

WOLFE'S TOMB IN ST. ALFEGE.

Visitor Describes the Place Where Lies the Dust of the Hero in Quebec.

In the dark, cob-webbed vaults of St. Alfege church, Greenwick, the dust of the mortal remains of Lieut-General Wolfe lies in its last resting place. Round about are debris and the half forgotten tombs of local celebrities.

Only a narrow stone slab, placed in the walls some feet from the ground marks the spot where the great soldier who won Canada for England and in the doing laid down his life, lies buried. The inscription is simple, as he would himself have had it. "The family vault of Lieut-General Wolfe, 1759. With him are buried the remains of his father and mother, whose faith in their son never wavered, whatever reverses befel."

St. Alfege is a begrimed, rather forbidding structure with pretensions to wards magnitude in spots, and towards classic architecture in others, which suggest the ideas that the builders began with large ideas, and then thought better of it. The church has a remarkable history the site upon which it stands having held two edifices previously devoted to divine worship. It is related with pride by the inhabitants of Greenwick that in the first of these Henry VIII., "Jolly King Hal," was baptized. "It was in the year 1718 that the present St. Alfege church was reared, and since that time many of the nation's great have been borne there for their last sleep. The tottering sexton on point out to you with an air of proprietorship the tomb of the famous Duchess of Bolton.

"There she be that all snug," he says, in an awed whisper.

I found this ancient guardian of an ancient pile sitting upon a sunbath. His greeting was not cordial, for he foresaw an interruption to his leisure, but he at once grew interested, and became the object of the guest. He takes a personal interest in the dead general, does the sexton of St. Alfege.

"Ay, ay," he said, bitterly. "There be folks as say he ain't buried 'ere. But I knows, I tell 'e, I knows. Didn't I bury an thirty year ago?"

His interviewer expressed surprise at this remarkable statement, and ventured to point out humbly that Wolfe had been dead considerably over a century.

"Ay, ay," he returned, tolerantly. "I'm tellin' 'im. It was this way. About thirty years ago, the warden asked for the keys of the vaults, and some people came with them. I opened that 'ere vault myself, and found three coffin—General Wolfe and his father and mother Ay, ay, that's 'ow it were."

With a little persuasion the old historian got up reluctantly from his seat.

"You come 'ere and I'll show 'e," he said, wheezingly.

A few much scared and ponderous wooden door opened creakingly as he turned the key, disclosing a short, steep flight of stairs, and beyond blackness. With a muttered caution to be careful, the sexton stooped and descended, and immediately afterwards a tiny flame of light showed him, taper in hand, waiting for me. A dark earthy smell rose from the vaults and from all about came the strange whispered noises that forever haunt old ruins.

The sexton led the way, his wavering light showing up massive stone walls in which cobwebs and silene-hive reclusively. Quiet inscriptions would stand out for a moment, in bold relief, as we pushed. We were in the cellar of the church and all around us were tombs of two centuries of dead. But they mattered not to him, these monuments and lesser lights. He took a sharp turn to the left and held up his taper.

A narrow, brown stone slab was let into the wall at the height of a man's head; upon it the few words which commemorate the soldier's resting place. In one corner, a large figure of a child, looked strangely incongruous.

"Ay, that 'ere is my work," said the sexton, with pride. "I put 'em there to show 'ow many was inside. Look'e there be four in this one."

He watched with evident surprise and

amazement his visitor's interest in a plain stone slab, with a simple inscription. To him it represented only an indicator of one of the tombs, with which the vaults are filled.

"That be all," he said at last, impatiently.

"When was the body brought here?"

"I don't know," he returned, slowly, with a shake of the head. "It was long afore my time. No there, be'n't no members of the family around here now. Leastways, not as I knows of. They be gone over thirty years now. Where did 'e live? On Coombes Hill, where you can see from the churchyard."

Upstairs in the open air, the sexton remembered a memorial window which had almost escaped his recollection. It is one of the finest of several handsome windows in St. Alfege church.

About a score of years ago Mr. Fountain, one of the church wardens, desiring to commemorate the burial place of the famous general, had this window placed. Although partially boarded now, to permit of extensive repairs to the church, there was sufficient exposed to show the figure of St. George. Beneath are two panels depicting the death scenes of Wolfe.

"You been to Quebec, ay. That's where 'e died. Ay, I hurd tell something on 'at. I don't know much about 'im but folks do say as 'ow he were a great man."

POWERS SIGN THE MOROCCAN TREATY

Paris, Oct. 7.—Foreign minister del Casse, and Senor Leon Y. Castillo the Spanish ambassador, to-day signed the Spanish-French agreement relative to Morocco. Under it Spain adheres to the Anglo-French agreement of April 8, 1904, agreeing to support the integrity of the Moroccan empire and recognizes the rights of France resulting from her Algerian possession, while France recognizes the rights of Spain resulting from her possessions on the coast of Morocco.

Points About People.

The Crown Prince of Siam is to enter the Buddhist priesthood next month. He has just finished a tour of Europe.

Mrs. Potter Palmer is credited with knowing more about lace than any other woman in the country. Lace collecting is one of her fads.

Sir George Newnes, member of Parliament, is having built for him at Newcastle-on-Tyne a 1,300-ton yacht of the turbine type.

A woman aged 79 years, a great-grandmother, runs a ferryboat on the Flakensee at Erkner, near Berlin. She is always ready, day or night, to take over passengers.

Ten years work ended at Boston the other day when S. T. Thomas completed a sideboard and pedestal table in which are 1,000,000 little pieces of 123 kinds of wood.

Dr. Woods, who is the medical man of Birr, near Parspootown, Ireland, (where Lord Rosse has his famous telescope) is 90 years old, but is still in active practice, visiting his patients on a bicycle. Lately the authorities wanted to retire him on a full pension, but the doctor protested and had his way.

A LUCKY CHILD.

"You don't seem to be much discouraged Mr. Binks, because it is a girl."

"No, I'm mighty glad of it. My wife had made up her mind in case it was a boy to call him Kenneth Clarence Earl de Laney."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THIS LAWYER HAD RESOURCE.

He Got a Reward Without Injury to His Code of Ethics.

"Down in my country," said William Zeveloy of Muskogee, I. T., "there was a lawyer named McGann who was retained to defend an old chap charged with killing a man. McGann got his client put on bail, and the client, not satisfied with the slow workings of the law, thought to settle things for himself and in his own favor.

"He went out one day and killed the chief witness for his own prosecution. The sheriff went after him, but he lived near the Arkansas line, and hopped over into that state every time a posse approached. Finally a reward of \$300 was offered for the murderer. McGann was short of money and went to the sheriff 'Bill,' he said, 'will you give me that \$300 reward if I get that man for you?'"

"Sure," said the sheriff. McGann drove out to the old fellow's place and found him in one of his fields, but carrying a rifle. When the man saw his lawyer he put down his rifle. McGann drew bead on him with his own rifle and ordered him to throw up his hands. The old man began shooting, and McGann shot him through the head and killed him.

"He toted the body in and claimed his reward. The sheriff gave him an order on the county treasurer for the \$300. As he was going to collect the money McGann met another lawyer, 'was it in accordance with the ethics of the profession for you to get him when he was your client?'"

"Ethics, thunder!" shouted McGann. "I killed him in another case."

—Pittsburg Gazette.

An Efficient Treatment for Catarrh

Will first destroy the germs that excite the disease. Then there are numberless sore spots in the mucous membrane to be healed. Every requirement of a perfect cure for catarrh is found in fragrant healing Catarrh-zone which not only instantly kills but restores the diseased membranes to a normal condition and prevents the relapse which is sure to follow the use of ordinary remedies. Catarrh-zone is a scientific cure for Catarrh that relieves quicker, is more certain to cure than any other known remedy. Failure is impossible. Lasting cure is guaranteed. Use only Catarrh-zone. Two month treatment \$1.00; trial 25c. Get it to-day.

A Murderer Electrocuted

Columbus, O., Oct. 7.—"Dutch" Fisher, alias Albert Miller, was electrocuted a few minutes after midnight for the murder of Wm. Marshall, a bartender at Toledo, O., in January last. He reiterated his confession that Walter Crosby, sentenced to life imprisonment for complicity in the crime, is innocent.

DOWIE'S VESTMENTS ARE GORGEOUS.

They were designed by an Artist and Cost about \$670.

John Alexander Dowie's gorgeous robes in which he proclaimed himself chief apostle of God, were designed by an artist in Dowie's employ, who in carrying out his instructions, spent nearly a week at the Chicago Public Library, sketching from illustrations of ancient ecclesiastical vestments.

The artist, in his final design, did not stick closely to his models, but used his judgment.

In general the outline of the vestments are patterned after a description in the 28th chapter of Exodus. "A breastplate and an ephod and a robe and a brodered coat, and a miter and a girdle."

The cost of Dowie's garments is estimated at \$670.

Following is a description of the vestments.

Turban of white silk, with two ribbons of purple velvet over the top and having a yellow band. Cost \$25.

Surplice, or sleeveless box coat, hanging to hips, with gorgeously embroidered three inch squares, in fantastic designs, purple predominating, two inch panels of purple silk on sides. Cost \$400.

Breast plate, two shades of purple, with cross of turkey red. Cost \$50.

Cassock of deep royal purple hanging from under surplice and reaching to knees; edged with golden fringe. Cost \$50.

Skirt of heavy white silk, under cassock, and reaching to ankles. Cost \$100.

Sleeves of crinkly white silk. Cost \$20.

Girdle of broad yellow silk. Cost \$10.

Canvas tennis shoes of spotless white. Cost \$15.

It was in these robes that Dowie appeared in Zion City Sunday and announced his assumption of the apostleship.

THOUGHTS ABOUT MEN.

An honest man has nothing to fear from honest men.

If a man was compelled to do what he wanted to he would not want to. The shepherd sometimes forgets it, but he really needs the flock more than the flock needs him.

You must keep up with the procession if you want to hear the music.

You can make hay while the sun shines; but grass will not grow without clouds and rain.

It is not the lantern but the candle inside it that furnishes the light.

Hard work is hard work; but it makes easy times easy.

Doing wrong is expensive. The attorney who can tell how safely to violate law commands a higher fee than the one who knows only how to obey legal enactments.

A lawyer does not become a necessity merely because he knows no law.

Every man has his price; but sometimes the other fellow hasn't the price.

BUG PRESERVED IN PIECE OF AMBER.

Got Caught Millions of Years Ago and Now Forms Ornament of Valuable Pipe.

"This pipe," said the dealer, "is worth \$75."

"Why so much?"

"On account of that bug in the amber mouthpiece."

"By jingo," said the patron, and he looked at the pipe more carefully. "By jingo, that's a strange bug. How did it get there?"

"It got there," said the dealer, "as a fly gets in flypaper. This beautiful, clear, hard amber was once a gum that a certain tree distilled. Millions and millions of years ago it stuck, soft and sweet smelling, to a tree's bark. At that time a great part of England had not yet emerged from the ocean. The world was a tropical world, hot and swampy and steamy. Giant ferns grew as the rate of 20 or 30 feet in a night.

"Well, it was in those days that amber was distilled. On its trees it glittered in the sun, as pleasant to the eye and to the nostrils as a rose and the insects of that time would alight on it. It would hold them fast. They would perish. The amber would preserve them.

"Amber containing insects is found now and then, and it is valuable to scientists, for they may study it in an insect life that is extinct. For a million of years no fly has existed that is like the fly preserved in the mouthpiece of this pipe."

BREAKING HOME TIES.

The editor of a Davis City paper sold his cow recently to obtain money with which to go to the World's Fair. He is now advertising a calf for sale so his wife can see the exposition.—Kansas City Times.

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.

There are many who will agree with a well known doctor, who declares that half of the ailments of children in the metropolis arise from insufficient sleep.

He recognizes that the same difficulty exists in the case of adults, and in a recent conversation upon the subject said: "It is not only children, but adults, that are falling into nervous insanity from this cause. They live too fast, and it affects people of all ages. St. Vitus' dance which is one of the most wearing of diseases is the consequence of lack of sleep, although it is often wrongly ascribed to lack of proper nourishment. Children live in such a rush that they are often worn out before they arrive at maturity."

"What would you do to remedy this state of things?"

"I would keep them in bed and give them plenty of sleep and tonics. I would make the youngsters go to bed with the chickens and get up with them. In addition I would see that they got a two hours' rest in the afternoon. Plenty of sleep is the panacea for most of the ills of childhood, particularly those of a nervous nature."

MAYBE HE'S DEAD.

If Johnny comes marching home again We'll be a lot of surprised ones then, Hurrah! hurrah!

His ma will cling to him and gush. For John was in a college rush. 'Twill surprise us all If John ever marches home. Cleveland Leader.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. Satisfactions in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & Co., Toronto.

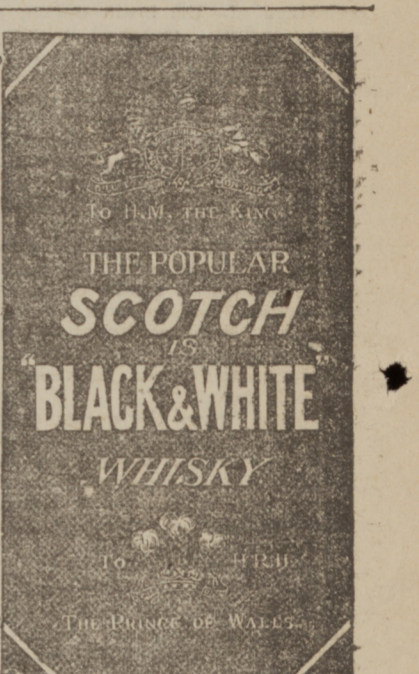
Dr. Chase's Ointment

YORKSHIRE BAR.

Ale and Porter 4 C per glass or tankard.

Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London.

ENGLAND, 1886. European Plan. - 20 Mill St. J. RHEA



Summer Places Wanted

MORE and more each year summer sojourners from the States are seeking out the cool spots in Canada, and patronizing well-managed hotels and pleasantly located boarding places.

Each season thousands from all over the United States turn to the advertising columns of the Boston Evening Transcript, where so many announcements of summer places are published.

If you desire to reach the well-to-do people and attract them to your place, insert a well-worded advertisement in the Boston Transcript.

Full information, rates, sample copies and advice cheerfully given on request.

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT CO
324 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

A LESSON IN LAUNDRY WORK



We give to our help, and teach them the necessity of care in the laundering of fine linen, that goes a great way in preserving the fabrics sent here for renovation. Anything coming from the Ungar's Laundry will always be found in perfect condition and beautiful in both color and finish.

30 to 50 Pieces 50 Cents.

UNGAR'S Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning works, Ltd. Phone 58.

UNION

ABBHEY'S

Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth

Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to Healthy Action

EFFERVESCENT

Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men or Women

If taken regularly contributes to Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living

SALT

ALL DRUGGISTS