Hatching Fish For Foreigners

Ottawa Reserves to Puget Sound Canneries First Choice of the Sockeyes.

Local Industry Thus Crippled and Millions Lost to Canadian Fishermen.

To the Editor of the Colonist:

Sir: Two items have gone the rounds of the provincial press this week which seem to show very plainly the alleged dulness of wit and lack of business perception of us Britishers. Not that we do not sometimes see a business advantage, but it is invariably too late when our wide-awake American neighbors have anything like an even chance with us. I presume no one will ask for proof, for the evidence of this is writ large on the map of the North American continent. Look to the East—aye, and to the North—and you will find that while we slept the wakeful Yankee fenced us in. I am led to these reflections by an interview with Mr. George I. Meyer, the Seattle salmon canner, published in one of the Sound papers, which appropriately appears at the same time as a declaration of policy from the marine department at Ottawa. Mr. Meyer considers the outlook for this year particularly bright. He says:

"By reasonably calculation the run of fish to the Fraser ought to be, this year, a good one. Some six years ago the British Columbia fishing interests began the establishment of hatcheries on the Fraser. The fish begin returning from the sea about the fourth year from the time of leaving the hatcheries, and the present year will be the third year from the time when the hatchery spawn began to return up the river. The two previous years proved good ones, and Mr. Meyer thinks the third season will prove equally as good and probably better.

"Our English cousins," said he, "set us a mighty good example in the establishment of these hatcheries, and we old fishermen recognize that it has been a great success."

There is something for the most drowsy of Her Majesty's subjects to ponder over. This estimable Yankee fisherman likes the "mighty good example" we set him in maintaining hatcheries at our own expense to keep up the supply of salmon for his Seattle cannery. He can afford under the circumstances to be complimentary.

I suppose everyone is aware that these Fraser river sockeye salmon referred to by Mr. Meyer are trapped on their way from the Straits to the Fraser river. Traps are placed at a hundred different points along the west coast of Washington, from the southern end of San Juan Island to Point Roberts, and notwithstanding that the method has only been adopted for a few years, the take in the Washington canneries last year was equal to the whole pack of the Fraser river. This present season with an increased number of canneries and traps there will be more Fraser river salmon canned in the state of Washington than in British Columbia. With these facts before you, consider the business expediency of the following:

"Ottawa, March 30.—Sir Louis Davies has had the question of the use of salmon traps for fishing before him for some time, and a decision has now been reached refusing to sanction their use in Canadian waters."

We have from Discovery Island to Jordan River, on the southern extremity of this Island—nearly 40 miles of coast almost as well suited for traps as the shores of Washington. We would have the advantage of meeting the run first and getting our share of it, and, what is very important to us, this trade would be tributary to Victoria. Can you imagine, then, anything more grossly stupid and wilfully blind to the interests of our country than to compel us to pay for the propagation of salmon which when passing our shores we are not allowed to catch, but which are carefully preserved for the foreign fishermen of the state of Washington? And remember that the taking of salmon by traps off the coast of Vancouver Island, when once demonstrated to be a success, would be worth not less than $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 to the trade of this country per annum. We want trade. We are ready to build railways anywhere, to listen to all sorts of fantastic schemes to improve business. But how about the millions of money that passes our doors annually?

REPORTER.

"THE MESSIAH."

Coming Production of the Oratorio—Nanaimo Doing Her Share.

In connection with the approaching performance of "The Messiah" it may be mentioned that there will be no fees for professional assistance. The oratorio will not be produced with the object of promoting personal aggrandizement, and those professional musicians who are gratuitously tendering their services do so in order to contribute their share to the noble cause of charity. In this respect Nanaimo is setting a splendid example. Her contingent of eighty voices have not only purchased their own music, but each intends to pay his own expenses in Victoria during the two performances. Mr. James Dunsmuir having with characteristic generosity granted free transport to the Coal City vocalists. The presence of such a large chorus added to Victoria's quota provides an interesting innovation and a precedent that might well be followed in the future.

Now that the dates of production are drawing near, those in charge of the orchestral arrangements are devoting their attention to that side of the organization. It may be said that it is their intention to make the orchestra thoroughly representative of all that is good in musical Victoria. There is still room for efficient players among the woodwind, and the secretary, Mr. E. A. Harris, or the conductor will be glad to hear from clarionetists, flutists and horn-players, who, considering the importance of concentrated effort, in view of the patriotic object, are willing to lend their assistance. It is a civic venture, under the direct supervision of the mayor and a citizens' committee, and petty differences should be set aside completely in favor of united effort. For the performances special excursion trains will be run from Nanaimo to Victoria, and if practicable similar arrangements will be made in regard to Vancouver.

The rehearsals will be held as usual this week, in the city hall—soloists and orchestra Tuesday, chorus and orchestra Thursday at 8 p. m.

Letters to The Editor

CROW'S NEST COAL LANDS.

Sir: I am glad to notice in your editorial criticizing my speech that you are prepared now to discuss the enormous iniquity of the late Semlin government in giving away the immense coal heritage in the Rocky Mountains.

I beg to point out, however, that you are in error in supposing that the law providing for a royalty on coal applies to this land grant. The statute to which you refer is section 83 of chapter 113 of the Revised Statutes of British Columbia, which reads as follows: "83. There is reserved to and for the use of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, a royalty of five cents upon and in respect of each and every ton of merchantable coal raised or gotten from any lands acquired under the provisions of this act; and in any crown grant to be issued in pursuance of this act there shall be contained a reservation of the said royalty: Provided that no royalty be reserved on dross or fine slack."

You will notice that this section only applies to lands acquired under the provisions of said chapter 113. The lands which have been transferred to the British Columbia Southern Railway Co. were not acquired by them under the provisions of said chapter 113, but under the provisions of various subsidy acts passed from time to time in which there is no reservation of a royalty.

JOSEPH MARTIN.

Vancouver, March 29.

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD GOVERNMENT.

Sir: "I never could understand what protection or free trade had to do with the question of governing a province like British Columbia."

As a reason for opposing the introduction of party lines into the forthcoming contest the above is assigned by Mr. Beaven as one of the causes for objecting to the Liberal-Conservative party undertaking the defeat of Mr. Martin.

I have observed that, in addition to those Liberals who fear a Conservative victory more than they dread Martin, the chief opponents to action being taken by the Liberal-Conservatives are those who never could exactly be located in Dominion politics and amongst whom without wishing to do Mr. Beaven any injustice, and subject to correction, I must place him, gentlemen who seemingly enjoy being on the fence and fear that should party lines be drawn by Liberals and Conservatives in provincial affairs they must drop off on one side or the other.

I give Mr. Beaven credit for having more sense than to suppose that it was ever proposed that any federal issue should be introduced into a provincial election campaign. In any case Mr. Beaven must have forgotten that the free trade issue is a dead one, the Liberals having abandoned that plank for protection and preferred trade—the policy of the Conservatives. Mr. Beaven like yourself and like the author of a letter in this morning's Colonist over the nom de plume "Vox Populi," advises that the best way to secure the defeat of Mr. Martin is for all those who favor "good government" and "a progressive government," to unite their forces throughout the province and do it at once.

Does this mean anything tangible? What Mr. Beaven, or yourself, or "Vox Populi" may consider "good government" or a policy that you may consider a progressive policy may not be considered by others anything but bad government and a non-progressive policy, as Mr. Beaven knows to his cost from past experience.

It is difference of opinion as to what constitutes good government, and what bad government, that causes party lines to be drawn wherever responsible government exists.

Mr. Martin and his friends have as much right to claim that his government will be an honest and a progressive one, as Mr. Beaven has, or I have, to maintain that it will be a dishonest and a non progressive one. Mr. Martin and his government certainly have not had a trial yet and can hardly be condemned for lack of honesty when still untried. But he is a Liberal, his government is a Liberal one and the Liberal party in power at Ottawa have been instrumental in placing him where he is, contrary, I believe, to the wishes of the people of this province, and it becomes, therefore, the duty of the Liberal-Conservatives to displace him, not because he is Mr. Martin, "Fighting Joe," but because he is a Liberal, is backed by Liberals and proposes to pull wires in the interest of the Liberals. That Mr. Martin is likely to give us worse government than any other Liberal, I am not free to admit. Had the Lieutenant-Governor called in some other Liberal then he would have found "Vox Populi" and the rest of the Liberals rallying round the standard howling for party lines, as Mr. E. P. Davis and Col. Gregory did at the Liberal convention in 1897. I don't believe in opposing Mr. Martin merely because he is Joe Martin. I am opposed to him because he is the personification of, and his presence is the result of all the evils brought about by the agitation promoted by that wing of the Liberal party who now desire to down him but are unwilling that in so doing any semblance of credit for accomplishing it should go to the Conservative party.

If Mr. Martin is to be defeated it will only be accomplished by a strong and united action on the part of the Liberal Conservatives.

Another convention should be called, when any difference of opinion as to platform and leadership can then and there be settled without the aid of advice from outsiders, preparations made to prosecute a vigorous campaign against the Martin government, and steps taken to have the sinews of war provided with which to carry it on to a successful conclusion. Let all lovers of "good government" therefore fall into the Liberal-Conservative ranks which include representatives from all classes in the community, and aim at obtaining equal rights for all.

F. S. BARNARD.

30th March, 1900.

"JOSEPH MARTIN, LATE M. P. P."

Sir: The moment Mr. Martin accepted office his seat, by reason of the acceptance, became vacant. He is not now a member of the legislature, nor was he on the day of the prorogation of the legislature. "Scrutator" puts the matter very clearly. Mr. Martin should have sought re-election immediately upon his appointment; and it is the duty of the Lieutenant-Governor to make him seek it, even at this late day. A fair test of his popularity with his own constituents would then be had, and should he be defeated at Vancouver there would be no necessity for a general election and a political upheaval under his auspices.

SPECTATOR.

PILES FOR 15 YEARS.

Mr. Jas. Bowles, Councillor, Embro, Ont., writes: "For over 15 years I suffered the misery of bleeding, protruding piles. The many remedies I tried all failed. I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and must say that the first application gave relief, after the third day the bleeding stopped and two boxes cured me completely."

Protecting The Public Health

Something About the Efficiency and Modern Equipment at William Head.

Perfect Quarantine Arrangements and an Energetic Head of Affairs.

The recent outbreak of the bubonic plague in Honlulu, together with the almost simultaneous appearance of this curse of the Orient at San Francisco, and the Diamond Head Quarantine Station, have directed the eyes of all Canada toward William Head with an anxious interrogation, either expressed or implied, as to whether the preparations there are all that they should be at this watch-tower of those who protect the public health of the Dominion.

Prevention in this case is a hundred-fold—yes, a thousand fold, better than cure; and when one is able to write that Superintendent Dr. Watt of the William Head Station is not only alert but thoroughly prepared for any imported disease which may find its way across the Pacific, it should certainly go far towards reassuring the people of Canada on a subject that is of the most vital importance to them.

A beautiful place is this William Head, where the ships that may bring to Canada the pestilential afflictions of filth-bound Asia are challenged by the keen-eyed sentries of the public health—a long, rocky peninsula, striking fang-like into the blue waters of the gleaming Straits, perhaps a mile inside the mariners' mile-post of the Race Light, and distant eight miles or so from the British Columbia capital, across the intervening sun-kissed corner of San Juan de Fuca.

On closer acquaintance the promontory is found to be less forbidding and less "grown with grim gray rocks" than a first and distant view would indicate. Indeed it proves to be carpeted from shore-line to shore-line with velvety green, dotted with royal oaks—an unexpected and delightful park that under ordinary circumstances would be an ideal objective point for picnickers and campers from the hot and dusty city, seen in haze-softened outline over the middle distance of blue water.

The background everywhere is mountainous—either the forest grown hills of Vancouver Island—rich in their masses of green, gray-green, and purple; or the majestic Olympians, crowned with perpetual, glistening snow.

The environments of William Head Station are well calculated to delight the eye and partially atone for the inconvenience of detention to anyone blessed with an appreciative love for the beauties of nature. The air, too, fresh with the salt of the sea or fraught with the aromatic breath of the pines when the shore breeze blows, is a tonic in itself, worth more than tons of druggists' preparations.

As for the equipment of the station, it is complete and modern, possibly no other quarantine in Canada or yet in the neighboring republic to the south, is as yet equipped so thoroughly or in so up-to-date a fashion. Dr. Watt possesses the great essentials of youth, enthusiasm, and affection for his work, with all its heavy responsibilities. He has long ago determined that no contagion shall ever take him by surprise, and no emergency find him unprepared to meet it.

Not only in the large things but in the small details as well, is this ever apparent; not only are the hospitals and disinfecting houses and depots of detention furnished and provisioned and ready for use at any moment, but there are flocks of sheep grazing in the near-by fields that could in a few hours be converted into mutton if necessary to augment the food supply, fat soft-eyed cows to furnish fesh milk in abundance, chickens in number to produce broth for the sick room, even goats—Kruger, and Rosie and Maud Adams, an illustrious and important trio—for goats' milk has been found invaluable in the treatment of serious cases of dysentry and beri-beri.

The mechanical department of the quarantine station is a place of absorbing interest, which to be seen at its best must be visited during the brief stay of an Oriental liner, when its crowding Chinese are by the hundred treated to their first bath in Canada—a bath that means death to any disease germs that may have accompanied them or stowed away in their baggage on the voyage across.

The first thing to be done when one of these big steamers arrives is to get the immigrants and their luggage on the wharf, a splendid copper pile structure, 450 feet in length, with a dolphin adding 100 feet more. There the bags and bundles are loaded upon little cars and pass into the air-tight iron cage of the dry steam sterilizing room, where a vacuum having been created, the bichloride treatment is applied to the extermination of all germ life. At the same time the immigrants are passed through the disinfecting baths on the side and top shower principle, so arranged that none of the new arrivals can escape wholesome and searching cleansing, even the plaited queues of the Chinese being undone in order that there may be no failure in the work

Dr. Watt is a stern disciple of thoroughness, and going in at one end of the disinfecting shed, where clothing is abandoned, there is no means of egress save through the shed and through the purification baths. The clothing of course passes through the disinfecting chamber while the owners are taking their baths, and meets them at the other end.

For delicate fabrics, the formaldehyde process has lately been introduced; and for first-class passengers there are private bathrooms. All classes of people are one, however, on the main issue—they must take the bath which is certain death to all disease germ life.

Meanwhile each ship arriving is as scientifically purified as are the passengers and the baggage that it brings. On the wharf one will notice a moveable engine and car from which a long heavy tubing extends. This is for the purpose of forcing sulphur fumes into and through the holds of vessels, penetrating into every nook and crannie after all has been air-tight. The ropes that hold the visiting vessel to the wharf have meantime been carefully covered with funnel-like rate catchers to prevent the landing of any of the long-tailed spreaders of the plague; while from the immense tank crowning the disinfecting shed at a height of 30 feet from the wharf floor, 8,000 gallons of a solution of muriatic acid and bichloride of mercury is ready at any moment to be sprayed on the exposed surfaces of ships, where fumigation would not be feasible.

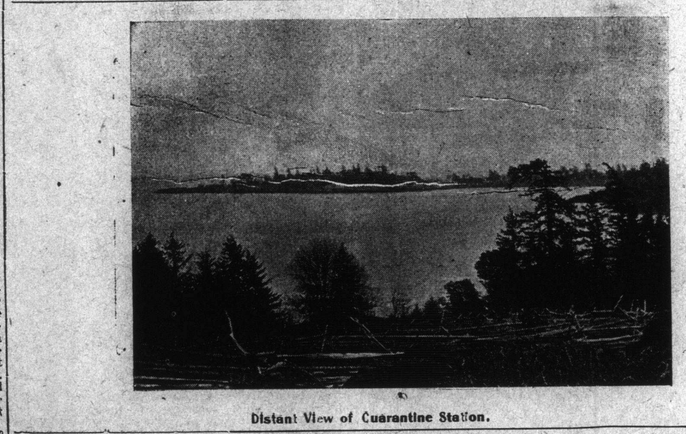
There is a floating scow for hospital use under extreme circumstances—indeed nothing seems to have been overlooked or unanticipated in the matter of preventive preparation.

Passing from the fascinating disinfecting department with its baths for 300 Chinese; its formaldehyde process; its fumigation plant; its sterilizing chamber, and its convenient mail sorting room, one crossed by a rocky foot-path to the detention quarter for Asiatics—a large, well lighted, and well ventilated group of buildings with admirable kitchen arrangements and space for the comfortable housing of quite 600 Chinese or Japanese.

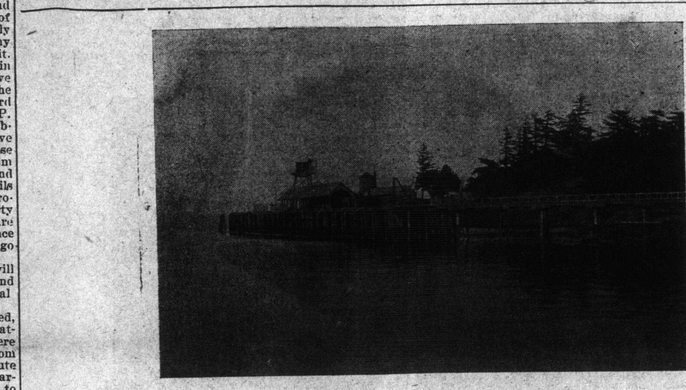
The hospital buildings occupy another portion of the grounds—scientifically constructed on the pavilion plan, and complete in all their arrangements; while there is a reserve reservoir of fresh water on the highest copje within the quarantine limits and a well furnished, cheery home for first-class passengers in an entirely removed and pleasant portion of the ample grounds.

An abundant supply of delicious water is obtained from a mountain lake four miles distant, the 200-foot fall taken by the 9-inch supply main giving 90 pounds pressure at the station, and thus providing adequate fire protection, while the purity of the water is assured through the use of one of the most modern New York filters.

Some enterprising genius has recently laid out a 9-hole golf course on the grounds facing the first-class passengers' hotel, and it only remains for the park-like property contained in the quarantine reserve to be taken in hand by a good gardener to become as charming a place for summer visitation as it is now an example of completeness and modernity in quarantine preparedness.



Distant View of Quarantine Station.



Williams Head Quarantine Station.

THREE OF A KIND.

By N. de Bertrand Lugrin.

(Written for the Colonist.)

"Since, when we stand side by side
Only hands may meet,
Better half this weary world
Lie between us, sweet,
Better far though hearts may fail
Bid farewell for aye,
Lest thy sad eyes, meeing mine,
Tempt my soul away."

The singer paused a moment, and while the pianist played a few soft bars of interlude, she raised her great eyes, and looked slowly, shyly, sadly about her. The slender figure in its blue gown swayed a little, as though full of the spirit of the song. Her round white arms, bare from the elbow down, hung loosely at her sides; her graceful throat rivalled in its creamy fairness the wide bertha of fine lace that fell from her shoulders, and her face above it wore a dreamy, rapt look. It seemed to Jack Lawrence that she had forgotten everything but the sad sentiment, that breathed in the little song. He leaned forward eagerly and just then his eyes met hers, and she drooped her own, while her face flushed softly. Jack bit his lip under his moustache. That little blue gown, the sweet bare arms and the big eloquent eyes took him back to the summer night nearly three years ago, when he had stood with her on the garden walk of her mother's cottage at the seashore. It was a quiet, lovely night, he remembered, and she had worn a white flower in her hair, some starry kind of flower that he had bent over and kissed. He called to mind how he had expected her to start, perhaps to rebuke him, but she only stood very still and looked up at him in a grave, almost sad, little way, and somehow before he knew it he had told her he loved her. He had put his arms around her, the soft flower decked head was against his breast.

As he thus pondered, his own head drooped, his lips began to tremble and his eyes grew dim. He could see the old garden as plainly as though it were before him now. There at the back was the long, low cottage with its wide, shadowy verandah, where the hammocks swung, and where the ivy and honeysuckle twined, affording a home for countless little birds, that made such a noise in the early morning that Margaret used to tell him she could not sleep after the first beam of day. And there was the tennis court at one side, shaded by the great elm and willow trees, and on the other, beyond the rose hedge was the flower garden. Oh, that sweet old hedge, where the roses used to crowd and push each other in their very love for blossoming there, making the air heavy with their perfume.

Jack closed his eyes. The roomful of gay people was forgotten. All the glaring lamps were gone. Instead there was the quiet moonlight of the old garden, the soft distant sound of the water, as the tide came in, and beside him, close against him, the slender figure, the soft sweet face of the woman he loved. Then something seemed to strike his heart suddenly. He heard, as in a dream, a low voice saying, "Good-bye, Jack, good-bye," and he opened his eyes and remembered what he had almost forgotten. She had been cruel. He had called her cruel, for in one word she had blasted all the sweet hopes of the long summer. He had loved her so well, and she had loved him, or so at least she had said, yet she had told him that he must go, that he must never, never hope, and angry, humiliated, almost broken hearted, he had obeyed. He had tried to forget her. When that failed he had endeavored to hate her. He thought he had succeeded in creating in his breast a vague sort of dislike for her, but now that little song, those low, tender words, brought back all the miserable sweetness again. And then her eyes as they met his! He could have sworn that they were full of unshed tears. Could it be that she regretted! His heart gave a bound at the thought.

"Lest thy sad eyes meeting mine,
Tempt my soul away."

He started. His face grew hot. Blindly he rose to his feet, and with a vague sweet hope at his heart, swiftly left the room.

The dark-eyed singer went on with her song:

"Better far though hearts may break,
Since we dare not love."

A very tall, foreign looking man, whose blue eyes were shaded by dark lashes and whose face was very white, with a firm, nobly-cut mouth, was standing in the embrasure of the bay window, his hands clasped behind him. He, too, watched the singer, and listened intently to the song. The girl had a wonderfully soft, sweet voice, and the sad air suited it. The low notes breathed passion, the more passionate because subdued, and the high tones were full and clear. Each word fell separately and distinct from her lips, and the lovely face lent something more to their meaning. Very easily the dark head turned, and very quietly the brown eyes were raised till they met those of the man in the window. He gazed at her steadily, and his lips took on a firmer line. The girl did not flush this time, but turned away her head, and with a quick gesture moved her bare arms and clasped her hands before her. The man noticed it, and drew his dark brows close.

"Part till we each other claim,
In a realm above."

A faint tremble crept into the last line, just enough to enhance its sweetness and render it the more pathetic. The man in the window stepped forward softly, a little to the left, and looked squarely into her face. She did not seem to see him. Very, very softly, her eyes gazing straight before her, she repeated the lines:

"Part till we each other claim,
In a realm above."

He saw a tear on her cheek as she turned, and—frowning still—he swung round and left the room by the open window.

He noticed a few bright spots on the lawn, and knew that a great many of the dancers were seeking coolness there. He walked down the steps of the vereandah, and took the path to the left, where a long shaded walk led to the grove. The air seemed hot, stifling. He pulled off his gloves, and thrusting them in his pocket, folded his arms upon his breast; then, having gained the shadow, began to pace slowly up and down. What was there in that little song that had so unmanned him? He, an old soldier—he, who had given up all thought of love, of sentiment of any kind long ago. Stay—was it ten years or only last summer! He stood still and laughed a little under his breath, then took up his walk again. Scarcely six months ago, after all, and how strangely like the air of Italy seemed the air of the garden to-night. It was probably the sweetness of the hyacynths, whole banks of them were growing on either side of the walk. There was not a breath of wind, save for an occasional faint sigh that was as hot as a tropical breeze at mid-day. One seldom finds such nights in the North.

What a sweet shy little thing she was! After one look in her eyes, he would have staked her purity and innocence against an angel's. He remembered how she had hesitated about venturing in the gondola with him. She had looked up at him in such a tender confiding way and asked if he thought it would be quite right, adding with a lilite laugh: "We never could do such things at home, you know." And then when at last he had her beside him, when he could feel her soft arm against his own, and watched the little hands as she toyed with the roses in her lap—for he could not see her face, she was bending in a half-shy way over her flowers—he felt his heart grow very warm and happy with a glow he had never hoped to feel again, after he had buried his little girl-wife long, long years before. And as he talked to her and she answered him softly, he thought of the old house at home, so lonely and empty now. He thought of the garden, so sad and silent for the want of a sweet young voice, and then very gently, he had taken the playing hands in his, and raising the drooping head, had looked into her eyes and asked her to be his wife. Six months ago, and in that one night, that promised so much in the beginning, all the gathering sweetness had gone out of his life forever. He paced slowly and silently along the walk. How very sad her voice was in the song, and how it trembled when she spoke of parting to meet again. Could it be? No. He laughed shortly. It was only her pretty style of singing. But such things had been before. Margaret was such a child for all her twenty-three years. Perhaps she regretted it now. He might have been too hasty. Bah! he stopped suddenly and struck his hands together sharply—then clinched them tightly at his sides. Why should the song have moved her so strangely! He thought of the tears and drew his hand roughly across his own eyes. It might be that she had taken this little modest way of letting him know that she was mistaken and that he was not the only one who suffered. It was a hopeless song indeed, but did not its very hopelessness breath a ray of hope? He drew out his gloves and put them on with fingers that were rather unsteady. The music had stopped within. They were evidently not dancing. Perhaps he would find her alone. He quickened his step and left the walk, and going over the lawn, went across the verandah and into the conservatory. The first person he met was Jack Lawrence.

"Douglas," the latter said (he was making for the open window that the other had just left); "not leaving the garden for the heat of the ball-room, are you?"

The elder man looked at him; there was a light in Jack's eyes that seemed to cast a radiance over his whole countenance.

"I was looking for someone," he answered slowly, "but," glancing about him, "I don't see her. I'll return to the verandah with you for a moment if you wish."

"Do," Jack answered, drawing his arm through the other's as they moved off towards the doors.

Neither of the men, though apparently so desirous of each other's company seemed to have much to say, and in comparative silence they took their way along the verandah. At the farther end, where a dull red lamp that hung from above cast its light around, showing a rocking arm-chair and a wide hammock full of cushions, apparently just deserted, for the latter was swinging violently to and fro, while the former creaked in a marked manner, a small slender young fellow stood. He was leaning against one of the pillars that, wound about with woodbine and honeysuckle, supported the verandah. He did not seem to notice the approach of the two men, until Jack catching sight of him called out:

"Is it you, Brown?"

The young fellow turned quickly, and the light showed his face marked as though he had been weeping. His eyes, too, were swollen. It was really so painfully evident that he had been in tears that both the newcomers coughed in an embarrassed manner and were about to turn away. But Brown came forward eagerly.

"Don't go," he said, and the tone of joy in his voice gave the lie to the marks on his cheeks. He was a very young man, scarcely more than a boy, and his figure was almost slender as a girl's.

"Sit down, Jack, and you, Douglas," he went on, "I know I look like a fool," he laughed in an embarrassed manner. Then as the two men sat, one in the hammock, the other in the rocking chair, he stood between them, and addressed his remarks first to one and then to the other.

"It was the song that did it Jack; you can understand more readily than Douglas." He looked appealingly at Jack "I—I've wanted to tell you fellows all along how I loved her, because you see, I know you were old friends of hers, and would be interested. It's Margaret I mean; Margaret Marsten," seeing the blank look that appeared on his hearers' faces. "I've loved her ever since I can remember, and last month I proposed to her." He stopped.

"The deuce you did," said Jack sharply, bringing his feet down and the hammock to a standstill.

"Yes," Brown went on eagerly; "I knew I wasn't worthy of her, but somehow she was so kind to me always that—well I thought that perhaps she might learn to love me—in time, you know—but she refused me."

He paused a moment, but neither of the others spoke. Douglas had risen from his chair and now stood very straight before the boy, his arms crossed on his breast.

"It was an awful blow," Brown said simply, "though she was just as sweet and good about it as she could be. She told me I must forget her, and that in time I would meet some one else whom I would love better. That made me wild, Jack, because I never could do that. I thought at first I would go away to Africa. It didn't seem as though I could stand it, but after all I believed it would be harder never to see her and so I stayed. I hadn't met her for weeks until to-night, and I came in just as she started to sing. I never heard her sing that song before, and somehow it seemed to me as though she were just singing it all for me alone, for when I looked into her eys, I could see them full of tears. Perhaps I'm wrong, but something seemed to tell me that she was sorry, almost broken hearted about our trouble, and that maybe she really loved me after all."

The tears came into the boy's eyes, and his lips trembled.

"I don't suppose you fellows noticed," he went on, "but I love her so, I noted every little change in her voice, and when she finished, she smiled in a sad sort of way that just broke me all up, and I had to go out of the room, or I should have cried right there before them all. She spoke about meeting in heaven, you know," the tears were running down the little fellow's cheeks, "and I couldn't stand it. I left and came out here. When I get quieted down a bit I'm going to her. I expect she's waiting about somewhere. She's a shy little thing, but she's never afraid with me." He drew his hand across his eyes and smiled. "I came out so suddenly that I guess I must have frightened the two who were here, they sprang up and left in such a hurry." He laughed a little. "I hope you won't think me a fool for speaking of this," he went on slowly, bending his head. Then as neither man said anything, he looked from one to the other in surprise.

With a muttered oath Jack arose from the hammock. He went to the other end of the verandah, quickly down the steps and into the garden. Douglas turned abruptly, and, his arms still folded on his breast, walked slowly back to the ball-room. Brown stood as in a dream until he caught sight of a blue dress approaching and heard the dearest voice in the world say to some one whom he could not recognize:

"Let us go to the other verandah. There's that tiresome boy."

In some of the Swiss valleys the inhabitants are all afflicted with goitre or "thick neck." Instead of regarding this as a deformity they seem to think it a natural feature of physical development, and tourists passing through the valleys are sometimes jeered by the goitrous inhabitants, because they are without this offensive swelling. Thus a form of disease may become so common that it is regarded as a natural and necessary condition of life. It is so, to a large extent, with what are called diseases of women. Every woman suffers more or less from irregularity, ulceration, debilitating drains, or female weakness, and this suffering is so common and so universal that many women accept it as a condition natural and necessary to their sex. But it is a condition as unnatural as it is unnecessary. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription strengthens the delicate womanly organs and regulates the womanly functions, so that woman is practically delivered from the pain and misery which ear up ten years of her life—between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well.

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