#### THE DISPATCH

#### The Pride of The Steel.

#### J. William Breslin, in Black and White.

It was not a particularly inviting night to be abroad; dark as a wolf's mouth and with a keen biting wind which drove all travellers, good or ill, to the shelter of their homes or hostelries or more questionable quarters. To the sign of L'Aigle Vert, on the high road to Mons, it had blown company. Round the blazing fire a motley crew of very questionable appearance wrangled and jested; stragglers leisurely regaining their regiments, others who had left their places in the ranks, routiers and rufflers of very dubious honesty. That they were known to the house was evident by the easy tamiliarity with which the maid shouldered them from her way as she passed to and fro or attended to the meats roasting on the spit. They diced and drank and swore lustily while waiting for the meal, paying little attention to the raging of the wind without.

In strange contrast to the place and company was a lady who sat on the opposite side of the chimney place, as far from the roysterers as she could get. She eyed them with an uneasy glance from time to time and started at every furious gust, which set the doors and windows rattling. The men presently rose and went to the table for more convenience in their gambling, but though they appeared to ignore the lady's presence, she could see that a close watch was kept upon her movements. Suddenly, in the midst of their uproar, one fellow commanded silence. The lady looked up alarmed at the unexpected quiet and saw every man on foot, intent to catch some sound without. She, too, bent toward the door. At first she could only hear the wild howling of the wind but then her face lit up, for between the gusts she caught the sound of horse's hoofs close at hand; and almost at the same moment they stopped with a clatter in the paved yard of the house and a vigorous knocking was set upon the door.

"Hola, hola, la maison!" was should by a hearty voice in perfect French, but with a certain peculiar timbre in the tone which they turned again to their game, saying, "One measuring his opponents then stooped quick-

not all a man could wish and I have yet fifteen leagues to Mons."

"Sir," replied the lady with so winning a smile ond sweet a voice that Thady Halloran became at once her willing slave, "it would be poor courtesy to grudge a share of the fire to a gallant gentleman."

"Madame, I am honored and forever your servant."

"You are expecting company, my girl?" he asked the maid, pointing to the smoking spit which ever and again she came to turn.

"Tis a night to drive travellers to the inns," she answered curtly, and, he thought, with a glance at the other guests. "The divil a many travellers, save the like of these gentlemen, will be out this night." So thinking, he unloosed his sword, laying it on the floor beside him, and devoted himself wholly to blissful, drowsy enjoyment of the fire and a flagon of spiced wine. As he sat and felt the comfortable warmth creep through his chilled body, the conversation at the table grew wider. The liquor was telling, and one of the gang rose with a glass in his hand and reeled to the lady. "Madame will drink to the health of her honest friends?"

She declined, but the fellow pressed her with a maudlin leer on his tipsy face and laid his hand on her arm. She struck it from her sleeve with a gesture of disgust. "Thou unmannerly knave, leave me!"

"You vixen," he growled, gripping her arm again; "drink!"

In a flash he was sprawling on the floor and Thady was standing over him. "I'm as big a blackguard, maybe as the best of ye, but I'm not that kind of a blackguard. I'll dirty country, to lay hands on a woman while Thady Halloran's got any might in his fist."

The men scowled at his challenge, which had been so plainly interpreted to them, for he had forgotten his French in his excitement. They drew together and consulted as he turned to reassure the lady, and as his back was turned rushed at him, thinking to take him unawares, but they had mistaken their man. With a single sweep he lifted the heavy stool on which he had been sitting and flung it at them as they came in a bunch knccking over one and momentarily staggerseemed to reassure the gentlemen within, for ing the others. He gazed an instant as if

"Last summer I was troubled with RIFINDS Sick Headache and Biliousness, and could not sleep at night. I tried several doctors but to no effect, and got completely discouraged. At last I saw an advertisement telling about Burdock Blood Bitters. My husband induced me to try it, and today I am using the

In third bottle, and can truly say it has done me a wonderful amount of good. I feel better than I have for years, and am confident I owe my restored health to B. B. B." MRS. EDWARD BECK, Riverside, N.B.

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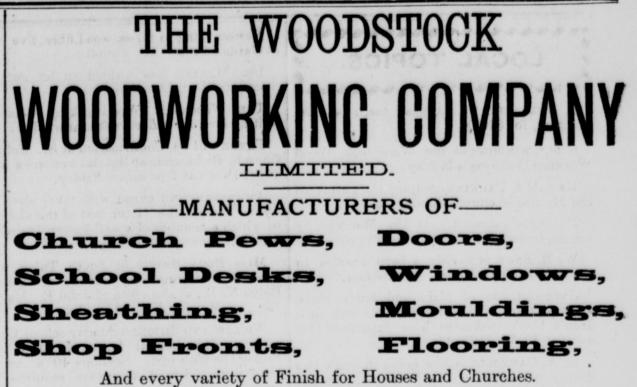
his accounts forever with this world. The next got a shrewd knock on the arm which sent his sword flying from his tingling grasp, and there was another hesitation.

Keeping a wary eye upon their movements, he meditated a bold attempt to recover his sword, and had balanced himself for the spring, when he felt a rush of cold air strike into the chamber, and the lady cried out, a warning. The warning came too late. Bedare the best man in Ireland, let alone this fore he could recover himself a heavy blow from behind descended on his head, and he fell prone to the floor, in the darkness of oblivion.

> (To Be Continued) HOME DRESSMAKING.

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of Clare's mad Irishmen.'

The knocking was kept up spiritedly till the door was opened, and a brisk fire of polygot oaths was stopped by the appearance of the maid, lantern in hand, practised in the ways of travellers and ready to attend first to the wants of the horse. In a little while she returned with the new comer behind her.

"A rough night, gentlemen," he cried, cheerily, as he shook a light powdering of snow from his cloak before advancing into the room. The company returned his greeting with an inarticulate murmur. Nothing daunted he looked them over carelessly as he undid the buckles of his cuirass. "Seven worthless," he remarked to himself in English. "By my faith it's the likely looking the heavy rod swept them back a pace, but for the gallows ye are."

He kicked his cuirass into a corner, with the comment, "Cold comfort too, and only a mere truncheon in his hand. They mighty unaisy whether for fightin' or drink- raised a yell at this and made at him again. in," and pulling in a stool to the fire he noticed the lady for the first time.

ly for his sword, but he had kicked it out of reach when springing to the lady's assistance. He began a mighty oath, which was not finished as he straightened himself to meet the next rush with the long iron spit in his hands, and not a moment too soon. He met the first with a blow which sent him reeling with Diamond dyes to a fashionable color back, yelling with pain, for one of the rightful ornaments of Thady's novel weapon had struck him fair across the face, and the scalding fat left a mark which he would carry to Dyes will make them look like new. Dresshis end.

The weapon was unwieldy and before he could recover himself a sword was flashed within its sweep, inflicting an ugly flesh Diamond Dyes the made-overs will look as wound on his left arm. The return swing of Diamond Dyes are made especially for

meeting no resistance, it struck against the wall and broke off short, leaving him with most inexperienced to have poor luck with "Sure," said Thady, with a laugh, "it's the beautiful bit of iron you are, and the

He doffed his hat. "Madame will excuse great comfort to a man in more ways than a soldier. I would not intrude, but I have one," bringing it down with a tremendous been 5 hours in the saddle, the weather is crash on the head of the foremost, closing

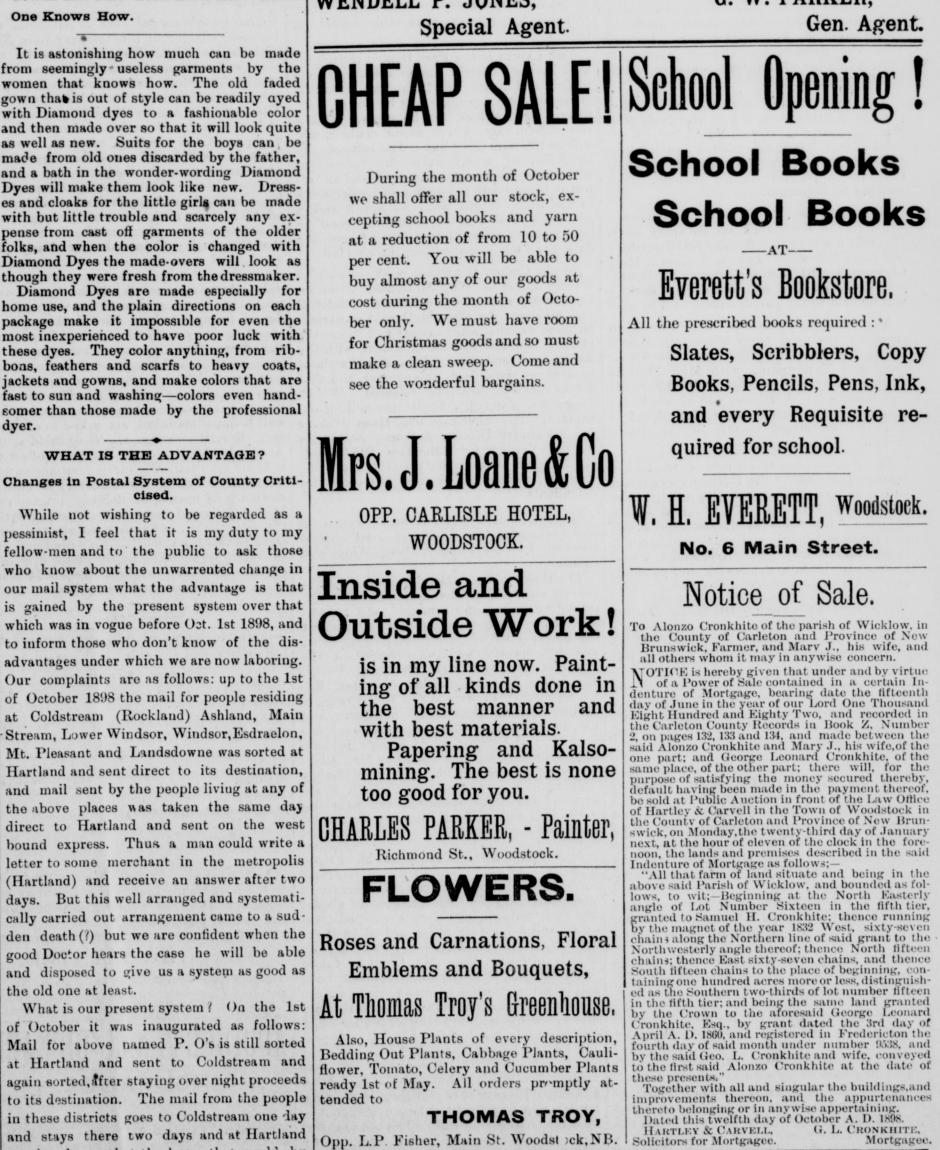
One Knows How.

It is astonishing how much can be made from seemingly useless garments by the women that knows how. The old faded gown that is out of style can be readily ayed and then made over so that it will look quite as well as new. Suits for the boys can be made from old ones discarded by the father, and a bath in the wonder-wording Diamond es and cloaks for the little girls can be made with but little trouble and scarcely any expense from cast off garments of the older folks, and when the color is changed with home use, and the plain directions on each package make it impossible for even the these dyes. They color anything, from rib-

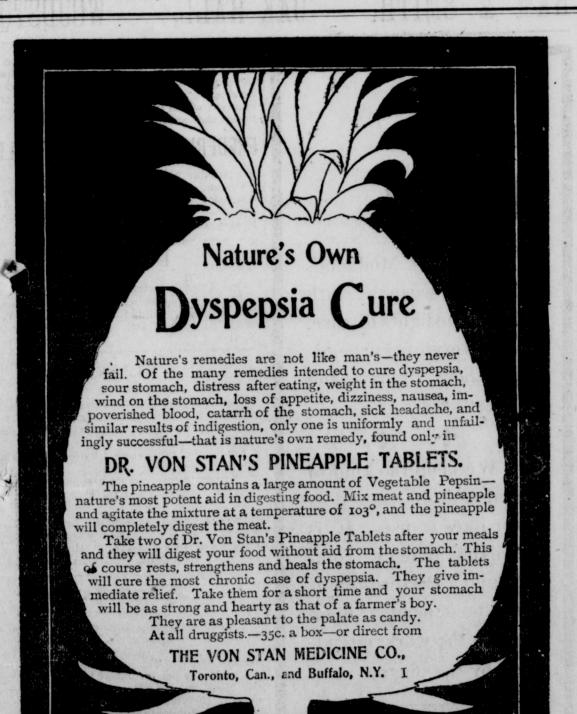
bons, feathers and scarfs to heavy coats, jackets and gowns, and make colors that are fast to sun and washing-colors even handsomer than those made by the professional dyer.

cised While not wishing to be regarded as a pessimist, I feel that it is my duty to my fellow-men and to the public to ask those who know about the unwarrented change in our mail system what the advantage is that is gained by the present system over that which was in vogue before Oct. 1st 1898, and to inform those who don't know of the disadvantages under which we are now laboring. Our complaints are as follows: up to the 1st of October 1898 the mail for people residing at Coldstream (Rockland) Ashland, Main Stream, Lower Windsor, Windsor, Esdraelon, Mt. Pleasant and Landsdowne was sorted at Hartland and sent direct to its destination, and mail sent by the people living at any of the above places was taken the same day direct to Hartland and sent on the west bound express. Thus a man could write a letter to some merchant in the metropolis (Hartland) and receive an answer after two days. But this well arranged and systematically carried out arrangement came to a sudden death (?) but we are confident when the good Doctor hears the case he will be able and disposed to give us a system as good as the old one at least.

What is our present system? On the 1st of October it was inaugurated as follows: Mail for above named P. O's is still sorted at Hartland and sent to Coldstream and again sorted, after staying over night proceeds to its destination. The mail from the people in these districts goes to Coldstream one day and stays there two days and at Hartland another day so that the letter that would, by the old system, have reached its destination and brought a reply to the anxious farmer to either farmer or merchant (?) but it gen- tribute generously this morning," said the



market might take place as would be ruinous . "I must request the congregation to con-





after two days, is now five days in reaching erally comes out of the farmer's pocket. The Rev. Mr. Slimpay, sadly. "My salary is its destination and securing a reply. Thus proper authorities will kindly consider this eight months in arrears, and my creditors and thus lay up election capital, and I will are pressing. I of course, work largely for while market prices were reaching the farmer | return to my plow. love, and love equally, of course, is render, E. B. R. from the merchant such fluctuations in the bat it isn't legal tender."-Harper's Bazar.