WHERE GRUNSWOLD FAILED

"Yes," said Jim Seton, then paused | forth ever calling to her (for he was a to pull thoughtfully at his pipe. "Holforth has been kicked all the way along. Whenever he sat down someone kicked him up; and look where he is now! And look at us. We'll own up to it frankly that not one person in a thousand relishes sustained effort-that We have to be kicked and kicked hard if we are to do great things.'

"Be kicked yourself!"grunted Grims-

wold: "I don't mean to be." "Now, there was that tortoise fellow." went on Seton. "Of course, one never knows the real inside of things; but probably his wife went, too, and taunted him all the way with the hare's speed, and his own steady power of drudgery did the rest. That's where most men fail-that they won't drudge It out. Bless you, the world's a mine of untapped genius, because their

owners won't stick to it." "I hate muggers," struck in Grimswold. "I don't deny that the beggar will have done his day's charing when he dies; but I don't see anything in him to get an Elizabeth Morrison. Can't you But she can. The man has developed up all the way. Where other men have grown fat, or died, undelivered of their message, or delivered it too soon, because they hadn't drudged out its meaning."
"What are we to do?" said Grims-

wold, testily. The worst turn fate can do a man is to let him alone," went on Seton, ignoring the question. "Now, she best attention closest, unkl on Holforth from childhood; then one day stopped to look at him-looked and admired, but went on kicking, for the man was too precious to be allowed to sit down. She has just dumped you and me down in arm chairs - when

we're not killing something." I didn't know this world was meant to be a penitentiary or a school," said

'Nor yet a rose garden," said Seton. "Personally, I prefer a dahlia-bed, it represents the autumn of a life of effort, and the colors are glorious and last longer; and Holforth will get the dahlias, my boy, while we get ros.

And I prefer the velvet feel and perfume of a rose to all the chilly, outy-stricken dahlias on earth," said Grimswold. "And I find failure much easier than success, except"-he paused, and his weather-beaten cheek flush-

With Elizabeth-just so, you seeyou haven't earned her.' Been kicked into an heroic position that appealed to her, you mean,"

grunted the other man. Possibly, but remember that some men are kicked down-the repeated kicks stun them - or some Samaritan drags them out of the highway in-

"Look at his jaw!" "His father had it before him prob-"His father had it before him productive order the bly—the grit's his own—you see, he how hateful the quiet, subjective order swell clups and prought me influential newspaper never knew when he was beaten. It of people must find the active human below the people must find the people must find the active human below the people must find the people must find the active human below the people must find the active human below the people must find the people must fi isn't till every prop has been kicked away from under a man that he finds away from under a man that he finds himself—is his cwn backbone; just as himself—is his cwn backbone; just as noises intruding on their peaceful enowoman's virtue is proven till she no woman's vir has fought temperament, opportunity, joyments. the man himself-and all alone, off her

own bat, beaten the three." Grimswold sat with an unlighted cigar gripped between his teeth, and looked ahead with gloomy eyes. He was beginning to realize that you can't have your cake and eat it, that "What will you have? Pay for it and take it," says God works out with relentless ac curacy in every relation of life, that you can't work and play, too, that play gives you ephemeral joys-effort, the things that last, the things that real-

"To strive." said Seton cheerfully, "that's the verb we're to conjugate here below-to put our backs unto things; if we don't we're but branches on the tree of life; and bless you, the women have found it out-and like you and me. And I'd rather see a ease when you are old. Not that you woman's eye blaze for price in me than are that," she added proudly, "it is for love, any day. I believe there's a special corner of hell reserved for those He sprang up, throwing who have died leaving no record—save of digging a hole in which to bury their talents—having wasted their talents-having wasted their every op-

But Grimswold had flung out of the

'And it's Betty with me, too," he said half-aloud as he, too, passed out. Elizabeth Morrison represented a type to which the heart of man goes out with eternal freshness. For most woman, who is dimpled and soft and kind, creating for him an atmosphere nothing, of life from new forms and of home and rest-who cannot argue about it, but who "loves him still and knows not why," will ever be the deeply loved, the fondly cherished, alike by the Holforths, the Grimswolds and

Some women's hearts stay at home, swept and garnished, but if the right kingdom, yet he only said: man does not knock, they remain forever untenanted, but without Luke Holand human.—Chicago Tribune.

not a laugh. There is-but it is a laugh

humorous foible. Humor as men know

For the most part she is cold. I

as a child I warrant you she never

carried a kitten in he arms. At one

that she has been a little girl, and then she impresses one that she has always

"I am more than 2,000 years old," The said. "I lived in Greece."

Her mind wandered off into the

"Yes," she said when her faculties

Returning to ancient Greece, to

had returned, "I think I was Sapho-

"Perhaps you were Sapho."

she holds out the impression

it does not appeal to her.

been an old woman.

I must have been she.'

the Setons of this life.

stern man, with stern ideas of honor), she had turned away from her other lovers to watch this strong swimmer breasting the currents of life, so han- has time to be happy?" dicapped from the first that to sink was almost a foregone conclusion, and

dear to the feminine mind, because she loved the man, and with reason. We may not even have dared to lift a fact is, we don't know anything. hand in greeting, yet our eyes have But no country is represented by the spoken, our message as sped, the passchanged, and some day in some signal instances, the gods intervene, setting a momentary gangway between the two passing vessels, by which one soul steps across to another. * * * Thus had it been with Luke anl Elizabeth, and now, while those other men talked of them, these two leaned their heads together and were in port at

Elizabeth was not young; there were roses in her cheeks, only dimples, but she was lovely yet. And as they sat down, sharers of the intenest bliss of which human beings are capable, that none ever know the lack of until they have found their true life mate, he said (and it was an instinctive offering to the gods to avoid dis-

"Has Grimswold been here lately?" She laughed, and answered nothing, knowing the ways of men; and, indeed, if Grimswold had stayed away, this moment would not have been quite so sweet to Holforth.

"Brains, good looks, great wealthwhat might not Grimswold have done, with the world to kick and Betty to reward him?" he said.

Betty looked doubtful. Not the least of her charms was the dwarfing of all other men's claims to greatness by measurement with Luke's; while she was equally incapable of seeing both sides of his character, it was only the side towards her, his fighting and staying qualities, that mattered. So, by way of answer, she did one of those little feminine things, despised of cleverer women, but infinitely dear to a man's heart. She lifted his lean brown hand to her soft cheek, the hand that had striven and fought, while into her own had come the little hollow made by years of fasting for love—the hol-low you will find in the hands of the women who desire love most, who have starved for it, and whose youth has passed while waiting for it; but she had not waited in vain.

When presently they came back to rational conversation, she said: "I like

the one who hits his own fingers every time instead of the nail. I often think my name proposed at two or three how hateful the quiet, subjective order how hateful the duet, subjective order how hateful the duet, subjective how hateful the duet, subjective how hateful the duet of the nail. I often think my name proposed at two or three sent me a most cordial letter, in which her husband joined her, in thanking in the other hand. Elizabeth made a movement of dis-

sent, but he went on. "I can imagine them watching with pity the marionettes jumping about in the crowd—the sages all abhorred en-

ergy, preached-peace 'And I have always felt so sorry for their lovers and their wives," cried izabeth, with spirit. "Listen. 'The night cometh when no man can work. that's death-and a long, long night it 'Work while ye have the light,' that's day-and a short one at bestnot one moment may be wasted out of the bit left over to us when we have slept and eaten, and submitted to the importunities of our best friends who thieve our time as if it were dirt, instead of gold!"

"As I mean to thieve yours," he said. keep their homage for fighters like Luke Holforth, and their tolerance and pity for lazy, self-indulgent brutes, in your youth that enables you to take

but in that moment he saw life as from a mountain top, as the Greeks and room, and, left alone, Seton's face sad- Romans saw it, clear and whole, birth and death as vestibule, and door of exit, inevitable accidents, events, convulsions, between, none alarming to a courageous soul, that snatches its pleasures between lulls of the storm, and with the one thing it loves beside of all he loathes a critic at hearth, it, looks forward with a fine serenity, and bed and board; while the womanly even curiosity, to the tremendous moment of death, that divides life from

> splendor of life. Suddenly Holforth snatched her to him * * * with that past behind him, that future before, the man who had been kicked all the way along in that moment came at last gloriously into his "Poor Grimswold!" being but a man

world, but she has a contempt for the

not shrink—she does not stare—every-thing is as she had pictured it.

woman who passed with a baby in her

arms. I don't believe she has a sense

her mind out of the past; I do not be-

lieve that she can project it into the

There are critics, who laugh at her

A STUDY OF MARY MACLANE

By OPIE REID.

To a mind well sobered Mary Mac- | age of estimative maturity, nothing

Lane might seem an insanity half can turn her head. And if she is look-

governed. To arrive at an estimate of disguised woman that ever lived. She

her requires more than a day. I exhibits but few of the weaknesses of

thought that in her nature there was her sex; she cares nothing for "per-

not a laugh. There is—but it is a laugh plant in bloom, gasping for a stronger at a human weakness and not at a plant, but she has not found it. In

future.

Athens, to Mars Hill, she coasted a fun of her, as the dramatic critics while and then went back to the Bad made fun of the Cherry Sisters. But

as a compliment to the world. She came from Greece, and yet she hates the world because it is old. She believes in the many-colored fires of youth.

"Yes, I know that Hugo did his best work when he was old," she said, "but even then it showed the evidences of Have I read what? Oh, no, I age. have not read anything—I don't want to read anything. Happy? I don't want to be happy. Who that thinks

Out of obscurity there have come many new things, but this MacLane her heart had gone out to him and girl is one of the newest. She is right stayed. Often simple women will do and everything else is wrong. She is from the first, and then she may sink is, in the opinion of the world. Elizabeth had royally planked down out of sight. She has portrayed hereverything—youth and love, all things self. To portray other human beings is a different matter. Genius is shy and secretive—it is afraid of itself. It We hear of ships that pass in the night, but what of those that pass in the day, near enough for us to see the the day, near enough for us to see the tears of our best beloved as they are afraid of itself. But may not a new carried by life's strong current, each order of genius be more than anxious moment farther and farther from us? to face the world? We can't tell. The

word of "Courage!" has been ex- the first tune she has studied music vism? If she had not written a line ling method to make converts. If it and yet has never written a great still would she be a study.

opera. She bears the burden of man-kind and yet has never written a great ASKED GUESTS history. Her eye has been filled with beauty and she has never modeled a great statue. Of her own emotions she has written and has given to the world a great nove

is Mary MacLane going to revolutionize her sex? She knows, as we all of us doubtless know, that woman has more of honesty but not so much of a peculiar honor as man. A man may run away with money that belongs to some one else and still have honor. He explains to man and is forgiven. That belongs to his genius. But the genius royally generous things that aggres- going to evolve another book, different she loses one virtue she loses all—that

> As for myself, I believe that women are as a rule better than men. They may not have more conscience, but they are more tortured by what they have. Sentiment! I do not think that Mary MacLane is burdened with it. most pleased when she finds it within

prised at this girl from the gulches. They cannot flatter her. And in her case is there not some strange ata-

SWELL FRONT BUT NO FOUNDATION

look, lay a row of cigarette butts.

Horace Tower, the pupil-the only one -who paid Harry for guidance into the mysterious realms of art. "Go ahead," murmured the artist.

selecting the longest of his unfinished cigarette ends and lighting it. Mr. Tower, who read as badly as he

painted, commenced to utter aloud the written lucubrations of Max O'Rell to the effect that a sure method for the struggling artist, craftsman or merchant to succeed is to "put on a good front," assume a prosperity which he has not, and make believe that he is He admitted that his spending money rolling in luxury. "Cut it out!" sneered the painter,

flicking the stale cigarette at a tomcat passing along the adjacent roof, "cut it out and give be a cigarette, and I'll tell you a story of my past." "When I got back to New York af-ter my four years in Paris," said the for a practical opportunity to sell a cause he thinks he can furnish all the sock-mending artist, "I had O'Rell's theory all through my system. I also theory all through my system. I also mirers was a young matron of great the five years remaining to the world, had \$2, all in large bills, so I called wealth, much taste and a decided but his neighbors have visions of a a cab, went to the Waldorf-Astoria and telegraphed to my brother (collect) for \$100. As he had coached me and, after the 'cashing in' talk with in the 'swell front' notion, he re- my brother, I took occasion on her sponded gamely and even wrote me a letter commending the 'nerve' which, he said, I had displayed by holding to my head with the top-notchers when I hadn't enough money to buy a caviar sandwich at Delmonico's.

"I got to Chicago all right and went tan drags them out of the highway into shameful harbor; upon such carcases cruel fate casts a contemptuous glance, and goes her way, searching for better sport."

"It's just his cursed obstinacy," said

"It's just his cursed obstinacy," said ginning to pour in on me.

big commissions, charge tip-top prices piano rent, studio rent, tea and cake and ride to the perihelion of the golden wheel of fortune. I was admitted to all the clubs where I was 'offered,' and of the Attic columns I intended to my stories about the Latin quarter and rear I saw that my front was all lath the students' balls kept me in the front and staff, with a tin cornice and no row of popular entertainers for a long roof at all. For the landlord sued me Nobody would let me pay for drinks, and, under such favoring circumstances, I acquired a desire and a capacity for stimulants that would have made Miss Willard wilt. I hired a suite of rooms in the Maison de Palette, bought a carload of 'art furniture' on the time payments, hung up my tapestries, rugs, armor, bric-abrac and sketches, put in a concert grand piano, got a necktie as big as a baby's, well-sash-and started right

in to put up the swellest front ever reared by a Chicago artist. "Then I issued 'cards' for an after- | Herald.

Harry St. Vrain, the artist, was sit- room tea. Did they come No, they ting in the sunny corner of his studio mending his socks. Upon the ledge of of my studio looked like a funeral or patiating on the general diablerie of my studio looked like a funeral or patiating on the general diablerie of the narrow attic window, his only out- a wedding every Wednesday afternoon. The best people in town flocked "Let me read you something," said into my hole, walloped my concert Brooklyn debating club, which meets forace Tower, the pupil—the only one

to paint. The debutantes lionized me, of the tailor came to be host, and even the married women (you the question for the evening, an have no idea what an 'advantage' it little wild') made a pet of me and commenced to send me silk scarfs, crochetted slippers and 'bachelor's

"About the same time that I got notice from my landlord, my brother began to intimate that it was about time to put a roof over my 'swell front.' was about all in, and that I had fully achieved his prediction that I should 'make a good impression.' Now was the time, he said, when I should be- fear one of his pets may be slaught-gin 'to cash.' As my landlord and ered. So the "billies" and "nannies" other creditors seemed to be of the are increasing rapidly. The man of picture. Among my most devoted adpartiality for my work. She was everlastingly 'dropping in' at my studio, next call to sound her ladyship as to the possibility of disposing of one of my most 'souiful' creations. That day, for the hundredth time, she said she 'never got tired looking at it.' So I took advantage of this opening to ask, 'Why don't you take it home with

'Oh, Harry!' she exclaimed, laying her aristocratic hand on my trembling arm, 'how kind of you! I'll send James around for it this very evening.' me for 'that splendid souvenir.' If duential newspaper me for 'that splendid souvenir.' If "I have a few friends here to din-week or two I had that was all I got out of it I'd have ner," said the tailor, "and I thought it mining to pour in on me.

"My brother told me that there was up to me to do as well by all my burning with excitement. No one nothing to it now but to go ahead, other admirers or lose out on the whole moved. The men looked on with throw on lots of style, grab off all the investment of time-payment furniture, and the hundred other things involved out the very next month, my name was posted in all the clubs, and when I wanted to go to the city hall fountain

for a drink I went through the alleys to avoid meeting my credites. "See this row of cigarette butts?" rushed in with a sheet and shouted: said the painter to his staring pupil. 'Well, I'm afaid to throw one of them away because I don't know where my next smoke is coming from. are the small but sure foundation of my new system. When you pay me for this lesson I'm going to get a pipe smoke them."-Chicago Record-

Her Strong Point.



Chapp-"Miss Milyuns ain't much of a looker, is she?' Snapp-"I like her figure."

Making It Simple. The scholarly looking man with the big eyeglasses had been invited to address the Sunday school, and was

lesson. "I see the word 'line' occurs here.' he said. "Will somebody give me a sonal admiration." She may be a definition of 'line'?" Nobody answered.

making a few remarks concerning the

"It is very easy," he proceeded enmany respects she may be raw to the couragingly, "though you may find it a little perplexing to convey the idea When the Empress of Ger- in simple terms. Try again. many summoned Johanna Ambrosia, the ordinary signification of the word don't think that she would like a cat; the potato field poetess, to come to is longitudinal extension, but here it court she came shinkingly. Out of the denotes a predetermined boundary, West this girl MacLane comes, at 2 I am sure, my young friends, you can summons of the world, and she does remember that."—Chicago Tribune.

A Feast of Reason.

"I was at luncheon the other day," said a North Side woman, "where the of motherhood. I believe that as a hostess was a graduate of Smith Col-child she hated a doll. She rakes up lege, three of the guests were graduates of Wellesley, two went through Vassar, two had been Bryn Mawr girls, and the other ladies present were graduates of Northwestern, the pretenses. Some of the Eastern writers University at Chicago and Wells, rehave tickled themselves by making spectively.

"Well," one of her hearers said, "it must have been very interesting. How I wish I could have been there. What Lands.

"I wrote that book when I was nine-teen. If it had been published then my head would have been turned," in herself in supreme. She says that my head would have been turned," in herself in supreme. She says that hard it is to keep help."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Anti-Microbe Shaving.

[From the London Express.] In Jermyn street is what is said to be the only antiseptic, microbe-proof barber's shop in London.

no upholstery anywhere. The chairs are of metal, with head subjected to frequent disinfecting. The hasins are frequent disinfecting. The basins are argument. In brief, it was as follows: made with pedal taps to avoid the con- According to the original plan there taminating touch of human fingers. was to be no eating, and all life was to the meat defenders such courage that Everything your eyes rest on seems to be eternal. Mastication and digestion they not only told the elder to defy the There are no germs on me." The barber is clad in sterilized over- everlasting if Adam and Eve had not alls. He explains that that is to pre- eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowl-

vent any of his own personal and priv- edge of good and evil. Fortunately, ate stock of microbes from migrating the break from everlasting life giving knife. to you. Before beginning to operate non-eating was only to vegetarianism. on you he dips his hands in some The result was that the span of hugerm-destroying solution, and he assures you that the razor is sterilized But vegetarianism, while it meant afresh for each customer. From a capsule he empties into a

sterilized yessel just enough soap powder to supply the lather needed for one shaving job. It seems that danger may lurk in soap that has been used to shave some other fellow.

The price charged for the operation is sixpence.

His Preference.



Miss N. Thusiasm-"Isn't baseball perfectly grand, Mr. Lush? Can you think of anything you like better? Lush (promptly)-"Yes; highball."

TO KILL A KID

Vegetarian's Startling Argument in Favor of His Hobby.

People Were Willing to Eat Dead Meat, But Unwilling to Rob Animal of Life.

The period of high meat prices has been a haymaking time for vegetarian enthusiasts. With tireless energy they have talked their fad, and with not a little success, according to the People who meet her will be sur- retail butchers. One man who thinks most human ills come from the eating of flesh last week adopted a startdid not succeed it was not because of lack of boldness in design or vigor in execution, says the Chicago Tribune. The man in question is a tailor. He

is a member of a Seventh Day Adventist congregation, and in such spare moments as he is not warning his

a meat diet. This tailor recently joined a South great artist I was and 'reveled' in my cusses all sorts of questions, from expictures and sketches. I got so many cise to the relative merits of ping-pong society invitations that I had no time and lawn tennis. In due time the turn the question for the evening, and lead the discussion. The club dissuaded him is to have the reputation of being 'a from choosing the end of the world as the theme, and submitted to vegetarianism.

Before relating what happened at the meeting it will make the situation clearer to explain that the tailor keeps a large menagerie in and around his suburban home. He takes special pride and delight in a constantly in creasing herd of goats, since they are not carnivorous. He has sworn never to sell or give away any of them fo accommodation that will be needed in but his neighbors have visions of a time when he will have to buy a western ranch on which his goats may multiply and die from old age.

On the night of the vegetarian discussion the members and their wives sat in the tailor's parlor waiting for meeting to open. Their exchanges of courtesies were occasionally interrupted by the bleating of a kid, which appeared to be in an adjoining room; this caused no comment.

After considerable delay, when the members had settled into a state of patient passivity, the double doors from the dining-room were suddenly

amused wonder, while some of the women seemed a little nervous. Brandishing his knife, the excited

vegetarian then passed from person to person, thrusting the handle of the nife at each of them, and shouting: "Will you kill it?" Each in turn declined, one man growling, "I draw the line at goat meat." Just as the man with the knife reached a stout woman, who at times is inclined to be hysterical, his wife

"Here, this is to catch the blood!" This was too much for the hysterical woman, and, in fact, several others began to look alarmed.

"What, you will eat animals, but not kill them! Why, you haven't the courage of your convictions," claimed the tailor scornfully. "Here is this gentle animal with its trusting eyes (they were not specially trustful at that moment). You will not kill it yourself, but you are perfectly will-

By this time the entire club-was in pretty mellow condition to receive ly to the roasting pans of Satan; he vegetarian arguments, but the en-The first impression is rather grimly thusiastic host, instead of following to his punishment. A meat diet oc suggestive of a private operating sur-gery. The walls are tiled. There is pastor of his church, Elder Blank, as perdition, and at the time of the flood meant death. All life would have been

Entirely Freed of Pile Torture

A Case of Twenty Years Standing Immediately Relieved and Ultimately Cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is no disputing the fact that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only actual and positive cure for piles that has ever been offered for public sale. Day after day there appear statements in the newspapers from persons who have been cured. Ask your friends and neighbors about this great ointment. Mr. P. S. McLaren, farmer and con-tractor, Tiverton, Ont., states: "I was troubled for 20 years with itching piles. would get warm in bed. I would wake up in the night and lay for hours suffering the greatest agony. I cannot imagine any greater distress than the torture of piles.
"Dr. Chase's Ointment gave me relief

from the first application, and now I am entirely freed of this horrible disease. For a time I would occasionally feel a slight return of the itching, but applied the ointment freely each time, until the cure was thorough."
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

AN OPEN LETTER

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ATE are very anxious to make this year's exhibition of ours the best we ever had, and the most successful in every respect. With this view before us, we have secured one of the finest assortments of the old Genuine Heintzman & Co. Pianos, in special styles and designs of fancy French Burl Walnuts, Circassian Walnuts, Beautiful Spanish Mahogany, and other woods, for display at our Exhibition Stand in Main Building at Western Fair, and in our London Warerooms, 217 Dundas Street, corner Clarence.

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long life, did not apparently insure ing to have a butcher rob it of its goodness. The people grew so wicked gational Society, which has lately life."

that Jehovah bethought him how he celebrated its 200th anniversary, has that Jehovah bethought him how he might hurry the offenders more rapid-

This thoroughly scientific explanation of the vegetarian doctrine gave near approach of the end of the world by refraining altogether from eating, but they even attacked the picturesque argument of the kid and the

Motives of Misers.

may be in some cases. Doctors say that kleptomania, though so often pleaded as a lying defense, really exists, especially among children, and that it is in some way mysterious! limited and defined, the full strength of the passion being excitable only by certain objects, usually shining. Th

Is there no charm or glamor in gold

itself which attracts and in a sense

overpowers the miser, though it does

not often induce him to steal? There

pursuit of gold for 5,000 years may have bred in the mind a hereditary tendency toward acquisition, as a concrete and visible article, which is, we may remark, as often manifested by the rich as by the poor. Asiatics often hoard coin and jewels to their own hurt, knowing that their possession in volves extreme danger, and we could ourselves relate two authentic stories of great accumulations of gold coin made by Englishmen who seemed to derive pleasure from its actual sight and touch. These are, however, we fancy, rather illustrations of the collector mania, so often described and analyzed in the case of books and china, than instances of true miserliness, which is based, we are conand during that time suffered a great deal. They bothered me most when I mal kind of mean pride than on the mal kind of mean pride than on the passion for hoarding. That is often divorced from avarice. It was not for their value that George IV. kept every coat he had ever worn, or that Mr Black bought wardrobe after wardrobe in which to preserve every morsel of clothing that had ever been in his

> In the Oldroyd Lincoln Museum in Washington one of the interesting re-lics is the Bible which was used by Abraham Lincoln's mother daily. This volume came from the press in 1799,

possession.-London Spectator.

The South Berwick (Maine) Congrehad but twelve pastors since its organ-

Lever's Y-Z(Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other soap powders, es it also acts as a disinfectant.

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and, sighing, she added: "Everything pessimism is a false philosophy and with the goggle eye of optimism she she is now 21. Having reached that looks at the world—but she does this