

WHERE GRUNSWOLD FAILED

"Yes," said Jim Seton, then paused to pull thoughtfully at his pipe. "Holforth has been kicked all the way along. Whenever he sat down someone kicked him up and took where he is now. And look at you, well 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 Grimswood. "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 Grimswood. "I don't want that the beggar will have done his day's charring when he dies; but I don't see anything in him to get an Elizabeth Morrison."

"Can't you see?" said Seton. "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 drugged out its meaning."

"What are we to do?" said Grimswood, testily.

"The worst turn fate can do a man is to let him alone," went on Seton, ignoring the question. "Now, she bestowed her closest, unkind attention 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 don't know this world was meant to be a penitentiary or a school," said Grimswood.

"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 dahlia, my boy, while we get stalks."

"And I prefer the velvet feel and perfume of a rose to all the chilly, outy-stricken dahlia on earth," said Grimswood. "And I find failure much easier than success—because the latter and his weather-beaten cheek flushed angrily."

"With Elizabeth—just so, you see—you 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 to a contemptuous glance, and goes her way, searching for better sport."

"It's just his cursed obstinacy," said Grimswood. "Look at his jaw."

"His father had it before him probably—the girl's his own—you see, he never knew when he was beaten. It isn't till every prop has been kicked away from under a man that he finds himself—is his own backbone; just as no woman's virtue is proven till she has fought temptation, opposed off the man himself—and all alone, off her own back, beaten the three."

Grimswood sat with an unlighted cigar gripped between his teeth. He 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, or say God works out with relentless accuracy 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 really matter."

"To strive," said Seton cheerfully. "That's the verb we're to conjugate here—below—to put our back into things. If we don't we're but dead branches on the tree of life; and bless you, the women have found it out—and keep their homages for fighters like Elizabeth, for their tolerance and pity for lazy, self-indulgent brutes, like you and me. And I'd rather see a woman's eye blaze for pride in me than for love, any day. I believe there's a special corner of hell reserved for those who have died leaving no record—save of digging a hole in which to bury their talents—having wasted their every opportunity."

But Grimswood had hung out of the room, and left alone, Seton's face saddened.

"And it's Betty with me, too," he said. "Aloud as he, too, passed out."

Elizabeth Morrison represented a type to which the heart of many men is drawn. For most of all he loathes a critic at heart, and bed and board; while the womanly woman, who is dimpled and soft and kind, creating for him an atmosphere 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, the ally of the Holforths, the Grimswoods and the Setons of this life.

Some women's hearts stay at home, sweet and gentle, and the right man does not know, they remain forever unattained, but without Luke Holforth ever calling to her (for he was a 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 hard, so dangerous, from the first that to sink was almost a foregone conclusion, and her heart had gone out to him and stayed. Often simple women will do royally generous things that aggressive clever women shrink from, and Elizabeth had royally planked down everything—youth and love, all things dear to the feminine mind, because she loved the man, and with reason.

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 tears of our best beloved as they are carried by life's strong current, each moment farther and farther from us? We may not even have dared to lift a hand in greeting, yet our eyes have spoken, our message as sped, the passion of "Courage!" has been exchanged, and some day in some signal instance the gods intervene, setting a momentary gangway between the two passing vessels, by which one soul steps across to another.

Elizabeth was not young; there were no roses in her cheeks, only dimples, but she was lovely yet. And as they talked of them, these two learned their heads together and were in port at last.

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

Elizabeth looked doubtful. Not the least of her charms was the dwarfing of all other men's claims to greatness by measurement with Luke's. The side of his character, it was only the side towards her, his lighting and staying qualities, that mattered. So, by way of answer, she did one of those little feminine things, despised of clever 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 hollow 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 people who do things."

"I don't know," he hesitated. "After all, this man who goes on hitting nail after nail on the head, driving every one of them home, is a bit of a carpenter, and may get as bored as I at the one who hits his own nails every time instead of the nail. I often think how hateful the quiet, subjective order of people must find the active human mind, who go on and on, perpetually sweeping the world; what torture they must suffer from those harsh noises invading their peaceful environments."

Elizabeth made a movement of dissent, but she went on.

"I can imagine them watching with pity the man who jumps about in the crowd—the sage all abhorred energy, preached—peace—"

"And I have always felt so sorry for their lovers, their wives," said Elizabeth, with spirit. "Listen. The night cometh when no man can work; that death—and a long, long night it is. Work while you have the light, that's day—and a short one at best; not 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 friends who thrive our time as if it were dirt, instead of gold."

"As I mean to live yours," he said. "The man who has driven me till I feel she said slyly. "It's the early rising in your youth that enables you to take ease when you are old. Not that you are that," she added proudly, "it is only women who grow old."

He sprang up, throwing back his shoulders with a gesture as if he loosed a pack from his back, and all the man of the past flashed before him; but in that moment he saw life as from a mountain top, as the Greeks and Romans saw it, clear and whole, birth and death, as a vestibule, doors 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 it, looks forward with a fine serenity, even curiosity, to the tremendous moment of death, that divides life from nothing, of life from new forms and splendor of life.

Suddenly, Holforth snatched her to him, and with the "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 kingdom, yet he only said:

"Poor Grimswood!" being but a man and human.—Chicago Tribune.

A STUDY OF MARY MACLANE

By OPIE REID.

To a mind well sobered Mary MacLane might seem an insanity half governed. To arrive at an estimate of her requires more than a day. I thought that in her nature there was not a laugh. There is—but it is a laugh at a human weakness and not at a humorous foible. Humor as men know it does not appeal to her.

For the most part she is cold. I don't think that she would like a cat; as a child I warrant you she never carried a kitten in her arms. At one moment she holds out the impression that she has been a little girl, and then she impresses one that she has always been an old woman.

"I am more than 2,000 years old," she said. "I live in Greece."

"Perhaps you were Sappho."

Her mind wandered off into the darkest dells.

"Yes," she said when her faculties had returned. "I think I was Sappho—I must have been."

Returning to ancient Greece, to Athens, to Marston, she costed a while and then went back to the East Lands.

"I wrote that book when I was nineteen. If it had been published then my head would have been turned, and, sighing, she added: "Everything comes too late."

She is now 21. Having reached that

age of estimative maturity, nothing can turn her head. And if she is looking for compliments she is the most disguised woman I ever lived. She exhibits but few of the weaknesses of her sex; she cares nothing for "personal admiration." She may be a plant in bloom, smelling of a stronger plant, but she has not found it. In many respects she may be raw to the world, but she has a contempt for the world. When the Empress of Germany summoned Johanna Ambrosia, the potato field poetess, to come to court she came shivering. Out of the world this girl MacLane comes, at a summons of the world, and she does not shrink—she does not stare—everything is as she had pictured it.

I saw her look contemptuously at a woman who passed with a baby in her arms. I don't believe she has a sense of motherhood. I believe that as a child she had a doll. She takes up her mind out of the past; I do not believe that she can project it into the future.

There are critics who laugh at her pretences. Some of the Eastern writers have tickled themselves by making fun of her, as the dramatic critics made fun of the Cherry Sisters. But this girl is not a Cherry Sister of literature. For what has been written she does not give a snap. Her belief in herself in supreme. She says that pessimism is a false philosophy and with the goggle eye of optimism she looks at the world—but she does this

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 age. Have I read what? Oh, no, I have not read it. I have not time to read anything. Happy? I don't want to be happy. Who that thinks has time to be happy?"

Out of obscurity there have come many new things. This MacLane girl is one of the newest. She is right and everything else is wrong. She is going to evolve another book, different from the first, and then she may sink out of sight. She has portrayed herself. To portray other human beings is a different matter. Genius is shy and secretive—I'm afraid of itself. It sings a song, low amid the evening leaves; it shouts a challenge and shrinks back into its obscurity; it is afraid of itself. But may not a new order of genius be more than anxious to face the world? We can't tell. The fact is, we don't know anything.

But no one could be sure of the genius of a woman. From the time of the first time she has studied music and yet has never written a great work.

SWELL FRONT BUT NO FOUNDATION

Harry St. Vrain, the artist, was sitting in the sunny corner of his studio mending his socks. Upon the ledge of the narrow attic window, his only outlook, lay a row of cigarette butts.

"Let me read you something," said 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 lubrications of Max O'Rell to the effect that a sure method for the struggling artist, crisscross or monarch to succeed is to "put on a good front," assume a prosperity which he has not, and make believe that he is rolling in luxury.

"Cut it out!" sneered the painter, flicking the stale cigarette at a tumbler passing along the adjacent roof, and I'll tell you a story of my past. "When I got back to New York after my four years in Paris," said the artist, "I found that Max O'Rell's had \$2. all in large bills, so I called a cab, went to the Waldorf-Astoria, and telegraphed to my mother (collect) for \$100. As he had coached me in the 'swell front' notion, he responded guilely and even wrote me a letter commending my conduct, which, he said, I had displayed by holding my head with the top-notchers when I hadn't enough money to buy a caviar sandwich."

"I got to Chicago all right and went to his office in another cab, in order to give him a chance to save me from the police, for I had ordered a cab and a bunch of Broadway drink checks. He said that I'd do, all right, and told all his rich friends what a smooth kid his brother was. Then he had my name proposed at two or three swell clubs and brought me in contact with some influential newspaper men, so that in a week or two I had seen my picture in two or three papers as the rising young artist," etc., and invitations to society events were beginning to pour in on me.

"My brother told me that there was nothing to it now but to go ahead, throw on lots of style, grab off all the big orders, and charge tip-top prices and ride to the periphery of the golden wheel of fortune. I was admitted to all the clubs where I was 'offered,' and my stories about the Latin quarter and the students' balls kept me in the row of popular entertainers for a long time. Nobody would let me pay for drinks, and under 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 new set of furniture on the time payments, hung up my tapestries, rugs, armor, bric-a-brac and sketches, put in a concert baby's, well-sash—and started right in to put up the swell front over my real self, a Chicago artist."

"Then I issued 'cards' for an after-dinner party."

"Hor Strong Point."

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.

The first impression is rather grimly suggestive of a private operating surgery. The walls are tiled. There is no upholstery anywhere. The chairs are of metal, with head subjected to frequent disinfecting. The basins are made with pedal taps to avoid the contaminating touch of human fingers. Everything your eyes rest on seems to say: "There are no germs on me."

The barber is clad in sterilized overalls, his cap is of the same material, and his hands are in a germ-destroying solution, and he assures you that the razor is sterilized afresh for each customer.

In a capsule he empties into a sterilized vessel just enough soap powder to supply the lather needed for one shaving. 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.

There is no disputing the fact that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only actual and positive cure for piles that has 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. McLane, farmer and contractor, Tiverton, Ont., states: "I was troubled for 20 years with itching piles, and during that time suffered a great deal. They bothered me most when I 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."

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ASKED GUESTS 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 retail butchers. One man who thinks most human ills come from the eating of flesh last week adopted a startling method to make converts. If it did 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 friends and acquaintances of the end of the world five years hence he is expatiating on the general diablerie of a meat diet.

This tailor recently joined a South Brooklyn debating club, which meets at the homes of its members and discusses all sorts of questions, from excise to the relative merits of ping-pong and lawn tennis. In due time the turn of the tailor came to be host, select the question for the evening, and lead the discussion. The club dissuaded him 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 increasing herd of goats, since they are not carnivorous. He has sworn never to sell or give away any of them for fear one of his pets may be slaughtered. So the "billsies" and "nannies" are increasing rapidly. The man of goats and shears does not worry, because he thinks he can furnish all the accommodation that will be needed in the five years remaining to the world, but his neighbors have visions of the 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 the meeting to open. Their exchanges of courtesies were occasionally interrupted by the bleating of a kid, which appeared to be in an adjoining room; but this caused no comment.

After considerable delay, when the members had settled into a state of pained passivity, the double doors from the dining-room were suddenly burst open and the tailor rushed in. He held a struggling and bleating kid under one arm and a big carving knife in the other hand.

"I have a few friends here to dinner," said the tailor, "and I thought it desirable to give them some meat—a roast or a fry. Who'll cut the throat of this little goat for me?"

He looked around, his black eyes burning with excitement. No one moved. The men looked on with 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 knife at each of them, and shouting: "Will you kill it? 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 rushed in with a sheet and shouted: "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," exclaimed 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 willing to have a butcher rob it of its life."

By this time the entire club was in pretty mellow condition to receive vegetarian arguments, but the enthusiastic host, instead of following up his peroration, introduced the pastor of the church, Elder Blank, as his substitute in speaking. The advocates of mixed diet took courage when they heard the elder's line of argument. In brief, it was as follows: According to the original plan there was to be no eating, and all life was to be eternal. Mastication and digestion meant death. All life would have been everlasting if Adam and Eve had not eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Fortunately, the break from everlasting life giving non-eating was only to vegetarianism. The result was that the span of human life was 800 or 900 years.

But vegetarianism, while it meant

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AN OPEN LETTER.

To Whom It May Concern:

WE 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.

We have marked each Piano down to "ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES" and within the reach of all requiring a first-class Piano, and on Easy Terms of Payment, and will esteem it a kindness if you will call and examine The Genuine Heintzman & Co. Pianos before purchasing any other, and we are persuaded to believe after you have done so, you will make up your mind to buy from us, as the best is always the cheapest in the end—and then you will never have cause to regret your bargain.

Second-hand Organs and Pianos taken as part payment and full value allowed for them. Pianos from \$250 and upwards, payable \$5 to \$8 per month. Organs from \$20 and upwards, payable \$2 to \$4 per month.

Hoping you will kindly call and see us, or write,

Yours truly,

HEINTZMAN & CO.,

217 Dundas St., LONDON, ONT.

THE 20th CENTURY TREATMENT.
The source of all Power, discovered in the Laboratories of Dr. J. K. Ehrlich.
The result of 50 years of scientific research. Lost manhood brought back after years of weakness and despair. Nature's Secret restored by combining three of the rarest chemical reagents in the world. This is no experiment. It is proved by its use in the Hospitals of Europe. Thousands of weak and hopeless cases cured by 30 days treatment. This is a fact! Prove it yourself by a test. A 5 days treatment with full particulars sent absolutely free. All packages are carefully sealed in a plain wrapper with no mark. A full 30 days treatment (180 doses) with guaranteed cure or refund of money, for \$5.00.

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long life, did not apparently insure goodness. The people grew so wicked that Jehovah bethought him how he might rid the earth of such a race. He turned to the roasting pans of Satan, he could not wait 900 years to send a man to his punishment. A meat diet occurred to him as a sure toban to perdition, and at the time of the flood he permitted men to learn to eat flesh. Human life rapidly shrank to an average of 40 years.

This thoroughly scientific explanation of the vegetarian doctrine gave the meat defenders such courage that they not only told the elder to defy the near approach of the end of the world by reverting altogether from eating, but they even attacked the picturesque argument of the kid and the knife.

Motives of Misers.

Is there no charm or glamor