A LAWN TENNIS COURTSHIP

BY EDWARD OSCAR DARLING.

spending our vacation in a quiet little ountry village. Being a keen fisher"Thirty-fifteen!" broke in on my reman, most of my time was spent by flections. the riverside; my friend thought fishing anything but sport, so he wandered about, as he told me, admiring the Miss Morley, to whom he had brought an introduction. When he had known interrupted it.

her for about five days he was thoroughly convinced that he was in love is the meaning of this?" I asked, gowith her, and, like other young men in similar conditions, he was envious blush mounted the fair Dolly's cheek. COMIC ARTISTS' to know his fate. He tried in vain to get her alone so that he could unburden his agitated mind, but circumstances, in the shape of her mother, of pacifying the-Game-old lady. She were against him. Now Dolly's mother, though anxious to see her daughter well married, thought it improper to allow her to be alone with my handsome friend. If they went into the pop over that-Fifteen-all-hedge." garden together she went with them;

poor George's arm. Derriman bore this bravely for some longer, and set his wits to work to discover some means of evading dear

It was about this time that he conwith him, but could offer no solution

"I've got it!" he shouted one evening, breaking in on my peaceful re-"Got what?" I inquired, anxiously,

as I saw my friend careening wildly "I me n I can fix the old lady," he

said, apparently surprised at my stu-"I thought it was her daughter you

"So I do-but I want her alone. I am going to get a tennis net and racquets sent from the city and teach her to play," said he, joyfully.
"But don't you think Mrs. Morley

will want to learn as well?" I asked. "Hang it all! They can't both learn at once, and whilst I am teaching ley, perfectly amazed. "If you—" dear Dolly I can find out all I wish to

I didn't admire the brilliancy of the idea, but that did not dampen his

'As you are going uptown," he continued, "you may as well send a tennis the garden. set down-a cheap one, remember." The following day I dispatched the net and a week later returned to finish my interrupted holiday. On going to the hotel I inquired for my friend, and heard that he had been away all day, so I strolled down to Morley's, where I thought I should find him. you stop him? The garden in front of the house the deserted, so I walked around to the lips.

"Please try," she pleaded. The garden in front of the house was

the voice of old Mrs. Morley. She would walk for miles and miles, and "Forty-fifteen," "Forty-thirty," there I was trudging after them. But | "Fault." now, thank goodness, he's taught her! to play tennis, and I can sit here quite available piece of ice in the village

on the breeze. "There they go.' Listen to that!"

said Mrs. Morley.

My friend Derriman and I were and balls were scattered about, but

Puzzled, I walked to the gate, and there on a garden seat in the far corner, sat George, his arm securely round Dolly's waist, and every now beauty of the scenery. The scenery, and then, between his caresses, he was I afterwards discovered, was a certain shouting out, "Play!" "Fault!" "Fortythirty! "Deuce!" and then continuing his occupation as if nothing had

What in the name of good fortune protection, legislation will in the end ing up to them.

They both started, and a bright

You see," he explained, "we got so tired of playing-Forty-fifteen-tennis that we-Forty-thirty-hit on this idea hears me calling out the score, and so she-Are you ready-thinks we are Carried a Complete Kit of Fine playing, and does not disturb us. If I were to-Fault!-stop calling out for one minute, you would see her head

This sort of thing had been going on If they sat down on a seat, she sat for some time, and George had grown Scared His Cabin Mate Into Insomnia, between them; if they wandered by the quite an adept at it. In fact, it was river in the moonlight, she would take almost impossible to talk to him now, for he would forget that Mrs. Morley was not listening, and his conversatime, but at last he could stand it no tion would be continually broken by "Forty-fifteen." or "Thirty-all," and I was beginning to get seriously alarmed

The climax came one evening, when fided his trouble to me; I sympathized Mrs. Morley had asked us both to tea. George had been in a most nervous Fall River on my way to Boston on hostess semed to make him worse. Every time she spoke to him he would murmur some unintelligible remark, such as "Thirty-all." At last Mrs. Morley became quite vexed, and steamboat all to myself, but on this they had occupied the winter before, thought he had been drinking. monstrated with him, but to no effect. Dolly, seeing how strange he was, suggested another cup of tea.

asked. "Forty-love!" almost

George. said Mrs. Morley, severely, "How dare you speak to my daughter like that?"

'Are you ready?" interjected George. 'Outside," interrupted Charles. "Sir, if you can't control yourself I'll go to

"Deuce," roared George. Poor Mrs. Morley flew off to

room, her head high in the air. Dolly followed me in tears. "I have been afraid of this all day. "He's been shouting the seem to get it out of his head. O, can't cap that looked to be several sizes too

"Play!" came faintly from George's

Still he kept on, so I hurried him was having a confidential chat with back to the hotel, put him to bed, and neighbor:
"I am so relieved, dear Mrs. Gossip, cine plied him with many questions, for really I was run off my feet. They but the only replies he could get were:

comfortably, and so long as I hear was melted on poor George's head, and he left the state room immediately the them calling, 'Are you ready?' 'Play,' still he continued his raving.
'You serve," and 'Forty-fifteen,' I. Time, the greatest of all physicians, know that all is well and that the net | however, acomplished what the ice at night. My room mate hadn't yet failed to do, and, after a couple of gone to his bunk. I didn't have "Fifteen all!" was just then wafted weeks' complete rest and the careful million dollar bills or anything of nursing of Mrs. Morley and her daugh-

ter, George recovered. Tennis is now no longer necessary. Having discovered where my friend The court, the racquets, the balls have was I walked up to the hedge behind disappeared, and George and Dolly I tucked the stuff beneath my pillow. which the tennis court had been made, stroll arm in arm through the garden and looked over. The court was without any fear of interruption, for there. The racquets lay on the grass, Mrs. Morley understands.

THE WAY HUMOR ACTS ON DIFFERENT PEOPLE

Max O'Rell's Remarks On Jokes and Their Effect On Men of All Nations.

numer anects people in many different ways, says Max O'Rell in the New York Journal. I have seen people lose entire control over themselves under the influence of a joke, curl up on their seats, and be obliged to have the upper part of their backs tapped in order to recover possession of their

Others chuckle and titter till the joke gets perfect hold of them and faces and swallow their saliva with great difficulty, as if it was a piece of tough steak. Many stolid ones enjoy a joke quietly without relaxing a cle. You cannot detect the slightest outward sign of enjoyment, which, however, does take place—but inside. On the other hand, there are some

who actually suffer from the perpetration of a joke, who are tortured by its who see nothing in humor but an offensive act of exaggeration and the distortion of truth. These people lack a sense, but they are generally most respectable and honest. They are shocked by a joke — nay, they resent It. Witness that good honest, straightforward German who was told by a western wag that in California there were trees so high that it took two men to see to the top of them.

He never smiled. On the contrary, he frowned and shrugged up his shoulders. "My poor fellow," from the west, "I'm afraid you have no sense of humor"—"But that's not humor," quickly rejoined the German, "that a lie." And it was, wasn't it? I know a man who was reading Charles Dickens' nove: "Nicholas Nickleby." When he came to the opening chapter in which the worthy schoolmaster, Wackford Squeers, is described, and read: "Mr. Squeers had only one eye, and a popular prejudice runs in favor of two," he stopped, closed the book and looked reflective. 'What's the matter?" I asked, "Well, he said, after giving me the quotation,

'surely it is not a prejudice to prefer two eyes to one.' That man (and a clever one, too, he was) was one of the most honest men I have ever met in my life.

When the White Star Line Company received from the builders their beautiful ship the Teutonic, in 1889, they her her trial trip from Liverpool to Portsmouth, where a great naval review was to take place. A large party was invited on board.

One evening a dinner took place at which many speeches were delivered. Senator Chauncey M. Depew, speaking of volunteers, referred to them as alighted on the steamer Persic when before he was able to pull himself together. Then, his sides still shaking,
in war." After dinner I was in the Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia he pulled the suit case out from be-

smoke room sitting next to Lord S. What do you think of the great Amer-I asked his lordship. can wit?' "Well," he said, "don't you think ais remark about the volunteers was in very bad taste?"

was once relating to an Englishman how Mark Twain, having once to reply to the toast of literature, said: "Where are they now, the great orna-ments of literature? Aeschylus, Ho-mer, Euripides, Sophocles, are dead. Horace and Virgil are gone. Shakespeare and Milton have left us (a pause)-I don't feel very well myself." The Englishman reflected a little and said: "Don't you think it was rather conceited of Mark Twain?"

Compliment for Irving. "Sir Henry Irving once had a skull

willed to him for use in Hamlet," said a theatrical advertising man. aged Yorkshireman was actually fond of Irving's acting that in his will they shriek. Some others make wry he said that when he died his body was to be burried headless, and the skull was to be cleaned and mounted, suitably inscribed with a silver inscription, and handed to the actor, the request that it be always used for Yorick's skull in the presentations of Hamlet. Admiration couldn't go much further than that. Think of This old, crusty Englishman-he was a tanner-liked Irving's Hamlet so well that he wanted to be always around when it was played, though his poor old skull would be thumped and fingered and bounced about like a chunk of wood. But he didn't have his wish. His heirs asked Sir Henry if he would not, as a favor, decline to receive the skull. Sir Henry did so, and, accordingly, the old man's head was buried with him. But that was the greatest compliment Irving ever had.'

Are Colds Catching.

There are many physicians who hold that colds are not due to low temperature, but to contagion. If you say to them: "Then a man alone on a desert island would never take cold?" they reply: "He would not." But if you ask them how the first cold, the original cold, came into existence; they are stumped. Nevertheless, they have many evidences in favor of their belief, and as good as evidence as any is the sanitarium for consumptives at White Haven. In this institution frail consumptives, immediately on their arrival, are made to work and eat and sleep-to live altogether-out of doors; yet they never take cold, even with the thermometer at zero. But if a visitor with a cold gets into the building he is apt to communicate his disorder to a patient, and for a week colds run like wildfire through the place. Persons with colds are not admitted into the White Haven Sanitarium.

G 849 was marked on one wing of an exhausted carrier pigeon which alighted on the steamer Persic when

played the tools again.
"'Beauts, aren't they,' he asked me,
with a humorous twinkle in his small Another accident in the west in which a railroad wreck caught fire with the

result that several persons were cre-mated whose lives otherwise might green eyes. "I only shook my head gloomily, have been saved, calls attention anew still imagining that the man was off his head or under the influence of some condition which has the remedy immediately at hand. The lighting of railroad trains with gas or relic of the past which should not be tolerated longer. Efficient and eco-nomical electrical appliances for lighting the cars are being used on the finest and fastest railway trains. chiefs of police, giving him permission to pack around with him all the burgexplosive gas tank and the deadly oil lamp have been relegated to the lar's tools he wanted to carry. scrap heap on many of the up-to-date railroads; and in the interest of the safety of the traveling public electric lighting should become the railroad companies fail to look after

ODD SOUVENIRS

their best interests and extend this

compel them to do so.

Electricity for Cars.

Burglar's Tools.

and Was Nearly Arrested On Suspicion.

"A few weeks ago," said a Washvacation, "I went from New York to state all day, and the sight of our one of the sound steamers. I never was much of a hand for bunking in with other folks when I could get a section on a train or a cabin on a occasion I found it impossible to charter a whole state room for my own use on the sound boat. The traffic on for the Maine Woods. "How many lumps of sugar?" she the line was pretty heavy, and I was told by the agent that the best I could do would be to engage a berth in a state room, sharing the room with an occupant of the other berth.

"I was the first to reach the state room before the sailing time of the boat, and I was rather curious to see what sort of a chap my room mate birch tree. It groaned when the for the night's ride was going to be, blew. So did Thompson. He said the When he made his appearance in a big hurry about two minutes before This was too much for me, so I col-lared George and huried him out into pearance wasn't very reassuring. He was a somewhat rough-looking customer. He wore a pretty good suit of clothes, but the effect of the suit was spoiled by the red and orange sweater which he wore in place of the con-ventional masculine shirt. His tousled score so much lately that he can't hair was crowned by a peaked cloth small for him. He had a decidedly Hibernian face, though I afterward found that he wasn't Irish at all, and his countenance was about four days overdue on the shave question. He regarded me civilly enough out of his little pair of greenish eyes when he entered the state room and threw his suit case onto the lower bunk-I had particularly high-grade-looking cus-An anxious week passed. Every tomer as a fellow-traveler. We didn't have much to say to each other, and

boat pulled out.
"I turned in along toward 11 o'clock million dollar bills or anything of that sort along with me, but I had a couple of hundred dollars' vacation money and a bit of jewelry, and, as I didn't exactly admire the looks of my bunkle, "I was glad that I had done this few minutes after he came in, which was a bit after midnight. I was in a sort of half doze when he entered the state room and turned on the electric lamp. I was lying in such a position that I could watch through half-closed lids. You can gamble that I became very wide awake indeed when I watched a move that he made immediately he entered the state room and locked the door. studied me for a minute as if to make sure that I was asleep, and then he took his suit case from the lower bunk, sat down on the floor and opened it

carefully. 'That suit case contained as neatlooking an assortment of burglar's tools as ever I saw, and I've seen a covered them." Among the books were lot of burglar's tools exhibited as curios at various police headquarters throughout the country. The whole outfit was there, with straps and sockets cleverly arranged on the inside of the suit case for holding each and every implement. My room mate picked the tools out one by one, and looked them over carefully and with admiring glances. It took him about fifteen minutes to go over them, and in the suit case, closed it, and thrust it under his bunk. 'He's on his way to pull off some

big job, and he's giving his tools a final inspection,' said I to myself. "You can fancy how much sleep took that night. The fellow turned in almost immediately after looking over that kit of his, but I wasn't going to take any chances on his concluding to tap me for whatever valuables I might have about me, and I fought slumber with all my might. I wanted to go to sleep the worst way, but I wouldn't yield to temptation. Even when, along toward daylight, I concluded that the chap must have made up his mind that I was too small game-for he than in the summer. This is because moment he turned in-I couldn't bring coats with huge pockets, into which myself to the point of taking so much books may be slipped readily, and be-

as a restful cat nap. "A little after daylight my roommate began to stir. As he climbed out of his bunk and started to dress himself I gave a cough to indicate to him that I was awake, and when he turned and looked at me I fixed his eye with a stern gaze and said to him, with as much solemnity as I could

throw into my tone: "'Look here, my burglarious friend, are you aware to the fact that I could very easily hand you over to the dock police when you step over the side of this boat? "He studied me with a mystified

expression on his face for a minute. What for?' he inquired. "'For having,' said I, 'about as swell and complete a kit of burglar's tools in your possession as was ever carried by a cracksman.' "He managed to hold himself in long

enough to say, 'I didn't know you were awake,' and then he rolled around the floor of the stateroom in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. I thought he had suddenly gone loony. Every time he'd look at me and see me regarding him over the edge of my bunk with what was perhaps a mingled expression of alarm and sternness he'd go off again in a shrick. It was fully five minutes

neath his bunk, opened it up and dis-In his recent lecture at the Royal In-

nside pocket and pulling out of it a couple of papers, handed them to me. They were 'to whom it may concern'

plained to me, so that in case any column there appears an officer from rubbering cop should happen to get hold the kits that I carry around, I'd escape being pinched,' and he laughed some more.

a well-known New York newspaper artist in the comic line-as I recognized as soon as he gave me his cardand he made a specialty of collecting burglars' tools for his 'den.' He ha'd big collection of the implements of criminals, he told me. The kit that I had seen he was taking to Boston to present to a club of Boston newspaper and magazine artists for their clubroom at a dinner they were to give and which he was to attend that night. The kit had belonged to a famous burglar who had recently been arrested in New York, and as artist had four or five kits just like it, he had decided to present it to the Boston outfit. He invited me to drop in on him at his New York 'den' on my return from Boston, and I did. He spent a couple of hours in showing me and relating the history of hundreds of criminals' tools which he had stuck all over his elaborate studio, but he didn't forget to tell the crowd of ingtonian just back from his summer Indians that thronged his 'den' how near I had been to handing him over to the police when he debarked from that sound boat."

Thompson's Bed.

When the Tobique River lumbermen took possession last fall of the camps a man named Thompson got one of the lower berths; but he did not sleep well, says a friend of his who writes

Ordinarily, the lower berth is as comfortable as the upper one. The bottom of it, eighteen inches from the ground, is made of small poles, which are covered evenly and quite thickly with fir boughs, and all one needs over the boughs is a pair of blankets. however, In Thompson's bed, seemed to be a good many hubbles.

Just outside the camp was a large

root of that tree ran in under his bed, and when the wind blew it would rise up and roll him over against his Then the berth-mate berth-mate. would punch him in the ribs and demand more room, and there was un-Finally Thompson said that if the

boss did not cut down that birch he would leave. So the tree was felled. That night, however, he found himself rolled against the other man as usual. Thompson said this had gone far enough. He was goin to see what was under that particu part of the berth. The next morning. which was Sunday, after the crew got up, he dug the boughs back and pulled up the

poles. First there appeared a huge black head and a pair of paws, then a body—and already annexed the top one. But I then stampede took place among the can't say that I regarded him as a men. A black bear weighing about 400 pounds crawled out over the "deacon's seat," and in less than a minute was monarch of all he surveyed. He did friendly to the people had unroofed his den and waked him

> They lassoed the bear and tried to keep him, but he made things so lively in the cook's dingle that he had to be shot. But after that Thompson slept better.

BOOK THIEVES IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Close Watch Kept for Those Who Steal Volumes.

"Yes," said the librarian, "I must confess that some very reputable people are book thieves. Do you see that shelf over there?" He pointed toward a shelf, on which were ranged some 80 volumes, "All those books were stolen from here," he said, "and I re-Joseph Conrad's "Tales of Unrest," Hubert Crackanthorpe's "Wreckage," George Moore's "Celibates," the works against authority; if it could avoid it, of Charles Lamb, the fairy tales of it would not give an absolute return Hans Christian Anderson and a Bible. "A messenger boy stole that Bible," said the librarian. "He was thin and got indignities and abuse. the waistband of his trousers was loose. He dropped the Bible down his waistband, and one of our young wothen he put them back in their places men saw him do it. She rushed to my

office and told me and I collared the boy before he had got half way down the stairs. We didn't jail him. Could any one be jailed for stealing a Bible. 'Crackanthorpe's 'Wreckage' was stolen by a girl of 20. She slipped the led to the interesting question as to volume into a suit case she was carrying. I myself saw her commit this ther a man was ever warranted in crime and when I delicately accused whipping an animal given to this her she wept. She said the book was fault. out of print in America and her bookseller had refused to import it for her. or "gibbing," was a mental disorder coyping certain extracts, she claimed, the winter many more books are stolen

cause women wear wraps, under which books may be easily concealed. "It was January that 'Celibates' was purloined by a wealthy lawyer, 68 years of age. He was a friend mine, and I discovered his deed by chance, for on a visit to his country place I saw the volume, stamped with our name, lying on his library table. He laughed on being accused. He said absent-mindedness. I expressed polite disbelief and carried the book home We have never yet prosecuted anyone prisoner. for stealing books. It is a thing we hesitate to do, because all whom we have detected in this crime have been, apparently, respectable-school teachers, clerks, physicians, lawyers and like. We have a run in with one

book thief a week on the average." After many years of waiting two old lovers whose united ages amount to years, have become engaged a second time at Skuleni, Roumania. Feodor Monteau, the swain, is alleged to be

120 years of age. P. J. Heward, a colored man of St. Gabriel, La., is the inventor of a sugar-cane loading machine which was given a public trial recently at Nev

A Mathematical Problem.

stitution on the fascinating subject of "Magic Squares," Major P. A. MacMahon, P. R. S., reminded his audience of the existence of a curious problem which, despite its apparent simplicity, Then he took a big wallet from his has never yet been solved. He commended it to the attention of anyone present who desired to exercise his ingenuity and patience. The problem letters from the New York and Boston is as follows: There are 36 officers of chiefs of police, giving him permission different ranks, and drawn from 6 regiments, and it is required to arrange them in a square of 36 compartments, 'I just carry these letters,' he ex- so that in each row, as well as in each each rank and also an officer from each regiment. Euler's "Recherches sur une nouvelle espece de Quarres Magiques,' which appeared in 1782, discusses this "Then he told me about it. He was problem, but gives no solution, and the late Prof. Cayley, writing more than a century afterward, confessed that it was beyong his powers. Major Mac-Mahon, who has added so much to our knowledge of the theory of groups—a fascinating branch of mathematics, which has an important bearing on many branches of physical science has not yet found a key to the mystery. Whoever can solve this problem or prove that it cannot be solved, will achieve immortality on the lips of mathematicians and perhaps open a door into a new realm of the scientific wonderland which is called pure mathematics.

WHEN CRUELTY IS NOT CRUELTY

Says a Jury.

What Would Kill a Horse is Only a Pleasant Diversion to the Stubborn Mule.

At a jury trial held this week in the municipal police court of this city, says a Jamestown, N. Y., paper, it was apparently decided that the laws which have been framed for the prevention of cruelty to animals do not apply to years left in which to do it. the mule.

Expert testimony furnished by vetlong familiar with the physical and temperamental qualities of the mule and the horse proved to the satisfaction of the jury that treatment which if applied to a horse might justly oe ermed brutal was merely diverting the mule. The trial, which resulted in the acquittal of the defendant, brought forth certain medico-legal facts which probably have never been debated before.

Some time ago, James Bailey, a teamster in the employ of Col. Endress, a wholesale coal dealer of this city, was arrested on a charge of cruelly beating one of a pair of mules because it refused to pull its share of a load of coal up a steep grade. Fixe wo-men testified that the defendant cruelly and wantonly beat the mule with a club six feet long and four inches thick.

At the trial Frank Jenks, attorfor the Prevention ney for the S als, proved that the the mule refused to load of coal win tackle weighed 2,000 pounds. This weight, the attorney asserted, was too hill, and if for no other reason the jury should return a verdict of guilty. To offset this testimony the defense called to the stand the oldest and most experienced teamsters in the city. Each of these witnesse: swore that, whereas it might be cruel to attempt to compel a team of horses weighing 1,800 pounds

to haul a load of a ton and a half under the conditions described, a man would be perfectly justified in asking two 750-pound mules to negotiate the same task. After Mr. Jenks had placed the women witnesses on the stand and each had testified that she had seen Bailey the back and shoulders, Frank L. Mott,

strike the mule at least six times across counsel for the defense, called Dr. Bender, a veterinary surgeon. Both by education and experience Dr. Bender is above the ordinary class of country "hoss doctors. He testified that the punishment of the mule, even as it had been described by the prosecution, was by no

means brutal. A mule, he asserted,

was different mentally, morally and physically from almost any other beast of burden. The mule was given to rebellion for its board and lodging. It was less

sensitive than a horse and readily for-So far as physical punishment was concerned, Dr. Bender contended that the animal's thick skin made it practically immune from any acute suffering which could be inflicted upon it with a club. He had examined the mule soon after it was beaten and did not deem that it had been ill-treated. Later in the trial it was brought out that the animal was balky and this the cause of balkiness, and as to whe-

The prosecution held that balking, She had intended to return it after caused by ill-treatment and an unintelligent handling when the victim was and so we didn't prosecute her. In a colt. Cases were cited in which animals beaten because they had refused to pass objects of terror to their young hadn't moved in his bunk from the men wear in the winter loose over- eyes had become hysterical, and by become chronic, and the animal, through no fault of its own, had be-

come what is termed a balky horse. The defense held that balkiness was not a chronic disorder: that it was caused by the same innate cussedness that makes a man turn against the friends who has cared for him in his Witnesses were produced who swore that they had owned balky mules, and that the only way they could keep them up to their work was he had taken 'Celibates' in a fit of to starve them. A balky mule could absent-mindedness. I expressed polite not stand prosperity.

The jury was out an hour before in my trunk on my return to town.

We have them. A banky mule could not stand prosperity.

The jury was out an hour before bringing in a verdict acquitting the

> I bought a horse with a supposedly incurably ringbone for \$30, cured him with \$1 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him in four months for \$85. Profit on to bite the metalls. Liniment. \$54. MOISE DEROCHE.

Hotelkeeper. St. Phillips. Que. Nov. 1st. 1901.

THE HEPWORTH SERMON.

A Happy New Year.

the race or the individual; neither are and Lincolns and Grants in every nook and corner of the universe. When the white days; weeks that are burden- with it. And no matter how great the some and weeks that are like a merry chime of bells; months that rumble can master it. with the thunder and defeat and folk? They are pawns on the chess-months that resound with the shouts board, who serve a purpose at the bemonths that resound with the shouts

of victory. There is no monotony in time. it varies as does the landscape. In one huddled heap, and are never thought period it is as level as a western prairie, with no special experiences to mark its passage; in another changes the game goes on to victory or decomposition of the game goes on to victory or decomposition of the game goes on to victory or decomposition. come and events occur which make feat. Most of us are pawns. the weeks resemble the Alleghaniesmountain-heights gathered together like a great company of giants whose ticular game, is to be deplored; but shining helmets are visible though you we are pawns, and whether we are on have traveled far away and stand on the board, a part of the opposing happenings rises from the plain of memory like a veritable Mont Blanc, and though seventy week with its wondrous ended, is a matter of little consequence. We are thrust aside, and the players play on without heading and your horizon line; in still another forces, or on the table, our mission and though seventy years be counted in your calendar you still see its summit and say, "That was the hour when my new life began." It may mark a great catastrophe or an unspeakable or grandeur, and when you are about venture the assertion that when these to close your eyes in the last sleep they you other than you were.

pants in breathless haste to reach the not been abolished because the two goal and have done with us. A day is contestants slumber. There shall come a week to the child, and a wek is but others who like chess as well as they, a day to the aged. In our halcyon and who play as skillfully; and when youth, when we live on dreams, we some future evening shadows fall the wish the time away, and, like an im- board will be reopened, the knights and petuous rider, spur the days to greater rooks and pawns shall take their places speed. We have such treasure of them again, and the same old contest will reach the future, which beckons us to ference between chess and any partichigh achievement. But at the other ular game of chess. The latter ends end of life, when the number of weeks when the clock strikes 12, but the in our coffers runs low, and to re- former will be played for a thousand plenish is impossible, we use them with increasing economy, if not with may proudly say, "We are no longer parsimony. We begrudge the expen- needed for this evening's enjoyment diture of time, for there is much to but there will come other evenings, be done, and only a few enfeebled and we shall be needed then as much And yet what matters it after all?

We go, but the world remains. We are the midst of our New Year greetings. not necessary, for no one is indispens- The months may speed as they will; erinary surgeons, horsemen of stand- able to progress. If we are missed for the days may come and go like lighting in the community, and teamsters a while we are greatly privileged. In the days has a ge may creep on apace, and youth hasten to middle life; Note that a physical and guided the ship of state through many temperamental qualities of the mule a storm, another and perhaps a snows cover the sod like a shroud-sturdier hand will take the wheel when it matters little. There will be other death bids us retire. Great men are never wanting, and however proud the position we hold, there is someone completion after the grass has grown waiting—it may be without being conscious that he is the coming hero, for to fill it with a larger plan or wiser

Nature disdains the assertion that here or elsewhere!

"But this I say, brethren, the time | her resources are exhausted make a giant at a moment emergency requires. whenever the All years are not alike in value to There are Bis arcks and Gladstones convulsion, some leader is found who

What shall we say, then, of lesser ginning of the game, but after a little are removed, piled together are rooks and bishops and knights and queens, the loss of which, in that par-

fate.
"Until a new game is to be played." But is there a new game, or are we the rank and file of one game only and then laid aside forever? Analogies may happiness, but there it stands, in gloom be logically dangerous, and yet we may present players grow weary, close the will rest on that event which made board for the night, throw the pieces into the box, and retire for rest and When It is Cruelty to a Mule, die life it ambles, and in old age t bishops has not ceased. The game has we are spendthrift and long to still go on. There is an infinite dif-

as now."

If that be so, we may take heart in years in other climes, and the work we leave unfinished will be brought to So bright a hope must give us good

the opportunity has not yet come to cheer, and it throws a heartiness, if, him-there is always someone waiting indeed, it throws also a pathos, into the wish with which friend meets friend: "A Happy New Year to you,

WORDS GRAFTED ON ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Origin of Many Expressive Terms Daily Use.

"Hurrah!" It used to be "Hurray!" and the cry is as old as England. t great for one pair of mules to haul up is the battle cry of the old Norse vikings as they swept down to burn and murder among the peaceful British. "Tur aid!" was their war cry, which means "Thor aid!"-an appeal for help PILES --- ITCHING, BLIND OR

to Thor, the god of battles. "It's all humbug!" Perhaps it is. Humbug is the Irish "uim bog," pronounced humbug, meaning bogus money. King James II. coined worthless money from his mint at Dublin, his 20-shilling piece worth twopence. The

people call it "uim bog." It was a Roman gentleman of 2.000 years ago who first asked "where the shoe pinches." He had just divorced his wife and his friends wanted to know what was the matter with the woman. They declared she was good and pretty. "Now," said the husband, taking off his shoes, "isn't that a nice shoe? It's a good shoe, eh? A new shoe, eh? And none of you can tell

where it pinches me." "Before you can say Jack son" arose from the behavior of one Jack Robinson. He was a fool. He was in such a hurry when ed on his friends that he would

before he had well knocked

door. "There they go helter-skelter!" That phrase was coined at the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The great fleet of the Spanish invasion was driven storm and stress of the English attack north to the Helder River and south to the Skelder River-the Scheldt. Do you know why a hare is called 'puss''? This is not a riddle, but just an example of how words get twisted. the ancient Latin word was a hare was lepus. The Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror pro-

nounced the word "le puss." The puss remains today. "Go to Halifax!" That town was a place of special terror for rogues, because of the first rude guillotine invented there by Mannaye for chopping off felons' heads. Halifax law was that the criminal "should be condemned first and inquired upon after." Coventry had a queer law in old times which none but freemen of the city could practice a trade there. Strangers were starved out. Hence the phrase for shutting a man out of human company -"sent to Coventry." "Spick and span" comes from the "spikes" and "span"the hooks and stetchers for stretching

a cloth new from the loom. To "dun" a man for debt comes from the memory of Joe Dun, bailiff of Lincoln, who was so keen a collector that his name has become a proverb. 'News" is a queer word-the initials of north, east, west, south, which appeared on the earliest journals as a sign that information was to be had there from the four quarters of the The sign was N E W S and world. gave us our word news.

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Orders have been given for the removal of the wire fence encircling Jo-

hannesburg.

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