

Cupid: Flower Boy

— BY MELVILLE CHATER —

You, gentlemen, have often watched the royal progress of James down the avenue, as he sat, spick and span, with squaroid nose and ramrod pose, beside the liveried driver, atop of a gorgeous wagon, purple, with silver trimmings, beside a smart, glossily harnessed white team. You, fair ladies, have watched him flittingly from your windows the imposing approach of James, his dignified descent, his soldierly dealings with the maid, and have thrilled with the correctness, the discipline, the chastened glory of it all as you tore off the tissue paper and exclaimed, sniffling, "Oh, aren't they dear!"

Such qualities are the very foundations of James' household. To James they came as painfully reared ginnacles. When he first reported for duty, a baggy-kneed novice with cheerful grin, nicotine fingers and defiant tufts of tow hair, he gave his name as Jamesy.

"James," corrected the manager, coldly. He unfolded the inflexible traditions of the house—uniform, shoes and hair, the discipline, the chastened, linen immaculate, spine stiff, arms squared, eyes front, and unflinching respect to patrons, not customers. He James, however, abashed. He tried, too, but his lady counts up especially when your little brothers and sisters cannot be reckoned on both hands, and your weekly salary can be reckoned easily on one. Also, James had not been born with a perked nose and winking eye for nothing. He persisted in mouthy stances, entertained patrons with appalling levity, and snickered upon the faintest provocation. One morning he scandalized the driver by alighting with oaks walk steps and whistling sentimental ballads through his teeth. Reformation was as tedious a process as would have been the extraction of the perk in his nose.

The manager believed that James meant well. He distinctly humiliated, one day, when a puffed, pig-tailed young person entered, staring awfully at the great, green, electric lit bower, and faltered that when James came, he went out to dinner, now, would he ask him to step around to Heinrich's glove counter—to see some one? Just some one.

The manager raised James' conscientiously plastered hair. Some one never called again, but Joseph and William jealously observed that James' dinner hour was more often a dinner hour and a quarter. They gloated privately upon the end of evil ways, perceiving a Damoclean blade suspended over James' plastered hair.

One Monday morning, James, instead of recounting the delights of Coney and hallooing through his teeth, ascended the wagon with a heavy sigh. All day he sat dumb, his sprightliness wilted, his assurance crushed, his stolid face, assured arms and stiff spindly legs. He was not to dine, now, would he ask him to step around to Heinrich's glove counter—to see some one? Just some one.

For a week consolations were vain, then he began to mend. His dress and deportment were beyond suspicion; he was soberly cheerful, but his winking had fled and even the perk in his nose seemed subdued. His sole lapse was on the morning of Heinrich Broder's five, when he ran out to watch the ambulance pass and forgot to return for an hour. Hickey, judged that the Boss must have combed James' hair afresh, for he made the afternoon trip very vain and nerveless, and for the rest of the week his was the face of one who realizes that he has done, left undone, and there is no health in him.

One morning the wagon started late, and the passengers, a young lady, many rushed down stairs before the maid had fairly opened the door, and some opened the door themselves. James questioned his driver listlessly.

Kelly, a bachelor, had not delivered flowers for twenty years without becoming a trifle cynical. "Oh," he sniffed, "it's what you call it Day—Valentine's, an' every fellow who's scrapped with his girl gets a chance to try a feeler. You see, he don't have to put his paste-board in the box. She knows where it comes from, all right, an' if it don't come, she knows it's all off. Say, a wagonful of 'em, nine-tenths of 'em standin' for red hot scraps! Funny, ain't it?"

James said it was, and sighed. To cheer him Kelly got out his tally sheet and explained the raison d'être of every bunch. This one was a regular weekly, and represented, he guessed, a woman's engagement. Here was a monthly, and a newly-married couple, to whose wedding Kelly had carried the Receptions. All those there used to be weeklies, and represented the making up of scraps as sure as James was a foot high.

A bit further on, he concluded, James was to get out and deliver Hickey's roses, while he, Kelly, would make two stops down a side street and overtake him. Hickey was No. 812, right near St. Catherine's. James glanced up. "St. Catherine's," he repeated.

"Hospital," explained Kelly, "North end of the block."

For a long while James sat stiff and silent. Suddenly he asked: "Which gets the most?"

"Oh Dainton, she's good for near every day. First time this week, though. Here we are."

After a prolonged rummage behind the wagon James started off, while Kelly wheeled westward, hoping that Dainton's man would intimately shake her, as she ought to have taken him on long ago.

She, standing plucked and goved

at an upper window, was debating the reverse. There was no earthly reason why he should send them at all, if he didn't want to, but if he did—She fingered a whole row on the calendar, then glanced in the mirror for reassurance. Besides, he knew that it was visiting day at St. Catherine's, and her night at the opera, and certainly he knew, or should know, that to-day was to-day! She capitalized the word in an indignant burst, then glanced out for the tenth time that half-hour—to behold the familiar purple and silver wagon.

She sent the maid to the door. Presently, hearing the driver's voice in prolonged explanation, she descended the staircase with dignity.

He advanced, apologizing that her violets should have been forgotten. The boy must have overlooked them when loading the wagon. She crushed his assurance of a special messenger with a haughty "I shall see it is reported," and swept past into the street.

The third blunder that month, such carelessness! And, of all days, on that day! Tittering inexcusable! And after she had waited half an hour and put on that particular gown! She would see the boy was well reprimanded, and she bither lip, horribly positive that, dressed as she was, in that particular gown, she would appear to any encountered girl friend obviously violet-less.

As she turned the corner a gray figure, swinging a box, descended some steps and wheeled northward. She recognized cap and uniform. The young gentleman who forgot the violets, and on such a day! He hurried on ahead, whistling blithely about "Just One Girl." She strode after, an approaching Nemesis, his hand close to the top of each step to the lost region of cigarette smoking, novel reading messenger boys.

She was just despairing of his capture when, with a backward glance, he passed in at St. Catherine's.

She had explored several yards, and was pausing irresolutely near the screened corner of another when a pastboard cover on a floor met her eye. She stooped then straightening, with an angry flush, marched menacingly up to the green and drew back.

By a cot stood the gray uniform, head hung, fumbling his cap and shuffling his feet. Pillow propped sat a pop-eyed, pig-tailed little girl. She was grinning to the gums. One arm was bandaged; the other lay go to her nightgown a huge bunch of violets.

"An', say," she was confiding, "I wasn't releas mad at you—not a bit!" Outside Miss Dainton met the purple wagon. Its driver approached, groveling.

The matter is settled," she interrupted, loftily. "I have no complaint," and stalked on.

"Only Man is Vile."

It is a sad work when one reflects that if all the peoples of the great Eastern peninsula would hold to their feckless and federalist armies, they might found a nation which even Russia and Germany could hardly crush. They possess, perhaps the most fertile division of Europe, they do not enforce a conscription, but German model, they would organize an army seven hundred and fifty thousand strong. They could defend themselves far more easily than the Swiss, and they are not more divided by creed, race and language.

They have, too, in Charles of Roumania, a possible Emperor who knows how armies are made, and who has already shown his capacity for governing. There is, of course, no apparent chance for a reasonable policy of that kind; but we do not know that the obstacles are greater than those which Cavour and Garibaldi overcame; while the motive for overcoming them, the horror of Europeans for an Asiatic rule, is certainly much stronger. There is probably, even in the Far East, no province in which the negation of God has been erected so defiantly into a system as the province, a great part of which, but for Lord Beaconsfield's blunder at the Berlin Congress, would already be Christian and free.—London Spectator.

Effect of Itadium.

It is a product of pitchblende, which is found deep in the earth. The quantity already found is so small that the figurative price of a gram has been placed at \$10,000. It may be that there are large quantities of it stored under the surface somewhere, but the man who found a quantity of it in a state of anything like purity would probably not live to tell the tale. The particles which fly from it are charged with electricity, and at night it shines forth with a phosphorescence which has been shining since the beginning of all things, and which will go on shining until the final extinction of all matter. A small quantity of it in the possession of Mr. Curie has caused the most painful blisters when brought in contact with the skin. A small particle of radium salt was sealed in a glass tube, placed in a pasteboard box, and tied to Prof. Curie's sleeve for an hour and a half. It produced a suppurating sore, which did not heal for over three months. Prof. Curie thinks that a person entering a room containing a pound of radium would be blinded.—Theodore Waters, in Everybody's Magazine for September.

To Keep Metals Bright.

A good preventive is made as follows: Dissolve 1 oz camphor in 1 lb. melted lard; remove the camphor mix as much black as with the lard and camphor as will give it an iron color. Clean the machinery well, immerse with the mixture, after 24 hours rub off; clean and polish with soft cloth.—London Engineer.

SUFFERED HALF A LIFE TIME

One More Splendid Cure Credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Doctors Said Nicholas Ecker had Gravel or Bright's Disease, or Something Else—Dodd's Kidney Pills Gave Him the Vigor of Early Manhood.

St. Catharines, Ont., Sept. 14. (Special)—Nicholas Ecker, the well-known farmer living near St. John's P. O., and the dividing line of Pelham and Thorold townships, who has been restored to health after 29 years of suffering from Kidney Disease has given a statement for publication. It reads:

"I had been a sufferer from Kidney Complaint for 29 years. I had the most distressing Backache, Irritation of the Spine and Headaches, coupled at times with an excruciating circular pain about the lower part of the body. What I suffered no pen can describe. Insomnia, too, afflicted me, and I was greatly reduced in flesh. A void, steady, permanent help and my friends thought I could not live much longer."

"At this stage I gave up other treatment and started using Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking two boxes I found they were helping me and I continued till I had taken sixteen boxes. Now I am again enjoying the splendid vigor of earlier manhood."

Cork Becoming More Valuable.

So much cork is now used in the manufacture of linoleum and in shipbuilding that the protection of cork trees has become a matter of prime importance. Italy is taking steps to this end in Sicily and Sardinia, where there are large cork forests, those of Calabria, having been nearly destroyed in the making of charcoal. It is said that Spain is showing a like interest in protecting these trees, as the manufacture of cork is a large industry there. Only a few years ago the exportation of wine bottle corks from that country amounted to about \$5,000,000 annually.

Catarrh is not a Luxury

OR A NECESSITY.

Catarrh makes a man ridiculous—it makes him an offensive nuisance and it makes him dangerously sick. It is pretty sure to bring on consumption, pneumonia or at least a throat affection. You can not afford either, but you can afford the cure for it. It is Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It relieves cold or catarrh, or cures headache in 10 minutes. Don't hawk and spit and disgust your friends, but cure yourself by the use of this remedy. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves Cema in a day. 35c

Origin of a Name.

There is a popular legend that the surname of Kara, which means "black" in the Turkish language, was given to the founder of the Karageorgievitch dynasty because his skin was unusually dark. Gorgor Petrovitch, grandfather of King Peter I, was one of the wealthiest agriculturists in Serbia, and when his sister married he sent her several heretics as a present. She was highly pleased with them, but her mother was even more pleased, and promptly appropriated two of them for herself.

When Petrovitch heard this he became furious with passion and, seizing a live hen he ran to his mother and unceremoniously put it over her head. Thereupon the old lady burst out into loud reproaches, calling her "Black George," which means "Black George, or 'George, you villain."

Let the Children Wash.

They can do it easily and quickly too with the New Century Ball Bearing Washing Machine.

Five minutes work will thoroughly clean a tubful of clothes, with no handling of the garments or rubbing on the board necessary. Your dealer can get it for you or we will send you a booklet fully describing it.

THE DOWSWELL MFG. CO., Ltd., HAMILTON, ONT.

Picture Hats in Theatres.

It is announced that further attempts are to be made to remove the hat nuisance at matinees by providing cloakrooms free of charge. Something also might be done by improving the quality of the plays presented. There is a good deal in the retort of the lady with the picture hat, who on being told that those behind her could not see, said that they were not missing much.—London Punch.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Financed.

Brooklyn Life.

"He says that he has paid every cent he owed."

"Where did he get the money?"

"Borrowed it."

Use your talents, and if you have but one, then be all the more watchful for opportunities of bringing that one into use.

A STORY OF THE STREET.

How a Newsboy Showed His Gratitude for a Kindness Done.

"I chanced to be walking down Liberty street," said a well-known artist, "when the recent hurricane scooped his stock of evening papers from under a wee and wan eight-year-old newsboy's arms, made a free distribution of them in the mud rain half a block away, and came near serving him in like manner. As he fought his way to his feet I heard him tersely summarize the extent of his ruin in the remark, 'But busts me,' and he heard me laugh."

"Turning on me and assuming a suggestive Terrible Terry pose, he savagely asked, 'Wotyer laffin' at?' 'Not at you my boy,' I hastened to explain, 'and here's a half a dollar to start you in business again.' 'Money talks' with the gamins as well as the goldbugs, and in this case his charming eloquence made his recipient to remark with flattered sincerity, 'You ain't such a bad guy, after all,' as he scooted in the direction of Park row."

"But this was not the last I was destined to see of my pigmy purveyor of the latest news, for, as I was hustling to reach the ferry, I caught the quick patter of pursuing little feet, and he overtook me to make the breathless inquiry, 'Say, mister, dose you go by dis way every night?'"

"No, wot do you ask?" said I. "Coz," explained he, "I wants ter give you a paper every night till I squares de debt."

"Now," continued the artist, "is there a man who does not feel in his heart a desire to give such a boy as that a lift toward a better life, or who does not believe that granted half a show he would devote to an honorable and successful man?"—New York Times.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

"AS WAK AS A CAT."

Another Adage Found on the Mistake of a Fact.

Of all the animal adages founded on the mistake of a fact, "as wak as a cat" is the most absurd. Really, the cat is a most muscular animal. The lion, the tiger, and other "big cats," as you already know, are of the same family with our common house pussy; we shall not speak of them further. "As wak as a cat" is applied to the house pussy, but to say "as wak as a kitten" is true. One day there came the new-born kitten which comes in to the world blind, softer and more helpless looking than even the blind puppy; but which, however, is not so helplessly weak as the puppy, the kitten having sharp claws which the puppy has not. You know so much of cats, do you not, young people.

The cat's muscles are extraordinarily large and powerful in proportion to the animal's size. Then, again, those muscles are attached to bones, fitted together at such angles as to make the finest system of springs and levers. Says Dr. Huidekoper, "known in the whole group; the claws are sharper and are curved into stronger hooks than in any other animal, and by the action of special muscles are withdrawn under the protection of sheath-like pads, that they may escape wear and injury when not in use." The slender, supple form of the cat makes it capable of the highest activity. The heavy body, you may have noticed, is not always the strongest; the thin, active boy is the fastest runner and the quicker at games which need both strong and limber muscles.

The shoulder-blade, the arm and the forearm, the thigh, the leg and the foot of the cat lie at what the veterinary surgeons call "closed angles." The muscular conformation shows that the enormous jump which the cat can make to the envy of any athletic boy are due to the great power and the closed angles of his joints, but the conformation of the legs makes the cat's stride at a walk, a trot or a run, remarkably limited. The cat moves, therefore, with wonderful quickness, but with great speed. The boy who says he feels "as wak as a cat,"—if he is at all like the cat—should be splendidly muscular. The truth is that, in proportion to the size of his body, he can never hope to be as strong as a cat. — Our Animal Friends.

The Ever Faithful Dog.

There is not a more pathetic story than one Mr. Hare tells, and which like to do with the fate of a dog belonging to Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd.

One winter's day, when a snow storm was gathering, Hogg was much concerned about his flock. He called his dog and explained all the matter to him, that he was going round one side of the moors himself to drive in the sheep, and that the dog was to go the other way and collect. The dog understood perfectly. When late in the evening the shepherd returned with his part of the flock, the dog had not come back. Hour after hour passed, but still the dog did not appear. At last whining and scratching were heard at the door. Then it was found that the dog had come back with all his sheep safe, but also with a little puppy in its mouth, which it laid at its master's feet and darted off through the snow to seek and bring in another. The puppy had littered in the snow, but would get on that account neglect one lot of its duty. It brought in its second puppy, laid it in its master's lap, looked in wistfully at his face, as if beseeching him to take care of it, and died.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Angry Shark.

The man with the wooden leg was swimming boldly through the waters beyond the life line. A hungry shark beneath the surface saw him and swam silently to where he was splashing about. With a quick gulp the shark took off one of his legs—the wooden one. Lashing its sides with its tail, and ejecting the splinters from its mouth, the shark hurried away growling.

"That's the second time this year I've been against this new-fangled breakfast food."



There are very few cleans-ing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean.

A Case of Color Blindness.

Boston Transcript.

"Withers! Oh, yes, I guess Fettle is pretty well posted on turf matters, but he's not a safe man to take tips from; he's color blind."

Mane—Never heard that before. "Withers—it's so, just the same. He told me a dark horse was going to win, and I put up all I had on a black mare; it was a white horse that came under the wire 'way ahead of all the others."

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER must often act as a family physician. Painkiller for all rheumatic, cuts and sprains, as well as for all bowel complaints, is indispensable. AVOID, therefore, there is but one "Painkiller," Perry Davis.

Origin of Names of Carriages.

Omnibuses were first seen in Paris in 1827, and the name is nothing more than the Latin word signifying "for all." "Cab" is an abbreviation of the Italian word cabriolet, which was changed to cabriolet in French. Both words have a common derivative—cabriolet—signifying a goat's leap. The expression for giving it this strange name is not known at present. In some instances names of special form of carriages are derived from the titles of persons who introduced them. The brougham was first used by the famous Lord Brougham, and the popular handsome also derives its name from the introducer, Mr. Hansom. London city in Germany, was the locality in which it was first made the style of vehicle bearing that name.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE

Send direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Bore. Cleans the urethra, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the blood and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. BLOW FREE. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Graham Bread.

Mix well together a quart of graham flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Work in a half teacupful of molasses (New Orleans) and enough milk or water to make a stiff batter. Bake in a slow oven for an hour.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

A Grievance Either Way.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Oh, yes, I like the frequent rain, I'm sorry when it goes; For if it falls I can refrain From toting out the hose.

But then again I hate the rain, Its patter makes me sore; The grass springs up—I get a pain From pushing round the mower.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

"Pets" That Were Adandoned.

In June we received over 1,100 dogs, cats and kittens. In July, 1,737. A young woman walked from Northampton street last Saturday bringing a little dog she had picked up on the street in a fit. This dog was one of the many starved and diseased dogs that are purposely deserted. In the cold storm of Aug. 5 and 6 two St. Bernard dogs were sent out on the Bay State road. A telephone message was sent to the League saying that the dogs had been in a vacant lot two days with the rain pouring down on them. We sent for them and they arrived looking very forlorn and are with us still.—Boston Animal Rescue League.

His Next Text.

Philadelphia Press.

"Last Sunday's collection was miserable," said the Rev. Mr. Sharpe; "but it furnished me with a text for next Sunday's sermon."

"Yes?" said the vestryman, "and what will your text be?"

"The poor we have always with us."

Write for Ambrose Kent & Son's Illustrated Catalogue

Showing hundreds of elegant articles in Jewelry, Silverware, Gift Goods, etc. It will show you how to make selection, and how economical it is to order by mail from us. We quote a few unmatchable values:

3536 Handsome Pearl Brooch, 14 k. setting, \$5 00
6591 Hair Brush and Comb, mounted in Sterling Silver, in case complete, 7 50
4338 Ladies' Solid 14 k. Gold Watch, richly engraved, "A. Kent & Sons" movement, 30 00
3379 Fine Diamond Solitaire Ring, 50 00

156 Ambrose Kent & Sons Limited YONGE ST. MANUFACTURING JEWELERS. TORONTO.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

E. B. EDDY'S

NEW

INDURATED FIBRE WARE

TUBS, PAILS, ETC

For sale by all first class dealers

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S

ISSUE NO. 38, 1903

Mr. Winslow's soothing Syrup should always be used for Children's Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

Population of Europe.

During the last seventy years the population of Europe has risen in round numbers from 216,000,000 to 400,000,000; that of Asia and Africa has probably increased little more than three and a half times as great as it was in 1830. Altogether the world's population is now about 1,600,000,000 and was 847,000 in 1835.

"Thought it meant death sure."

"Mrs. James McKim, of Dunnville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: 'Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic.'—S."

Profitable Roses.

The best roses in the world come from Roumelia and Bulgaria. The rose crop of Roumelia alone is worth \$200,000 a year, and the famous attar de roses is made from this harvest. 250,000 pounds of rose leaves are used to make a single ounce of the essence.

A ton of orange blossoms yields only 40 ounces of the scent of the same name, and 56 pounds of lavender will give exactly a pound.

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses; blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known.

Market for Human Hair.

Every year two or three days after the fete of St. John a market of human hair is held at Limoges. Girls, matrons and old women from the country around bargain to obtain the best prices for their tresses, which are shown off in the market place. White hair always fetches the highest price because the color cannot be produced with dyes. It is often worth \$25 per pound. Gray hair comes next in market value, then flaxen colored, golden auburn, light and dark brown, in that order. The cheapest is black hair.

Lifeguard Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

A Wonderful Carpet.

In the ethnographic museum of Rotterdam may now be seen a beautiful carpet which the Shah of Persia recently presented to Queen Wilhelmina as a souvenir of his visit to Holland some months ago.

Woven into the carpet is the following inscription in Persian: "Presented by His Majesty Mozaffer ed Din Shah, Emperor of Persia, to Her Majesty Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands."

The carpet measures 66 square yards, and in each square yard there are 250,000 stitches.

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YOUR FACE ON BUTTON 25c.

Baby's face or your lady's face on brooch, scarf pin, etc.; beautifully enamelled. Send 25 cents and any photograph and we will send brooch exact size of cut and return your photo unharmed. Smaller size 25 cents, larger size 50 cents. Agents wanted. Photo Engraving Manufacturing Co., Toronto.