LODGES



WELLINGTON Lodge No. 46, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethrer

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y. DENTAL.

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The Chatham Business College

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ANGEL'S VICTORY

By F. E. HAWSON

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ton, the smooth tongued horse dealer got the better of the bargain when he sold her to the manager of Cowara. Hill prided himself on his knowledge of horseflesh, but Angel, the chestnut, was old, or, rather, middle aged, and not the young thing Morton had represented her to be.

Moreover, her temper, soured by long years of ill treatment, was no of the best. She was nervous, too, though with Hill she was only mul-ish, vicious and obstinate. She hated but did not fear him. She evidently

With Wilfred Paton, the overseer, a man of passionate temper, but kind and tender to women and children and dumb creatures, by whom he was blindly adored, Angel was gentleness itself. It could readily be believed when one watched him handle the mare that under happier circumstances she might have fitted her name, From the first it had been a series of battles between the chestnut and Hill, in which the man usually won

out by sheer brutality. There had been no rain for morths. Each day the men watched the sky but the pitiless sun poured his scorch ing rays on the parched earth, with never a cloud to veil his face or temper the heat. The water in the dam was getting low, and when that was gone the station people would bave either to perish or get out, unless water were reached in the well Hill was sinking on the flat. Water was a price-less commodity on that inland Aus-

tralian station.
One close day late in February came the crisis of that awful summer. Not a leaf stirred. The air at each inbalation burnt the lungs, and the limit of human endurance seemed to have been reached. Yet it was this afternoon of all others that Hill ordered Paton and Malcolm to fill the big iron tank.

"The fool!" exclaimed Paton as they walked through the hot sand to the dam. "Hasn't he sense enough to wait until evening?"

They worked hard for an hour, Malcolm filling the buckets and hand-

ing them up to Paton, who poured the contents into a tank. When their task was finished they returned to the

ouse.
"We've filled the 500 gallon tank," said Paton, coming up to where Hill half reclined in a steamer chair on the veranda. "It's down at the dam in the tip cart, but I hate to leave it to evaporate in the sun, and there iso't a norse to drag it up to the house.

"Where are Bones and Myope?"
"Smiles has them working at the new dam, and Charlie has taken the two blacks and gone over to the well sinkers' camp with rations. The other orses, as you know, were sent away to McLellan's yesterday to save our water," answered Paton,

"Well, Angel is in the paddock, isn't she? Put her in." "It's too heavy a load for Angel. She

isn't built for such work." "I say she shall!" cried Hill. "I'm boss here, and when I say a thing is to be done it's going to be done."

"All right! Go ahead and do it yourself!" responded Paton. The overseen nager never did hit it very well, and the heat hadn't improved their tempers. "But stay," Paton added, a thought striking him, "I'll try

what I can do first."

With that Paton went down to the paddock, caught Angel, harnessed her, put her in the eart, and then coated ther to drag the load. By striving and straining she dragged the cart a few steps through the heavy sand, then paused and turned her eyes on Paton

entreatingly, as though to say: "I'd do it for you, but I can't."
Hill was watching the performance from the veranda, for the house was built on the top of the sand hill, the dam was in the creek at its foot and no bushes intervened. When the manager saw the horse stop he got un and went quickly down.
"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's just as I said," answered Paton, "the mare hasn't the strength to hauf such a load."

"Hasn't she? I'll see about that. It's her obstinacy, that's what it is. Angel? It's Devil she ought to be called."

"Let me get the other tank, put balf the water in it, and then she can easily manage it in two trips," suggested Paton, controlling his rising anger.

"No! She'll haul the tank as it is!"

"Then I'll wash my hands of the whole business."

Paton walked up the slope. As he stepped on the veranda Mrs. Hill, who was standing at the door, looked back

into the house and called to her young "Muriel, come out and see this brute!

but Horace will soon make her. He knows how to manage horses." And she shot a scornful glance in Paton's

Muriel Everton came out. She was a tall, slender girl, dressed in white. Her delicate throat was bare and her cheeks blanched by the heat, but her cheeks blanched by the heat, but her beautiful brown eyes were clear and deep and tender. She and Paton ex-changed quick glances, then she looked down at the man and the horse, shud-dered and turned away. Hill by thrashing the chestnut had

forced her to have the cart a few steps. gether. Mr. Joyce always wants a then Angel stopped. With kindness she might have made a further effort, but Hill had roused her obstinate area for anything of the sort."

spirit, and she would not budge an inch. This infe lated the man, and he beat her over the head with the butt of the stock whip he carried. Still she did not move. Then, as he continued to beat her, in her agony she stepped backward, plunged and rear-ed, the cart tipped back, the mare was drawn up and in her struggles broke the shafts, the tank fell out, the cover rolled off and the whole of the 500 gallons of precious water was swal-lowed up by the burning sand. Hill took the horse from the cart and.

sane with rage, commenced to thrash Then there was a sudden rush of something white, as though a cloud were fi, irg down the hill, and Muriel threw herself between Hill and Angel, clasping the mare's head in her arms, and the heavy whip descended on the delicate shoulders, which showd pink and then scarlet through the muslin of her gown.

Before Hill's raised arm could fall again it was grasped by a strong hand, and a fierce voice hissed:

"Madman, would you strike a wom

For a moment Hill's glance met the stern eyes of the overseer, then it wavered and fell on the girl.
"Muriel, are you there? Did I hit you? I didn't mean to," he said weak-

"Did it hurt?" "Hurt!" cried Paton, his eves fairly blazing. "Do'you know that you might have killed her?"

"She shouldn't have interfered," said Hill sullenly. "Not another word or by heaven I'll kill you." said Paton. Hill shrank from the fury in the other man's eyes

and slunk away to the house. "My darling,", said Paton in a voice fraught with love that the girl's eart quivered with a joy that was almost pain, "did he hurt you very nuch?" And his lips tenderly pressed the bruised shoulder.

"It does hurt most awfully, but I really think that he did not know I was here," answered Muriel, glancing up through her tears. "But, oh, look at or Angel." The chestnut, lying huddled in the

and, was truly a pitiable sight. She cost! Her head was cut and bleeding eyes swollen and closed, and she panted and groaned with pain. "Oh, do you think she will die, Wil-red?" asked Muriel.

"No; but you'll get sunstruck here, go back to the house, dear, and get Mrs. Hill to bathe your shoulder. I'll end to the mare. And, Muriel, I can't stay at Cowara now. I've been repeat offered the management of Murts but-1-I could not leave until I knew if you cared. I'm not worthy, I know I've such a vile temper"— Muriel show her head. "But now, now-you'll le me come for you when I get straight ened out over there, won't you?"

Again Muriel looked up, and his eyes drank deep from the radiance of hers "And Angel?" she whispered.
"Oh, I'll buy her from Hill. He

won't refuse to sell her for the price Three months later Angel was oze hind which Paton drove his bride to her new home. It was a new world through which they traveled, for the

rain had come and green grass covered the once arid earth; flowers bloopied on every side and birds sane who, with arched neck, led the team proucly conscious of the precious bur-den the carried and of the confidence reposed in her by her new owner.

Wolfe Tone.

A cesultory and enormous reader of plays and novels, with an impish humor and a facility and felicity of quo tation which never deserted him under the most terrific circumstances. Wolfe Tone's style is throughout literary and in that sense artificial, but he had a passion for facts and a healthy deter mination to see things as they really were. He was perfectly free from every kind of illusion, delusion and humbug. He was very much alive to the humor ous side of all things, including him self. The diaries are full of entries like

this: "I cannot help this morning thinking of Gil Blas when he was secretary to the Duke of Lerma. Yesterday I dined

with Carnot. Today I should be puzzled to raise a guinea."

Wolfe Tone at the bottom of his heart was grave enough. His death is warrant for this. But he belonged by the order of his mind to the mockers. Yone's widow, though she had doubt-less a good deal to put up with, mourn-ed her husband's loss for seventeen years, when she married one who shared her veneration for Tone's memory His son grew up to be proud of his father's sufferings in what he was taught to believe was a good cause. Ireland hás never forgotten Tone and probably never will.-Contemporary

Needed No Entertainment. Mrs. Granger looked at her suburban neighbor and decided that a person with such a becoming hat must be in a state of vanity to need chastening of

Joyce so devoted to the new club?" she said in a soft tone fraught with tender sympathy. "Mr. Granger, of course, likes the club, and we go sometimes, but he'd just as soon sit quietly at home with me, evening after evening."
''It's lovely for you," said Mrs. Joyce, and the face under the becoming hat was sweet and guileless, 'but then, you know, the two men have always been different ever since they were boys together.

HEAD SOLID SORE

Awful Suffering of Baby and Sleepless Nights of Mother.

CURED BY CUTICURA

Skin Fair as a Lily with no Scar to Recall Awful Sore Writes Mother.

"I herewith write out in full the beginning and end of that terrible disease, eczema, which caused my babe untold suffering and myself many sleepless

"My babe was born seemingly a fair healthy child, but when she was three weeks old a swelling appeared on the back of her head, and in course of time broke. It did not heal but grew worse, and the sore spread from the size of a dilme to that of a dollar. I used all kinds of remedies that I could think of, but nothing seemed to help; in fact, it grew worse. Her hair fell out where the sore was, and I feared it would never grow again. It continued until my aged father came on a visit, and when he saw the baby he told me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointmeht right away.

"To please him I did so, and to my surprise by their use the sore began to heal over, the hair grew over it, and to-day she has a nice head of hair, her skin is as fair as a lily, and she has no scar left to recall that awful sore, and it is over eight months and no sign of its returning." broke. It did not heal but grew worse.

its returning."
Mrs. WM. RYER, Elk River, Mint.
"Cure permanent." So writes Mrs.
Ryer, Feb. 25, 1903, six years later:
"Your letter of the 19th inst. received, asking in regard to the cure of my baby some six years ago. Well, the disease has never returned to her head which at that time was a solid sore on top and down the back. Once or twice since then a ratch has come on her head well. down the back. Once or twice since then a patch has come on her hand near the wrist, but it finally disappeared after proper treatment with Cutioura." Cutioura Resolvent liquid and in the form of Checolate Costed Fills, Cutioura Unitment and Catheura Soap are sold throughout the world. Depots I London. If Charter-house 8q; l'Pana. 5 Rue de la Paix; l'Australia, R Towns & Co., Sydaey; Boston, 187 Columbua Are. Fouse Drug & Chernesis Corp., doi: Propietor.

287-send to " How to Cute Essens."

KANGAROO HUNTING.

Dangerous Sport In Which Thick Breastplater Are Worn.

Tiger skins, elephant tusks, antlers and a dozen other trophies decorated the smoking room of the huntsman. "You can't guess what this is," he said, and he took down from the wall a piece of curiously woven matting. It vas about two feet square, green in color and five inches thick.

"This," he explained, "is the breastplate that is worn in kangaroo hunting. Without it the kangaroo with a fore leg blow would smash in your chest as though it were a pasteboard box. This breastplate is a souvenir of an exciting kangaroo bunt in Australia.

"All big game enthusiasts are familiar with tiger shooting, elephant shooting, the chase of the grizzly, of the boar and of the hippo, but I know few men who have ever hunted kan

"Yet this is an exciting and danger ous sport. The kangaroo when he is brought to bay will fight. He jumps straight at you, like a great cat, and with his small fore legs he aims at your chest two tremendous blows-first the ight and then the left-and these blows, with a speed and an accuracy that no prizefighter could equal, would kill you if they landed on an unprotected surface. So you wear, for a protection, this thick green guard, woven of native grasses by native women. "You hunt the kangaroo in 'sets." Eight huntsmen compose a set, and each set employs half a dozen native

runners to stalk the kangaroo. "The kangaroo, on being stalked. comes tearing over the plain straight at you. He travels with the speed of an express train, and he makes great bounding leaps. One minute he is crouched on the grass, the next he is ten feet up in the air, and all the while, remember, he is going forty miles an

"Hence he is a mighty difficult object to shoot. If you fail to shoot him, and there is no tree handy, then you must put your trust in your mat-ting breastplate. This breastplate of mine, you notice, has a dent in it."



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DRESS REFORM

tume Will Vanish.

ogress will they leave the love of ess behind? Fifty odd years ago hen the first women's rights conven on met in New England, this did ne em a debatable question. Short bai nd bloomers characterized the fem ine champions of the cause. Dres as proclaimed as one of the vanities om which the sex was to be eman pated. But fifty years have passed nd now Miss Susan B, Anthony, is er gracious and serene old age, wears oint lace, like any other woman for mate enough to possess it. The lead is of a suffrage convention and those a whist club could be shaken up to ether nowadays, and no one wou now which was which as fur as their othes were concerned. The azvanc oman no longer cuts her hair shor nd the speaker at a woman's club if ten the most daintily gowned woman a the room. The dress of the future will follow the conditions of the future coman. It is prettier and daintier to ay than it ever was, and as long as comen continue pretty and daintostume will vanish. It would be raver world if they did. Dress r orm always has a field, but when it i reform against nature no one necessionry lest it should succeed. Dress is afe in the hands of the women of to-'ay, and ought to be safer still in the hands of the women of tomorrow. The larmist has small cause for fear on hat score.—Harper's Bazar.

THE BARY'S SLEEP. f It Be Sound and Refreshing Don't

Fear Its Length.
The young mother is usually dis resid because she thinks her haby iceps too much, but she worries herelf unnecessarily. For the first three nonths an infant's time, provided it in good health, is almost entirely pent in sleep. It wakes when but ry, and being fed goes to sleep again For the first two months it should e given an extra amount of bed cov ring, more than twice as much as is eeded by an adult, because an infant's power of generating heat is very feeble. After two months the covering should be reduced, and particular care should be taken that it does not

cover the child's face. Little noise or talking should be allowed, because even if it does not wake the child it renders the sleep disturbed and unrefreshing. room should be kept quiet and darkned during the daytime by drawing

the blinds or closing the shutters. The length of time required for sleep gradually gets less as the child becomes older, but until the growth is complete a great deal more sleep is required than afterward. As long as the sleep is sound and refreshing it is not too long and is required, bu dozing between waking and sleeping does more harm than good.-New York ress.

BEAUTY SPOTS

Scars which are not deep may be re oved by the daily rubbing with coco utter Never scrape the finger nails: it will

nicken and make them uneven and 'ull of ridges. A pint of witch hazel and three grains of borax is a simple and good remedy for a pimpled skin.

Pretty throats are never yellow; they are white, firm and smooth. Let nare come to the ree. Discard tight ibbons; they make wrinkles.

For thin eyebrows add three grains of muriate of quinine to one teaspoonful of vaseline and one of lanolin; mix thoroughly and apply with a camel's hair brush. The thickening of the skin brought

about by handling golf sticks and ten-nis rackets can easily be rubbed down and away with pumice stone. Afterward rub into the palms borsted vaseine and put on gloves to keep it from ubbing off.

Cold Foods,

A mistake which housekeepers often make is to serve cold food. A meal exclusively of cold food is one of the most difficult to digest. Cold meat, heated up in a little curry, is far more digestible and therefore more nourishing than cold meat alone. Never serve cold slices of meat unless they are accomparied with a little highly ed catchup or sauce. Even iced tea. that favorite beverage of summer, is a drink of doubtful value on the din-ing table. Hot tea heats the stomach and prepares it for its work, while cold tea, like ice water, taken at dinner, retards digestion by chilling the stomach

Slim Waists. That gymnastics are more powerful than corsets in making slim waists is the conclusion of Dr. Alice Sugden, di-rector of the girls' "gym" at the University of Michigan. It seems that gymnastic work is compulsory for the girls during their first year at the university and that on entrance and again at the end of the academic year they are measured. Six charts, taken at

random, show an increase in strength, in breadth of shoulders and lung capacity and a decrease in the measurement of the waist and hips. The Nursery.

The nursery ought to face either south or west. If the children sieep in it an eastern exposure with its bright light will waken them too early in the

morning, and a north light gives them no sunlight at all. Neither is it wise to have a room nader the roof, as the rooms up there have lower ceilings, which make them warm in summer and less protected in winter.

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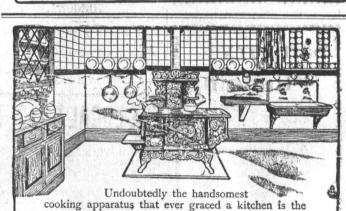
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