POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH. ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 1, 1900.

ish waltzers, and the Italian tarantella, and the Scotch Highland fling, and the stately Virginia reel, and an Indian war dance, but

Farrant had jumped to conclusions stily; the Bates had by no means also malignant a destiny to Edith be. Like himself, she was a guest. eyes traveling pitifully around the fell upon Farrant, whose position was a isolated from the other guests. lock at that poor fellow by the door," id to a lady seated next to her. a you think he is a patient?" asked the

yes, I know he is," said Edith sly. "I saw Dr. Jackson bring him the doctor keeps his eye on him, and to him now and then. How despondations. How tragic it is!" slieve I will go over and ask him to with me. There can't be any danger, wouldn't be allowed to come," said

i you come to these anairs often:
; this is the first I have ever attendhave often wanted to come, but have
sheen disappointed."
t allowed, I suppose," thought Far-

"And do you come often?" The question lipped ont, and Edith half regretted it, aring to touch a sensitive point.
"On, I am only on a flying visit. I don't we here: I came on business, and to see ackson, who is an old friend."
"How deceiful these maniacs are!"

How deceitful these maniacs are in the Edith.

They glided around two or three more in the promenance of the cers, they promenance slowly up and on the long hall. Farrant paused at a sr, which gazed upon the mountit garden tide, and which looked very entrancing assed with the heat and glare of the

as totally unprepared for the effect de suggestion to stroll about out-luced. A frightened look leaped l's eyes, and she faltered nerv-

evil! Of course, she doesn't dare oom without her keeper!" thought

a lunatic.

of attempted gayety.

t choice was a slip of a girl, who
ll, but who seemed to have lost
of conversation, merely reiteratne dance was over, and he and m were having a smoke and talk ter's den, Farrant asked, with an

ackson ruminated a minute with brows. "Miss Howard. Poor orden't find her much fun, she is

bliged to go back, so why not go now ""
"Why will I be obliged to go back in the
d?" asked Edith, wonderingly.
They were now walking forward side by

ous."
So they talked, playing at cross-purposes.
They passed the point where another road ran into the main one, but no one was to be seen coming either way. Presently, however, there was the beat of horses' hoofs and the ring of wheels upon the other road. Edith tried in vain to see through the barrier of trees and bushes between her and

was particularly attracted by a set across the room opposite his not the door. She was a pretty with a delicate, "oval face and a softness of expression in her deep and sensitive mouth. "Nothing wild about her; rather oly face, however. A nurse was sainst the back of her chair a go, so I suppose she must be a grant had jumped to conclusions; the Bates had by no means almalignant a destiny to Edith Like himself, she was a guest.

Edith tried in vain to see through the barrier of trees and bushes between her and possible release. She was afraid to scream. Farrant, being taller, caught a glimpse of the vehicle flashing by. "Hello! Stop!" he called out suddenly. "Please wait for me here a moment," he said to Edith, as he forced a way through the undergrowth. She complied with his request, having no option, as he could easily overtake her a second time.

"I say, Jackson, it's lucky I recognized you. One of the patients at the asylum has escaped; the girl you were telling me about—Miss Howard!" cried Farrant, excitedly.

"Good heavens! exclaimed by "Good heavens!"
"On the other side of the hedge."
The doctor jumped from his buggy and made his way through the hedge. Edith had sunk down on the side of the road, worn out, but when she caught sight of Dr. Jackson she sprang up and came flyone toward him, half laugning, half cryinging toward him, half laugning, half cryinging, on, 'Oh, Dr. Jackson! I am so glad to see you,' she cried, as she caught his hand.

'I thought she loved him!' Farrant mut-

caped lunatic," she whispered.
"The escaped maniac! Yes! Where is e?" cried the doctor, looking eagerly up

exectly. all, we had better not. We would be missed," said he hastily. And the artileved sigh; not for a fortune have trusted herself in the gar. Final Coup.

but the backbone of the republic has been of carelessness:

ackson ruminated a minute with the brown. "Miss Howard. Poor the snow enshrouded hills of savage Basutoland at the dawning of that day knew to land at the dawning of that day knew to land at the dawning of the snow enshrouded hills of savage Basutoland at the dawning of that day knew to land at the dawning of the republic has been broken beyond redemption. Sunday, the broken beyond redemption sunday for the broken beyond redemption. Sunday, the broken beyond redemption sunday for the broken beyond redemption. Sunday, the broken beyond redemption sunday for the broke brown. "Miss Howard. Poor Thie's find her much fun, she is ist." It was a provent young the state of the province of the provent women's improved women's mind, but we is a my large of the provent women's mind, but we it is only accepted the province of t



plied. The only food which he Had the war office authorit

The design of the contract of the

Rundle gave an order to Duscoll, cap-in of the scouts, who had done such od service to the Eighth Division. ruture of the British empire. Two aristocrats riding shounder to shoulder with a wild dare-devel, whose rifle had cracked over half the earth. England, Ireland, and Scotland rode alone in front of the adventurous band that day. It was a reckloss ride, the cardain on his the saddle to drive them over the or veldt, taking every chance that a da devil crew could take, pausing for nothi staying for nothing. Right into the to of Fouriesburg they galloped, down for their saddles they leaped, up went the

which it is a maintage.

"The you man to any—" he began.
"The you wan to any—" he began.
"The you man to any—" he began.
"The you wan the you wan



Carter's Little Liver Pills.

GURE SICK HEADACHE

soldiers standing patiently waiting for the curtain to fall. I was proud of them, and of the men who led them, for they had No smoking ruins cried aloud to God for retribution. No outraged women sobbed dry-eyed behind us. No statving children fled before the khaki wave; and in this last hour, an

stunless whiteness, were above us, and beneath our feets and to right and left were great valleys—not smiling like our English vales, where sunlight runs through shadows like laughter through tears, but vast uncultivated gaps that grinned in sardonic silence at conqueror and conquered, as though to remind us that we were but puppets in a passing show. Kopjes and valleys may have looked unon many a grim page in war's history. Savage chiefs, grim page in war's history. Savage chiefs, the ruler of Africa but trouble and storm, unless someone with a cleaner soul than the ordinary politician remains in Africa to represent our fation. Only one man seems to me to stand out as fitted by God and nature with the high qualities which the ruler of Africa should possess. He is a man who has the gift of leadership as few men—ancient or modern—ever possesses and pointon. I do not see "white winged peace" brooding over this country. I see a people who, even when whipped, maintain that the war has been an unholy war, brewed and bred by a few adventurers for sordid motives, and in my poor opinion there is little in front of us in South Africa but trouble and storm, unless someone with a cleaner soul than the ordinary politician remains in Africa to represent our fation. Only one man seems to me to stand out as fitted by God and nature with the high qualities which the ruler of Africa should possess. He is a man who has the gift of leadership as few men—ancient or modern—ever possessive men was much run down. No organ of the ruler of Africa should possess. He is a man who has the gift of leadership as few men—ancient or modern—ever possessive men and to remain the poor in quality and deficient in quantity, so much so that it did not nourish and tone up the nervous system properly. Such perdict the ruler of Africa should possess. seems to me to stand out as fitted by food and nature with the high qualities which the ruler of Africa should possess. He is a man who has the gift of leadership as few mpn—ancient or modern—ever possessed it, a man whose word is known to be unbreakable, whose hands are clean, whose record is stainless—the Field Marshal Lord Roberts. The man who is to rule South Africa must be a great soldier, not a tyrant, not a martinet, not a bundle of red type t'ed up with a Downing street bow, and adorned with frills. The negro trouble is looming large on the African borders, and the negro chiefs know that in Lord Roberts they have their master. We must not pander to them to the injury of the Dutch, or how are we to weld Dutch and British into a national whole. Our generals have so conducted this campaign, especially this latter part of it, that not only does the Dutchman Isnow that we can be generous with the splendid generosity of a truly great people. Our generals, with few exceptions, have left that record be hind them, for which a nation's thanks are due, and few have done more than the commander of the 8th Division, Sir Leslie Rundle, who can say that only did he mover lose an English gun, but that never done the mover lose an English gun, but that never done the meaking through his lines. Few men placed as he was week after week, month

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after month, would have been able to MORE ROOMS. make so proud a hoast.

These are possibly the last lines I shall ever write in connection with the 8th Division. Their work is practically over here. My own is done, for my health is badly broken, and I shall follow this to England. But if I cannot march home with them when they come back in triumph to receive from a grateful country the praise they have won. I can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that for many months I shared their vicissitudes, if not their glory.

A. G. HALES. make so proud a boast.

MORE ROOMS, about our advert sing lately, because we well a strength of the able to accommodate all who purpose taking our carries of a trudy. We gave succeeded, how very truth we succeeded, how very truth we succeeded.





And and these years of weary pain Forever passed away?
These seven long years of weary night
Turned into endless day?

I sometimes think 'tis all a dream,
And I shall on the morrow
Wake up to all my aches and pains,
The cld, old grief and sorrow.

With peace and heavenly joy.
The sweet songs of the summer birds
No more my nerves annoy.

'Tis by thy aid, my gracious friend, That I have found relief; For God has blest your skillful work, And sent this heavenly peace.

Oh, may thy future life be crowned With blessings from above, And may you long be spared on earth For the great work of love.

How many sickly homes you've cheered, How many hearts made light; For sickness reigns no longer there, And all is calm and bright.

Gcd bless your life, God bless your home, That home across the sea;
A thousand, thousand thanks I send
For what you've done for me."