

Won't Pay It  
The Widow.

20—The Brotherhood  
engineers will refuse to  
policy of \$1,500 in the  
man, whose widow is in  
charged with respon-  
sibility.

organization inform-  
ation, yesterday that this  
taken because of the  
laws of the organiza-  
tion that the money will  
be responsible for

ACQUITTED

No More, the  
Told Him.

Regarding the  
and Societies

Found not guilty  
criminal assault court.  
deliberation, Frank  
murdering Frank  
at the corner of Front  
was liberated after  
yesterday afternoon.  
possibly find fault  
said his lordship  
believed his story.  
right to do so.  
red prisoner, who  
said, the judge  
a word of warning  
to your people. You  
my weapons. This  
of many fatalities.  
Also, do not be em-  
why tell you they  
Black Hand Society,  
out of people who  
I charge you to  
The laws of this  
enough to extend  
Now go and  
to become a good  
His lordship also  
away from his  
and had a decent  
said there was no  
uld not become a  
the country in  
the judge, following  
the evidence, his  
thoroughly the  
in self-defence.  
man was perfectly  
nothing, who-  
would bring about  
the Canorra,  
had branches  
were branches in  
policy unaccounted  
could get the list  
for such diabole

ENT OUT

Was Being  
to Death.

trial for murder  
ended under  
last night. Just  
out to pronounce  
the electric lights  
suddenly went out  
was plunged  
silence and  
court attend  
placed on front  
rod erect in the  
his fate. Other  
the jury box and  
ly delivered its  
was accused of  
was then sen-

MOON.

20—The moon  
injection at noon  
was ob-  
the astronomy  
iversity of Calif-  
ers of persons,  
were visible to  
ar blue sky.

RE.

The ore ship-  
closed at this  
dock loads the  
Great North-  
in a few days  
of ore have  
amount mov-  
great lake

Sybil's Doom

"Never without your promise, Rose, I thought you loved me!"  
The pretty face drooped against his coat sleeve.

"You know I do, in a real-like wis-  
per."  
Then he my wife. Instead of going to Scotland to-morrow, come with me to Scotland."  
"You really mean it, Cyril?"  
"I shall blow my brains out if you don't! Say you will come, Rose. I love you madly. I can't let you go. Say you will come!"

"To Scotland? But a Scotch marriage is no marriage; and besides, you are a minor, and can not legally contract a marriage anywhere."  
"In Heaven's name! How many objections will you raise? The young man cried, flushed and impatient. "If the Scotch marriage does not suit you, we can easily be married upon our return to England; and, as for being a minor, there will be no one to dispute the legality of our union. Not my father—he never refused me anything yet. He is not likely to begin now."  
"Oh, Cyril! But this is not like anything else. Men have disinherited only sons for less."

"My father will not. And, besides, he can not. Monkwood Priory is entailed—comes to me, with the fertile acres, if I were disinherited to-morrow. I will listen to no more objections. Rose, you must say yes—you must be my wife! I love you madly! I can not live without you. My beautiful Rose, and I will go with you to-morrow!"  
He bent over her, his handsome face flushed, hot, red, his eyes glowing, slight with wine and love, and exultant. She raised her dainty, drooping head at his bidding, and looked him full in the face, a glittering brightness in her large dark eyes.

"I love you, Cyril," she repeated, "and I will go with you to-morrow. Earth holds no dearer lot for me than to be your wife. But if you repent later, remember, I have warned you."  
"I will never repent!" he cried, with a lover's rapturous kiss. "Our honeymoon will last until our heads are gray. In all broad England there is not another such happy man as Cyril Trevanion!"

She turned away her head to conceal a smile, a smile strangely akin to derision. It was just like a flash out. "And now I must go to my room."  
"And now I have much to do between this and day-dawn. Whether one goes to France or Gretna Green, one must pack up. It is shockingly late besides. Mrs. Grundy will be horrified. For pity's sake, go at once!"

She pushed him playfully to the door. The black October night was blacker and chillier than ever, and the bleak, wet wind blew damply in their faces. Miss Adair shivered audibly.  
"I don't envy you your drive back," she said; "and the rain will overtake you if you don't hurry. We are likely to run away in a deluge to-morrow."  
"Blissful to-morrow!" exclaimed Cyril Trevanion. "Come rain and lightning and tempest, so that the bring me you, I shall thank them. For the last time, good-bye and good-night."

A love-like embrace; then the young man sprang lightly into his night-cab and whirled away. Rose Adair stood in the doorway, until he disappeared, despite the raw blowing of the chill morning wind. In the darkness her pretty face wore a triumphant glow.  
"I have conquered!" she said, under her breath. "I will be Cyril Trevanion's wife, as I knew from the first I would. Poor fool! And he thinks I care for him—a stupid boy of nineteen! The old life may go now. Mrs. Cyril Trevanion, of Monkwood Hall, may look upon the past as a horrible dream, over and gone!"

On the close of the third day a post-chaise rattled up to the door of an Aberdeen hotel, and Lieutenant Trevanion handed out his briefcase. The "Scotch mist" hung clammy over everything, the sky was of lead; but the coming night was bleak and clear; and the face of the young officer was brighter than a sunset sky. Was he not a bridegroom of four-and-twenty hours' standing, and was not this radiant little beauty beside him his bride?  
"They will show you to your room, my darling," he said. "I will join you presently. Here is your travelling-bag. It might hold the crown diamonds by its weight and the moon by its light. The servant will take your case of it. I will take it myself."

"She turned her back abruptly upon him as he spoke, and followed the servant upstairs. She dismissed the woman the moment she entered the room, and turned the key in the lock. The boxes had been sent up. She knelt down at once before one of them and unlocked and unstrapped it.  
"I will conceal it here," she said. "It is not in the least likely to find it, in any case; but it is safer here."  
She unfastened her travelling bag and drew forth the contents, whose weight and her solicitude about it had puzzled and one thing—a brightly burnished copper box, securely locked and clasped. The little bride thrust this box out of sight among the garments in the trunk.

"Safe, safe, safe!" While you are secure, I don't think Cyril Trevanion will ever find me out. The day that brings you to light sees the last of Rose Trevanion, Rose Trevanion; a new name—a new alias! How many I have borne! Rose Adair, Rose Dawson, Rose Adair; and now—Rose Trevanion, and best—high-sounding Trevanion! What will be the next, I wonder, and which among them all will they carve on my tombstone!"

CHAPTER III.  
"And it lies here! My ambitious dreams, my boundless pride, my grand aspirations for him—it all ends here! In the hour when I loved him best, I would never have slain him with my own hands than I would to see him fall in love!"  
He was an old man, yet grandly erect in his sixtieth year; straight as a Roman column, broad-shouldered, deep-set eyes, a nose that looked like a lance, and a beard that had been the witness to his long life. He was General Trevanion, of

How he will see how a Trevanion may be. The library door was swung wide as the thought occurred to him. General Trevanion, he announced the old general, looked at the door, and, with a gasp, he entered. The young man had advanced eagerly, with the first look at his father's face, he halted, hesitated, stopped, and came to a standstill by the fire.

The old man stood—a large, writing-table between them—his feet on his fall-kingly height, his head thrown back, his brows nostrils dilated, his dark eyes flashing. Cyril Trevanion, very pale, but altogether dauntless, encountered that look unflinchingly. So they met—father and son.

"You are deeply displeased, sir," he said, still very quietly. "I expected as much. But wait until you see my wife—half so sweet as she! Even the love of being an ancestor will be forgotten and forgiven then."  
"I will never see your wife!" General Trevanion answered, the fierce rage within him only showing in the working of his fiery nostrils, the flashing of his stormy eyes. "I will never see your wife, never see you! I disown you, you are no longer a son of mine! For four hundred years you are the first of our race who ever made a messianic, who mixed the pure blood with the filthy puddle in an actress's veins. No son of mine shall bring disgrace on his name, and house, and still remain my son. I will never speak to you. I will never see you, though I were on my death-bed. I will never forgive you! In the hour you cross your threshold, through which women, with royal blood in their hearts, have stepped as brides—in the hour you go forth to your angel of a demi-monde—your seraph of the cannibal—you are as dead to me as though the coffin lid had closed above you, and they had laid you in the family vault. If I slew you where you stood, your low-lived blood would hardly wash out the stain of your disgrace!"

He stopped; but the lightning of his fiery old eyes spoke more eloquently than words. He stopped, for the effort to hold his passion in rein and speak steadily almost sufficed him. And Cyril, drawn up to his full height, his handsome face stormily set, his dark eyes gleaming tall, strong, proudly a son for any father's heart to exult in—stood like a rock, listening and replying not.

"I have let you come here," his father went on, "because from my own lips I would have you hear your fate. Take your strolling player, your painted ballet-dancer, and go forth to beggary, if you like—a stiver of my money you will never see again. Trevanion Park and all I possess—your mother's fortune and all I possess—do with as you will, and he dare know what shall befall me! I do not shoot him down like a dog!"

He strode up and down the magnificent length of the library, quite alone in his impotent storms of fury. A spacious and splendid apartment, the wainscot lined with books from floor to ceiling, busts of grand old Greek poets gazed serenely down on the chime of ages, and over the marble chimney-piece a clock, with Amphytrite guiding a group of fiery sea-horses, in the air.

In the deep fireplace, for four hundred years, the blaze of Yule had risen high at Christmas-time, a sea-shell fire burned now, its red glow flashing fitfully on the dark-paneled and wainscoting, on busts and pictures, books and bronzes, quaint old Indian and Chinese cabinets, and vases as high as your head.

The library was lighted by one vast Tudor window, with cushioned seats—a window that was a study in itself, and overlooked a wide vista of velvet lawn, cool depths of fragrant fern, and underwood, and waving belts of beech and elm.

The grand old place in this Monkwood Hall—a monastery once in the days long gone when there had been monks and monasteries all over England, before the Royal Bluebeard and his red-haired daughter came to banish and burn and behead. And under the heavy burden of its primal forest, of its majestic oaks, and towering elm and copper beech, the ghostly prior who had ruled there last, walked still, sombre and awful, with and still, black dead in the storm, and ghostly came had fallen on the usurping race of the "bold, bold Trevanions"; for before the death of the head of the house, a solemn bell tolled at the windy turrets—an awful bell, that no mortal eye might see, no mortal hands might ring.

The Prior's Walk lay open to all—a woodland aisle—where the elms met above your head—where the inguinate and emerald velvet—over the sward was as beauty and delight, and a short cut to the village. But for all its loveliness and convenience, there were few in the Speckhaven who cared to brave the ghostly horrors of the Prior's Walk at nightfall. A grand and storied old place, this Monkwood—where the strong Trevanions, father and son, had reigned one of the show-places of the country.

The short November day was rapidly darkening down, and the mystery of fern looked impenetrable seen from the stately Tudor window. The clock, above which the fair sea-goddess guided her three charges, pointed to half past four, and as the night drew, on the winged dials, along the vast, draughty halls, and around the numberless gable ends.

General Trevanion glanced impatiently at the time-piece as the specter glimmered came on apace; his massive face set in a stern, and a look of iron gloom and determination.  
"He must come by here," he muttered under his breath. "For fourteen years he has been in the habit of coming to see me before the wish was expressed."

"Mamma is here, and baby Charley—we are all come on a visit. But, oh, Cousin Cyril! I didn't know you were coming. Uncle Trevanion never told me. You will stay as long as we do, won't you? Oh, how tall and handsome you are! With little gashes in your eyes, and how glad I am that you are here!"  
"My dear little Sybil," Cyril said, with

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SHADOW OF POOR HEALTH

Dispensed Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

When the shadow of poor health falls on your life, when hope begins to fade and friends look serious, then in the time you should remember that you are not alone. There are thousands just as hopeless have been cured and restored to the sunshine of health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich blood, which brings a glow of health to anaemic cheeks, cures indigestion, headache and backache, drives out the aching pains of rheumatism and of neuralgia, strengthens the nerves and relieves as no other medicine can do the aches and pains which only women folk suffer from. In any emergency of poor health give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and they will not disappoint you. Here is a case that will bring home to many a weary sufferer. Mrs. F. K. Searcy, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "About three years ago I took a severe cold which I neglected, thinking that I would come all right again. But instead I found myself in a weak and run-down condition. I seemed to have no ambition to do anything and my heart and nerves became so bad I was forced to bed. The doctor who was called in said the trouble was chronic anæmia, but in spite of his skill at tendance I was unable to sit up and eat, but had to be fed with a spoon. One day a visiting friend suggested my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I sent for a half dozen boxes. In a short while I began to eat better and feel better, and by the time the pills were used I felt altogether different; my heart did not bother me, my lips and cheeks regained their natural color, and everybody who saw me remarked on how well I was once more looking. Wishing to be on the safe side I took two more boxes of the pills, which made a complete cure. As I have had neither ache nor pain since, and I now weigh 146 pounds, I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I hope that this letter may be the means of suggesting relief to many of my sisters who suffer as I did."

Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MONUMENT TO MME. DE SEVIGNE  
A statue of Mme. de Sevigne was unveiled to-day at Vitre in Brittany not far from where the Les Rochers, where she loved to live and the scenery of which she exquisitely described in her letters. M. Paul Deschamps, the Academician, delivered the inaugural address, and the company paid a visit to the Chateau des Rochers, in which the Netumires family preserves many relics of its famous actress.—Paris correspondence London Times.

WALKING STICK HANDLES:  
Some of the Things That the Handles May Contain.  
The ingenuity of the Frenchman has not been confined to the making of weapons out of apparently harmless cases. In fact there is quite a variety of uses which the cane is made to serve. One of the canes is fitted with a coin box and a match box, these being contained in the head, which is provided with a carefully concealed lid. The coin box is arranged to permit of depositing and easily removing the coin by a slight pressure of the thumb, thus obviating the necessity of fishing for coins in the pocket.

Another cane handle shows a complete outfit of the game known as Petits Chevaux. When the lid is open betting can begin and the horse crossing the wire first wins the stakes. One of the latest Parisian novelties consists in a ladies' parasol handle containing a roulette wheel, which can be used for gambling at any place or moment.

The handles have become very popular. They are of fine workmanship and generally of gold or silver. One handle contains almost everything that one would be likely to need. A long sheet of paper is wound around the rod, from which pieces may be torn off for taking notes. When the lid is opened penknife, pencil, nail file, comb and looking glass are disclosed. These objects are small, but large enough for practical use.—Scientific American.

BE PRUDENT WITH THE WHIP.  
When a driver whips a horse, observes an exchange, he usually does so in anger or excitement, and does it unwisely. It is possible to punish a horse prudently and effectively, but that is not cruelty. Ninety-nine per cent. of the blows which horses receive are unlearned and harmful. Many drivers whip a horse immediately after he has shied from some passing object, like an automobile which he does not understand, and which fills him with terror. It may be necessary to punish a horse in this way, but it is better to keep him from turning and upsetting the vehicle by colliding with other objects, and thus bringing disaster, but once the terrorizing object has been passed, the whipping of the horse for having been frightened is simply cruelty, which only serves to inflame greater terror in the animal toward the object, and causes him to be more frightened at the next meeting.—Farmer's Advocate.

Croup is Deadly!  
It must be stopped quickly. Nothing so sure as Nervine cures it internally, and rub it on chest and throat—croup soon vanishes. No doctor can write a more efficient prescription than Dr. Parson's Nervine, which reaches the trouble and cures quickly. The marvelous power of Nervine will surprise you; it's the best household remedy for coughs, colds, sore chest, croup and internal pain of every kind. Large bottles have been sold by all dealers for nearly fifty years at 25c.

RED HAT IS WORN ONLY ONCE  
The red hat which the Pope himself will place on the heads of the new Cardinals is the crown of a prince of the Church. It is chief among the insignia of the office of Cardinal.  
It is a small hat with two tassels on the brim. Hanging from the hat on either side are five rows of tassels, each row symbolizing a step in the religious life of the Cardinal; priest, vicar, bishop, archbishop, cardinal. The red hat is never worn after the first time and is kept to be placed over the body of the cardinal when he is deceased.  
The cardinal's beretta is also made of red material. It has three semi-circular tassels on top, with a cord loop in the center. It is worn on unofficial occasions.

Back Full of Aches  
Headaches and Depression  
Much of Women's Suffering is Headache and Can be Prevented by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.  
STANLEY STEAK—Make chopped round steak into round cakes and broil on pan them. While they are cooking rub together two tablespoonsful of butter and two of flour, add half a pint of milk, and stir until boiling. Add a tablespoonful of dry horseradish, or two tablespoonfuls of horseradish, and two of the vinegar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Pour this mixture in the bottom of the platter, stand the steaks in it, and put half of a baked banana on each steak.

SALISBURY STEAKS—Season one pound of chopped round steak with a teaspoonful of salt and the juice of half a lemon. Mix and form into round cakes half an inch thick. Broil or cook to a dry pan for eight minutes. Transfer to a heated plate, and baste with a little butter.

That Stublike Pain in the Back is Sure Indication of Kidney Trouble.  
Mrs. Anne Rodriguez writes as follows from her home in Valencia: "For a long time I suffered with failing strength and nagging headaches. My condition grew steadily worse, my limbs became bloated and shaky, my limbs became thin, felt rheumatic pains, dizziness and chills. I unfortunately didn't suspect my kidneys, and was nearly dead when I discovered the true cause of my sufferings. I read so much about the wonderful health and strength that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills that I felt sure they would help me. Such blessing of health and comfort I got from Dr. Hamilton's Pills I can't describe. They speedily put me right, and my steady use keeps me active, energetic, strong and happy. I strongly urge others to regulate and tone their system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butter-nut."

No greater medicine exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills for the cure of indigestion, constipation, flatulence, liver troubles, bladder and kidney trouble. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers or the Cataractine Company, Kingston, Ont.

"Like you! I love you better than anybody—ever so much better than anybody. But then Charley's only brother is your son, and you're a great big man, and wear a lovely uniform, and I like big men."  
"And lovely uniforms—highly characteristic of the sex! But it is growing dark, my fairy princess, and if I am to catch the seven-fifty train back to London, it is high time I was on the move. The fly from the railway is waiting for me just outside the gates."  
"Bring back! Oh, Cyril!"  
"I must, my pet," the lieutenant said, smiling a little sadly at that reproachful cry. "It is Hobson's choice; if you know what that is. Say good-bye for me to Lady Lennox and baby Charley, and kiss me yourself."  
"I'll go with you to the gates. Yes, I will!" impetuously, as she saw her companion about to object. "Wait until I get my cloak; I won't be a minute."  
She started away like a spirit—a little slender thing, all in white, with a bright brown ringlet down to her slender waist, and great wide eyes of luminous blackness.  
Gone and back like a flash, this time with a little cloak of scarlet cloth, the hood drawn over the brown curls, and the bright, pretty face peeping out from under the hood.  
"I'm the Red Riding Hood," the young man said, "and I am the Wolf. Come on to-day, my pretty little girl, I must say, to escort me so far. Are you in the habit of seeing your gentlemen friends to the entrance gates, Miss Lennox?"  
(To be Continued.)

"MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS."  
There stood, until some months ago in High Holborn, two doors away from Museum street, and facing the end of Drury Lane, an old building which housed what was probably the original of Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. It was once upon a time a popular exhibition, known as Ferguson's Waxworks, founded by that gentleman in 1822 or 1823. In its extensive rooms and galleries were to be seen the characters King George III., Mr. Grimald, as clown, Mary Queen of Scots, and that "unfortunate" Elizabeth who died from pricking her finger in consequence of working upon a thimble. After being laid up for a time by illness, Mrs. Jarley returned to the theatre, and in 1827, she was appointed Royal Gunner at Windsor Castle on October 17th, 1829. Her collection of waxworks, including the Queen Victoria's Jubilee medal, the top of Inkerman and Balaclava, the Queen Victoria's Jubilee medal, with a bar for the Coronation medal, and King George's Coronation medal. During the fifty-two years Parsons has been at the Round Tower there has never been an accident. It is his duty to hold the flag at sunrise and haul it down at sunset. When the court is in residence a Royal Guard has been stationed during the absence of the court.

MOTHERS PRAISE  
BABY'S OWN TABLETS  
Every mother who has once used Baby's Own Tablets readily admits that there is no other medicine to equal them. They are a never failing cure for all stomach and bowel complaints and many a precious little babe whose health and even life itself to their use. Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. Fred Dove, Broadview, Sask., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl and have found them of such great benefit I would not be without them. They are truly a wonderful remedy for little ones." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IN THE FIRE-HOLE.  
The captain's fire in his coat of blue, the mate's big and handsome too; But of the hundreds in his crew 'Tis the coolies who make her go!  
Eight hours off and four hours on, Shredding coal till the voyage is done, Sweating the flame till the mace is won, Sweating the coolies who muck her gun.  
Not even a name on the ship's pay roll, Only a number to take its toll, Small mites in the human whole—Naked coolies who make her go!  
No hat above of what's below, Keeping the mace in the mace below, Driving the engines fast on slow, Fellow coolies who make her go!  
Tumble 'em up from the hell in the hold, See how they shiver out in the cold, Eyes like stars, and faces like the sun, These the coolies who make her go!  
—Don C. Selig in Harper's Weekly.

NEVER FLICK EXPERIENCE.  
The following who brag about what he is going to do to-morrow, usually never get quiet about what he did yesterday.