

DO YOU KNOW WHY WE PACK AND SELL SALADA

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A Transient Experience

"Now, my dear Gerard," said Mrs. Gladwyn, interposing with cheerful commonplaces. "I cannot allow any scene at all. It would be very bad for you. No one is to say another word. Then when you are arranged for again, we can settle how to make it all properly known, and you and Helena can have your honeymoon at last. No, I must insist on beef tea, and no sentiment. Nella, come away. He has to get well."

"Oh, yes I will," said Gerard, with conviction. "I shall now, but—"

He held her hands tighter, he drew her closer, he raised himself on his pillows, she bent towards him, and they kissed each other, owing the bond between them, and yet far more as making it anew.

Nella was swept away from him, but there was no trouble about the beef tea that morning. The needful spur to nerves and will was given.

It almost seemed a foregone conclusion, and yet it was as like an outburst of sunlight when George's message arrived, and they knew that the trouble was over.

There was much to be done in the course of the next week, after a home-coming message had been sent in reply and before any explanatory letters could arrive.

Before they came, Gerard had made such good use of his beef tea, that he was up on the sofa, and was able to discuss the somewhat factitious question as to how the relations with Helena could best be made public.

It was decided, after full consultation with the Flemings and with Bradbury, that Helena and her aunt should go to the Isle of Wight, and that Helena should there assume her true name and title. Gerard would join them, and would take his wife away with him from there, and also for some time to Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth-Norman would come and stay, as soon as they returned from what was in the business which had brought the young man to England had been concluded, they would go out to Atlanta, where he would be taken into partnership with his late employer, Mr. Hunter.

This fact was made perfectly clear by the explanatory and apologetic letter from Mr. Hunter, which arrived by the first post, and after the telegram, while all the details were clearly explained by George. Mark wrote to his mother, and it seemed to come in with peculiar appropriateness that, "my son Mark, who performed the marriage ceremony when he was curate of Ashdown, is now going to marry Miss Hunter, the daughter of Gerard Norman's employer."

"It sounded beautiful," as George said, when he came back, "as if old Mark had been in it all along."

George arrived two days before Helena and Miss Fynn went to go to Ventnor. When he received by Gerard with quite inexpressible gratitude and cordiality.

"It's been such luck your having been in the matter," he said.

"Yes," said George, "you never would have got married at all if I hadn't held the candle on that foggy morning. I've thrown some light on your affairs since, and am fit to hold a candle to you, no one can say otherwise."

Gerard laughed. The joke seemed to him an excellent one. "More I want you to do for me," he said, coloring up and smiling. "They want to let me out on these damp days. I'm to wait a fortnight before I go to Ventnor. I want you to go with me another time. She threw the first one away, poor little girl, on the very day, in a passion with her aunt, no wonder. But now, you see, I must give her another."

"All right," said George, "I'll do it. Do you know I started to come back before the second message arrived, and I did not know till I got back how I should find you. Well—I'll go and buy the wedding ring for her. That will be the finish of it."

"Yes," said Gerard, gaily, "the finish of all the quest and uncomfortable part and the beginning of all that's good. For you know, Gladwyn, it would be just the same if we hadn't been married in that absurd fashion. We should have chosen each other the moment we saw one another. It never could have been otherwise."

"The Fates are sometimes kind," said George, "but like all ladies, they are rather capricious."

There was a kind of grim humor in the fate that sent him to buy Helena's wedding ring, at which he smiled, even while he felt a grip at his heart.

The commission was duly performed, and when he next saw Helena, she was sitting in the firelight by Gerard's sofa, and the ring was glittering on her finger. The Fleming came to tea at Gerard's, the girls who had been let into the secret were all in rapturous surprise. George held in his hand a bunch of lovely flowers, roses "For Mrs. Wentworth-Norman," he said, and laid them on her lap.

There was an outcry and a clapping of hands. "How clever of George!" cried his sisters, and Gerard was radiantly delighted.

"You must write a poem about it," George, cried Mabel.

"The poem doesn't want writing," he said. "I'll do it."

There was a great deal of chatter and mirth, questions from the Flemings about Tom Repton's share in the matter, whispered confidences from Miss Wynne, who seemed to find the episode interesting enough to be endured, and a bustle which effectively prevented any one from noting either George's words or looks. Only Fanny Fleming was very quiet, and kept in the background.

"Well, the queen is on her throne, and the episode is over," George said to her as he walked a little way back with them when the party broke up.

"Yes, George," said Fanny, "and you have helped to set her there."

"Not much of that," said George. "The kind angels kept the perversion of human wills and affections in order and turned them in the right direction. But at least, Fanny, I tried."

"I know," it was strange. "I don't feel somehow as if this was my own old Nella. I used to think she was a great author, and was too clever to marry, and now—"

"A good deal might be made of Canadian local coloring," said George, reflectively. "Good night, Fanny. I am never going to be late for school next term, and after Christmas, I'm going into Devonshire to visit the two Tremblays for the holidays."

"That's very good," said Fanny. She stopped abruptly. It would be too silly to let Gerard's name be mentioned in connection with her own, and she turned away, and throwing herself into her armchair, lit a pipe, and sat looking at old Daniel's picture, on which he had arranged his light to fall.

It had been a long episode and it was over. There had been passion and stress and peril, during this short three months, they made a barrier between past and present, and their feelings were never to be together again. But life remained, various and full. The Force which had carried him through this experience had only shown a specimen of his power. There would be many future demands upon it. George's cargo could never be all in one ship. He had had a sharp wound, but his body, soul and spirit were all still there, and he could go on his encounter. There would be other joys, higher hopes, more violent struggles before even youth, much less life, were over for him. There had been choice, and he was not to be content with the transient experience had begun. And the Voice, "the still small Voice," for which he had listened on the mountain, and which had come to him in the night, and which, but in the spiritual depths of his own conscience, had a great deal yet to say.

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EMILE ZOLA'S WARNING

An Eloquent and Piercing Protest Against the Dreyfus Infamy.

Says France Is Drifting Toward an Abyss.

Nemesis Will Arrive in a Thunder-clap Unless Expulsion Is Made—Denunciation of Military "Justice."

The Herald prints the full text of the sensational letter, "The Fifth Act," which the celebrated novelist, Emile Zola, published on Tuesday last, and which has been printed in large type and is posed up and read everywhere.

THE FIFTH ACT.
I am in mortal fear. It is not anger, avenging indignation, the need to proclaim the crime and demand its punishment in the name of truth and justice that I feel now. It is terror, the sacred terror of the man who sees the impossible being realized, the rivers flowing back to their sources, the earth turning without the sun, and in my fear I cry the distress of our generous and noble France. My dream is of the abyss into which she is falling.

We had fondly imagined that the Rennes court-martial was the last of the terrible tragedy which we have been living for close upon two years past. All the dangerous stages seemed to us to have been passed. We thought we were approaching a denouement of peace and concord. After the dreadful battle the victory of right became inevitable; the play must end happily, with the classic triumph of the innocent.

And we have been deceived! A new stage opens before us, and the most unexpected and the most terrifying of all, still further darkening the scene, is the appearance of a new and unknown termination, before which our very reason trembles and grows weak.

WHAT WILL THE FIFTH ACT BE?
The Rennes trial was only the fourth act, and great God, what will the fifth act be? What will it bring? To what supreme expiation will it force our people? For is it not certain that the innocent cannot be twice condemned, and that such a verdict would blot out the sun and arouse the nations?

At Rennes! In what mortal agony did I not live through it, in that solitude where I saw at my feet the body of a man who had been condemned to die, and who disappeared from the scene like a good citizen desirous of giving no cause for passion or disorder! With what a tightening of the heart did I not wait for the verdict, and what pain did I not feel when I saw the guilty man, the man who had been condemned to die, and who disappeared from the scene like a good citizen desirous of giving no cause for passion or disorder!

Assuredly for two years past I have had my share of suffering. I have heard the mob shouting death at my heels. I have seen at my feet an ignominious man, and I have felt the weight of his insult and menace. For eighteen months I tasted the despair of exile. Then there were my two trials—lamentable spectacles of villainy and iniquity! I have seen at my feet the body of a man who had been condemned to die, and who disappeared from the scene like a good citizen desirous of giving no cause for passion or disorder!

We have been witness of monstrous things—the prosecution of Colonel Picquart, the inquiry into the criminal conduct of the court of Cassation, "loi de dessaisissement" which resulted from it. But all that seems childish now. The lamentable progression has been the course of the trial, the abominable flower of all these heaped-up dangers.

We have seen the most extraordinary display of attempts against truth and justice. We have seen the most extraordinary display of attempts against truth and justice. We have seen the most extraordinary display of attempts against truth and justice.

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dence almost to the point of again condemning an innocent man rather than cast doubt upon his own infallibility. Military justice is seen to be nothing more than a weapon of execution in the hands of the commanders. Henceforward it can be but an executioner's tool, and it must disappear in time of peace. The moment it showed itself incapable of equity, of simple logic and of mere common sense it condemned itself.

Has thought been given to the atrocious situation in which we are made to stand among the civilized nations?

A first court-martial, deceived in its ignorance of the law and its want of will in stifling evidence, condemns an innocent man. A second court-martial, which likewise was deceived by a most impudent conspiracy of lies and frauds acquits a guilty man. A third court-martial, when light has been thrown on the matter, when the honest magistracy of the country consents to leave it to the glory of making reparation for an error, dares to deny the full daylight, and a second time finds the innocent guilty.

This is irreparable. The last crime has been committed. Jesus was condemned but once.

But let final ruin come, let France fall a prey to faction, let the country be plunged in the perils of the anarchy, let the army itself lose honor rather than confess that some members of it made a mistake, and that certain generals were liars and forgers. The ideal shall be crucified; the saber must remain sharp!

And so we find ourselves in this glorious condition before Europe, before the world! The whole world is convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus. If a shadow has remained in the minds of some far-away race the blinding glare of the Rennes trial would have carried the full light there. All the courts of the powers that are our neighbors are well informed, know the documents, have seen the worthlessness of three or four of our generals and of the shameful paralysis of our military justice.

A MORAL SEDAN.
A moral Sedan has been lost—a Sedan a hundredfold more disastrous than that of 1870, where only blood was spilled.

And I repeat, what fills me with dread is that this defeat of our honor seems irreparable, for how are we to quash the judgments of three courts-martial? We shall see the heroism of confessing our fault, to march onward with head uplifted proudly? Where is the government with courage to be a government of public safety? Where are the chambers that will understand and act before the inevitable final crash?

The worst of it all is that we have come to a reckoning day of glory. France desires to celebrate its century of labor, of science, of struggle for liberty, for truth and for justice. No century that has passed has been marked by more superb effort; this will be seen later on. And France has called together in her capital all the peoples of the earth to glorify in her century, liberty, truth and justice promised to earth.

Thus a few months hence the peoples will come, and what they will find will be the monument to the century of France, the monument to the century of France, the monument to the century of France, the monument to the century of France.

Is all this possible? Are we going to have our exhibition to be the foul, despicable, where the world will be willing to seek its pleasures only?

No! A thousand times no! We must have, and that at once, the fifth act of the monstrous tragedy, even if we have to lose our flesh and blood in the effort. We must have our honor restored before we salute the visiting peoples in a France healed and regenerated.

On Nov. 23 we shall be at Versailles. I build it up in my imagination.

Has it been noticed that this Dreyfus affair, this gigantic drama which has become a universal passion, has been made by some sublime dramatist to be staged in making it an incomparable masterpiece? I will not recall the extraordinary incidents that have stirred our souls. Every heart has grown more swollen, horror has grown more intense. In this lying peace it is fate that has genius. Destiny is there, actuating the players, determining the incidents, the plot, the drama, the tragedy, and assuredly it wants the actors to be complete and is preparing for us a fifth act—a superhuman act, which will make France glorious once again and place her in the forefront of the nations.

For you may be sure of this—it was Fate that decreed the supreme crime—the second condemnation of the innocent man, the crime had to be committed for the sake of the tragic grandeur, the sovereign beauty, the exaltation, the heroism, which will allow of the apotheosis, the final transformation scene.

AWAITING THE FINAL ACT.
And now that we have sounded the uttermost depths of horror, I await the fifth act, which will end the drama by delivering us, by restoring us to health and fresh youth.

I will now speak plainly of my fear. It has always been, as I have allowed it to be understood on several occasions, that the truth, the decisive, the overwhelming proof, should come to us from Germany. We must look the possibility of Germany bringing out the fifth act of the drama in a thunder-clap squarely and courageously in the face.

Here is my confession: Previous to my trial, in January, 1898, I learned with certainty that Esterhazy was the traitor; that he had supplied M. de Swartzkoppen with a large number of documents; that many of these documents were in his handwriting, and that a complete collection of them was to be found in the war office at Berlin.

From that time on I have, as a good Frenchman, been in constant dread. I thought with terror that Germany, by a slap in the face with the truth, would deliver us from our present agony.

I decided to cite as witnesses the foreign military attaches. We were well aware we were not likely to bring them to the bar, but we wished to let the government know we knew the truth, in the hope that it would take action.

No heed was taken. Mock was made of us. The weapon Germany has in her hands was left there, and matters remained unchanged up to the time of the Rennes trial.

On my return to France I hurried to see Labor. I insisted, with the energy of despair, on steps being taken to bring the matter before the cabinet, to demonstrate the dreadful character of the situation, and to ask if the government would not intervene, so as to obtain the documents for us. That was certainly a most delicate matter. Then there was that unfortunate Dreyfus to be saved, so that we were prepared to make every concession for fear of irritating public opinion, already at a high pitch of excitement. If the court-martial acquitted Dreyfus, it thereby deprived the documents of their noxious virus; it shattered in the hands of Germany the weapon she might have used. The acquittal of Dreyfus meant the re-

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On the Ontario open season for deer is from Nov. 1 to 15. For Partridge and Duck, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Quail, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Pheasant, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Grouse, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Ptarmigan, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Snipe, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Curlew, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Sandpiper, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Widgeon, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For Golden Plover, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. For