## HER HUMBLE == LOVER ==

"This is delightful!' she says, with ! half-closed eyes, as the door opens and Lord Delamere comes in. "I am rather grateful to the mountain torrent, Hector; I am sure the place we intended reaching to-night could not have been better than this; the room is charmingly comfortable! Come and sit down!" and she holds out her hand with the company to the company that the c hand over his shoulder.

hand over his shoulder.

He comes and takes it in his, and pats it absently, but he does not sit down. If she could see his face, she -who is so keen to notice the slight-est changes in its expression—would detect the air of grave thoughtfulness that sits upon it. There is a restless, almost apprehensive light in his eyes, and as he stands beside her chair seems to be listening; then as she turns her head to look at him, he rouses himself.

"Yes," he says, "it seems very com-fortable. But—I did not mean to come here. It is a pity that we did come here. It is a pity that we did not make out our destination."
"But why?" she says, with a smile.

One place is as good as another, and better, as the Spaniards say. I think this is delightful. What is it they are cooking, Hector? It is a most are cooking, Hector? It is a most exasperating smell, and I am awful hungry. Are you sure you are not wet, dear?"

"Wet? No," he answers, as if he had forgotetn the storm. "They are cooking the supper. I will go and see what they have got. We shall be highly if words. lucky if we get an omelette and some soup. I won't be answerable for the presence of garlic!" he added. lightly, but with an effort.

Signa smiles. 'I will forgive them even the garlic," she says, nestling down again. But why should you trouble? Cannot the faithful Saunders make the in-

The faithful Saunders is busy with "The failutul Saunders is only with the horses," he says, as he moves toward the door; then he pauses, and coming back, stands with his back to the fire, looking down at her with a strange, intent expression in his dark eves.

eyes.
"You seem very happy, Signa," he

"You seem very happy, Signa," he says, almost interrogatively.
"I am quite," she replies. "I don't know why. "Because I am getting so well, and because—I am afraid you will be shocked, Hector, but I think there is a great deal of the Bohemian in magnitude. ian in me-this traveling and roughing it,' as you call it, suits me admir-I have often envied these gyp sies who go about the country in carts all covered with brooms and cradles. It is the freedom, the liberty of the life that is so delicious." "You had better sell the Grange, and buy a hawker's van," he says, with

She laughs and colors. first time he has referred to his prince-ly wedding gift, and in some indefi-nite way it jars upon her.

He is silent for a moment; then he

says:
"I think I will go and see how Saunders is getting on. He may want some help, and none of these good some neily, and none of these good a people understand how to groom a horse: I remember—"; then he stosn short, and glances at her quickly; but the last two words of the sentence have escaped her, and, with a troubled brow, he leaves the room. There is a long passage between

There is a long passage between the There is a long passage between the guest-room and the door, and at the end of it he sees the short, thick-set figure of the landlord, a black object between the sky and the lamplight. The man turns as he hears Lord Delamere's step, and, with a bew makes room for him to pass, Lord Delamere steps into the road.

valley, half-absently, then turns his glance upon the landlord. "Do you not remember me, Her-

ann?" he says, quietly, The landlord bows, with a calm

"Of a certainty, my lord," he says. Lord Delamere nods. 'I though so, netwithstanding your manner.'

The landlord shrugged his shoulder, and extends his hands, palms upward, after the manner of his ccun trymen. "Soh!" he says, gravely, "It was

not for me to push myself forward, my lord. It was for me to wait and my lord. It was for me to wait and see whether your lordship wished me emember. If so-good; if not-then I forget!" to remember.

Hector takes a turn with a stern face, as if the min's secrecy annoys him, then he comes back to him. "You understand," he says, "that it

is by the merest accident that we are

The man explained, my lord," is the brief response.

shall leave in the morning Meanwhile—" he hesitates, his soul loathes the task upon him, but it is necessary—"meanwhile it is my wish that no idle gossip reaches her lady ship." and he waves his hand toward the window of the room in which Signs after

which Signa sits.

The landlord makes a gesture of

complete comprehension.

"Certainly, most certainly, my lord," he says. "From no one in this house of mine will her ladyship hear anything of the—of that which your lordship wishes forgotten. Your lordship may trust me. Those good felship may trust me. Those good fellows"—and he nods toward the common parlor-"will be gone in an hour, and the house quiet. How should her ladyship hear anything?"
Hector stands with his hands

thrust into the pockets of his travel-

ing jacket, his face dark ond trou-

ing Jacket, his face dark ond troubled, his eyes fixed on the line of mountains looming against the sky.

"It is fate," he mutters, half audibly. "A week earlier or later, the road would have been open. I would give ten years of my life if we were on any other spot of the habitable globe!"

"Bah!" exclaims the landlord, curtly, but not at all disrespectfully, "your lordship troubles yourself without cause. All that little business is done with and forgoten; even here in Casalina things do not last longer than nine days and that is—oh, a long time since. Be at rest, my lord—trust to me." "Bah!" exclaims

Lord Delamere nods. Upon his face is the look which rested there that night when Lady Rookwell told the

night when Lady Rookwell told the tragic story of his, Lord Delamere's crime, but added to it a wistful appreciance when since the window behind him. "Yes—yes," he says, "there is no danger—I can rely upon your discretion, Hermann." Then he pauses for a moment, and his voice drops, as he adds. abruptiy—"And she! Where he adds, abruptiy-"And she! Where

The landlord shrugs his shoulders. The landlord shrugs his shoulders.
"Who can say?" he answers. "In
Paris, Rome, where you will. Casalina has not seen her since——"
"! know—I know," interrupts Lord
Delamere, sternly. "At any rate she
is not here?"

"Of a certainty, not," replies the landlord. "Should I not have told your lordship at once? Yes—yes!"

"That would have been of no use," he says, moodily, "I tell you that we were compelled to take shelter here. The horses could not have gone back to Pezzia, where we stayed last night and there was no place but this to turn to. No matter—we leave here early. I hope to lieaven that I have seen Casalina for the last time.

The landlord, who has only half caught the almost inaudible aspiration, bows and turns into the house, and Lord Delamere makes his way to the stables. Saunders is busy with the corses, whistling cheerfully as he dries their wet skins while his own is still wet, and he looks around as his

They are all right?" asked Lord Delamere.

The man starts at the altered voice. which he has never heard out with a pleasant, cheerful ring, but which is

"Yes, my lord," he answers. "Rather overdone; that last mile or two tried them after the day's journey; but they'll be all right to morrow. Her ladyship, my lord," he adds, glancing apprehensively to the pale face above him—"she's not tired, my lord?"

"No-no," says Hector, and his face relaxes its sterness. "No, her lady-ship is all right, thanks, Saunders. Get in to your supper when you have finished here. They will make you comfortable." confortable.

"That's all right, my lord, thank you, says the man, with true English confidence. "I know that by the con-dition of the stables, my lord. Stables clean, and plenty of cora for the lerses always means clean life." lerses, always means clean linen and plenty of victuals for the man."

Hector nods. came to tell you that we start early to morrow," he says, turning to the door-"I mean quite early." Saunders nods, his eyes on his be-

leved horses.

teaching his hat, bends down to his work in silence.

Lord Delamere goes out into the night again, and stands looking into the darkness. As if in a vision he sees the peaceful village of Northwell, sees lis own once descried, now magnifficent Grange; in spirit he once more steers the boat, with Signa lying at his feet, toward St. Clare. It is all a vision to him; even the gay, brilliant, bewildering Paris life; and this che accursed spot on which he stands seems the only real thing. It is here that the most tragic events of his life has occurred, a tragedy, the whole truth of which has yet to be learnt, the bitter results of which have vet to be felt. As he stands, troubled and incody, the place seems to change him.

from the happy, good-natured Hector Warren to the morose and sin-stained Lord Delamere. "Fate! Fate!" he mutters once more. "It was fated that I should return and

bring my darling with me. A chance word from one of these tipplers and her whole happiness would be wreck-ed! Would to Heaven we had braved the torrent; anything would have been better than being here!" "Hector!" comes a voice in the

darkness.
It is Signa's. He starts, and hurries

to the door.
"Don't stand there, my darling," he says, chidingly; "the night air is cold."
"And so will the supper be," she reterts, laughingly, "if you do not come in. Is anything the matter with the horses."

'Thank Heaven, no!" he arswers fervently.

"That's devoutly uttered," she says, brightly. Come in now. What do you say to a roast pheasant as well as your omelet? We have found an inn after Dr. Johnson's heart. Come, I am fearfully hungry."

He puts his arm around her, and they go in. The supper, a luxurious one—trust a German for good living one—trust a German for good fiving
—is smoking on the table. A tidy
maid-servant stands ready to wait.

"Glorious! is it not?" says Signa,
taking her chair. "Give me Casalina
for a resting-place."

He shudders, but instantly dispels
the cloud from his hyow, and makes a

the cloud from his brow, and makes a great show of enjoying the situation.

"If only Lady Rookwell or Aunt Podswell could see us!" says Signa— "to say nothing of the Duchess d'Ornis how surprised they would be. After all, a roving life is the one that contains the most enjoyment. You don't understand my enjoyment, perhaps; it is all so stale to you. To me it is simply delightful. What wine is rhat, Hector?'

He laughs. Pure Tuscany. I can recommend it Hermann was always famous for his

She stares for a moment, then she

laughs,
"Ah, yes, I forgot. You have teen
here before, have you not?"
"Yes," he says, calmly, but his
hand trembles as he lifts his glass.

hand trembles as he lifts his giase.
"You must take me all over the place to morrow," she says, with a tene of anticipation in her voice. "I tone of anticipation in her voice. "I am sure it is pretty. There are mountains, are there not?"

Yes," he answers. "There are mountains, oh, yes." She looks at him wonderlooks.

deringly.
"Is there anything the matter with

"Is there anything the matter with the horses?" she asks. He starts and laughs. "Nothing. They are rather tired, and so am I, and so should you be; you have had a long journey, my dar-

ling."
"But a happy one," she says. "Do you remember, or do you not, my saying—the day I think it was when we were in the boat sailing to St. Clare—that I longed to be in Italy? I suppose it is because I am here that I am

so happy. Do you remember?"
"I remember everything," he says, so happy. Do you remember."
"I remember everything," he says,
huskily. "There is nothing that I forget. But come, darling, you must be
tired. We start early to morrow morn-

ing."
"Early." she says, open-eyed. "Surey not! The maid has been telling me in pure Tuscany that there is not a prettier place than Casalina; I wanted you to show it to me." ou to show it to me."
"It is not worth seeing," he says,

almost sternly.
Signa looks up at him with heightened color, and a touch of pained won-der in her eyes. It is the first time in her life that his tone has been anything but gentle and loving with her.

"Is anything the matter, Hector?" she murmurs."
"Matter!" he says, with a forced laugh and a look of self-reproach. "No darling; nothing, I am only annoyed that we should have been turned out of our course. Let me give you some

She shakes her head, still a little

hurt: and he fills his own glass, and drinks the wine with an eagerness quite novel with him.

The man turns as he hears Lord Delamere's step, and, with a bew makes room for him to pass.

Delamere steps into the road, then turns, and motions the man to follow.

With a perfectly impassive face the landlord of the Mountain Goat obeys, and stands silent and attentive.

Hector stands, looking beyond him at the mountains that rise beyond she work in silence.

Hector stands looking beyond him at the mountains that rise beyond she valley, half-absently, then turns his bord.

Lovel horses.

"Yes, my lord, I was thinking that quite novel with him.

"We should get a day's rest for over him like a cloud and begins to leak to her, as she loves to have him talk: witty and gay by turns, with every now and then a tender word of love for her.

There is an old piano in the room—there is always a musical instrument of some kind in every Tascan innover. The morrow breaks with the cleaning his hat, bends down to his and half-curjonely so no over him like a cloud and begins to leak to her, as she loves to have him talk: witty and gay by turns, with every now and then a tender word of love for her.

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There is always a musical instrument of some kind in every Tascan innovable to the morrow breaks with the cleaning him half-curjonely so now now and then a tender word of love for her.

There is always a musical instrument of some kind in every Tascan innovable had begins to a large form. There is always a musical instrument of some kind in every Tascan innovable had begins to a large form.

The mat the with an eagerness dwith an eagerness of which a series to with a pagestor.

Then as if with an eagerness of which with a pagestor over him him.

Then as if with an eagerness of wh

of some kind in every Tuscan inn: and half-curiously one opens it and touches the keys.

"Play something—sing, dear." he says, suddenly.



#### Has Nothing to Hide

Now that the Government has absolutely prohibited the use of any artificial coloring matter in sugar, we tell you again that we have

-never used Beets —never used Ultramarine Blue

-never used Aniline Dyes never used Vegetable Dyes in refining any of our sugars.

This means that every pound in the hands of your grocer is pure and uncolored.

So-why take chances? Why not insist on having Lanticthe Sugars that have always been pure, and

cost no more than any

other?

Look for the Red Ball Trade-mark on every Carton and Sack.

"Not that," he says. "It there is no music in it. Sing something Eng-

Signa laughs softly. "How patriotic you are to-night, Hector! Will this do?" and the clear voice soars into "Fair as a Rose." And his head goes down on his hand again. Outside in the passesse. Outside in the passage the whole of the household is gathered to listen with breathless enjoyment to the sweet voice of the young English mi-ladi, and one of the maids heaves a sigh and murpuse. sigh and murmurs:

"Ah, but milord is a happy man!" "Ah, but milord is a happy man! Milord, as he rises to light a cigar, looks anything but happy. With restless strides he paces the room again, until, with a half-smothered yawn, Signa leans back in her chair and looks at him.

looks at him.

"My music hath no charm to soothe the savage breats," she says, half re-proachfully. "You look tired out, Hec-

I think I am, and yet I am rest-I think I am, and yet I am rest-less. I will faish this cigar; but you shall go to bed, my darling," and he crosses and put his arm round her with a caress that has something of a protecting air, as if some intangible danger were approaching her.

"Very well," she says. "You will not be long?

He shakes his head, and the candle, leads the way room. When he comes down again, he calls impatiently for another bottle of wine, but forgets it when it is calls impatiently for another bottle of wine, but forgets it when it is brought, and allows it to remain on the table untouched, while he fails to on the restless pacing of the polished

At last he stops abruptly, and put-At last he stops abruphly, and put-ting his hand to his forehead, as if to obliterate some painful, mental vision, murmurs:

"What has come to me? This is worse than womanish, this presentiment of coming evil! It is this cursed place. Thank Heaven, we leave it tomorrow."

Then he goes upstairs, and holding he candle above his head looks down the candle above his head looks down at the lovely face with the peace of sleef lying upon it, and his face works curvulsively with a passionate tenderness and awful apprehension.

The morrow breaks with the clear sky of a Tuscan imorning; the sun, keenly bright, as only an autumn sun can be, deluges the little inn, and makes white walls and yellow thatched roofs elister again.

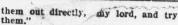
of heat in the oven, and serve as soon as baked. A souffle of this kind is always more delicious if baked in a low baking dish.

STEAMED STRAWBERRY PUDDING Make a soft dough with one cupful

makes white walls and yellow thatched roofs glister, again.

While Signa is still asleep, Hector has risen and gone downstairs. The black cloud of the prevous evening has disappeared, as if dispelled by the morning sunlight Early as it is, the house is still astir, and Saunders is hissing and whistling about his horses. Lord Delamere goes out to him the sunline was the still astiry and the sunline was the sunline with the sunline was the sunline with the sunline was the sun Lord Delamere goes out to bim with an eager inquiry.

the horses critically.
"Yes, my lord, I think so," says
Saunders, but with a faint tone of
oubt, "They are a little stiff. I'll take



Hector nods and walks out into the roadroad. It is a lovely view, but as he gazes at it no sign of pleasure or admiration comes into his eyes; stead, his face grows grave and harsh, and he turns back hastily to see Signa standing in the open doorway. She looks a part of the morning, so fresh and bright is the lovely face, so full of youth and grace the lithe, supple figure.

"What a lovely morning, Hector! And what a pretty place! Is it really true that we shall not be able to see

"I am afraid so," he replies, looking away from her. "We have a long jour-new before us, and must start early. Our friend, the swollen torrent, has disarranged our plans."
(To be continued.)

# THE LUSCIOUS

A Bunch of Tested Recipes for their Use.

Fo rthe Careful Housewife to Clip Out.

Strawberries grow in Alaska and Florida and Maine and Texas. They follow the pull of the sunshine from South to North across the whole coun-What to do with them while in season and how to keep up supply when out of season is set forth in the following array of recipes:

STRAWBERRY POPOVERS. These popovers make a very novel and delicious dessert, and, what is better, one that is not at all difficult to make. Beat three eggs rather light, but not quite as light as for cake, and two cupfuls of milk and beat again and then add two cupfuls of flour that have been sifted twice and mixed with a saltspoonful of salt. Now beat it again until it is smooth and pour into buttered gem pans that have been buttered gem pans that have been heated in the oven until they are warmed thoroughly. Bake in a moderate oven. When done they should be eaten at once after they have been split up one side and filled with slightly crushed strawberries and covered with whinned cram ered with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY BREAD PUDDING. STRAWBERRY BREAD PUDDING. Though this dish has a homely name, it is really a most delicious confection and literally worthy "to set before a king." Cut stale bread in rather thin slices and toast a light brown. Butter this very lavishly and line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish with them. Fill the dish with strawberries and heap them in as thickly as possible, placing a few crumbled pieces of toast among them and sifting sugar all through and over and slitting sugar all through and over them. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour. This is delicious served very cold with thick cream.

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE RUSSE Make a custard of one quart of milk, put over the fire with a cupful of sugar, bring to the boiling point and stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir constantly for a moment and re-move from the fire. Dip haif a dozen ladyfingers in cream and arrange them in a glass dish. Pour over them a layer of strawberries slightly sweetened. Arrange another layer of the berries. Pour the custard over all. berries. Pour the custard over all. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and stir into them four tablespoons of powdered sugar; color with a little juice of the berrier. Pile the meringue lightly over the top or ornament with a circle of large, firm, sweet berries. The ingredients of the trifle must be very cold when put together, and it is good plan to keep the dish on ic until served.

STRAWBERRY WHIP.

murmurs, a fine strainer an add powdered sugar hand, which, stretching out from the past, lies so heavy on my heart, may never touch you! To-morrow! Oh, for to-morrow."

a fine strainer an add powdered sugar to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth and mix this immediately with the masked berries and put in a quick oven. Cook for 15 and put in a quick oven. Cook for 15 or 20 minutes, according to the degree of heat in the oven, and serve as soon as baked. A souffle of this kind is

Make a soft dough with one cupful of milk and one pint of flour which has been sifted two level tea spoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt. Put a spoonful of the dough into well-graged dough into well-greased cups, then a speenful of strawberries, then another of dough. Steam for 20 minutes.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE. "All right, Saunders?" he asks, eying add gradually one cap of powdered sugar and a little lemon juice. Beat in crushed berries and serve cold, or Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter melt the butter over hot water and

> BERRY BAVARIAN CREAM Mix one pint of strawberry pulp and juice with half a cupful of powdered sugar. Cover half a box of gela-tine with one-fourth cupiul of cold water and soak until soit. Add onefourth cupfel of hot water and dissolve and strain. Stir this into the fruit, stand the bowl containing the mixture in a pan of cracked ice and as soon In a pan of cracked ice and as soon as it begins to thicken, fold in one-half plut of cream, whipped stiff. Turn into a mould and stand it in a cold place. Serve with the whole berries.

Strawberry sandwiches may be of-fered at the tea table. Mash the her-ries slightly, adding a little orange juice and plenty of powdered sugar. Butter thin slices of bread and spread with the herries Butter thin slices of bread and spread with the berries.

Strawperry fool is a summer day dessert. Put two pounds of ripe straw berries into a pan with four ounces of castor sugar. Cover closely and let simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Put the fruit through a sieve, add enough custard to make it thick, then some cream. Stand it on ice.

The trouble with most people who fish for compliments is that they don't

go deep enough.

## **AFTER DOCTORS FAILED**

WELL-KNOWN RESIDENT OF PORT HAWKESBURY IS RE-STORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

One of the best known men in the town of Port Hawkesbury, N.S., is Mr. William Duff. He has been a member of the municipal council for 16 years, chairman of the school board, and held other responsible positions. Mr. Duff's words, therefore, can be taken. as coming from a man who has the esas coming from a man who has the esteem and respect of his fellow townsmen. He makes no secret of the fact that he believes Dr. Williams' Pink Pilk saved his life, and that they restored him to good health, after several medical men had failed to cure him. Mr. Duff tells of his illness and cure as follows: "About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe which left me in a condition difficult to describe. I was attacked with general weakness, and a constant dull pain in the stomach. I became so weak that I could not walk a hundred yards without sitting down to rest. The food that I could not walk a hundred yards without sitting down to rest. The food I ate continually soured on my stomach. My nerves were all gone, and palpitation of the heart and a fluttering sensation all through my chest, especially at night was almost unbearable. I was finally compelled to go to bed, and called in a doctor, who said my heart was affected, and treated me for that trouble, After three months attendance, and feeling no better I called in another doctor. His treatment ed in another doctor. His treatment also failed to help me, and I tried a third doctor. This one said there was third decror. This one said there was nothing wrong with my heart, that the trouble was due to my stomach. After treating me for a time he advised that I go to the hospital at Halifary One a proving coccasion when vised that I go to the hospital at Hal-ifax. On a previous occasion when I had an attack of rhemmatism I had been cured by Dr. Williams' Fink Pills and I decided that rather tran go to a hospital I would egain try this medicine. I got a supply of the pills and began using them. In a few weeks I could feel my strength returning, my It could feel my strength returning, my stomach was giving me less trouble, the palpitation of the heart disappeared, and after a further use of the pills I felt as well as ever I did in my life. I can truly, say that I feel more thankful than words can express for what Dr. Williams' Pills Hell seed. for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville ,Ont.

#### The Good Time.

Frequently you hear a rich man abused because he stays on the job that made him rich instead of spending his time gadding about the earth in search of a good time. But it is hardly fair to comme that avarice and greed prompt such action or even that is lack of faith in humanity. likely the work done represents the good time for the man who stays at good time for the man who stays at it after all need of work has passed, for it is certain that there are many ideas of what constitutes happiness, and the man who selects loaning is anterest of the stay of the constitution of the stay of the sta change his mind in time if he trice it. Doing nothing is hirder than work, and if a man has spent many years at work. Icarning little of play, work brings him more enjoyment than the butterfly existence.—Atchison Globe.

#### SHIP O' DREAMS

(Carroll O'Connell.) Mitsy night, stars so bright, Dusky shaden afalling, the distance, hidden quite, Whip-poor-wills acalling.

all around, hills profound, Lofty and serene, Purple mists must have kissed, Their soft, luxuriant green.

he little flowers, with twilight hours, Their dainty heads have drooped, Mother Rest their slumbers blessed, As over them she stooped.

The lake so blue has darkened, too, And still, so still, it seems night, for fairy flight In my little Ship o' Dreams, Ship o' Dreams, Ship o' Dreams,

Tide me far away.
To the Happy Vision Land. Bring me back at break o' day. The Hindenburg Line. The German General tSaff, reviewed the fighting on the Somme, And summarizing the result with faces fixed and glum,

fixed and glum,
They put it up to Hindenburg with fat
encomium. The stout Field Marshal stood and scratched the corners of his head, Where in the intermeshing cogs continuously sped.
"This thing must stop. We've got to draw the line somewhere," he said.

And whereupon they started in at once to draw the line, According to the regulations perfect in design; In fact the Kaiser said it was without a doubt divine.

Tis done! Tis done at last in strict accordance with the law.
And toothing loudly all the Teutons back for it withdraw.
The while a wendering universe looks on suffused with awc.

But now the British, nice enough, but rather stupid chaps, have cut it up and broken it—completely spolled the maps. You'd almost think they d'dn't know the thing was there, perhaps!—Maurice Morris, in New York Sun.

### Making Amenas.

Making Amenus.

A poor Turkish stater of Constantinople, being at work upon the root of a house, lost his footing and fell into the marrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury. A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cadi listened attentively end in the the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even in this man says, but heaven forbid that there should be vit in my heart. I am a poor man and know not how to make amends.

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demaided that condign punishment should be inflicted to the accused.

The cadi meditated a few moments and

The cadi meditated a few moments and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater be said, "Thou shall stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou dibit fall on him." And to the accuser he added: "Thou slait, if it please thee, go up on the roof and fall upon the culprit even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

The legislator without statistics is like the mariner at sea without a compass.—Garfield.



2 and 5 lb. Cartons—
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags. Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.