The Progress of an Idea.

Toward the end of an election campaign a statement appeared in a French Canadian weekly journal, Les Debats, of Montreal, which attracted much attention. The proprietor of that paper stated that he had been seen by Mr. Tarte, a son of the minister of public works, who offered him $50 per week for the privilege of furnishing the political articles Les Debats had been a conservative paper, and the proprietor left the impression that he had indignantly rejected the offer, Mr. Tarte, junior, then rose to explain. He said that the offer was made, and had been accepted, that one or two weeks payment had been made, and the articles furnished, including one on "traitor Bergeron." There was a sharp little controversy after this statement, but it came to a sudden end a week a week later, when Les Debats became a Sarte organ, showing that negotiations had been resumed and successfully carried through. It is not known what the payment was, but the Les Debats is now in line with Mr. Tarte's Patrie, only a little more so. This is the last utterance of the subsidized and transformed Debats.

We particularly rejoice at the triumph of our friends, Messrs. Bourassa, Monet and Auger. We demand that the new contingent from Quebec shall have more virility and courage than had the French members of the old parliament. We have a role to play at Ottawa, but not the role of so many sheep. Let us not be afraid hereafter to affirm our aspirations, since these aspirations are founded on one idea. "Canada before all. The English Canadians, when the khaki fever has not turned their head, cannot do otherwise than remain with us on the question of patriotism. Bad luck to those amongst our representatives who become imperialists. Compatriots, let us be wise, moderate, prudent, but let us not be afraid to approve our legitimate rights. In the past we have bent our head, but today we have raised it, and hereafter let us keep a high head.

Commenting on Mr. Lawrence A Wilson's statement that the Liquor dealers Association contributed 200 000 votes for the government, the Montreal Gazette says that this was only one good turn repaying another. "The Lanrier government through its electorial machine and the efforts of the ministers, must, in this province have contributed well on to 200,000 votes towards the liquor dealers' success in the plebiscite election.

Nothing on Earth will do it like Sheridan's Powder.

Thousands of successful Poultry-Keepers all over the country owe no small portion of their success to the practice of mixing with the mash food given to their poultry every day, a small quantity of SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. It has been used and indorsed by Poultry-Raisers over thirty years, and for all kinds of poultry.

If you can't get the Powder send to us. One pack, 25 cts.; five, $1. Large two-lb. can, $1.20. Six cans, exp. paid, $5. Sample copy best Poultry paper free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE EXAMINER CALENDAR
FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S CHANGES

Full Moon, 6th, 3h, 12m, p. m.
Last Quarter, 13th, 6h, 49m, p.m.
New Moon, 21st, 10h, 29m, p. m.
First Quarter, 29th, 9h, 47m, a.m

Day of Month	Day of Week	High Water Morn	High Water Aft'n	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.
1	Thursday	4 45	6 39	6 52	4 36
2	Friday	6 18	7 36	53	35
3	Saturday	7 54	8 30	54	33
4	Sunday	9 01	9 19	55	32
5	Monday	10 00	10 04	56	30
6	Tuesday	10 54	10 44	58	29
7	Wednesday	11 46	11 18	59	28
8	Thursday	12 36	11 49	7 1	27
9	Friday		1 25	3	25
10	Saturday	0 22	2 13	5	24
11	Sunday	1 02	3 02	7	23
12	Monday	1 50	3 53	8	22
13	Tuesday	2 46	4 46	9	21
14	Wednesday	3 49	5 41	10	20
15	Thursday	5 14	6 33	12	19
16	Friday	6 40	7 21	13	18
17	Saturday	7 49	8 03	14	17
18	Sunday	8 46	8 43	16	16
19	Monday	9 35	9 21	17	15
20	Tuesday	10 18	9 54	19	14
21	Wednesday	10 58	10 21	20	13
22	Thursday	11 37	10 46	21	13
23	Friday	12 15	11 12	23	12
24	Saturday	12 54	11 45	24	11
25	Sunday		1 35	25	11
26	Monday	0 25	2 18	26	10
27	Tuesday	1 16	3 06	28	10
28	Wednesday	54	3 59	29	10
29	Thursday	3 23	4 56	30	10
30	Friday		5 55	7 31	4 9

Standard time is used in tide tables.

McEACHEN & McCABE,

Barristers-at-Law etc, McDonald's Block, Charlotte Street,

Sydney, - - C. B.,

LOTS AND HOUSES in and about Sydney bought and sold, and moneys invested or borrowed at short notice, as clients may require,

d & w

Ray's Rrecruit

.....BY.....

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHER," "FROM THE RANKS," ETC.

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PRELIMINARY.

"To Mr. Darcy Hunter Gray:

"MY DEAR BOY—As foreshadowed in my last, the concern has gone to smash, and your prospects with it. When its affairs are settled, the firm of Hunter, Bloom & Co. will have enough to pay its funeral expenses, and that's about all. What I have left is my wife's, who will, I trust, be able to support me until certain life insurance policies become due, out of which she can reimburse herself, through my dying, for the cost of my living. I'm too old to try again, too sad to care much, except for you.

"Your father was my dear friend, your mother my beloved sister. When he died, I promised him I would be a father to you. When she died, her last words were a plea that I should be good to her boy. I accepted both trusts, Darcy, and betrayed both.

"They died poor. I was rich. They would have had you learn to carve your own career, and I loved you so that from your bright, brave boyhood you were spoiled and indulged as my own son. I gave you the best I had. I balked you in only one desire, that of going to West Point. Harvard, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and the Riviera were your educators. I planned to make you a railway magnate when you hadn't learned the first principles of the business. I've accustomed you to every luxury—to a life of careless ease, to be a dawdler and a dilettante—isn't that what you call it? I counted on leaving you rich, and I leave you ruined. The self reproach, the misery which overcomes me as I write these words no words can tell you.

"I know what you would write and say. You were always generous; but, Darcy, don't write, don't come, just yet. Wait until you get—the next news. Wait until—

"However, let us get down to business. Of course you and Mrs. Hunter will not be apt to see much of each other. She will mourn me less than you, and you more than I deserve. The very little nest egg your mother set aside for you is intact. With accrued interest it amounts to some $11,720. You have no debts to speak of, have you? I've paid all you ever told me about—twice, I think—and you were always frank and truthful. That little sum, with what you have to your credit in the Chemical and over there with you, represents the sum total of your fortune. You never needed it before, and so I never happened to mention it to you.

"But despite your defects in bringing up, for which I am responsible, you're not much worse off than if you'd gone into the army (I hope you've outlived that lunacy, as you did the other one for—you know) and can now make a strike for yourself. You have the best of health, the best of looks—for you strongly resemble your uncle as he was at your age—the best of education for any purpose that isn't absolutely useful, and there is nothing that I know of to prevent your marrying a fortune, as I did, and living happy ever after—as I didn't.

"Don't underrate the extent of my collapse—Bloom got away with what Wall street left—or of my love. Thank God, I have no son of my own! Thank God, I've only you to kneel to and say, 'Forgive the blind, miscalculating, but utterly humbled old fellow that' "—

But here the eyes of the man seated there by the dancing waters in the glad April sunshine grew so blind with tears that he could read no more.

Out on the blue, translucent waves the white swans were paddling to and fro, dipping for bread tossed by the lavish hands of laughing children and their white capped bonnes. The flashing oars of many a skiff drove through the sparkling waters, sending snowy little surges breaking from the sharp, white prows. Fairy yachts and swift paddle wheel steamers clove the mirror surface farther from the shore and tossed the creamy foam along their billowing wake. Half way over to the Savoy shore, deep in the shadow of the mountains, two white winged barks seemed wooing the faltering breeze, for not a leaf was stirring in the deep green foliage that shaded the path along the sea wall. Towering high aloft, dazzling in the sunshine, the snow seamed, snow capped crags blinded the eye with their radiance as they peered down into their own reflections in the somber depths at their shadowy base. Away to the eastward, lovely little towns and villages lay at the foot of the vine clad slopes of the northern shore, while here and there a venerable ruin—castle, convent or fortress—stood sentineled in bold relief on some projecting height or nestled under the shoulder of some rocky cliff close to the water's edge. Near at hand in the public place the carrousels, thronged with children, old and young, were spinning madly to the reedy melodies of some donkey driven organ. Waltz, galop and military march rioted in loud rivalry and a group of Italian singers, smiling indomitably, caroled "Funiculi Funicula" in nimble opposition to a Tyrolean band quacking like noisy ducks in the pavilion at the water's edge. The bell buttoned page of the Beau Rivage was still darting about, distributing letters just brought in by the grinning facteur, ever a-scent for tips, and, having still three or four undelivered missives, halted in front of the American.

"Pardon, m'sieu', but—ees Mees Langdon"—

"Up at the billiard rooms, probably," was the brusque answer, as Mr. Gray turned hastily away to hide the suspicious moisture in his eyes.

"But no. I 'ave been there. I 'ave letters for her, and for M'sieu' Sm—yet."

The gloom in the tall American's face deepened perceptibly.

"Over yonder, possibly," he answered, with a sidewise nod of the head toward a little arbor "far from the madding crowd" at the eastward edge of the pretty grounds, then turned away, impatient of further inquiry. Some men were chatting eagerly at the fountain as he passed. One of them, English unmistakably, hailed him jovially.

"Time you were ready, Gray. You're going to Chillon, of course." And with a true Briton's deep disdain of foreign names he spoke it as it was spelled.

"No," was the answer, "I'm going to cool off."

"Been getting a redhot letter, as you Yankees say, I suppose," the islander went on, impervious to satire.

"That's about the size of it," answered Gray, without halting. Two of the men looked after him with no little concern in their eyes. Others hailed him as he passed them by. Gray was evidently popular. A woman in billowing laces and a parasol chair smiled largely upon him as he raised his straw hat and bade him pause, but prevailed not. Two younger women, in trim walking attire, nodded coquettishly and said it was the very day for the trip. Then, too, he answered only vaguely, and with a faraway look in his deep blue eyes he passed on to the telegraph office, and the group of smoking men broke up.

"Something's amiss with Gray," said one of the party, a New Yorker. "I'll go see."

"I don't see what there was in the size of the letter to upset him," said the Englishman, unconscious of slang that was not Britannia ware. "Gray's a good sort though. Could a fellow do anything, d'you suppose?"

But the pursuer was slow. Seeing him coming and divining his object, Mr. Gray slipped out of the side door, dived through the shrubbery that bordered a winding driveway to the west and took himself off through the crowded place. He had need to be alone—to face his changed fortunes fair and square.

Twenty-five years old and up to the midweek mail from America he had never known a care since boyish days, unless it was some momentary heart pang when Amy Langdon proved unkind. In a dawdling, amateurish way he had read the daily papers and signed some letters and reports laid before him by an attentive clerk in the office of the eastern traffic manager of a great road of which his uncle was a heavy stockholder and prominent director. The most serious thing he had ever undertaken was his membership in a crack city regiment, wherein he had served through the ranks and really earned a commission. But both these avocations he had quitted during the previous winter, and all because Amy Langdon was reported flirting danger[illegible] Montone, and gaged to far engag[illegible] denied him.

As pretty a girl as ever rode [illegible]tral park was Amy, and as dash[illegible] a horsewoman, and it was Gray's admirable riding and universally acknowledged prospects that made him for the time so acceptable a parti. He could manage a horse far better than he could a woman, however, and Miss Langdon kept him at her side when in saddle and subject to call at all other times. But she had, not unkindly, laughed off his protestations and dissected his offers. "It's absurd, Darcy. You haven't a cent in the world that doesn't come from your uncle, and who knows what his wife will do with his fortune, or he himself, for that matter? As for me, I'm a beggar with social aspirations. Come, be sensible, and I'll like you better. Be a soldier, Darcy, and face the facts. That's the one thing you're cut out for."

"You're hard hearted, Amy," he had answered.

"No; only hard headed. I'm soft hearted enough to like you too well to spoil both our lives."

Gray believed himself much in love when she went abroad in November, and took it much to heart that she should be so constantly attended by Fred Smythe, who had no atom of sense in his head, but no end of dollars in his pocket. But when a lordling, a younger son of an older house than ever dwelt in Gotham, an honorable, between whom and the title and estates was a lord with only one lung and that fast going, had opposed his sighs to those of Smythe, and there came rumors that Locksley Hall was to be enacted over again with an American Amy in the foreground, Marcy Gray believed it time to rush for the Riviera, and a worried old uncle most unwillingly let him go. Hunter loved that boy, his sister's son, as the apple of his eye. There wasn't anything he wouldn't have given him but the means of earning his own living. All that he proposed to settle magnificently. But the bottom began to drop out of the market in mid-January and left him stranded high and dry by the middle of May. Two million dollars, said Wall street, had "gone where the woodbine twineth."

Over beyond the hurly burly of the public place, crowded with townsfolk and children, the roadway wound along the water's edge. Gray strode rapidly westward, his head bowed, his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets. He missed his usual companions, a heavy stick and a nimble fox terrier, but both had been left with the portier as inappropriate to a voyage to Chillon. They were to have started, a merry party it promised to be, by the early boat from Geneva, and he could see her now cleaving the limpid waters around the headland of Morges. It was time to warn his companions that he could not go. One girl, at least, might miss him, and she should be accorded opportunity to name some other escort, Amy—"Amy, shallow hearted." She had disappeared with that brainless ass half an hour ago, possibly to console him for the fact that he was not one of the dozen bidden by Mme. la Comtesse to be of the party to voyage with her to the famous castle, breakfast with her aboard La France and dine en fete at Montreux. Vane, the Briton, was one, and small comfort did he afford Smythe by bidding him jolly up and perhaps madame would let him in for postprandial coffee at Montroo.

Gray had never been able to stomach Smythe. He called him an insupportable cad, but when at a turn in the path he came suddenly upon the combination of brainless ass and insupportable cad squatted on a stone, elbows on knees, his fuzzy jowls deep sunken in his hands, his eyes on the faraway line of the Savoy shore, the intruder relented. Here was woe perhaps as deep as his own.

But in this case misery loved not company, and Smythe was surly. No, there wasn't anything Gray could do for him, thanks. He was feeling seedy, that was all. It was plain to see that the interview with Miss Langdon had left him sore at heart. Gray stood another moment irresolute. There was absolutely no reason why he should do the fellow a good turn. Smythe hated him and plainly showed it, but Gray had ignored his spleen, and ever good humoredly tolerated him. It is easy for a man to forgive another's jealousy, but Gray had suffered too much from Miss Langdon's caprice not to know the symptoms when so patent as they were in Smythe. Ill fortune makes some natures magnanimous—rare natures—and Gray turned again.

"Look here, old man" ("old chap" had not then come into vogue), "if I can't do anything for you, you can for me. I was to have gone with that party, you know, to Chillon this morning. Yonder comes the boat now. Go to madame for me, like a good fellow, and tell her I've just received ill tidings from home. I've got to go to Geneva by the 10 o'clock train. I was paired off with Miss Langdon. Tell madame I'm awfully sorry, but I can't go. She'll ask you in my place—see if she doesn't. So long."

And in another minute he was breasting the heights to Lausanne, while Smythe was speeding to Beau Rivage.

It was late that evening when he returned from a solemn day with the bankers, the consul and certain tradesfolk whose prospects, temporal and eternal [illegible] were [illegible] south were sa[illegible] ping coffee about the c[illegible] A few American and English girls with their escorts were dancing in the salon. Gray was still in "knickers" and had dined solus at the Hotel Terminus. He paused at the portico and gazed in at the scene of mirth, luxury and enjoyment wherein he had been so thoroughly at home and contrasted unflinchingly the scene with that which he had planned for his future. Now it was necessary for him to get to his room to write, and he hoped to reach it unobserved, but the Hon. Rokeby had received his instructions and nabbed him.

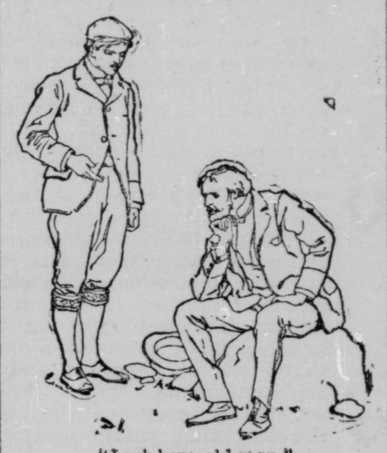
"Eoh, I say, Gray—Miss Langdon, y'know, wished to speak with you directly you came in."

"Yes," was the languid answer. "And where is she now?"

"In their salon, I fancy. She said she was too tired to dress for dinner. Had a beastly day, y'know."

Gray nodded, slowly ascended the winding stairway and tapped at the door in the west corridor.

"'Trez," answered a boyish voice, and Darcy was exuberantly welcomed



"Look here, old man."

by a 10-year-old Langdon. "The mater and sis are having a row in the gallery," said he radiantly. "Old Smythe's been pestering her. Go out there. They don't mind you, you know, and I can't get away from here until they've finished."

But further confidences were ended by the sudden entrance of Miss Langdon herself. She had evidently been watching for Gray's return. Outstretched to him in eager greeting were Amy's long, slender white hands; uplifted to his in anxious inquiry were a pair of the softest, loveliest eyes. The voice in which she spoke was soft, almost tremulous. "What is it, Darcy?"

The hand sidled into his, and Miss Langdon walked to a sofa whither she would have drawn him, but despite the hand, which, notwithstanding, he released, he remained on his feet and concisely answered:

"What you expected."

"From Mr. Hunter? Gerald, go down and play with Ralph until mother sends for you."

"Ralph isn't there," was the petulant answer.

"Then go and play. Go anyhow." Then she turned for answer. "From Mr. Hunter?"

"Yes."

"And it's true?"

"Yes, every cent."

Then the hands would be no longer denied. Both went impulsively out, seized his with no timid grasp and drew him impetuously down beside her. Then to his amaze he saw the fair face quivering piteously, the lovely eyes brimming with tears, the soft red lips twitching with uncontrollable emotion. "Oh, you poor, dear boy—oh, Darcy, Darcy, I never—I never knew how much I cared for you till now," she almost sobbed. "Gerald, if you don't leave this room instantly, I'll"

(To be Continued.)

Neuralgia

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the ideal treatment for children. It supplies the very elements which are lacking in the pale, weak, and nervous. It restores the colour and richness to the blood, invigorates the nerves, and builds up the system. As a restorative after the exhausting and debilitating effects of measles, scarlet fever, and such ailments, it is of incalculable worth.

Mrs. Stephen Dempsey, Albury, P. E. county, Ont., writes:—"My little granddaughter, nine years old, was very pale and weak, and had no appetite. She had a tired, wornout appearance, and was delicate and sickly. I got some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for her, and it has helped her very much. She is gaining considerably in weight and looks real healthy."

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RHEUMATISM

A SNAP

IN...

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Mr. George Chilton will form a children's class, beginning next Saturday, Nov. 10, from 3 to 5 p.m.

Private lessons at any hour. All society dances taught. Skirt dancing, the Highland Fling, Sailor's Hornpipe, Spanish Dances, etc., etc., also taught.

Arrangements for lessons may be made at any hour from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m., on application at the hall, Offer's Building, Queen street.

Any person wishing to form a private class may arrange their choice of evenings.

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