

## Rose Chains

By ISOLA L. FORRESTER

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It was late when Rosemary arrived. The other guests were rising, and dinner had been announced. She had barely time to toss aside her furs and exchange a few hurried words with Mrs. Creighton.

There was one thing certain, she decided, after a glance at Helen and the rest. They had not heard yet, and she was glad of an hour's respite. After the scene with Dean last night, followed by the solemn one in the morning with her mother, and finally the reproaches and condolences of four younger sisters, each with her individual opinion on the fitness of the engagement, it was a relief to breathe freely without fear of conversational dissection of her case.

"Who is to take me in?" she asked at the foot of the stairs, but Helen was already bowing and smiling to another guest as she answered:

"You're always late, dear, aren't you? No excuse, though, please. Don't you see the senator looking helpless and alone over there? He's to take me in and thinks I'm lost."

"But"—Rosemary stopped short and went upstairs to the dressing room with a little sudden heartache. For a whole month one only had had the right and privilege of claiming her, and now she was free again. She hoped Helen would not give her to any one brilliant and strenuous tonight, who would bother her by trying to make an impression. She didn't want to be impressed. In a measure she blamed impressionism for her engagement to Dean. He was a royal comrade, clever and responsive, but not too clever or too responsive. There was a difference. Looking back on the joyous days of the month, she decided that it had been this element of clumsiness, of mindful affinity, which had been responsible for the whole thing.

As a comrade Dean was splendid, but as a lover in the role of prospective husband to be wedded to for life she had suddenly discovered that he was exacting—most exacting.

Any man who was engaged to a girl and positively forbade any other man falling in love with her was exacting. Moreover, it was foolish, because, really, it was in the abstract a compliment to his own good taste.

She could not help Jack Stowell telling her that he loved her. Of course he loved her. He had told her so on an average of twice a month for over a year. And he was a dear, dear boy.

She smiled contentedly at the mirrored image of herself in the dressing room as she paused to tuck in a few refractory hairpins. Who could help loving her? Even Dean had called her the dearest girl in the world. It was sweet to remember that. Of course he had behaved intolerably about Jack, but when a man is in love—

She laughed softly and buried her lips caressingly in the heart of a single long stemmed La France rose that lay lightly on her breast.

The last trailing gown was vanishing beyond the heavy velvet portieres of the dining room as she came down stairs. Only one lone figure awaited her coming in the wide hall, and she wondered who it could be. Not Jack, Mrs. Creighton did not approve of Jack. In fact, she had once called him a cab. Mild, but irritating—to Jack. The figure turned suddenly at the sound of her coming. It was Dean himself. Half unconsciously she hesitated, her head lifted a trifle higher than usual, her lashes drooping obstinately over telltale eyes.

He was terribly grave and dignified. "I am to have the pleasure of taking you in, Mrs. Creighton said. She evidently did not know."

"I had no idea that you would be here," she spoke indignantly. It was almost impertinent of him, when only last night she had told him she never wished to even look at him again.

"I could hardly help myself, after accepting the invitation a week ago. We will probably meet in the same places for some time, until the breaking of the engagement is announced. At present people consider us indispensable to each other's happiness."

His quiet, courteous sarcasm was maddening under the circumstances. She resolved not to even speak to him again. Old Mr. Rathburn sat at her other hand, and she devoted herself to him with earnest fervor. He was interested in a plan for the irrigation of the great American desert by means of huge spinning hose nozzles to be operated from balloons.

"But you'll have to get the water up there before you can get it down," objected Rosemary anxiously for the seventh time. She knew that Dean was smiling amusedly. "Unless you attach it to the clouds."

Mr. Rathburn was silent, and she felt withered by a sense of his displeasure, and she hated the theory of irrigation by balloons or any other way.

Dean was talking across the table to Eleanor Lee, and she suddenly clasped Eleanor with irritation and other unpleasant topics. Next to Dean was Mrs. Chadwick. Her gray curls were just visible beyond his brown ones. She was congratulating him, Rosemary knew. She had been in Europe all summer and had only heard of the betrothal a few days ago. It seemed to Rosemary that she was unnecessarily rapturous and voluble on the subject.

"It is the sweetest time of your life," she was saying. "The betrothal hour

when we laugh and love and let Cupid bind us in rose chains and drive us at his dear, capricious will, span or tandem."

"It's generally tandem, Mrs. Chadwick," said Dean, with merry scorn. "There must be a leader, you know, and Cupid's law is ladies first."

"Ah, but they are only rose chains, Dean." The gray curls were shaken at him rebukingly. "And they break so easily. Once married, they are rose chains still, but some wise fate has slipped links of steel beneath the petals."

"And if we break them now"—Dean paused.

"Then there are only scattered roses in the dust and Cupid weeping and Rosemary—for remembrance. May it never come to you." She smiled at both young faces. "Memory is dear, but not when all it brings to mind are the broken rose chains."

There was a momentary hush. The sweetly modulated old voice had carried to the far ends of the table, and all were listening. Rosemary's gaze rested on her plate. She dared not meet Dean's eyes. The hush passed, and there was the low, light label of voices again. She heard him speaking to her and held her breath to listen.

"Isn't she an old darling to say that?"

"She doesn't know they are already broken." He could hardly catch the half whisper.

"But are they? Only last night, and no one knows, and it was all a mistake." He bent, with pleading eyes, toward her. "Rosemary, my Rosemary."

"For remembrance?" She laughed, a low, tremulous little laugh that was the first sign of surrender.

"For life. Roses are sweet, but they need the steel."

She hesitated, her eyes full of questioning doubt.

"Jack didn't mean anything," she said hurriedly. "He didn't really propose. He knew that I was engaged, of course. He only said that he had always loved me, and, after all, he's only a boy. It couldn't matter in the least his loving me when"—

"When what?"

His tone was full of the old imperative, proprietary command, and she met his glance for one swift, losing instant.

"When I loved you."

Mrs. Creighton was rising. As he drew back Rosemary's chair he whispered:

"Broken rose chains can be rewoven, can't they, dear? Forgive me."

He caught a fleeting glimpse of her face as she passed on in the wake of Mrs. Chadwick. She was tall and sweet as a young lily in her white lace dinner gown, and he felt a wild, sudden longing to crush her to his heart before them all and win the world of forgiveness.

She was gone, and he was unanswered, but the La France rose lay in his hand, and Rosemary was smiling as she, too, accepted Mrs. Chadwick's congratulations in the drawing room.

The Personal Equation.

Mr. Ames entered with his nose unequivocally turned up. "Those people in the flat below are cooking onions again," said he. Mrs. Ames lowered one of the windows before she replied.

"I wish you wouldn't say 'those people,'" she said. "Their name is Watson."

"Phew!" said Mr. Ames, lowering another window.

"I don't think the odor is so very disagreeable," she said cheerfully.

Mr. Ames looked at her amazed.

"Why, I thought you couldn't bear the smell of onions?"

"I don't really like it, of course, but it is such a little thing to be disturbed over."

Mr. Ames looked indignant and injured and felt so; he could not understand his wife's attitude. "I wish you had felt that way sooner," he said dryly. "Last week you made me tell the janitor that if those people didn't stop cooking onions every night we should move."

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Ames candidly; "but that was before I knew Mrs. Watson. We have exchanged calls this week, and I like her very much."

Mr. Ames made a curious noise which his wife was able to interpret.

"I expected you'd take it that way," she said. "But even you must admit that there's a great difference between the smell of a friend's onions and those of people we don't know."—Youth's Companion.

A Tough Old Invalid.

In England the purchase of an advowson, or the right to succeed to a vacant church office, is not uncommon. There is a story told of a country vicarage whose incumbent was, though but middle aged, very infirm. His tenure of the position being thus uncertain, the living was advertised for sale. The auctioneer who at the time had the disposal of all church preferments mentioned as a special advantage to intending purchasers that the then holder could not last long. To put this prospect to the test several possible buyers went down to the village to look over the vicar. A father and son attended the Sunday services at the church. A servant led in the ailing vicar, but the latter managed to get through a very earnestly delivered sermon lasting half an hour. In the afternoon he again conducted service, baptized children and preached for fifty minutes. Service in the evening was to follow. But the man who had come to buy had seen enough. "My son," he said, "that old cock ain't a-goin' yet; I am," and he forthwith departed. In the end a young parson bought the place for himself. The invalid outlived by twenty years the man who had bought his living. He lasted fifty years beyond the sale and died of sheer old age at ninety-two.

## WHEN STAMPS WERE NEW.

Trouble in Getting People to Stick Them on the Envelope.

"When postage stamps first came into use," said a veteran postal clerk, "the public didn't know how to handle them. You remember how, when tea and coffee first appeared among us, the people tried the tea leaves and the coffee berries and served them with salt and pepper? Well, the people treated their stamps as absurdly in 1854.

"Some folks would put the stamps inside their letters, out of sight. Here is the official notice that we issued to stop that practice."

The clerk took from the drawer an aged bulletin that said:

"The stamps upon all letters and packages must be affixed on the outside thereof and above the address thereon."

He put back this bulletin and drew forth another one.

"People would pin the stamps on their letters instead of gumming them," he said, "and when they did gum them they would not do it right; hence this second bulletin," and he read:

"Persons posting letters should affix the requisite number of stamps previous to depositing them in the letter receivers, as when posted in a damp state the stamps are liable to run off, and thereby cause the letters to be treated as unpaid. Do not pin on the stamps."

"Still," said the clerk, "the public didn't understand. Think of it—it didn't understand the simple matter of sticking a postage stamp on a letter. So we got out a third bulletin."

The third bulletin, in big, impatient letters, said:

"The simplest and most effectual method of causing stamps to adhere firmly is first to moisten well the outside of the stamps and afterward the gummed side slightly, taking care not to remove the gum."

The clerk said that a philatelist had offered him \$12 apiece for these three queer bulletins.

## COTTON SPINNING.

The Scheme by Which a Workman Kept His Bobbins Clean.

The father of the famous Sir Robert Peel was a cotton spinner in a comparatively small way until he suddenly went straight ahead of all his competitors. The earliest cotton spinning machinery gave serious trouble through filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins, thus involving frequent stoppages to clear the machinery. The wages of the operatives were affected by these delays, but it was noticed that one man in the works always drew full pay. His loom never stopped.

"The onlooker tells me your bobbins are always clean," said Mr. Peel to him one day.

"Aye, they be," said the man, whose name was Dick Ferguson.

"How do you manage it, Dick?"

"Why, you see, mister Peel, it's sort o' secret; if I told you, you'd be as wise as I am."

"That's so," said Peel, smiling in response to Dick's knowing chuckle. "I'd give you something to know. Could you make all the looms work as smoothly as yours?"

"I've one of 'em, mister."

"Well, what shall I give you for your secret, Dick?"

The man smiled and rubbed his chin.

"Well, Dick, what is it to be?"

"Come, I'll tell thee," was the reply. "Give me a quart of ale every day as I'm in the mills and I'll tell thee all about it."

"Agreed," said the master.

"Well, then," returned Dick, beckoning Mr. Peel to come closer and let him whisper in his ear, "chalk your bobbins!"

That was the entire secret. Machinery was soon invented for chalking the bobbins, and Dick Ferguson was given a pension equal to many daily quarts of beer.

Old Time Remedies.

Strange as it may seem to some, the ingredients of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth," at least a part of them, were once standard remedies among Europeans. In the tenth and eleventh centuries a sovereign cure for ague was the swallowing of a small toad that had been choked to death on St. John's eve, and a splendid remedy for rheumatism was to fasten the bands of clothing with pins that had been stuck into the flesh of either a toad or a frog. Physicians frequently recommended the water from a toad's brain for mental affections and that a live toad be rubbed over the diseased parts as a cure for the quinsy.

Letters of Introduction.

Letters of introduction should not be worded in too complimentary or highly flattering terms. As they are left unsealed and delivered in person it is embarrassing for the caller to deliver them. The letter should simply introduce the bearer, state that he is a friend and that any courtesy or entertainment shown him will be greatly appreciated.

What, Indeed?

Tess—I think Belle acted rather shabbily in breaking her engagement to Jack Huggard. Jess—Well, he broke his arm. Tess—But, good gracious! Jess—Yes, good gracious! What use is a fiancée with a broken arm?

Safe.

Merchant (to hawker)—Call those safety matches? Why, they won't light at all! Hawker—Well, wot could yer 'ave safer?

Silver money 250 years old is still in circulation in some parts of Spain.

Subject to sinking spells—divers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A series of articles describing their lives, their aims and their influence.

No. 8

Dr. Adam McMillan.



DR. ADAM McMILLAN,  
Editor and Proprietor of the Virden Advance.

Mr. Adam McMillan, the proprietor and editor of the Virden Advance, is in some respects one of the most interesting figures in Western Canadian life. Few, even among the many-phased men of the West, can be compared with him in point of the variety and the success of his activities. He has been a blacksmith, a surgeon, a soldier and an editor, and in intervening intervals many other things besides. In most of these he has been conspicuously successful, and even in those in which good fortune was not so pronounced no absolute failure can be recorded against him. Adventurous, but level-headed, progressively conservative by temperament, experimental by disposition, taking little or nothing on faith, whether in the realm of mind or matter, his habit of mind is as essentially open and unprejudiced as his courage is unquestioned. Mr. McMillan is a picturesque figure, from whatever aspect of his personality he is regarded. It is undoubtedly a soldier that he has hitherto bulked largest in the popular estimation.

The family of which Mr. McMillan is a member is, in some respects, a remarkable one. His father is known throughout Canada under his pen name of "Hayseed." No more devoted, enthusiastic and loyal Scot can be found in all Canada than he. He is, perhaps, the typical Canadian-Scottish poet of the West, representing the sturdy Doric virtues of an independent peasantry given free scope in the broader arena of the Dominion. The migration of the race has enlarged both their views and their sympathies, without in one whit impairing the strength of the loyalty to the land of their nativity. Hence, in all references to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," the larger opportunity, the broader hope, the loftier destiny, of the Land of the Maple is acknowledged and accentuated.

Among the knights of the bosom an' stane Hayseed's curdling rhymes are perhaps the most popular on the continent, and at curling "smokers" and other high festivals of the fraternity they are recited and sung with enthusiasm. Nor are the comments on current events by the canny Scotch farmer and his son, Kirsty, to be forgotten. Many a bit of pungent criticism and wise counsel are enmeshed in these dialogues, which are worthy of more permanent preservation than the fugitive issues of a daily newspaper.

Of such parentage, it is no wonder that "Hayseed's" children should betray inclinations to newspaper work. As a matter of fact it is doubtful if in Canada there is any other parent who can boast of having as many sons who are editors, Adam, the subject of the present sketch, is editor of the Virden Advance, one of the most influential of Manitoba papers; Ernest, another son, is proprietor and editor of the Treherne Times, and another son is publishing a paper in the States.

Mr. McMillan was born in Glasgow, Scotland, before his parents came to Canada. He was yet an infant in arms when brought to the Dominion. His early childhood was spent in the vicinity of Markham, Ont., where he received a public school education. When almost fourteen years of age he came with his family to the West, and learned the blacksmithing trade under his father. He aspired, however, to something better, and decided to take the regular course in the Toronto Veterinary College. He graduated in 1890, and returned to Manitoba to practise his profession, locating at various times in Carberry, Virden, Oak Lake and Brandon.

He was in the Wheat City at the time of the outbreak of the South African war. Another brother held the rank of sergeant-major in the first contingent, and this fact, combined with his naturally adventurous position and his patriotism, drew him toward enlistment. He received the non-commissioned office of farrier-sergeant with Strathcona's Horse. Within a few weeks after his arrival in South Africa he was promoted to a lieutenant's commission, through the illness of his superior officer. After seeing months of service with the now historic Strathcona's Horse, Mr. McMillan was transferred to the commander-in-chief's body guard, with the rank of veterinary

captain. After nine months' service with that corps—during which its gallant conduct won merited praise from Lord Kitchener—Captain McMillan returned home to Canada by way of England. After spending the winter in Manitoba he again volunteered for service in the reorganization of the 5th regiment of Canadian Mounted Rifles under command of Lt.-Col. McDonald, D. S. C. He was given entire charge of the veterinary department, with the same rank as that on which he retired. But the war was concluded by the time this contingent arrived in South Africa, and the troops returned home by way of England, in which country Capt. McMillan stayed some months before leaving for Canada.

It will thus be seen that the editor of the Advance has a distinguished war record. In that war, which was one of the most just and humane ever waged, and which made the dream of Colonial Federation a reality, he bore no unimportant part. He, and those from the other colonial nations who served with him on the veldt, perceived with a keenness of instinct not surpassed by the most patriotic of Englishmen the magnitude of the issues at stake in that happily ended war. They demonstrated, not alone to Britain and her colonies, but to the world at large, that the British Empire is not, as are other European Governments, a machine operated under an ambitious sovereign or ambitious statesman, but an Association, in which, with mutual support and confidence, the world-wide subjects of one Crown could come together for all purposes, fiscal and Imperial, in which all were interested.

On returning home, Capt. McMillan took a practice in Virden. In a few months he bought the Advance. Under Captain McMillan's control the Advance became much more independent, but lost none of its influence.

The instinct to write inherited from his father, and hitherto dominant because without opportunity for expression, asserted themselves as soon as Mr. McMillan took hold of the practical management of the Advance. He became deeply interested in the paper's success, and soon placed it on such a substantial footing that he was recently offered a large figure for it, and, after due consideration he accepted the offer. In a week or so he will forsake the editorial chair he has filled with such promise, and devote himself entirely to his practice. There are many, however, who predict that ere long Mr. McMillan will leave the curing of the ills of agricultural stock, in order to again prescribe for those of the body politic, and that hereditary instincts and family affiliations will ere long triumph over the arts of healing. Should this be, the ranks of western editors will be swelled by an able recruit, and newspaperdom in Manitoba and the Territories be that much the gainer.

## STRAINED HIS BACK WHILE LIFTING

Was in a Bad Way Till He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Removed the Bad Effects and now William Sharam is as well as Ever Again.

Murray Harbor, South P. E. I., Oct. 10th, 1904.

(Special).—Hurt through straining his back while lifting Mr. William Sharam, general storekeeper here, got so weak that he could scarcely hold up. To-day he is enjoying the best of health once more, and when asked how he got his health back he hesitatingly answers, "Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Having sprained my back with heavy lifting," Mr. Sharam says in telling his story, "it brought on urinary and kidney trouble. I got so weak that I almost fainted and could scarcely hold up. I was terribly troubled with having to get out of bed so frequently to urinate."

"After using many medicines with no good results, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have used ten boxes in all and now I can sleep without being disturbed and my old trouble has vanished."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys cure numerous diseases, including Rheumatism, Dropsy, and Bright's Disease.

It is stated that the Tibetan officials had no authority to sign the treaty with England.

A. E. Mallory, who has been registrar of Northumberland since 1889, died Tuesday morning at Colborne, Ont.

A project is on foot to subdivide the Similkameen district of 25,000 acres into ten-acre fruit farms.

## A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Baby's Own Tablets have a remarkable record. All over the land you will find mothers who will tell you this medicine has saved the lives of their little ones. When you give Baby's Own Tablets to your children you have a guarantee that you are not stupefying them with poisonous soothing stuffs. No other medicine for children gives this guarantee, and no other medicine safely cures all such ills as colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, and teething troubles. The Tablets not only cure these troubles, but an occasional dose given to a well child prevents them. Mrs. G. A. Sawyer, Clarenceville, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl and find that they are the very best medicine I can give her." Try the Tablets for your children—they will not disappoint you. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## A CASE OF LUCK.

How the Lack of a Nickel Won a Good Paying Position.

Little Mrs. Tyler sighed as the trolley car whizzed past her.

"To think," she mused, "that I should have come to this—too poor to spend 5 cents for car fare! If I could only get more music scholars! Then Bob could have the beefsteak and the fruit he needs—dear, patient Robert!"

Time was when Frederica Fechner's piano playing had won her many a social triumph, but that was before she had married the penniless Robert Tyler, to begin life anew across the continent. Now that he was sick they had only the pittance her pupils brought her.

Today Mrs. Tyler was very tired. No wonder she had sighed when the car had glided past her, and home was a mile away. Strains of Handel's "Harp and Lute" drew her inside a music store. Music always rested her. A girl was playing upon a grand piano, and several persons stood about. Mrs. Tyler strolled their way.

One after another took a turn at the instrument. The newcomer was too interested in the playing to question wherefore. Finally a man approached her.

"It is your turn next," he said.

She was about to explain his mistake when the humor of the situation appealed to her, and she was seized with a desire to carry out the joke. Accordingly she took her seat and began Paderewski's "Love Song." She did not know for what she was playing, but she vaguely felt that it was a test of some sort, and she threw her soul into her fingers. When she ended there was a little burst of applause, and "something else" was called for. She responded with Liszt's "Schubert's Serenade" and then with Chopin's "Cradle Song."

A sheet of music was placed before her, and a lady came forward to sing. If there was one thing in which Mrs. Tyler excelled it was in accompaniments, and now she did her best. The face of the man who had invited her to play was one broad smile as he inquired deferentially:

"May I ask whom we have had the honor of hearing? You have distanced them all, my dear madam. The place is easily yours."

Mrs. Tyler looked at him in bewilderment; then she laughed and explained. He explained too.

She had unwittingly taken part in a trial of applicants for the double position of accompanist for a singing master and piano player for the music shop. A salary was named that left the little woman nearly dumb with surprise, so amply it fitted her present needs. She wanted to dance all the way home. Fatigue was forgotten.

"I'm glad you didn't ride," remarked Robert Tyler whimsically.

"Oh!" cried his wife, and the exclamation was a thanksgiving.—Youth's Companion.

## The Family Tree.

A pleasant pastime, literally, for those who have no more pressing duties and wish to get outside their environment at least in thought will open up before her who begins to mount a family tree. Tracing one's genealogy may become—probably will become—a matter of absorbing amusement and attention, for it entails a thread gathered up here, dropped there, a letter to write, a book to read, a register to consult. To the self absorbed, the despondent, the listless, one may recommend this diversion as certain to suit even rather morbid conditions of temperament, and yet as certain to gently force the mind away from itself to other persons and things in opening up a wider and wider field of reflection.

## Quint Prayers.

The chief of the Leslies is said to have prayed before a battle: "Be on our side. An gin ye canna be on our side, aye lay low a bit, an' ye'll see these carles get a-bidin' that must please ye." An old covenantor, who ruled his household with a rod of iron, is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, have a care o' Rob, for he is on the great deep, an' thou holdest it in the hollow o' thy hand. An' hae a care o' Jamie, for he has gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome o' the battle is wi' thee. But ye need na fash o' yersel' wi' wee Willy, for I hae him here, an' I'm cawpable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

## Careless of Honor.

Pastor Kneip, the famous discoverer of the "barefoot cure," who was appointed chamberlain by the pope, cared little for the honor. He did not even take the trouble to open the letter announcing the appointment and first learned of the honor conferred upon him by the arrival of a deputation at the Woerschofen cloister to congratulate him. He declined to be addressed, however, as "monsignore." It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to leave his retreat to go to Rome to thank the pope.

## Basis of His Esteem.

"It is proper to respect an office under the government," said the patriotic citizen, "even if you do not happen to approve of the man who holds it."

"Of course," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is to the office that the salary and perquisites are attached, not to the individual."

## Man.

Husband—My, but I wish I had your tongue! Wife—So that you could express yourself intelligently? Husband—No; so that I could stop it when I wanted to.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature and a little self denial for the sake of others.