MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

—OR—

PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PAIN OF PARTING.

CONTINUED.

Irene, Irene, she fancied she heard a voice calling. She raised her dark head from the daisy studded grass where she had flung herself in the abandonment of her grief, and listened. Irene, called the voice again, where are you? It was the duchess' voice.

I am here, answered Irene, did you want me?

I have been searching everywhere for you, answered the duchess. I fancied I heard voices, I must have been mistaken. I have quite startling news for you, my dear, she went on, quickly, the prison in which that fellow Forrester, who was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for robbing banker Middleton's safe, was confined, has been burned to the ground, All London is greatly exercised over the intelligence, and thousands are flocking to the scene of conflagration. Of course all the prisoners attempted to escape, but the flames drove them back; but very few broke through the intense heat of the crumbling walls. There was a long list of the dead. Forrester's name heads the list. His last act was dastardly. Those watching below through the red flames and black, blinding smoke saw him hurl a fellow prisoner down into the seething furnace of death that the additional weight of the other might not break the tough tendrils of the vine through which he intended to swing himself down to safety. The death-cry of the poor man was horrible to hear. I am right glad Forrester did not profit by his dastard cruelty, still, it is said, self-preservation is the first law of nature. He met quick retribution, this Forrester.

Irene spoke no word, she stood as silent and motionless as a marble statue, The very heart in her bosom seemed to break with one awful throb. The marble fountain with its white clytie tossing up the silver spray; the grand old trees with their sweeping branches; the roses lying asleep in the moonlight, and the duchess standing near her, all seemed to whirl around her. Only Heaven saved her from falling down, dying at the duchess' feet.

Dead! Deon Forrester—was—dead. The rippling waters of the fountain seemed to murmur it; the rustling leaves of the trees to whisper it. Her heart echoed it, dead! then she was free. He could never come and claim her, this man whom she abhorred.

I cannot stay one moment, continued the duchess, Miss Marchmont is waiting for me in the drawing-room to practice a duet with her. Don't stay too long out here in the moonlight, Irene, she said brightly, or I shall be obliged to send out some one of your admirers to bring you in.

With these words she flitted away. It did strike her as rather strange that Irene had made no comment concerning the burning of the prison, and Forrester's terrible death, but then Irene was not like other girls. With this thought she dismissed the subject from her mind,

In the grounds she met Esmond, pacing up and down, apparently enjoying the companionship of a cigar. How moody his face was, and haggard.

The duchess stole upon him unawares, laughing at the startled expression that crossed his face as she tapped his arm with her fan.

Irene is in the grounds, down this path, she said; perhaps you can coax her to come into the house; will you try? I have failed, and most ignominously.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE COMES TO A HEART BUT ONCE.

Frederick Esmond bowed to the lady with a grave smile, as she concluded her request.

My dear duchess, he said, gallantly, it would be impossible for me to meet with success if you have failed, though I will find Miss Middleton, and do my best to persuade her to accompany me to the drawing-room.

You can certainly do no more, responded the duchess, glad of even the most trifling excuse. Esmond turned hastily and retraced his steps through the grounds in search of Irene.

When the duchess had left her, Irene had sunk down upon the nearest garden-bench, white, and trembling like a flower in a storm.

Free! she repeated, I am free; all in a moment the fetters that bound me have fallen from me; I can hardly realize that the man who cursed and wrecked my young life is dead! and I am free!

Not that she rejoiced that a human life had been sacrificed; on the contrary, with all a woman's gentle pity, she felt sorry for him, criminal though he was, even while she thanked Heaven that the ties that bound her to this man were severed forever.

But my freedom has come to me too late, she sobbed. She did not hear the hurried footsteps coming over the green lawn; she did not see Frederick Esmond approaching, not even when he stopped short, almost beside her, for she had buried her face in her slim, white hands, and was weeping passionate tears.

The words that fell from her lips caused Esmond to stop suddenly; to stop and listen with an expression of half bewildered joy on his face.

It is all over, she said, all over; and he will never know how much I cared for him. Oh, it was hard, bitterly hard, to send away from me the only man I can ever love. He will never know that he is all the world to me; that I would give my life for him. He will think me proud and cold always; he will never know the truth. My dream is ended; Frederick and I have parted forever! If it were in this moment that he was kneeling at my feet, I would clasp his hand and cry out, 'do not leave me; I cannot live without you.'

She raised her head, and a startled cry fell from her lips, for Frederick Esmond was standing beside her;

You cannot take back your words, Irene, he cried, with a low, happy laugh; you have said you loved me; you can never unsay it again. How I shall always bless the duchess for sending me through the grounds to bring you back to the house. At first, I hesitated, but the longing to plead my cause just once more with you overpowered me; and standing there, I heard you, my darling, say words which have made me the happiest man on the face of the earth. You do care for me; you regretted sending me from you.

How her hands trembled in his strong, firm clasp; she tried to draw them from him but he would not release them.

I shall not let you go until you have given me my answer, Irene, he said. Do you bid me go or stay? remember this is final, if you send me from you this time, it is forever.

Could she send him from her when she loved him so well? There was a great, sharp struggle in her heart, for one moment that seemed the length of eternity to the anxious lover standing there.

Can we, who know her story, blame her for answering then and there, when the happiness of all the future was at stake, 'Stay, Frederick.' And those two words were the first link in the cruelest tragedy that was ever enacted.

There was a moment of silence, too sweet, too tender, it seemed, to be broken. The fragrant odor of the nodding roses near where they sat seemed to enfold them, the twinkling lights among the green foliage gleamed softly on their happy faces.

At that moment the thought occurred to Irene to tell him of Leon Forrester, and what he had been to her; but she shrunk timidly from the ordeal; some other time she would tell him, not now.

The next words that fell from his lips decided her that it would be embarrassing to tell him just yet.

Irene, he said, you have made me extremely happy; you must add one more kindness; do not let any of your admirers come near you again. I am jealous; I admit it candidly; it is the one curse of the race of Esmonds, deep-rooted jealousy; I cannot help it. If I see you surrounded by fops and dudes, I know I shall feel like coming up to you and taking your hand before them all and saying: she is mine, flatter, woo, covet, as much as you will, she is mine! you have not the least chance of winning her. I could not bear to see you even smile upon another, Irene, you must save them all for me, I know well that you have never cared for any one else, he went on, eagerly; that is the one exultant thought of my heart; were it otherwise, I should never know one happy hour.

The lovely face blanched to a dead white, he little knew why. I have strange thoughts perhaps, he went on, thoughtfully, different from the thoughts of most men. I have always had my ideal as to the kind of a young girl I should marry: I must be her first and only lover; the hand of the woman whom I lead to the altar shall not have lain in any other lover's clasp, her face been studied by any other lover's eyes.

A slight gasp broke from her pale lips but he did not notice it.

Suppose that I had had a lover, and he had died, she faltered. wouldn't you have cared for me, knowing it?

She asked the question, trying to speak lightly, yet, despite the effort her sweet voice quivered piteously, and she bent forward breathlessly to catch his answer, which was to decide whether she would ever tell him of Leon Forrester or seal her lips with eternal silence.

Do you know what I should do in such a case, Irene? he replied, I should have gone away, for I firmly believe love comes to a heart but once in this life and once only: yes, I should be jealous of any other lover, even though he lay in his grave.

But, persisted Irene, supposing I had never loved him?

It would be most unnatural to suppose that, for no true woman would betroth herself to a man under any circumstances unless she loved him.

Then and there Frederick Esmond lost all chance of ever learning the truth, until the bitter end came.

I do not know why we should discuss a subject of this kind, laughed Esmond; especially in such an hour as this; we have more weighty matters to talk over. The supreme subject now, Irene, is, how long shall I have to wait before I can claim you? Tell me, dear, when you will marry me. There need be nothing to cause a long delay; when will you be my wife?

At the mention of the words my wife, she sunk back with a low cry. Over the nodding roses a dark, evil face seemed to suddenly rise and confront her, and the moustached lips seemed to utter the words, my wife.

The shock was terrible to her; why should Leon Forrester's face haunt her at such a time?

Have I frightened you again, Irene? asked her lover with a smile, surely there is nothing so very terrible in the word; it is not such a hard question to answer.

There was no barrier between them; they were free to wed and they loved each other so, well, but still, even though she had no respect for Leon Forrester's memory, though she had been his bride in name only, she must not wed Frederick Esmond under the allotted time, one year hence, and she told him that it could not be until summer came again.

A year! exclaimed Esmond in consternation, surely you do not mean it, Irene; you could not be so cruel, I will not wait a year; but Irene was firm.

If I am not worth waiting for, Frederick, she said, with a lovely blush, I am not worth having.

You are worth waiting a lifetime for, dear, he said; but to tell you the truth I do not see any reason for such delay. I am called away upon business, Irene. I am obliged to be travelling about the continent for the next few months, and I hoped to take you with me as my wife.

I will write to you faithfully, Frederick, she said, be content with that.

Letters are a poor substitute for the society of one whom we love, he said, earnestly; and, besides, I should be spending all my time writing to you.

Irene was not to be persuaded. She was firm in her declaration that she would not marry him under a year.

I will say no more about it now, thought Esmond, content with the promise he had gained thus far; but when Christmas rolls around I will do my best to have the ceremeny performed then, that will make Irene my bride.

The duchess learned that evening of Irene's betrothal.

I am glad your future is settled, my dear, she said, patting the girl's dark, curly head, I was really afraid you were going to be an old maid.

There was no danger of that, murmured Irene.

Oh, no, certainly not; where a pretty girl like yourself is concerned, unless you would have been one from choice.

CHAPTER XV.

UNHAPPY IS THE BRIDE THE RAIN FALLS ON.

I congratulate you most heartily, my dear, continued the duchess, you will be very happy with Frederick Esmond; you are so suited to each other; I thought it would end this way from the first. There was a fate in it. I will quote you the lines I used to spend much time conning over when I was a young girl:

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end.
That, one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

A beautiful poem, said Irene, thoughtfully, but do you know the second verse always attracted me most, and she repeated slowly those lines so sad and, alas, so true:

"And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little to the left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
And groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days.
And die unsatisfied, and this is fate!

Never look on the dark side of the picture, said the duchess, brightly. it isn't a good plan. If you look for sad and gloomy things, they are sure to come to you, put them from you.

Irene profited by the duchess' kindly advice. She put all thoughts of the dark past from her, saying to herself, that she would regard it as though it had never been, or as though it were some hideous dream.

The first time she had wedded because she had blindly believed it to be her uncle's wish, even when the bridegroom selected was abhorrent to her; now she would marry to please herself.

Then and there Irene made a solemn resolve, the most fatal mistake of her life, she told herself that, come what would, she would never reveal the secret of the past to the man she was about to wed. No human being knew of it save the old minister who had wedded her to Leon Forrester. It was not likely that he would ever come up as a witness against her. The dark secret of that marriage should be buried from the world forever, in Leon Forrester's grave. What Esmond did not know, would never make him unhappy.

Quickly the days flew by, and the arrangements for the wedding went steadily on.

Irene often thought of that other wedding which was but a mockery of the holy marriage tie, with a shudder; she remembered how Leon Forrester had taken her into ths dim, old church, dressed as she was for the street, and how shocked he had been when he discovered her dress was of black crape. She was not superstitious; but ah, what black, horrible disgrace and bitter trouble had followed.

Winter had sped quickly by and summer with its soft winds and tender blossoms came again.

Esmond had passed much of that time travelling on the continent in the interest of his business, and Irene remained with the duchess.

As Esmond had declared he should do, he spent the greater portion of his time writing letters to his lady love. It often seemed laughable to the duchess when she wondered what he could find to fill up four closely-written pages with, almost every other mail. No doubt it was the same old story, old, yet forever new and sweet to lovers.

I should think you would find it an arduous task answering so many letters, Irene, the duchess would often laughing declare. You certainly require the services of a secretary who is quick with the pen.

And then it was decidedly amusing too, to see Irene reading each letter over and over again, as all girls do their first love letters.

Irene's trousseau arrived at last and it was a marvel of beauty. The white silk gown was certainly a masterpiece of Worth's skill.

I would like to see how you would look in it, Irene, delared the duchess, do slip the gown on a moment.

Irene laughingly complied. It was certainly a dazzling picture the long French mirror reflected.

When Frederick Esmond sees you looking like that he will adore you, said the duchess.

Irene blushed; she was only a young girl, despite all she had gone through, and it was very pleasant to hear such welcome and pleasant truths.

Time no longer hung heavily on her hands; it never does when we have some pleasant hope to look forward to.

The wedding day was set for the tenth of June, and already the month of roses and of marriages had rolled around.

Esmond had decided that the honeymoon should be spent in Italy. Irene favored that plan; she was not much of a traveller.

The wedding day rolled round at last. Irene was awakened early by the soft tread of her maid as she flitted to and fro about the boudoir.

Does it rain, Nannette, or does the sun shine, Irene asked breathlessly. Is that the tapping of the willow branches against the pane, or rain drops?

Nannette drew back the silken curtains and a flood of bright, warm, invigorating sunshine poured into the room.

I am so glad, murmured Irene.

So am I, miladi, replied Nannette, I have been watching since day dawn at my window; I was frightened it looked so much like a stormy day at first. When the night clouds rolled away, they disclosed a dull, leaden sky, the wind sighed drearily though the branches of the trees and the little birds peeped from their nests, shook their wings and settled down into their nests again; they do not like to come forth until the pink gleam that heralds the sunbeams shine in the eastern sky.

Irene smiled, the girls thoughts were clothed in such quaint and pretty language, and unconsciously too.

I said to myself, continued Nannette, I hope it will not rain on miladi's wedding day, and I thought of the old adage—

'Unhappy is the bride the rain falls on,'

but even as I murmured the words, the sun broke over the eastern hills with a faint rosy glow, brightening the eastern sky, and all the outside world from the giant oak to the tiny grass-blade, began to stir and rustle with the life of the new-born day.

But look, Nannette! cried Irene, even now the sun is clouding over, I am afraid that it will storm after all.

Nannette looked. Yes, a dark cloud was slowly gathering; ere long the sky would be overcast, and that dark cloud certainly presaged a coming storm.

The ceremony was to take place in the spacious drawing-room of the duchess' town house, early in the day.

The grand mansion was thronged with guests long before noon; and the old wainscotted rooms and corridors rang with the peal of girlish laughter and merry voices.

Irene was not visible even to her most intimate friends that morning; yet nothing was thought of this, as it had been the custom of many a bride from time immemorial.

She wants to come forth at the proper time such a vision of loveliness as will startle us, declared Jessie Reynolds, one of the merry bridemaids to her companions, I have seen Irene's diamonds, girls, she declared, and I warn you to prepare yourself to see something just grand. Just think of it! a necklace that encircles her neck twice, of superb solitaire diamonds, every one of them larger than a good sized pea. And her dress, it's perfectly lovely. You never saw such a magnificent veil, and as for slippers, why, dear me, they are cuteness itself, white satin embroidered in pearls. Irene will look as lovely as a poet's dream.

The pretty bridemaids came fluttering into the room like a covey of partridges just as Irene's maid was fastening the wreath of orange blossoms on the beautiful, dark, curly head, half hidden by the shimmering bridal-veil.

There was a chorus of oh's! and ah's! interpersed with just too sweet for anything! and all such rapturous phrases as enthusiastic young girls are wont to indulge in, at anything that delights them.

And well they might be enthusiastic for there never was a lovelier bride.

There was a feverish glow on the rounded, dimpled cheeks and the dark eyes were as bright as stars.

Nannette, her maid, knew that she was greatly agitated for the little hands that grasped the bridal bouquet were burning hot through the dainty white kid gloves; but then, that was very natural, for just before the ceremony on her bridal morn, is the most important epoch of a young girl's life.

Irene's heart sunk as she looked out of the window and noted the darkening sky.

Was it a forecast of what her future would be? Ah, surely not, and she turned away from the window with a shudder, her face paling like a snowdrop.

The ceremony was to take place at two o'clock sharp, it wanted a quarter to that time now.

Already the guests were becoming impatient in the spacious drawing-room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONTINUOUS SUFFERING UNNECESSARY.

One or Two Doses of South American Kidney Cure will Give Relief in the Most Distressing Cases of Kidney Trouble.

It is a fallacy to argue one's self into the belief that suffering when it comes upon us must be patiently endured. Usually suffering can be removed, if one knows of the means and way. Much suffering is borne by those troubled with kidney disease. The distress at times is keen. But in South American Kidney Cure, medicine that is a kidney specific and nothing more though nothing less a sure, safe, and speedy remedy is to be found. Relief is sure in less than six hours Sold by W. H. Carten, C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

COMBINE PROFITS.

Four Years' Profits Equal the Invested Capital.

One of the Infant Industries Which the Tariff is Protecting and Fattening.

(Toronto Globe.)

The prospectus which was published by the Dominion Cotton Mills Company the other day, gave to the consumers of cotton in this country an interesting glimpse into the short but most remarkable history of the cotton combine's operations, or at least that portion which is carried on under the above name. This company commenced its career, it will be remembered, in the beginning of the year 1891. It grew out of conditions which brought about by the N. P., made the cotton industry the easy prey of the monopolist by so nearly or altogether ruining the mill-owners of the country that they were "glad to sell to save a shred of their capital." The parent company was the Hochelaga, in which the promoters of the new company were largely interested. Around the nucleus of these mills, whose previous operations since their establishment in 1872 had resulted, we have been told, in only two annual dividends, the acquirement of other mills scattered over the country was carried on until there were in all ten mills gathered under the new company's roof. The situation of these mills is as follows:—

Hochelaga, Montreal (two mills).
Magog, Quebec.
Coaticook, Quebec.
Moncton, New Brunswick.
Kingston, Ontario.
Brantford, Ontario (two mills.)
Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Windsor, Nova Scotia.

How Mills were Acquired.

Those which were purchased, if the transactions can be called purchases, at a small percentage of their value. In some instances there was scarcely any element of what is ordinarily understood as purchase in the handing over by the old companies of their properties to the combine at the combine's own figures. The alternatives open to the hard-pressed companies were either to take what was offered them, whether it happened to be 25 cents on the dollar or a less generous offer, or refuse it and be utterly ruined by the powerful coterie of rich Montrealers who had organized themselves for the purpose of taking the cotton industry captive.

The paid-up stock of the new company when it started upon its work was $1,500,000. How this was paid up is not known; neither how much was paid in cash nor how much was issued upon mill properties put in by the chief promoters. Unfortunately only such information has been made public by the promoters as the working out of their plans has made necessary. In part the acquired properties were paid for by bonds, but in all likelihood, taking into account the way such matters are dealt with, the promoters received paid-up stock in payment for the properties which they put in; in which case, we may be sure, the valuations upon which the stock was issued were not, to say the least, unduly depressed. It is therefore reasonably certain that that first issue of paid-up stock is some distance from representing cash or cash value put into the company. But not to seem to strain the facts against the combine, that first $1,500,000 issue may be regarded as bona-fide paid-up stock.

Emmbarrassment Of Profits.

At that figure the stock remained for the period of a year and eight months. Then the company decided, for reasons which will be explained, to pour some water into it. The following decision was made public on the 7th September, 1892: It had been determined, it was said, to distribute to the shareholders $1,500,000 of stock the distribution to be made in the proportion in which the stock was held, and each shareholder to become entitled to receive a fully paid up share of $100 by paying therefore $10. The statement, which was given as coming from the company with regard to this proceeding was candid to the point of ingenuousness. It was said that while the company had been paying only 8 and 10 per cent. dividends its profits had been from 22 to 27 per cent. That was the statement made public at that time. Quite lately we have been given in one of the company's prospectuses the actual figures. These show that the profits for the first year (ending 29th February, 1892) amounted to $448,615, of 30 per cent. upon the paid-up stock. In the second year they were still larger, the published figures being $589,290, equal to 39 per cent. upon $1,500,000 of stock, with which profits the watering operation was a natural outcome of combine methods. It would not have been wise from their of view to appear to be paying too high dividends.

Political considerations would seem to be sufficient to require that this infant industry should throw some cover over its distribution of profits. What defence, for instance, could a government make on behalf of the cotton duties, which are as the citadel of the monopoly, if this "struggling combine were to pay dividends of from 29 to 39 per cent. per annum? It was accordingly determined to double the shareholders' holdings of stock. The $1,500,000 of new stock was distributed, with the effect that while only $150,000 of cash went into the company's treasury the dividend-bearing capital was doubled. At this amount of $3,000,000 in round figures it has still remained.

Of this three millions it is important to remember, as the kernal of the whole matter, that the amount actually invested by the shareholders is only $1,650,000—allowing that that the original stock was not issued in exchange for mill properties put in upon inflated valuations. The company's bonded indebtedness may be left out of the calculations, as the interest charge which it has entailed is allowed for in the company's statement of profits from which these figures are taken.

Richer than Kootenay.

The statement of profits is as follows:

For the year ending February, 20, 1892	$448,615
For the year ending February 20, 1893	589,294
For the year ending February 20, 1894	319.472
For the year ending February 20, 1895	312,499
For the half-year ending August 31, 1895	212,171
	$1,982,551

By these figures the country is informed that for the four years and a half which the combine has been operating, this section of it (the Dominion Cotton Mills Company) has made profits exceeding by more than $300,000 its paid up stock, if we exclude, as we should, that portion which is admittedly water. The Company is authority also for the statement that dividends have been paid to the shareholders during these four year, and a half amounting to $902,500. This comes to an average annual dividend upon the stock, with water left out, of 12 per cent. This was all they thought it prudent to distribute out of their enormous profits. But besides this there has been piling up to their credit at their bank an immense reserve fund, which on August 31 last. by their own statement amounted to $1,075,167. The average profits each year have been $490,000—reaching in one year 39 per cent. upon the paid-up stock, and equivalent to an average annual dividend of 29¾ per cent. for each of the four years and a half of the company's short but golden existence.

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."

CLARKE WALLACE is stumping for the government candidate in North Ontario, but up to the present has been mum as an oyster on the Manitoba school question. He says he is going to await events. That is what most of the Tories are doing just now. Even the government candidate himself in North Ontario, refuses to commit himself till he knows what the government will propose, and the government he says are waiting to hear from Mr. Greenway. Possibly the electors of that county may be gulled by nonsense like this, but it should not go down in an intelligent constituency.

"I Took One-Half Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and Obtained Perfect Relief"—This Remedy Gives Relief in a Few Hours, and Usually Cures in One to Three Days.

J. H. Garrett, a prominent politician of Liverpool, N. S., makes, for the benefit of the public, the following statement: "I was greatly troubled with rheumatic pains for a number of years. On several occasions I could not walk, nor even put my feet to the floor. I tried everything and all local physicians, but my suffering continued. At last I was prevailed upon to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I obtained perfect relief before I had taken half a bottle of the remedy, and to-day regard it as the only radical cure for rheumatism." Sold by W. H. Carten, C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—Judge Arnold today refused to grant a new trial to H. H. Holmes, who was convicted for the murder of B. F. Pietsell in this city, September, 1894, and sentenced him to death. Judge Arnold said: "Herman W. Mudgett have you anything to say. Holmes replied in a barely audible voice "I have nothing to say." Judge Arnold then pronounced the death sentence in the usual form, after which Holmes was taken from the court to prison. Governor Hastings will fix the day of Holmes' execution. An appeal to the Supreme court will be taken at once.

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.

IT was unfortunate for the Tories in Nova Scotia, observes the New Glasgow Chronicle, that they introduced, or tried to introduce, party politics into the municipal elections lately. With the exception of Cumberland, they have been badly beaten in every county. It is just as well to keep party politics out of municipal contests, and every other place where they have no business to be in.

NOTHING HUNTS OUT CORNS

Like tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply them to a pair of tight boots and all other concerns of life sink into insignificance. Tight boots and Putnam's Corn Extractor (the great and only sure cure for corns) may go together, and comfort will be their partner; but don't fail to use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Frauds, cheap, poisonous and dangerous substitutes, are in the market. Beware of them. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

THE people of Maugerville have at last got a postmaster, not the one they petitioned for, but the one Mr. Treadwell wanted, and Mr. Wilmot did not have the courage to appoint. The responsibility was transferred to the ample shoulders of P. O. Inspector King and Mr. Wilmot no doubt expects to be freed from any blame in the matter. He cut a sorry spectacle however in showing his inability to grapple with even a minor appointment in his county. The men of Maugerville whose representations have been disregarded, will be able to settle their account with Mr. Wilmot at the polls.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging: most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops that itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most places removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr Swyne & Son, Philadelphia.

HON. David Mills, M. P. for Bothwell, told a Montreal reporter Thursday, that at the approaching session of Parliament he feared there would be a division on race and religious issues. Such is the probable condition to which Canada has been brought by a Tory government.

Scott's Emulsion

is Cod-liver Oil emulsified, or made easy of digestion and assimilation. To this is added the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which aid in the digestion of the Oil and increase materially the potency of both. It is a remarkable flesh-producer. Emaciated, anæmic and consumptive persons gain flesh upon it very rapidly. The combination is a most happy one.

Physicians recognize its superior merit in all conditions of wasting. It has had the endorsement of the medical profession for 20 years.

Don't be persuaded to take a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

Temple.

Nov. 26.—We are having an abundance of rain just now, and the rise of water in the river has brought gladness to the hearts of the drivers.

The Aberdeen came up to Poquiock on Saturday last, but was unexpectedly met by a run of ice, and was obliged to unload, and return to winter quarters.

The Lucy G. is anchored at Shogomoc, with every prospect of remaining there for the winter.

Mr. Fred Hall and bride arrived here a few days ago, from St. John and have taken the house formerly occupied by E. Hagerman.

An interesting domestic event occured at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Firm Lint last week—it is a girl.

Gilbert Lint arrived in the village on Monday, on a visit to his mother, who has been ill for a length of time. Dr. Coburn is her present physician, and we hope that under his skilful treatment she may recover her usual health.

George Brown, jr., arrived home today from Manitoba, where he went with a party of harvesters four months ago. He is much pleased with what he saw of the country, and reports good times there and good wages.

The many friends of our very obliging ferryman, A. Way, will hear with regret that he is very ill at his home with what his physician thinks is cancer of the stomach.

Mouth of Keswick.

Nov. 28th.—Go Ahead Council, R. T. of T. of this place is still in existence, and doing good work despite the predictions of "The Few." New members are joining at nearly every nearly night of meeting. We have now a membership of thirty-five. On Dec. 13th the Council intends holding what they call a Poverty Supper. All are welcome to come whether they are members of Council or not, on condition that the gentlemen wear neither collar nor cuffs, and the ladies wear no jewelry. Any who break these rules will be expected to pay a fine. Do not miss this for a good time is assured all who come. Suppers and Socials seem to be the order of the day round here. Arrangements are being made, by some members of the C. E. Society, to hold a Neck-Tie Social in the Agricultural hall at an early date. Further particulars will be given later on.

Preparations are being made for a Xmas. concert, to be held Xmas. night in the F. C. B. church of this place, in connection with the S. S. of that church. Those who in the past have been privileged to attend any of the entertainments gotten up by the S. S. scholars of that church, know that they are always a success, and all may be assured that this one will be no exception to the rule.

Fosterville.

Nov. 28.—The heavy rains have made business rather dull for a few days.

The lumbermen are waiting for cold weather and snow.

Chas. Veysey is preparing to do quite an extensive business in the lumber woods and hauling bark.

Robt. Clark is in the birch timber business again. Messrs. Cropley, Buckingham and Foster are in the last block business, and will employ quite a number of teams and men.

H. H. Veysey, Jr.'s sawmill has shut down for the winter.

Ward B. Foster has put up a very fine workshop preparing to make hoops this winter. Ward is a clever fellow and believes in being in the right place at the right time.

Our school is taught by Miss Belle Carter of Richmond, Carleton Co. She is a first class teacher, and does her work well. She is also an active member of the temperance lodge.

The young folks are preparing for a concert, Christmas tree and supper Christmas eve, for the benefit of the temperance lodge.

Mr. David Cropley is filling his store with fancy goods for Christmas.

The sad news reached us a few days ago of the death of Rev. H. O. Gidney of Amity, Me. He has been preaching here when health would permit for nearly six years. Only two weeks before his death he filled the pulpit here, and left an appointment, but before the time came death came and the appointment can never be fulfilled. What is our loss is Heaven's gain, and his name and words and deeds will long be remembered here.

Rev. Thos. McDonald organized a church at North Lake last Saturday evening.

Wiley's ... EMULSION ...

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COD - LIVER - OIL.

Gives Best Results.
Purest and Best Materials used in Manufacture.
Best Value for the Money.
The Best Preparation in the Market.
Readily taken by Children.
No preparation equal to it.
For Building up the System.

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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.

Swiss Condensed Milk,

Lactated Food,

PEPTOGENIC MILK POWDER,

Nestles Food, etc.

For Sale by

R. T. MACK & CO.

Patent Carpet Lining,

Just Received:

A LOT of patent folded paper Carpet Lining in rolls. It is economical because it lasts longer and saves the carpet.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Leather Belting.

Just Received:

1850 FEET Pure Oak Tanned Leather Belting. 1150 feet Hemlock Tanned Leather Belting, and for sale at bottom rates.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

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.

OUR esteemed friend the Gleaner, complains that Hon. L. H. Davies speaking at Amherst, enunciated a new policy for the Liberal party, which shows the force of a bad example. Three or four years ago the Gleaner was a violent free trader, now it is a blatant protectionist.

A Railway Manager Says:

"In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health.

FUNNY things we see in an election campaign. In Cardwell the government is supporting Mr. Willoughby, but Mr. Willoughby is not supporting the government on the Manitoba school question.

THE Victoria, Australia, House of Assembly, has passed the one man one vote and women suffrage measures without division.

LANDING.

RAISINS.

Valencia
Valencia Layer Raisins.
London Layer

Imperial Calsinets Raisins,
Black Baskets Raisins,

California Muscatel and London Layer Raisins.

CURRANTS,

Cleaned Currants.

For sale by

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

Tinware.

Just Received:

12 Doz. Creamers,
12 Doz. Strainer Pails,
75 Doz. Flaring Pails,
12 Gross Milk Pans,
4 Cases Tin Pails, from 1 to 12 quarts,
5 Cases Oil Cans, from 1 to 5 gallons,
With a full and well-assorted stock of wholesale Tinware.

JAMES S. NEILL.

STAR VENTILATORS.

Just Received:

1 DOZEN STAR VENTILATORS. They are for chimney cars, to cure smokey chimnies and make a perfect draft. The star eclipses all in practical construction and general efficiency. Thoroughly storm proof, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction or no sale, money refunded.

For sale only by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Guns! Guns!

GUNS, Rifles, Wads, Powder, Shot, Caps, and Ammunition of all kinds. We have a full Stock. Prices low. Call and leave your orders.

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

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ABSOLUTELY PURE