GOD'S LITTLE DEVILS

By ROWLAND THOMAS Illustrated by Charles Sarka.

But what would that amount to?" "Even if we tell him that all the

enemies of the Senor Don Augusto de los Reyes for twenty years have gone

that way, and that no one dares to be a witness against him for fear of his revenge, the judge will not care about

shan't send you to jail again, my dear

"All we soldlers looked at the ground,

"Oh, that teniente of mine was a devil!

"We all jumped, his voice was so dif-

friend. I am tired of it, too.'

(Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Enter-prise Association.)

One night when rice was eaten and the circle of darkness had shut down that. The judge wants proof. So I about our fire Fermin Majusay, the private of Native Scouts who was my escort on the mountain, stretched out for we thought our teniente was a fool, on his slim stomach and gazed into the like the judge, and would let Don Aug-

usto go again. And Don Augusto lookam going to tell you about my ed at us as if we were dogs-I wanted hypnotic flames. teniente." he said suddenly, "my lieute-nant, who is dead and months. He was Teniente, for sparing me another of the a devil that man.

I remember how he laughed at Don comedies. It is better for every one. Augusto. We were in a very bad pro-vince then. All the middle of it was "On, that ten nountians where ladrones lived, and He got up and shook the hand of Don they came down to the coast and made Augusto, and he smiled and said: 'Adios, people give them food and money, and Senor Don Augusto de los Reyes. We stole carabaos from the piantations shall not meet again for some time, I and killed travelers, and sometimes they think. I am very tired of it myself burned a town and took a pretty girl Jose."

were sent there to catch them, ferent and the corporal of my squad and it was very hard work. We chased stepped forward. 'You will be the guard them in the mountains and killed some, of the Senor to his home, the teniente but it did no good. When we were in said. 'You will need only your revolver.' one place they raided another, and when He stopped a minute, and then he said: a man guided us in a little while he was Jose, be very careful that he does not dead. We knew what was the matter.

It is always the same. The ladrones are in the mountains, but some man in the then? We all knew, and Jose's face town is their leader, and he gets so rich went like ashes he was a coward anytown is their leader, and he gets so rich and strong that everybody is afraid of him. In that island it was a planter named Augusto de los Reyes. Three times my lieutenant arrested him and sent him down to San Pablo, and every time the judge said there was no proof, and he came back, and in a little while the timesses against him were killed. And the ladrones in the mountains relief from comedies." And the ladrones in the mountains always knew when we were coming.

"If our tenients had been like other ports, and he wrote on them all the time

white men he would have given up then. But he arrested Don Augusto once more. I remember the morning very well. I was orderly that day, and we were in the guard-room looking at some presence and a guard come in two in prisoners, and a guard came in, two in front, and two behind, with this Don teniente. Jose said, Augusto. He was a big fat Eisayan, said. 'Where is he now, Jose?' and we all looked at him, and he lookand we all looked at him, and he look-

"This Don Augusto knew how to play "That night while we whispered togethe game. He smiled with his mouth ther in barracks and that chicken-heart-and said: 'It is not bad. Senor ed Jose sat by himself and muttered Teniente. But it is tiresome to have the prayers and drank vine out of a bottle comedy of going there so often. The we named our teniente el Diablito-the Judge gets tired, too, deciding that I Little Devil. Not because he was little,

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record. Carreno has selected the

Lamplight Stories for Winter Saturday Nights am not such a bad man as my friend but the teniente would have him think.'

you said there was no proof. And I how he was a devil at everything, my could say to the judge: "Last week this innocent one came back from his trial, and last Sunday, as the Swiss Bobin rode on a narrow trail, four men attacked him and cut off his hand as he attacked him and cut off his hand as he attacked him and the revolver and the killed him."

Hoy, he was a devil at everything, my you, Fermin, for he is a friend of mine, and I hope no harm will come to him. I have heard that a Macabebe never table, and he looked at Don Isidro had given me on the table, and he looked at Don Isidro had given me on the table, and he looked at Don Isidro knew then that the game was finished. But he was a brave revolver in the holater. "Sleep without which do not be him attacked him and cut off his hand as he was very happy there in Barang."

What a fool that young Isidro was! drew his revolver, and then killed him."

am not such a bad man as my friend and not such a bad man as my friend the teniente would have him think.'

the teniente would have him think.'

"The teniente laughed again. 'Ah.

"The teniente laughed again. 'Ah.

they are senor Don but because we loved him, just as Angry and struck me. It made my eye and Don Isidro sat down, and they ate black, but I did not care. He was my the said. 'If only they were afraid.

"I would not tell him—we have ways "'Have the good heartedness to share of knowing things—and he got very and Don Isidro sat down, and they ate black, but I did not care. He was my lieutenant, anyway, and he had been Don Isidro pushed back his chair and level the said. these judges! he said. If only they were afraid.

"After Don Augusto was good, so they said there was no pood."

Augusto de los Reyes. It is hard to make them understand.' Then he stopped smiling and talked very slow-more as if he talked to himself. I could send set in the name of the town where we went, so that he lay formation to the enemy, so that he lay in San Pablo jail for three weeks, till att.—and the teniente would shoot it from twenty paces with his revolver, is and the remaining may and the paces. The said there was no proof." And I you said there was no proof."

And I week them understand.' Then he stopped smiling and talked very slow-more said the province was good, so they send to the name of the town where we went, so that he lay in San Pablo jail for three weeks, till that—and the teniente would shoot it from twenty paces with his revolver, found say to the judge: "Last week the manual of the said." Now teniente mio, what is this poor is did not care. He was my till I had no patience left. But at last to Isid no patience left. But at last the was my till I had no patience left. But at last to Isid no patience left. But at last to Isid no patience left. But at last the was my till I had no patience left. But at last to Isid no patience left. But at last the was deal if the was my till I had no patience left. But at last the slaw is this part of the province was good, so they send the for my every soften, when he thought no one saw him, he looked at it. Then and offered his cigaret-case to Don Isid no one, he said. Now, teniente mio, what is this no one saw him, he looked at it. Then and offered his cigaret-case to Don Isid no one, he said. "Now the met was not prove at all the tenient was so young it was not hard the was so young it was not hard the was no prove in the said of the past of the province was so young it was not have the was my till I had no patience left. But at last the listing my teniente my the looked at it. Then and offered his cigaret-case to Don Isid no one, he said. "Now the

to be his servant in his quarters, and I was very happy there in Barang."

Fermin Majusay gazed into the fire again, and his keen animal face was softened in the flickering light.

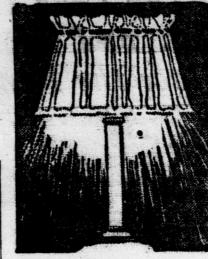
The latter in great part relate to quickly from the teil-tale light. "It was a long story," he said, and loosened his game was finished. But he was a brave patient. "What a fool that young isidro was! looked at him and I said: 'If a Macsoftened in the flickering light.

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"The significance of the grant of a peerage to Sir Alfred Cripps, though universally approved, has not been recognized as the latest of a series of measures designed to strengthen the final court of appeal for the Empire," says the

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tously. The provision which we have quoted may, as in this instance, prove very useful. It may help to enrich the court by the presence of men who happen not to have held high judicial office, but who can speak with weight upor certain subjects.

"When the court of the Empire meets again, as it will in a few days, it will be as strong as it ever was, and much stronger than it was in some periods, not very remote, of its history. The lord chancellor and two ex-lord chancellors, Lord Halsbury and Lord Loreburn, will be at its service. There will also be Lord Mersey and Lord Kinnear, to whom will be added Sir Alfred Cripps and six lords of appeal; and for Indian appeals Sir John Edge and Mr. Ameer Ali. By recent legislation the most eminent col-Sir John Edge and Mr. Ameer Ali. By recent legislation the most eminent colonial judges may sit; and from time to time some of them—including Lord de Villiers and Sir Samuel Griffith — have heard appeals. It will be possible to call upon the lord chief justice and the lord president of the court of session. It is reasonable to hope that the sitting of two final courts, each with five members, which Lord Haldane said the other evening at Edinburgh was the perfect number, will always be practicable.

Where Appeals Come From.

Where Appeals Come From. "Whether we have regard to Indian or colonial appeals, the strengthening of the judicial committee at this time is peculiarly desirable. The former come from a new India, more and more criti-The latter in great part relate

o rating, and to business generally. He will be an unpaid member; a new proof, of which we have fortunately many, that englishmen of distinction, who might well laim to enjoy unbroken leisure after strenuous lives, are ready, with public spirit which ought to be recognized, to give their services to the state gratui-

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For Sixteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound.

Moretown. Vermont.-"I was troubled with pains and irregularities for

ixteen years, and was thin, weak and nervous. When I would lie down it would seem as if I was going right down out of sight into some dark hole. and the window curtains had faces that would peek out at me, and when I was

out of doors it would seem as if something was going to happen. My blood was poor, my circulation was so bad I would be like a dead person at times. I had female weakness badly, my abdomen was sore and I had awful pains.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash and they certainly did wonders for me. My troubles disappeared and I am able to work hard every day."-Mrs. W. F. SAWYER, River View Farm, Moretown. Vermont.

Another Case.

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Silver Lake, Ont. Sept. 20, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah.—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women the world knows. Its use in my case caused 12 tumors or growths of some sort to be expelled. Some were as large as a hen's egg, and others smaller, down to the size of a walnut. You may use my case in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and pen cannot describe all the good it has done for me. Mrs. Louise E. Bolteridge.

This letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an applied treatment and comes in direct contact with the suffering organs. It produces results from including painful periods, falling of some including painful periods, falling of the size of a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any

the start in all cases of women's disorders, including paintul periods, falling of somb, irregularities, leucorrhood, etc.

I will send a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering women who has not yet tried it if she will send me her address. Enclose suffering women who has not yet tried it if she will send me her address. Enclose the samps and address MAR FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windaws. Out

Recommended and For Sale by Anderson & Nelles, W. T. Strong & Co., H. J. Childs, W. H. Lister, and all other leading druggists.

For a minute I was frightened-he had the complacency to come up, amigo. I Don Isidro. An easy journey to you, and terrible eyes sometimes. 'How do you have news for you.' And soon Don Isi- a welcome in-San Pablo. I need not tell you, Fermin, to be very careful that dro came up.

'The Masterdillo" Tells Pathetic Story of Struggles of Young Authors.

BEAUTIFUL LOVE TALE

Lesson Taught Is That One Can Be Killed But Not Conquered in Battle of Life.

and heroine of it.

moving power on the readers up to at least £25. The title is unique. Masterpresents him and her, and when used stands for them. When master is used, it means him, and when "dillo" is used against the injustice. But then, perhaps, is modest. How she won this extraordinary diminutive as her name is not explained. -

clever young writer and a very beautiful girl, and of their heart-breaking struggle to make a living. All they asked of life was just this: "O, we do so want to be

The story is sometimes told by typewriter and an owl which is perched on it and which breaks into the conversation with effect thus: "We will try to tease more prettily in future, Poorsie dillo. It shall do as it pleases. That is the last word on the subject. Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! Tu-bed!" Sometimes the dillo tells the story and

Much of it is written in what they call the "little language"—the tongue of diminutives and affection, and those with understanding and experience will enjoy it. Some won't understand it. Others ould give many a £25 to share ith all the terrible hardships thrown in

to do to us.

"But the teniente laughed when he saw him. He got up and shook hands with Don Augusto, and he said: Buenos dias, Senon Don Augusto de los Reyes, and he said: Buenos dias, Senon Don Augusto de los Reyes, and he said: Buenos dias, Senon Don Augusto de los Reyes, and he said: Buenos dias, Senon Don Augusto de los Reyes, and he said: Buenos dias, Senon Don Augusto de los Reyes, and he said: Buenos dias, Senon Don Augusto de los Reyes, and he toniente looked at the buy vino." Fermin Majusay had for gotten everything else in thinking of the former between the said. Tam very glad to see you again. I hope you found the prison at San Pablo pleasant?

"This Don Augusto knew how to play"

"That pleas whill be added to busk the law, my teniente, and we gave some of the powder to a monkey, and he curl-buy, it is not good that he can pass the guard at any time, dend morkey and the teniente looked at the law, my teniente, it said, 'I do not like it that of the powder to a monkey, and he curl-buy in the law,' my teniente, and we gave some of the powder to a monkey, and he curl-buy will yourself. Permin ded up and died very quick. That was at night, and the teniente looked at the buy vino." Fermin Majusay had for gotten everything else in thinking of the more bother than a wife, Fermin, he said. Why should he mean harm to more bother than a wife, Fermin, he said. Why should he mean harm to more bother than a wife, Fermin, he said. Why should he mean harm to more bother than a wife, Fermin, he said. Why should he mean harm to buy vino." Fermin Majusay had for some bother than a wife, Fermin, he said. Why should he mean harm to buy vino." Next morning I was putting the law, my teniente, and the prise of the powder to a monkey, and the park to a monkey, and the park to a gain. That was at night and the teniente looked at the law, my teniente. The powder to a monkey, and the park to a monkey, and the park to a monkey and the park to a monkey and the park to like a white man. If he means harm—

"Me the powder to a monk

"Adios, Senor Don Augusto, We Shall not Meet Again for Some Time."

only one thing I did not like-that was rariente, there is no danger for your

Isidro Abelarde was friend.'

'Dies. I was happy there in Barang! Bisayan forgives the death of his said, 'Traiter!'

the leader of the town, the son of a rich haciendero, young and handsome. And he became a friend of my teniente. They would laugh and talk together, and I did not like it. We Macabebes have many enemies—all the other Filipinos are our enemies—and we have to be suspicious always. I began to wonder why Isidro, Abelarde wanted to by my licutenant. Mitteniente, I said, 'I do not like it that Don Isidro comes here. It is not that that the powder to a monkey, and he curi-

" Let me urge you, my friend,' my

teniente said, 'to smoke slowly and with-

ed at me, and I saw that he did not once I heard him laugh not very loud, cigaret was getting short. They both wish to hear the name of Don Augusto and he called: 'Hoy Don Isidro! Flave stood up and the lieutenant said: 'Adios,

"It is curious how people are beginning to talk about 'The Masterdillo,' a novel that was published anonymously a few weeks ago and seems neither to have the Bookman. "One hears rumors that it not a few are civil and kindly. Poor is the work not of one anonymous au- Master, I am very sorry for him. He that these two are themselves the hero

"The same suspicion has evidently enered the mind of at least one of its pur- Yes, she did." chasers, for Mr. Melrose, who publishes t, tells us that the other day a member of a London business firm called upon him and said that he and his wife had author was really as poor as it suggest-

Let us look at this story which has a dillo is an extraordinary word, for it re-(without a capital) it means her. But whenever dillo is used without a capital (and it always is) a protest goes out 'the dillo" wrote those parts herself, and

A Love Story. The tale is a pulsating love story of a

happy while we're young."

sometimes Master. It is a clever method,

who follow. In that way, Master and the dillo were

fight with the other unemployed for such the world gave them little. Says the typewriter: 'Master has spent the morning trying o think of something people want to buy. Clothes and food he cannot supply them with, he cannot draw for them, he cannot sing to them, he can only write for them-what do they want written? They

want chromos in prose. Can Master write chromos in prose No. Well, then. What People Want, "People don't want to read what the Master writes. The dillo says they will, but that will probably be after he is dead. Isn't there anything he can do to make a come for his wife?

After an interview with an editor the owl says: "I am only a Little owl, but I think it right to tell the dille that very been much advertized nor reviewed," says few editors are so rude as that one, and hor, but of two, and strongly suspects was so disappointed. And tired. The corners of his mouth drooped so much that the dillo had to pull them up with her fingers and fasten them with kisses.

Two Meals a Day. "How to live on two meals a day. Don' do it, because your strength is too valuble, so that is negatived. How to walk been so moved by the story that if the instead of riding, how to do without coffee, biscuits, chocolate, jam, cigarettes, ed they would like to help him with a gift newspapers, the Masterdillo can instruct in the distance. They heard the steady anyone. In London one can always go to a reading room, thank the powers that be, and there are Sunday concerts at which one can stand. A two-penny music hall might not be too luxurious. And washing can be done on the premises. kind-hearted £25 readers felt. Anyway, Theatres and swimming baths are, unortunately, not free. The picture gal-

ries are, and what a joy. They have been afraid today, and had to reason about it to drive away fear. One can be killed, but not conquered, that's the desperate view, and the other is to remember that, after all, love is It's the last M.S. left in the house. the nearest that we can get to the comprehension of God. Death can be but a little thing after all, nothing more than claws he may like it. and offer to bring he opening of the gate to another life. ooner than live dishenestly, Master-believes it to be right to pass through the as a little money." So the dillo re-typed gate of one's own free will. As a last their friend. resource

Where Are the Children? "Master, promise me you'll never write bad work," said the dillo, "Not even for for that. Not even to save us om starvation, for I love your work." "It's hard upon the young when old Master is only twenty-five and the dillo people hug their money. Perhaps they win success at last, as it's good for them to fight, no doubt, but where are the children who should have been their children? When the years of hope of youth and strength are gone, it is too late. Children aren't for the embittered man who has put aside the work and henor of his youth to earn a living for his wife by lowering his ideals and meeting haso methods with base methods. Nor for the

"They sold more and more furniture. no subjects for pity, for they had what Master could no nothing but put on an the world could not take from them, and old cap and hold horses for a penny, and

> work as an unskilled laborer can do.' What They Talked About. "They talked morals and then psychol-

ogy, and then Algernon Blackwood, and then William James, and then Henry James, and then New York, and then Boston, and then O. W. Holmes, and then Nautiluses, and then trudgeon stroke and then the color of water as seen from under water, and then Master's sultability for an art director, and then the dillo's eyelashes, and then they had lunch. They are still having it (bread and cheese).' And inthe days of their anguish memories came back to them of splendid days n the country and by and in the seahe description of which forms the most harming part of the story.

"They were longing for a plunge into the thundering sea, the bite of salt water the green rush downward to a sandy bot-tom. Their senses yearned for the great element the friend. They wished to be ssed in the manes of the white horses to float sea-rocked, sunbathed, with the blue-sky swinging overhead. . . . call of the friend changed to another sound, their dreams broke back upon the The hot breath of the street ose into their garret. Traffic rumbled noaning of the city.

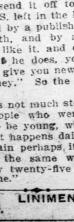
Typewriter to the Rescue.

The story is dedicated "to all who have een kind to the Masterdillo," and probably is based on a real experience, as the it was to the sale of their last M.S. that the Masterdillo looked for relief. The typewriter owl itself came to the escue and offered to be sold. "But be-

ore you sell me, take my dear diary that I wrote for you two only, re-type it finish it, and send it off to a publisher It may be read by a publisher before you starve to death, and by my ten little it out. And is he does, you are saved, because it will give you new hope as well

"Only there's not much story in it. Just about two people who were young and then ceased to be young, which is a kind of tragedy that happens daily. They will feel young again perhaps, if they escape, but never in the same way. And yet

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