

A KNIGHT ERRANT.

BY J. W. WEIGALL.

"As the official head of this borough, protem, so to speak, I shall make it my duty to communicate to my brother magistrates the decision we have arrived at, and I am sure as 'ow they will respond in a favourable light. We all agree as cycling is a healthy recreation, but the safety of the burgesses must be considered, and I am sure as 'ow the Bench will give every instruction to our worthy superintendent of police to see as 'ow these by-laws are strictly carried out and conformed to by all them visitors from London that come to visit us. Speaking for myself, I may say that, for the year in which as Mayor I have the honor to preside on the Bench, I shall see as 'ow these London folk is brought to book. I think they are a perfect nuisance, there is too many of these 'ere cycles about, and with no offence meant to Alderman 'oskings—to whose business we wish every success—as for cyclists, well, I 'ate 'em, and the women is the worst."

The Mayor resumed his seat amid loud applause, and the Town Clerk of the borough of Wangleford-on-Thames was ordered to affix the seal of the Corporation to the new by-laws for the better regulation of cyclists and the preservation of good order. Alderman Hoskings, of the firm of Hoskings and Turner, cycle agents, alone dissented.

It was a bright Sunday morning in June; the sun beat fiercely down upon the borough of Wangleford-on-Thames, turning to scarlet the red tiles of the Mayor's suburban villa, and glinting upon the golden vane which was motionless above the turret.

The Mayor himself was out, strolling down the sloping road to enjoy his morning cigar, for his study was a dark and cheerless little room at the back of the house, and his sister, Maria, who kept house for her bachelor brother, would tolerate tobacco only—and that not without many sniffs of disapproval—in his stuffy little den.

The Mayor wore his Sunday trousers, a white waistcoat, and a red tie, in which flashed a large diamond pin, but he had made a concession to his comfort by donning a light grey jacket and a straw helmet, round which was entwined a flowing puggaree—soon also to be exchanged for the light blue frock coat and tall hat, attired in which he escorted Maria every week to church.

His ruddy face, fringed with grey, mutton-chop whiskers, wore a complacent smile as he thought contentedly upon himself, and upon the world. He reflected upon his present great position as Mayor of Wangleford-on-Thames; his mind wandered back to the early days, now long gone, in the tiny grocer's shop; his first start on his own account; his eager hopes and his early love, and the pain that now slept a tender memory in his heart, faint, but never wholly lost, waking anew in fond regret, as his eyes fell upon that little plot of green by the old church tower, where all that remained on earth of her whom he had loved had long since been laid to rest. But he had lived his life, and done his duty according to his lights, and success had come—a success of which he was proud. It was a great thing to be Mayor, the elected head of his native place, three times had he filled the office, but, in November, another, Hoskings, must take his place. How proud Mrs. Hoskings would be. He hoped that she would not make Maria very irritable, because he

was Maria's safety valve; if only the Government would recognize his services, then Maria would triumph over Mrs. Hoskings, and he would feel that he had risen higher than once he had dared to hope—he had sounded the local member upon his chances of a knighthood, but the member was not hopeful. Still he felt, if only her Majesty knew what he had done for Wangleford, the Cottage hospital—the new drainage scheme—the new by-laws—at all events they lent distinction to his years of office, but no one could say that he had not faithfully discharged all the duties of his position.

Musing thus, his serenity was hardly ruffled by a sound of voices raised in altercation at the bottom of the hill round the bend of the road, until there fell with distinctness upon his ears the words, "Hang the Mayor, and the Corporation, too," followed by a girlish voice, like the tone of silver bells.

"Hush, Charlie"; while in official tones Police Constable Saunders made reply, "There ain't no call to do that, sir."

The Mayor turned the corner quickly, and saw before him the three persons whose voices he had just heard. They were standing in the narrow road, one half of which had been, by the forethought of the Corporation, recently laid with sharp flint stones. The policeman stood stolidly, with a detaining hand upon a gentleman's bicycle, listening to the lively expostulations of the trim-built young man, dressed in light flannels and a white hat, with an eyeglass fixed immovably in the left eye. A lady's machine, in a somewhat damaged condition, was propped up against the hedge beyond the stones, over which a white dressed figure was ruefully bending, trying to straighten out a twisted pedal. Hearing footsteps she looked up, and a vision of beauty dazzled the Mayor's old eyes. Beneath the sailor hat the gold brown hair peeped out in wavy curls, the arching eyebrows crowned a pair of hazel eyes—fit home for the mischief-loving god, the short nose was daintily tilted, while the dimples of her rose-white cheeks played around her mouth and nestled near the tiny chin.

The policeman spoke first. Raising his white-gloved hand to the salute, he said to his companion, "This is the Mayor." The young man raised his hat, and the Mayor bowed gallantly in the direction of the lady's bicycle.

"It is most annoying," began the young man.

"I 'eard what you said, and it is most annoying, not to say aggravatin'," replied the Mayor, "to 'ave the Corporation insulted, and on a Sunday, too."

"Oh, I don't mean that."

"Glad to 'ear it, sir," replied the Mayor. "Cycling at an improper speed, your Worship," broke in the policeman, "to the common danger of all the traffic."

"There was no traffic."

"It is all the same according to the new by-laws, your Worship."

"Hang the new by-laws," said the young man.

The Mayor flushed rage.

"Constable Saunders, you are an intelligent officer; I shall report upon your conduct most favorably to the Watch Committee."

He turned to go, when the young lady left her bicycle, and whispering, with a frown upon her pretty face, "Oh, you clumsy old blunderer," confronted the Mayor.

"I am sure Charlie—Mr. Maddison—did

not mean to be rude—he is, we are—very sorry," as she looked up with a timid, trustful glance in her hazel eyes. The Mayor caught the look, and stirred by some half-forgotten memories of a by-gone time, waited.

"We are really very sorry to have given this trouble, but we never meant to do it, and the policeman says we must go to the Police station and give our names and addresses, and it will take nearly an hour, and that is impossible, because we simply must get home by half-past ten."

"Must!" said the Mayor. "There ain't no must about breaking the law."

"Oh, do help me. I know you will, you look so kind, and if you knew my Aunt Jane—she is coming to take me to church this morning, and she will make papa so angry," said the young lady, pressing a dainty lace handkerchief to her eyes.

The Mayor was kind-hearted, but he remembered that he was a magistrate.

"I am very sorry for you, Miss; but it seems to me as 'ow your companion 'ad no cause to use such disrespectful language, and you must take the consequences."

"But Charlie is really very sorry, I am sure. You see, he was so angry because the policeman came out of the hedge so suddenly and shouted, and I was turned on to this heap of stones, and I fell, and my pedal is all twisted, and look how my arm is scratched," and she held up a tiny rounded arm, where red scratches showed angrily upon the milk-white surface.

The Mayor grew sympathetic, and the policeman, feeling his prey was slipping from him, tried to make a diversion.

"I beg your pardon, your Worship, but both the parties was riding at a very improper pace."

The girl looked down embarrassed, the Mayor's eyes followed her glance, and rested upon a tiny foot neatly shod in glaze kid.

"The young lady was a-coming down the 'ill with both her legs up. I see'd 'em myself, your Worship."

"I wish I 'ad," murmured the Mayor to himself.

The girl caught the words, and blushed. With a look of amused resentment on her face she said, "Won't you help me? We are all thoughtless at times."

The old gentleman seemed uncomfortable. "Please let us forgive and forget."

The Mayor took off his hat.

"I will see you through, miss; I will see you through. Saunders, I think as 'ow you can leave this matter in my 'ands."

"Very well, your Worship."

"Not but what you 'ave done your duty well. I won't forget that."

P. C. Saunders saluted.

The girl crossed over to the young man, who was now occupied in trying to patch up her damaged machine.

"Can you manage it, Charlie?"

"I am afraid it is no use. All owing to that confounded—"

"Pedal!" broke in the girl, quickly. "Do be careful," she added, with a warning frown.

"I am doing it as carefully as I can."

"Cuckoo! What shall we do?"

"Get a fly, I suppose."

"Could you tell me," asked the girl, "where we could get a carriage—as quick as we can?"

The Mayor looked at the policeman.

"There ain't none nearer than the Railway Arms."

"How far is that?"

"About two miles, and it is just a chance if he will be in."

She looked at her watch. "That will make it too late. What will Aunt Jane say?"—then looked up at the Mayor. His face seemed kind. "Can you think of anything—may I trust you? We must get back, you see. Papa does not know how we have started, and if Aunt Jane comes and finds I have gone with Mr. Maddison, she will be so horrid—and he may have to leave—I can't explain, but do help me. Quick, quick!"

The Mayor took off his straw helmet, and mopped his head with a silk bandana. Having slowly completed this operation, he put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and producing a sovereign, beckoned nervously to the policeman.

"Saunders," he said, in a thick whisper, "you know John, my coachman. I want you to go and find him and ask him to bring the carriage round here at once; just tell him to come out by the stable entrance, mind, quietly, and, Saunders, he need not leave word at the 'ouse. There is something for your trouble, and there is another to come for 'im," he added, slipping the sovereign into the constable's hand.

Saunders walked quickly in the direction of the Mayor's villa, while its owner turning round, observed:—

"There, Miss, you need not fret any more, for I think I've settled the job satisfactory."

Continued on 6th page.

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It's a wonderful record of permanent cures Burdock Blood Bitters is presenting. Instances are given of such serious diseases as Cancers, Scrofulous Sores, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Abscesses, Running Sores, Etc., where B.B.B. made a cure three, four and even twelve years ago, and the disease has shown no signs of returning.

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Toronto, March 16th 1897.
My boy aged fourteen has been a sufferer from Catarrh, and lately we submitted him to an operation at the General Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure.

H. G. FORD,
Foreman, Cowan Ave. Fire Hall.

Princess of Wales and Her Pets.

The Princess of Wales has been heard to express the opinion that those persons who do not know how to take care of pets ought not to be allowed to keep them. At Sandringham she always enquires minutely into the arrangements made for the comfort of her birds and animals, and when in residence there herself feeds the Australian birds and the white doves. A girl who once stayed at Sandringham told the Princess about a bird in her possession which would probably be dead by the time of her return home, as she had forgotten to leave any orders about it. Her Royal Highness promptly requested her to telegraph home and order the bird to be sent down to her. This was done, and "Bullie" shared his mistress' visit. It is a charming sight to see the princess when she goes into the paddock to fondle her dogs. The 60 and more animals seem inclined to overturn their royal benefactor in their excess of joy. But, enveloped in a huge linen apron with pockets, the princess allows them to spring up at her, and merely laughs at their shrill yelps. These gigantic pockets hold scraps of bread and biscuit, and soon the tumult is quelled as these bounties are divided.—Cassell's Journal.

Happy Days For Him.

"Why does young Mr. Fribley insist on walking around in the cold? I should think he'd catch his death."

"You see, this is the first time he has ever succeeded in getting icicles to form on that puny mustache of his and it makes him so proud that he simply can't stand it inside."

—Chicago Daily News.

IN BED FOR WEEKS.

Mr. Lewis Johnston, living near Toledo, Leeds Co., Ont., says that he had rheumatism so bad that he was confined to bed for weeks. Two doctors did him no good. In one week after taking Milburn's Rheumatic Pills he was out of bed and is now cured.

One Consolation.

The man who gets a meager salary has the satisfaction of knowing that in case he is laid up by sickness he won't lose much.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy.

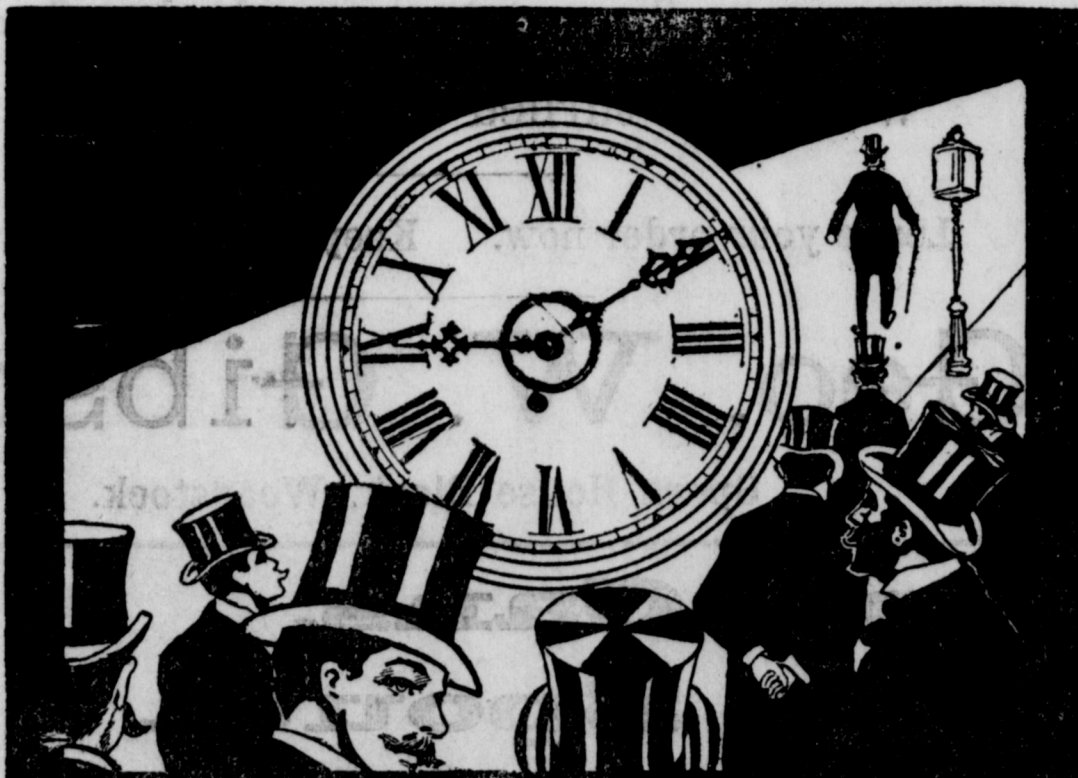
Sold by Garden Bros.

She—Doctor said I must keep my mouth shut when in the cold air.

He—Well, I'll run down stairs and let the furnace go out.—Yonkers Statesman.

After Serious Sickness

The heart and nerves are left weak and the blood is thin and watery. At this time Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills should be taken. They strengthen the heart and nervous system, enrich the blood and rapidly restore the health. 50c., all dealers.



RELIEF IN 10 MINUTES!

Every sufferer from catarrh who reads these lines will find in them a message of hope. No matter how severely he may be afflicted, no matter how many so-called remedies he may have tried, no matter how many physicians have experimented upon him in vain, no matter how completely he may have despaired of ever ridding himself of his disgusting and distressing malady—he can be cured! Hundreds upon hundreds of cases as bad as his have been fully and permanently cured by

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER.

This wonderful remedy never fails if taken before catarrh has developed into other necessarily fatal diseases. Don't put it off—go at once to your druggist and get a bottle. It will relieve you in 10 minutes—it will place you on the road to full recovery immediately. It cures cold in the head, sore throat, tonsillitis, asthma, hay fever, loss of smell and deafness. Here is an interesting letter from the Rev. James Murdock, of Harrisburg, Pa.:

"When I know anything is worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to let my friends know it. I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for the last two months and am now completely cured of catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me within five minutes. I would not be without it in the house if it cost \$5 a bottle, as it will cure any slight cold I may have, almost instantly."

At all druggists.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, relieves heart disease in 30 minutes. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills—20c. for 40 doses—are the best. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in a day eczema, tetter and all skin diseases. Cures piles in 2 to 3 nights. 35c.

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