

HERE'S A QUEER CASE:

Wife Who Nurses Husband's Lover and Would Step Aside for Her.

Nothing in human tragedy, not even the famous instance of John Ruskin, can exceed the sublime self-immolation of an unlettered Pennsylvania woman, who for the love of her husband is willing to give him up that he may marry the girl who has supplanted her in his affections.

Mrs. George Moss, of Kingston, near Wilkesbarre, is the wife of a humble machinist. She loves her husband, and was a happy woman until a little dark-eyed slip of a country girl "came into the picture." Then for a time she was torn between jealousy and a deadly hatred for her strange rival. This lasted until one day, when love sick, the sick of mind and sick of body, the girl was brought to his home by the husband, as the one place of refuge he could find for her.

Did Mrs. Moss Turn Her Out as most wives would have done? Did not leave the house herself as many would have done? Did she upbraid her husband for his wild audacity in bringing his sweetheart to the house? No, this remarkable woman said, with tears in her eyes, "Come in, Mary, you are sick and cold. You need care and tender nursing. Come, you shall have my bed and I will nurse you."

The people in this remarkable and unusual drama are of the common class. Moss is a man of 35, an engineer, a man of ordinary intelligence, interested in politics and in his trade, nothing more—except the girl, the wife is what the wife of this class of men is, an honest, hard working, sensible minded woman, about 36, rather good looking, a good housewife, a good mother, a woman of small reading and little imagination. Her home is her sphere, her neighbors her diversions.

The girl, Mary Malady, is the daughter of a poor farmer. She is 19, pretty, with blue eyes and a little graceful form. She knows little except the work of a house and a farm. Stunted intellectually by the narrow growth of the countryside, she knew little of the world when she was sent to Kingston as a maid. She got a "place," and life was monotonous and trying until she met George Moss. A glance as they passed each other on the village street, a "good night" or two, a walk together, then an appointment—such is the beginning of this remarkable story. In her heart she loved each other and they talked of their love.

She was delighted, charmed with having the attention of a man. He found the pretty little country girl more attractive to the eye than his home loving and practical wife.

This lasted several months. Then her parents got another place for her in Tunkhannock, thirty miles from Kingston. There

Moss followed her. getting a place in a machine shop and leaving his wife and four children in Kingston. In Tunkhannock, their intimacy was unrestricted. Finally Moss lost his job and had to return to Kingston. Then began the wonderful chapter in the life of Mrs. Moss. Until then she had not known that her husband was seriously attracted to anyone but herself. She had heard of a date with a girl but gave them little credence.

"He's like all men," she had said to a neighbor. "He likes a pretty face." She thought little more of it. Then came the letter from her from Mary Malady to Moss told him of her illness and asked him to find some place for her to stay. He had no money, to come to her for her, and he did a strange thing. He went to his wife, weeping, and

Confessed the Whole Affair. More, he actually asked if he could not bring the girl to his own home and have his wife care for her. Who shall explain the sublime courage or the sublime impudence of such a request, and who can diagnose the feelings of the wife? Not Mrs. Moss, certainly, for she said, when asked about it:

"I did not know what to think. I was sorry for the girl, awful sorry. I loved George. I have nursed him. He was so awful unwell. I—well, I just cried. Did I feel slighted or hurt at his neglect, at his love for another? I don't know. I just felt sorry for the girl. It wasn't right, I know, but I did not think of that. I just cried."

The tears indicated consent to Moss, and he forthwith hurried the girl to the city and had a room for a painter, a novelist or a dramatist that meeting must have been. But its details are lost in the recollections of the three. Doubtless they did not see what was to be seen.

"She just took me in her arms like a mother," says Mary Malady. "The women took to each other at once," says Moss. "She was so thin and pitiful looking," said Mrs. Moss, "that if I had not known what to do before I just knew then, I could not see her suffer and I just opened my arms and took her to me."

Then followed the most remarkable part of the drama.

In the Room of the Wife whom she had wronged, Mary Malady's child was born, and had it not been for Mrs. Moss' faithful nursing and tender care, the mother would never have survived the long illness which ensued.

Moss lived in the house all this time and was as assiduous in his attentions to the girl as ever. Mrs. Moss made no objection. Asked why she allowed it, she answered calmly: "Mary loves him, and I love her so much that I would not do anything to hurt her or cause her pain. She wanted him and I let her have him. Yes," she declared placidly, but with a look of dumb suffering in her eyes. "I loved him, too. I love him yet."

She watches over the girl like a jealous mother, eager to gratify her every wish, never happier than when the girl evinces some love for her, eager for her dress to be neat, for her

to be pretty and happy, devoting her whole time almost to

Caring for the Girl. How long the mixed household might have lived on there is no telling. Kingston is small and the neighbors are inquisitive. The advent of the girl in the house of the Mosses was spread from tongue to tongue with speed. Finally the whole truth was known, and known so well that all the facts were pat. Then the case was laid before the United Charities Association of Wilkesbarre, and the facts became public property.

The officers took Mary Malady and her baby away from the house, and the alderman's office was pitiful. The truth was threshed bare, but the man sat stolidly through it all. The women were hysterical, but the girl preserved some calmness, and, despite her own condition, managed to soothe and comfort the girl. She talked on with deep interest and little understanding of what it was all about.

Moss Was Sent to Jail. There again the wife revealed her new love. She had come into all this property, three or four thousand dollars, and she offered to go with him.

"Mary will feel so badly over it," she said, "I want him to be free." But the alderman refused to allow the man even that respite from his punishment and would not accept the bail. He was locked up. Mary was sent back to the kindly care of the United Charities and Mrs. Moss at home, dining in her heart for the girl. Not a day has since passed that she has not been at the United Charities building to see the girl, and their meetings are affecting.

Mrs. Moss takes the girl in her arms, asks how she has spent the time since she last saw her, and shows in a hundred ways her love and devotion. The girl is no less devoted, and frequently weeps for "dear Mrs. Moss" to come. She also weeps for her mother, and she is gulphing in jail.

The girl has told her story to the alderman, and to others. She is not ashamed of it, nor is she boastfully proud. To her it is just a recital of facts; their moral weight has nothing to do with the matter as far as she is concerned. She loves Moss and she loves her. She asks why any one interferes.

She does not seem to realize that she has done wrong, or that he is guilty of a great crime. She will probably tell her story on the witness stand and convict him. It will break her heart to do it, but it is so, and she does not consider that she should tell a different story.

She Cannot Understand why all love is not free; and as for laws, she has not given them a thought. She believes that murder is bad, and stealing bad, and lying bad, but their commandments end.

Mrs. Moss, if she had her way, would end the complications speedily. "I wish they would let George go," she says. "If I get a divorce will they let him out? I'm going to get a divorce anyway. I am not going to stand in the way of their happiness. They love each other, and they ought to get married and live together. I can take care of the children. George loves her more than he loves me, so I don't mind much. She wants him so badly! She is so unhappy without him! Why, I'd give anything to see her happy and comfortably settled. It seems strange to some people, but it isn't to me. Happiness is the chief thing in this world. I'd rather be happy than rich, and when I can get a chance to make two people happy, why shouldn't I? If I kept George to myself, he and the girl would be unhappy, and I shouldn't be very happy, but by getting a divorce I can make them both happy, and I'll be happy on account of it. For I love her dearly—and I love George, too."—N. Y. Herald.

As to Files. First Horsefly (humped up in the shade, watching the automobiles whiz by)—By my troth, Cecilia, but since those things came around, I don't know, I just felt sorry for the girl. It wasn't right, I know, but I did not think of that. I just cried."

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COMPLETE SUCCESS.

After Many Failures W. C. Anderson Makes His Discovery at Last.

Treated in vain by Five Different Doctors for Kidney Trouble—Took Many Medicines Without Success—Dodd's Pills Succeeded Where Other Things Fail.

Waterloo, N. B., Sept. 2.—W. C. Anderson, of this town, is a remarkable example of persistence. For years he has been trying to find a cure for his trouble, and for years he has been tasting the bitterness of disappointment. But tried again, and now at last he has succeeded.

His trouble was kidney trouble, by no means uncommon in this Province. Indeed, some physicians go so far as to say it is the most prevalent malady in Canada. At any rate, it was the affliction of Mr. Anderson.

Five different doctors have attended Mr. Anderson in his time. None of them touched the root of his suffering. The amount of medicine Mr. Anderson has swallowed would doubtless surprise that gentleman himself could he see it all poured out together.

One year ago, Mr. Anderson told his friends he has found a sure cure at last. His friends smiled, but said nothing in reply. His continued hopefulness was proverbial, but everybody had long since said little attention to the remarkable remedies and subsequently proving failures. But this time it was no failure. It was Dodd's Kidney Pills.

W. C. Anderson considers himself today as successful as any man there is in New Brunswick. He has found good health after many disappointments. Dodd's Kidney Pills have raised the burden off his life. Six boxes cured him of every symptom of Kidney Disease and he acknowledges he owes his success to them.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Well—I suppose she's long and lanky, just the same as ever.

Belie—Not at all. You know she recently came into a fortune. She's 'divinely tall' now.

Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.—E. P. Whipple.

"I had a good job on hand last night," said the first burglar, "but I was stopped by an open-faced watch."

"Get out!" "Fact. It was a bulldog in the yard."

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a talking man having nothing to say.—Swift.

He—Some doctors say kissing is dangerous. She—Well—it always does seem to affect my heart.

He boasts he is a self-made man, whereas he's most convicted. He must have gone on strike before The job was quite completed.

Sillious—At what age do statistics show that the average man gets married? Cynicus—Before he is old enough to know better.

Bolero Jacket Cost \$300,000. Mile Fagette, who lately made her debut in Paris a few days ago received a present of a bewitching bolero jacket, which it is said cost



\$1,500,000 francs, about \$300,000. It is covered with diamonds and pearls, emeralds and sapphires, rubies and turquoises.

It was placed on exhibition in the window of a jeweller in the Avenue de l'Opera, where it attracted crowds.

Feminine Revenge.

Mrs. C. Newman, of Campbell Park, a Chicago suburb, was building a handsome white stone house, when some one discovered that the bay window extended four feet over the building line. Neighbors attacked her in the courts, and the house had to come down. She hungered for revenge. Engaging the services of an architect, she began to put up a shanty on the site that will squat as a reproach and an eyesore. Campbell Park is a beautiful place. The shanty stands with its back to the street. A man who never before had done any painting was hired to smear it yellow. Then in a local paper appeared this advertisement: "Wanted, a noisy family to occupy a new house; must be at least five boys; red-haired ones preferred."—New York Tribune.

The Intricacies of It.

"Why didn't you study the timetable, and then you would not have missed your train?" "That was the trouble. While I was trying to translate the timetable the train pulled out."—Boston Journal.

SOZODONT, Tooth Powder 25c

WILD JUMP WON SWEETHEART.

To prove his devotion to his sweetheart Fred A. Darmon, a prosperous young Texas stockman, jumped from the great Pease River bridge to the water, 328 feet below. It was the greatest bridge jump on record. The flight through the air was twice and a half as high as that from Brooklyn bridge, which has so often proved fatal.

Darmon had no practice, no instruction, no elaborate theories even, yet he is alive and well and as happy as a man whose love is fully returned can be.

For a long time Darmon had been paying Miss Riners attention, says a correspondent of the New York World. At the picnic he renewed his vows of undying love and his ardent wish to prove it, but the girl, cruel as pretty girls often are, said pettily—she doesn't deny it now—to the poor fellow:

"Oh, Fred, can't you talk about something else? Why don't you prove it by caring to show that you really do care for me?" "What shall I do?" "How do I know? There are no lones here to kill. Jump off the bridge up there or something, only let me alone."

And she pointed to the great bridge above them, hung like a spider's web in the air. Now, it is a fact that



Darmon's Wild Jump.

pretty girls are not so observant as plain ones—perhaps because they don't have to be. If Miss Lena had been observant, she might have seen Darmon breathe a little more quickly and set his teeth hard.

In this country, as Governor Roosevelt says, all who are not women are men. There is no doubt that Darmon is a man. Presently he was missed from the little party. Nothing was thought of this, however, for some time.

At least one of the picknickers cast a glance aloft. There swung the giant bridge, humming in the wind, its huge a d massive braces making like filaments of spun silk. Upon the bridge a figure was moving, a tiny dash of black outlined against the sky.

Why, the figure on the bridge was Darmon, cried out the one who had seen the figure.

And then Miss Riners became for once observant. The memory of her rash words flashed upon her mind. "My God!" she shrieked, leaping to her feet. "Don't jump, Fred! Fred, stop! Don't!"

The tiny figure on the bridge was never so giddy, dim, dazed, dazed, dazed. Afterward Darmon said he had thrown his love a kiss. And then—

And then the figure left the bridge! It was a dot in the sky, framed between the bridge and the far bank and the water.

They say a falling body travels so many feet the first second, so many the next—that Darmon must have reached the water in four or five seconds at most. It seemed as many minutes while those on shore watched with their hearts standing still and yet agonizingly slow, as seemed the fall, it was with fearful force that the little figure, growing bigger as it descended, half turned in the air, and struck the water. And only a tiny boiling whirlpool on the surface remained to show where the body sank.

Wild eyed and breathless Miss Riners watched the descent. As the sound of the splash came to her ears she sank fainting to the ground.

The river fortunately is deep and not very wide at the point where the bridge crosses. John Addison, one of the party, threw off his coat and jumped into the water. Another man followed. When the inert body of Darmon rose to the surface they easily brought it ashore, and though they had no thought that a man could pass through such an ordeal alive, they pressed brandy to the still lips and chafed the limp limbs. Nobody paid any attention to Miss Riners. Had she been conscious it would have been a new experience for her.

ASYLUM POPULATION.

At Present 5,241 Persons are Confined in Them.

A return just compiled by the Provincial Secretary's Department shows that the number of lunatics in the various institutions in this Province on August 31 was 5,241, compared with 5,132 a year ago, 5,084 in 1899, 5,029 in 1898, and—to go back to the beginning—1,866 in 1871. The returns of the department show that the number of this unfortunate class to be cared for by the Province is steadily on the increase, always taking the accommodation to the utmost, but not perhaps—recently—at any rate—more than the increase in population warrants.

The greatest pressure at present is on the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia. There are there 631 at present confined, while no less than 388 applications are standing from those desiring to be admitted. There are applications for 74 inmate patients, not confined in jails, or 133 altogether of that class. It is expected that the new asylum at Cobourg will be completed by the 1st of November, when accommodation will be available for those at present not provided for.

The following are the populations at the various Provincial asylums:

Table with 4 columns: Location, Males, Females, Total. Rows include Toronto, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Zeebville, Orillia, and Grand total.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Drifting Drrolley.

She—When one is really thirsty there is nothing so good as pure cold water. He—I guess I have never been really thirsty—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Goodale—To what do you attribute your appetite for strong drink; is it heredity? He—No; it's heredity. No, lady; it's thirst.—Philadelphia Press.

She—I see Shamrock II. is to have a new jury mainmast. What is a jury mainmast? He—I suppose it's the only one they use in the trial races.—Chicago Tribune.

"That's good counsel the new preacher gave us," said the deacon. "Which is?" "Love yer neighbor while he sleeps, but watch him while he wakes."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Why, flitters, how thin you are! Been sick?" "No; but I paid a week's board in advance at a place where they don't give us anything but 'health food.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Perkins" said Colonel Hankthunder, "you have named a new brand of whiskey after me, have you not, suh?" "I have taken that liberty, colonel," answered the distiller. "Well, suh," rejoined the colonel, "I shall have to ask you to call it something else. I have tried it, suh."—Chicago Tribune.

BABY IN THE HOME. A Joy and Treasure when Good Natured and Healthy.

All children in every home in the country need at some time or other a medicine such as Baby's Own Tablets, and this famous remedy has cured many a serious illness and saved many a little life. Mothers insist upon having it because it contains no opiate or harmful drugs. It is purely vegetable, sweet and pleasant to take, and prompt in its effect.

For simple fevers, colic, constipation, disordered stomach, diarrhoea, irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth and indigestion, Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure. In fact in almost any disorder common to children these tablets should be given at once and relief may be promptly looked for.

Never give the babies so-called soothing medicines, which simply put them into an unnatural sleep. These tablets are small, sweet, pleasant to take and prompt in its effect. Dissolved in water they will be taken readily by the smallest infant.

Mrs. John McEwan, Bathurst Village, N. B., writes: "My baby was almost constantly troubled with colic before I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, but since giving them to him he has not since suffered. Every mother should keep these tablets at all times at hand."

They cost 25 cents a box. You can find them at your druggist's or, if you do not, forward the money direct to us and we will send the tablets prepaid. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

Where Tin Came From.

Up to about forty years ago Cornwall, England, supplied nearly all the tin used in the world, but now only about 7 per cent. of the total supply comes from there. The Malay Peninsula has taken Cornwall's place, furnishing about 60 per cent. of the world's production, and the Dutch East Indies comes next with 19 per cent.

Gentlemen,—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him, and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.

The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it, the more it will contract.—O. W. Hblmes.

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Bird-shot For Tiger.

No use to hunt tigers with bird-shot. It doesn't hurt the tiger any and it's awfully risky for you.

Consumption is a tiger among diseases. It is stealthy—but once started it rapidly eats up the flesh and destroys the life. No use to go hunting it with ordinary food and medicine. That's only bird-shot. It still advances. Good heavy charges of Scott's Emulsion will stop the advance. The disease feels that.

Scott's Emulsion makes the body strong to resist. It soothes and toughens the lungs and sustains the strength until the disease wears itself out.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada, all druggists.

The Power of Riches.

Von Blumer—Billton tells me his wife hates the sea, and he has just bought a yacht so he can have some pleasure to himself.

Mrs. Von Blumer—That's mean of him, isn't it? "Yes, but it only goes to show what money can do for a man."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WERTZ & LEVY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALTER KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.

Even the political bee has a sting. Physical culture is only another name for hard work.

Naturally it makes a fellow feel cheap to give himself away.

The hand that rocks the cradle is seldom the hand that wins the jackpot.

No, Maude, dear; it doesn't require a pianist to tell what is in a poker hand.

No matter how bad music may be it never comes out at the small end of the horn.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

The Continental Life Insurance Company

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Authorized Capital - \$1,500,000. The policies of this company embrace every good feature of Life Insurance contracts, and guarantee the highest benefits in regard to loans, cash surrenders, and extended insurance.

Good agents wanted in this district. Hon. Jno. Dryden, Geo. B. Woods, President, General Manager.

Buffalo Hotels

Canadian houses for Canadians at Canadian prices and managed by a Canadian.

The Marlborough and The Lillian. All up to date buildings. Roof garden on the Buckingham. Rooms \$1.00 per day.

Apply F. B. ROBINS, Hotel Buckingham, Buffalo, N. Y.

PARTIES WANTED

TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Hand knitters also wanted. Send stamp for particulars to STANDARD HOSE CO., Toronto, Ont.

Your Complexion

is one of your joys if good; if not good, you are perplexed, and your general health is wrong. Send 5c by express or P. O. order for two matchless prescriptions to perfect your health, hence your perfect complexion. Do not ask us for worthless face blotches or washes. Address YALE MEDICAL, Yale, Mich.

WANTED AT ONCE—A COOK, ALSO A diningroom girl; best wages paid. New Royal, Paris, Ont.

WANTED—MOLIER'S BARBER SCHOOL, New York City. More students wanted. Eight weeks completes. Wages Saturday. Positions guaranteed graduates. Chance to earn free scholarship, board and transportation. Catalogues mailed free.

WANTED—AT ONCE—GENERAL blacksmith; steady job; state wages paid. Apply to Walter Hull, Merline Kent Co., Ont.

FOR SALE—136 ACRES IN ONE OF THE best farm districts in Canada, 6 miles from Woodstock; good buildings. For particulars apply to E. W. NESBITT, Woodstock, Ont.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton on two rail ways, 130 acres in all, 35 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches, and divided into one parcel divided into lots of 15 to 20 acres to suit purchasers. This is a decided bargain. Address Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 408, Winona, Ontario.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.