

James Madison—"Father of the Constitution"

THE FOURTH PRESIDENT of the United States considered it a greater honor to be declared the Father of the Constitution than to have been elected twice to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. No more ardent, intelligent, far-sighted and constant student of governmental problems ever lived than Madison. They were his life-long passion. He it was who labored with all his gigantic ability and indomitable will to have deeply imbedded in our National Law those vital principles which forever guarantee to all Americans Religious, Commercial and Personal Liberty. In private life he was genial and social—yet temperate. Many a foaming glass of good barley-malt beer he drank with his bosom friend Thomas Jefferson—Father of the Declaration of Independence. Madison died at 85 and Jefferson at 83; both were unalterably opposed to tyrannous Prohibition Laws, and advocated legislation which encouraged the brewing industry. Upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U.S.A. (to which Madison devoted the best of his genius) Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day 7500 people are daily required to produce and market their honest brews. Their chief brand Budweiser is sold throughout the civilized world—the drink of your forefathers—the drink of the noblest men who ever lived—the drink of the great triumphant nations. Budweiser sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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Stella Mordaunt: —OR— The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XXIII

"Good and pure! Yes, she is an angel," he said. "And I have got to woo and win her, or my life's happiness has gone."

"You—you must not let her see—must not frighten her," said Lady Cecilia.

He nodded and sighed. "I know! I have got to be very careful. I must keep a guard upon my lips, my very glances. She is like a delicate flower that shrinks from a rough breath of wind. Do you think I don't know that?" He laughed half sadly and pushed his hair from his forehead. "Oh, I'll be careful; trust me."

He went upon the deck where Stella was sitting, thinking over the arrangement which Lady Cecilia and she had made, and wondering whether indeed she could be of any use to her; whether she could earn enough to take her back to Rath; and she started from her reverie as Lisle, humming a tune as usual, came up to her chair.

He had been the most light-hearted of men until this wail of the ocean had floated "cross his ken," and he was resolved not to play the forlorn lover. He was wise enough to see that Stella was sad enough as it was, and needed a cheerful and amusing companion. So, though his heart throbbled with the love which had

sprung so suddenly into being, he smiled and nodded in his almost boyish fashion, and said:

"The nearer one gets to England, home, and beauty, the more time seems to lag, doesn't it, Miss Mordaunt?"

Stella, though she felt that she was going farther and farther from her home—her heart's home—assented.

"What do you say to a game of quots?" he asked, brightly.

Stella said that she had never played the game; but he made light of the objection.

"Oh, that's of no consequence! The beginner often does better than the veteran; and you'll soon learn."

One of the crew, looking as smart as a man-o-war's man, brought the quots and set up the pins, and Lisle showed her how to hold the ring of rope and canvas and pitch it on to the "jack." It seemed easy enough as he did it, but she made a score of misses before she succeeded in throwing the quoit on to the pin, and insensibly she began to get interested in the game.

Lisle played in the most matter-of-fact way, and, strangely enough, though he was a very good hand at the game, made a great many misses. His sister, as she lay back in a chair and looked on, could scarcely repress a smile as she saw the almost audacious way in which he just permitted himself to win the game.

"That was a near thing," he said, cheerfully. "I only got it by one point. Shall we have another, or are you tired?"

During her stay in the island, Stella had acquired a supple wrist and dexterity at most things requiring quick eye and manual skill, and she soon picked up the game and began to score. Lisle was delighted with her success, and glanced covertly and proudly at the smiling and amused Cecilia.

"I never knew anyone pick up the game so quickly," he declared. "Most people, women especially, take days before they can get home with one quoit. You must have a good eye, Miss Mordaunt, to say nothing of a steady hand."

But he would not let her play a third game, and insisted upon her going back to her chair, and when he had wrapped her up he lit a cigarette and went off to the other end of the yacht, leaving her and Cecilia alone, though he longed to remain beside her, if not to talk to her, to sit and glance at her occasionally.

He pursued these tactics for the remainder of the voyage. Sometimes they played the games with people who passed the time on ship-board, sometimes he would lean over her chair and tell her stories of his college days, and of his travels; and once or twice he offered her his arm, and got her to walk with him up and down the deck, talking all the time in the casual, unconcerned way into which he had schooled himself, though his heart was beating painfully as he felt the light weight of her arm, and he had hard work to meet her glance with a calm and matter-of-fact expression in his own.

And day by day Stella grew stronger, and if not happier, less utterly wretched. She was still preoccupied and absent-minded—how could she be otherwise when she was forever thinking of Rath?—and often Lisle knew, by the sad, far-away look in her eyes, that she was not listening to him; but love, though impatient enough, can also be patient; which is a paradox, but true; and Lisle "served and waited," as the old song says, your true lover will. But with her recovered health, Stella's natural courage revived. Hope whispered that she might win her way back to Rath, and Hope is the grandest medicine and tonic known to the College of Physicians; so that when the "Kingfisher" glided to the crowded quay, she leant on the taffrail and looked about her with something like colour in her clear cheeks and a light

in her eyes.

"Welcome to England!" said Lisle, coming up to her, "and in a few hours I shall be able to say, 'Welcome to the Abbey!' We are going straight on there, as you know. No, don't worry about anything—for Stella had turned with, 'I must see if I can help Lady Cecilia'—'everything is done and ready; and you must not forget that you are not yet quite off the sick list.'"

Stella laughed softly.

"I am quite well, Lord Lisle," she said, emphatically; "and you must not treat me any longer as an invalid!" and she left him and went down to the saloon. He looked after her with a sigh, then forced a resolute smile as he told himself that a time should come when he would be able to say, "Stay here by my side, dearest!" and she would stay.

So that they should not have the tedium of a wait at the noisy port, he had ordered a special train; and towards evening they reached the station, where the Abbey carriage was awaiting them. On their way to the house, Lisle leant from his seat and pointed out to Stella the various objects of interest.

"It is a lovely country," she said in a low voice; but with an absent look in her eyes; for she was thinking of the fairy-like beauty of the island. Lisle was as delighted with her approval as if he were trying to sell her the whole country.

"I think you will like it when you have seen something of it," he said. "Here is the Abbey."

Stella looked in the direction indicated and saw an old mansion covered with ivy, which emphasized rather than obscured the beauty of the building; and she uttered an exclamation of admiration.

"How beautiful!" she said. "How

—proud you must be of it!"

"He is," said Cecilia, laughing, "though he is always grumbling because the rooms aren't lofty, and are sometimes damp."

"Oh, they're not damp now," he said, falling into the trap. "Don't permit yourself to be alarmed, Miss Mordaunt."

Lady Cecilia laughed. "I thought that would nettle him," she said. "Yes, dear, we are both proud of the Abbey. You see, Cecil has not possessed it very long, though the Lisles have been there for five centuries. I think we bought it—or stole it, was it, Cecil?—about 1400."

As the carriage drove up to the entrance, Lisle handed them out, and, passing through a lane of servants who looked and spoke their welcome to their young lord, they went into the hall. A fire was burning in a fire-place almost as large as a room, and its glow gave a cheerful aspect to the walls of panelled oak, the big family pictures, and the effigies in armour which stood grimly beneath them.

"And now I can say, 'Welcome to the Abbey!'" he said.

"And a cup of tea!" added Cecilia, lightly and quickly, lest Stella should notice the scarcely veiled passion in her brother's eyes; and she went to the table where the stately butler stood beside the costly tea equipage.

A great deerskin which had welcomed his master and mistress with affectionate but dignified delight, came up to Stella and thrust his nose in her hand, and, bending over him, she was enabled to conceal the tears caused by the kindness of her friends and rescuers.

"Of course I'm dying to show you over the place," said Lisle; "but I'm not going to yield to the temptation. You must both rest until dinner-time I insist upon it! To-morrow morning we will make a round of inspection."

"During which you will have to praise everything you see, whether you admire it or not, Stella," said Lady Cecilia. "Cecil is firmly convinced that there is no place in England—in the county, at any rate—to compare with the Abbey for beauty and antiquity!"

Lisle laughed as he lit a cigarette. "Don't you believe that I'm such an idiot, Miss Mordaunt! If you admire the Abbey, you wait until you see some of the other places—Ratton Hall, for instance."

"Well, we will wait!" said Cecilia. "Come along, Stella!"

She linked her arm in that of her "companion," and led Stella to the room set apart for her. It was one of the best in the old house, and Stella, as she looked round it, almost murmured her appreciation and admiration.

"It is beautiful!" she said in a low

voice; then, shyly and hurriedly, she added: "You are treating me as a guest, Lady Cecilia!"

"Well, and aren't you?" retorted Cecilia, opening her blue eyes. "Oh, I forget; you are my 'companion!' Oh, yes, that is all right; but, you see, I want my companion to be happy, and so I give her a pleasant room—it is pleasant, isn't it, dear? Isn't that a lovely view?" She led Stella to the window. "My dear child, there are thirty or more bedrooms in the old place; why shouldn't you have one of the best? Now, you must lie down—Cecil is a tyrant in his way, and will be angry if we disobey him—and when you hear the dressing-bell ring a maid shall come to you."

But Stella drew the line at this. "No, no!" she said, with a laugh. "Please do not send her! I have never had a maid, and I should not know what to do with her."

"Oh, Susy will know what to do," said Lady Cecilia, easily. "Don't bother, there's a dear girl!"

When she was left alone, Stella sat down and looked round her like one in a dream.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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This style is good for lawn, cross-bar muslin, dimity, crepe, cambric, batiste, or silk. It may be trimmed with lace or embroidery edges, or the free edges may be embroidered in scallops, and the fullness over the fronts drawn up through embroidered eyelets. The neck edge could be finished with a casing of beading or band of embroidery. The skirt may be made without the ruffle, and like the corset cover may be embroidered, or lace trimmed. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size, without the ruffle which will require 3 1/2 yards of embroidery.

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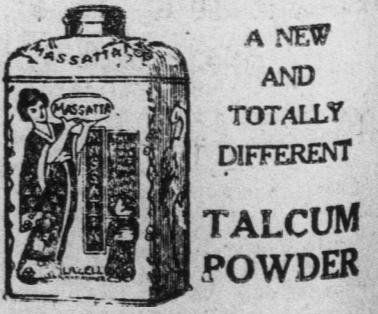
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War News.

Messages Received
Previous to 9 a.m.

OFFICIAL.
LONDON, May 25.
The Governor, Newfoundland: Italy has declared war upon Austria-Hungary, and Germany has declared war upon Italy.

LONDON, May 25.
The Governor, Newfoundland: General French reports seven machine guns captured on the 16th to 17th near Festubert. Yesterday three German batteries were silenced by direct hits east of Ypres. The Germans attacked, again using poisonous gas, and firing asphyxiating shells. Some of our trenches were evacuated, the enemy penetrating our line in two or three places. The positions at the original line have already been recaptured.

The French Government reports enemy attacks repulsed near Steenstraete, and prisoners captured. North of Arras fresh progress has been made by British troops, north of La Bassée and north of Neuville; the Germans, attacking with very considerable forces, were checked, suffering very heavy losses.

The Russian Government reports a successful offensive in Galicia. Over 2,000 prisoners were captured with over a dozen machine guns and material. Italian troops have crossed the frontier at Friuli. An air raid on Venice arsenal and ineffective bombardments at various points on the Italian coast have been repelled. An Italian destroyer entered Portofino, doing considerable damage and capturing 47 prisoners.

HARCOURT.
CANADIAN CASUALTIES.

OTTAWA, May 25.
Losses by Canadians in last Thursday's engagement were very considerable. Latest figures show total casualties of 300, of which 66 were killed, 132 wounded, and 102 missing.

ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

PARIS, May 25.
The French War Office this afternoon gave out the following report: It was a night of considerable activity between the sea and Arras. In Belgium, following a violent bombardment, a German attacking column endeavoured to gain footing on the highway between Langemark and Ypres. It was definitely checked. The Germans delivered two attacks yesterday to the north of Arras, in each case they were repulsed. To the north of Neuville they delivered four attacks, each one of which was checked by the fire of our artillery. In these various aggressive endeavours, all of which resulted in complete failure, the enemy suffered heavy losses. Nothing has been reported from the remainder of the front.

PROGRESS NORTH OF ARRAS.

PARIS, May 25.
An official to-night says: To the north of Arras our attacks to-day have resulted in important progress. To the northwest of Angren (south of La Bassée) in front of Fosse Cloume we carried a salient called Cornailles. In the same region our troops took by assault another German work which was very strongly fortified.

More south, east of the road from Aix Noullette to Souchez, we have captured, on a front of one kilometre

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