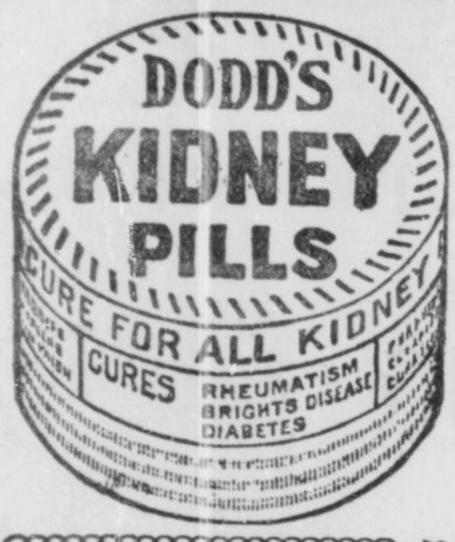


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D-O-D-D'S

GRAND Provincial Bazaar

—IN AID OF THE—
NEW ST. DUNSTAN'S CATHEDRAL
—TO BE OPENED IN THE—
Cathedral Basement Hall, Ch'town
—ON—
Monday Evening, October 16th
at eight o'clock, and to be continued on
Tues. Wed. Thur. and Fri.
Oct. 17th, 18th, 19th & 20th

A cordial invitation tendered to every man, woman and child in the Province. Ample room for every person who attends. Excellent meals provided for all visitors. Select musical entertainments every evening by the League of the Cross Band (New \$600 set of silver instruments), and other sources of amusement.

Come one—Come all.

Cheap Excursion Tickets to the City will be issued at all stations on TUESDAY, OCT. 17th, good to return on same and following day, and again on THURSDAY, OCT. 19th, good to return on same and following day, at the following REDUCED RATES, from all stations between

Tignish and Piusville, inclusive	\$1 25
Bloomfield and Portage	1 15
Conway and Richmond	95c
Wellington and St. Eleanor's	85c
Summerside and Freetown	75c
Emerald and Fredrickton	60c
Clyde and North Wiltshire	45c
Colville and Loyalist	35c
Cape Traverse and Kinkora	75c
Souris and Bear River	85c
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Marie and Douglas	60c
St. Andrews and Tracadie	45c
Bedford and Suffolk	35c
York	25c
Union	20c
Georgetown and Perth	75c
48 Road and Peake's	60c
Pisquid	45c

Passengers holding Railway Tickets will be required to have them stamped by the Bazaar Committee, before they will be honoured for return on the trains.

By order of committee.

THOMAS DRISCOLL,
222—tu, thur, sat & w Secretary

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—ON—
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Tickets good to return leaving destination up to and including October 16th, 1895.

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BEYOND THE PALE.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Love needs not caste nor sleep a broken bed. I went in search of love and lost myself.—Hindu Proverb.

A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed. Let the white go to the white and the black to the black. Then whatever trouble falls in the ordinary course of things—neither sudden, alien nor unexpected. This is the story of a man who willfully stepped beyond the safe limits of decent everyday society and paid for it heavily.

He knew too much in the first instance, and he saw too much in the second. He took too deep an interest in native life. But he will never do so again.

Deep away in the heart of the city, behind Jitha Megji's bustee, lies Amir Nath's gully, which ends in a dead wall pierced by one grated window. At the head of the gully is a big cowbyre, and the walls on either side of the gully are without windows. Neither Suchet Singh nor Gaur Chand approves of his women folk looking into the world. If Durga Charan had been of their opinion, he would have been a happier man today, and little Bisesa would have been able to knead her own bread. Her room looked out through the grated window into the narrow dark gully, where the sun never came and where the buffaloes wallowed in the blue slime. She was a widow, about 15 years old, and she prayed the gods day and night to send her a lover, for she did not approve of living alone.

One day the man—Trejago his name was—came into Amir Nath's gully on an aimless wandering, and after he had passed the buffaloes stumbled over a big heap of cattle food.

Then he saw that the gully ended in a trap and heard a little laugh from behind the grated window. It was a pretty little laugh, and Trejago, knowing that for all practical purposes the old "Arabian Nights" are good guides, went forward to the window and whispered that verse of "The Love Song of Har Dyal," which begins:

Can a man stand upright in the face of the naked sun or a lover in the presence of his beloved?

If my feet fail me, O heart of my heart, am I to blame, being blinded by the glimpse of your beauty?

There came the faint tinkle of a woman's bracelets from behind the grating, and a little voice went on with the song at the fifth verse:

Alas, alas! Can the moon tell the Lotus of her love when the gate of heaven is shut and the clouds gather for the rains?

They have taken my beloved and driven her with the pack horses to the north.

There are iron chains on the feet that were set on my heart.

Call to the bowmen to make ready—

The voice stopped suddenly, and Trejago walked out of Amir Nath's gully wondering who in the world could have capped "The Love Song of Har Dyal" so neatly.

Next morning, as he was driving to office, an old woman threw a packet into his dogcart. In the packet was the half of a broken glass bangle, one flower of the blood red dhak, a pinch of bhusa or cattle food and 11 cardamoms. That packet was a letter—not a clumsy, compromising letter, but an innocent unintelligible lover's epistle.

Trejago knew far too much about these things, as I have said. No Englishman should be able to translate object letters. But Trejago spread all the trifles on the lid of his office box and



What a man attains to seems for a little time to be the highest rung in the ladder, and during that brief period he may be content, but when he discovers that there are other rungs, still higher up, ambition gives birth to discontent, and he begins once more to climb. To climb is really man's chief end. It isn't in attainment, but in work, that man finds his real happiness, consequently it is not strange that we find men working until they break down when there is no real necessity for it.

If men only knew it, they could work to almost any extent on through middle life and into old age, if they would only take a little common sense care of their health. The trouble is that they do not take the little stitches here and there that are necessary to preserve health. They pay no attention to the signs of on-coming ill-health. A little biliousness, a little indigestion, a little loss of sleep and appetite, a little nervousness, a little headache, a little shakiness in the morning, and a little dullness all day, a little this and a little that—all these little things they neglect. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It is the great liver invigorator and nerve tonic. It fits a man to work and work and work. Medicine dealers sell it and have nothing else "just as good."

"I was a sufferer five or six years from indigestion," writes B. F. Holmes, of Gaffney, Spartanburg Co., S. C., "also from sore stomach and constant headache. I then used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' which in a few days gave me permanent relief."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers sell them.

began to puzzle them out.

A broken glass bangle stands for a Hindoo widow all India over, because, when her husband dies, a woman's bracelets are broken on her wrists. Trejago saw the meaning of the little bit of the glass. The flower of the dhak means diversely "desire," "come," "write" or "danger," according to the other things with it. One cardamom means "jealousy," but when any article is duplicated in an object letter it loses its symbolic meaning and stands merely for one of a number indicating time, or, if incense, curds or saffron be sent also, place. The message ran then: "A widow—dhak flower and bhusa—at 11 o'clock." The pinch of bhusa enlightens Trejago. He saw—this kind of letter leaves much to instinctive knowledge—that the bhusa referred to the big heap of cattle food over which he had fallen in Amir Nath's gully, and that the message must come from the person behind the grating, she being a widow. So the message ran then: "A widow, in the gully in which is the head of bhusa, desires you to come at 11 o'clock."

So he went that very night at 11 into Amir Nath's gully, clad in a boorka, which cloaks a man as well as a woman. Directly the gongs in the city made the hour the little voice behind the grating took up "The Love Song of Har Dyal" at the verse where the Paythan girl calls upon Har Dyal to return. The song is really pretty in the vernacular. In the English you miss the wail of it. It runs something like this:

Alone upon the house tops, to the north I turn and watch the lightning in the sky— The glamour of thy footsteps in the north. Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid; Far, far below the weary camels lie— The camels and the captives of thy raid. Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old and harsh with years, And drudge of all my father's house am I. My bread is sorrow, and my drink is tears. Come back to me, beloved, or I die!

As the song stopped Trejago stepped up under the grating and whispered, "I am here."

Bisesa was good to look upon.

That night was the beginning of many strange things and of a double life so wild that Trejago today sometimes wonders if it were not all a dream. Bisesa or her old handmaiden who had thrown the object letter had detached the heavy grating from the brickwork of the wall, so that the window slid inside, leaving only a square of raw masonry into which an active man might climb.

In the daytime Trejago drove through his routine of office work or put on his calling clothes and called on the ladies of the station, wondering how long they would know him if they knew of poor little Bisesa. At night, when all the city was still, came the walk under the evil smelling boorka, the patrol through Jitha Megji's bustee, the quick turn into Amir Nath's gully between the sleeping cattle and the dead walls, and then, last of all, Bisesa and the deep, even breathing of the old woman who slept outside the door of the bare little room that Durga Charan allotted to his sister's daughter. Who or what Durga Charan was Trejago never inquired. And why in the world he was not discovered and knifed never occurred to him till his madness was over, and Bisesa— But this comes later.

Bisesa was an endless delight to Trejago. She was as ignorant as a bird, and her distorted versions of the rumors from the outside world that had reached her in her room amused Trejago almost as much as her lisping attempts to pronounce his name—Christopher. The first syllable was always more than she could manage, and she made funny little gestures with her rose leaf hands, as one throwing the name away, and then, kneeling before Trejago, asked him, exactly as an English woman would do, if he were sure he loved her. Trejago swore that he loved her more than any one else in the world, which was true.

After a month of this folly the exigencies of his other life compelled Trejago to be especially attentive to a lady of his acquaintance. The news flew in the usual mysterious fashion from mouth to mouth till Bisesa's duenna heard of it and told Bisesa. The child was so troubled that she did the household work evilly and was beaten by Durga Charan's wife in consequence.

A week later Bisesa taxed Trejago with the flirtation. She understood no gradations and spoke openly. Trejago laughed, and Bisesa stamped her little feet—little feet, light as marigold flowers, that could lie in the palm of a man's one hand.

Much that is written about "oriental passion and impulsiveness" is exaggerated and compiled at secondhand, but a little of it is true, and when an Englishman finds that little it is quite as startling as any passion in his own proper life. Bisesa raged and stormed and finally threatened to kill herself if Trejago did not at once drop the alien memsahib who had come between them. Trejago tried to explain and to show her that she did not understand these things from a western standpoint. Bisesa drew herself up and said simply: "I do not. I know only this—it is not good that I should have made you dearer than my own heart to me, sahib. You are an Englishman. I am only a black girl"—she was fairer than bar gold in the mint—"and the widow of a black man."

Then she sobbed and said: "But, on my soul and my mother's soul, I love

you. There shall no harm come to you whatever happens to me."

Trejago argued with the child and tried to soothe her, but she seemed quite unreasonably disturbed. Nothing would satisfy her save that all relations between them should end. He was to go away at once. And he went. As he dropped out at the window she kissed his forehead twice, and he walked home wondering.

A week, and then three weeks, passed without a sign from Bisesa. Trejago, thinking that the rupture had lasted quite long enough, went down to Amir Nath's gully for the fifth time in the three weeks, hoping that his rap at the sill of the shifting grating would be answered. He was not disappointed.

There was a young moon, and one stream of light fell down into Amir Nath's gully and struck the grating, which was drawn away as he knocked. From the black dark Bisesa held out her arms into the moonlight. Both hands had been cut off at the wrists, and the stumps were nearly healed.

Then, as Bisesa bowed her head between her arms and sobbed, some one in the room grunted like a wild beast, and something sharp—knife, sword or spear—thrust at Trejago in his boorka. The stroke missed his body, but cut into one of the muscles of the groin, and he limped slightly from the wound for the rest of his days.

The grating went into its place. There was no sign whatever from inside the house, nothing but the moonlight strip on the high wall and the blackness of Amir Nath's gully behind. The next thing Trejago remembers, after raging and shouting like a madman between those pitiless walls, is that he found himself near the river as the dawn was breaking, threw away his boorka and went home bareheaded.

What the tragedy was—whether Bisesa had in a fit of causeless despair told everything or the intrigue had been discovered and she tortured to tell, whether Durga Charan knew his name and what became of Bisesa—Trejago does not know to this day. Something (to be continued)

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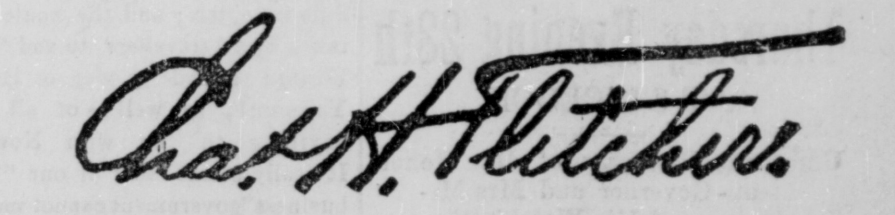
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