



Snowy whiteness of sheets, shirts and skirts come from the use of **Surprise Soap** on the wash—never yellow or streaked, always clean and white.

Surprise Soap has peculiar qualities for laundry purposes—good for all uses.

SURPRISE is the name of the Soap.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

She shrieked these words again and again, but the knocking had ceased, and was followed by noises to which the Englishman listened with grave and uneasy aspect. He had been in Paris long enough to become acquainted with much of which his young companion was ignorant.

"Hush!" he said, as she would have renewed her cries. "For pity's sake be quiet. It was only a friend who sought admission, or at least, not friends of ours. Listen. Is not that the firing of muskets? Can I not hear the roars and yells of a mob?"

"Yes, yes, you are right," the Germans have won the city; they have entered Paris!" exclaimed Vivien, as she, too, distinguished the sounds of which he spoke.

But he shook his head, saying: "Not at all probable, is it? Nor would neither the conquerors nor the conquered fight their battles in such a maze as this villainous quarter. No, no; they are plotters whose hideous cries and scattered fire we hear. It is not the first time some of the worst of the ruffians who herd in these dens have incited their companions to make the horrors of war greater by revolting against the law. So that they can find plunder, they care not who suffers, whether it be French or German."

"And we?" asked Vivien fearfully. "What must we do?"

"What can we do," he began to say, but stopped short, his pale face growing paler, for she was clinging to him and pointing to the window in the roof, through which the gray sky of the twilight was seen to change its hue, and grow a lurid crimson. Some building at no great distance had been set on fire by the people, whose appalling yells and shrieks were now heard more distinctly than before, and Vivien, who now divined somewhat of the fresh perils menacing them, covered before them, and wrapped her shawl about her head to shut out that lurid glare.

The knocking at the outer door had been resumed. Hoarse voices called upon Chevreau and his wife to open the door, to come forth, and presently there was a loud report of a gun being fired into the lock of the door, a crash, roars of laughter, and the rush of many feet entering the house.

Vivien heard, and sprang up radiant with delight. Exulting in the prospect of being set at liberty, she forgot all else.

"Saved—saved!" she cried rapturously. "Oh, by—by—hither—hither, mes amis! Hasten—hasten!"

But here her cries were silenced; the hand of the Englishman was on her mouth.

"Rash girl," he whispered, agitatedly. "Do you know what you are doing? The men you are invoking to your aid are fiends, wretches, who respect nothing; and I, how can I aid you? Better to die here than to be such as you to fall into their clutches."

Vivien, white, trembling as violently as himself, her eyes dilated, her breath coming in gasps, heard no more, but crouched at his feet almost insensible, whilst, he, forgetting his own weakness, clenched his hands, and glanced around for some weapon wherewith to keep those demons in human form at bay.

His gaze fell upon the man's robe, and with a fervent, "Thank heaven," he clutched the shoulder of the girl and pointed to it.

"Up with you, and don your garment! Hasten now, for they are even now coming up the stairs. Quick, I say; they are as superstitious as they are wicked. In that dress you are safe, so long as you have the wit to avert their suspicion. They are close upon us—they are at the door! Now, all good angels watch over you, and if the worst comes to the worst, cling to me, for their foul hands shall not touch you as long as I live, and can defend you from them!"

CHAPTER VII.

With the dogged courage engendered by such excessive terror that it was akin to despair, Vivien St. Orme obeyed the instructions of her dour companion to the letter, and then listened with emotions that baffled description to the voices of the approaching men.

"I tell you it is not for nothing," cried one, with many imprecations,

that this cunning Andre has kept his doors locked and windows barred so carefully. He and his wife have been playing some little game at which they did not choose that anyone should take a hand but themselves. Ha! ha! and it is just that we foil them!"

"More than one knows how often Andre's ill-tempered, greedy wife has paid visits to the jeweller's," chimed in another speaker.

"And she is artful," cried the shrill tones of a virago, who had pushed her way in with the foremost. "I have watched her—I who live opposite—and often would she pretend that she only went to sell a few old coins to procure a loaf and a few herbs for potage. But I have kept my eyes open, and I know that she carried rings set with precious stones that sparkled bravely, and chattered long for a good price because, she said, they are worth much. Ah! yes, and on another occasion she had with her a gold watch—an English one. And last night, when she and Andre passed out loaded with packages, as if bent on a journey, it was to the money-changer's that my Pierre, who is the shrewdest of urchins, tracked them. Ay, trust me, they were not as poor as they pretended to be."

"While they hide some of their hoard, we will relieve them of the rest," exclaimed a third, with ferocious glee. "It is ten thousand shames that they should be rich while we are in want! Men do not bar and bolt themselves in unless they have something they fear to lose. Search away, then, boys, comrades, and joy to him who finds most! Andre has done many an ill turn, for he was a churl at the best. Search, I say!"

The next moment some one lifted the latch of the chamber in which Vivien and the Englishman were prisoners, and discovered that it was secured and the key gone. There, then, must be the booty they sought. With yells of triumph and expectation, half a dozen of them put their shoulders to the door; it was wrenched off its hinges, and a posse of the most villainous-looking fellows Vivien had ever beheld rushed pell-mell into the miserable apartment.

A long stare from the astonished intruders, and then a groan of disappointment. All they beheld was a figure extended on the wretched bed, beneath a coverlet which concealed all but his wan features and closed eyes, while a man, with clasped hands, his face hidden as much as possible by her cap, knelt beside him.

"What means this," demanded one of the boldest of the men, half inclining to suspect a murder.

"Hush!" said Vivien, rising, and bending over her patient. "He still breathes; but I pray you not to come too near, for it is the fever."

Several of the men recoiled, but others, angry at not having found any thing, began to murmur, and one made a suggestion that horrified the trembling listener.

"Must we, then, leave this chamber unsearched? Pitch the maledade out of the window, bed and all! If he is so near death, it can make but little difference to him."

Vivien felt her blood go cold; but remembering her assumed character, she said boldly:

"You shall not do anything so cruel in my presence. It is at the risk of your own lives that you breathe this tainted atmosphere; at all; but if you are so fearless, carry my patient to the nearest hospital. He will be received there, and I will take care that his bearings are rewarded for their trouble."

But no one volunteered for the task; on the contrary, the most daring had edged to the door, for the motionless form, the ghastly visage, on which the lurid glare of the burning house gleamed through the skylight fitfully, and the dark-robed figure that stood beside it, impressed them in spite of the bravado, so much so, in fact, that when some one suggested that Andre's horde were probably hidden in the cellars, they all trooped away to make explorations there.

"If we find nothing below we will burn his old house in revenge," muttered a ruffian, who had provided himself with a torch, which he waved to and fro, as if longing for the moment in which he could work some fresh devastation.

As the last of the marauders quitted the chamber, the Englishman raised himself on his elbow and pointed to ward the door.

"Now is your time! In that garb you may be suffered to pass unquestioned. You are young and active. Save yourself. Away with you, and heaven guard you safely home!"

Vivien needed no second bidding. Away she darted; the outer door was open; the mob were furiously attacking an iron grating that prevented

their entering the cellars, and inciting each other with tales of Andre's miserly habits, and the valuable things which were often observed by him.

But the first selfish impulse to secure her own safety had passed ere Vivien was half way down the stairs. She came of a noble race, and though her finer qualities were often obscured by trivial faults, the good feelings, inherited from a long line of honorable ancestors, still dwelt within her.

Scarcely had the wistful eyes of the invalid watched her light form disappear when she was once more beside him.

"Up—up; I will not go alone. Lean on my arm, sir. Once out of this dreadful house we will sustain each other."

(To be Continued.)

LOSS OF THE MINCH

Narrow Escape of the Crew—Story of a Survivor.

Warton, Ont., Nov. 3.—The following particulars of the wreck of the schooner "P. Minch," of Chicago (Capt. Wm. C. Clark), wrecked on Cove Island on Wednesday last, were brought by the crew of the wrecked vessel. The vessel was lying at anchor, between Echo and Cove Islands, for shelter, and had both anchors down. The wind was in the southwest, but changed very suddenly to northeast, driving the vessel on the beach. The yawl boat was lowered, but it capsized, and broke away almost instantly. When they found the vessel was going to rise the mate, John Downing, made a line fast around his waist and tried to swim ashore, but the heavy seas washed him back, and he was pulled under. The captain then made a line fast around himself and cast it overboard, and it went ashore. They then threw lumber over, which jammed the timber on the shore, and made the other end of the line fast to the vessel. The mate then made another line fast around himself and got ashore, afterwards pulling the men ashore one at a time, the captain being the last one to leave the vessel. The mate ordered one of the men who had a match safe to seal it with tallow and bring it with him. It had not been for this no doubt some of them would have perished with the intense cold. They made a fire, and kept warm. The vessel went to pieces in three hours. The shipwrecked crew arrived at Warton on the tug McAulay, and go today to Chicago.

THE W. C. T. U. AT OTTAWA

Deliberations of the Provincial Convention—Mrs. Thornley's Address.

Ottawa, Nov. 3.—At yesterday morning's session, after devotional exercises, the report of the executive committee was rendered. This report recommended that the Ontario union should grant a sum of money to the Quebec union to enable it to carry on its work in the line of distributing literature throughout the province. This recommendation was adopted by the convention.

Mrs. Thornley, the provincial president, delivered her annual address. It was expected to be biting and the expectation was not disappointed. They had scored, she said, a great victory. The battle was the Lord's. There had been political rascality and trickery. She attacked the government for delay in introducing the temperance bill. There had been trickery at the start in the first draft of the bill, in speaking of alcoholic, instead of intoxicating, beverages, and in the clause relating to order. The seizure of the campaign selected was the worst possible. The polling booth arrangements were bad; the punishment for frauds inadequate; intimidation was practiced; prohibitionists in London with the boxes of Quebec had gone against them, but Quebec was an ignorant province. Mrs. Thornley concluded by peremptorily demanding at the hands of the Dominion Government and Parliament the immediate introduction of a measure prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

The superintendent of the curfew bell committee reported that the curfew bell had proven a great success in the many cities and towns where it had been tried, but that the authorities in almost every case were entirely too delinquent in enforcing the law. It was urged that it was the duty of every member of the union to see that the law was enforced, and to call the attention of the authorities to any case of violation. This report was presented by Mrs. McKee, of Bait.

Reports on young women's work in the union were presented. Mrs. M. R. Thornley addressed the meeting on the school of methods. This school is for the instruction of the officers of the union.

Other reports were presented, including the band of hope and Sabbath observance.

NEW GOLD FIELDS.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 3.—The Drigo has arrived with a big find of placer gold half way between Dease and Atlin lakes. One man took out 69 ounces in four days.

DISEASE DUE TO DIRTY WELLS.

Burlington, Ont., Nov. 3.—For some time typhoid fever has been prevalent in this village, but lately new cases are reported almost daily. One entire family of seven is stricken with it, and in several other instances there are two cases in one family. Doctors say the cause is low and dirty wells. At this writing, S. M. Burke, customs officer, is reported dying.

GOVERNOR PATTERSON'S GIFT.

Toronto, Nov. 3.—At the prize presentation at Upper Canada College, Lieutenant-Governor Hon. J. C. Patterson, announced that he would donate to the college the sword, Victoria Cross, and other mementos of the late Col. Dunn, some time of the 23rd Regiment, who died in Abyssinia. An oil painting of the warrior accompanies the gift. Col. Dunn was an old U. C. C. boy. Principal Parkin, in U. C. C. boy. The principal, Parkin, closing the proceedings, remarked that Hon. Mr. Patterson had paid \$1,200 for these relics in London, England, when they were about to be sold by a nephew of Col. Dunn. Loud cheers expressed the appreciation of Lieutenant-Governor Patterson's kindness.

The Hong Kong Press tells of a professional beggar who has built a fine three-story tea house just outside the South Gate. The only three-story building in the city, it is an object of great pride to the natives, whose charity helped so largely in its erection.

Belgrade's national library, which opened with 40,000 volumes on the shelves, has been closed on account of the disappearance of its books. It was intended to be a circulating library, but the people who took out books never returned them.

TOOK POISON

Sad Suicide of a Seaforth Girl in a Toronto Restaurant.

Toronto, Nov. 3.—Edna Leslie, a young woman of 21, of doubtful reputation, went into a restaurant on King street west about 10 o'clock, sat down, and drank half an ounce of carbolic acid. A doctor was instantly summoned, but the unfortunate woman died in fifteen minutes.

The body was removed to the morgue, where it was identified by a man who said the woman's real name was Maggie Kennedy, and that she formerly lived in Woodstock, Ont.

TURNED DOWN

E. F. Clarke, M. P., Toronto, Censured by Dissatisfied Stockholders of an Insurance Company.

Toronto, Nov. 3.—A meeting of the directors of the Excelsior Mutual Life Assurance Association was held Tuesday night. The stockholders have received no dividends since the organization of the company six years ago, and are complaining loudly.

A motion was presented practically censuring E. F. Clarke, M. P., managing director of the company, for not fulfilling the terms of his agreement with the company. Mr. Clarke stated that if the motion passed he was bound to resign his position. Mr. Clarke was thereupon asked to retire.

The motion was then passed, and Mr. Clarke put in his resignation as managing director. The resignation will be considered at a special meeting next Monday night.

Permanent Cure of Boils.

B. B. B. Cured Mrs. Harrison Henley, of Musquodoboit, N.S., in 1895, and the Boils have never come back.

Anyone who has ever suffered from boils, knows how sick and miserable they make you feel.

When you think you're about cured of one, another seems ready to take its place and prolong your wretchedness.

Boils are simply the outcropping of impure blood.

When the blood is purified, cleansed and vitalized by Burdock Blood Bitters, the boils quickly disappear, never to return—the cure is permanent—your misery is at an end, and your health and strength come back again.

Such were the results in the case of Mrs. Henley, of Musquodoboit, N.S., who recently wrote the following letter:

"In the spring of 1895 I was continually troubled with boils, one coming after another for about six months. Some as large as a hen's egg."

"My blood was in a very bad condition and I was very miserable all summer. In September I got a bottle of B.B.B. and began taking it, I felt better after I took one bottle. I kept on taking the Bitters until I had taken five bottles and can say I have been well ever since and have never had a boil on me since."

"I can safely say from my own experience that B.B.B. is the very best medicine in existence for any blood disorder."

MRS. HARRISON HENLEY.

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Mammoth Mills at Hull, Branches and agencies at Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Hamilton, Kingston, St. John, Halifax, London, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver, St. John's, Nfld.

Startling Fatality of Croup

The terror of childhood is croup. It is the most fatal of all diseases among babies and young children.

It usually begins with all the appearance of a common cold. The child coughs, it rustles, has more or less fever. As the disorder progresses, if relief is not had, the fever increases and breathing becomes very difficult. At last this difficulty becomes permanent, the pulse falls, the face becomes pale and is bathed in cold sweat and the end is not far off.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is a sure cure for croup, as half a century of successful experience clearly shows. Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala., writes to the S. C. Wells Co., of Le Roy, N. Y., as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: I write this letter to tell you what a valuable medicine you have in your Shiloh's Cure. I think it is the greatest remedy ever discovered, and several of my friends to whom I have recommended it are as enthusiastic as I am. My baby, who is now nearly two years old, was brought up on Shiloh, and a fatter or more healthy baby cannot be found in this section. If he were croupy of a night, had a cough or a cold, one or two doses invariably relieved him. I would not be without a bottle of it in the house for ten times the price of it. It has saved me many a dollar in doctor's bills. I will send you a picture of my Shiloh baby if it will be of any service to you."

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee that the purchase money will be refunded in case the medicine does not do everything that is claimed for it. 25c, 50c, and \$1 a bottle in United States and Canada. In England 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.



Permanent Wringers,

\$2, \$2.50, \$3.

See the Ball-bearing Clothes Wringer. Turn with half the labor.

Carpet Sweepers...

Comprising all the leading makes, including Sweepers, Champion, Standard, Grand Rapids, Superior, etc., from

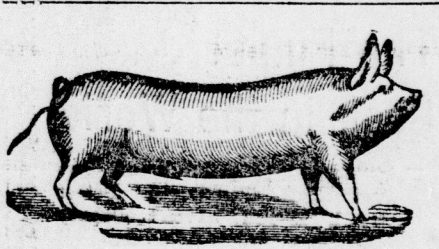
\$2.50 to \$3.50 each

Enameled Meat Cutters

AT \$1.35 each AT

Reid's Hardware

No. 118 (North Side) Dundas Street.



Hams, small, 11c lb.
Bacon, smoked, 10c lb.
Breakfast Bacon, 10c lb.
Long Cans, 9c lb.
Sausage, small, 3 lb. 25c
Sausage, large, 4 lb. 25c
Bologna, 4 lb. 25c

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Royal and United States Mail Steamers for Queenstown and Liverpool.

MAJESTIC, Nov. 9, noon
GERMANIC, Nov. 18, noon
ADRIATIC, Nov. 23, noon
TEUTONIC, Nov. 30, noon
BREITENBURG, Dec. 7, noon

"Superior second-cabin accommodation on these steamers."
Saloon rates—On Teutonic and Majestic, \$75 and upwards; second cabin rates, Majestic and Teutonic, \$42.50 and upwards; Adriatic, \$37.50 and upwards, according to location of berth. Round trips at reduced rates. Saloon rates on Germanic and Britannic, \$50 and upwards. Steerage at lowest rates. Company's office, No. 9 Broadway, New York.

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Navigation and Railways

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CPR Commencing Thursday, Nov. 3, Equipped Tourist Sleeper will leave Carlton Junction at 7:05 p.m. and run through to St. John's and on Friday, Nov. 4, one will leave Toronto at 12:30 p.m., and run through to Vancouver.

CPR The Thursday and Friday CPR Service will be continued CPR throughout the winter season. CPR

CPR The Tourist Sleeper Service CPR on other days will be abolished. CPR

CPR C.E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen. CPR Pass. Agent, 1 King street East, CPR Toronto.

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ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool

Calling at Rimouski and Montreal

From Montreal From Quebec

PARISIAN, Nov. 3, 6 p.m.
LAURENTIA, Nov. 19, 6 p.m.

*Do not call at Rimouski or Montreal.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin, Derry and Liverpool, \$52.50 and upwards; return, \$100 and upwards. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, London, \$36; return, \$66. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, everything found, \$22.50.

Glasgow-New York service—Mongolian sails from New York, Nov. 11; cabin, \$12.50 and upwards; return, \$25 and upwards; second cabin, \$22.50; return, \$45; steerage, \$25.00.

AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets, and F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street.

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Express trains leave Montreal and Halifax daily (Sunday excepted) and run through without change between these points.

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Canadian-European Mail and Passenger Route.

Passengers for Great Britain and the Continent can leave Montreal Tuesday morning and join outward Mail Steamers at St. John on Wednesday, or they can leave Montreal on Wednesday morning and join outward Mail Steamers at Halifax on Thursday.

The attention of shippers is directed to the superior facilities offered by this route for the transport of flour and general merchandise intended for the Eastern Provinces, New Brunswick and the West Indies; also for shipments of grain and produce intended for the European markets, either by way of St. John or Halifax. Tickets may be obtained and all information about the route, also freight and passenger rates, on application to

A. H. HARRIS, General Traffic Manager, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., May 21, 1897.

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Don't Leave An Opening

For disease to enter your system. Each illness neglected makes the way easier for more dangerous diseases to get a foothold. The man who keeps his nose so close to the business grindstone that health is neglected may build up a fortune for his heirs, but is that compensation enough for the pain-racked nerves and the diseased and worried system? The neglect that let some little ill into his system is responsible.