MINERAL ACT.

(Form F.)

RTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

ce—Wax, Wax Fractional, Fizz, Fizz
ional Mineral Claims, situate in the
ria Mining Division of Renfrew Dis-
Where located: Gordon River. Take
that I, E. E. Billinghurst, as agent
T. Goodman, F. M. C. B72435, H. E.
on, F. M. C. B72436, C. J. Newton, F.
B72437, and R. A. Newton, F. M. C.
S, intend, sixty days from the date
, to apply to the Mining Recorder
certificate of Improvements, for the
se of obtaining a Crown Grant of the
claims. And further take notice that
under section 37, must be commenced
fore the issuance of such Certificate
improvements.
ed this 1st day of October, A. D.

MINERAL ACT.

(Form F.)
Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

ny," "Donald," "N. T. Fractional,"
l Fractional," and "Phil Fractional"
al Claims, situate in the Victoria
g Division of Seymour District.
e located: On the western slope of
t Sicker.
e notice that The Tyee Copper Com-
Limited, Free Miner's Certificate
B70499, intend, sixty days from the
hereof, to apply to the Mining Record-
r Certificates of Improvements, for
purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of
bove claims. And further take notice
ction under section 37, must be com-
ed before the issuance of such Certifi-
of Improvements.
ed this second day of October, A.D.,

TYEE COPPER COMPANY, LIMIT-
by Clermont Livingston, Attorney
fact.

LAND REGISTRY ACT.

Matter of an Application for a du-
licate of the Certificate of Title to Lot
notecn (19) Block Twenty-seven (27)
wn of Ladysmith, (Map 703.)
ce is hereby given that it is my in-
n, at the expiration of one month
the first application hereof, to issue
plicate of the Certificate of Title to
above lands, issued to James McIntyre
e 2nd day of August, 1901, and num-
7013c.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar-General.
d Registry Office, Victoria, 17th day
ptember, 1902.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.
rseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochia,
Pennyroyal, etc.
ler of all chemists, or post free for
from EVANS AND SONS, Ltd.,
real, Que.
artin, Pharmaceutical Chemist.

d See
Our Stock of
Feed and
Ensilage Cutters,
Hay Presses.
Vehicles, Build-
ers' Hardware,
Mining Supplies
k Co., Ltd.
s., Victoria, B.C.

ARDWARE CO.
LLOWING LINES:
IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS
MECHANICS' TOOLS
LAWN MOWERS, HOSE
GARDEN TOOLS.
VICTORIA, B.C.
P. O. DRAWER 613.

p 1902
EIVED
.....10c per pound
.....10c per pound
.....10c per pound
.....10c per pound
CO., Cash Grocers

DOM DECAY
ted by keeping the teeth
are an evidence that the
us recommend to you our
and our GUARANTEED
ese two articles will keep
and free from germs that
s Prescriptions
Near Yates St.

notice that at the expiration of 30
rom this date I intend to apply to
onorable the Chief Commissioner of
and Works for a lease of the tide-
or agriculture purpose, commencing
ake placed on the foreshore near the
corner of S. W.¼, Section 9, Tp. 18,
District, and marked B. C. L., and
ng in a southwesterly direction for
arter of a mile along the shore line.
Quatsino, B. C., September 17th.
B. C. LOKKEN.

Training For Citizenship

Valuable Paper Read By Miss Cameron at the Victoria Teachers' Institute.

The Model Township of Broadview Conducted By Canadian Boys.

The monthly meeting of the Teachers' Institute was held on Friday afternoon in the High school. There was a good attendance, and much interest was manifested in the paper read by Miss Cameron, giving an account of the Broadview Boys' Institute, of Toronto, which she visited during last summer. This institution, an outgrowth of the brigade movement, began in a small way, but under the able leadership of Mr. Atkinson, it has now a membership of about 300.

Mr. Paul, Mr. Tait, Mr. Campbell and others spoke on the subject, and there was much earnest discussion of the needs and welfare of our own boys.

Following is the text of Miss Cameron's interesting paper:

TRAINING—ONE
Shall we save a whole forest in sparing
one seed,
Save the man in the boy?
—Owen Meredith's "Lucile."

I think it was Garfield who said, "I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy on the street without wishing to raise my hat. Who knows what possibilities may be buttoned up under that shabby jacket?"

Some such thought must dominate the mind of a Canadian in Toronto, Mr. C. J. Atkinson, and the object of this little sketch is to show how Mr. Atkinson is making his thought visible.

ORIGIN OF THE MOVEMENT AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

In 1896 the basement of a Congregational church on Broadview avenue, in the city of Toronto, Canada, was organized the Broadview Boys' Brigade, which, like most boys' brigades in this country and the Old World, gave great prominence to the feature of military drill. It began very much like all similar institutions, and had it had a stereotyped man at its head would, I suppose, have been contented to live and die as they do. But fortunately for all concerned the wind of destiny was to blow to that side of the River Don a strong man who loved boys, and who did his own thinking, and was not afraid to break new ground.

In my personal interview in Toronto last month with Mr. Atkinson, he said, "Young Men's Christian Associations sometimes overflow, reach down, and take a class of boys into training; but we reserve all this; we begin with the boys."

The members of the Broadview Boys' Brigade of six years ago were common, ordinary, everyday boys; they came from ordinary homes in the morning, and, shall-like, crept to everyday schools. But at night in that church basement they were to run into contact with a live man who was not commonplace. One interest opened out to them after another; a cornet band was organized, lacrosse teams and football nines threw themselves into combatative attitudes and challenged the world; they had lectures, they had debates, they stripped for gymnasium work and learned to make wonderful things with their hands.

GROWTH OF THE BRIGADE.

In the various city schools the Broadview Brigade fellows were chaffed and criticized, the non-brigadiers following the world-wide attitude of the boy-animal to all things new. But curiosity is a great magnet; gradually, and one by one, the outsiders found their way to the portals, took a look in, declared it all very good, and joined the ranks; he who came to scoff remained to play—and work and think and grow. From all corners of Toronto they came, and they overflowed their basement. What was to be done? Last winter Mr. Atkinson, the father of the movement, looked around him and saw a property of five and a quarter acres on Broadview avenue, with a substantial brick house thereon; it would make an ideal club house for the boys, and he bought for $20,000. He made a bold plunge and purchased the property, trusting that the people of means in Toronto, the business man, and the clear-sighted citizen who sees in the youth of a country its best asset, would come to his aid and help him out with the payments. In a measure this has been done, the boys themselves pledging $1,000 of the $20,000.

THE PRESENT PREMISES.

The brick building has been named Strathcona hall, out of compliment to the honorary president of the institute, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. The building this winter will be the centre for lectures, concerts, "talks" and all kinds of constructive work; club teas will be held here, and skating and sleighing parties will start off from its doors. The stable at the back is to be transformed into a gym., and the three or four acres of turf at the side will give ample room and verge enough for cricket, hockey, football, ice-rinks and lacrosse. Was not Waterloo won on the playing-fields of Eton?

SCOPE OF THE WORK.

The Broadview boys are school boys, some of them, others have started in on the world's work. Mr. Atkinson says, "Whatever influence I have, I throw it all on the side of the trades rather than the professions. These boys, for the most part, are sons of artisans; they will be artisans or agriculturists themselves—I want to help them to become better ones than they otherwise would be, to give skill to their hands and width to their horizon." To this end he has called practical men to his assistance, such as Creelman, of the Ontario Department of Agriculture; the president of the Toronto Horticultural Society; Professor Lochhead, or the Guelph Agricultural College; C. C. James, the deputy minister of agriculture; Principal Scott, of the Toronto Normal School; and Wolverton, the editor of the Canadian Horticulturist. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. And from the mouths of these men such topics as "How to Make a Vegetable Garden," "Insect Life," "Our Birds," "Nature Study in Parks and Gardens," cannot fail to be brimming over with live interest.

Then the boys who are apprenticed to trades, or who look forward to such apprenticeship, are given evening talks on their own special work, not by theorists, but by practical men. As an illustration, take printing. Lectures with demonstrations are given on, "History of the Art of Printing"; "Artistic Type Display"; "Make-up and Imposition"; "Color Printing"; "Care of Printing Plant"; "Manufacture of Type"; "Judging Ink and Paper"; "What Printers Should Know About Bookbinding, Electrotyping and Engraving."

What an added zest this knowledge gives to a boy's day's work! His workshop widens out to him and becomes a new world—and the edge is taken off from what poor Mantlini called "the demnition grind."

A MODEL TOWNSHIP.

But "the" most interesting feature of the movement is the development of the model township. To this purpose a strip of land one and one-eighth acres, facing on Broadview avenue, has been devoted. Early this spring this land was cut up into 21 farms, each 40x20 feet, divided by concessions and side roads on the exact lines of a Canadian township.

As far back as the days of Good Queen Bess, Sir Thomas More conjured up in imagination an ideal republic and filled it with ideal citizens; and all down through the ages from More to Henry George have visionaries dreamed agrarian Utopias. But one need only look into the twinkling eye of Mr. Atkinson to declare him no "dreamer of Arcady"; theories may do for other men; he is dealing with live boys and live issues; his embryo citizen shall learn to do by doing.

Competition rules this strenuous world; practically will he present the beauties of co-operation.

Each farm was given into the care of two boys. Do you see, O learned pedagogues, wading knee-deep in text-book psychology, all that this stands for? Did you, in your elaborate theories, chance to miss it? Man's work is with men; if he learn to give and take, to help, to bear and forbear, to "fit in" when a boy, will it not help? His corners will be rounded off. Still, writing from a woman's standpoint, I would hope each "farmer" might choose his own partner—that was one of the things I forgot to ask about.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Fifty-four farmers inheriting a love of constitutional government must be protected by some law. Here, again, did the wisdom of the founder show itself. The highest form of government is self-government, and it was this that should regulate the ideal commonwealth. The farmers were called together and, aided by merely a suggestion here and there, the boys themselves evolved a simple constitution and proceeded to elect a reeve and township council. Great was the excitement before polling day, stump speeches were delivered from the steps of Strathcona hall, and select coteries were harangued from the fence tops; and when election day came, to the honor of the free and independent electorate be it said, there was neither a drunken man, a street fight nor a spoiled ballot. Thanking the people for the "confidence reposed in them," the newly-elected council, in a businesslike way, proceeded to appoint weed inspectors, pathmasters, constables and other officials.

HOW JUSTICE IS ADMINISTERED.

The Broadview reeve, following the Canadian custom, is ex-officio a justice of the peace for the township; he tries offenders and deals out penalties, for here, as elsewhere, a law without a punishment for its violation becomes a nonentity. The one "case" which came under my ken was that of an irascible "farmer" who, being twitted by a neighbor regarding the paucity of his turnip crop, and not being gifted by nature with the great gift of repartee, retaliated with a hoe! He was haled before the reeve on a charge of disturbing the peace and manacing the person of one of His Majesty's loyal subjects; pleading guilty, he was sentenced to four hours' hard labor on the commonalty potato patch—a small separate section of the township which is cultivated in common by its 54 citizens.

MY VISIT.

In August, 1902, we visited Broadview township, and noticed at once suppressed excitement in the air. In Strathcona hall Mr. C. J. Atkinson, the "Father of His Country," was discovered; he was in his shirt-sleeves. He came down from the attic three steps at a time to give us greeting. (I shouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that he slides down the banisters when no one is looking, and he is in a hurry—he looks that kind of a man.) Mr. Atkinson had just twenty minutes to give us, for the Broadview boys were off that afternoon for their summer camping in the country, and much remained to be done. We got the data we wanted, and then having the freedom of the city, proceeded leisurely to inspect the commonwealth on our own account. It may, perhaps, interest the reader to see in the "we" two more-or-less-ancient ladies, pedagogues both, who, in spite of "advancing years," still cherish close sympathies with that most interesting of all animals, a real live boy.

In Strathcona hall we saw trophies won from other aggregations; here a football cup and there a lacrosse shield, all polished up so that each honored name shone out with lustre and twinkled in the sun. Photographs of Old Boys in their summer camp showed a wish to maintain their identity with an Alma Mater of Strength and Self-Help; the photographs were, "real boy"—one camp bore the legend, "Savidges, Kanibles, Beware!" Stray leaflets from an Old Bays' paper were clever; the editor feelingly complained of "plenty of congratulations but little cash"; and the black-bordered obituary column bore the notice, "Died at Pumpkin Ridge Farm, 5th Concession, Broadview Township, Mr. Potator Bug, formerly of Colorado, U.S.—funeral private; no flowers."

THE MODEL TOWNSHIP.

Going out into the township, we found that the farms were for the most part deserted, only in odd corners a little chap with a big air of importance announced himself bailiff in charge for "Tom" or "Jack," or some big brother off for his annual holiday.

And the farms themselves?

They weren't all "model" by any means, but the wise observer could read here and there between the lines of drooping carots and limp transplanted beets, that the guiding hand of Broadview had learned the lesson so hard for most teachers to learn, the great lesson of judicious "letting alone."

When the ground was laid out and ploughed in the spring, the farmers were allowed to order from the Provincial Experimental Farm at Guelph what seeds they wished; they might have either flowers or vegetables, or both. One can imagine all the preliminary discussions that took place on their way to school, the consultations at recess and during the nightly operations of cutting the kindling or feeding the rabbits; when two embryo farmers bent their curly heads together over a seed catalogue and tried to decide the momentous question of broad-beans or petunias? Columbines or cauliflowers? The old, old strife of the utilitarian and the ideal! In most cases Broadview township seems to have settled it with a compromise; here in Gore Vale farm asters alternate with beets, lettuce and a long line of transplanted carrots, limp and sorry-looking, while the petunia beds and pure white verbenas of Lake View farm lose none of their beauty from being set in a frame-work of parsley.

The names of the farms appear on little headboards—The Old Homestead, Victoria Farm, Don Valley, Riverside, Chester Farm, Lake View, Historic Chrysler's Farm, The New Century, Maple Leaf Farm, Jersey Farm, Landsdowne, Enterprise, Eureka, Shore Acres, Tecumseh, Coronation Farm.

Here, as elsewhere, the shiftless and the thrifty rub elbows. Coronation Farm, with its central lozenge of flowers flanked by immaculate rows of beets, carrots, onions and tomatoes, looks across the concession line to a very untidy neighbor. And O, you dry-as-dust "grown-up," grumbling over the "degenerate days," or whining out on Sunday from your family pew the rank heresy that "the world is very evil"—Come here and look at the big pumpkins on Chester Farm, and gaze at the well-kept celery trencnes of Thornhill ranch, and try to get some grasp of the joy which dills the hearts of the young farmers when, as a result of work done squarely and unwashed days, "They taste of the fruit of their labor and are satisfied." Here nestling down by the side of the gorgeous zinnias and geraniums is a bunch of wild dasies, and yes—a buttercup; and from the tired pedagogue the years roll away while furtively some thing suspiciously like a tear is brushed aside. Buttercups and daisies, and checked pinnies and bare feet and the swish of the ocean? Heigho! the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts!

I never see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart.
Who does not recollect the hours
When sweetest words and praises
Were lavished on these "common" flowers
Buttercups and Daisies!
There seems a bright and fairy spell
About the very names to dwell,
Smile, if you will, but some heart strings,
Are closest linked to simplest things.

Of all the various ramifications of the Broadview Brigade movement, its ambulance corps with its half-hundred Red Cross graduates, its swimming class, its employment bureau, its technical lectures, and its outdoor sports, this sweet, wholesome idea of a cooperative garden most appeals to me. Who is it says, "God the first garden made, and the first city Cain"? When we get back to the soil we get back to the first principles, and to her tired children Mother Earth has very kindly things to whisper.

The other night I dined with a friend and was asked, "What things most interested you in Toronto?" and when I said "A second-hand bookstore on Yonge street and a Boy's Brigade co-operative commonwealth out by the Don," I was met with a polite stare. Yet it was true—we represented dead men's brains, and the other a live man's heart.

And it is worth something to be able to stand beside the beginnings of things, and I am hopeful enough to see in Mr. Atkinson's work the nucleus of a continent-wide (perhaps an Empirewide) movement; a something that is going to revolutionize boy-training, closing the doors of juvenile reformatories (deformatories?), and opening wide the gateways to countless avenues of self-helpful labor.

Utopian? Perhaps.

But let us look back and see what just one unostentatious man has been permitted to do. Mr. Atkinson is not a millionaire; he is not a man of leisure; let me whisper a secret in your ear; you will find him, if you seek him in the hours of labor, standing beside a printing case with his coat off six days out of seven, doing his daily stint of the world's work, even as you and me. When he began his labor of love a few years ago, with his little handful of Toronto boys, he had not thought that he was to become a father to a family of 315, with some 200 Old Boys clamoring at the portals and claiming a stepfather's blessing.

I suppose he didn't look ahead very much; but each day lived out Elbert Hubbard's motto, "Do your work as well as you can, and be kind," and in so doing he builded wiser than he knew.

Let us for a moment see the people directly influenced by this little commonwealth of 54 boys (the whole Boys' Brotherhood numbers 300 and 400, but only 54 are "farmers."). First, we have the boys themselves, learning what? Well, they learn agriculture, they learn how plants grow, they get some knowledge of soils, or fertilization—one boy is going to learn that beets six inches high don't take kindly to being transplanted in the full glare of a midsummer sun; if he read this in a book, or if some busybody told him so, the experience wouldn't be his; as it is, his failure is going to be the grey angel of his success, and each such failure is a gold coin in his bank of experience. "The man with the hoe" learned his lesson; he found out that the boy or the man who is going to amount to anything in this world must have something of the Red Indian about him, must learn to suffer in silence and burn his own smoke. The reeve learns to restrain himself in power; and every farmer is a dullard who doesn't learn something every day from his partner or from his neighbors.

Secondly, the Old Boy who has left school and gone to work, and who comes back and gives of his substance to the building fund, and of himself to the helping of the little chap who is taking his familiar place—doesn't the Old Boy learn something worth learning?

Thirdly, the bother and the father of the farmer, and the small brother looking forward to the time when he, too, will be a landed proprietor and have a voice in the government—it takes no seer to appreciate the reflex value of all this on the home.

Fourthly, the learned college Don who puts aside cap and gown and spares a stray evening now and then to talk to the Broadview boys on some scientific topic, telling "a great thing simply," does he get no inspiration from his contact with all this eager young mentality?

Then there are the market gardeners, who are honorary inspectors of the farms, and who come thrice a week to give words of warning or of commendation—it seems to me that they must realize as never before the dignity of labor, their own trivial round and common task takes on a new significance, and as they hoe their own homely potato patch or cry their wares on the street, shining down on a slanting sunbeam, they perhaps for the first time catch a glimpse of God's great plan, "Man joined to man that they are brothers." And, reader, if we, you and I, follow along that same sunbeam upwards we may see where

"From you blue heaven above us bent
"The grand old Gardener and his wife
"Smile at the claims of long descent."

And perhaps there is a lesson for us—who knows?

Then, again, there are the moneyed people (may their tribe increase), whose privilege it is to turn idle dollars into living verities, so getting to realize that making citizens is better than making mausoleums, and farr far more interesting.

All these people benefited by this one little co-operative commonwealth? "How far that little candle sheds its beams," said Portia, "so shines a good deed in a naughty world."

And the Maker of the Feast, he who reached out to the boys who thought "nobody cared" the hand of a big brother and bade them "step up," he surely most of all is not without reward.

"Kind wishes and good deeds they make
not poor,
"They'll home again, full-laden to thy
door."

Personally for myself and the other peripatetic pedagogue, I want to thank him. He did us good. He made us realize that "No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

—AGNES DEANS CAMERON, Associate Editor of Educational Journal of Western Canada.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

See the new Tweed Raglanette Overcoats, ten of the latest patterns to select from. All at sale prices for cash. B. Williams & Co.

How Children Are Tortured

By the Dreadful Itching, Burning, Stinging Sensations of Eczema—A Cure by

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Especially during the hot summer months children are tortured by itching skin disease, chafing, sunburn and a score of ailments that are relieved and cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. J. Goar, mail carrier and stage driver between Port Elgin and Kincardine, Ont., states: "I can testify to the worth of Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema. My sister, Mrs. J. Dobson, of Underwood, Ont., has a boy who was a great sufferer from this dreadful skin disease. He was then only four years old, and, though she took him to several doctors and tried a great many remedies, all efforts to effect a cure seemed in vain.

"This little fellow was covered with itching sores and hands and face were especially bad. The way he suffered was something dreadful, and my sister had been disappointed with so many preparations that she did not have much faith in Dr. Chase's Ointment. I can now testify that Dr. Chase's Ointment made a perfect cure in this case, and there is not a mark or scar left on his body."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Business of The Hospital

Transactions at the Regular Quarterly Meeting of Directors Yesterday Evening.

Difference of Opinion as to Expediency of Accepting Free Beds.

At the quarterly board meeting yesterday evening of the directors of the Provincial Royal Jubilee hospital, there were present: Mr. C. A. Holland, the president, in the chair, and Messrs. Drury, Helmcken, Day, Davies, Brett, Wilson and Humphries.

A communication from the secretary of the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Jubilee hospital conveyed the information that the date of the annual ball had been fixed for Thursday, November 6.

Several applications being received for the position of nurses, some discussion ensued as to the desirability of admitting those whose age qualification was open to question.

The matron acknowledged the receipt of a number of contributions for the month. The donors will be thanked.

The Finance and House committees reported as follows:

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

To President and Directors Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital:

Gentlemen,—Your finance committee have to report that they met at the hospital at 4 p. m., Wednesday, October 15th, 1902. Present, Messrs. Pemberton, Day and Braverman.

Accounts for September amounting to $1,631.89, were examined and approved for payment. The salaries for the same month amounting to $872.79, were paid on due date.

In addition to the above there is an account received from Messrs. A. & W. Wilson for replacing old sinks, wash basins and other works ordered by the board, amounting to $348.84.

The total days' stay for September was 1,556, and the salaries paid and accounts payable give an average per diem cost per patient of $2.10. It must be pointed out, however, that the improvements included in the account last mentioned represents approximately 25 per cent of that sum.

To President and Directors Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital:

Gentlemen,—Your house committee met at the hospital on Tuesday, October 14th, 1902: Present: Messrs. Helmcken, Wilson, Humphrey and Forman.

Accounts—Accounts for goods not tendered for were examined and those approved were signed.

Fire Escape—The skylight in the corridor at the foot of a fire escape, has been protected.

Sinks and Basins—Old sinks and basins have been replaced with new ones of modern make and the account for same will be presented to you in the regular way.

Gasoline—Having ascertained that the fire insurance policies would be vitiated by the use and storage of gasoline, your committee have arranged for the substitution of coal oil and now recommend the purchase of four stoves at a cost of $6 each. These stoves will be used in generating heat in the sterilizing apparatus.

Heaters in Ward—Your committee does not see their way to recommend any change in the heaters in the public wards at present. This is a matter, however, which should be reconsidered as soon as funds are available.

Radiator Pipes—The suggestion that the heating pipes connecting radiators be protected for the purpose of saving heat, is under consideration and further time is requested.

French Benevolent Society—Your committee has under consideration your desire in regard to the admission and retention of members of the French Benevolent Society, but are not in a position to report at present.

Insubordination—Your committee having enquired into the circumstances which resulted in the suspension of one of the nurses, find that the nurse in question absented herself while on duty, without leave, and your committee recommend that the doctor's action be approved and that the nurse be dismissed.

Mrs. Musgrave—The doctor presented a letter which he had received from Mrs. Musgrave, of Cowichan, in which the doctor is expressed to maintain a bed in one of the public wards. A reply has been ordered advising that you will consider the matter and your wishes are now asked for. It will be necessary to determine the conditions under which the proposal can be effected.

Telephone—Complaints have been frequently made that the telephone is not promptly answered out of office hours. Your committee have ordered that connection be made in one of the wards in order that the nurses on duty may be able to answer out of office hours.

Some discussion ensued on the question of the expediency of accepting the offer of Mrs. Musgrave for the establishment of a free bed in one of the wards. The experience of some of the members had been in respect to similar philanthropic acts that the private maintenance of beds was not desirable.

It was considered that a very knotty point had been raised, so a committee was appointed to interview Mrs. Musgrave.

After transacting some further unimportant business, the board adjourned.

CUP DEFENDER.

Herreshoff to Build Yacht for Big Race.

Bristol, R. I., Oct. 17.—The order for the new cup defender in the races with Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock III. has been placed with the Herreshoffs here, according to a report from an authoritative source. Plans for the new craft were drawn up many weeks ago, in anticipation of challenge, and orders were placed for constructional metal and other requisites so that the builders are now practically ready to begin work as soon as the material has been assembled.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE

A WOMAN'S ESCAPE.

A Story of a Trick of the Cards.

"I call it disgraceful, utterly disgraceful," and Lady Haughton's bediamond head shook as if that well preserved dowager had been suddenly smitten with palsy. "It seems to be taken for granted nowadays that all the young married women should flirt. Well, if their husbands don't mind, it is no business of mine, but when a woman like Mrs. Hammersley simply takes possession of the only eligible young man in the party, I refuse to hold my peace. It is cruel to the girls, and most unfair. If she must flirt, why can't she flirt with one of those two guard boys who are here, or with either of my two nephews? They have none of them a penny to bless themselves with, and not an idea of matrimony in their heads. But she sets her affections—affections, indeed!—on the very man that their aunt had always promised my girls they should meet down here— a man who, if he is not what the newspapers call a billionaire, perhaps not even a millionaire, is extremely wealthy. He might marry any one of the girls here, and the war having taken all the best men out of the country, they have so few chances. As my youngest girl said to me the other day: 'Marriage as a profession is quite impossible; the promotion is too slow.' Still, when my sister-in-law asked us down here, and told us Mr. Alington was to be one of the party, I must own I was pleased. If he took a fancy to one of my two, nothing could be better; if not, there would be half a dozen other girls staying in the house, all more or less good-looking, more or less attractive, but their chances were gone the moment he set eyes on Mrs. Hammersley. It was folly, culpable folly, on the part of my sister-in-law to have asked her down at all, but when I said as much she dared to tell me that none of the young men would have come if she had left Mrs. Hammersley out. Did you ever hear such nonsense?"

"There is no doubt that Mrs. Hammersley is a remarkably pretty woman," returned the companion dowager, who had listened patiently to Lady Haughton's tirade, and who, having no daughter of her own, could afford to be impartial. "But I don't quite agree with you, dear Lady Haughton, that it would have suited her just as well to flirt with one of those penniless boys, and leave the girls to draw lots for the millionaire. The story goes that Mrs. Hammersley lives by her wits, and I don't see what else she has to live by, for we all know she is very poor. She dresses like a Parisian, hunts all the winter with one of the fashionable packs, plays cards for extremely high stakes, and is in with a set who win or lose hundreds at bridge, so I can't help thinking she may find a very rich man more profitable as a friend than one of those impecunious boys. There are so many indirect ways of helping beauty in distress."

"Every one of which I disapprove of," said Lady Haughton, with something very like a snort. "But, rich or poor, all the men are at her feet—all of them except, perhaps, that red-headed, white-faced man with the prominent teeth—what's his name? Levitt, I think—and I gather from his talk he positively dislikes her."

"She snubs him in a very cruel manner," said the other lady, "but I am not at all sure that he is not more desperately gone on her than the whole lot of them put together. He is either madly in love with her or he hates her with a strong hatred. I can't make out which."

"Oh, you're too deep for me," said Lady Haughton, "and I don't pretend to follow you," and the conversation strayed to other topics.

The party at the courts, which from her ladyship's view Mrs. Hammersley was doing her best to spoil, was nevertheless a very pleasant one, the principle of non-intervention being carried out literally by host and hostess, who allowed their guests to do pretty much as they liked. Even the evenings were free, and the usual stereotyped after-dinner amusements were not insisted on. On this particular evening, the weather being warm and lovely, the windows stood invitingly open, and those who made the song of the nightingale an excuse for a tete-a-tete on the lawn or terrace were free to do so. If the birds sang, they were welcome to listen as long as they liked; but if, on the other hand, they preferred to hear their own voices, there was the music room, just as there was the billiard room and card room or cosy corners in the long gallery for whispering lovers. Even cosy corners free from draughts had been arranged for dowagers like Lady Haughton and her friend, on whom the sweetest note of nightingale would have been thrown away had they been obliged to stand on damp grass, insufficiently clad, to listen to the song, and in one of these they were sitting when Alington and the woman who had bewitched him came in from the terrace. They, too, had gone to listen to the nightingales, but Mrs. Hammersley tired of everything quickly, and as for her companion, he did not care where he was so long as he was near her and could feast his eyes on her exceeding fairness.

She was looking her very best that evening—the dress that seemed to him like shining silver suited her so well; it was like a glittering cloud that floated around her as she moved. She might have been a goddess just granted her immortality as she walked down the room, her lovely head held high in the air, her dark, unfathomable eyes full of mystery, full of a meaning that no man might read, looking neither to right nor to left. She seldom glanced at her companion; he was not sure if she listened much to what he said, and the very doubt, the uncertainty, the impossibility of understanding her, perhaps increased her attraction in his eyes. If the veil could have been lifted, the mystery dispelled, there might have been no more fascination. Perhaps behind that sphinx-like mask there was little that was not commonplace; perhaps she was but a mere modern woman, in whose head ran sordid thoughts, and whose heart beat with but one emotion—a love of self, coupled with a great, an overweening love of money. But Alington did not even wish to lift the veil. It would have seemed like treachery to the woman he loved. He had placed her on a pedestal; why should he be the one to bid her descend?

They left the dowagers in possession of the long drawing room and walked through the billiard room, where some of the merriest and youngest of the party were playing childish games on the billiard table, but Mrs. Hammersley hardly deigned to answer their invitation to join them, but swung on to the next room, a satin-lined boudoir, and she frowned when she found that Levitt was sitting there all alone (he was never popular) in front of a card table, with a pack of cards spread out in front of him. He was a man whom, though he had always been as ready to pay homage at the beauty's shrine as any of the boys whom Lady Haughton thought of so little account, Mrs. Hammersley had always heartily disliked, and she never scrupled to show her feelings.

"You here?" she said, haughtily, as if she questioned his right to be in that room at all.

His pale face flushed to the roots of his red hair, and "I am sorry if I am in your way" was a very natural answer for him to make.

Of the three, Alington was certainly the most put out, but it was not in him to be nasty. "Don't go, Levitt," he said, as the other turned to leave the room. "What were you about when we came in and interrupted you? Playing patience all by yourself? Not a very lively amusement at this time of night."

"I was working out a bridge problem," he answered, sulkily, "but it has beaten me," and he swept the cards together viciously as he spoke.

"Why shouldn't we play bridge?" asked Mrs. Hammersley, eagerly.

Much as she disliked Levitt, she would have been ready to play her favorite game with some one still more obnoxious rather than not play at all, for she, like most of the women of the set in which she lived, had gone mad about bridge.

Perhaps, though she could hide her feelings better than they could, she was the maddest of them all. She did not weep when luck was against her, as some of them did; she was not aggressively elated when fortune smiled on her, as was the way of others, but few of them ran the same risks, for she often played for points that would have meant ruin to her if she had a run of ill luck.

Sometimes her heart fell as it all but stopped beating and her head swam, while it seemed as if her life hung on the turn of a card. She suffered real anguish of soul when she lost, but she never gave herself away or showed the slightest emotion; her hand hardly trembled, and the beautiful face remained as inscrutable as a mask, and manifested neither joy nor sorrow.

She had had a very bad time of it lately—had lost, and lost again—she simply could not win, and things were looking very black with her when she promised to go down to the court. With the superstition of a born gambler, she half hoped, half expected, that change of scene might change her luck, but up to the present moment there had been no chance of playing.

"Can't you find a fourth, Mr. Levitt, and we will have a game at once?" she said, and her tone became quite friendly to Levitt, though the plan did not suit Alington at all. He was not much of a player, did not care about cards, and only five minutes ago had been quite happy in having the beautiful Mrs. Hammersley all to himself.

But she was not to be gainsaid, and he knew it.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Hammersley," said Levitt, when he came back at last to find her seated at the card table nervously playing with the cards, "but there is no one available. They are hard at work on the billiard table, and singing songs in the music room, and none of them can get away. * * * What are we to do? Do you care for cut-throat bridge It's not a bad game for three players."

"Surely you might have found a fourth," she said, ignoring his suggestion, while her face grew cold and hard. It was not often that a summons from her was disregarded, and she had set her heart on playing bridge. "No, no, we won't have cut-throat bridge, as you call it. It confuses and does not amuse me. * * * Mr. Alington," turning a "shapely shoulder" on Mr. Levitt, "I challenge you to a game of double dummy bridge. Do you accept the challenge?"

Was he likely to refuse? She might choose any game of cards she fancied; he cared not, so long as he could be near her, to gaze his fill on the lovely picture, to have her to himself more certainly than even if they wandered by moonlight on the terrace.

Yes! Bridge by all means, and for any points she chose—it would be all one to him whether he lost or won.

"And I am to be left out in the cold?" said Levitt, disagreeably, but Mrs. Hammersley did not trouble herself to look at him, and Alington forgot to answer him. "I see I am one too many here," he added, viciously. But his words fell on deaf ears, and he stepped out on the terrace through an open window.

Anyone would have fared badly at her hands at that moment. She believed she was in for a good thing, and she did not mean to lose the chance. She knew she was twice as skilful a player as Alington, and tonight would be twice as careful. * * * He would not be careful at all; he would only be thinking of her.

He was rich enough to be indifferent to losses or gains at any time, but tonight she knew he wished, if anything, wish her to win. Well, he must be gratified. It was life or death to her to get hold of some money, and at once. * * * The most pressing of her creditors must be paid off, and, if they only knew it, their chance had come tonight.

"What shall we play for?" she asked, bending across the small table till her beautiful face came dangerously near his own.

"Anything you like," was the answer, and he meant it. And when she named the points—points that would have been high had they been both millionaires—he made no remark, for he did not care. But in spite of her distracting beauty, of his own want of skill, and of the half-hearted attention he paid to the game, fortune was wayward, as she so often is.

Mrs. Hammersley had every sense on the alert; she did not throw a chance away; her coolness and prudence, as well as her pluck, were undeniable, but she could not win—could not hold a card! They had played two rubbers, and she had lost more than £100. Well, she must go on playing till she won it back, and her opponent would ask for nothing better.

It was her deal, and Alington had just cut to her, when Levitt appeared at the open window once more, his red hair and white face, as it were, framed by the darkness outside. "You aren't playing, Alington," he said; "come out here for a minute and look at the biggest bat I ever set eyes on."

Alington had no wish to see any bat, however large, at the present moment, but too good-natured to say no, he got up and strolled out to the terrace.

Mrs. Hammersley had time to deal, time to look at her own hand and dummy's, time to see that she had dealt herself impossible cards. She was bound to lose again, there was no help for it. Yes, there was! There was a way of escape. Some evil spirit must have whispered it in her ear, and Levitt must have called her partner away to make the downward path easy for her.

For were not Alington's cards lying there, and there was no one looking, no one to see! She would take one peep at the topmost cards of the left-hand pack—she would—she would, and the topmost cards were the ace and king of hearts. Think of that!

If she had found those two cards in dummy's hand they would have fitted exactly. She had five small hearts in her own hand; she would at least have been able to save the game.

Alington's voice sounded a long way off. She fingered the cards uncertainly, and then the voices sounded nearer, and she grew suddenly desperate. She seized the coveted ace and king and flung them on to dummy's pile, giving Alington two worthless clubs in exchange.

As she did so she looked up and met Levitt's eyes—those keen eyes that never missed anything, and that saw what nine men out of ten would see without drawing any sort of conclusion. Just for half a second he saw the ace and king of hearts in Mrs. Hammersley's hand, but he had no reason to know they had been unfairly come by, no reason even to think so.

It was her face—that usually calm, unchanging face—that told him her secret, for her eyes were troubled, the color had mounted to her cheeks, she breathed fast, even her hands shook, and to him, who knew all the tortuous paths of sin, there came the knowledge of what she had done as certainly as if he had seen her changing the cards.

She had the look of a guilty woman; he could not be deceived. He did not trust himself to go into the room till he had thought it over. Alington hurried in, apologizing for having kept her waiting, but Levitt paced up and down outside, pondering how he could turn his knowledge of her secret to the best advantage.

He would not spare her. She had treated him with contempt, with insolence; the tables would now be turned with a vengeance. If he had known that she had already repented of her sin, he would not have believed it, and if he had known that a way of escape had been found he would have bit his fingers in rage, but so it was.

"I have left the declaration to dummy, and hearts are trumps," she said in a shaky voice, and Alington, looking at her across the table, thought the color in her face made it lovelier than ever; and then