others to do so. d be the same in ncillors. Counck, in congratuhis election, said him of a story nan of sporting a horse that had hich at last despeed, and in a ing the line belaimed, "Begorra last before, and

ljourned to meet lock resumed the

il, J. Maxwell. nodgrass, Dyer,

the chair, who

中期 daxés—Snodgrass,

e, Hill, Ferson. the chair, the mized, appointits secretary, to the considof the county, the hour of ad-

in a dense fog ashore on Dou-St. Croix river. The passengers, M. McMonagle transferred to that shortly atin sight. iking to St. An-1 o'clock.

. 18.—Those who ith interest the ters in the cirwhat surprised k this morning ed that he had offer in support omitention. Detime was reof evidence than will be before part of tomoron of one hour's Chandler spoke 0 until 5 o'clock igth of his adidea as to the stion in dispute ock Mr. Powell e jury the facts aintiff's standto get far. He nent at the re-

tomorrow. of the Dore British and as held in the ast evening at Hanington, preranch, presided s secretary. In treasurer P. C. t gave a brief es for the last ears that about s collected and society. This cord of former e, the agent of ed the meeting ve many interation about the

year. made by Hon , Rev. J. Roy nas. Rev. Mr. ev. Mr. MacKay having been was as follows: e Hanington: r; secretary, A.

B., Jan. 19.in Fredericton ng to Engineer only \$3,159. With loss all the fire y insurance. ius court will Il adjourn until e McLeod's artindisposed case ohn Valley and for an account plead an affi-

ley and Martin as probable

he government was married Colter, daughleswick Ridge. British bank ed to the St. G. Spinney of e here.

s of the C. P.

effect today: to Keswick; s to Bath, and St. Marys. - The case g clerk in L. le establisharge of misapsettled out of

, Jan. 19.-At jury in Winur hours' deerdict for the lars for damby water from is today no r a new and it, which has and which, if will place one e need covet the plaintiffs suit. however. e been at one swords' points concerned. The oughout this somewhat bitmorticed, it is were few. if it would go as d which now mal suft. It an attempt to whose name e public, but rchester man who evidently symapthy tos reported to for tempting

fourteen.)

MANAGEMENT OF THE PARTY OF THE Napoleon • o Smith.

By a Well-Known New York Author.

mmmmm CHAPTER XIX.—Continued

SECOND PART.

The crowd had dispersed, and still the wounded Lieutenant stood in deep thought, gazing at the bloodstained ground. Sturgis, who had lingered behind, approached him and said:

"I heard you say you were Lieutenant Bob. I am at the American Loreston." Boh. I am at the American Legation, and am deeply interested in your daughter, who is under our protection. She believes you to be dead, and I am afraid the shock of your appearance now may be too much for her loving nature to withstand. Will you allow me to assist you in this matter?"

to withstand. Will you, allow me to assist you in this matter?"

"Why should she think me dead? Did she not receive my letters sent from the hospital?" asked the Lieutenant.

"On the contrary, she was informed by the Marquis that you were certainly dead." said Sturgis.

"I see. It was easy, as the bearer of letters from the German hospitals, for the Marquis to destroy my communications. Ah, he has gone to God to account for his crimes," said the Lieutenant. "But Aimee, my little girl, is she well—is she safe?"

"It would be a long story to tell you here, but she has been foll wed by the malice of the Marquis, and has been a prisoner in his hands for a long time, and was given into the hands of a bandit to be destroyed; but she is safe now," said Sturgis.

said Sturgis.

"Thank Heaven!" said the Lieutenant.

"Well, my friend, if you will go and break the news gently to my little Armee, I will, at a friend's house, prepare my clothing and cover my wound as I best may, and then I will come to the Ministry and meet my angel."

"Very well; come down in an hour," said Sturgis. His mission was a difficult one. After we have mourned a friend as dead, and we have mourned a friend as dead, and set up in our hearts a sacred monument of love, it is like d srupting the very earth beneath us in a whirlwind and earthquake of joy to learn that the object of our grief still lives. He found her looking out of the window on the streets, alive with an unusual stir now that peace had come but she looked up that peace had come, but she looked up with a sad smile of welcome as Sturgis

"Many will be happy to-day, Monsieur," she said, "though Paris is said. Regiments will come back, husbands will greet wives, and fathers look once more on their children. Peace will be sweet, though purchased sa dearly."

"Yes," said Sturgis, "I saw some wounded prisoners who had been in the enemy's hands. Some of them had been taken in the terrible sorties. Some had been supposed dead, but now come back to glauden the hearts of wives and children. There will be a double joy there, Aimee."

She looked up in surprise, and said: "Did you say, Monsieur Sturgis, that some who had been supposed dead came back?" and she clasped her hards. "Centainly; they were left for dead.

"Centainly; they were left for dead, and were cared for in German hospitals. They were too badly wounded to write, or were not allowed to write, and aow they come home as from the dead," and Sturgis looked away from her a moment.

Sturgis looked away from her a moment.

"Ah, God is good! and if it were my father who should thus be spared—but no—they say is dead!" and she sighed.

"Who saw him dead?" asked Sturges.

"Napoleon Smith was at his sid. The saw him dead among the cannon. They called him the papers "coo—the leader. They called him the papers "coo—the leader. On. No, he is dead! and I will find his grave and ween mon, it soon, for the says the says ween mon, it soon, for the says the says the says ween mon, it soon, for the says the says the says ween mon, it soon, for the says the

and weep upon it soon, for the

"Why, you have given no reason why, your father may not be alive fike there, A blow from the artillery sabre would make him unconscious, and he will remain so for some time," and Sturgis grew pale as he heard a step in the

passage.

"Who told you he was st: uck with an artillery sabre? I never heart of that. Ah, you know something of m, father. Tell it me quick!" and she sprang to her

teet.
"I cannot—oyu will scream and faint away. I know how girls act whin they hear good news," said Sturgis.
"I promise you I will not faint or scream, What is this talk of s ldiers coming back? O Heaven, I thank my father is alive! and she rose and came toward Sturges.

toward Sturges.
"There, I knew you would be e caled.
See how you tremble," said Storg's. "No, on my soul I am cool—I am collected. Now, how do you know my father was hurt with a sable?" and she sac

Because I have seen him—and here he is! There, I knew I should make a blob of it, to return to my soap dialex, for she is fainting away in your arms,

Lieutenant.

"Aimee, mon ange, awake! Look! it is Hippolyte—it is your father. Ah, Heaven! she opens her davine eye—Aimee lives, and I am happy!"

The meeting of the Frenchman and his daughter under such circumstances transcends in grandeur any lowers of American description. Stargs, quietly left the room, feeling that his work all had been in vain, but he muttered:

"I wonder how they would have acted if I had not broken it gently?"

CHAPTER XX. "Well, I swam! ye been shut up here ur some time, ain't ye?" I looked up from my desk to see standing in the doorway of my room a Yankee of such a pronounced type that I wanted to get up and hug him. He was a sea captain one could see that at a glance. He had a samy tarpaulin hat in his hand and was a reaction. at a glance. He had a shiny tarpaulin hat in his hand, and was arrayed in a short blue coat, double-breasted, and was ornamented with two rows of large black buttons. His hair was of that indescriable color which is known as sandy, but what endeared him to my heart was his style of beard. It is never seen only on an American, and is found nearest to Boston of any American locality. His face was smoothly shaven everywhere except under his chin, and from his neck and the outside of his jaws rolled out over his collar a long sandy beard. A kindly smie was on sandy beard. A kindly smile was on his face, and he was the personification of Yankee good-humor and shrewd-

of Yankee good-humor and shrewdness.

"Don't say a word," said I. "You are Captain Brown, of the brig Sally Ann, of Providence, Rhode Island, and you are loaded with oak staves."

"Out, by ginger!" he roared, slapping his thigh and laughing. "I am Captain Smith, of the brig Amelia, from Boston, loaded with codish—haw, haw, haw!

"No matter; you are an American, and you look good to me after being shut up in Paris all winter. I guessed you out, but I didn't hit the name, that's all," said, I, laugh ng.

"Nor the cargo, Colonel—you didn't hit the cargo, and that's the main thing. The early bird gets the worm, and I am the early bird with a big round crop, and I want the worm. See? I been waiting for the seige to raise, and then in I come with a load of codfish. Codfish-balls will be a relief and a change from canon-balls, and will lay lighter on the stomach. See? And hoss-meat—b'gosh, I hear these Frenchers been eatin' hosses! I hear the consumption of hosses has been fashionable—gaflopping consumption, probably. Well, here I am, been offered as good as eighteen dollars fur the whole cargo—nearly doubled my money! And how's Washburne; and how you fellers been through the hull darned war?" he asked sitting down.

the hull darned war?" he asked sitting down.

"Very well indeed—all of us. And what is the news in the United States now?" I asked.

"The same old news. Politics a-bumin', business a-boomin', and everybody is cryin' hard times when they ain't a-cuttin' off their coupons and countin' their intrust money. The United States is allus in trouble, but its ginerally growin' pains, like a big boy when his jints ache," and he raored again.

"Captain," said I, "are you a close man?"

"In my dealin's, do ye mean?"

"In my dealin's, do ye mean?"
"Close-mouthed, I mean—can you keep
a secret?" and I pulled my chair close to

"Colonel," said he impressively, "I've colone, said he impressively, "I've got a mouth I kin set a-goin' and go off and leave and it'll run all night, or I kin shet her up and you can't open her with a monkey-wrench. Secret? Well, I guess!"

"When will your cargo of fish be hove out?" I asked
"To morrow night" he answered

"To morrow night," he answered.

"Then I want you to buy fifty thous-and feet of timber and timber the hold of your brig so that she will not sink in any kind of gale—so that she would not sink if she had a hole in her as big as a cart-wheel! Can you do that?" I asked.

"If I could find a responsible party to foot the bills," he said, shrewdly.
"Send everybody to me and I will pay the expenses. How is that?' said I.
"That is business, that is," he said.
"And now, is it any secret about what the cargo is to be?"

"Only eight or nine tons," I answered "Eight or nine tons of what?" he

I leaned forward and whispered one word in his ear, and he sprang to his word in his ear, and he sprang to his feet, saying:

"Slap me on the back, Colonel—I am choking! You ain't crazy, are ye?"

"The cargo will come on board as statuary and bronze work. You will secure it on the timber work, and when you deliver it in Philadelphia at the mint, I will count you down the price of your brig," I answered.

"Ye couldn't give me any little evidence that I beant dreamin, could ve—a

"Ye couldn't give me any little evidence that I beant dreamin, could ye—a little glimpse, for instance?", said he.

I stepped to the door and locked it, and then drew open the door of the office safe. It was packed full of gold coin in regular piles. I took out a handful, and told Smith to put it in his pocked. He turned white and sank down on a chair as I locked the safe. I had touched the weak point in New England character. The Captain had seen what all his life he had only dreamed of. Unlimited wealth had once in his life became a fact. He arose soberly, hid his handful of gold in an inner pocket.

and at the door stopped to ejaculate:
"This is business!" and went out.
"A note for Monsieur," said the concierge, laying a folded note on my desk.
I opened and read: Hospital Des Bernardines.

Come down here as soon as you can. Captain Napoleon Smith was sent out by General Thochu on the last sortic before the surrender, and was seriously wounded. He lies here in his same old cot, in the same ward.

From yours,

Mortiake, Surgeon.

"What is up?" said Sturgis, looking at my distracted face in surprise, as he and Aimee stopped in the doorway.

"Of all the lucky and unlucky men I ever saw, Napoleon Smith is the most bizzling man I ever knew. Here he is in the hospital again with a bad wound," I answered.

Sturgis looked shocked. Then he laughed in a constrained way, and said:

"His adventures would make a book. He has seen more experience in three

He has seen more experience in three months than any man I ever heard of; but he is a brave man, and a man I love and respect. I will go down with you and see him."

you and see him."

Aimee stood with clasped hands a moment, then said: "He has risked much for me, I will call my father to accompany me, and we, too, will visit the brave man in his trouble."

I had already given up trying to understand a woman, buf I thought that a strange speech. Sturgis whisle tune waiting.

strange speech. Sturgis whisher tune while waiting.

Who shall describe Hippolyte Boh when he came back with Aimee, dressed for the street? He had a new uniform. His wound was so far healed that he had a new hat on. In his buttonhow was s small bouquet. He had in under his arm. He had the decoration of the Legion of Honor on his heroic.

of the Legion of Honor on his heroic breast, and beside it several other badges. Why this great parade? Because, the Marquis Larue and his son being dead, the claims of Aimee to the Brinvilliers estate, were to be passed upon soon at the Palais de Justice. Hoop-ia: wounds are nothing. But bold! soon at the Palais de Justice. Hoop-ia! wounds are nothing. But hold! We are going to see the brave American, who is wounded, and he heaves a great sigh as Aimee takes his arm. Sturgis and I take the lead, and Aimee follows with her father. We meet the Doctor in the office. He looks grave, and

in the office. He looks grave, and says:

"Be seated; I have something to say before we visit the patient. You are all friends, I know, and I have a deep interest in Napoleon Smith. You, Mr. Secretary, are his intimate friend. You, Mr. Sturgis, know something of his wonderful career. Lieutenant Boh, I think you have fought at his side, and love him. May I go a step farther, Mademoiselle Aimee, and say you are still more closely attached to him? Shall I say you are his afflanced bride?"

"Pardon, Monsieur Doctor, it is not

bride?"

"Pardon, Monsieur Doctor, it is not so," said Hyppolyte, rising and bowing.
"If Mademoiselle formed an attachment for the brave Captain when she was in private life, be sure, gentlemen, it was not the grand passion. Ah, no—it was what you call friendship. Mademoiselie is now Lady Brinvilliers. It is far different," and the Lieutenant spread his hands expressively.

"Very good," said the practical Doctor. "I have stopped you here for a moment to explain matters to you before you see the patient. I will be brief as I may. At Gettysburg, in the United States, Smith was wounded in the head. It was not severe. He came to Paris last autumn, enlisted in the Guard, and rose rapidly through his courage and trustworthiness. Trochu entrusted him with a reconnoissance between the lines. He was wounded again in the exact spot in which he was wounded at Gettysburg. His life was despaired of in the hospital, as he had almost continuous syncope and paralysis. By conin the hospital, as he had almost continuous syncope and paralysis. By consent of his friends we used the trephine and cured the syncope, but left our patient an imbecile, with no memory of the past. After weeks of this unconsciousness, I operated again, replacing the bone taken out by the trephine, and my patient became again a man, and my patient became again a man, aain went into service, and was in the sortie the night before the surrender. If this has been a long, tedious story, here is its conclusion: "Truth is stranger

here is its conclusion: Truth is stranger than fiction, because no writer of fiction can originate in imagination what may, and often does, appear in truth. In that last sortie a piece of an exploding shell wounded Napoleon Smith for the third fine in exactly the same spot. All my work was torn away, and Napoleon Smith is again without memory, education or intelligence. He will live, but for years he must be educated like but for years he must be educated like a child. He will be brought up to the intelligence of manhood, with great intelligence of manhood, with great care, in ten years. A nurse is with him who cared for him when he was here before. Now, if anyone here loves him well enough to lead him back to manhood by tender care, here is your chance. Do you wish to see him?" Aimee stood with her hands over her and tears streaming through her

fingers. Sturgis was pale as he listened to the strange story. Hippolyte Boh was horror-stricken. I will confess that an uncanny feeling came over me as I heard that such a fate had again overtaken Napoleon Smith, I shuddered as I listened. When we all signified our desire to visit the patient, Dr.

Mortlake led the way upstairs.

"Do not be any more afraid of disturbing him than you would be of talking before a haby a year old. He has about that amount of intelligence now," said the Doctor, before we entered the room.

the room.

Aimee approached near to the chair, extending her hands. "Napoleon, do you know me?"

A childish smile was all the recognition she received. With a sob she drew back.
"En evant!" shouted Hippolyte Boh drew back.

"En evant!" shouted Hippolyte Boh
to his old comarde. Smith lifted his
hands and smiled as innocently as a
babe. It was too much for the Lieutenant, and he wept.

"As I understand it," said the Doc-

tor, "this man has no relatives. If he has formed an attachment to any he has for med an attachment to any person which would give them a claim upon him, I wish to know it. Nothing but a supreme love can make the care of this mar a peasure as well as a duty. Does anyone here know of such a friend or lover?"

Ah! how well Aimee understood the words of Le Noir. She staggered back, and, curiously enough, Sturgis caught her and held her hand.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried, "I cannot—I cannot! It was the man, the here I

cannot! It was the man, the hero I worshipped."

I saw the tremendous drama emacting before my eyes and said:

"Let no one here make a mistake. This man, Napoleon Smith is richer than an Indian prince. If money can eke out the dregs of love, he has money enough to hire all the nurses in Paris. Remember that," said I, fiercely.

"Monsieur the Secretary must know," for which the old saidors' home buildings in the progression of the season today. A fierce brizard raged all day. Still he had large audiences and there was much enthusiasm. As one result of General Booth's visit it has been decided to form a naveal and military league and the poor man's metropole, for which the old saidors' home building in the progression today. A fierce brizard raged all day. Still he had large audiences and there was much enthusiasm. As one result of General Booth's visit it has been decided to form a naveal and military league and the poor man's metropole, for which the old saidors' home building the progression today. A fierce brizard raged all day. Still he had large audiences and there was much enthusiasm. As one result of General Booth's visit it has been decided to form a naveal and military league and the poor man's metropole, for which the old saidors' home building the progression today. A fierce brizard raged all day. Still he had large audiences and there was much enthusiasm.

"Monsieur the Secretary must know," said Hippolyte, extending his hands in deprecation, "that it would be impossible for Aimee, in her new position as head of a great house, to sacrifice all for the brave Captain. Is it not so, friends? She must appear in society, you see. Ah, it is sad," and he drew back.

Sturgis stood silent, watching the terrible play of emotion, as a lover of sport watches the mad contest in the ring.

"It was for this I called you here," said the Doctor, in his calm, methodical voice. "You see the patient, you see the task, and the complications of love, interest and pride. This man was a lover who would creep up the greaming lover who would creep up the gleaming face of the abyss to win a look from a maiden's eye. He thought no more a maiden's eye. He thought no more of facing death in quest of his love, than he would to breathe the zephyrs of his American hills. He was a king in battic, but a slave in love. Now he is smitten down, and lies a noble ruin. Is there no gentle hand to train the ivy of affection over his blighted life? Warriors were wont to be solaced in death or in wounds by the ministrations of love at some gentle hand. This man was a Bayard, a gentle knight to us all, and now shall we cast him out to the charity of strangers?"

Aimee was crouched down against the wall, moaning: "I cannot, I cannot."

The Doctor went on in his merciless address. "Then, I ask, is there no one who loves the vase for its fragrance after it is crushed. Is there no one who can see in the statue defaced and stained the outlines of a beauty once fashioned by the Master's hand? What! do we hate the mother when her golden

do we hate the mother when her golden locks are gray? Do we spurn the father when his eyes are sunken and blind? Does the mother cast away the crooked and deformed child when it yearns for her bosom? Is there no one who still loves the ruin of this brave man?

and deformed child when it yearns for her bosom? Is there no one who still loves the ruin of this brave man?"

Then the dark-eyed nurse with catlike tread came and stood before the chair of Napoleon Smith and said, in a ringing tone and with extended hand: "See, messleurs' I was beneath nim, and a thing of shame. They called me Le Noir. I saw him strong and pure as a young god, and my heart went out to him. I tried to buy his love. He spurmed me away. His pure, brave young life made me ashamed, and I plunged into mad crime to bury in forgetfulness my love. I followed him afar, and as I watched my star, it fell to earth. Its light was quenched, and I dared to approach it. Talk you of money? When no friend stood near I would have coined my blood in drops and doled it out to buy him painless breaths, and then when my treasury was exhausted, would have given my soul to win an answering smile. But again he went away, and spurnin me, left my heart bitter. Again I tried to drown my love in crime and had revelry, and then she, the pure malden yonder taught me to pray to her God and I had rest. I would suffer in silence and seek in penitence to find my peace. Again my star fell, and again I drew near. God had heard my prayers—but hark! I ask something. I ask yonder maiden to make her choice. Let her say now that she will love and care for this man, and I will go away and bury myself in convent walls and find peace in secret prayer; but oh, if she will give me this poor shadow of a noble life, and let us go away and be wanderers in the world—if she will let me lead him and delve in the ground with the hardest toilers, to win his bread, to be his hand, his eye, his brain, his all, it is all I ask—but let her choose, and forever hold to that choice."

"You hear?" said the Doctor, boldly—"will you make your choice, Mademoiselle?"

(To be Continued.)

(To be Continued.)

Dwarfs live much longer than giants, the latter usually having weak con-stitutions and soft and brittle bones.

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 20.-The Dominion and Alian line steamers will again make Halifax a port of call on their western voyages from Liverpool.

This move has been made to capture a share of the large passenger traffic expected to set in early next month to Canada, attracted by the marvelous stories of the wealth of the Klondyke. The steamers running on this route are the Labrador, Vancouver and Scotsman. The first boat to call here which sails from Liverpool on the

to them about the issuance of the obnoxious import freight tariff. In a word it means that the trouble was the result of a "misunderstanding" of instructions, at least this is the way it is down from Montreal, prepared the tariff and issued it, though Mr. Harris had said not to do so before the re-ceipt of orders. Mr. Wallace seemed to think from the work of the new head clerk and what was said that the tariff should be allowed to go out. The tariff was primarily a St. John tariff, and addition of Halifax rates was only a temporary kind of arrange

President Baker of the Yarmouth Steamship company has been served with notice by the superintendent of the Dominion Ablautic railway that on and after next Wednesday all traffic arrangements for pass and freight will be cancelled by the company. This is a very serious mat ter for the steamship company, which depends largely for its business on points along the D. A. R. In fact. with this discrimination it is difficult to see how the company can continue however. He leaves for Ottawa tomorrow, where he will interview the reliway committee and urge that action be taken by the government to compel the rallway to cease what is practically a prohibitory discrimina

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 23.—Sandford F. Daleman, a junior student of Acadia college, Wolfville, died sudman class, when stricken down by heart disease.

General Booth was met by the worst storm of the season today. and will meet her father in Montreal for which point he leaves tomorrow. autopsy and found that the child well developed and born allive.

Why is it that a deep sorrow often seeks relief in versification? The New York Evening World recently printed an obituary notice, and followed it with a long "poem," of which the first stanza may serve as a

The Foremost Medical Company Weak Men Makes this Offer.

HAPPY MARRIAGE, GOOD TEMPER, LONG LIFE.



So much deception has been practiced in advertising that this grand old company now for the first time makes this startling offer:

They will send their costly and magically effective appliance and a whole month's course of restorative remedles, positively on trial without expesse to any honest and reliable man!

Not a dollar need be advanced—not a penny paid—till results are known to and acknowledged by the patient.

The Eric Medical Company's appliance and remedles have been talked about and written about all over the world, till every man has heard of them.

They restore or create strength, vigor, healthy tissue and new life.

They quickly stop drains on the system that sap the energy.

They cure nervousness, despondency and all the effects of evil habits, excesses, overwork, etc. They give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body Failure is impossible and age is no barrier.

This "Tria, without Expense" offer is limited by the company to a short time, and application must be made at once.

No C. O. Scheme, no bogus philanthropy nor deception, no exposure—a clean business proposition by a company of high financial and professional standing.

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y., and refer to seeing the account of their offer in this paper.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 21.-J. J. Wallace, general freight agent of the I. C. R., was in town today. He met Miayor Stephen and President Mitchell of the board of traide, and explained explained. A new chief clerk came

denly yesterday. Dolleman was found lying on the floor of his room. He had been gettling ready for the Ger-

A young man named Fraser had Saturday, with John Grant. The row

culiminated in the schooting of Grant in the groin. The recovery of the wounded man is doubtful. (The dead body of an infant was

about to be purchased. Latest advices are that Commander Eva Booth, iil in Toronto, is improving found on Saturday in a trunk in a room occupied by Mary Slaughen-Coroner Finn performed an reports that the infant died by foul means. Slaughen white, the woman was arrested on suspicion of infanti-

OBITUARY POETRY.

I have his blocks that he used to play, And make out of them houses;
I always kept my son gay
And neat dressed. Every one knows it;
And now my only child is dead:

Free Trial To Any Honest Man

in the World in the Cure of

HEALTH AND ENERGY ASSURED.

In all the world to-day—in all the history of the world—no doctor nor institution has treated and restored so many men as has the famed ERIE MEDICAL.CO. of Buffalo, N. Y.

This is due to the fact that the company controls some inventions and discoveries which have no equal in the whole realm of medical science.



particle of nourishment sticks.

50 CENTS A PACKAGE. LEEMING, MILES & CO., DICK & CO., Agents, Montreal.

leaving for Ottawa in the latter part of January. Every one will be cordially welcomed at the services from Sabbath to Sabbath.

THE ACHING BACK.

MANY women have to do their own house work. The constant bending overmaking beds, sweeping, ironing, sewing
—comes hard on the kidneys; cramps and
strains them. Backaches, sideaches, headaches follow.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

remedy all these things simply by making the kidneys resume healthy action.

Mrs. T. Langdon, 202 Queen Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered greatly with pains in my back across the kidneys. They were very severe, and caused me great weakness so that at times I could not attend to my household duties. The medicines I took did me no good. From when I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills I experienced relief, and it took only one box to make the pains and aches all vanish."

50c. a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. Sold by all

BE SURE YOU GET DOAN'S. THE ORIGINAL KIDNEY PILL.

THE UNIONIST WINS.

t is Said Parnellites, Healyites and Dillonites Worked Together in the Contest.

DUBLIN, Jan. 21.-A parliamentary by-election was held here today to full the vacancy in the St. Stephen's Green division, caused by the appointment of Wm. Kenney, Q. S., solicitor general for Ireland, to a judgeship of the high court. It resulted in the election of the unionist candidate, J. M. Campnell, by a majority of 138 over his nationalist opponent, Geo. Noble Plunkett. Mr. Campbell received 3,525 votes,

At the special by-election in Augus 1895, after Mr. Kenny was appointed solicitor general for Ireland, he carried the St. Stephen's Green division

against Pierce Mahoney, Parnellite,

spirit, and a quite unusual thing in recent years, Parnellites, Halyites and Diffonites apparently worked toge

The nationalist candidate, commonly known by his papal tittle "Count" Plunkett, has always been a memi of the Parnellite group, as supported of John Redmond, and a prominent member of the reform league. Campbell, the victor, is a barrister well known in the Irish northern circuit. The programmes of the two candidates consisted in the main of the familiar views of the sections they represent. Some bitterness was im ported by the nationalist declaration that the Lodger franchise was "thor-oughly frandulent." Count Plunkett contested the St. Stephen's Green di-vision against Mr. Kenny in the general election of 1895, when he was defeated by 456.

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the features of our "Klondyke" company worthy of consideration.

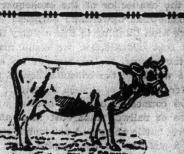
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HOLY WRIT BEFORE HANSARD.

(Vancouver World.)
It is announced that the Rev. G. R.
Maxwell. M. P., will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church until his

MONTREAD MAN ARRESTED

When the C. P. C. train arrived from Montreal Thursday afternoon Chief of Police Clark and Capt. Jenkins were at the depot, at the request of Provincial Detective McCaskill of Montreal, to ascertain if H. E. Migner was among the passengers. They had a description of the man and found no difficulty in securing him. Migner, who was in the second class car, was who was in the second class car, was elegantly dressed. When taken into custody, Migner, who is about 36 years of age, asked why he was apprehended, and Chilet Chark replied that all he knew about the matter was what was contained in Detective McCaskill's telegram, which stated that he was to be held for obtaining money under false pretences. Migner at first remarked that he could not imagine thow such a charge could be preferred how such a charge could be preferred against him, but later on added that it must be for infringing on the rights of a patent medicine concern. The prisoner denied having any money with him, but between \$60 and \$70 was found concealed in one of his socks. As Migner is said to be troubled with heart disease. heart disease, Dr. D. E. Berryman called upon him that night and saw

that he was properly looked after. An officer will arrive here today to take Migner to Montreal. A Montreal despatch to the Sun that night said: "The charge against Migner to the making and disposal of bogus pills, a well known brand. He was found guilty in the police court here last week on a similar charge, and let go with a fine of \$5 on the promise to amend his ways. This he is alleged not to have done, hence his second arrest."

H. E. Migner, the Montreal travel-ler captured on Thursday by Polifice Captain Jenkins, was taken to Mon-treal on Friday by the I. C. R. Quebec express, by an officer who arrived from Montreal on the C. P. R.

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