# THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

ture wife great injustice. I once thought as you do, but I know now I was mistaken. I once believed her to be worldly-hearted, but I am sure now that no mercenary thought ever enters her mind. I believe she songs for the time that she may show the world its mistake in believing her to be so worldly. She longs to take my poor little motherless daughter to her heart."

"I am happy that this is true," said Lady Elisworth. She saw now that one word against the woman would break the old ties of friendship, and she could not utter one word. It was now too late, but she felt sure that the Earl was bringing great troubles upon him-self, and in her heart she pitted him

The giamour of love was over him and she knew that she dared not speak. She soon reached her destination and the Earl was left alone with his

In a week the party was to dispense, and the Earl decided to urge an immemarriage, that all arrangements might be made to receive his daughter at her home-coming in June, at the close of the school, and he found no ouposition to his plans. The Hon. Mrs. Smith took rooms at the Victoria Hotel and made all arrangements for her

approaching marriage.
"It would never do in the world to have it said that the Earl of Dunraven had married in that shabby little home in Curzon street; besides, there was a whole host of her near neighbors that would expect invitations, and this would expect invitations, and this would never do at all. She could not as the Countess of Dunraven be expected to acknowledge the acquaintance any onger of the Waterleys, and the But-terfords and the like ilk. There were some neighbors that were army people, who had most mercilessly snubbed the These people she would show a She would make them thing or two. clearly understand that she could favor A few days before her mar riage the Earl had told his daughter about his marriage. She had simply blasped her arms about his neck and cried. She did not reproach him or raise an objection. He had a right to make his own life as happy as possible, be-sides she felt that her life would be a short one, and he stood greatly in nee of some one to love him, and it never to her that any one could be father and not love him. She felt sad that she should have to share his love with another, but it would make him happy, and she would do so, to render his life more pleasant to him. In a short time there was a very quiet wedding at St. Paul's, and the Earl and Counters Dunraven went on the conti-

#### CHAPTER VII

Lord Wedderburn went to town and told the story to his solicitors. These men were greatly astonished, it certainly was a strange story, and Lord Wed-derburns face pleaded with them for help. Taey could plainly see that he had suffered greatly.

"It is certainly a strange story, I can not urderstand how the young lady could drop so completely out of exist-ence," said Mr. Willer, the senior of the

r only ossible way is t the man Boughman he certainly knows something to give us a clue whereby we may set to work," remark

ed Mr. Wiggins. It agree with Lord Wedderburn that the most probable solution of the diff. lies in the supposition that she is dead. There are many railway accidents about this time and they both may have in fact. I feel very nearly not such is the case. It is a convinced that such is the case. grave situation for our young friend. He must set about ascertaining if the who performed the ceremony is really a clergyman or having power to

perform such a ceremony.

Then having proved this, the next sten will be to trace the whereabouts he girl or Boughman. I am inclined to believe that the ceremony was legal and was actuated by some motive that cannot understand in the dame. Perhaps she had a good reason for wishing the girl. Dorothy, to be Lady Wedder-burn. At any rate and burn. At any rate, as the matter stands at present, it would be most unsafe for Lard Wedderburn to contract another marriage that is now impossible. If it marriage, then it will be a most for-tunate this for ear elient." Mr. Miller held so strong to the belief in the rail-way accident that he resolved to employ detectives to trace the matter up.

Mr. Wiggins had a theory of his own-that he firmly believed in.
Lord Wedderburn was almost con-vinced that he should hear that Dorothy was lead. She must have met with an acceptant. She was a chill us innocent dent. She was a contract the flowers that grew on the mourlands, and as unused to the world. She know that he was to be found at Castle I. If she had lived, thrown as must have been, on the merciless must have been, on the merciless rid; with nothing to battle with but uncultivated childhood, she must have come to him, or he must love beard from her. He thought of her last wards to him: "I want you to remember it is not my fault that I am forced upon you I did not want this marriage."

She had gone from him thinking he blamed her for it, and she had gone out of life feeling that she had in some way

his heart smote him, and every evil act in his life turned it no demons that mocked him. He could not hear to leave Castle Royal for any length of time. He knew if word ever came to him, it must come here. If the wan sie would come here. So he waited

I am sure your thoughts do my fu-re wife great injustice. I once longht as you do, but I know now I. The detectives had now ample time to have investigated their class. One evening in June a letter came from them.

Lord Wedderburn felt afraid to open Lord Wedderburn left afraid to open the letter. He dreaded the contents. He secured the door, carefully, est he should be interrupted during its peru-sal, and he nerved himself for the worst and read:

"We have traced every clue and have

found one that seems probable. We have found that between Lymwick and Ashwynwick there was a railway dis-aster, and many killed and wounded. The station agent remembers seeing a strangely assorted pair walking about the station. He is not sure that he could identify them, but thinks it prob-able. If Lord Wedderburn could meet them at Lymwick station on June 8th

they would exhume the bodies that he might identify them."

He put the letter in his sade and started at once. His heart was heavy. Here was almost conclusive proof. His Dorothy lay could and dead in an unknown craye instead of laying in the known grave, instead of laying in the

great family vault of the Homes.

Lord Wedderburn blamed himself severely. He had not one excuse for leaving her alone in her great trouble, and thes was his punishment, and it was almost too heavy to bear. Every one that looked on his pale, sad face was filled with sympathy for him. There was grief written in every feature of

When he reached Lymwick station he decided to walk over the fields to the town. He did not wish to excite comment or notice of any kind. The detectives had their permits ready and they soon exhumed the body of the girl. When the coffin was raised and the lid about to be removed, Lord Wedder-burn grew suddenly ill. He could hardly see for the white film before his eye He trembled violently, and it was by the greatest exertion he could stand

The men removed the coffin lid and

ne approached him.
"The body is in a tolerable state preservation. Come at once, my lord."

He followed the man. There before
him lay a girl that was very like his Dorothy, and still unlike her. He could not decide even now. There was a wealth of hair, but it was not golden, as was Dorothy's. There was a strange look on the face, but death might have caused that. After all, he was not con-Parkins had made the dress she wore off, and Parkins would remembe the goods. One of the detectives cut small piece and handed it to Lord Wed derburn, who knelt beside the ope coffin and cut a strand of the long, bright hair, which he tremblingly placed Countess Dunraven went on the country of the little all, he was no more convinced than beshabby house on Curzon street to await

"You must be prepared for great changes, my lord; death hardens the features so that dearest friends do not recognize them. It has, perhaps, dis-colored her hair. We can tell you of bundreds of incidents of this same thing. It is our business to know these things

They replaced the body in its restingplace, and, as the earth fell on the coffin so mercilessly hard, Lord Wedderburn leaned heavily against a tree near by, lest he should fall.

ence," said Mr. Willer, the senior of the firm.

"Who is Dorothy Wynter?" There must be some mystery concerning her, since Lord Wedderburn remembers on one occasion hearing Dame Wynter remark that she was no kith nor kin of hers. It is probably our best plan to ascertain who Dorothy Wynter is, I am as require our only easible way is to trace little unknown, unmarked grave and his little unknown, unmarked grave and his wn, unmarked grave, and his heart ached sorely. He had come to be convinced, but he was not. The certainty that he had expected, he had not. Still those men were almost sure. Death changes everything they said and perhaps it had frozen his Dorothy bright face into the hard cold one h had seen.

In a few days there was a beautiful column erected over the grave of the girl. It was a beautiful broken shaft with flowers drooping over its sides, and on it was instribed: "Sacred to the memory of my belowed Dorothy, aged about fifteen years." The few who no tired the shaft and the inscription thought it belonged to some of the graves near it, and that Dorothy was a beloved child of the family. Lord Wedderburn went home to Cas-

the Royal with the same aching, heavy heart. He was haunted by the dead face lie had seen. He had grown to think of J as Dorothy, and he was more

estless than ever.
One June evening he went to walk on the moors. There was Parkins, the eastle housekeeper, who had been to the village. How should be show her the piece of the dead girl's dress he had in his pocket he did not know.

Before them, cold, dark and dreary, lay oid Leuthill. Lord Wedderburn

inted to it.
"The old place looks more gloomy than

ver, since Dame Winter's death

"Yes, and it seems so strange to me that we have received no tidings from Dorothy and that man, My heart aches yet that I let her go with him. He had such an evil face."
"You did your duty by her. You made her clothes, did you not?"
She did not notice the anxiety in his voice.

"I made her two black dresses. They were of old goods it is true, but she could could not go out with her rags on, and I did all I could for her." took the piece of goods from his pocket and handed it to

Is this anything like the goods of her

She took the goods and looked at it a moment and handed it back.

"No, my Lord. The dresses I made were black." This one is brown." He then handed her the hair.
"Is this like her hair?" he asked.

"Nothing at all like, my Lord. Her hair was like sunshine, and fine as any silk. This is rough and coarse."

"Are you sure?" he asked.
"As sure as I live," she replied.
"I trust you will not speak of this," he

said.
"You know I will not, my lord."
Lord Wedderburn continued his stroll alone. His mind was more unsettled than ever. He determined to follow every due that was presented and he did for many months, but there was none so probable as the one that it was his Dorothy that lay out in the village churchyard at Lymwick, and he thought of her as dead.

It was the evening before the close It was the evening before the close of Madame Brown's school. The girls had all assembled in the music room and were chatting gaily. In a great easy chair, pale and languid, with great haggard eyes, sat Elsie Dunraven. She had grown seriously ill now, and her cough had grown very annoying. She had almost given up going around, but kept her chair, and was constantly attended by Dorothy. The devotion of the two was a most lovable sight. If Elise Dunraven moved, Dorothy anticipated her wishes. She walked supported by her wishes. She walked supported by Dorothy, and when she moved no one could make her comfortable but Dor-othy. The one girl was completely helpless without her friends. The girls look-ed on in admiration. They could not help but respect and love Dorothy, and the derision that had sprung up at first, left them, and in its place came love and respect. The morrow would bring part-ings, but the new lives before them ings, but the new lives before made them comparatively happy. They were all discussing their future lives.

"I shall go down to the seashore and rest until next season, then I shall be resented," said one.
"I shall joint a party for the continent' ' said another

"I shall spend my summer at the Isle Each one had hopeful enticipations. "What have you planned?" girl of Elise Dunraven.

"I have no plans for the future . My future is very uncertain," There was a world of sadness in the tone, which deeply impressed every listener. At lest some one broke the painful silence by saving to Dorothy,

what are you going to do, Dorothy, "and what are you going to do, Dorothy?"
"My future will likely be too absurdly commonplace to speak of," she said, with a laugh; "still I think I shall take few music scholars and strive to ex-

"You may count me for one," said "And I will take also," said another.

"How shall we find you?" asked an-

"Perhaps I can arrange it through Madam Brown," said Dorothy. There was no sadness in her voice. If her world was not as brilliant as it might be, it was through no fault of hers. She would meet her trials bravely.

There was not even the faintest tone of sadness in her voice, and every one

admired her bravery.

Madame Brown's school being patron-

ized by the daughters of the aristocracy there was always a crush at the closing exercises. Captain H --- had insisted that Lord Wedderburn attend with him. since his sister was one of the graduates; but Lord Wedderburn did not de cide to do so until late, and they were could have been earlier, they would have witnessed a scene long to be re-membered. As the girls filed into the great hall every eye was turned upon the Earl's sick daughter leaning heavily on the arm of her companion. The Earl's daughter looked indeed ill with her pale, dark face and her great haggard eyes She had been too ill, but had insisted on finishing all the exercises with the rest of her class. They were like pictures of sunlight and darkness. Elsie Dunraven looked like a picture of death in her snowy silken robe that showed off the great and death-like pallor of her

Dorothy was clad in a filmy, black silken tulle with a bunch of white clover at her belt. Her cheeks were like roses that blushed at the greeting of dewy sunfight. A more beautiful girl than Dorothy Wynter was seldom seen, and every eye was turned upon the strange-ly mated pair as they slowly wended their way through the throng, and a strange hush pervaded the whole Captain H and Lord Wedderburn entered the room as the last notes of a song died on the air. Dorothy Wynter had sung a weird little Swiss song and her bell-like tones floated on the air and thrilled every one with pleasure and the clear ringing of the voice sounded like that of some sweet. Swisnightingale, that brought with it the clearness and chill as if just from

some snowy Alpine peak. Lord Wedderburn heard the last few words of the song, and it thrilled him strangely. He turned to get a view of the singer, but a great marble column obstructed his view, and he could only catch a sight of one tiny form draped

in black. The sight of those girlish faces made him ill. He could think of no one but Dorothy his lost Dorothy and he soon excused himself to his friends and left

After the school closed friends came for Elise Dunraven, and the parting

game. Dorothy started out in the great cold world alone. She went out and hunted her a room. It was a small one n a second storey .It contained a small ded carpet and a tiny bed, but cheapness had recommended it to Dor othy. The single, little window looked out on a small park, where the sparrows twittered from morning until night, but the green grass and trees sent up a dewy fragrance even to the sma second-storey room.





## FOR MAKING SOAP FOR WASHING DISHES FOR SOFTENING WATER FOR DISINFECTING SINKS **CLOSETS, DRAINS ETC.** MARP IN CANADA

EW GILLETT COLID TORONTO-ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Dorothy was happy. The little money she had was barely sufficient to pay her room rent, but she was full of hope and life. She rented her a piano, and bought a few coals that she might light a fire on cool evenings, and sat herself down to her first meal alone. She had no thoughts that her money was almost gone, or that her landlady eyed her cur-iously. She ate her bread and butter She ate her bread and butter, drank her cup of water since tea was drank her cup of water since tea was too expensive a luxury for every day use, and she was happy as could be. Day by day went by and there was no call for her. Dorothy had only a few pennies left now-true, there were gold sovereigns that Lord Wedderburn had given her in the old days at Lenthill, but she would not use them if she starved to death. She decided to go to starved to death. She decided to go to Madam Brown, as there might be some names there for her. When she had gone tripping down the street in her neatly mended old dress and gaiters, and her old worn hat set jauntily on her golden head, she looked like some tiny princess masquerading. The land-lady saw her leave the house, and she took a duplicate key and entered the room. There was a tiny black box that could not hold much clothing; there were a few books; on the fly leaves were written: "From Elsie Dunraven to her friend, Dorothy Wynter." were a few of the simplest toilet There ticles on the dressing table; in closet hung a much worn black dress with a small crepe ruching at the neck; it gave evidence of long wear, and was neatly mended in divers places. There was a little worn pair of gaiters whose

ed over black cloth, Everything in the room plainly told a tale of poverty. There were a few of Madame Brown's cards also. These the

torn sides had been most carefully darn-

landlady read.

Brown's, Her moderate charges would just enable her to live, and her clothing must answer a long time yet.
There was no one in the great city of London that was happier or lighter-hearted than Dorothy, and day afted, she walked early and late giving he lessons, and at the end of each week when she had laid by her rents, she had only a few pennies left, but she ate her bread and butter, and drank pure water, and was as happy as the noisy lit swallows that twittered in the park.

(To be Continued.)

### THE WHY OF POVERTY.

The social reformer set out blithely apou his task af abolishing poverty. He came upon a politician and asked his

"Tio bad," replied the politician, "I should like to oblige you, but poverty s not an issue just now. I'm afraid you

will have to move on."

The social reformer went on a bit far her and met a physician. He asked the

physician to help.
"Really, good sir." said the physician. you will have to excuse me. Without overty I should have to go out of busiss, for it is the cause of many of the diseases I am called upon to treat." "Can't do it at all, sir," declared the manufacturer emphatically, "It would be ruinous to by business. Without poverty I could not hire little children

r get adults at such low wages. You cill have to move on sir," The social reformer went on a bit farther and came upon a charity worke whose help he requested.
"I cannot deny that it would be

rood thing in a way," replied the char ty worker, "but I cannot assist. Yo see, there is a vast quantity of capital invested in this and other charity or-ganizations. Also they employ a great nany people and give a great others an opportunity to ease their co ciences through contributions. Without poverty, of course, all this effort would

farther and, meeting a pauper, asked him to help abolish poverty. "A splendid idea," declared the pau-per, "and I should be delighted to help.

but as I have neither job, money nor in fluence, there is nothing I can do." The social reformer moved on and at latest reports was still moving. From AFRICAN FARM.

Apples Main Crop-Slavery of Native Women.

London.-Another story of an African farm is told by Mrs. H. J. Langridge, who has just returned to London after four years' residence in British Africa, where she has engaged in fruit growing. Mrs. Langridge is of opinion that the country offers one of the greatest fields in the world to energetic agriculturists who have capital of from \$10,000 to

She has had great success in her pres ent enterprise and when she returns in a few months she is going to turn her attention to coffee, which she will grow on a tract of land which she has puron a tract of land which she has pur-chased, adjoining her husband's planta-tion, and sixteen miles from her present farm. Coffee, she says, is easy to grow, needs less capital than any other product, and is sure of

product, and is sure of a continuous and expanding market.

Mrs. Langridge's fruit farm is known as the N' Gelani estate, and it is near Manchako Town, about thirty miles from the Uganda Railway, in the Highlands of British East Africa. She has about a hundred acres and it is all under cultivation. The farm has been laided contribution. der cultivation. The farm has been laid out for more than twenty-five years, but it is only recently under her manage-ment that it has been made a paying

It is at present the only actual fruitbearing farm in the colony, although others are under cultivation. It con-tains 7,000 apple trees, besides oranges, lemons, pineapple, tangerines, peaches, plums, figs, apricots, greengages, gnavas, quinces, pomegranates and vines.

She has on it fifty ostriches, thirty head of cattle, a small flock of sheep and a poultry farm. The main crop so far, however, comes from the apple trees. far, however, comes from the apple It pays best at present to push this crop because it can be easily packed and because it can be easily packed and shipped to Uganda, German East Africa, Zanzibar, Aden and other parts.

"The apple cron is truly remarkable," said Mrs. Langridge. "We start picking apples in December and continue without break until August. In August I strip the trees of their leaves and white-wash the bark all the way up in order to give the trees a forced rest. The trees are blossoming, fruiting and ripening all at the same time. You can see the bud, blossom, and and begge fruit on the tree at one and the same period.

The singular eventures of climate ac-

counts for this remarkable fertility. The sun rises at 6 a.m. and sets at 6 n.m., with unswerving regularity, and every night a cool mist comes down on the hills, so that every morning everyhing is moistened. There are two ainv sessons—in November and March—but the elements are very obliging thing is moistened. and the rain descends only at night

much difficulty as regards labor. The natives work very well and are very quiet and teachable. Only male help, however, is possible, as the female natives work only in their own allotments. In their ordinary life the native woman an absolute slave to the man.

She rises at 4 a.m., milks the cows. She rises at 4 a.m. milks the cows, fetches the wood and water cooks the food, and then goes to work in the fields from 6 in the morning until 6 in the evening. At 6 she again fetches the

Mrs. Langridge says that there is not

wood and water, again milks the cows and prepares the evening meal. But her duties are not over even then. Her lord and master, who spends has time between sleeping and drinking, wants a midnight meal, and this she has to prepare, so that her average allowance for sleep is from I to 4 a.m. are frequently seen carrying on their backs burdens considerably over a hun dredweight, supported by straps tened round the forehead so that

tened round the forchead so that the main weight is borne by the head. Tandlady read.

"Some poor school girl, I must be careful and get my rents," she said, and true to the letter at the end of each month she asked for her money.

To Dorothy's great delight she found three names awaiting her at Madame Brown's. Her moderate charges would for that purpose. The less native male for that purpose. The less native male for that purpose. en away from his surroundings at about ten or twelve vetes age and given a thorough training in European ways, He is then very onick and willing to learn.

## SEND IN NAMES

#### Ex-Members of Thirteenth May Now Register for Semi-Centennial.

Arrangements have been made for the registration of names in connection with the celebration of the semi-centennial of the Thirteenth Royal Regi ment, and it is hoped that all ex-ment bers will send in their names. The The registration of names will be made at Nordheimer's music store, 18 King street west. This is the only means of these single ship encounters, and the the officers have of getting into touch with ex-members, and it is hoped that the members and ex-members know of the celebration will infor any ex-members whose whereabouts they know, so that they may accept this notice of the affair as an invitation to send in their names. as names are received personal invi-tations will be sent out and information given regarding the celebration. Through the co-operation of all members and ex-members who know of the arrangements that are being made, the arrangements that are being made, the affair can be made the success the officers hope, and as elaborate arrangements are being made it is believed that the attendance will be very large on September 13, 14 and 15.

### A SHY BRIDE

A SHY BRIDE.

Miss Violet Sty of Mishawaka, Wis., is to be married July 9.

"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Mary, as she ran out to meet her father,"

"Not papa; he had just a plain nose,"
"Most Anything Editor: Why don't you muzzle those poets and poetesses? Or do you use their stuff so's you won't lave to write anything."—W. R.

At man will do a lot these blistering days to keep from working.

When an English railway advertised for 390 wonden sleepers, a clergyman offered-his entire congregation.

### THOSE POPULAR AIRS.

In a certain office a jilted youth was whistling "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" when the bookkeeper, safe behind his screen, answered with "Everphody"s Now? when the bookkeeper, safe behind his sereen, answered with "Everybody's this gold locket is heavily carved and no fatabities.—Atchison (Kan.) Champion.

# **Eight Years of Bad Eczema on Hands**



Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointm

Miss Mary A. Bentley, 93 University St.;

Miss Mary A. Bentley, 93 University St., Montreal, writes, in a recent letter: "Some nino years ago I noticed small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very irritating, and gradually became worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me a long time, but it got worse, and I could not put my hands in water. I was treated at the hospital, and it was just the same. I was told that it was z very bad case of cesema. "Well, I just kept on using everything that I could for nearly eight years until I was advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications the burning sensations were disappearing, I could sleep well, and did not have any fiching during the night. I began after a while to use Cuticura Soap. I stuck to the Cuticura Freatment, and thought if I could use other remedies for over seven years with no result, and after only having a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, is deserved a fait trial with a severe and stubbors case. I used the Cuticura Ointment, and Soap for nearly six months, and 7 am glad to say that I have hands as clear as anyone. It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me."

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a

Est them write me."
Cuticurs Soap and Obtment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For altheral free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 65. Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

#### WASTE PAPER.

#### Accumulation of a Chicago Office Sold for \$1,331.

The management of one of the largest office buildings in Chicago made a profit of \$1,331.57 last year by selling the waste paper which the jashfors removed each night from the offices of tenants. Comparatively few persons ever stop to think that there is any value to a scrap of paper thrown into a waste basket. There really isn't when a single sheet or even a basketful is considered. But when thousands of basketfuls are dumped into

even a basketful is considered. But when thousands of basketfuls are dumped into one big pile it is worth considerable.

Removing the day's accumulation of waste paper is an obligation which the management of every big building must perform for his tenants, so a profit of \$4,331.57 is really just like finding that much money. Handling waste paper has been reduced to a science, and tons and tons of it is sold each year by the proprietors of the hundreds of skyscrapers in Chicago. This scrap paper is purchased by the second hand paper companies, who in turn dispose of it at profit to concerns that make it up into cheap grades and perhaps sell it back to the persons who originally threw the scrap away.

grades and perhaps sell it back to the persons who originally threw the scrap away.

The office building management that clears \$1,331.57 annually from this source employs a man at \$60 a month, whose sole duty it is to look after the waste paper. After it is brought down in his big sacks to the basement each day the paper is carefully sorted over and examined to discover any valuables that might possibly have been thrown away by mistake. This done the paper is placed in a big compressing machine and it comes out in bundles similar to baled hay.

These bundles are sold by weight and the market price of waste paper is about \$6 a ton. To realize a profit of \$1,331.57 over and above the selary of the man who handles the waste paper this one office building must dispose of more than three hundred tons a year—From the Chicago Tribune.

### ENGLISH VIEW OF WAR OF 1812.

Preparations already afoot to celebrate the centenary of Anglo-Saxon peace in 1915, writes a Daily Chronicle correspondent, add interest to the circumstance that the war whose termination will then be commemorated began

ation will then be commemorated by 100 years ago to-day.

In order to find crews for the great fleet that was necessary for the checkmaking of Napoleon, Brigish captains were authorized to search any American warships or merchant vessels if they suspected that there were deserters on The United States submitted to this indignity for fourteen years, during which thousands of Americans were tak en from under their own flag and forced to serve in British ships; but war at last became unavoidable, and was de clared on June 18.

Probably most people in this country remember the war for the victory of the Shannon over the Chesapeake. As a matter of fact, however, the Americans had five sound triumphs to their credit before the Shannon came along to vary the monotony of our disasters. Before the end of 1812 we had lost thirty-eight gun frigates, Guerriere, Macedonian and Java and the eighteen gun Frolic, while early in ISI3 the eighteen gun Peacock fell an easy victim to the American of these single ship encounters, and the British ship was beaten in ten of them. In every case save one, however, the American vessel was superior in force. The American navy at the outset of

the war comprised only sixteen vessels. while Great Britain possessed over 600. The war lasted over three years, and we lost twenty-one ships before peace was proclaimed. Lieutenant Provo Wallis, who was an

officer in the Shannon at the time of her fight with the Chesapeake died an admiral of the fleet in 1892, at the of 100 From the London Chronicle.

### SECRET LOCKETS

Would you have something quite new and different to wear on your pretty long chain? Then here are some fas-cinating lockets with a compartment for a hidden picture. They may be turned and twisted and examined most minutely and still retain the secret of the en-closed portrait. Neither hinge nor creclosed portrait. Neither hinge nor cre-vice is to be seen and the bejewelled and ornamented cover will defy the de tection of the secret picture.

These lockets are handsonely carved in many beautiful designs, and they are shown in the jewelry shops in various shapes and sizes. Some are studded with diamonds or pearls and One charming locket is set

amethyst and three beautifully tinted baroque pearls, while from it is sus-pended a large baroque pearl as a pen-

dant.

-