WAR AND CAMP PICTURES

TOMMY ATKINS ON HIS WAY TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

Interesting Letters From South Africa Describing Scenes and Incidents—Lady-smith a Dust Heap—Scenes in Capetown.

Letters coming to the London papers from South Africa, supply graphic war and camp pictures.

"Atkins" at work is the subject of a paragraph in the Morning Leader. He was engaged in getting an armoured train off at the time:—"Tommy" peels almost to the skin when he is at work. He is allowed to pull at his pipe, suck the end of a cigarette, or chew a blade of grass when he is on this sort of duty. He works like a demon. He lifts or pushes everything into his baggage trains except the mules, which are best left to their native drivers. These fellows can swear in an unintelligible language when the little beasts, who are as clever as snakes with their feet, launch out with them in fifty directions at once. Nobody would like to hear what "Tommy" would say to the mule that introduced its hoof to his shin. Working with the prospect of a brush with the enemy before their eyes the men of the "Fighting Fifth"—"Old and Bold" they used to be called—did not know what fatigue was, even under the almost tropical sun that beat down upon them. Eventually four hours after the order to move to the front was given, half a regiment was entrained with the necessaries to meet any eventuality.

TOMMY OUTSIDE.

"Tommy" didn't want to be inside "no" carriages. "Let's bloomin' well be outside," shouted one as he buckled on his cartridge belt. "We'll see the fun then." And as many as could clambered on the loaded transport waggons, found comfortable perches for their officers on top, and started chipping those of their comrades who found themselves doomed to ride in ordinary closed compartments. Officers travelled with their men. When campaigning there is no stowing them away in first-class carriages. They hit it well, too. "Tommy" pulls out a pack of cards and puts on a pipe; his officer lights a cigar and only warns "Tommy," to be careful not to let any sparks blow on to the fodder trucks. "Right, sir," says "Tommy" cheerily, plunging his thumb into the bowl of his pipe to show that there won't be many sparks to go anywhere.

HIS PET HORSE.

As to commandeering. This is how a young Capetonian defied the mandate:—He possessed in Pretoria a fine steed, of which he was extremely fond. It was commandeered. He plead hard to save it, but in vain. Then he offered its value in cash; but sentiment of that kind doesn't appeal to the Boer. No, they must have the horse. "Give me a few minutes to think," he asked; and he fed to bid goodbye to the faithful beast. On his return he told his persecutors they might take the horse if they pleased. He had shot it dead with his revolver.

THE CURSE OF THE PLACE.

A Chronicle correspondent in Ladysmith writes:—Dust is the curse of the place. We remember the Long Valley as an Arcadian dell. Veterans of the Soudan recall the black sand-storms with regretful sighs. Here this red dust comes everywhere, and never stops. It blinds your eyes, it stops your nose, it scorches your throat till the invariable shilling for a little glass of any liquid seems cheap as dirt. It turns the whitest shirt brown in half an hour, it creeps into the works of your watch and your bowels. It lies in a layer mixed with flies on the top of your rations. The white ants eat away the flaps of the tents, and the men wake up covered with dust, like children in a hayfield. Even mules die of it in convulsions. It was in this land that the ostrich developed its world-renowned digestive powers; and no wonder.

The camp stands on a barren plain, nearly two-miles north-west of the town—if we may so call the one straight road of stores and tiny-roofed bungalows.

IT IS A FRYING PAN.

It is like the bottom of a frying pan with a low rim. The fire is hot, and sand is frying. But, indeed, the whole of Ladysmith is like that. The flat-topped hills stand round it, reflecting the heat, and in the middle we are all now frying together, with sand for seasoning. The main ambulance is on the cricket ground. The battalion tents are pitched among the rocks or by the riverside, where Kaffirs bathe more often and completely than you would otherwise suppose. The river water, by the way, is a muddy yellow now, and leaves a deep deposit of Africa's golden sand in your glass or basin. The headquarters' staff has seized upon two empty houses and can dine in peace. The street is one yelling chaos of oxen in waggons and oxen loose, galloping horses, sheep, ammunition mules, savages, cycles, and the British soldier. He, be sure, preserves his wonted calm, adapts himself to oxen as naturally as to camels, puts in a little football when he can, practices alliteration's artful aid upon the name of the Boers, and trusts to his officers to pull him through.

MATTERS IN CAPE TOWN.

From Cape Town Mr. Julian Ralph sends the following to the Daily Mail:

Cape Town, is somewhat free and easy, like a great many other English colonial towns. I found two negro chambermaids asleep in the chairs of my bedroom at the Grand Hotel this afternoon. I apologized for disturbing them, but they begged me not to speak of it, as they were thoroughly rested. The shops outrank those you will find in many of the provincial cities of England. They carry enormous stocks of goods from England Germany, and America. As far as I can discover, the only manufactures here are matches, ice, and Cape tobacco. The commonest walking-sticks, come from Germany, and even the neckties and collars are marked, "Made in London, for ——, Cape Town."

There are fortunes to be made here in the manufacture of necessaries, for labour is abundant, cheap and tractable, and there is a half continent to supply, an English half continent, it will be, in a few weeks or months.

OFF TO THE WARS.

To limit the crowd that came to see the troops off three pence was charged for admission to the platform, and even then there was a crush worth going far to avoid. The carriages were filled with soldiers in khaki, officers in civilian attire, and hundreds of Cape Boys and Kaffirs who were hired as transport helpers. Other officers, idle citizens, wondering Mohammedans and excited negresses formed the crowd that saw them depart. . . . The supreme moment comes when the train starts. Then the Tommies leap to their feet and thrust their hands out of the windows for a good-bye shake.

"Don't be too proud, sir," one of them called to me.

But nobody is too proud to shake good luck and God-speed to a soldier rushing to battle.

Though I can hardly believe it myself, I saw proud officers of the finest English regiments, shaking hands with not only the privates, but with the Kaffirs, as the train swung by, and the air was torn with shouts and songs and cheers.

THE FINEST WARDROBE.

The German Empress it is said, spends more upon clothes than any other royal lady.

The Left Hand
—of Samuel Dodson

III.

"You will be pleased to hear, mater, dear, that corn is up twopence a cental, and that the market is buoyant; that's the good of new blood being brought into corn. I would have been lost in medicine.

"I have been studying the career of a corn prince, and it has five chapters. He begins a poor boy—from the north of Ireland by preference, but that is not necessary—then he attracts his chief's attention, who sends him out to America, where even the Yankees can't hold their own with him, and he becomes manager of his farm. His next move is to start in partnership with some young fellow who has money and no brains. By and by he discovers by instinct that corn is going to rise, so he buys it ahead by the cargo, and piles up a gorgeous sum—say £100,000. Afterwards he buys out Empty-head, and becomes the chief of a big house, with lots of juniors, and he ends by being a bank director and moving resolutions at the town hall.

"Please don't interrupt, mother, for I am not done yet. Long before the town hall level rising corn man has gone up by stages from the street off Princess road to an avenue near the park, and then into the park, and perhaps into the country, whence he appears as High Sheriff.

"One minute more, you impatient mother. A certain person who will pretend to be nearly 50 when the corn man comes into his kingdom, but will remain always at 25 exactly, and grow prettier every year, will have a better set of rooms in each new house, and at last will have her own carriage, and visit whole streets of poor folk, and have all Liverpool blessing her. This is the complete history of the corn man and his mother as it will be—expounded to after generations of school boys by informing and moral philanthropists. What do you think of it?"

"I think that you are a brave boy, Jack, and your mother is proud of you and grateful; if it's any reward for you to know this, I can say that the way you have taken your disappointment has been one of my chief comforts in our great sorrow."

"Don't talk as if I were a sort of little tin hero, mater, or else I'll have to leave the room, for I'm nothing of the sort, really. If you only saw me at my desk or fussing round the offices, or passing the time of day on corn, you would see that I was simply born for business."

"Jack," said Mrs. Laycock, solemnly, "you have not been without faults, I'm thankful to say; for you've been hot-tempered, hot-headed, wilful, and lots of things, but this is the first time you have been deliberately untruthful."

"Mother, with all respect to you, I will not stand this insult," and so he slipped down on the floor and caressed his mother's hand, "You think that I've no commercial ability. Wait for the event. It will be swagger, you bet."

"I think everything that is good of you, Jack, as I ought, and your father did, but I know that it was very hard that you could not go back to Rugby this autumn and finish in the sixth, and go to Cambridge and study at Caius, your father's college, and get your M. D., and take up your father's profession and the one you loved, the noblest a man can live and die in," and there was a break in the widow's voice.

"Of course, mater, that is what I would have preferred, and it was a bit . . . stiff when I knew that it all would have to be given up, but that was nothing to losing father. And, besides, I think that I may get on in business and help you, mother."

"Your father had set his heart on your being a doctor, and I don't know whether he ever spoke to you about it, but he hoped you might become a specialist—in surgery, I think; he said you had the hands at least for a good surgeon.

"It was his own heart's desire to be a surgeon pure and simple, and Mr. Holman, the great consultant, considered him one of the best operators in the provinces, but he was obliged to be a general practitioner.

"Why? O, because he had no private means, and he had you and me to support, so he couldn't run any risks, he had to secure a regular income, and there is something I wish you to understand, in case you should ever think hardly of your father."

"Mother—as if I could! The very people on the street admired father, you know what they said in the Morning Trumpet about his self-sacrificing life, and his skill being at the disposal of the poorest without money and without price."

"Yes, the papers were very kind, and his patients adored your father, but I am certain some of our neighbors criticised him because he did not make better provision for his wife and child. As if he had been extravagant or improvident, who never spent a farthing on himself, and was always planning for our welfare."

"You are just torturing yourself with delusions, I am sure, mater. Did any single person ever hint that father had not done . . . his duty by us? I can't believe it."

"One man did, at any rate, Jack, and that was our neighbor, Mr. Dodson.

"What did he say, the miserable old curmudgeon? Did he dare to bring a charge against father? I wish I had been with you."

"No, it was not that he said anything; it was rather what he implied; he just questioned and questioned in an indirect fashion, all by way of interest in our affairs, but left the impression on my mind that he thought the doctor ought to have done better for his family."

"What business had Mr. Dodson to call at all and to ferret into our affairs, who was never before in our house? If we needed help—which we don't—he is the last man in this district to give it. Do you know he's the hardest, meanest creature in Liverpool? He'll leave a cab thirty yards from his house when he's coming from the station to keep within the shilling limit, and he goes down in the penny 'bus with the workingwomen to save twopence."

"There is a certain young corn broker," interpolated Mrs. Laycock, "who walks all the way to save even that penny, and I don't consider him mean."

"That is economy, and indicates the beginning of a fortune which will be shared with a certain sarcastic mater. But Dodson is a millionaire, and has nobody depending on him but an old housekeeper. Certainly father was not economical by his standard."

"Your father was most careful and thrifty," said the widow, eagerly, "and that is what I want to explain. He had to borrow money to educate himself, and that he paid back every penny with interest. Then, you know, a doctor can not keep himself for the first few years with his practice—he only made £326d the year he began—and when he reached £300 he did a—foolish thing."

"Let me guess, mater. Was it not marrying the dearest, sweetest, prettiest——"

"Hush, you stupid boy! And we had to keep up a certain appearance and pay a high rent, and we were very poor—poorer than the public ever knew.

"Of course the doctor had a large practice before he died, and people used to think he made £2000 and £3000 a year, and Mrs. Tattler Jones, who knows everything, said our income was £4000.

"His last year your father earned £1800 and got in £1300; the other £600 will never be paid; and yet he was so pleased because he had cleared off the last penny of his debt, and thought he would begin to lay something aside for your education."

"But why did he not get the other £600? Could the people not pay?"

"They could pay everybody else—wine merchants, jewelers and car owners—but their doctor's bill was left last, and often altogether, and your father would never prosecute."

"And didn't father attend many people for nothing?"

"No one will ever know how many, for he did not even tell me; he used to say that if he didn't get often to church he tried to do as people were told to do there; his commandment was the eleventh—'Love one another.'"

"That's the bell; and see, six, seven, I declare, ten to begin with! Here's one in a rare, old-fashioned hand. I'll take off the envelope and you will see the name. Why, it's a letter, and a long screed, and a—check!"

"Have some of those thieves paid their account? You are crying, mater. Is it about father? May I see the letter, or is it private?"

"No, it's about you, too, son. I wish you would read it aloud; I'm not—quite able."

"Liverpool, December 24, 189—.

Dear Madam: Along with many others in Liverpool, I experienced a feeling of keen regret that in the inscrutable actings of Providence your respected husband, Dr. Laycock, was, as it appears, prematurely removed from his work and family.

"It must be a sincere consolation for his widow to know that no man could have rendered more arduous and salutary service to his fellows, any of whom he relieved in pain, not a few of whom he was instrumental in restoring to their families from the portals of death. Without curiously inquiring into the affairs of private life, many persons were persuaded that Dr. Laycock was in the custom of attending persons of limited means as an act of charity, whereby he did much good, won much affection, and doubtless has laid up for himself great riches in the world to come, if we are to believe the good book.

"I have not, however, sent you this letter merely to express my sympathy, shared with so many who have the privilege, denied to me, of your personal friendship, or to express the admiration felt by all for the eminent departed. My object is different, and must be its own excuse. Unless I have been incorrectly informed—and my authority seemed excellent—the noble life of Dr. Laycock hindered him from making that complete provision for his family which he would have desired, and other men in less unselfish walks of life could have accomplished. This disability I am given to understand, has seriously affected the career of your son, whom every one describes as a promising lad, so that he has been removed from a public school, and has been obliged to abandon the hope of entering on the study of medicine.

"If my information be correct, it was his father's wish that your son should follow in his steps, and it is incumbent on those who honored Dr. Laycock for his example of humanity to see that his cherished wish be fulfilled. Will you, therefore, in the light of the explanation I have made at some length, accept the draft I have the honor to send—value £1000—and use the proceeds in affording to your son a complete medical education at home and abroad? The sum is but the just desire of a good man has not fallen to the ground, and that a certain burden will be lifted from his widow's life, will be more than sufficient recompense to one who will, so long as he may be spared, follow your son's career with sincere interest. Believe me, my dear madam, your obliged and grateful servant,

"ZACCHEUS."

"Hold it up against the light, mater; it's the prettiest Christmas card we'll ever see. You ought to be laughing and not crying. But I feel a little—just a tiny wee bit watery myself.

"He ought to have told us his name, but I suppose he was afraid of a row. Eaccheus? Why that's the man gave the playgrounds. He must have a pile, and he knows how to use it; he's no Dodson, you bet. At any rate, though we don't know him, we can say God bless him, mater."

"Amen," said Mrs. Laycock. "I hope the father knows."

IV.

"How do I know that there is something wrong, Bert? Because we've been married five years last month, and I can read your face like a book, or rather a great deal better than most books, but I'm quite sure about your face.

"No, I don't imagine, for you may be able to hide what you feel on the Flags, but you let out the secret at home; and that is one reason why I love you, because you are not cunning and secretive. Now, tell me, is cotton down, and have you lost?

"Oh, yes, Bert, I know your principle, that a man ought to bear the burden outside and the woman inside the house; then we are equal partners. You have acted up to your principle splendidly. You have never said a word all those years, although I know you've had anxious times, and you've helped me many a time with my little troubles. Let me help you in yours now."

"Queenie, if you want to put me to utter shame, you have taken the right way, for it's your thrift and good management which have given us our happy home, and I—"

"Yes, you, Bert, you have idled your time, I suppose, and spent your money on dress, and generally neglected your family. For shame, sir, when you have done so well, and every one says that nobody is so much respected. Don't look like that if you love me. What is it?"

"It is necessary that you be told, and I was going to speak this evening, but it is very hard, Queenie, when I kissed the children and looked at you all so happy, I felt like a—murderer."

"Have you—"

"No, on my word of honor, I have done nothing wrong, that I can say, neither you nor the little ones have any cause to be ashamed of me."

"If you had I would have stood by your side, Herbert, but I knew disgrace would never come by you; then what is it? If it's only the loss of some money, why, I know half a dozen economies."

"It's far worse than that, wife, I fear. This will be our last Christmas in our dear little home, and it's all my blame, and I feel . . . the basest of men. As if you had trusted me when I had deceived you all. .

"You are the best wife ever man had. . . . I feel better, and I'll explain it all to you. It is not very difficult; it is so easy to be ruined."

"You know we are brokers, and our business is to buy and sell cotton for other people, and we are responsible for them, so that if they can not pay the losses, we have to find the money.

"Two of our firms, which have been very kind to us, were sure cotton would go up—and so it ought to have done, and will in the end—and they bought so many bales through us.

"Well, a big firm, which can do pretty much as it likes, seized the opportunity of a fraud to rush in and upset the market, so our friends and many others have to face declines they can not meet. So unless our poor little firm can pay £10,000 at least on Monday, we must stop, and . . . . all our hard work to build up an honorable firm is lost.

"We can scrape £1000, and my partner and I have £1000 private means to put in, and . . . . that's all; £5000 short.

"Yes, we have tried the bank, but they can't do anything there. Goldsworthy, the manager, is the nicest fellow living, and his 'No' is almost as good as another's 'Yes,' but of course it was 'No;' we had no security; the cotton may go lower before it turns, and he has told us we must pay."

"But surely, Herbert, if the big firms knew how you were situated they would help you, because things would come right in a few weeks, you say."

"Every man has to look after himself in the market. But I did go to Huddleston, because he has given me so much advice, and wanted me to take an interest in the church. . . I wish my tongue had been burned before I crossed his room.

"No, he wasn't rude—that's not his sin; he might be better if he were straighter. He hoped that I was prospering in business, and reminded me that I must not allow the world to get too much hold, and became eloquent on money being only stewardship. But when I opened up my errand he explained that he had made it a principle never to lend money, and suggested that this was a chastening because we has hasted to be rich. He hoped that the issue would be sanctified, . . . but I rose, and left, quite sick."

"What a canting old wretch!" Mrs. Ransomie was very angry. "I always hated that man's soft sawder; he's much too pussy to be true."

"He was not bound to help me unless he pleased. But what riled me was his religious talk; he might have spared me that at least. And if those operators who have knocked the market to pieces haul in £30,000 they will likely give £1000 to missions.

"When a man has done his level best, and been fairly prudent, and has worked hard and is getting a fair connection, and everything is taken away by a big, unscrupulous, speculative firm, which sees a chance of making a pile at the ruin of half a dozen struggling firms, it's a little hard."

"They ought to be put in jail; but they'll catch it some day;" and it was evident Mrs. Ransome, like many other people in her circumstances, found much satisfaction from the belief in future punishment.

"It's apt to make one bitter, too," Ransome went on. "When I sat opposite old Dodson in the 'bus this afternoon—come to the penny 'bus now, you see, Queenie—looking out from below his shaggy eyebrows like a Scotch terrier with meanness written over his shabby clothes, and almost heard the gold, chinking in his pockets, and thought that he could save our home and secure my future by a check, and never miss the money—suppose he lost it, which he wouldn't if I lived—I declare I could have. . . . well, I did not feel as Christian as Huddleston would desire."

"But here is a letter which must have come by the last post and been forgotten; perhaps it's a Christmas card in advance. Let's see. O, I say, you've left me in darkness."

"Come up to our room; we can open it there; very likely it's a bill. Well?"

"I say—Queenie—no, it can't be a hoax—nobody would be so cruel—and here's an inclosure—letter from London bankers confirming—sit down beside me; we'll read it together—so, as near as you can, and your arm round my neck—just a second before we begin—my eyes are all right now."

"Liverpool, December 22, 189—.

"Dear Sir,—It has been my practice as a man engaged for many years in commercial pursuits, to keep a watchful, and I hope, not unkindly, eye on young firms beginning their business career in Liverpool. For the last five years I have observed your progress with much interest, and you will pardon my presumption and take no offense when I express my satisfaction as an old merchant with your diligence, caution, ability, and, most of all integrity, to which all bear witness.

"I was, therefore, greatly grieved to learn that your firm may be hardly pressed next week, and may be in danger of stoppage—all the more that I find no charge of folly can be brought against you, but that you are the indirect victim of one firm's speculative operations. There is no one, I am also informed, from whom you can readily obtain the temporary assistance you require and are morally entitled to receive.

"The only satisfaction I have in life is using such means as providence has been pleased to put in my hands for the succor of people who are in every way better than myself, but who are in some kind of straits. I have, therefore, directed my London bankers to open an account for you and to put £10,000 to your credit. Upon this account you will be pleased to draw such a sum as will tide you over the present crisis, and such other sums as will enable you to extend your business along the safe and honorable lines you have hitherto followed. I make no doubt that you will repay the said sum or sums to the same account as you may be able—no interest will be accepted—and I only lay one other obligation on your honor, that you make no endeavor to discover my name.

"Be pleased to accept my best wishes of this season for your admirable wife, your two pleasing children, and my confident hope for your final and large success in business. I remain, your faithful friend,

"ZACCHEUS."

"Let us go and kiss the children, hubbie, and then—we might say the Lord's prayer together."

To Be Continued.

COULD NOT DRESS ALONE.

A Nova Scotian Farmer Tells of His Intense Suffering From Rheumatism and How He Found Relief.

From the Bridgewater, N.S., Enterprise.

Such suffering as rheumatism causes the victime upon whom it fastens itself is almost unendurable. Only those who writhe under its pangs can imagine the joy of one who has been freed from its terrors. Mr. J. W. Folkenham, of New Elm, N. S., is one of those who has been released from pain, and who believes it his duty, to let others know how a cure can be found. Mr. Folkenham is a farmer, and like all who follow this arduous but honorable calling, is subjected to much exposure. It was this exposure that brought on his trouble and caused him so much suffering before he was rid of it. He says:—"In the spring of 1897 I contracted rheumatism. Throughout the whole summer I suffered from it, and about the first of October it became so bad that I could not get out of the house. The pains were located in my hip and back, and what I suffered can hardly be expressed. I became so helpless I could not dress myself without aid. Eventually the trouble spread to my hands and arms, and at times these would lose all feeling and become useless. In November I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four boxes began to improve. After using six boxes the pains and soreness had all gone and I was able to do a hard day's work. I intend using a few more boxes more as a precautionary measure, and I would earnestly advise those suffering from this painful trouble to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and be made well.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strenthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

LITTLE DOROTHY'S PRAYER.

On one evening little four-year-old Dorothy had failed to remember her father in her prayer because he had scolded her.

You must pray for papa, too, Dot, said her mother.

But I don't want to, replied the little one.

But you must, Dot, said her mother.

Dropping upon her knees again, Dot added: And for pity's sake, bless papa, too, and let us have peace in the family.

A HORSE'S MEMORY.

A correspondent tells a curious story of a mare which was accustomed while feeding in a field, to stand under a low-spreading branch of an elm-tree which just touched her back, and to sway her body to and fro in order to enjoy the brushing. One winter the branch was removed, but the next spring, when thae mare was turned into the field, she placed herself day after day on the same spot, and swayed backward and forward, apparently at a loss to understand what had become of her fan.

EXPRESSIVE GRATITUDE.

"Ah! I see—I see," said Major Crofoot, as his landlady timidly hung in the doorway with a paper in her hand. "My dear Mrs. Roberts, let me thank you in advance—a thousand thanks. In the midst of your multitudinous duties you have found time to make out my bill. Not five minutes ago I was wondering if I dared ask you to render my account; but I hesitated to trespass upon good nature. Here it is—not a penny added for extra delicacies or your motherly attention. Ah! but I love to come across such examples of the brighter and better side of human nature—I i-o-v-e to do it!"

"Three weeks, sir," said the landlady.

"Three weeks to a day," replied the Major—"three of the happiest weeks I ever spent in a boarding-house. In those three weeks you have left nothing to be desired. To your untiring efforts am I indebted more than words can express, and, to crown all, you hand me a bill! I have relics and souvenirs by the hundred, but among them all not a single article will appeal to me as does this simple paper which announces my indebtedness to you to the extent of twenty-five dollars. My dear Mrs. Roberts, permit me to take your hand—permit me.

"Likewise permit me to say that this is one of the happiest moments of my whole life. To find some one who trusts me, who has faith in me, who depends upon my honor and integrity, brings moisture to my eyes and happiness to my heart. Notice the tender care with which I place this bill in my pocketbook, to be added to the archives in my office later on. A thousand years from now, when you and I have long been dust, it may be resurrected and exhibited in a museum as a proof of woman's trust in man in the year 1899."

"But you owe for three weeks, Major," said the embarrassed landlady.

"Three weeks, my dear lady, t-h-r-e-e weeks!" replied the Major as he tilted himself on heel and toes and beamed upon her.

"But what to us whether three weeks, three months, or three years? It is the sentiment we must look at—and that shall continue to guide and direct us in the future. Sentiment and business cannot mingle. They must stand each on its own ground. My three weeks' board bill was a matter of sentiment. It has been disposed of, and we will advert to it no more—no more. And now, having put sentiment aside, and covered it with the mantle of friendship, let us proceed to business."

"All my boarders pay weekly, Major Crofoot."

"Let us proceed to business. You have been given to understand I speculated and promoted. So I do. The next bill you make out you can write me down as Major Crofoot, G.P., which means grand promotor of schemes and enterprises, and likewise swindler and originator of ideas to astonish the commercial circles of the civilized world.

"You have heard of compressed air—liquefied air—the electrical gerniller—the elixir of life. All my own ideas, my dear woman—all my own. Too late to take you in on any of them, but I've got something better yet—something to make you the richest woman in the world. I was about to send for you to unfold the scheme when providence whispered to you to come up with the board bill. Steady, now, as I give the secret away. Don't scream, nor call out, and thus betray it. My dear lady, let us fly!"

"W-what for?" she asked, as she looked around in an anxious way.

"To make $25,000,000 in the next year!" hoarsely whispered the Major.

"Do you see the point? Do you catch on? The scheme is a flying machine on a new principle! For the last two hundred years human ingenuity has been at work in the attempt to invent a machine to travel through the air. Each and every inventor has followed the same theory—taking the wings of a bird as his model—and each and every machine has been a failure. Wrong theory, my dear lady, le-to-tally wrong, but it was left to Major Crofoot, G. P., to hit the right thing, I've got it. Inside of six months my machine will be carrying freight and passengers through the air between all the large cities. In a year the entire carrying trade will be in our hands. Let us shake hands—shake heartily—shake enthusiastically!"

"I—I brought up your bill!" stammered the landlady, as she realized that no immediate danger manaced her.

"Came to me as an inspiration," continued the Major, without minding her observation. "The bird motion is all wrong. The wings cannot be controlled owing to air currents. They can't get the tail motion to steer the machine properly."

"Mrs. Roberts—trustful, confiding, unselfish—in six months from now you'll be wanting a bag to hold your diamonds alone. I'm going to take you in. I have taken you in. You shall be my partner in the scheme. We shall each put up $250,000 to build the first four machines, and we will divide the profits equally. You can begin to look around this very evening for somebody to take this house off your hands."

"Major—I—I—"

"Not a word of thanks—not a w-o-r-d. You deserve it all for your trust in me. As my partner you have a right to know my theory. I discard the idea of birds and wings, and construct my machine on the principle of a rabbit jumping over a fence. An upward—onward—gliding motion—a motion of peaceful rest and without sea-sickness. No winds to look out for. Rabbit steers himself by his hind legs, and our machines will do the same. Don't take $2,500,000 for the profits. It's a sure investment."

"But—I—I—"

"Don't say a word, my dear lady—not a word! I understand. Go right downstairs and think it over and plan what you will do when you get your money. I don't want your money for a few days yet, and so you needn't draw your money from the bank. Ah! but we'll astonish the world, revolutionize the carrying trade, enrich——"

"And that's all this evening, and you run along and leave me to figure out the number of passengers we shall carry every year, and how many tons of freight we can count on. Mum is the word, you know. Keep mum, and think it over, and good night to you—g-o-o-d night!"

STAYIN' UP LATE.

Every one who has ever been a child will recall that sense of injury entailed by being sent to bed early—that conviction that you are being deprived of the most interesting part of the whole day. There is really no knowing what the elders are up to when once they get the youngsters tucked up safe in bed, but it stands to reason it must be very interesting, or why would they be in such a hurry to get the youngsters out of the way?

With some children this amounts to more than mere feeling. It was a little girl of the latter sort who begged so hard to sit up just for once, that her mother one evening, not long ago, said that she might. How the little girl's eyes danced at the prospect of all the wonderful things she would see for herself upon this her first occasion of 'sitting up!" How commiseratingly she regarded the other children, who were as usual packed off to bed at an early hour! She seated herself in her small chair, and eagerly awaited developments.

But imagine her surprise when her parents as was their custom, seated themselves at the library table, and unsocially, but hygienically, turning their backs to the light, began to read. For some time the small girl rocked away in her small chair in silence. Then came a sleepy, plaintive voice: "Is this all you do?"

THE BELL HORSE.

Animal Drum Major of the Mule Train in Boerland.

The most energetic and peace-destroying feature of army life in the Transvaal just now is the mule train, and the most necessary member of this outfit is the bell horse.

This animal leads the caravan, and is the Drum Major of the whole outfit. He carries no burden save a great responsibility and a clear-sounding All sponsibility and a clear-sounding bell All mules destined to serve Her Majesty are trained to follow the bell horse. A white animal is nearly invariably selected, as bfor some reason or other mules follow this color most faithfully.

Pack mules become very much attached to the bell horse of their train, and refuse to move either forward or backward if he is not leading. For this reason the greatest calamity that can befall caan army is the wreath of the bell horse. On one occasion of the Indian frontier wars the whole mule-train came to a sudden standstill owing to the death of the bell horse. Nor would anything induce the animals to move till one of the officers substituted another white horse in the dead one's place. On seeing, as they thought, their old favorite in his place once more, all the mules moved forward to greet him, and only by driving the fraudulent bell-horse forward quicker than the mules could follow was the deception kept up.

MOULDER AGAIN.

This Time William Bowen, of Brockville, is Cured of Backache by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Moulder's Seems to be a Fortunate Trade—Second Moulder Dodd's Kidney Pills Reported Recently to Have Cured.

Brockville, Dec. 25th.—Last week the papers reported the case of Geo. Barkley, a Hamilton moulder, who was fortunate enough to find a cure for Rheumatism. This, it turned out, was Dodd's Kidney Pills, the most famous kidney medicine in the world. There is a moulder in Brockville who also has a word to say regarding Dodd's Kidney Pills.

William Bowen suffered with Backache in a severe way. Backache is not a mere affection of the muscles or an ache in the backbone. Many people thinking this was the case have spent money and time rubbing liniments into the back. This is quite useless, as no amount of rubbing can reach the kidneys where the ache is actually located. Backache is kidney-ache and should be treated as such. Otherwise it may develop into Bright's Disease or some other form of Kidney Disease in its fatal form.

Mr. Bowen says of his cure:

Brockville.

Dodds Medicine Co.,

Gentlemen,—I have been troubled with pain in my back and in the region of my kidneys, and I was advised by Mr. Stegg, butcher, of this town, to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. I was very bad, being hardly able to stand the pain. I am now completely cured, and can highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone troubled with Backache. The men in the shop will all vouch for my case.

WM. BOWEN.

HIS ANSWER.

Little Mike, who has an inquiring mind—Father!

McLubberty—Phwot?

Little Mike—Father, av wan av thim pug dogs was to follow his nose wud he turn summersets, or go down his own t'roat?

McLubberty—Ar-r-r-r; Oi dunnol But phwot Oi d okhow is thot av yez ask me another quistion loike thot, me young intirrygation p'int, arph to bed ye'll go loike yez was shot out av a gun! D'yez moind thot?

Nature's Voices.

To the discerning ear Nature has many voices. She has a message in the sweet tones of the brook as it rushes down the hillside in ocean's moody voices, now rippling with gentlest cadence upon the golden sands, anon in deep boisterous voice as she lashes the beach with foam. Then the voice of trees which the laughing winds bear to our ears, of sunshine and shade, of hill and valley, of bird and flowers. But she comes in pain, too, the voice of the aching, stinging corn speaks impressively, but Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corn in twenty-four hours, painlessly and without leaving sore spots.

GERMAN BICYCLE TRAINS.

A new sign has been added to the German railway time tables—a picture of a bicycle indicating which express trains carry wheels

"Pharaoh 10c." 10 Pieces, of Greatly Que. Cigar Manufacturers.

TOMMY'S CONCLUSION.

Tommy—Pop, what is the meaning of hereditary?

Tommy's Pop—Anything that descends from father to son.

Tommy—Then your old clothes that ma makes over for me are hereditary, ain't they?

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

RAISED TOGETHER.

Banker—You and the boy in the adjoining office appear to be good friends.

Jimmy—Yes, sir, we wuz raised together.

Banker—Ah!

Jimmy—Yep; his boss give him a dollar more de same time you did me.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

UNDERSTOOD THE MOTIVE.

Mr. Newbow—Bobby, you are a nice little fellow.

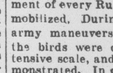
Bobby—Oh, come off! All o' sister's fellers gimme 'at kind o' taffy.

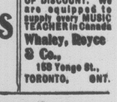
A REVELATION TO NEW USERS—A NECESSITY TO OLD ONES—

LUDELLA

Lead Packages. CEYLON Tea holds its friends like a magnet 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING



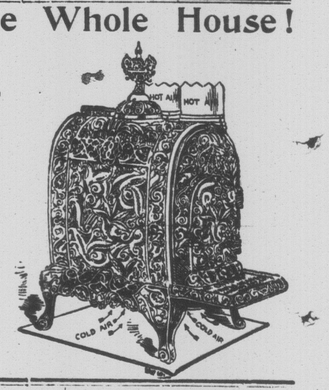


TO EVERY ONE who can find in the Dewey Puzzle 2 Faces—mark them and return to us—we give an exquisite Tiffany style simulative Opal or Ruby Stick Pin Free, and send 12 ten cent packages of Imperishable Perfume to sell for us if you can. When sold, return money and we give you Free choice of a lovely plated Chain Bracelet with lock and Key, or Solid Gold Shell Rubber Birthday Ring. Simply interest puzzle and we send 12 pins without money or price. Write to-day. You risk nothing, as we pay the duty and postage on all Perfumes sent into Canada, making its delivery absolutely free, and unsold goods are returnable. Mention this paper. NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., 66-68 West Larned St., Detroit, Mich.

Warm the Whole House!

WITH THE

Oxford Triple Heater



It does the same work as a furnace—takes very small space—burns 30 in. wood—is quickly and easily regulated—gives no trouble—and provides perfect winter comfort all over the house.

Ask our dealers anywhere to show you its interior tubular construction.

THE

Gurney Foundry

Co., Limited,

TORONTO.

SUCH A SILLY QUESTION.

Johnny—Pa, buy me a bicycle, will you?

Pa—What do you want a bicycle for?

Johnny—To shovel snow with, of course.

Blemishes OF THE SKIN AND **Complexion** TREATMENT.

Send one cent stamp for circular. W. J. URQUHART Analytical Chemist, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

ARMY PIGEON-POST.

A regimental pigeon-post hereafter will form part of the regular equipment of every Russian field force when mobilized. During the last Russian army maneuvers, experiments with the birds were conducted on an extensive scale, and their utility was demonstrated. In one case did the birds fail to arrive with their message sooner than a mounted messenger would have done.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

HIS KIND OF SPORTSMAN.

You referred to your friend as a dead game sportsman?

Yes; he always buys his birds in the market-house. Dead game is his specialty.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

MUST HAVE BEEN BORN LUCKY.

How did you make out with that effort to break your uncle's will?

Fine! After it was all settled up, and the lawyers had the estate, I didn't owe them a cent.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.00 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

NO SACRIFICE.

Admiring Friend—Ruggage, I don't see how you find time to keep your