

Monsieur Morisot in his turn: "With Kings we have foreign wars, with Republics we have Civil wars."

Then in a friendly way they began to discuss politics with the calm common sense of reasonable and peace loving men, agreeing on the one point that no one would ever be free. And Mount Valerien thundered unceasingly, demolishing with its cannon balls, French houses, crushing out French lives, ruining many a dream, many a joy, many a hope deferred, wrecking much happiness, and bringing to the hearts of women, girls, and mothers in France and elsewhere, sorrow and suffering which would never have an end.

"It's life," said Monsieur Morisot.

"Say rather that its death," said Monsieur Sauvage.

They started, scared out of their lives, as they felt that someone was walking close behind them. Turning round they saw four men, tall, bearded men, dressed as servants in livery, and wearing flat caps upon their heads. These men were covering the two fishermen with their rifles.

The rods dropped from their frightened hands, and floated aimlessly down the river. In an instant the Frenchmen were seized, bound, thrown into a boat, and ferried over to the Island.

Behind the house they had thought uninhabited was a picket of Prussian soldiers. A hairy giant, who was sitting astride a chair, and smoking a porcelain pipe, asked them in excellent French, if they had had good sport.

A soldier placed at the feet of the officer the net full of fish, which he had brought away with him.

"Not bad, I see; But we have other fish to fry. Listen, and don't alarm yourselves. You are a couple of French spies sent out to watch my movements, disguised as fishermen. I take you prisoners, and I order you to be shot, you have fallen into my hands—so much the worse for you. It is the fortune of war. Inasmuch, however, as you came through the lines you are certainly in possession of the password. Otherwise you could not get back again. Give me the word and I will let you go."

The two friends, livid with fear, stood side by side, their hands nervously twitching, but they answered not a word.

The officer continued: "No one need ever know it. You will go home quietly, and your secret will go with you. If you refuse it, it is death for you both, and that instantly. Take your choice." They neither spoke nor moved.

The Prussian calmly pointed to the river and said: "Reflect in five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. I suppose you have families."

Mount Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two Frenchmen stood perfectly still and silent. The officer gave an order in German. Then he moved his chair farther away from the prisoners, and a dozen soldiers drew up in line twenty paces off.

"I will give you one minute," he said "Not one second more."

He got up leisurely, and approached the two Frenchmen. He took Morisot by the arm and said in an undertone: "Quick! Give me the word. Your friend will know nothing. I will appear to give way."

Monsieur Morisot did not answer.

The Prussian took Monsieur Sauvage aside and said the same thing to him.

Monsieur Sauvage did not answer.

They found themselves once more side by side.

The officer gave another order; the soldiers raised their guns.

By accident Morisot's glance fell upon the net full of fishes on the ground a few steps off. A ray of sunshine lit up their glittering bodies and a sudden weakness came over him. "Good-bye, Monsieur Sauvage," he whispered.

"Good-bye," replied Monsieur Sauvage. They pressed each other's hands, trembling from head to foot.

"Fire," said the officer.

Monsieur Sauvage fell dead on his face. Monsieur Morisot, of stronger build, staggered, stumbled, and then fell right across the

THINGS SOCIETY READERS CAN DO:

WRITE a note at the public desk without putting the book-keeper to any inconvenience. Get a supply of nice stationery. Buy the best self-feeding Pen in the world. Get an Express Money Order that will be payable almost anywhere in the world. Get a Vol. of Music bound so it will open flat and stay there the first time it is used, and wear for years too. And many other things at

KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, Cor. George & Granville Sts.

body of his friend, with his face turned upward to the sky, his breast riddled with balls.

The Prussian gave another order. His men dispersed for a moment, returning with cord and stones. They tied the stones to the feet of the dead Frenchman and carried them down to the river.

Mount Valerien thundered unceasingly.

Two soldiers took Morisot by the head and feet. Two others did the same to Sauvage. The bodies swung to and fro, were launched into space, described a curve, and plunged feet first into the river. The water bubbled, boiled, then calmed down, and the little wavelets, tinged with red, circled gently towards the bank.

The officer, impassive as ever, said: "It is the fishes turn now."

His eye fell upon the gudgeon lying on the grass. He kicked them up and called out "Wilhelm." A soldier in a white cap appeared. He threw the fish towards him.

"Fry these little animals for me at once, while they are still alive and kicking. They will be delicious."

Then he began smoking again.

W. A. PURCEL, Taxidermist and Rod Maker

22 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Fishing Rods made to order and repaired. Fishing Tackle. Also, Powder, Shot, Shells, Caps and Cartridges, to order. Birds and other Animals Stuffed and Mounted. Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

THE PALACE BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

156 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Ladies', Gents', Boys', Misses' & Children's BOOTS & SHOES.

J. SNOW & SON, Undertakers and Embalmers,

56 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

TELEPHONE:—SHOP, 387. HOUSE, 388.

CAKE AND PASTRY.

Delicious Bread and Biscuits,

Light and Flaky, Pure and Wholesome,

— WHEN MADE BY —

Woodill's German Baking Powder.