Oats-No. 3 white se 40. Other grades ents, 51,440 barrels IN MARKET. 1 hard, \$1.24 1-8; 1-8 to \$1.24 1-8; No.

0 \$1.21 5-8. E MARKETS. rese Board to-day ored and 130 white IVE STOCK.

ort-Cattle steady; active, 4.50 to 11.00. ; active, heavy and yorkers 9.50 to 10.35; hs 9.15 to 9.25; stags receipts 2,\*00, active: ewes 4.00 to 7.75;

8.00. VE STOCK.

new-11s. nts-47s. acific Coast)—14, 15s;

26 to 30 lbs. -85s, 6d. to 16 lbs.—898. 16 lbs.—91s. light, 28 to 34 1bs. heavy, 35 to 40 lbs. 11 to 13 lbs.—71s. h. in tierces, new-

boxes-Sis. inest white, newlon-49s, 9d,

11 1-4-1 hull refined, spot-

e Bird. ed male lyre bird and ome and nota-

n - of Queenshird, with ". allinaceous unika that of a

conderful tail, ndsmale birds, fultills e of vain display. artics for a train on a raised earthen t period of the v. the lyre' bird sife plumage and with the sober

#### LE AHEAD. ork Sun)

rsia by Great Brittwo zones of inest only a temporat will require reomes. Russia had over the Persian arm waters of the Indian Ocean, and think that her polged by her present success have strong-rests in Asia Minor, hing comes she will ful than ever before

flow get in the ocial climber. "On vays,", replied the

# TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

standing there in the old-fashioned dresses they had not had time to remove; Denzil in white satin breeches and rich ruffles and carefully-powder- I hope she has not been over-exciting ed hair, Miss Trevanion as "La Valliere," and her trailing embroidered satin robe, her fair hair also thinly powdered, and her soft white arms half bared.

The firelight flashed and darkened, its flickering rays ever and anon flaming warmly on the ancient costumes of the two standing before it. sending out crimson gems of light from the jewels that lay on Mildred's neck as her bosom rose and fell with the agitation she vainly strove to re-

Encouraged by her speechlessness, Denzil spoke again-

"I love you," he said, simply, "I am only telling you what you have known all along-am I not? And yet, even to myself, when put into language, it seems quite different—the words sound so poor and cold. Is it altogether hopeless, Mildred? Is there any chance for me?

She had moved a few steps backward as he began speaking, and now stood supporting herself by one hand resting on the table. She had lowered her eyes and fixed them on the ground, and appeared calm enough, though she made no response to ais last appeal.

"Give me my answer," he said. "You should not have gone on," she observed at length, her tone low, but angry. "I forbade you to do so. It was unfair to compel me to nisten when you knew I wished neither to hear nor to understand."

"Give me my answer," he said again. "What answer can I give?" she asked, with a slight impatient movement of the hand near him. "Better would it be to ask for none. I warned you before. Be satisfied now, and leave

"Give me my answer," he said for the third time, sternly. I will take it from your own lips now."" Then, as you will have it," she

cried, losing all moderation, "take from my own lips 'No.'" There was a long pause. Denzil's

face was as white as death-Miss Trevanion's scarcely less so; while the which she leaned upon it.

Denzil, slowly, "It cannot matter now," she an-

swered, coldly. "Yes, it does," he went on, excitedly; "and I believe that, loving you as I dc. I could in time have made you return my love had not your wretched pride stepped in to prevent it. Or can it be true what I have heard saidthat you would, at any risk, willingly sell yourself to gain a title? If I could bring myself to think that of you if that were possible. Tell me, Mildred-

is it the truth?" "I do not understand you," said Mildred, haughtily. "I will listen to no more of your questioning, sir. Let me pass."

"It is tue, then!" he exclaimed, passionately, seizing her hand to detain "You do not deny it. And you will sacrifice yourself to obtain possession of a mere position? I imagined you incapable of such a thing; but see how mistaken we all are in the idols we set up! I am thankful I was disillusioned in time. I am glad-yes, glad-you have refused me; as a woman who could so barter away her heart is not worthy to be the wife of any honest man."

Mildred was trembling with anger. "That will do," she said, "You need not say another word. If you were to think forever, you could never say

anything worst than that." gers from his clasp as she spoke, and the urgent request of Charles and Edbracelet fell to the ground. Involuntarily Denzil stooped to pick it up, and, as she held out her hand to repossess herself of it, he slipped it round her arm and fastened it there once more. Then, a reckless feeling coming over him, and the small white hand he loved with such hopeless fondness being so well within his reach, he bent his head, and pressed a tender, despairing, lingering might arise to harass and disturb kiss upon it, after which he almost flung it from him and walked back to and the hour of departure approached

the fireplace. What a sad, final farewell it seemed to him! As for Mildred, she made no

radiant and white-robed, who said: "What-not yet dressed, Mildred?"

then went on to her room. But, when the door was closed, and securely fastened, an awful sense of desolation fell upon her. For the first time in her life she felt what it was to be alone. What had she done? What was it she had thrown away forever and ever? She sunk upon her knees by her bed, and, burying her head in the clothes, cried as if her heart would

When Mildred came downstairs, the ball was at its height. Denzil was there, as calm as ever, and apparently in excellent spirits, at the end of the room, conversing with her mother and old Blount. He was laughing, but his away from her in imagination, writhmirth was not overstrained, neither was his manner in any wise different from what it usually was; and, indeed, only one intimately acquainted with him would have noticed a certain right gleam and gifter in his eyes.
which betokened feverishness. He did
not look toward the door, or it may
not look toward the door, or it may
not look toward the door.

They formed a curious picture, who it was that had come in. Lady Caroline saw her, however.

"Ah, there is Mildred at last!" she said. "What a time the child has taken to dress; and how white she looks!

herself." Tableaux are about the most fatiguing things I know," said Denzil, quietly, looking, not where Mildred stood, while somebody was inscribing his name upon her card, but straight into Lady Caroline's eyes.

Old Blount gazed at him curlously for a moment. "A plucky lad!" he said to himself, admiringly.

"So they are," returned her ladyship to Denzil, in all good faith; "and Mildred is not too strong. Now that I see Mildred," she went on a little later, "I begin to wonder where Mabel can be. I have not noticed her among the dancers since first she

Here she elevated her glasses to take an anxious maternal survey of the

room. Mabel was nowhere in sight. "Where can she have gone to?" exclaimed her mother; and just at that moment her glance fell on the curtains that draped the window at the lower end of the apartment. They were slightly parted, and through the opening could be seen the balcony beyond, and on the balcony a glimpse

of a white dress. "That must be Mabel," decided her ladyship, impatiently. "How extremely foolish of her thus to expose herself in a thin light dress to the wintery air! Who is with her?"

"My nephew, I fancy," Blount.

"Mabel is behaving most imprudently," observed Lady Caroline, with as much austerity in her tone as she was capable of. She will have half the county talking of her presently; and there is old Lady Atherleigh at this very instant with her spectacles on, peering in their direction. My dear Mr. Younge, will you go and tell Mabel that I want to speak to her directly.'

"My dear Lady Caroline," returned Denzil, "it goes to my heart to refuse you anything, even the smallest trifle, but just consider what you have asked me to do. Were I to interfere as you wish me, I should call down so many secret bad wishes and indignant looks upon my head that I have not a doubt in the world the consequences would be fatal. I should be afraidindeed I should. One unkind glance hand that lay upon the table appeared from her majesty would unhinge me bloodless from the intensity with for a week. I am not strong-minded enough, neither have I sufficient

"Do you say that because my father pluck, to undertake such a task." rned his money by trade?" asked He laughed pleasantly as he spoke: out old Blount, who h ing, did not laugh at all, keeping preternaturally grave.

"My dear madam, he said, "why interfere at all? The lad is a good lad and a handsome lad, and will come in for all I have when I am gone. Let

them alone." So Mabel and Roy were let alone to follow their own devices, and consequently enjoyed their evening to the utmost. What if all the world were against them now? In what could it affect them? Had they not wandered into their Elysium and lost themselves amongst the hidden glories of the vast palaces of Love?

Miss Bylverton, having danced seven times consecutively with Charles Trevanion, and thereby called down upon herself the wrath and condemnation of Lady Atherleigh and all such ancient scandal-loving dames, was feeling perfectly contented and at peace with herself and all the rest of the world; while Mildred, pale and beautiful, with a disturbed heart and restless mind, danced and laughed half the night with Lord Lyndon, only to return to her room, when the ball had terminated, dissatisfied, weary and

unsettled. CHAPTER XIII.

A week later and the Younges, having bidden their adieus, had gone on their way homeward to the north -all Indignantly she drew away her fin- except Denzil, who had consented, at with the action a small turquoise die Trevanion, to remain four days longer, in consideration of a hunt declared to be coming off within that period at some particularly affected "meet."

It had come off, and it was now indeed Denzil's last night at King's Abbott for some time to come. He had been shooting steadily all the morning, with the vigorous intention of warding off all cares and vexations that his mind; but, as the night drew on, more closely, his zeif-imposed sternness gave way, and he began painfully to understand how bitterly he should further sign, but left the room as noiselessly as she had entered it.

In the hall she encountered Mabel, two months that must elapse before invitation he had received from Sir And Mildred answered, "I shall be George and Lady Caroline, to come down presently," quite calmly, and and stay with them again as soon as ever Christmas should be over their

heads. There were a few people to dinner, the Deverills amongst others; and it was while sitting next to Jane Deverill, endeavoring to keep up a connected dialogue with her, that he bethought himself of all these dismal things.

"Then I dare say we shall meet there," Miss Deveril was saying, a propos of some remark made about the coming London season, quite unconscious of the fact that her seemingly attentive companion was miles ing in some tortured region of his own conjuring.

"More than probable," said Denzil. "At least you may be quite sure, Miss Deverill, it will not be my fault if we

with which his last assurance was

"Know the Sidcourts?" exclaimed Charles Trevanion. "Rather! You should make tender inquiries about Lady Ethel Sidcourt— that is, the name would raise a responsive echoin his heart, if he has one. I assure you, Miss Devertil, that last season it was the most painful thing in the world to witness his conduct. He could not be got out of the house-so much so, that the old lady, looking upon it as a settled affair for her daughter, encouraged him shamefully, the upshot of the whole thing being, not as his friends had every reason to expect, a marriage—but a disgraceful bolt."

"Don't believe a word he says," put in Denzil, laughing. "Do you mean to tell us that you were not decidedly smitten with Lady

Ethel last year?" demanded Charles. "Certainly," said Denzil. "I confess to you, Miss Deverill, I was never in love but once in my life, and that was not with Lady Ethel Sidcourt." "Well, after that you will say any-

thing," declared Trevanion, reproachfully. "And what became of you that once?" asked Miss Devereill, inquisi-

tively. "Oh, she threw me over for some luckier fellow, of course. The old story!" said Denzil, with rather a

forced laugh. Just then Mildred raised her eyes from her work, and glanced suddenly and swiftly in his direction, while for a moment her color rose vividly. Miss Sylverton, who was also dining at King Abbott's this evening, happening to look up, intercepted both glance and blush, and judged accordingly.

She waited till a minute later in the evening, and then, putting down a book of engravings with which she had been occupied, she bade Denzil, by her eyes, approach a little nearer to her. He obeyed the summons, and came over to where she was sitting

close to Mildred. "So you are really about to leave to-morrow?" she said, kindly. "I can scarcely bring myself to believe it. You have made yourself so completely one of us that I do not know how we are to get on until we see you again." "Is that from your heart?" asked

Denzil, lightly, but with an understratum of extreme earnestness. "When I am far away I shall like to believe it was." Then, changing his tone to one somewhat lower, he add-"For myself, I cannot bear to think of this time to-morrow evening; all will be so changed, so differ-

ent." "And you have actually made up your mind to go by the early train, Mr. Younge?" called out the second Miss Deverill, from an opposite sofa, where she could just catch the heads of the conversation, and nothing more. She was a talkative girl, who liked to hear her own voice dearly, and the man beside her had been having it all his own way up to this, so a little break was necessary.

"Yes," answered Denzil; 'I must start early, whether I like it or not, as I have particular business to trancast in London to-morrow, and have et it run to the very last day."

"Well, the best of such decisions is," went on Miss Deverill, "one gets over one's last speeches and adieus the night before, and so can commence the journey in the morning free and unfettered." After which declaration of her sentiments she sunk back into her seat with a sigh, and once more resigned herself to the horsey prosings of her friend the squire.

"I should call that the worst of it, not the best," said Miss Sylverton, softly. "I could not bear to leave a house with no one to bid me 'goodbye,' to say how much they should miss me, or to wish me a pleasant

journey. "There are two sides to every question," answered Denzil, somewhat "Taking Miss Deverill's view of the matter, you see you escape bidding final adieus, that might, perhaps, in many cases wring the heart."

"But, still, as final farewells must be said one time or the other, I think I should prefer them at the very last moment," said Frances. "Confess, now, that you would always like some one to give you your breakfast, and say a kindly word to you before starting."

"Well, yes, I confess I should like it," responded Denzil; "but, when one chooses to get up at such an unconscionable hour as half-past six, one must suffer the attendant penalties." "I will give you your breakfast tomorrow morning, Mr. Younge, if you

wish it," broke in Mildred's voice, calm and sweet. Denzil started—an expression of inover his face. He raised his eyes,

and gazed steadfastly at her. Mildred herself appeared perfectly unmoved, her features being as composed as though no such unexpected words had fallen from her lips. Her fingers steadily unpicked the stitch that had somehow gone wrong in her woolwork, and did not even tremble in

the act. Denzil tried hard to find some suitable words in which to clothe his appreciation of her unwonted graciousness, and to beg that, for his sake, she would not put herself to such an in- a rough sketch of it! convenience but in vain; his brain he could avail himself of the pressing mutter "Thank you" in a hurried, unnatural manner, quite foreign to his years ago wrote a letter for publica-

far better have died away through lack pen instead of the candle-snuffers, we of nourishment.

Ever since that fatal night in the tice." the library Denzil and she had lived



seeming, as imperturbable as usual. Eddie has also risen betimes to see head stuck on a pike and, least of all, his friend depart, and rattled on in gallant style all through the dismal meal, leaving no space for the other two to express their opinions, had found without going back many conthey been so inclined. At length, a turies in history. He cannot do Great footman entering to announce the ar- Britain any serious injury, and he is rival of the dog-cart at the hall door, Eddie rose to see to Denzil's further comforts, and so left him and Miss revanion at last alone.

He came toward her, and, taking both her hands, held them with a clasp that amounted almost to pain. "Think of me kindly." he said, in a low tone, full of acute meaning.

"I will," she said. There followed a slight pause, full of vague uncertainty, and then he said

in a choked voice-"Is it quite hopeless, Mildred?" "You will be late for your train," murmured Miss Trevanion, very

gently. Then Eddie came in, and it was all over, and the last farewells were said. drove half the population from Ire-The pleasant, maddening miserable visit had come to an end, and Denzil ing air, followed by a pale, sweet mem- Sassenach so long as no way of servory that he felt would haunt him till

he died. So it fell out that King's Abbott was once more bereft of guests; and still dication that he loathed the British the Trevanions were unhappy, because the very train that carried awaysnugly ensconced among its cushionsthe unhappy Denzil brought to Lady Caroline a letter that filled her gentle posom with dire alarm.

(To be continued.)

decipherable Manuscript.

#### BAD WRITERS. Some Horrible Instances of Un-

"Tell the gentleman who copied this despatch to write a larger, rounder hand, to join on the letters in the words, and to use blacker ink." Thus his countrymen. wrote Lord Palmerston, who was him-Duke of Argyll, in 1851.

ment proposed the disfranchising of ton.

all persons unable to write. Lord Curzon, whatever he may be sank his ship and took him, and he is to-day, was in his college days an ex- now, we presume, rotting in a British tremely illegible writer, and he is per- Bastile, or, in more commonplace ianhaps the only man who has made guage, locked up in the Tower of Lon-

wrote two letters—one in studied strument of torture that will be trest phrases, to a relative, and the other, applied to him. We hope he will not containing some very sarcastic comments on the relative, to an intimate friend. Young Curzon, anfortunately, put the letters into the wrong envelopes, and too late discovered that he had sent his candid criticisms, meant only for his friend's eyes, to the relative whom they concerned. He was perfectly horrified, and awaited his relative's repry in fear and trembling.

"I have not been able to read a line of your scrawl,' 'he read, "but I suppose it's money you're after, so I enclose a cheque."

The illegibility of Horace Greeley's handwriting was notorious, but he had a formidable rival in Mr. Joseph Choate, a former ambassador to the Court of St. James. Choate wished to obtain designs for a chimney-piece for a new house he was having built from a certain artist, but, being unable to get what he wanted, wrote to the builder, telling him to cancel the order. Instead of the workman immediately began the chimney-piece. The builder had taken Choate's letter to be

Among living authors, the palm for seemed in confusion, and he could only bad handwriting has been awarded to usual courteous self. Soon afterward tion in one of the newspapers. The he got up and waiked abruptly away. letter duly appeared, but in so mutil-As for Mildred, no sooner had the ated a condition that the author wrote words crossed her lips than she dis- again remonstrating indignantly with dained herself for the utterance of the editor. The editor retaliated by mage was over the elephant broke them, and wished them back unsaid. publishing the letter of remonstrance loose and started down the street fast. But it was too late then, and she had with the comment: "If in future Mr. only, with unwise impulsiveness, given Graham will sit in a chair when writfresh impetus to a passion that had ing and not on horseback, and use a think we may be able to do him jus-

The late Joaquin Miller, "the poet seemingly unseen and unheard by each of the Sierras," can claim to be one other, as distinctly remote as though of the worst writers among authors spheres had separated them, instead of that ever lived. The secretary of a so many rooms or feet, as the case literary society received a letter from might be. Now she felt that, by this him in answer to an invitation to atone rash, uncalled-for act, she had tend a banquet, but could not decipher done away with all the good so many a word. He wrote to the poet explainsilent days had helped to accomplish, ing his difficulty, and asking if the the footing on which they had parted after his foolish declaration.

Nevertheless, having once given her word, hibbred felt that the must shide in its first many until the night of the intentions had to retain the present at the breaking of the intentions had to retain the present at the breaking as anyways until the night of the latter word. It is a good representative cabinates and includes some of the best men for the purpose in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has her had to measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has her had to measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the measure in the country. And, considering the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the difficulties it has done wonderfully until the night of the throwing Denzil and herself back to poet, in replying, would merely place the footing on which they had parted a cross at the bottom of his note if he

whether the mark at the bottom of his note was a cross or a circle.

From Germany comes the crowning instance of illegibility in handwriting. Johann Bacher ,a musician of the last century, spent fifteen years in compiling a history of the Viennese opera. When the work was finished he submitted it to the Imperial academy. In three months it was returned with the intimation that no members of the academy could read it. Bacher tried to have it copied, but no copyist would undertake the task after seeing the

manuscript. In despair Bacher decided to dictate the work, only to find that even to himself the handwriting was indecipherable. The thought of the wasted years of unceasing research work unhinged his brain, and in a fit of depression he committed suicide.—Tit-

#### THE CASE OF CASEMENT. (Philadelphia Record).

We trust that Sir Roger Casement will not be shot or beheaded and his hanged, drawn and quartered, for which plenty of precedents might be rather entertaining to the world at

large. The interesting thing about this doughty Irish patriot is that he is not a Catholic from Connaught, but an Ulster Protestant, presumably a "bluenosed Presbyterian," as the Republican floor leader in the House of Representatives described President Wilson. His patriotism is emphasized by the fact that for 18 years he served the Saxon tyrant, the ravager and oppressor of his native island, in various consular capacities, rising at length to the distinguished position of Consul General in Rio de Janeiro.

One would suppose that an Irish pa triot would refuse to eat the bread of the conqueror, whose cruelties land and loaded the other half with a. But Sir Roger entertained drove away through the crisp morn- no objections to a salary from the

ing his native Ireland appeared. He retired on a pension a year before this war without having given the least intyrant, and that his soul was consumed with a burning zeal to avenge the wrongs of the Celt. Or does he prefer to write the word Kelt?

The war, however, opened up to him Prussions instead of Englishmen. No few nights later is hurrying away with the possibilities of home rule-by sordid considerations for the pension he was getting from London restrained him, and through Norway he easily found his way to Berlin for the purpose of getting assurances that when Germany conquered England it would respect the Emerald Isle and not "turn the green one red" by harrying the island with war. He easily obtained the assurance of amity toward Hibernia, which he sought, and communieated the fact as well as he could to

For various reasons the conquest of England has been deferred. It is un who writes: "Every mother in this self the most careful and beautiful derstod that in July, 1914, Berlin had locality uses Baby's Own Tablets, as writer, and a great stickler for care information that the moment England and legibility in this respect, to the engaged in the war the Irish would medicine for childreod ailments'. start a fire in the rear. For some reason the fire has not occurred, though But his admonitions were evidently there has been rioting in Dublin. Innot taken to heart by Parliamentar- stead of an Irish revolution, a very ians, for in 1867, when the House of considerable number of Irish subjects Lords was in committee on the reform of King George are actually serving in his armies against the Germans. It bill, the clerk of the House received see ned to Sir Roger incumbent upon an amendment, the writing of which him to do a little kindling, and prowas so bad that he could neither read curing a steamer and some arms from it nor learn who had sent it. It after- his German friends, he undertook to wards transpired that Lord Lyttelton effect a landing in Ireland and call the was the writer, and that the amend- people to rise against the brutal Bri-

Unhappily for him, the brutal Briton money out of an absolutely unreadable don. There he is surrounded by blocks and axes, racks and thumb screws, and One day, when a young man, he left to speculate on the particular inshare the fate of Miss Edith Cavell er 40t of the population of Louvain, or the Mayor of Alost. He would enjoy being a martyr-for a few minutes. but he will be horribly uncomfortable

# in a cell in the Tower. A WOMAN'S MESSAGE

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the down sensations, bladdings, blad in the tipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides regularly or irregularly, bloating or unnatural enlargements, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, I invite you to write and ask for my simple method of home treatment with ten days' trial entirely free and postpaid, also references to Canadian ladies who gladly tell how they have regained health, strength, and happiness by this method. Write to-day, Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box a, Windsor ont.

# Clever Elephant.

"Elephants are clever animals," said a trainer, "and I once had one that could read. He was a quarrelsome beast, and one day he got into a scrape And there will I keep you forever. with the Bengal tiger, and before we could get them separated he had his trunk badly damaged. After the scrim-'He's going wild!' somebody shouted. 'Don't you believe it.' says I . Now, where do you suppose that elephant went to?" "Went to the surgeon's, I suppose.

Can't you get up a better yarn?" "No, he didn't go to the surgeon's. He went straight to a little shop where a sign read, 'Trunks repaired while you wait.' Of course he had made a mistake. But what do you expect of a poor dumb brute?"-London Globe.

### THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

(Montreal Evening News) The present Government, in spite of the

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! Zam-Buk is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always. 50c. Box at All Druggists and Stores.



Ancients and the Aurora Borealis.

Many people believe that the aurora borealis is a phenomenon peculiar to modern times. But this is not true. The ancients used to call it chasmata, bolides and trabes, names which expressed the different colors of the lights. The scarlet aurora was looked on by the superstitious barbarians as an omen of direful slaughter, so it it is not unusual for descriptions of bloody battles to contain allusions to northern lights. In the annals of Cloon-macnoise it is recorded that in 688 A. D., accompanying a terrible battle between Leinster and Munster, Ireland, a purple aurora lit the northern skies, foretelling the slaughter.

#### Dancing Stars.

The spectroscope makes the starry heavens to the astoronomer's eye appear almost as full of mazy motions as is a cloud of gnats dancing in the sunshine. Every increase in the power of the observing apparatus brings to notice new spectroscopic binaries, which are simply double stars that cannot be seen separately either because of their extreme closeness or because only one of thm is a shining body. It is the erratic motions of these stars that reveal their true character. One of them discovered within recent years is Eta Orionis, which bangs just below the belt of Orion. Sometimes this star is speeding toward the earth more than forty miles a second and a a similar velocity.- New York Sun.

#### CHILDHOOD AILMENTS

The ailments of childhood are many, but most of them are caused by some derangement of the stomach and bowels. Therefore to banish these troubles the stomach must be kept sweet and the bowels regular. To do this, nothing can equal / Baby's Own Tablets. Thousands of mothers have proved this. Among them is Mrs. Thomas Holmes, Blissfield, N. B., we all consider them the very The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

## The Children's Hour.

Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower.

tions. That is known as the Children's Hour.

Comes a pause in the day's occupa-

hear in the chamber above me The patter of little feet, The sound of a door that is opened, And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight. Descending the broad tall stair, Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;

By three doors left unguarded,

They enter my castle wall.

Yet I know by their merry eyes They are plotting and planning together To take me by surprise. A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall;

They climb up into my turret O'er the arms and back of my chairs If I try to escape, they surround mea They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,

Their arms about me entwine Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen, In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine. Do you think, O blue-eyed bandit, Because you have scaled the wall-

Such an old moustache as I am

Is not a match for you all. I have you fast in my fortress, 'And will not let you depart, But put you down into the dungeon In the round-tower of my heart.

Yes, forever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, And moulder in dust away. -Longfellow.

