
Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,
Too much for a body like me,
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again, if you please, sir,
For really it worries me so—
And I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

The Heart's Highway.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

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CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH I was heir to a large estate, I had not much gold and silver nor many treasures in my possession. I never knew rightly why, but my mother, having control until I was come of age and having indeed the whole property at her disposal, doubtless considered it best that the wealth should accumulate rather than be frittered away in trifles which could be of but passing moment to a boy. But I was well equipped enough as regarded comforts, and, as I said before, my education was well looked after.

Though never having much regard for such small matters, it used to gall me not at all that my half brother, who was younger and such a fair lad that he became them like a girl, should go clad in silks and velvets and laces, with a ready jingle of money in his purse and plenty of sweets and trinkets to command. But after I saw that little maid it went somewhat hard with me that I had no bravery of apparel to catch her sweet eyes and cause her to laugh and point with delight, as I have often seen her do, at the glitter of a loop of gold or a jeweled button or a flash of crimson sheen from a fold of velvet, or the wherewithal to sometimes purchase a comfit to thrust into her little hand, reaching of her nature for sweets like the hands of all young things.

Having no ribbons nor sweets nor silver buttons to give her, I was fain to search the woods and fields and the seashore for those small treasures, without money and without price, with which nature is lavish toward the poor who love her and attend her carefully, such as the first flowers of the season, nuts and seed vessels and sometimes an empty bird's nest and a stray bright feather and bits of bright stones, which might, for her baby fancy, be as good as my brother's gold and silver and shells and red and russet moss.

Her father, Captain Geoffry Cavendish, seemed to regard my devotion to his daughter with a certain amusement and good will. Indeed, I used to fancy that he had a liking for me and would go out of his way to say a pleasant word, but once it happened that I took his kindness in ill part, and still consider that I was justified in so doing.

I was already, although young, as sensitive to all slights upon my dignity as any full grown man. So when one day, lying at full length upon the grass under a reddening oak with a book under my eyes and my pocket full of nuts if perchance my little sweetheart should come that way with her black nurse, I heard suddenly Captain Cavendish's voice ring out loud and clear, as it always did from his practice on the quarter deck, with something like an oath as of righteous indignation to the effect that it was a shame for the heir and the eldest son, and a lad with a head of a scholar and the arm of a soldier, to be thrust aside so and made so little of.

Then another voice, smoothly sliding, as if to make no friction with the other's opinions, asked of whom he spoke, and that smoothly sliding voice I recognized as Mr. Abbot's, the attorney's, and Captain Cavendish replied in a fashion which astonished me, for I had no idea to whom he had referred—"Harry Maria Wingfield, the eldest son and heir of as fine and gallant a gentleman as ever trod English soil, who is treated like the son of a scullion by those who owe him most, and 'tis a shame, and I care not who hears me."

Then, before I had as yet fairly my wits about me, Mr. Abbot spoke again in that voice of his which I so hated in my boyish downrightness and scorn of all policy that it may have led me to an unjust estimate of all men of his profession, "But Colonel John Chelmsford hath no meaning to deal otherwise than fairly by the boy, and neither, unless I greatly mistake, hath his wife." And this he said as if both Colonel Chelmsford and my mother were at his elbow, and for that manner of speaking I have ever had contempt, preferring downright scurrility, and Captain Cavendish replied with his quick agility of wrath, as precipitate toward judgment as a sailor to the masthead in a storm:

"And what if she be? The more shame to them that they have not enough wit to see what they do! I tell thee this poor Harry hath a harder time of it than any slave on my plantation in Virginia, I"—

But then I was on my feet and, facing them both with my head flung back and my face, I dare say, red and white with wrath and demanding hotly what that might be to them, and if my treatment at the hands of my stepfather and my own mother was not between them and me and none else, and, boy as I was, I felt as tall as Captain Cavendish as I stood there. Captain Cavendish stared a moment and reddened and frowned, and then his gaunt face widened with his ever ready laugh which made it passing sweet for a man.

"Tush, lad," he cried out. "And had I known how fit thou were to fight thy own battles I had not taken up the cudgels for thee, and I crave thy pardon. I had not perceived that thy sword arm was grown, and henceforth thou shalt cross with thy adversaries for all me." Then he laughed again, and I stared at him grimly, but softened, and he and Mr. Abbot moved on, but the attorney in passing laid his great white hand on my black mane of hair as if he would bless me, and I shrank away from under it, and when he said in that voice of his, "'Tis a gallant lad, and one to do good service for his king and country," I would that he had struck me that I might have justly hit back.

It was both a great and a sad day for me when I came to go to Cambridge—great because of my desire for knowledge and the sight of the world which has ever been strong within me, and sad because of my leaving the little maid without a chance of seeing her for so long a time. She was then six years old, and a wonder both in beauty and mind to all who beheld her. I saw much more of her in those days, for my mother, whose heart had always been sore for a little girl, was often with Captain Cavendish's wife, for the sake of the child, though the two women were not of the best accord one with another.

Madam Rosamond Cavendish was, I suppose, a beauty, though after a strange and curious fashion, being seemingly dependent upon those around her for it, as a chameleon is dependent for his color upon his surroundings. I have seen Madam Cavendish, when praised by one she loved or approached

Harry Wingfield facing Captain Cavendish and Mr. Abbot

by the little maid, her daughter, with an outstretch of fair little arms and a coercion of dimples toward kisses, flash into such a radiance of loveliness that, boy as I was, I was dazzled by her.

Then, on the other hand, I have seen her as dully opaque of any meaning of beauty as one could well be. But she loved Captain Cavendish well, and I wot he never saw her but with that wondrous charm, since whenever he cast his eyes upon her it must have been to awaken both reflection and true life of joy in her face. She was so small and exceeding slim that she seemed no more than a child, and she was not strong, having a quick cough ready at every breath of wind, and she rode nor walked like our Englishwomen, but lay about on cushions in the sun. Still, when she moved it was with such a vitality of grace and such readiness that no one, I suspect, knew how frail she was until she sickened and died the second year of my stay in Cambridge.

When I returned home I found in her stead Madam Judith Cavendish, the mother of Captain Cavendish, who had come from Huntingdonshire. She was at that time well turned of threescore, but a woman who was, as she had always been, a power over those about her. She looked her age, too, except for her figure, for her hair was snowy white and the lines of her face fixed beyond influence of further smiles or tears.

My imagination has always been a mighty factor in my estimation of the characters of others, and I have often wondered how true to facts I might be, but verily it seemed to me that after Madam Cavendish arrived at Cavendish Court the influence of that great strength of character which when it exists in a woman intimidates every man, no matter who he may be, made itself evident in the very king's highway approaching Cavendish Court, and increased as the distance diminished, according to some of my mathematical rules.

There were in her no change and shifting to new lights of beauty or otherwise at the estimation of those around her; she rather controlled, as it were, all the domestic winds. Captain Cavendish bowed before his superior on his own deck, though I believe there was much love betwixt them, and as for the little maid, she tempered the willfulness which was then growing with her growth by outward meekness at least.

I used to think her somewhat afraid of her grandmother and disposed to cling for protection and mother love to her elder sister, Catherine. Catherine in those two years had blossomed out her beauty. Her sallowness and green pallor had become bloom, though not rosy, rather an ineffable clear white like a lily. Her eyes, at once shy and antagonistic, had become as steady as stars in their estimation of self and others, and all her slender height was as well in her power of graceful guidance as the height of a young oak tree.

Catherine in those days paid very little heed to me, for her one year of superior age seemed then threefold to both of us, except as she was jealously watchful that I win not too much of the love of her little sister. I have never seen such love from elder to younger as there was from Catherine Cavendish to her half sister Mary after the little one had lost her mother. And all that the little maid did, whether of work or play, was with an eye toward the other's approbation, especially after the advent of her grandmother.

Catherine had lovers, but she would have none of them. It seemed as if the maternal love of which most maids feel the unknown and unspelled yearning, and which perchance may draw them all unwittingly to wedlock, had seized upon Catherine Cavendish, and she had, as it were, fulfilled it by proxy by this love of her young sister and so had her heart made cold toward all lovers. Be that as it may, though she was much sought after by more than one of high degree, she remained as she was.

For the last part of my stay at Cambridge I saw but little of her and not so much as I would fain have done of her sister. I was past the boyish liberty of lying in wait in the park for a glimpse of her; she was not of an age for me to pay my court, and there was little intimacy between my mother and Madam Cavendish. But I can truly say that never for one minute did I lose the consciousness of her in the world with me, and that at a time when my love might well be a somewhat anomalous and sexless thing, since she was grown a little past my first conception of love toward her and had not yet reached my second.

But oh, the glimpses I used to catch of her at that time, slim legged and swift, and shrilly sweet of voice as a lark and as shyly a-flutter at the motion of a hand toward her, or else seated prim as any grown maiden, with grave eyes of attention upon her task of sampler or linen stitching!

My heart used to leap in a fashion that none would have believed nor understood at the blue gleam of her gown and the gold gleam of her little head through the trees of the park or through the oaken shadows of the hall at Cavendish Court during my scant visits there. No maid of my own age drew for one moment my heart away from her. She had no rivals except my books, for I was ever an eager scholar, though it might have been otherwise had the state of the country been different. I can imagine that I might in some severe stress have had my mind, being a hot headed youth, diverted by the feel of the sword hilt. But just then the king sat on his throne, and there was naught to disturb the public peace except his multiplicity of loves, which aroused discussion which salted society with keenest relish, but went no farther.

(To be Continued).

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R. R. TIME TABLES.

I. C. R.	Depart.
Pictou and Sydney Express, daily except Sunday,	7.00 a.m.
Express for Montreal (with connections at Moncton for St. John and Boston) daily,	8.00 "
Ocean Limited, daily,	8.30 "
Truro Accommodation, daily except Sunday,	12.40 p.m
Maritime Express for Montreal, daily except Sunday,	3.10 "
Suburban for Bedford, daily except Sunday,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou, daily except Sunday,	5.40 "
Express for Truro (daily) Stellarton, New Glasgow, Sydneys, (daily except Sunday) Amherst, Sackville, St. John, (daily except Saturday)	8.45
	Arrive.
Mixed Train from Truro (daily except Sunday),	8.40 "
Express—Truro (daily), St. John (daily except Monday); Sydneys (daily except Sunday),	8.55 "
Express from Pictou daily (except Sunday),	11.55 "
Maritime Express (daily except Sunday) from Montreal,	1.30 p.m
Express from Sydney (except Sunday),	7.50 "
Ocean Limited from Montreal daily,	10.00 "
Express from St. John daily,	10.30 "

D. A. R.	Depart.
Express for Yarmouth,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation for Annapolis, leave Richmond,	8.30 "
Express for Kentville (through to Annapolis on Saturday),	2.55 p. m.
	Arrive
Express from Kentville (from Annapolis on Monday's)	9.05 a. m.
Accommodation from Annapolis,	5.45 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth,	6.42 p. m.

All the above are daily except Sunday.

H. & S. W. RY.	Depart.
Express to Yarmouth—Wednesday and Saturday,	6.00 a. m.
Accommodation to Yarmouth—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,	7.25 "
Accommodation for Liverpool—daily, except Sunday,	2.30 p. m.
	Arrive.
Accommodation from Liverpool—daily, except Sunday,	11.30 a. m.
Express from Yarmouth—Wednesday and Saturdays,	7.45 p. m.
Accommodation from Yarmouth—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,	8.20 "

SUBURBAN SERVICE.

Regular suburban trains stop at all stations. Other trains as below stop at Bedford and Rockingham. Trains run daily except Sunday, unless otherwise mentioned.

DEPART FROM HALIFAX

Express for Sydney,	7.00 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth,	7.30 "
Accommodation for Annapolis leaves Richmond (flagged at Rocky lake),	8.30 a. m.
Mixed for Truro,	12.40 p.m.
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	1.30 "
Express for Middleton (flagged at Lakeview),	2.35 p. m
Suburban for Bedford,	5.00 "
Express for Pictou,	5.40 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	6.20 "
Express for Truro (stop when signalled at Rockingham and Bedford) daily,	8.45 "
Suburban for Windsor Junction,	11.15 "

ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Suburban from Windsor Junction,	7.55 a.m
Mixed from Truro,	8.40 "
Express from St. John (stops at Bedford only) daily,	8.55 "
Express from Middleton,	9.05 "
Express from Pictou,	11.55 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction,	2.55 p.m.
Bluenose stops at Bedford and Rockingham if flagged,	4.55 "
Suburban from Bedford,	5.55 "
Accommodation from Annapolis,	6.15 "
Express from Yarmouth (Lakeview Flag Station),	6.42 "
Express from Sydney,	7.50 "
Suburban from Windsor Junction,	9.45 "

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HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Prevent taking cold.

Often you come home, cold and shivering—feet are wet, throat is raw, chest a little sore. A bad cold is just beginning. Put a Nerviline Porous Plaster on your chest, rub your throat with Nerviline, and take a stiff dose of Nerviline in hot water. This prevents a chill, and checks the cold instantly. No remedies so useful in the home, so sure to prevent serious illness as Nerviline and Nerviline Plasters. Sold by all dealers, 25c. each, but be sure you get the genuine, and refuse any substitute.

Going into Consumption?

When your throat rattles, your lungs and chest are sore, your throat is stuffed with cold—don't fear consumption—use Catarrhozone and get well. It clears the throat, cures hacking, relieves tight chest and soreness in the bronchial tubes. To clear away Catarrh of the nose nothing could be better. Catarrhozone is Nature's own remedy—it heals and soothes—cures every form of throat, lung or bronchial trouble. Prescribed by many specialists and used by thousands every day. 25c. and $1.00 at all dealers.

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