By ESME STUART.

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Long Waist, Gorrect Shape. Best Material

Combined with the best filling in the world, makes the "Featherbone Corset" unequalled.

For Over Ffty Years

Property for Sale.

d. MRS. CAPT. TIMOTHY OUTHOUSE. or A. W. BENNETT. Sackville, May 8th 1895.

FOR RENT.

COTTAGE

n Main St. within five minutes walk of the

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Apply to MRS. D. CASEY.

That pleasantly situated

TRY A PAIR

Clubbing Rates.

The "Post" and any one of the fol-wing will be sent to any address at the rices stated below:

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NOTICE.

Another Undertaker.

Having provided myself with a good tearse and also a complete assortment of first class askets and other fittings im-orted from Ontario, I am now prepared o attend to all orders in that line of busi-cess— romptly and at reduced rates. Or-ters left at my residence or at Mr. James Wheaton's by telephone or otherwise will immediate attention.
ALGERT CHASE FAWCETT.
or Sackville, Feb. 27th 1895. 2m

For Sale.

The farm known as the Chipman Sears

For Sale.

For sale low ten and a half acres marsh tuate at Dorchester Cape, known as the ackhouse marsh lot, also fifty acres Wood-For terms &c. apply to MRS. CHARITY PALMER, or JOHN A. PALMER Ex'trs Estate of lite E. C. Palmer

Notice of Sale.

And Felix leb har 60 ft 8 Il and and content with the service of t

Dated at Pert Elgin aforesaid April 22nd ness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in. Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold to by A. Dixon.

Diamond Dyes are made for home use. Absolutely reliable. Any color.

Sold everywhere. 10 cents a package. 25 Direct cased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold to by A. Dixon.

Here is an intertaining story about Frenchman who was too preud to do things which were against his principles. The story is vouched for as an actual fact by the man to whom the incident happened. While travelling in Europe he stopped overnight at Caen, and noting that his hair was unduly long he went to have it cut by the local bar ber. He told the barber to take off very little, but before the scissors had been at work many seconds he noticed a favorite lock fall on to the calico Whereupon he reproved the barber for not following his instructions, upon which the man observed, in mingled

ones of reproach and dismay. "Monsieur must permit me to do my work in the way which seems best to me and what is more, I shall take off some

"Not at all," said the traveller; tell you I want very little taken off, and ust insist upon your doing as I direct

ut down in this way and said, "Monsieur, it is possible that this is how things may be done in England, bu here in France we are not slaves. shall cut off as much as I please."

All Sorts.

A man's life might be more tolerable f he only knew how his married neigh-lors could admire each other.

wife of Count Felix, thanks you."
Doris had waited for him all day long, and she had sold her last ornament to buy him a feast.

Felix was coming home! Home! He had a home now! She clasped her hands over her heart to stop its beating. Then she knelt down and prayed. It was the first time she had prayed any words in all these long years. Before this she had knelt, and sometimes she had cried. Mr. Figg—Po you know, my that it hurts me worse than it does when 1 give you a whipping.
Ton—Honest paw? Ton.—Honest paw?
"Yes."
"Just gimme another lickin' now, wil all these long years. Before this and said knelt, and sometimes she had cried. Once or twice she had laughed, but she had never spoken to heaven till this evening when she was waiting for Felix. Felix was coming home! He would be

you, paw?"

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair alling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholie preparations. out apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

Robbins—Highee is a genius. Bradford—Can do anything, I sup ose? Robbins—Yes, anything except mak-

ing a living.

Ayer's Sarssparilla requires smaller doses, and is more effective, than other blood medicine.

"Were you ever up before me?" ssked Police Justice.
"Shure I don't know, yer anner

What time does yer anner get up? Ayer's Pills are palatable, safe for chil-ren, and more effective than any other athartic.

cathartic.

Captain Johns R. Hire, of schooler

"Lillian," says: "I was suffering with
inflammation of the chest, brought on by
exposure at sen. Took a good supply of
Puttner's Emulsion, which perfectly
cured me.

It has given me a new set of

"How will you have your eggs cook d?" asked the waiter,
"Make any difference in the cost of
em?" enquired the cautious customer
with the brimless hat and faded beard. The subscriber offers for sale her property situate on the Northeast side of Bridge Street, in the Parish of Sackville and whereon she now resides. There is four acres of land in connection with the premises and a good house and barn thereon. Also a fitteen acre lot of marsh situate in Jolicure Westmorland County.

For terms of sale apply to the undersigned.

"No."
"Then cook 'em with a nice elice o said the customer, greatly re

MR JAMES HAMILTON, Spat

MR JAMES HAMILT(IN, Spamuker, Paradise Row, St Jolan, writes "I have been suffering terrib'ty, succe my recent injury, from severe pain in my back and side. I used Pru saian Oil a prescribed and it has given me the most wonderful immediate rel' sef. It is grand medicine and I could not praise in the country of the second property of the secon oo highly and would adv ise any suffere o give it a trial for what it is reccom nended. It is excellent."

USE IT AND PROVE IT. "Miss Skylie appe are to have lost her attractiveness for the gentle men," said one girl.

"Oh, no," replied the other, "she didn't lose it. Her father lost it in Wall street."

"Have you a choice for the national street." MR SAM WP GHT, of No, th Dart She knelt down beside him and began taking off his thick boots. Her fingers mouth, says: "Last spring I had Lagrippe and it left me with a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast. I got a very bad pain in the breast in any bad that she was glad of it—glad that she was strong as well as gertle, glad that she knew the meaning of work, of poverty and of sorrow. The Doris of 19 could do so, and the was glad of it—glad that she was strong as well as gertle, glad that she knew the meaning of work, of poverty and of sorrow. The Doris of 19 could not have unlaced these strips of cowhide, but this Doris could not have unlaced these strips of cowhide, but this Doris could do so, and she was glad of it—glad that she knew the meaning of work, of poverty and of sorrow. The Doris of 19 could not have unlaced these strips of cowhide, but this Doris could not have unlaced these strips of cowhide, but this Doris could not have unlaced these strips of cowhide, but this Doris could not have unlaced the strong and the was glad of it—glad that she knew the meaning of work, of poverty and a factor and the was glad of it—glad that she knew the meaning of work, of poverty and a factor and the was glad of it—glad that she knew the meaning of work, of poverty and a factor and the was glad of it—glad that she knew the meaning of work, of cowhide, but this Doris could

had fied.

And Felix let her do it all and said nothing, but Doris knew that he could not yet speak. He must have time to think.

Coach—Then you must be smooth too much.

Athlete—No; don't smoke at all.

Coach—Studying?

Athlete—Er—yes, a little.

Coach (indignantly)—You've got stop that. Do you want to lose the game?

Afterward Doris cleared away the meal and came and sat down by Felix close beside him on a stool, and she put his hand round her neck and kissed it till the kisses seemed to enter into his soul, and he returned the pressure.

Doris felt her heart beat wildly then, for Felix was beginning to live.

Still, their first meeting alone, how sweet it was! They could not speak, and for a few minutes Doris cried a little as Felix gathered her to his arms and whis-

Doris felt her heart beat wildly then, for Felix was beginning to live. Suddenly the cat, who had been sleeping soundly, woke up and stretched himself and gazed curiously at the intruder. arching his back at him. The cat had been Doris' only companion for so long that it felt jealous of the stranger, and Doris explained the fact to Felix, and he, stooping down, lifted the animal into his lap and stroked its warm coat.

"Is it your cat, Doris?" he said.

"No, no, Felix, not mine. It is our cat."

"Our cat," he replied. "Do you think they will let us keep it?"

Felix gathered her to his arms and whispered:
"Doris, my wife, it was for her—for Poland. Can you forgive me?"
"I am satisfied," she said. "I would not have it otherwise."
The next five years fied much more quickly, and still Doris wrote and wrote. She only asked for freedom, not for money or for lands, but no answer came. One day, however, the governor sent for her to his room, and she quickly appeared before him. She was so young still, only 29, and she looked younger and, oh, so beautiful! The governor wondered as he looked at her how she could live this life of hardship.
"Are you the wife of No. 99?" he said roughly. "I am the wife of Count Felix Kaplin-ski," she said proudly, and never in the old days had she looked more beautiful.
"We have no titles in Siberia, but I have a letter about No. 99. Our gra-cious czar allows No. 99 to dwell un-chained in a separate cabin. The settle-ment is guarded, you know. Flight is impossible. Further, No. 99 will be al-lowed to work in the forest instead of the mines."

cat."

"Our cat," he replied. "Do you think they will let us keep it?"

Doris nearly cried at these words, but to prevent herself doing this she jumped up again and began preparations for going to bed. The big bed in the corner there, she had bought it little by little First the wooden frame, then the straw mattress, then the featherbed, all with a view to Felix's first night at home.

"Felix," she said, "Felix, my darling, you must come to bed and rest. Don't hink of anything but what is for your good. You have been wanting rest a long time."

"Yes, a long time," he said.

Darkness fell on the settlement of exiles, and the wide snow mantle over Siberia glistened in the moonlight. The great forest rested from its labors, and the rivers were silenced by the embraces of the ice maidens.

In the exile's cabin the moonlight passed in through a slit in the curtain and played upon the big bed which Dornhad bought piece by piece. It lighted in the face of Felix and woke him. Hooked around the room and noticed the hanging lamp still burning, and the truth fashed suddenly upon him. He was in a home of his own. He turned in his bed and saw Doris, who had fallen asleep, and then Felix became conscious that ahe was firmly clasping one of his hands. The cat snored softly by the stove, and he remembered. A great joy entered into his heart, and he called his wife softly by her name.

"Doris!"

Doris did not wake, for she had been so weary with work.

"Doris!" tower to work in the forest instead of the mines."

Doris laughed, her joy was so great.
She knew too much about the mines.
"Thank you," she said. "Doris, the wife of Count Felix, thanks you."

reix was coming nome! He would be within these poor walls a free man, free to love her, to call her by her name, and she could kneel by him and kiss the wounds the cruel iron had made. She would comfort him, and she would be

"Doris!"
Doris did not wake, for she had been so weary with work.

"Doris!" he called again and sat up a little to gaze on her face.
She still did not wake, and then the exile released his hand and slowly pulled up his sleeve and with his finger traced the tattooed letters on his arm.

"Doris," he called again, and Doris started up.

"Oh, my darling, what is the matter?" she said. "You are at home, No one can hurt you."

"At home; yes—yes. Doris, my wife. look." He held his bare arm toward her "Yes, my Felix, I know it. It is the name of her whom you have loved so long—so long, all this time. You hav been so true—so true. Oh, Felix, there is no one like you in all the world!"

He put his arm around her and realized that she was his. He had not realized that sight, but now his heart beat fast and it seemed to suffocate him.

"Doris,"

"Yes, Felix, darling." wounds the cruel iron had made. She would comfort him, and she would say her laugh was his sunshine. She would make up to him for his long suffering. Ten years, ten years! How many weeks was that? How much he had done it for her his other love, for Poland. Was not that enough? Felix was a hero. No, the word was too common to be given to such as he. He had never finched, never wavered, never once complained. He had loved her as truly as only Felix could love. He would be happy for half the 24 hours. He would be free.

He was getting too weary to smile. Oh, she would not mind; she would laugh for them both! The settlement would call her the merry exile. They had done so before now, but they did not know her really. They could not guess all the joy that was in her heart today.

Then suddenly came the expected knock—a feeble knock, a knock as if a ghost had tapped with its shadowy fin gers, and Doris flew to the door, bidding herself be quiet for her husband's sake.

"Felix, Felix, you are here! Come in. See, everything is ready for you, my darling. It is your bouse, our home. Look, isn't it a palace?"

He entered slowly and stood on the threshold of the poor little place, full chiefly of the stove warmth, of the light from the small oil lamp and of the love of Doris.

Felix shut the door and slowly walked

and it seemed to suffocate him.
"Doria."
"Yes, Felix, darling."
"Yes, Felix, darling."
"When I die, let them put your namo here on my heart."
He drew her shining head down upon his breast and gave a little sigh—such a soft, happy, contented liftle sigh!
"If you please, your excellency," said the head official at the fortress the next morning, "if you please, No. 99 died last night. They often do when they are liberated. It is best to keep them their full term."—All the Year Round.

The Cowardice of Courage

CHAPTER L

The officers of the Five Hundredth after having been stationed a few months at Wharton, determined to give a ball in the town hall which should eclipse all the balls ever given in that famous country town, eclipse even the dance given by the "girls of Wharton," which had been a very pretty affair, and which must have cost the poor chaperons a considerable sum of money. Captain Alan Fletcher had said the decorations were Al and the wine drinkable, and he was a great authority on both subjects. In strict privacy his fellow officers called him "Cocky," and between closed doors, "Cocktail," but in the mess room he was "The Calf," which was merely a nickname of initials. those long 10 years; they had made Felix timid—Felix, who had once had no power of understanding the word fear! She knelt down beside him and began

Felix shut the door and slowly walked

toward the armchair he saw placed by the fire. His once strong, fine, manly form was bent as if with old age. As he

sat down he looked timidly round the room without saying a word. Oh, Doris knew, Doris knew! She had made friends with other exiles, other half released captives. That was the worst of all

nickname of initials.

There were certai There were certain facts connected with The Calf which seriously disturbed he minds of a few of his friends, especially the mind of Leigh Balfour, who and once believed in Alan Fletcher. He was so brave, so dashing and so hand-ome that it was useless entering the lists with Fletcher if he bestowed marked ttentions on a girl. This was not a ommon occurrence, however, for the an flirting; he said girls were too easily

Leigh Balfour was a good deal younger han his former friend and had but tely added captain to his name. He ad ceased to haunt the footsteps of his riend, and yet it was generally under-tood that Balfour did not easily give un those he cared about: usually he p those he cared about; usually he would stick to them through thick and

It was hard that, just as Balfour had recome intimate with the Adairs, The alf should suddenly discover that Miss dair was quite out of the common, but rangely enough he made this discovery muediately after the news, which some-ow leaked out, that Miss Adair's cousin d died in Australia and had made her

is heir.

Balfour had recognized the treasure—
then she was poor, and he had fallen
experately in love with that special
ind of love which trembles to be found. and to the order trembes to be studied at the longs to declare itself, and which was so much to offend that it reaches surd heights of self denial. Though alfour had not allowed Lela to discover his passion, through some mistake c was found out in the all seeing eyes

c was found out in the all seeing eyes of Quickett.
In ordinary talk they called him "Tomny" or "Quicksands," both foreign ames to him, but of course applicable, at he enlightened officers had given hem to him and not his godfathers and codmothers, who naturally at that

arly period of his life could have known withing of his leading characteristics. his lynx eyed man discovered and discovered Leigh Balfour's secret, and immentely there was a chorus of questions on those who did not know the diving. What was Miss Adair like? Divinely ht. of course. Was she the girl with a Australian cousin, and was Balfour rougly hit?

rongly hit?
'I should think so," laughed Quicknds, enjoying Balfour's discomfiture;
rearly walked over me yesterday when was going in and he was coming out."
it was at this moment that The Calf,
had been leaning out of the winsmoking, put his head in and
ht the last words.
girl and Balfour, or Balfour and

is stung Balfour more than all the remarks, and there were innumerable reasons for this feeling.

"Nothing of the sort, Miss Adair is too sensible to fiirt with me or any one

"A girl who won't flirt!-and," sotto roce, "and who has money. Introduce ne," said The Calf. Balfour did not answer for a moment.

He was going to say something which would considerably have widened the reach between them, but Quicksands saved him from this misfortune.

"I will, Fletcher. I know her—slightly."

slightly,"

"All right. Well, come this afternoon."

That was some time before the ball, and things had gone on from bad to worse for Balfour, but quite the contrary for Captain Alan Fletcher, from indifference to notice, from notice to admiration, from admiration to love.

It must be remembered that Balfour's brother officers called him coy, Quixotic, but they never doubted his courage—he had given many proofs of it, and further he had moral courage, too, because, as Orm said in private, he had given up Fletcher.

ther he had moral courage, too, because, as Orm said in private, he had given up Fletcher.

"When, you know, his little failing grew apace, Fletcher was clever enough; to live two lives. By the way, Balfour heard young Lord Staples had gone to the dogs; it was really all Cocktail's fault. But it's true that the fellow has a strange power of fascinating men and women—till they find him out, He'll most likely land his last fish"—i. e., Lela.

She was an only child, and lived alone with her mother. The story of the Australian cousin was quite true. Tom Fielder had no very near relations, and Lela's father had years ago, when he was hard up, lent him £5, so John Adair's daughter should have that £5 back again and a vast amount of interest with it.

"Oh, mother," said Lela one day, "how long-Captain Balfour staid today. He is very nice, but I did want to get our captain to ourselves."

"Captain Balfour seems very fond of you, Lela, and he is a very nice fellow, very, but do be careful, my dear child. Are you sure that"—

"I always tell you everything, little mother, so I may as well own that just now Captain Fletcher made me an offer, and then—praise me and kiss me—I was so prudent that I said I would give him an answer the night of the ball."

"You do love him?"

so prudent that I said I would give min an answer the night of the ball,"
"You do love him?"
"Yes—that is, if I know my own heart.
He is so good, so gentle and kind, and he loves me so much."

The night of the ball came at last, and Lela Adair was the envised beauty, but she was conscious colvid for monard.

out she was conscious only of one man's admiration, and the slight flush of animation and joy added to her beauty.
When Fletcher claimed the first dance,
Balfour knew that Lela would marry
aim; he (Balfour) had no chance, but that was nothing compared to her hap-piness, and the woman who gave herself to The Calf had not the remotest chance of happiness. But what could Leigh Balfour do? He could not go up to Lela and tell her that she was making a mis-take; he could not even tell her what he knew—that Fletcher had given Lela's name as security for his gambling debts, and that he had bet on her "yes" this

and that he had bet on her "yes" this evening. There are many things a man cannot do, and this was one of them.

Lela was all joy, and she was so light hearted that she was ready to enjoy herself immensely, but she did not mean Captain Fletcher to give out at the ball that she had said "yes." So when he softly whispered words of love and asked her for her answer she smilingly said she would not tell him till the very last dance. It so happened that the last dance. It so happened that the ballroom was overheated and Lela a little overexcited, and just as Leigh Balfour came to claim her for his dance Lela Adair fainted right away. There was, of course, a fuss, a running for every imaginable liquor, but Mrs. Adair cut short the commotion by saying that she would take Lela home, as their house was so near the town hall. And Lela, who soon recovered, made no ob-

jection.

At first Captain Fletcher was extremely annoyed. He had not had his "yes," but he had as good as got it, and feeling thus reassured on certain little money matters he determined to cut the rest of

matters he determined to cut the rest of the country maidens and country main-mas, and to retire with a few special friends to a private room of the Bush hotel, which joined on to the town hall and had a door of communication. Leigh Balfour, happening to be disconsolately hanging about, became aware of this move and knew well enough what the result would be. However, Lela was gone, and—he was not his brother officer's keeper. So he sauntered on to the portice of the town hall to get cool himself, bodily if not mentally.

Presently, when he was beginning to think that this wouldn't do and that there were girls who expected partners, there were girls who expected partners, a carriage drovo up, and who should step out of it but the Adairs, Lela look-ing as happy and beautiful as ever. "Mother, here is Captain Balfour; how

fortunate! Perhaps you would like your dance now? I felt so perfectly well that, as I had promised Captain Fletcher the as I had promised Captain Fletcher the last dance, I did not wish to break my

promise."
A sudden madness seized Leigh Balfour.
"Yes, this must'be our dance, Miss
Adair. Come into the cloakroom. Now
I will find a nice seat for Mrs. Adair
and come back for you. Supper is in
another room tonight."

and come back for you. Supper is in another room tonight."

When he returned to Lela, he placed her hand tenderly on his arm—he was not the least shy now—and walked hastily down a long corridor.

"I am so glad of this opportunity," he began hastily, his words falling like a hasty shower. "I made up my mind to ask you tonight if you could ever—love me. I mean if you could ever—love me. I mean if you could ever put up with me, because of the love I have for you, because I worship you. I would die for you, Lela"— Lela could not stop him, though she tried. "I must speak this evening. You must know what I have so long felt for you; what I would do for you. Yes, I must speak the stried. "I must speak this evening." would do for you. Yes, I must speak, and you must hear me."



LELA RECOILED IN HORRO She fathomed then the depret of his ecret; she unraveled the mystery of his At last she got in a word.
"Oh, please, Captain Balfour, de leave
off; you pain me. I thought of you al-

most as a brother. I—I am aimost engaged to Captain Fletcher, but this is a secret at present, only I tell you to-

might."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Balfour, falling into his usual quiet state, like the sudden calm after a storm. "I will keep your secret, forgive me. I knew I had no chance. But don't leave me; come to

supper."
He was not really peaceful; he felt almost mad. He would save her in spite of herself. Lela hesitated; then, touched with extreme pity for him, she followed

"But is this the supper room?" she

"But is this the supper room?" she asked as she saw her companion push back the swing door of the hotel.

"There is a quieter room in here. Come, you promised."

He hurried her forward and then stopped suddenly in front of a door.

One could hear raised voices and laughter; then without ceremony Balfour flung open the door.

It was a strange sight which met the eyes of those within and those without that room. Within sat Captain Fletcher with flushed cheeks and unsteady hand, dealing out some cards. His three companions were even more strange in their manner and more dissipated looking than himself, and one was unmistakably drunk.

Lela recoiled in horror, but Balfour would not let her go as he said: "Fletcher, are you ready to claim your

dance with Miss Adair, or are you en

gaged?'
The result was electrical. It was like gaged?"

The result was electrical. It was like the sudden explosion of a bombshell, and Captain Fletcher was far enough gone not to be master of his language. He poured out a volley of imprecations against Balfour, and rising quickly he staggered toward Lefa. Then he saw by her face that the game was lost, and he muttered something about following Miss Adair to the ballroom. The door was shut, the scene was over. Leigh Balfour had done a plucky thing—he had saved her. But he knew—had known when the mad idea entered his head—how she would hate him for it, and he recoiled mentally from what she and others would think of him.

When Captain Fletcher returned to his rooms, he found a note for him; how sent he did not inquire. It was short and in Lela's handwriting:

"I promised you my answer tonight, It is 'No.'"

Though very hazy from the results of the evening carouse, Captain Fletcher took means to steady his mind and his hand. He knew all was up with him now, but he would have his revenge on Balfour and Lela. So he wrote these words:

Aly Darkino—I am writing to say goodly.

What you save me a sudden madness. Can you doubt it? The crime is as bad in my eyes as in yours, and I must explate this first and only fault, for it is one which makes me un-worthy of you—unworthy to prezes the sweet-

yours membrance. Bad as this one fail has made me, my boner remains and is dear to me. Miscraide and hopeless as I am still I refotce that I am not Balfour-the man who betrayed his friend, and whose dishonorable conduct renders him unfit to associate with gentlemen. In life and death, yours.

He read over his letter and smiled. It was clever; it would not miss the mark. As for himself, the game was played out. He was ruined, disgraced. Anyhow the disgrace should not be public on the morrow, for there should be no tomor-

CHAPTER II. Leigh Balfour's rooms were below hose of Alan Fletcher. The Wharton Leigh Baltour's froms were below those of Alan Fletcher. The Wharton barracks were not very well built, and year could hear footsteps above you, especially if the owner walked up and down for some time, as Captain Fletcher did in the small hours after the ball.

How Fletcher tramped above! Even now Balfour had a wish to run up stairs and ask his forgiveness—as if he would get it! At last, wearied out, Leigh Balfour threw himself on his bed without undressing. He dozed off, but not for long, for all at once he was startled by the sound of a report. Balfour knew in a moment what it was, and without waiting to light a candle he rushed up stairs before any one else had stirred. He took three steps at a time till he reached the upper landing and groped his way toward Fletcher's door. Before reaching it he called out:

"Fletcher, for heaven's sake, where are you?"

you?"
He heard a muttered oath, so he thought, and what sounded like, "I'll do for you, too, if you come in."

Balfour paused, all was dark. If he went in, he did not doubt that Fletcher— The Doctor's signature and directions on every bottle. Ill'st'd Pamphiet free. Sold everywhere. Price, 35 cents. Six bottles, \$2.00. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass. doubtless mad with drink-would fire at him in the dark, too, and-and- A crowd of thoughts surged up at that mo-ment of time. Instead of rushing in, as ment of time. Instead of rushing in, as was his first impulse to do, there came over him a moment of strange, unexplainable fear. He, who had never previously qualied before anything, now turned and rushed down stairs, calling out to some one at the bottom to go and fatch a doctor. The some one was Quick-sands, who, in night attire and candle in hand, was asking what was the matter. In his haste he fell over a step, put out

In his haste he fell over a step, put out his light, shouting to Balfour to come to his rescue. Thus several moments were lost, and then a great flood of remorse filled poor Leigh Balfour's soul. All fear was drowned; it had been but momentary. What had he done? Funked it! Oh, the shame that filled his brave soul! Without waiting to pick up either Quicksands or his light, he turned and ran again up stairs. Now, however, he was frustrated; several men and officers was frustrated; several men and officers had arrived with lights, some one else had opened the door, and several hands were raising the fallen man. Blood was flowing profusely. It should have been stanched before, thought Balfour at once; he ought to have done it. The doctor was soon on the spot after this, but Captain Fletcher never spoke again, and as Balfour bent over him he said to himself that he had been his murderer. Of conrest this trarge end made acreat was frustrated; several men and office

life at this moment a gift to be highly prized?

Soon after this the regiment was ordered abroad, and Balfour went with it, but everybody said that since that affair of poor Fletcher's he was an altered man. Quicksands often remarked that it was ridiculous mourning for such a man aş that. He believed it was that girl Balfour was hankering after. She ought to know, and if ever he had the chance—That was certainly unlikely, for the Adairs had left Wharton and had buried themselves abroad.

themselves abroad.

The Five Hundredth was quartered at Gibraltar, and after a time the rock med to them uncommonly small.



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an application for the incorporation f the Dorchester Hotel Co limited The object for which the incorporation s sought is, the building, owning and ontrolling of a hotel to be erected in Dorchester, to be known as the "Dor-chester Hotel;" and for the purchasing, acquiring, holding or transferring of real and personal estate in connection with the said hotel. The place of business of the proposed company is to be in Dorchester and the whole capital steek of company will be \$15,000; \$10,000 of which have been subscribed. The John H Hickman, William Coo Geo M Fairweather, Allan W Chapman, Albert J Chapman, Hanse W Masters. W Hazen Chapman and Willard D Wil-bur, all of Dorchester, in the county of Westmorland. The first three wames Westmorland. The first three vames are to be first or provisional directors of

Bill Brown's babyish brothers being bad boy-) bambooled bady legged Bartholomew Br-ham by break-ing Bernice Braham's be-utiful bamboo bonbon basket Bernice, being Bartholomew's brother,

became belligerent, because, before Bill's bad brothers broke Bernice's beautiful bandoo bombon basket, both began behaving badly by besidearing Bartho-lomew's Bible binding. Both Browns being big babies boggled

before Bartholomews. Parsons' Pill's

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and as Bantour eent over him he said to himself that he had been his murderer.

Of course this tragic end made a great sensation, but as far as possible all the details were hushed up. The episode at the ball leaked out, but the past sins of the dash officer were passed over for the sake of the relations and of ritiat poor girl." Balfour went away on sick leave. He and Lela did not meet again, and neither did she write to him, so of course he dared not write to her. He must be hateful in her eyes, and rightfully so—if she knew! It was not the past he regretted, but it was that moment of cowardice that weighed so heavily on him. Suppose he had entered at once, he might have saved him, and if he had been shot dead—well, was life at this moment a gift to be highly prized?

Soon after this the regiment was or-

