

THE SITUATION IN THE NEAR EAST

Great Britain has less direct interest in Bulgaria than any other great European power. Fear that German diplomacy will disturb the balance of power by weakening other nations determines British policy in the Balkans.

After all, these considerations are not so important as the action of Austria in defiantly tearing up the Treaty of Berlin. That document was the result of months of deliberation on the part of the foremost diplomats in Europe.

And believing that mutual advantage, of this district, well-our province and, to of the different mines, and speaking I wish you God of your journey

concluded the struggle, and caught up many other loose ends of European controversies, was the Treaty of Berlin. Russia wanted all the Slav states to combine under her hegemony, but the other powers would not see Turkey thus bereft.

They learned of their Greek neighbors, and being a warlike and aggressive race, had established an important empire in the tenth century. They had their Czar, so that the new grandiloquent title of Prince Ferdinand is in accordance with the country's most brilliant history.

For almost five hundred years there was no more Bulgarian history, but in 1876 the Bulgars, driven to desperation by Turkish maladministration, rose in rebellion.

ence, for in the language of the treaty she became "an autonomous and tributary principality under the suzerainty of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan."



Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria

tion of such a thing. And I really cannot understand why I should keep hanging in this way on the darling's dear little legs, as if there were something seriously wrong.

has now declared himself Czar, and has thrown off the last vestiges of Turkish authority.— Toronto Mail and Empire.

It would not be easy to find in history a stronger contrast than that which separates the Bulgaria of today from the Bulgaria of 1876-77. It was then that Mr. Gladstone made war upon the Turk and proclaimed his doom.

deemed merely nominal, and it was taken for granted that in time it would lapse as most of the Porte's claims on North Africa had lapsed.

By a curious coincidence, Austria-Hungary had almost at the same moment resolved to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina. For nearly thirty years those provinces have been practically a part of the dual empire.

From this time on there is little sleep for the man who attempts to read all that all the candidates say.

"A Successful Operation"—A Story in One Chapter

(By Brinsley Moore, in the Story-Teller)

Telegram from Cannes to Mrs. Walter Carrington, Albany Villa, Middleford. Mother dangerously ill. Come at once.

Letter from Mrs. Walter Carrington to Miss Elizabeth Hobson, Brentford. Albany Villa, Middleford, November 10th, 1903.

Y. Dear Miss Hobson—Thank you so much for securing the oak chair for me. From your description I feel sure it must be just the old-fashioned sort of thing Walter admires, and I want to surprise him with it as a birthday present when he returns from America.

Walter writes that his business in New York will take longer than he expected. He has been gone nearly three weeks now, and will not be back much before Christmas; so he will send a great difference in baby when he returns. I shall be very glad when he gets back; I miss him terribly, and feel very dull at times.

P.S.—I reopen my letter to tell you of most distressing news. I have just heard from Cannes that my mother, who is wintering on the Riviera, is taken suddenly ill, and that I must go at once. As you may guess, I am terribly upset. I am starting off immediately. It seems dreadful to leave baby behind, but fortunately I have been able to secure the services of an old Mrs. Jones, whom we know very well, and who is excellent with children—so that I can go feeling confident the little darling will be properly looked after. Mrs. Jones has just arrived, and I have so much to tell her that I must close this letter. I will write to you from Cannes.

Letter from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Walter Carrington, Villa Miranda, Cannes. Albany Villa, Middleford, November 9th, 1903.

Dear Madam—I rite in accordance with your dear-rechness to say as baby is well and happy with he is a little on the heavy side, but I believe the Man that has his Quiver full of the well and happy husbands may lose their tempers when there is crying in the night and wish it was otherwise. Your own good word being in favor makes it difficult to disagree. But if he was hear he wouldn't have no cause to complain as baby gets his late nights.

I hope you found your mother alive which as I often say it is a long lane as has no turning and we must hop for the best.

But have you noticed that your baby turns in his toes. I saw it when I washed him the first day work as it should be seen to when young as it looks so bad in a man with no skirts.

What a talker she is—with a muddled proverb for every topic! She seems to have had some difficulty with your servant Jane, and complained a good deal of the impertinence and carelessness of young girls. Is it not curious how these old nurses invariably quarrel with one's servants? But I patched up their differences as well as I could, and I think they will go on all right till you return.

Postcard from Mrs. Jones to Miss Elizabeth Hobson, Brentford. Mrs. Carrington left this for me to rite and say as the Chair as come the Front legs being scratched and the carving on them chipped with I thought it was the railway Co. and went and told them my mind but it proves to be the carter as did it. In coming from the station wish shows as you should think twice before you speak.

Letter from Mrs. Walter Carrington to Miss Elizabeth Hobson, Brentford. Villa Miranda, Cannes. November 10th, 1903.

Dear Miss Hobson—I arrived here last night, and found Mother very ill. The doctors hope that with great care she may pull through, though at present the case is very critical. I shall stay of course till there is some decided change.

May I ask a very great favor? I am wondering if it would be possible for you to run over to Middleford and see that Baby is going on all right. I have every confidence in old Mrs. Jones—except that she is terribly given to dosing children with all kinds of doubtful remedies. Of course I have impressed upon her that she must not give Baby anything without letting me know, and she has promised to be obedient on this point. But he is such a tiny darling to be left entirely to a stranger. And it would be such a comfort to me if you could pop over and see that he is keeping well.

I hope you will not think I am asking too much. Yours very sincerely, MARY CARRINGTON.

Letter from Mrs. Walter Carrington to Mrs. Jones, at Albany Villa, Middleford. Villa Miranda, Cannes. November 12th, 1903.

Dear Mrs. Jones—I was very glad to receive your letter and to hear that Baby is well and happy. Poor little fellow. It almost breaks my heart to be parted from him like this. But I know how kind and experienced you are, and that you will look after him well. Please be sure to see that all his milk is carefully sterilized, and that he goes out in the perambulator every day. I am relying on your strict promise not to dose him with anything. I know, of course, that many of your old-fashioned remedies are excellent, but I do not want any experiments tried while I am away. If he is ever the least bit out of sorts, send for Dr. Clayton at once, and let him prescribe. Please see that his flannels are always aired, and be sure to write every other day and tell me how he is. I shall be so anxious.

My mother is decidedly better, though still very ill. With many thanks for your kindness in coming at once to help me in this emergency. Believe me, yours very gratefully, MARY CARRINGTON.

P.S.—Of course, I know Baby's legs are a little inclined to turn inwards, but it is very slight, and nothing to worry about. Dr. Clayton is going to put them right when the darling is a bit older.

Letter from Miss Elizabeth Hobson to Mrs. Walter Carrington, Villa Miranda, Cannes. Brentford, November 14th, 1903.

Dear Mrs. Carrington—I was so sorry to hear of your sad worry, but I hope from your last letter that your dear mother may yet be spared to you, and that she may make a speedy recovery.

I have been over today to Middleford to see Baby, and found him so well and comfortable. That dear, motherly Mrs. Jones looks after him splendidly, and seems greatly attached to him.

Then I had to listen to a long denunciation of your village carter, who, it seems, has damaged the chair I sent to you in carrying it up from the station. Mrs. Jones is greatly concerned about it, and announced her intention of writing to you fully on the subject; but I hope I succeeded in persuading her that you would not wish to be bothered about it just

now, when you have really serious anxieties. Finally, just before I left, I was privileged to see the baby have his bath. "What a bonny youngster he is!" The old lady is greatly troubled about that little inward turn of his toes, and is insistent on the importance of something being done while he is young indeed, she was as much concerned about it as if he were a child of her own. For myself, I really can't see that there is much amiss, and I am quite sure that a clever man like Dr. Clayton will soon correct what is wrong when the boy is a little older, and be able to walk. I do hope he will not have to wear iron—these seem to bother children so much.

Now, then, please make yourself quite comfortable with the assurance that your baby is well and happy. And I hope you will soon be able to send me a cheering report of your mother. Ever yours sincerely, ELIZABETH HOBSON.

Letter from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Walter Carrington, Villa Miranda, Cannes. Albany Villa, Middleford, November 15th, 1903.

Dere Madam I am glad to say as Baby is well and comfortable and takes his food very reddish wich every cloud has a silver lining. I have showed Mr. Uncle Joseph the Legs him being on his hollersdays in these parts and he says it is a Highshore as can easily be put right, being a cabinet-maker by trade, but formerly a Bonsetter till the pieces stop him owing to a Oversight in treating cancer as an Indigestion and the widder was very unreasonable about it wich shows as to herr is Uman but to ferrive, Divine, and he says as if the Legs is twisted round back-fronted, it will put it right, no time, and hide all defects, he will do it for 1/4 a crown me noing you so well, and he says as no one will ever recernise wat as been Done wich I always say wot the eye does not see the Art does not greave, him being so sure as even yourself woudn't never no as it had been Done till told he wanted to do it at once but I said being left in charge and trusted confidenshul I cannot let you without consulting Her first so, dere lady, please rite and give your consent so as Uncle can Turn them before he goes back. Yours respectful, MARTHA JONES.

Letter from Mrs. Walter Carrington to Mrs. Jones, at Albany Villa, Middleford. Villa Miranda, Cannes. November 17th, 1903.

Dear Mrs. Jones—Your letter just received has given me quite a fright. Under no circumstances whatever must you let your uncle do anything to Baby. I have a perfect horror of all quack doctors, and while I do not wish to hurt your feelings, I must absolutely forbid any unqualified Bonsetter trying experiments on a child of mine. While I am deeply grateful for the interest you evidently feel in my dear baby, I think you are making far too much of the little irregularity about his feet; it is, after all, only a very slight matter, and one which Dr. Clayton will easily put right when the child is older.

I am glad to tell you that my dear mother is now out of danger, and that she still improves. The doctor hopes that I may be able to return home at the end of next week. I trust it may be so, and you may be sure I shall come at the earliest possible date, for I am simply longing to see my dear baby. Yours very truly, MARY CARRINGTON.

P.S.—Be sure you do not let your uncle try to do anything to Baby.

Letter from Mrs. Walter Carrington to Miss Elizabeth Hobson, Brentford. Villa Miranda, Cannes. November 23rd, 1903.

My Dear Miss Hobson—Thank you so much for going down to see Baby, and for the nice, comforting letter you wrote. I am very glad indeed to hear that he is going on so well, and I know you and Mrs. Jones (who is really a most excellent person, in spite of her talkativeness) will look after him as carefully as if he were one of her own. My only real anxiety is lest she should be tempted to treat him with any of her extraordinary remedies.

Unfortunately, an old uncle of hers, who has already been in trouble for practising as a Bonsetter, is staying just now in Middleford, and Mrs. Jones is most anxious that I should let him try to straighten Baby's legs! Of course, I have written off at once absolutely forbidding any such thing. I hope the old lady will not be offended, but I was really obliged to say plainly how annoyed I was at the very sugges-

tion of such a thing. And I really cannot understand why I should keep hanging in this way on the darling's dear little legs, as if there were something seriously wrong. As you have seen for yourself, there is indeed very little the matter, and Dr. Clayton is very sure in my mind that he will be put right later on.

Dear Mother, I do hope you will be better, and the doctors hold out the hope that I may safely leave next week. So you see my worries are clearing off most happily now, and I trust very soon to be back with my little one. Yours most sincerely, MARY CARRINGTON.

Letter from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Walter Carrington, Villa Miranda, Cannes. Albany Villa, Middleford, November 20, 1903.

Dere Madam wich I hope I no my place and can be trusted you being a Church of England lady, where I have herd them pray on Sundays agensnt "all false doctoring" I should not think of giving your Baby any of the medicines as Uncle reckons derd he hasse maid some wonderful herbs and a collige education is not everythink and a many real doctors would give Pounds for erbs as he has discovered, but the I say it as shouldnt Uncle Joseph is very clever in his own line, and is thout it a deal off.

dere lady hass you do not say I have decided as he shall try wot he can do with them Legs perticler as he has to go home on monday and it seems a pity to miss the oportoonity while he is near a bird in and being worth 2 in a Bush, so he is coming round to-morrer to do the job wich he says you will be very pleased when you come home and see the Result.

My baby is very well up to this and I hope will go on all right. I am glad as your mother is mending wich we shall all be Rejoiced to see you home once more from among them savage forriner. Your obed. servant, MARTHA JONES.

Letter from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Walter Carrington, Villa Miranda, Cannes. Albany Villa, Middleford, November 21st, 1903.

Dere Madam wich I always say you can kill 2 birds with 1 stone and having missed post last night I send this letter with the other as I wrote yesterday, dere lady I am very sorry and blame myself for giving consent perticler as I no you will be vexed being so taken up with it. Uncle Joseph did the job this a.m. and got one leg round all right but as I say you never no and the other Broke in being twisted owing to his illness, and now dere lady rite and say wot you wish should be done. Uncle says as the broken Leg can be set as no one would notice it only it woodent ever be really strong and might give way if used and let you down. he reckons derd as he should cut it off at the top, and he knows a man as could turn you a nice leg of dark wood to odr finishing it up as a good and solid job and dere madam I am very sorry as it has happened and hope as you will not blame me all being meant for the Best wich angells cant do more to surprise you and your dere husband when he comes at the Improvement.

My baby is rather Restless tonight but do not worry not being serious. Dr. Clayton has gone on a Hollerday, your serving girl gives me a lot of Impudence and we shall be glad to see you back at home. Yours respectful, MARTHA JONES.

Please say wot you wish to be done about the Leg.

Telegram from Mrs. Walter Carrington to Mrs. Jones, at Albany Villa, Middleford. Call in nearest qualified doctor at once.

Telegram from Mrs. Carrington to her husband, Walter Carrington, Blundell's Hotel, New York. Come home immediately. Baby seriously injured.

Telegram from Mrs. Walter Carrington to the Chief Constable of Blankshire. Please arrest Mrs. Jones's Uncle Joseph for injuring my child.

Letter from Mrs. Walter Carrington to Miss Elizabeth Hobson, Brentford. Villa Miranda, Cannes. November 23rd, 1903.

My Dear Miss Hobson—Can you go down to Middleford at once? Such an awful thing has happened! In spite of my plainest injunctions, that stupid Mrs. Jones has allowed her preposterous old Bonsetter of an uncle to practise on my dear baby.

The wicked old man has twisted one of the child's legs right round, and has broken the other one in the ignorant violence; and now he talks of cutting off the broken leg and providing the poor infant with a wooden one! Only think what that dear child must be suffering!

You may guess I am half distracted with the news. I have wired to have the old impostor arrested at once, and have ordered Mrs. Jones to call in a proper doctor without a moment's delay. And I have telegraphed to Walter to start home as soon as possible. (It occurs to me now that this will not be of much use, as it will take him at least a week to get from New York; but really I am so upset that I hardly knew what I was doing.)

Fortunately, mother is wonderfully better, and I was preparing to catch the next train home when—could anything have been more provoking?—I slipped on these awful polished stairs in my hurry, and came down headlong. The doctor says that I have badly sprained my ankle, and must not think of moving for several days.

Isn't it an awful state of things? I am really half wild with anxiety and worry. Please do go down to Middleford directly you get this, and rescue my dear baby from further harm. Your distracted friend, MARY CARRINGTON.

Letter from Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Walter Carrington, Villa Miranda, Cannes. Albany Villa, Middleford, November 24th, 1903.

Dere Madam as I often say it never rains but it Pores and wot with telegrafs to get a doctor and 2 pleccemen after Uncle Joseph on wot they decided must have been an Hoax my pore head is in a whirl like brins going through tunnle the baby is quite well and never been ill, only I night a bit fretful probly a Tooth and no need for a medikle man being in the best of health and Sports.

Uncle Joseph as finished the job and it looks good as new wich only shows how troo it is as you should never judge by appearances the new leg looking just like the old 1 and much stronger. Is bill I inclose hearvins wich I hope you will think it reasonable specially as the work is well done and you will be new wich only shows how troo it is as you should never judge by appearances the new leg looking just like the old 1 and much stronger. Is bill I inclose hearvins wich I hope you will think it reasonable specially as the work is well done and you will be pleased when you bold it so all's well as ends well. Yours respectful, MARTHA JONES.

The bill enclosed in the foregoing letter. For Mrs. Carrington, Middleford (when at home). Mending old oak chair, including new leg and glue. Hen. Be. 2s. 6d.

Horned Lady—I hope you will be pleased with my job. I turned the leg round so as the damaged part does not show. I have not charged for the new leg; the old one having been broken during my work, which you might say it was my fault—and I don't want to cause no unpleasantness. Yours obedient to order, JOSEPH OLDROYD.

THE VIOL AND HARP AND THE REDDY BASSOON

Oh, wondrously wistful and tender the somnolent measures. Played by the viol and harp and the reddy bassoon! I think I could sit in the shadows and listen forever, Wrapt in the spell of the strange and enchanting soft tune.

With you, O my dreams, I could linger and listen forever. Delighted and soothed by the somnolent flow of the tune. That weaves and upbuilds me a tangle of magical music. Poured from the viol and harp and the reddy bassoon.

Visions and memories waken that long have been sleeping. Stirred by the viol and harp and the reddy bassoon: Phantoms of flowers and of songs of the faraway summers. Rise at the sound of the haunting and eloquent tune.

The sweep and the sway of the plaintive somnolent measures. Charm and enchant me and flood all my thought with the tune. As I dreamily sit in the shadow and listen delighted To the song of the viol and harp and the reddy bassoon.

WIFE'S FIDELITY
which a faithful wolf—its master and then assistance being ren-Standard of Empire. Valley. The owner husband of the acety Ware. Mr. Ware day night, when the trap round his mas-violent fall. Some man was seen lying d, the dog guarding attempts to go to are, whose identity fiercely resisted all in at last the injured Mrs. Ware was sent prostrate husband. Ware's life, and he