## PAT, THE PEACEMAKER.

They had christened him Lancelot | George, but he was always called Pat. a tiny fluffy kitten. He developed from a crowing, gurgling baby, with a shock of golden-brown curls, which bobbed over his blue eyes in a manner which his mummie found Whose fault? Ah, my dear, that is quite fascinating, into a sturdy little chap in ridiculous sailor suits.

At four years of age he had contracted a quaint habit of considering the world in general from a point of view of his own, and as his world held but two persons of any importancethat lovely being known as mummie, that splendid specimen of humanity who was always to be mentioned in his with his eyes fixed on Mrs. Carew's with his eyes fixed on Mrs. Carew's prayers as daddy, and who at times condescended to turn into a horse or any other animal demanded by Pat-he fell into the trick of regarding them and their actions with the minutest at-

It had begun when he was seated at breakfast, absorbed, so they thought, with his bread and milk, and she looked up from her letters to find a pair of solemn blue eyes fixed on her

"Go on, darling!" she said, stirring the milk in his bowl with his spoon.

"Eat it all up, Pat!" Pat waved a milky spoon towards that end of the table where a crisp newspaper effectually concealed the master of the house from view. "Talk to Pat!" was his command.

"Talk bof t'geder!" "Daddy wants to read, Pat! Mummie will talk to you if you will eat all your breakfast, like a good boy."

Pat shook a curly head, unappeased. "Daddy an' mummie bot talk!" he insistsed, and waited, spoon suspended in mid-air, the result of this command. The newspaper at the other end of the table quivered. Finally is was low-

"Now, then, old chap, fire away! We'll go round the garden on the cycle as soon as you've finished the contents of that bowl. So hurry up!"

Pat's blue eyes lingered for an instant on the face of that splendid specimen of humanity who, in his idea, was able to do anything in the world; then they went back to the sunny head bent

low over her letters. It was very funny, he could not understand it at all; but they never talked to him together, they seemed to do nothing together. Did he come into the nursery for ten minutes before dinner, she went out of the room; did she run round the velvet lawns in pursuit of Pat's flying form, he became absorbed

in some object at a distance. It was very funny! Pat returned to his bread-and-milk, all unconscious of the fact that he had taken his trial-

trip in peace-making. It had been going on forma long time now-so long that she said to herself sometimes, with a sharp pain in her heart, things could never come right. And yet how easily they had gone wrong! How they had drifted apart, no one knew-they did not exactly might and main of mummie, who must know themselves-but the fact re- be taken care of in case any goblins mained that a great gulf lay between or burglars chose to come when daddy

Even Pat-the link that bound them-

seemed powerless in the matter. They were both young. They had braved the pitying scorn of the world in general, and married within a very

short time of their meeting. And the smiles of Fate had lighted on them from the very first. Success, happiness had been given to them in full measure, pressed down, and running over; then came the rift within the lute, the chance word which stabbed sharper than a knife, the air of indifference assumed to hide a

wounded heart, and estrangement. It was a common enough story, after given you. all: and upon this state of affairs Pat looked with his sweet blue eyes, and pondered many things in his loving

The world seemed to him, as it has appeared to many wiser folk, a very funny and complex place, and there were times when the look in his grave | mie! eyes brought a curious feeling of embarrassment to them.

"He is such a rum little beggar!" muttered the man to himself, as he watched the child. "I wonder-

There he broke off; it was not wise to ponder these things too deeply. So Pat was allowed to continue his little investigations without let or hindrance, while the breach between the two grew, if possible, wider and wider as the year slipped by.

As Christmas drew near, the house filled with a party-an annual institution with the Carews-and under those circumstances, the gap which stretched between the husband and wife did not seem so noticeable. Only Pat, the obser- bad man, going to hurt my mummie-" vant, saw it, and wondered thereat in his thoughtful way. Christmas, which to him meant a stocking full of presents and a succession of clean frocks, and late hours, seemed to bring little gaiety to them, in spite of the house party; but anything was better than the terrible solitude a deux which they were forced to endure for months at

'What a pity that is!" said some one, him. band. It was before dinner, and the make her well, daddy!" hail was aglow with firelight. Pat | Across the little curly head their eyes

The speakers did not see his solemn blue eves fixed upon them. "Yes, it's been going on so long, too! just what no one knows-I don't believe they know themselves, poor things! But he really should take care of her. She is so lovely, and-"

There was an eloquent pause, during which some one came up and joined Mrs. Carew, dropping into the vacant lovely flushed face, and in the babel of tongues round them it was impossible to hear what they were talking about.

"Then you really think-" began the "No, smoke without fire," was the

That was the day before Christmas eve, and Jim Carew had gone off retruning the next day. Pat had watched him driving away in the dog cart, and had waved a small hand from the nursery window, with a shout of "I'll take care of mummie!'

He remembered that now. What had they said—those two pretty ladies talk-ing by the fire? That he—that was, daddy-ought to take care of mummie Well, he couldn't when he was away, and, of course the proper person to do it was Pat.

There were goblins and burglarswicked men who might come in the night and steal those pretty shining jewels which mummie wore in the evening. They might even steal her. Pat sat up in bed with frightened eyes at the thought. Nurse had gone down to her supper. The house where the nurs-

ery wing was seemed very quiet. Only in the distance he could hear someone singing in the drawing-room. Presently that stopped. He heard nurse oming up to bed. Then the lamp which shone through the chink of the door was put out, and everything was very dark and quiet.

A clock struck eleven, and as its slow strokes died away into silence, a small white figure crept out of the nurser; and pattered down the warmly carpeted passage, through the green-baize door, along to mummie's room.

Pat pushed the door open cautiously, and thrust in his curly head. The fire was burning faintly, the lamps were still alight, but-the room was empty. There was a faint perfume of violets in the room. Pat peeped about, but in vain. Mummie was not there. So on he went downstairs, his white nightgown trailing round his pink toes; there was a murmur of voices from the smoking-room-no, she would not be there. He paused for a moment in consideration, and he did not hear the sharp sound of horses' feet on the hard gravel outside-he was thinking with all his

led to her own special sanctum, and he loved each other so well that they had pushed open the door quietly. The two people standing on the hearth did not the little anxious face peeping at them. She was standing with flushed face and downcast eyes listening to the eager, passionate words of the man beside her. Listening and half believing

-all but yielding. "He does not care," he was saying hotly, "or why does he treat you with such scorn? Ah! my dearest, listen to

He took a step towards her and laid his hand on her shoulder. In that instant a small body launched itself full upon him, grasping him by the legs with fury.

"Wicked-bad-man" said Pat, scarlet with fury. "Don't touch my mum-And small, nightgowned Pat stood

between them, eyeing the man with unwinking hate. An ugly word escaped the man's lips, but Mrs. Carew caught Pat up in her glares weren't relieving the situation arms, with her face hidden in his curls. "Darling," she said faintly, "out of bed at this hour! Oh, Pat."

She did not scold him-she could not. With a sudden revulsion of feeling, she saw the man in his true colors. "Go!" she said in a low voice. And

"Was he a goblin or a burglar?" said Pat, his head resting on her shoulder. "I saw him," he murmured, as he was carried upstairs. "He was a wicked, His little voice trailed away into si-

his bed again. And mummie dropped on her knees beside him. But as the door was pushed open, and some one came in, Pat woke up sud-

"I took care of mummie!" he said, in eager tones, as Carew stood beside "Dere was a nasty, bad goblin in an undertone, with a comprehensive goin to hurt her, but I didn't let him. glance at Mrs. Carew and her hus- Why, mummie's crying; Kiss her and

## No Need of Cutting up % of a Yard of Velvet.

S. H. & M. bias velveteen is made from rich silk-finished velveteen, made expressly for skirt bindings, cut on a true

bias, neatly and ready to put on the skirt, saving you all the bother and

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ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS, FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, PRICE SOC. PER BOTTLE

met. Something seemed to have pushed aside the barrier which had risen be-

Carew bent forward. "Can't I make her well?" he asked, in the old, tender tones which she had almost forgotten. She did not speak, but her answer was in her eyes. And across the little bed they kissed and "made it well."

## SMOKER HEARD NEVER A WORD

Enjoyed His Cigar in Spite of Acidulated Comment.

Hatchetfaced Female Discovered That Her Remarks Fell on Unheed-

The boudeir! She might be there. He hatchet-faced woman with the baggy while, the small boys have to learn pattered down the little passage which umbrella and faded reticule didn't their letters and spell out syllables. want to see them. The conductor, with Others write verses, and I go in for a his hand on the bell-strap, motioned spelling competition. Then I decline hear the slight sound-they did not see her with the other hand to one of the and analyze some verses. When I have forward seats, but she didn't want to see the conductor either. So she de- white bread and olives, cheese, figs, posited herself and her baggy umbrel- and nuts, and drink some cold water. la and her faded reticule in the next- After breakfast, I go back to school. I to-the-last seat, alongside a short, squat man with a bristly reddish says, 'Now we will begin at the beginmustache and a fixed stare right ning." ahead. This individual was puffing in- goes a long way to show once more me—let me give you what he has never dustriously on a raveled, pale olive—that there is nothing new under the given you." clouds of brownish smoke that looked as if it might be issuing from a burn- zette.

ing-out-flue. No sooner had she taken her seat than the hatchet-faced woman began to glare at the man with the freak smoke. The man, however, kept right at his work of puffing, never seemingly taking his eyes from the back of the motorman's neck, straight ahead. "Ugh!" ejaculated the hatchet-faced

woman, when she found that her any, "ugh!" The man with the eccentric fumer pulled harder than ever, and continu-

ed to regard the back of the motorman's neck as if fascinated by that spectacle. "Some folks' manners, if I must say it!" snapped the woman with the baggy umbrella, wriggling in her seat and

ontinuing to direct vitriolic glares at the reddish-mustched man. The latter removed the cigar from his mouth, gazed at it in a contemplative, affectionate sort of way, damplence. He did not feel the hot tears ened some of the many loose ends of which fell on him as he was put into the thing with a forefinger, replaced it in his mouth and continued to fill the

air with deep-brown smoke. "No more respeck for ladies than so many rabbits, some of 'em, I do de- woods. clare!" exclaimed the hatchet-faced bulgy umbrella down on the car floor work. About an hour later the childwith a bang.

The squatty man with the piece of burning, raveled rope, crossed his legs and continued to smoke with great obvious enjoyment, although he was still interested in the general contour of the motorman's neck.

"Blowin' their filthy see-gar smoke right in the faces o' ladies old enough tinkling in the distance. to be their mothers, an' never so much

But the man with the hempen article loose ends of his smoke and then went in sheep's clothing, but a wolf attachon pulling on it with even more enjoy- ed to a sheep's bell, and ready to take

"An' y' might jes' as well talk some swine as I could tell of as t' so many cobblestones!" continued the hatchet-faced woman, raising her reticule from her lap and putting it back "BLOTCHY" FACES there with a jolt.

The conductor happened to be passing on the sideboard just then, and he smiled as he said in a courteous tone to the hatchet-faced woman: "Lady, these seats are reserved for

smokers-move up in front at the next stop and you wont be bothered." The woman with the bulgy umbrella shot the conductor a look of the most overwhelming scorn as she made re-

"They ain't no sich thing as reservin' no seats on no cars nowheres for hogs, an' you know it, young man, as The conductor shrugged his shoulders and passed on forward.

But the man with the blazing bit of cauliflower had never turned his head either to right or left during this colloquy, nor had he given the slightest indication, by any expression of his face, that he was even aware of what

was going on. "Th' very idee o' ladies bein' ast t' change their seats in cars f'r th' sake o' lettin' common, every-day cattle make noosances o' themselves!" sniffed the hatchet-faced woman.

Just at that moment a man with a singularly plastic countenance climbed into the vacant seat on the other side of the man with the raveled smoke. The two recognized each other instanty, and instantly they began a quick xchange of conversation-with their ands, deftly and swiftly going through he ever-interesting and ever-mystify-

ng language of the mutes. The expression that swept over the sharp features of the woman with the aggy umbrella could never be de-

"Well, I swan!-he never head a word I said!" she ejaculated, and ther she signaled the conductor to stop the car at the next crossing and there deparked, while the men in the rear seats chuckled aloud and the two mutes went on, all unconsciously, with their language of the hands.

### A SCHOOLBOY'S DAYS OF 2,000 YEARS AGO

The Routine of a Roman Schoolboy as Told by Himself.

Something quite new, in the form of an exercise book, for building Greek scholars, has made its appearance in Germany. Into this Greek Reader have been packed all sorts of delightful and almost unknown specimens of the literature of ancient Greece, such as fables, fairy tales, stories, etc., adapted for young people. There are also examples of the work done by the pupils of the Graeco-Roman schools some wenty centuries ago. The following, for instance, is the account of his daily routine work by a Roman schoolboy. He wries: "I wake up before sunrise, leave my bed, sit down with my straps and shoes and put on my shoes. Then water for washing is brought to me. I wash first my hands, then my face, take off my night-cap, put on my un-dergarment, anoint and comb my hair, arrange my neck-cloth, put on a white upper garment, and a wrapper. Then leave my bed-room, together with my tutor and my maid, salute my father and mother, and leave the house.' The mixture of Spartan abstinence in leaving home without a breakfast, and of the altogether un-Spartan luxury of an attendant tutor and maid is sug-

The youth goes on to explain, with a deliciously pedantic air, "I reach the school, enter and say, 'Good morning, my teacher.' He returns the salutation. My slave hands slates, pen-box, and pencil to me. I sit down in my place to write, and then I cross out what I have written. I write from a copy and show it to the teacher. He corrects and crosses out what is bad. Then he makes me read aloud One of the bigger boys reads to them. done all this I go home to breakfast. I change my clothes, and then I eat find the teacher reading aloud, and he This schoolboy performance modern schoolboy.-Westminster Ga-

### STORY OF A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

A Canadian Farmer's Experiment and Its Results.

A settler on the Upper Mattawa River, who caught a wolf last winter had read that ships were sometimes cleared of rats by fastening a bell around the neck of one of them. And a bright idea occurred to him that in a similar manner he might clear the adjacent woods of wolves. He fastened a bell on the wolf's neck and released him.

After the snow had pretty well gone, he allowed his little flock of sheep to exercise their lambs in the fields near the house. His children were with their father looking at the gambols of the lambs, when the sheep were noticed to prick up their ears as if intently listening. Then, with bleating the whole flock raced to the

Wondering at the vagaries of the woman, fetching the ferrule of her animals the farmer went about his ren came to him with the news that the sheep had returned, but had left one of the lambs behind them. The next day the same thing occurred again, and another lamb peared. The children tried to keep the sheep in the fields but failing followed them into the bush. They reported that they had distinctly heard a bell

Then it began to dawn upon the as apologizin', neether!" went on the farmer that the bell he had fastened woman with the faded reticule, while to the neck of his gray wolf visitor, the other men in the rear seats, none was the same which was borne by the of whom happened to be smoking, father of the flock in the previous sumsnickered and glanced at each other mer. The quick-eared sheep had regrinningly. true to their instincts had hastened only redampened some more of the to join their last year's companion.

That they found not exactly a wolf advantage of his condition to dine on spring lamb was no fault of theirs. though certainly their misfortune. The

How many have to say "My pimply face is the bane of my life" - How few would have it to say if they gave Dr. Agnew's Ointment the testing that Mr. Lilly did.

"I have found Dr. Agnew's Ointment the best remedy for pimples and sore faces that I have ever used. I had three trying cases under my care and have cured them with this greatest of skin remedies. All traces of the sores in each case have been cleared off and the skin left as soft as a baby's. I recommend it everywhere."

—Chas. H. Lilly, West Pittston. Price agets. 87 For sale by C. McCallum & Co.

# of Sorts."

How frequently at this season of the year you hear the expression "I'm feeling a little out of sorts." That's the Spring feeling. The long winter months, with close in-door confinement, have left you feeling tired and jaded. The appetite is poor; there is a feeling of "laziness" in the morning; perhaps occasional headaches, or may be twinges of rheumatism. The weather is changeable and you take cold easily. You are



not sick, but you do feel dull, languid and run down. What you need to put you right---to brighten you up---is a tonic, and the world over there is no tonic that can equal

# Dr. Williams' Fink Fills

These pills have a larger sale than any other medicine in the world, simply because no other medicine has made so many tired and despondent people feel bright, active and strong. Neighbors tell each other of the benefits they have derived from this medicine---the greatest of all recommendations.

Mr. Robert Lee, New Westminster, B.C., writes:- Before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my blood was in a very impure state, and as a result pimples, which were very itchy, broke out on my body. To make my condition even worse I was attacked with rheumatism in the knee joints, which at times gave me great pain. I tried several medicines but they did not help me, and then my wife insisted that I should try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am now very glad that I followed her advice, for after using a half dozen boxes I was fully cured, and not only had the rheumatism disappeared, but also the pimples that had been such a source of annoyance. You may be sure I am grateful for what the pills have done for me, and always speak a good word for them when opportunity offers."

It's a waste of money to experiment with other so-called tonics-weak, catchpenny imitations of this sterling medicine. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

once sat down to weigh the principle

settler does not appear to think very hearts still more. Our faults are not much of the bell plan of disposing of

# SOUND JUDGMENT.

A Tendency Among Men to Overrate Their and to decide whether it was his duty Own Importance.

Some can decide, almost intuitively, upon the character of the first person they have met. So of a book: they can He felt pretty sure that he might safely take that side of the question. But turn it over, read part of a page here, to make it perfectly sure, he began to a sentence of two in another set down on another page the arguplace, and decide, unhesitatingly, upon ments on the other side. They soon its merits. When a prejudice has once began to grow and grow, till he was entered your mind against a man or astonished at their number and weight. They quickly outnumbered an author, it is hard to eradicate it. It warps the judgment, and makes you their opponents; and it did not at first partial. If this habit be indulged, the strike his attention that he had sevemind soon becomes habituated to act ral put down against entire abstinence from prejudice rather than judgment. which belonged to the other side. 'A perfectly just and sound mind is a These were shifted and altered, till at rare and invaluable gift. But it is still last, with one dash of the pen, he blotmuch more unusual to see such a mind ted out the few that remained; and unbiased in all its actions. God has though he has now forgotten the steps given this soundness of mind but to of the process, yet from that hour to few, and a very small number of those this he has never had a doubt on the few escape the bias of some prediquestion. This is what I mean by cullection, perhaps habitually operating; tivating soundness of judgment. and none, at all times, are perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a gentleman had put an excellent weighing and watch into his hands, that went ir-Todd's Student Manual. regularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces put it together again, twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that possibly the balance wheel might have been near a magnet; on applying a neegle to it he found his suspicions true; here was all the mischief. The steel works in the other part of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be magnitized by any

"predilection, it must act irregularly."
As to judging of your own character,
do not forget that every man is almost

COUGHS AND COLDS ARE OFTEN overlooked. A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the lungs or some chronic throat disease. Brown's Bronchial Troches are offered with the fullest confidence in their effi-cacy, giving almost invariably sure and immediate relief. 25 cents a box. xt

It is regarded as unlikely that any British prisoners, civil, military or naval, will be released or their sentences remitted in connection with the coronation. It is estimated that over 8,000 miles

of new railroads will be built this year, and that \$500,000,000 will be spent in constructing new lines and improvour friends flatter us, and our own in constructing old ones.

seen, or, if seen passed over, or soft-ened down, by both of these parties. Ping-pong has now become a factor in ecclesiastical polity. It has secured ment? Many of our virtues are of a for itself the denunciation of the bisdoubtful nature, and we are in danger hop of Manchester, and has deprived of placing all such on the credit side the British army now fighting in South Africa of a weekly modicum of pray-An officer in our army, of high charer. In an Essex village a custom has acter and promise, told me that he been in existence for over a year of holding a special service every Wedof entire abstinence from ardent spirit, nesday afternoon, at which supplica in his circumstances, to adopt it. He tions were earnestly offered for our took a large sheet of paper, and began soldiers. This week a young lady who by setting down, in regular order, all has been a regular attendant at these the reasons why the principle of entire meetings went to the church at the abstinence ought not to prevail. The usual hour and was surprised to find list was somewhat long and imposing. the portals closed. She asked the caretaker, whom she met not far off, why The judgment of our enemies, though more severe upon us, is more likely to be correct. They at least open our eyes to defects which we were in danger of never seeing. Another thing is to be noticed. The world praises you for this or that thing which you do If, on examination, you find the motives of that action wrong and sinful are you then judging correctly, if you

don't you know, this is the opening day of the ping-pong club?" Sure enough, the rector and his wife and the usual Wednesday worshipers process may be slower than to jump to had forsaken their orisons to play the conclusions, but it is much more satis- fashionable game, which has invaded factory, and will give you the habit of country villages with unprecedented weighing and judging correctly.— fury. It is announced, however, that country villages with unprecedented at the club ping-pong playing will be suspended during holy week.

estimate your character by their judg-

this was so, and the old dame replied

in astonishment: "Oh, we ain't got no

prayers this afternoon, miss.

PA'S IDEA OF SHIPS

[Smart Set.] "What is an air-ship, pa?" "A ship that puts on airs, my son."

"Is an air-ship, like other ships, call-"Certainly. Didn't I just say that the air-ship was a ship that puts on

A NAGGING COUGH drives sleep and comfort away. You can conquer it with Allen's Lung Balsam, which relieves hard breathing, pain in the chest and irritation of the throat. Give it freely to the children.