looked into her chamber to see if all is well? What harm can rise from just one look? Surely sin is in intention!" Jocelin gave neither conscience nor reason time to argue the pointsoftly, he crossed to the low doorway leading to Rohese's room—and entered A faint light from the brazier flooded the little chamber. A toilet table stood in the centre of the room, the firein the centre of the room, the life-light glinting on the brass and silver furnishings. By its side on a stool held in a silken heap, Rohese's clothing. Jocelin touched it. It seemed as if the dainty garments were still warm, from the contact with her sweet body. Quicker he moved now, more softly, his slender, black-robed figure flitting through the shadowy room like some dark phantom of the night. It hovered for a moment round the curtained couch, and then it paused, and with trembling hand Jocelin drew the curtain. Rohese lay with her head turne toward him, her head half tilted backward, and her lips parted softly, and the red firelight played caressingly over her white neck and bosom; her glistening hair streaming all about her on the rich satin pillows, just as he had fancied it a moment since. One rounded limb was half disclosed, and lay white as marble against its rich, dark background; the taper foot tinted dark background; the taper foot tinted to rose beneath; the oval nails like burnished ivory. Jocelin's heart stood still, and then gave a great bound, as if it would leap from his bosom. The hot blood rushed to his head; his breath came fast as he stood gazing; forgetful of everything save that one throbbing, panting, wild desire to have and hold that warm, white beauty; to crush it close to him; to drink its sweetness, and never let it go! With a low, inarticulate cry he leaned forsweetness, and never let it go. when a low, inarticulate cry he leaned forward and clasped Rohese in his arms, fastening his burning lips upon hers,

and feasting on their dewy sweetness.

In the dark opening of the Gate chamber a figure paused a moment, and the leering face and ferret eyes and the learning lace and learner leyes of Brother Walter peered in as some dire flend would gaze upon a scene in Paradise. Then it disappeared quickly as it had come, like a dream flitting through a sleeper's brain. Jocelin, passion mad, bent his head to take further toil of the sweet prisoner's live as the avoice with a cry of terror lips, as she awoke with a cry of terror which brought him to his senses. Then with one wild look of despair, and a faltered plea for pardon, Jocelin re-leased her and iled from the room; on through corridor, down the stair-way and outside Bradfield; through way and outside Bradiela, through colonnades, up terraces, in the cold moorlight through dark vaulted halls, until he reached his cell, where he fell upon his pallaisse, face downward, moaning in an agony of shame, and clutching at the straw.

The nocturnal bell sounded, but he did not beed its call later he rose

did not heed its call. Later he rose and slipped his robe from him, an the morning sunshine touched with pitying fingers of light his livid face, contorted in an agony of prayer, and his blood-streaked back and sides, as as knelt before his cruefitx, crying, "Peccavimi!" Peccavim! wielding with unfaltering hand the blood-stain-

ed scourge. CHAPTER XVIII.

Alas for Jocelin! When that morrow dawned on which he had proposed to make such a valiant stroke for liberry, it found him exhausted by his and the cruel flagellation to which he had subjected himself, too languid to do aught save lie upon his languid to do aught save lie upon his straw, and follow the same round his straw, and follow the Abbot. "Betrayer of thundered the Abbot."

What says thou, rechercies hold, rechercies Nohese's thoughts of so gross an in-suit? How would it all end? was what this poor, self-accusing creature

such as a drown! asked himself over and over. As to the latter question, he little recked how near was its answering; for Jocelin thought, as do all young and untried souls in Sorrow's shadow, when Anguish brings all her furies to scourse dying there are an are the Abbot's contemptuous look with one of mournful entreaty. "My Lord," he answered. "I do confess that I went thither, but by the wounds of Christ, I swear I meditated a confess and love that this present woo Itope and Joy, that this present woo could have no bitterer aftermath. But naught in this world is superlative, ave death, and even that can nard! called so, as there lies semething oud it. So while this wretched a asked himself, "What will be the men asked himself, resuit?" Brother Walter, early closeced with the Abbot, was bringing about a

rpesdy ending. Walter the Medicus was not wicked, yet his was one of those distorted natures in which curiosity, distrust and envy lurked like toads beneath a only waiting the hand of opporto uncover them. Thus it was with the firm consciousness of good faith he told the Abbot all he had suspected, and what he had seen in Rohese's chamber, though the fact that Joelin was handsome, popular, skilled in the arts, and favored by the

Abbot may have colored the recital.
Samson heard him in silence; his firm jaw set like a trap of steel, but though his piercing eyes searched the informer's face, as if he would penetrate the shriveled soul of him, he could detect no deceit therein, and was forced to think what it tore his

"It shall be sifted," said he at length, "thoroughly, and at once, bid the Prior assemble all the tre ren in the Chapter house, and straight-way I'll come hither. Mind ye, I say all, he repeated impressively, as Walter departed, his voice slightly trembling, for he could not bear to

nearbing, for he could not bear to nearlion Jocolin's name; for hiu, Abet Samson loved best of all his rousehold, and often thought, "Had it een permitted that I should have a on, he would have been like this

Left alone, the Abbot paced the day, and each do double penance to purge us from such vile contamination."

While t dictment, alike ind. rather, tugging at his grizzled beard, rowning and muttering as he moved, and after a few moments passed into "Brethren of St. Edmund's holy offertory, where on his knees better the shrine he prayed for guidance do firmly and justly what was to done especially pleading for power in innocent or guilty?"

Then he paused-"What if I only to restrain he anger and indignation surging in his heart against this un-toward offender. Yet, however much the ermined of soul love those of meaner mould, they can never quite do them justice; for, living above the temptations with which they are beset, they are unable to sympathize with

weakness.

Brother Walter was too wise to tell the Prior why the chapter was to be assembled, but that astute Norman drew his own conclusions from the eloquent face of the other, and shook his head dubiously as the monks filed into the chapter room, two hundred benches on either side. Here they strong, and filled the long oaken waited, chattering like schoolboys on the probable cause of the summons, but when the Abbot entered with Rohese, white and tremulous, and Mis-tress Mary (fresh from a stern inter-rogation), in floods of tears, expressive glances were exchanged, as if each would say to his fellow, "This smacks of some excitement, brother!" Seats were placed for the two maids

near the Abbot's chair. The clerk of the chapter called the roll, each monk replying, "Ad sum," until all had an-swered to their names. Nay, not all -where is my Lord Abbot's own chap-lain? And why looks my lord so grim when Jocelin of Brakeiond answers not unto his name?

"Bring him hither," said the Abbot. His tone made them start; 'twas like the menace of distant thunder, and a hush fell over the assembly like that which presages a storm. Presently the messenger returned, followed by the delinquent. The moment he en-tered, Jocelin knew the worst had come; and with the last desperate courage of one who fights for his life against many foes, he drew his spare form erect and, steadying his twitching features, came forward with calm slow tread; not to his accustomed seat, but straight to the Abbot's chair, where, with a respectful obeisance, he folded his arms and stood, waiting for the accusation. Rohese crimsoned at sight of him, and clutched her tirewoman by the hand; for Mary, aroused by her cry, had reached her side on yesternight in time to see the intruder flee across the Gate chamber.

Darker and darker grew the Abbot's face, until it seemed to the frightened monks that the room was filled with gloom, while in the suppressed tones of a man who fears to trust himself, he addressed them: "My children, it is in shame and anger that I reveal to you that deadly sin hath entered these hallowed walls, and a stain fallen on the honor of our house. Woe's me, l the honor of our house. Woe's me, -and I have been the indirect cause in that I nursed a viper in my bosom.' (Pointing a shaking finger at Jocelin.'

"Before God and the saints this chapter bled, I. Samson, Abbot and Lord of St. Edmundsbury, by testimony of Walter de Medicus, and Mary, tirewoman to Rohese de Cokefield, do accuse Joselin of Brakelond, monk of the Benedictine order, affirming that he is false to the letter of his vows, hath failed in obedience and chastity; hath at night entered the chamber of our ward, Rohese de Cokefield; that he was driven hence by her screams, and the arrival of her tirewoman."

The silence was unbroken; save, far back in the hall, an aged Norman whispered in his neighbor's ear, "Body Rohese drew a sobbing breath of the saints, the penalty is death by living sepulcherture."

"What say'st thou, lecherous monk?"

Jocelin cast a hunted look around, such as a drowning man would cast on the vanishing earth and sky. He dar-ed not glance at Rohese, but he met the Abbot's contemptuous look with

"My Lord," he answered, "I do confess that I went thither, but by the wounds of Christ, I swear I meditated no cvil. I love the lady, my Lord, and has entering a broken plea for mercy on account of the offender's youth, and his erstwhile devotion to the Abbassion overwhelmed reason Indeed passion overwhelmed reason. Indeed,

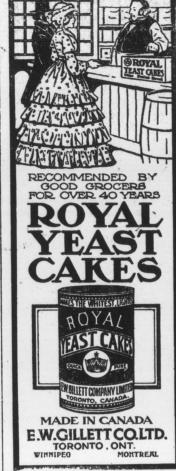
up from the chapter The Ab-

upon a helpless maid alone, half-naked wall to succor thee!" They all exin her bed? S'death, thou addest foolpected the Abbot to break forth in upon a helpless maid alone, half-naked in her bed? S'death, thou addest foolory to thy crime? Doth think to trick us with such a pouch-mouthed whine? "Indeed, I meant no evil!' We all were men, sirrah, before we e'er were monks: God wot! And prone to sin as sparks fly up O spawn of evil, seek not thus to trick us with a puny tale no school brat would believe! They all expected the Abbot to break forth in invectives against this poor petitioner; "Rest thee, old frere, Thou dost well to remind us of such past benefits; a good deed, however small, descrives rewarding. The decrees of the Abbot of St. Edmunds should not be

ter de Medicus, stand forth!" So Abbas Dominus, do waive the penalty Walter stood forth and told his story, of living sepulcherture which thy ofending, by way of justification. "Indeed, methought them in the very lists of love, else would I ne'er have told the dread tale!" But he went no alone can deal with that evil spiri further, for Samson, with eyes aflame, struck him full in the mouth with have mercy on thy lost and ruined clenched fist. "Remove him, shackled, soul. Amen. Remove the prisonce."

nest," the Abbot thundered; "who dares insult a pure and virtuous maid deep wronged and shamed by this audacious break? Let me but sense such a thought in any man's mind, and by the saints. I'll flay him for to And the wondering monks pluck it out. Thus doth sin breed sin, my sons. We'll fast till Ember

"Brethren of St. Edmund's holy



There was a pause, then the notes of a chant rose to the dim rafters of the chapter house, gaining strength and power, as each monk, taking up the song, rose in place and stood ready to give verdict—"Qui tollis peccate mundi miserere nobis!" And as the last solemn note died away, the long roll was called and one hundred and ninety-nine voices answered, one after the other, "Guilty, my Lord!"

There was the sound of a fall, a cry from Mistress Mary, and the Abbot turned to see his ward in a limp heap on the floor; the maid exclaiming, "She is dead, my sweet lady, she is dead!" It was but a swoon, and when she had been borne to the cooler air of the ante-chamber, and ministered to, she lay, moaning, with her head on Mary's lap. An exclamation from the girl, who was eagerly listening to what went on in the chapter room, caused her to sit up, crying wildly, "What 'tis? Let me go, minion!"

"Ah, Holy Mother," cried the distracted maid. Rachentege till he confess his sinful intent; then punishment at the Abbot's pleasure.

'What, girl; what matter of thing is the Rachentege?"

"Wait, Madam, and I'll tell thee List, now, Brother Tristian speaks;" and truly it was the tremulous voice of the old gardener who alone of all the brethren, dared to speak a word for the renegade monk.

"Nay, I care not for him, wench!

This Rachentege-it hath a fearful sound; describe it, I command thee! "Why, 'tis an engine whic "Why, 'tis an engine which taketh three to carry (I've been ld). 'Tis fastened to a beam, told). and hath a sharp iron which goeth round a man's throttle, so he can in

"Mary," believe that Jocelin came to the Gate chamber with evil intent?

"Who can say, Madam?" answered the tire-woman. "But, as our Lord Abbot says, 'man is prone to sin!'" But Rohese was not listening to this evasive answer. She was now intent on Brother Tristian, muttering as she strained her ears to catch ery sound of his voice, "Joceline loves me, and he meant no evil. For my sake he will be tortured—for my sake mayhap suffer death!

bot's service. "Bethink thee, Dominie on thy return from thy mission to At this weak defence, a low hiss Rome, when thou were gived within the prison tower, the youth denied himself food, and risking punishment the stilled it with a look.

"Is it good, wretched wight, to seize and broken bones, climbed the Abbey

tale no school brat would believe! variable; yet, because of this past Come, midnight prowher, hast thou no other safe defence than this?" I can say no more," answered the cast, I will mix mercy with my just despairing monk, flinging up his arms wildly to heaven, as if for justice there.

"Then, another can and shall. Wal-ture, hast come to confess thy sin, I, "In- fence doth merit, and do sentence thee to life imprisonment in the Oubliette. We can punish the vile body, but God

to the tower;" and those nearest him right gladly obeyed.

Foul bird which fouls its own fair led away old Tristian, rending his garments and beating his breast, ran from the chapter room with tears raining down his cheeks, crying brokenly, "Twas I who let the Devil loose in St. Edmunds. Culpa me, culpa me! "Twas I who let the Devil loose "This dreadful happening hath turned

his old brain!"
While the Abbot made his severe in dictment, Jocelin stood like a statue, alike indifferent to punishment or mercy, but when the stern voice ceas-ed and he was being led away, he seemed to waken as if from a trance, and stretched tremulous hands to the grim judge, crying with a look of disappear.

hunted fear, as he passed from sight, "Merry, my Lord, mercy!"

'Twas then a fair, disheveled figure sped up the aisle, with tangled locks falling about a resolute young face; and Robese knelt at the Abbot's feet, caboling her lover's wailing arm. "More controlled to the second se echoing her lover's wailing cry-"Mer-cy, my Lord, mercy! Father, I will confess my fault. Torture him not, for

Christ's sweet sake, for Jocelin came to me of mine own appointing." Abbot Samson turned ashen, and he loosed Rohese's clinging arms, and stood loking down at her, disdain, fierwanger and sorrow struggling for masanger and sorrow struggling for mastery. Then his face hardened; his brow lowered, "Remove thee, woman!" he cried; but Rohese laid her cheek against his silken shoe, and the Abbot, pushing her from him with his foot, unheeding poor Mary's frantic shrieks of "It is not true, Lord Abbot; let me speak!" cried, "Remove the lehman," and strode from the hall.

CHAPTER XIX. CHAPTER XIX.

'Twas the close of a dreary windswept day; winter had now set in; for two weeks Rohese had been locked fast in the Gate chamber. The Abbot had not seen her since the day of had not seen her since the day of Jocelin's trial. It seemed as if he waited for time to cool his wrath before he decided how he should punish her who had proved his favorite's undoing. So Rohese passed her imprisonment as best she might, longing, yet dreading for the hour to come yet dreading for the nour to come when she shorld be summoned before the Abbot for his final decision. Mistress Mary had been sent back to De Cokefeld, weeping and protesting, with the rest of her lady's attendants. A surly, black-browed monk brought Rohese her scanty fare, and save for his delive coming she had been utterly his daily coming she had been utterly alone. At first she had wept continu-ally; more for Jocelin than for herself; but gradually the full horror of her position dawned upon her. In the chapter room on that fateful morning, seeking to save the wretched mon! from torture, she had told the kindly lie, in the purity of her heart little thinking of its full import. But with many hours of lonely reflection, she had begun to ponder on the look of horror the monks' faces had worn, and the white rege and agguish deand the white rage and anguish de and the white rage and anguist de-picted on the Abbot's countenance. Now she began to perceive that in the eyes of all she stood confessed a guilty thing, whose seductions had wooed a poor monk to his ruin. The trial was before her waking and sleeping, until in torture she prayed for some cord within her weary brain to break, that loss of sanity might blot out all re-membrance of what had transpired.

As she sat hopelessly in the twilight her face buried in her hands, a key turned in the door and her keeper en-tered. Usually surly and silent, he leared his throat once or twice, as if to attract her attention, and as she glanced up in surprise, it seemed as to attract her attention, and as sinc glanced up in surprise, it seemed as if he looked at her significantly as he set down the wine and loaf which formed her daily sustenance. When he had gone, pushing them impatients he had gone, pushing them impatiently aside, a look of surprise came over her face, and she lifted the loaf. Surely it was heavier than was its wont! On the punishment at the Abpleasure. The cruel, cruel Lord the parchment fell to the table. Rohese carried the parchment to the window, and with straining eyes read them. words: "Wilt now believe the witch's prophecies, maid? I warned thee, but then heedest not. If thou wouldst save the monk from his dark prison, and thyself from the clutches of the Prior-ess Rosamund, for Samson will send thee thither (she hath claws like a cat, God wot), let thyself out after the the monk from his dark prison, and nocturnal bell rings (this key unlocks all doors). Get thee to Bradfield gate; unbar it (and haste thee, for ere cock crow thou must be away to De Coke-feld); once outside, follow the Abbey wall through the forest (if thy heart fail thee not), till thou hast gone full half the distance to the prison tower.

Wait thou there."
(To be Continued.)

## she demanded fiercely, "do'st Constipation Relieved Or "Money Back." No Drugs

Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is sold with this guarantee. It is simply a most delicious food. It makes porridge, pancakes and all baked ducts. All may be eaten hot without distress, and nourish better than meat Be sensible: at least try it. Costs all grocers.

Animals That Never Drink.

It would seem that water is so indis-ensable to life that no animals could ensable xist without drinking. Nevertheicss Dr. Blanford asserts that the antelopes which live in the sand desert between the salt lake Chilka and the sea never drink. This has been doubted by phy siologists, who deny that existence is possible in such conditions, but confirmatory evidence is now adduced by Dr. Drake-Brockman. It appears that since 1 de a troupe of gazelles have lived in the small island Saed-ud Din. on the side of Somali'and, water there is no source of water and where the annual rainfall is less than three inches, so that these gazelles cannot obtain water except after very rare showers.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can ou tell me who Joan of Arc was? "I guess she was the wife of Noah, who built it," answered Tommy. Little Margretta-I dess my dolly nus' be sick, mamma.

Mamma-What seems to be the mat-Little Margretta-I dess her tan't

gest all ze sawdust what her's exted. Little Frank had just returned from one Sunday morning. he queried, "Grandma," Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian or

what? "I am not a member of any denomination, my dear," she replied.
"Well," continued Frank, "don't you think it's about time you were catching on somewhere?"—Exchange.

These troubled with warts should cure them now while milkweed can be procured. Break the stalk and cover the wart with the white, milk-like fluid. Do this three or four times a day and the worst kind of wart wi!!

## THOSE TERRIBLE PANGS OF KIDNLY SUFFERING CAN BE CURED

Don't give up! You can be cured and made well ....in. That backach, and dragging weari-ness can be sto, ed for an time.

ing can also be exercome.

Every ache and pain due to kidney

weakness will usappear quickly once you start to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, a marvellous remedy long ago made famous by its strange healing effect upon the kidneys and liver.

Don't wait till that dragging pain in the loins grows worse. Start the cure

to-day. Delay will mean swelled ankles and limbs, sharp rheumatic pains in the muscles and joints, and other painful symptoms as well.

If you are always tired, have con-tinuous headache, dizzy spells and specs before your eyes or ringing roises in the cars—these are common symptoms that warn you of the imme diate need of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sold in 250 boxes by al' dealers in medicine.

# DID GOOD WORK

British Railways and Their Share in Great War.

The experience of the great cam paign has shown how much Germany is indebted to railways for her strat egy. It is no small tribute to German railway management that it has been able to build up a railway system with special reference to means of offense and defense, without cost to the German taxpayer. In connection with both the eastern and western paigns, Germany has been able to move large masses of men from point to point with great rapidity. ational railway has been a cardina! point in the German campaign.

In the case of Britain, an island defended by the sea, the railways have been only needed to assemble troops and supplies at ports of departure, and to move bodies of men in training about the country. These are important functions it was altogether impossible to continue with a host of independent railway managements. It was also out of the question to enter at short space upon a scheme of nationalization by purchase. But fortunately it had been foreseen, in drafting the Regulation of the Forces Act in 1871, that occasion might arise for the Government to take over the railway services. Section 16 of that act runs that when the Crown by order-in-Council declares that an emergency has arisen in which it is expedient for the public service that the Government should have control over the railroads of the United King-dom, or any of them, the Secretary of State may empower any person or per-sons to take possession in the name of the Crown of any British railroad and to use it in any such manner as the Government may direct. Further, that the directors, officers and servants of a railroad so taken over shall chey the directions of the Government.
In accordance with this enactment the British Government, on Aug. 4 he very day on which it declared war against Germany, issued an order-in-Council declaring it expedient that the Government should have control over the railroads in Great Britain, this control to be exercised through an executive committee composed of general managers of railways which had been formed for some time, and which had prepared plans with a view to facilitating the working of the act. Thus, by a stroke of the pen, under an act of Parliament forty-three years old, the British Government took control of the railways of the United Kingdom.

The national control has been exceedingly successful. The National Executive has bee nable to move troops to the ports by night and by day with few hitches. A great army, the precise number of which has not been divulged, but which is known to be enormous, has been successfully convoyed to the south coast for trans port across the Channel, together with gigantic quantities of military stores from ammunition to horses, and from food to artillery. The National Board has been in complete control of the situation. Each company has had to do what it was told and to make any arrangements necessary for the safe and speedy conduct of the abnormal traffic. The ability of a picked body of British railway managers has shown itself equal to the occasion and gone far to prove what a very different thing can be made of the British railway service in peace if the best men in it were given a real chance to show what they could do. L. G. Chiozza Money in the October Metropolitan.

Why Milk Sours.

We are told by those who study the ways and ravages of the mischievous microbe that he is very fond of sugar, and that he delights to gratify this liking by turning the supply in milk into an acid which sours the milk. These microbes are constantly in the air, alive though invisible, and read to drop into the milk when they can If it were possible to keep the milk from the air after the cow is milked it would not turn sour. Warm milk is particularly inviting to the micro! and favorable to his operations. He does not get along well under chilling conditions, and that is why the sweetness of milk can be preserved if it is kept cold. Boiling fresh milk change the sugar in such a way that microbe cannot feed upon it .- Baltimore American.

The man who wears squeaky shoes as no music in his sole

### THIS STONE BENDS.

Itakolumite, of Sandy Composition, Startles Its Handlers.

A great deal of interest has been recently directed to samples of itakolumite, a stone wnich is found in Brazil. When rexide, itakolumite is cut into thin plates, and when examined with a microscope it is found to be composed almost entirely of fine grains of sand of peculiar shape, with indented edges, which interlock like the fingers of clasped hands. The flexibility of the material result from This interlocking of the grains of sand, of which it is chiefly composed. Al-though but few persons know that stone can be anything but hard, the flexible stone is not so much revible stone is not so much of a curiosity as it seems, for it is found in North Carolina, and there are speaimens of it in the cases of a Philadelphia collection. The sensa-Philadelphia collection. The sensa-tion of handling o fhandling a piece tion of handling a piece of stone which bends like a piece of bends like a piece of rubber is a strange experience. If handled too roughly the stone breaks.



Willie—Sis wanted to send Pa ook to read. He's lonesome up he city.

Villager—Well, did she? Willie—No, ma sald he thermometer to read.

#### RE-INFORCEMENTS FOR THE PRINCESS PATRICIA'S, C. L. !.

The Universities of Canada have now for some time been working loyally together to reinforce that gallant regiment the Princess Patricias' Canadian Light Infantry Three companies have already gone oversea, numbering 900 men, and a fourth company is now under formation at Montreal.

The University Companies are now known throughout the length and breadth of Canada, so that there is a continuous flow of men of the right type to Montreal. Not only do such men find entry to a famous regiment, but they are rapidly equipped and trained and sent without delay over-sea to England, where they are comfortably billeted in huts at an excellent camp near the sea on the South Coast of England. Moreover, the men secure the great advantage of good comrade-ship with congenial spirits of similar tastes and antecedents.

The first company, under a notable officer, Captain Gregor Barclay, has been declared by regular officers of experience to be second to none compar ed with any company of any army in the world.

The second company was raised over-strength in seven weeks by Cap-tain G McDonald and Captain Prey Molson. Both companies are France.

The third company sailed eighty over strength because the newspaper publishers of Canada are good enough to make known, through their columns that the company was being formed. This resulted in such a rush of recruits that it was neessary rush of recruits that it was neessary to apply to the Millita Council of Ot-tawa for a special authority to in-crease the strength from 250 to 330 men. Each man before embarkation writes to a friend who is a likely recruit and tells him of the advantages of the Universities Company, so that ven before the men have dis a fresh company is assembling on the McGill Campus at Montreal.

Recruits are examined locally by an Army Medican Officer and are at ested by a magistrate in the nearest city, after which an application is made for transportation speedily furnished from Montreal.

This system is effective and rapid. and free from red tape. There are in nearly every city, representatives of the various universities, who are always ready to help forward the good work, and to give information to men anxious to enlist. The regulations respecting enlist-

nent, pay and separation allowances are precisely the same as those for

other Canadian troops.

At Montreal, the University lends buildings for barracks, and the campus for drill ground. Affiliation with the McGill Officers' Training Corps is a great benefit, and interesting tactiwork is carried out on the slopes of Mount Royal.

There is competent instruction in tactics, muskery, bayonet fighting and trench making. The C. P. R. is kind enough to lend their gallery for shooting practice. A machine gun is available and signalling, now of immense importance, is also taught.

All information can be obtained from Capt A. S. Eve, 382 Sherbrooke street west, the headquarters of the uccessive companies.

The neswpapers have proved them-selves to be the most efficient means of raising recruits, and every reader who cannot himself go to the front can help in the present struggle by calling the attention of his friends to this opportunity.

## Men in Petticoats.

It will probably be a matter of serprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII. the dress of the Eng-lish was so fantastic and absurd that it was difficult to extinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V. appears a "petticeat of red damask with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know nest faults,-"As You Like It,"