

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 hostleries 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, roustabouts and rufflers of very dubious honesty. That they were known to the house was evident by the easy familiarity with which the maid shouldered them from her way as she passed, to and fro attended to the meats roasting on the spit. They dined 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 shouted by a hearty voice in perfect French, but with a certain peculiar timbre in the tone which seemed to reassure the gentlemen within, for they turned again to their game, saying, "One 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 comers 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 for the gallows ye are."

He kicked his cuirass into a corner, with the comment, "Cold comfort too, and mighty unaisy whether for fightin' or drinkin'," and pulling in a stool to the fire he noticed the lady for the first time.

He doffed his hat. "Madame will excuse a soldier. I would not intrude, but I have been 5 hours in the saddle, the weather is

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

"Sir," replied the lady with so winning a smile and 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 devil 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 dare the best man in Ireland, let alone this 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 knocking over one and momentarily staggering the others. He gazed an instant as if measuring his opponents then stooped quickly 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 back, yelling with pain, for one of the right-hand 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 his end.

The weapon was unwieldy and before he could recover himself a sword was flashed within its sweep, inflicting an ugly flesh wound on his left arm. The return swing of the heavy rod swept them back a pace, but meeting no resistance, it struck against the wall and broke off short, leaving him with only a mere truncheon in his hand. They raised a yell at this and made at him again.

"Sure," said Thady, with a laugh, "it's the beautiful bit of iron you are, and the great comfort to a man in more ways than one," bringing it down with a tremendous crash on the head of the foremost, closing

**BILIOUS** "Last summer I was troubled with 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 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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**SPELLS**

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

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. Before 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.

How the Whole Family Can Dress Well at Small Cost.

No Need of Looking Shabby Even Though Times Are Hard—Easy to Make Old Gowns and Suits Look Like New When 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 dyed with Diamond dyes to a fashionable color 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-working Diamond Dyes will make them look like new. Dresses 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 Diamond Dyes the made-overs will look as though they were fresh from the dressmaker.

Diamond Dyes are made especially for home use, and the plain directions on each package make it impossible for even the most inexperienced to have poor luck with these dyes. They color anything, from ribbons, 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.

WHAT IS THE ADVANTAGE?

Changes in Postal System of County Criticised.

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 unwarranted 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 after two days, is now five days in reaching its destination and securing a reply. Thus while market prices were reaching the farmer from the merchant such fluctuations in the

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During the month of October we shall offer all our stock, excepting school books and yarn at a reduction of from 10 to 50 per cent. You will be able to buy almost any of our goods at cost during the month of October only. We must have room for Christmas goods and so must make a clean sweep. Come and see the wonderful bargains.

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Slates, Scribblers, Copy Books, Pencils, Pens, Ink, and every Requisite required for school.

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Notice of Sale.

To Alonzo Cronkhite of the parish of Wicklow, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Mary J., his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Two, and recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book Z, Number 2, on pages 132, 133 and 134, and made between the said Alonzo Cronkhite and Mary J., his wife, of the one part, and George Leonard Cronkhite, of the same place, of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Hartley & Carvell in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the twenty-third day of January next, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—

"All that farm of land situate and being in the above said Parish of Wicklow, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the North Easterly angle of Lot Number Sixteen in the fifth tier, granted to Samuel H. Cronkhite; thence running by the magnet of the year 1832 West, sixty-seven chains along the Northern line of said grant to the Northwesterly angle thereof; thence North fifteen chains; thence East sixty-seven chains, and thence South fifteen chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as the Southern two-thirds of lot number fifteen in the fifth tier; and being the same land granted by the Crown to the aforesaid George Leonard Cronkhite, Esq., by grant dated the 3rd day of April A. D. 1869, and registered in Frederickton the fourth day of said month under number 9538, and by the said Geo. L. Cronkhite and wife, conveyed to the first said Alonzo Cronkhite at the date of these presents."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon, and the appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining. Dated this twelfth day of October A. D. 1898. HARTLEY & CARVELL, G. L. CRONKHITE, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

Mrs. J. Loane & Co

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THOMAS TROY,

Opp. L.P. Fisher, Main St. Woodstock, N.B.

market might take place as would be ruinous to either farmer or merchant (?) but it generally comes out of the farmer's pocket. The proper authorities will kindly consider this and thus lay up election capital, and I will return to my plow.

E. B. R.

"I must request the congregation to contribute generously this morning," said the Rev. Mr. Shimpay, sadly. "My salary is eight months in arrears, and my creditors are pressing. I of course, work largely for love, and love equally, of course, is tender, but it isn't legal tender."—Harper's Bazar.

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Nature's remedies are not like man's—they never fail. Of the many remedies intended to cure dyspepsia, sour stomach, distress after eating, weight in the stomach, wind on the stomach, loss of appetite, dizziness, nausea, impoverished blood, catarrh of the stomach, sick headache, and similar results of indigestion, only one is uniformly and unfailingly successful—that is nature's own remedy, found only in

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