SELECT STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

—OR—

PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of 'A Forbidden Marriage,' 'That Pretty Young Girl,' etc.

CHAPTER V.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER HAD SHE DIED.

CONTINUED.

"By, George, now who'd 'ave thought it," he mutters under his breath, "who'd 'ave suspected 'im h'of h'all h'other men. By George, now h'I'm astounded, h'll never get the fifty pound 'ee h'owes me now, that's sure, confound the fellah. Egad, 'ere's 'is picture, too."

At this juncture the train bell rings and Lennox flings down the paper on the nearest bench, making a bee-line for the now-moving train; everything else for, the moment forgotten in the excitement of catching it.

The waiting-room is quite deserted now, and Irene paces the floor, fairly too bewildered to think.

"I cannot restrain my anxiety," she mutters—"my heart almost stops beating with strange apprehension. How Karl will laugh at me when I tell him how frightened I have been."

The paper attracts her attention and she picks it up mechanically, telling herself she would look it over a few moments to pass the time away.

As she opens out the page the first words her eyes rest on are:—

"Capture of the most daring and expert robber London has ever known. The mysterious Middleton Safe Robbery cleared at last. A correct portrait given below of the man, taken by our special artist who was psesent at the scene of the arrest. The desperate resistance of the officers—a full history of the remarkable crime"—

Irene stops short; her gaze has encountered the pictured face—her eyes dilate—she feels for an instant the cold chill of death creeping over her. She holds the paper off at arm's length, repeating the name that seems to stand out in letters of glaring fire beneath the picture—Karl Heathcliff!

She clutches the paper tightly in her hand; the floor and the ceiling seem to meet in the first forward step she takes. She cries out, but the deep, awful, heart-rending cry dies away on her lips, making no sound. She throws up her white hands on one of which shines the wedding ring the man whose pictured face stares up at her, placed there such a short while ago, and falls in a deep swoon to the floor of the waiting-room. It would have been better had she died at the altar than lived to have faced the dark future.

Rough hands, but kind ones, hasten to lift the slight figure, and she is quickly given in charge of the matron who has charge of such cases.

It is by the merest chance that Irene happens to have one of her cards in her pocket. It saves her from being taken to the nearest hospital.

Her white right hand holds the paper clutched so tightly that they do not attempt to remove it. A hansom is quickly called, the girl placed in it and in a very short time she is lying, unconscious still, upon her own white bed in her own room at the Middleton villa.

Mrs Grey, the housekeeper, had been greatly alarmed over the girl's protracted absence, and more shocked still when she was brought home in a deadly swoon. She said:

"The paper she holds in her hand is a key to the mystery. We purchased one of those extras a little while since ourselves, and found to our intense joy and surprise, the Middleton Safe Robbery, with the mystery shrouding it, was cleared at last in those columns. No wonder poor pretty Irene swooned when she read all; I wonder the shock did not kill her.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FORCED CONFESSION.

No wonder all London was startled by the thrilling expose contained in the extras. There was a detailed account of Heathcliff's arrest. How he was shadowed by the Scotland Yard detectives, who had first suspicioned him by seeing him pass one of the new bills of the same issue as those taken from Banker Middleton's safe on the night of the robbery.

More bills of the same issue found their way from his purse; then suspicion deepened into a certainty in their minds. They would have waited further developments, but, meeting Heathcliff coming out of the railway station, and realizing he was on the eve of flight—to use their own words—they nabbed their man without further parley.

At first he tried bravado, declaring it was all a mistake, but that failed him, and then he heard the charge upon which he was apprehended, and saw the hand-cuffs, and that there was no chance of escape, he burst into tears. He fell back like one half-fainting, when they drew from the breast-pocket of his coat two of the identical packages of money abstracted from the safe.

"It is all up with me," they heard him mutter in a husky voice that sounded like nothing human. "I have played for heavy stakes and—lost."

He tried to bribe the detectives to take all the money which was about him still—the diamonds he wore—everything, and let him go free, but they refused. They were not men to be bought. When he found out how useless all his pleading was, he turned upon them with the ferocious desperation of a criminal brought to bay, and in the melee which followed, he was severely wounded—he could be taken in no other way.

"If I must go, take me away at once," he cried, glancing fearfully back at the waiting-room windows, then down at his manacled wrists.

They hurried him into a coach and drove rapidly to the neares police station.

When the doctor connected with the precinct looked into his face, he shook his head sagely.

"Well," said the Inspector.

"He will die," returned the doctor, "he could not recover save by a miracle and these are not the days of miracles. He may last until sundown, not longer.

A laugh, low and mocking, fell from the lips of the incredulous prisoner who had been listening intently.

"Such nonsense, sheer nonsense," he cried. "I have only the slightest kind of a pain, to tell me I shall be dead by sundown is the rankest kind of nonsense. It is the business of doctors to croak and make people miserable," he added grimly.

But as the hours rolled by and his pain increased, he grew greatly troubled.

"Do you want anything?" asked the nurse, bending over him and holding the cooling water he pleaded for, to his burning lips.

"I should want something if I really though I had to die," he ied, hoarsely. "Do you really think I am going to die?" and the woman saw him shiver and gasp at the very thought.

"I dare not tell you an untruth," the nurse answered, pityingly. "You are sinking very fast. Is there anything I can do for you? Any message I can send anyone?"

"And I am going to die," he muttered, "and I have thought so little about death. I have always had a queer fancy that the old fellow with the reaper would cut others down, but some spare me."

"Listen," he cried: "if I thought I was really going to die, I would make a—a—confession. My lips hold a secret and I must tell it before I die. I should not rest in my grave if I did not. My idea of death is rest, a long dreamless rest, deeper than any sleep. I do not know what comes after it, I have never given any thought to that. I should not like my rest disturbed, I should not like to come wandering back to this world, haunting the place, perhaps, where I have sinned."

"These are feverish, restless thoughts," said the nurse, "the dead do not come back."

"I am not so sure," muttered the dying man; "night and day I have been haunted by the terrible fear of expecting the spirit of a man back to this world, who had been foully murdered. The terror of watching has cursed my life. If I am sinking, bring some one to me to hear what I have to say."

She brought the Inspector and two of the officers.

"Time was," muttered the prisoner, "when I would not have dared to tell my terrible secret, for I should have gone to the gallows for it, but now—you are sure that I shall die?"

And the three voices anwered, "Sure!"

"That sounds like a death-knell," murmured the dying man,

"I need not inflict the story of my childhood or youth upon you. Suffice it to say, they were more desolate than seldom falls to the lot of childhood. I can not recall one happy scene; I do not remember one happy hour; I have known every terror, every suffering that poverty is heir to. No wonder my reckless, misspent life has rounded off as it has; I am glad to die and end it all. I will tell my story briefly, it is no common one," he said, beginning with the acknowledgement that it was sure to be known sooner or later. "I am not the real Karl Heathcliff!"

If his companions felt surprise, their faces did not betray it; they made no comment and he continued:

"Nature made me an artist, but a roving disposition and love of adventure made me a soldier. I drifted to gay Paris; to Berlin, and from thence into Spain. It was at the time that hostilities rent the unhappy kingdom. I volunteered at once, rather pleased with the idea of a brush with the Carlists. Out campaigning on the warm Spanish hills; where lances bristled and cannon roared was the sort of life I loved. Among the other volunteers was a young Englishman, between whom and myself a warm friendship sprung up; he was Karl Heathcliff.

"I learned this much of his history, he was the nephew of a wealthy London banker, John Middleton, whom he had not seen since boyhood. The advantage of a liberal education at Heidelberg University was given him with the understanding that he was at a future date to inherit the greater portion of his uncle's great wealth. He was gay, fun-loving, and reckless; always in disgrace, and therefore always on the worst possible terms with his stern uncle who was always on the look out for some prank of the young fellow's for which he should have to pay. He was expelled from the university for hazing, and as his uncle vowed he should not come to London, he travelled about on the continent, at last drifting into the army; though of his last escapade his uncle knew nothing. He was first in every danger, he knew no fear; he was loved by his comrades and was as good-hearted as he was brave.

"One night soon after the sun had set there was a terrible encounter between the hostile armies, our regiment was literally cut to pieces. Almost the first to all was my brave young English comrade Heathcliff; pehaps he was the most reckless and cared the least for his life.

"I caught him as he fell backward, struck down by a shell; he lingered but a few short moments dying, at length, in my arms.

"'Leon, Leon Forrester,' he called, hoarsely, 'are you there?' 'Yes,' I answered, pressing his hand as I laid him down on the powder-burned grass.

"'It will soon be all over with me comrade,' he said, 'there will be no more wanderings, no more travels, no more starlit nights on the Spanish hills, no more camping out, no wild adventures, no perils such as make the heart beat and the pulses thrill, no more for me. It is not quite fair. After all, I had but a very short life of it; and now to be cut down like this.'

"'Do me one favor, Forrester,' he whispered, faintly; 'if you live to return to England let them, my uncle and my cousin, know my fate. He will not care, perhaps, but Irene, my cousin Irene, will shed a tear for me when she knows how I died. You will find my uncle's address in a note book on the fly-leaf, and next it my cousin Irene's picture; take the note book and the picture back to them and,'

"The sentence was never finished; he fell back in my arms on the battle-field, dead.

I took the letters and papers, together with the picture, from his breast-pocket and transferred them to my own. Amidst the heat of the battle I could not stop to examine them. Months passed before the campaign was over. I came out of it unscathed, and when I reached England I bethought of the comrade I had left dead on the battle-field.

"Searching among my effects I found the packet I had thrust into my breast-pocket on that fatal day. I opened it now for the first time, and for the first time my eyes gazed upon the pictured face of Irene Middleton.

"I need not describe to you what the picture was like, you have both seen the original. I fairly held my breath as I gazed on the pictured face of the most beautiful being I had ever beheld. I laid down the picture and took up the uncle's address, John Middleton, residence, Hyde Park, London.

"How strange a fate that Heathcliff, who would have inherited so much wealth, should have been struck down, and I, a poor devil of a wandering, struggling artist, spared, I mused.

"Suddenly, there and then, the greatest temptation that ever assailed a human being came to me, a temptation that caused me to catch my breath with a sharp gasp. I lay no claim to conscience, I never had any, and I listened eagerly to the voice of the tempter, which said: 'Here is a golden opportunity; fortune never knocks twice at any man's door. Do not let this chance slip by you: why should you starve, live from hand to hand on your wits with a chance for a fortune before you. Heathcliff has not been seen by his friends for years. They have grown out of all remembrance as to how he looks. No one save yourself knows of the untimely fate which befel him. Why not impersonate him, it had often been said we resembled each other, take his name; go to Banker Middleton, presenting myself at the Hyde Park mansion as his scape-grace nephew, returned to settle down and lead a quiet life.'

"With tae private papers I had in my possession who would doubt me?

"At best I had nothing to lose. If detection through some unforeseen event should come about, it could not disgrace a poor devil of a strolling artist to any amount. All it required to carry out this grand scheme was pluck and cool audacity.

"I will bring a long story short by admitting that I was successful beyond my wildest plans. I was taken into the household of the banker with stern admonition in regard to the past life I had been leading, and the threat unless I proved myself worthy of becoming his heir. I should find myself a beggar.

"I was now launched fully on the tidal wave of success as Karl Heathcliff. I was lost in happy meditation of all this, when the banker broke in suddenly upon my thoughts saying, as he touched a silver hand-bell close by:

"'I shall send for your cousin Irene; she is much changed from when you saw her last; a shy, timid little child of seven.'

"'Time makes great changes,' I admitted modestly. 'Ten years will have made Irene quite a young lady, I presume.'

"'You have been gone over twelve,' retorted Banker Middleton sharply.

"I saw at once the rock on which I had stumbled, and hastened to make amends, assuring him it seemed but yesterday that I had left him, a stripling of fourteen, and that I could hardly imagine myself now a bearded man of six and twenty.

"While we were speaking I heard the sound of pattering feet in the corridor without, and an instant later the door was thrown open without ceremony, and the loveliest young girl I had ever beheld stood on the threshold.

"'Did you send for me, uncle?' she asked, coming forward with all the grace of a young fawn.

"'Yes, my dear,' said the old banker, fondly.

"As she advanced I had every opportunity of taking in every detail of this superb young creature.

"She was equipped for a ride, and the blue velvet riding-habit she wore, which was edged with silver gray fox fur, fitted her slim, willowy figure to perfection.

"She looked like a tall slip of a girl not over sixteen, yet I had heard in advance that she was nineteen.

"A blue velvet cap with a scarlet bird's wing at the side, was pushed carelessly back on a head running over with dark curls, which were tied carelessly by a bit of ribbon. The dark, sparkling eyes looking out from that rose-leaf face, would have startled any one with their vivid loveliness.

"In one little gauntleted hand she held the skirt of her habit, loosely gathered up, displaying a charmingly dainty kid boot, and in the other hand she held a pearl riding-whip.

"'Did you want me, uncle?' she repeated.

"Yes, Irene,' he answered. 'I want you to welcome your cousin, Karl Heathcliff. He has returned to us after an absence of twelve years. You remember him, do you not, Irene?'

She came quickly up to me, and I have but a confueed idea as to the words in which she welcomed me as she held out her little hand. I was conscious, however, that she added:

"'You do not look one particle like the little boy Karl, my old playfellow whom I remember so well,' and I felt my face grow hot under the keen gaze of that pair of black eyes.

"Of what use to describe the weeks that followed. I fell violently, madly fn love with Irene Middleton; and she, well she cared as little for me as the wind that blew, I felt it, I knew it.

"Once I came upon her quite unexpectedly in the conservatory, and seized upon the opportunity to say a tender word to her that she might discern the state of my feelings towards her. 'Irene,' I said softly. She started, dropping the boquet of roses she was gathering, in a shower at her feet.

"'Have the goodness not to startle me like that again, Mr. Heathcliff,' she said, 'I do not like any one to come upon me in that unexpected manner.'

"'I was so happy at finding you alone, Irene,' I declared, apologetically.

"'I do not know why that should make you happy,' she retorted, with a toss of her dark head.

"'I want to ask you something, Irene,' I said, quietly; 'be kind, be patient, and listen to me.'

"'I am going out calling; a girl friend is waiting for me in the drawing-room, say quickly whatever you have to say.'

"I felt that it was most difficult to be sentimental with this young girl. She had turned impatiently from me to the window, and was looking out again at the flowers; one little white hand played with a spray of roses that came peeping in.

"'Irene,' I said, reproachfully, 'won't you turn from those flowers to me? I am jealous of the attention you are paying them.'

"She raised her beautiful eyes and looked at me. 'You are talking nonsense,' she said, loftily, 'and as I do not like nonsense, you will tell me quickly what you are detaining me here to say.'

"It was difficult under such circumstances to be an eloquent wooer, still, I recollected the old adage:

'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.'

and I said earnestly, pleadingly, 'I want to ask you if you will be a little kinder to me, Irene; I admire you so much that I should be the happiest man in the world if you would give me ever so little of your friendship.'

"She seemed to consider the words, to ponder over them, and I took hope from her silence.

"'I am quite unworthy, I know,' I added, 'but if you knew how all my life long I have desired the friendship of a good and noble woman you would be kinder to me, you would indeed,'

"'You have lived in what the peocall "the world" all your life I suppose,' she said suddenly.

"'Yes,' I replied, wondering curiously what she was thinking of.

"'It is strange then that of all the women you have met you should think me the only good and true one. I say you are not complimentary to the sex.'

"I was taken back. Gracious! what a way to construe what I had said.

"'I did not say those exact words, Irene,' I retorted, flushing hotly.

"'But you certainly implied them,' she declared.

"'I admire you, I like you, Irene,' I cried; 'I could say more but I dare not, you are hard upon me.'

"'I have no wish to be hard,' she said, looking at me frankly with those intense dark eyes, 'but you see I am unfortunately what people call plain-spoken, very truthful. You say you wish for my friendship because you like me. Now here is the difficulty. I cannot give it to you because I do not like you. Were you twenty times my uncle's nephew, you see, friendship between us would be rather difficult. That is my opinion now, but I will not judge too hastily; I will wait a few days and then decide.

"She turned carelessly away and before I could recover from my dismay to answer, she had quitted the conservatory.

CHAPTER VII.

IF I WIN HER AT ALL.

For a moment the man who lay gasping in the throes of death paused in his story, then went on huskily:

"I looked after Irene as she quitted the conservatory, vowing that I should win her by fair means or foul. I loved her with a fierce, desperate love that at times frightened even myself.

"Was she like Undine, I wondered. What manner of man must he be to wake that soul of hers to perfect life? The time would come when love would find her out, when the fairy prince that all maidens dream of, would wake her from her magic sleep. She was pure and spotless as a white lily; the breath of loye had never passed over her.

"The thought came to me that the mind that mastered hers must be a master mind; the soul that could bring her soul into subjection must be a grand soul.

"How was I to win her? Compliments, sweet, soft words would never do it. One scornful look from those dark bright eyes sent my ideas flying right and left, she has such a way of making a fellow feel small. If that kind of feeling comes over me when I am making her an offer, I often told myself, it will be of no use to plead my suit.

"The conviction came to me slowly, but surely, if I won her at all, it must be by strategy. I gave myself up night and day to solving the problem, How it was to be done?

"Would Banker Middleton look with favor on my suit, I wondered; perhaps it would be better to approach him first upon the subject, and that was the beginning of the bitter end.

"On the very afternoon that the thought occurred to me I put it into execution. Mr. Middleton was very busy with some business he was transacting, but at my urgent request he consented to see me for a few moments in his sitting-room.

"As I entered, he took the great stacks of bills he had been counting over, and placed them in the safe, closing the door with a resounding bang.

"'Now, sir,' he said, motioning me to a seat 'what is it you want?'

"'I have come to ask a great favor of you my dear uncle,' I began. 'Eh?' he exclaimed, sharply, 'what do you say?'

"Then it all came out; I told him I loved Irene and wanted to marry her, and words are weak to describe what followed. While I had been speaking I saw his face change, it became fairly purple with rage, with great livid spots upon it; the veins on his hands and neck stood out like whipcords, and if his eyes could have slain me, I would soon have lain dead at his feet.

"'Stop, stop right where you are,' he thundered, fairly foaming at the mouth. 'You must be mad to ask me for my niece.'

"'It is a very common madness,' I replied, 'I love Irene and ask you to give her to me if I can win her.'

"'And I refuse,' cried the old banker, furiously. 'I would rather see her lying in her grave than given to you.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

CANADA'S GREAT LAND RESERVES.

Million and a Quarter of Miles of Unexplored Lands.

Nothing can exceed the surprise created by the publication of the official estimate of the unexplored areas of Canada. Dr. Dawson, director of the geological survey, says they aggregate nearly a million and a quarter square miles, situated in the most northern, and therefore to explorers, most interesting part of Canada. Beginning at the extreme northwest of the Dominion, the first of these areas is between the eastern boundary of Alaska, the Porcupine River and the Arctic coast. It covers 9,500 square miles, somewhat less than Belgium, and lying entirely within the Arctic circle. The next area is west of the Lewes and Yukon rivers, extending to the boundary of Alaska. Until last year there were 32,000 square miles in this area unexplored, but a small part of this was travelled last summer. A third area of 29,000 square miles lies between the Lewes, Pelly and Stique rivers, being nearly as large as Scotland.

Between the Pelly and Mackenzie rivers is another large area of 100,000 square miles, or about twice the size of England. It includes nearly 600 miles of the main Rocky Mountain range.

An area of 50,000 square miles is found between Great Bear Lake and the Arctic coast, most of it north of the Artic circle.

Nearly as large as Portugal is another area between Great Bear Lake, the Mackenzie River and the western part of Great Slave Lake, in all thirty-five thousand square miles.

Lying between Stique and Lair Rivers to the north, and the Skeena and Peace Rivers to the south, is an area of eighty-one thousand square miles, which, except being recently penetrated by a field party, is quite unexplored.

Another area of thirty-five thousand square miles south-east of Athabasca Lake, is an area of which little is known except that it has been crossed by a field party on the way to Fort Churchill.

East of the Coppermine River and west of Bathurst inlet lie seven thousand five hundred miles of unexplored land half the size of Switzerland.

East of this is an area of thirty-one thousand square miles, about equal to Ireland.

Lying between the Arctic coast, and Backs River, much larger than Great Britain and Ireland, and embracing one hundred and seventy-eight thousand square miles, is an area bounded by Back's River, Great Slave Lake, Athabaska Lake, Hatchet and Reindeer Lakes, Churchill River, and the west coast of Hudson Bay.

The most easterly area is the greatest of all. It comprises almost the entire interior of the Labrador Peninsula, or Northeast Territory, in all about two hundred and eighty-nine thousand square miles, more than equal to twice the area of Great Britain and Ireland, with an added area equal to that of Newfoundland.

All these large tracts of land are exclusive of the Arctic Islands, which have several hundred thousand miles of unexplored land.

ON TRIAL FOR HER LIFE.

Widow Kellar Charged With Murdering a Midnight Visitor, Who She Says Assaulted Her.

The trial of Mrs. Harriet Kellar, charged with murder in the first degree, was begun at Osewego, N. Y., Wednesday. The accused is a widow, thirty eight years old, with three sons, aged respectively seventeen, fifteeen and eleven.

Albert Kempthorne, the victim, was a tall, manly looking fellow, aged thirty-two. His home was near Toronto, Canada, but he had been in the town of New Haven, Oswego county, for two years engaged in peddling meat. He was a constant caller at the widow's house, and on several occasions she went driving with him.

Shorlty after midnight on the night of the murder Kempthore called on the widow. He was intoxicated. She alleges that she refused him admission. At any rate he raised the window and entered. She says he assaulted her and that she offered resistance, but there was no evidence of a struggle, although the room was very small and contained small tables, stands, etc.

When found Kempthorne was lying on the bed, his head towards the foot of the bed, which was next the window. The contents of a shotgun had been emptied into his side, and the bedding and carpet were soaked in blood. On the floor was a pistol with all chambers loaded. Two of the cartridges had been struck with the pistol hammer and had failed to explode, probably before the shotgun was used. The theory is that the murdress waited until Kempthorne was asleep and then shot him.

No motive for the crime is known unless it be the fact that Kempthorne was about to leave the place never to return. He told this to the widow when he applied for admission. A bottle filled with whiskey had dropped from his clothing, which was nicely folded on the window sill.

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD.

Great Excitement at Vancouver, Caused by Reports Received

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 24.—There is great excitement in Vancouver over the reports from South Kootenay, B. C., where it is said by conservative men that there have been twenty-five mines discovered which will be worth about $1,000,000 each yearly to their owners. The excitement was further increased yesterday by the announcement that silver was going up, and that the immense silver deposits of West Kootenay, running $100 to the ton on the average, would come into the market. On top of this came the news of the satisfactory clean-ups of the Cariboo country hydraulic mines, and to cap the climax word reached the city from Eburn, B. C., a few miles from Vancouver, that while John McLeod was boring for water in front of the Methodist church he was surprised to strike fine flake gold in large quantities at 260 feet from the surface. After galloping into Westminster, twelve miles distant, to stake his claim, he returned to prospect, and found that the gold ran fifty cents to the par and was the finest flake quality worth $21 an ounce. People in the vicinity, are feverishly excited. They believe McLeod has struck a bed of an old river and preparations are being made to honeycomb the earth for miles in the vicinity.

EVEN TORIES DISCOURAGED.

Mayor Robertson of St. John, in a message to the Common Council of that city last week, speaks in most discouraging terms of the attempt to make St. John one of the winter ports of Canada. His worship is a Tory of the pronounced type, and when he admits the failure of the Ottawa government to do justice to St. John, there must be something very radically wrong. The city has certainly done its share towards securing the much coveted trade, but without avail. The business which should be done there and at Halifax, goes to a Yankee port, and the government closes its eyes to the injustice. "We have paid for the Carleton branch railway," says Mayor Robertson, "and presented the same to the Canadian Pacific Company—we have paid a large part of the cost of the grain elevator, and have built wharves and warehouses at the C. H. R. terminus, the total expenditure being over a quarter of a million, but so far, the Canadian Pacific people had done nothing to bring trade and the Dominion government is evidently dropping the question, while New England cities were making strenuous efforts to grasp our trade." The Mayor, therefore, recommends the appointment of a committee to act with the maritime board of trade and other bodies in respect to the matter. The council fell in with the mayor's idea of a committee.

And yet when the Dominion election comes on we shall have people like Ezekiel McLeod and other Tory shouters talking about the great prosperity that must come to St. John as the resnlt of Tory rule. It is about time the city had wakened up to the fact that it has been systematically fooled. The winter port business has become a laughing stock and a bye word, and Mayor Robertson, good Tory though he is, seems to realize it.

Probably the council will appoint a committee to go to Ottawa and urge on the government the great injustice to St. John; the government will give some reply, evasive and meaning nothing, and the same old process of beguiling the people will be continued indefinitely.

THE ANALYST'S REPORT.

The River Water is Not Polluted by Sewerage.

The city board of health met yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, when the report of Alfred E. MacIntyre, analyst, upon the city water water was submitted. Some weeks ago typhoid fever became quite prevalent in the city. The water in the river was very low, and some said the back flow at spring tides was sufficient to carry sewerage from Victoria hospital sewer up river as far as the intake pipe of the city water works. In order to test the question on October 18th the board had two samples of water taken and sent to Mr. McIntyre for analysis. His report says that after most thorough and careful examination, especially bacteriological, by the latest methods, nothing was found which would indicate the pollution of the water by sewerage. The examination of the bacteria which were found in the water showed that they were all what is known as the non-pathogenic micro-organisms, and of the class usually found in surface waters. None of the organisms found as a rule in excreta were present nor was the micro-organism of typhoid fever. The water is quite suitable for drinking and household purposes. Mr. MacIntyre thinks the hospital sewer too near the crib well. The board discussed the question at some length, and finally decided to recommend that this sewer be carried further down the river.

Zealand Station.

OCT. 24.—A. T. Burtt's family have the sympathy of the entire community in their recent loss by fire.

We were recently informed that Thomas Gilby is negotiating for the purchase of Jeremiah Christie's farm at Mosquito Brook near Keswick Ridge.

C. Ellott has just introduced a new system of water works in his house and is more than pleased with the result.

Most all of our young men have gone to the lumber woods.

A party of full fledged workmen under the management of David Burtt are extensively repairing the C. of E. parsonage now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Coleston.

Wesley Brewer of Burtt's Corner, who has been very low with kidney trouble, is improving under the treatment of Dr. Morehouse.

A. R. Wetmore, engineer of the public works department, accompanied by J. A. Belyea, barrister of St. John, left Monday for Tracadie to shoot wild geese and brant They will be absent about ten days, and will be joined by Hon. H. R. Emmerson.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Wide Range.

A preparation which enriches and purifies the blood and assists nature in repairing wasted tissue must have a wide range of usefulness.

Such a preparation is Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The uses of Scott's Emulsion are not confined to wasting diseases, like consumption, scrofula or anæmia. They embrace nearly all those minor ailments associated with *loss of flesh.*

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THE HORSELESS WAGON.

To be put in put in Operation in British Columbia.

A syndicate of prominent British Columbia business men, represented by W. H. Armstrong, have set the American example by adopting the horseless carriage for practical every-day use on a large scale. They have recently applied to the Provincial Legislature for a special act, incorporating the company, with a capital of $500,000, and also empowering them to operate traction engines and carriages on the famous old Cariboo waggon road, which runs from Ashcroft, on the C. P. R., to Bakerville, in the heart of the gold country.

All tributary highways in the mining districts are also included in the operation privileges sought, though the main route of the horseless carriage will be between Ashcroft and Bakerville, over two hundred miles of mountain road.

Referring to the scheme, Mr. Armstrong said his principals are thoroughly satisfied that the days of the horse are over, at all events in a country such as Cariboo, where all animal feed must be imported, and is therefore prohibitively expensive. The horseless carriages, they believe will make better time, will carry heavier loads, and will be cheaper to operate.

They will for the present be run with oil engines, until storage batteries are considerably improved, and will handle both passengers and freight, carrying supplies into the mining camps and taking therefrom to the railway the output of ore. All the Company's vehicles are, by direction of the Government, to be provided with specially wide tires, so that their operation will be beneficial, instead of injurious, to the roads over which they pass.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

DON'T YOU REMEMBER LONG AGO?

As the years roll on we more and more recall the events of the past. School days with their tasks and chores come back again to us in memory, but with the glamour and enchantment of distant views. The old school and church, the boys and girls we romped with, father's voice, mother's smile, the joy of the holiday—no pleasures of the present can compare with those enjoyed in the days now locked up in the eternity of the past. In a similar way we recall the old time tested friend of the past—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—that never failed us then and is just as sure to serve us now. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is sure, safe and painless. Use no other.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by Chas. A. Burchill, under guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Wiley's ... EMULSION ...

—OF—

COD - LIVER - OIL.

Gives Best Results. The Best

Purest and Best Materials used in Manufacture. **Preparation**

Best Value for the Money. **in the Market**

PRICE SOLD Everywhere 50 cts. Readily taken by Children.

No preparation equal to it.

For Building up the System.

JOHN M. WILEY, Manufacturer

196 Queen Street, Fredericton.

Featherbone Skirt Bone.

For Giving **STYLE and SHAPE** To LADIES' DRESSES.

A light, pliable, elastic bone made from quills. It is soft and yielding, conforming readily to folds, yet giving proper shape to Skirt or Dress.

The only Skirt Bone that may be wet without injury.

The Celebrated Featherbone Corsets are corded with this material.

For sale by leading Dry Goods Dealers.

VERY BADLY TREATED.

Stenographer Risteen the Victim of Two Newspaper Errors.

Mr. Frank H. Risteen, who besides being an expert stenographer, a crack rifle shot, an experienced hunter and a capital singer, was very unkindly treated by the press last week. It was altogether unintentional of course, but none the less regrettable. On Thursday, Frank had the good luck to shoot a deer on the Maryland road, and a St. John paper gave the credit of it to our genial friend David Crowe. That was bad enough, but insult was added to injury. Friday evening at the riflemen's supper, Mr. Risteen sang a song, that rollicking, side-splitting ditty about "Righteous Daniel," which nobody but Frank can sing, and behold you, an evening paper announced the triumph as belonging to Capt. Perkins. THE HERAD hastens to level things up for Mr. Risteen, and hopes the bad treatment he has received will not deter him from shooting more deer and singing more songs.

The Journal tells the story of a Lewiston shoe dealer who sent a pair of wedding boots into Oxford county the other day They were number eight and a half, and the wearer was to be somebody's little tootsy-wootsy of a bride.

Antoine LeBlanc was drowned at Black River, Kent county, Thursday night, while spearing eels in Potts' pond. He was in a leaky boat with several companions when the craft went down, all his companions escaping. Deceased leaves a wife and three children.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWEAR OFF

Says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Chas. A. Burchill No cure, no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

A fatal accident occurred at Miller's shooting gallery, Yarmouth, N. S., Saturday night. Irvin Patton was in the gallery only a few minutes when a gun used for shooting was discharged while in the hands of Henry Roy. The slug passed through Patton's head behind the ear, and he died in a few moments.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment.' No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

The varieties of mineral wealth found in British Columbia receive constant additions from new finds. Asbestos, mica and quicksilver have been lately added to the long list of the province's marketable minerals, and now, it seems, another most valuable metal, tin, is likely to add vastly to British Columbia's mineral wealth.

A Prominent Lawyer Says:

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

LANDING—

Clear Back Pork.

Oatmeal.

Cornmeal.

For Sale Low.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

FINE OVERCOATINGS

—AND—

Latest Cloth for Suitings,

—AND—

GUNN,

THE TAILOR,

Guarantees good fit, and first-class materials in his MAKE UP

Come in and see my Cloths and hard pan prices. It will pay you to do so.

NEXT BELOW C. P. R. OFFICE.

THIS SPACE

BELONGS TO

McMurray & Co.

... WATCH IT ...