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THE OLD BLUE GINGER JAR

That Clementine's Uncle Brought From China

held the Happiness of Two People Many Months While They Pined and Blamed Each Other.

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend all her energies to wheedle Aunt Phoebe out of the old blue ginger jar that Uncle Julius had brought home from China, little thinking that the old slant eyed, fat sided mandarin would take such a peculiar interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantelpiece in the old fashioned country parlor, and Aunt Phoebe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadful lonesome feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock, the shells, the pepper vases, the leather fans and other companions of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phoebe gave over to Clementine her right and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning in the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his tennis racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the antique and unique in china and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire, but a more absorbing interest possessed his mostly breast.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declarative point. She was such a lively, fun loving girl, and love, you know, is such intensely serious business. Several times Randall fanned he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when with a trifling jest she would defeat his intentions and put the little god to flight.

Now, however, when the slant eyed mandarin on the blue jar winked at him through the vines, Randall said to himself enthusiastically: "Well, old boy, that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are they all as clever as you over in China?" That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, aching fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too." But the mandarin felt a little funny that day, so when Clementine packed her trunk he inspired her to stuff the ginger jar full of her silken hose, that the precious article might take no risks of breakage in its voyage. So when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasure jar and placed it on a silken table in her pretty parlor with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relative had brought from China—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phoebe with messages about them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. While he waited patiently, she impatiently awhile, and then dived into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have known in every age and time. He did not dream that the slant eyed mandarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a little and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness. And Clementine was feeling the consolation with all the sobriety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl and could not by a feather's weight influence the balance of his attentions. Therefore behind her smiles she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home

without having given expression to his sentiments. So she, too, now took on a sober countenance and banished thought and regret by joining several new clubs and taking membership in two or three more charitable organizations. Just before Christmas Randall one day experienced in his breast a sort of imperative intimation—perhaps direct from the slant eyed mandarin, who knows?—that he might hear of something to his advantage if he should go down to the city, and call upon Clementine; so after some futile resistance to the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the trifter with her invisible affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a little constraint being apparent on both sides, he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the slant eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the silken texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him, and he pulled from the bosom of the now jubilant mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and, following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of similar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these unforseen apparitions, he found her speechless with wild eyed astonishment, and without a word or gesture she seized the old blue jar and hurried from the room.

Randall smiled the first real, soul felt, refreshing smile that he had indulged in for several months and vowed by the pigtails of the old slant eyed god that he would stay rooted to the spot until Clementine returned.

What she said to the genius of the jar as she flew up stairs with it only the mandarin can reveal. As Randall paced the parlor, pulling his mustache and wondering if Clementine's keen sense of humor would carry her safely through the trying hour, she came shamefacedly into the room, bearing in one hand the blinkin' old mandarin and in the other the pleading letter he had borne so long hid in his clever old bosom.

Randall met the dear girl more than half way, and as she whimpered gently on his shoulder he promised never, never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you believe me, that ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip, and Randall packed the bosom of the grotesque mandarin full of Clementine's bridal roses, there to fade and there forever to remain.

Now, as Randall never told and Clementine never told, the entire responsibility of this revelation lies between you and me and the ginger jar.

Moreover, American capital is spilling into Canada. Uncle Sam is starting new industries, and supporting and fostering old ones, and in a few years he will have everything in his grip. If those who have money to invest at home played a more patriotic and more sensible game it would be otherwise. We would be richer, and Canada would be richer too.

"Canada is slowly but surely being populated by American people, and run by American money. Will the day come, a quarter of a century hence, when there will be a serious movement to join the Dominion of Canada to the United States of America? I know now splendidly strong is the British Canadian's loyalty; but we must not close our eyes to the fact that the French form a large proportion of the population, and would lend strength to any movement for the union started by the vast mass of American farmers, miners, and others who will have assembled here about the time I name."

When the news that Carrie Nation, the leader of the physical force wing of the prohibition party, had used her hatchet on two Ottawa saloons reached the down town hotels there were many conjectures made as to whether the lady would extend her operation to Toronto. Realizing that it is not Mrs. Nation's custom to give notice in advance of her visits several hotelmen were apprehensive lest they might show some discourtesy by allowing her to drive in on them when they were not prepared to properly receive her. The anxiety caused by the fear that she would not be well taken care of during her stay here became painful when a rumor spread that Mrs. Nation would at most certainly come west, and descriptions of the radical temperance worker were eagerly sought.

Mr. E. B. Clancy of the Moorish Palace said that he did not believe Mrs. Nation would indulge in any of her glass-breaking proclivities in his place. "I think my staff of employees will be able to take care of her if she comes," said Mr. Clancy, waving his hand at a group of employees who looked anything but pleased at the prospect. "If she insists on using a hatchet," continued Mr. Clancy, "we'll send her back to the kitchen to work on the steak."

Mr. F. H. Thomas of the English Chop House was inclined to believe that Mrs. Nation would be pleased with Toronto's temperate people. "However," he said, "we have a large siphon specially constructed for people who break things. Manager Newell will see that she will get everything that is coming to her. A siphon well charged with soda is a powerful factor in preserving peace, and Mrs. Nation can't object to soda."

"Allie Gibbs" of the St. Charles said that he would be on the alert today, and that if a lady bearing a resemblance to the published pictures of Mrs. Nation loitered in front of hotel he would be glad to direct her to any hotel on King street.

Eddie Sullivan thought that Mrs. Nation should not be treated harshly for the reason that she was a woman. "If her manager happens around, however," said Mr. Sullivan, "we will be forced to attend to his case."

—Toronto Globe.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

JOCKEY PROTESTS

Reiff Says He Rode a Square Race at Manchester.

London, Oct. 2.—Lester Reiff, the American jockey whose license was withdrawn by the jockey club yesterday, and who was warned off Newmarket heath, in an interview today on the subject said: "It's all a maze and a muddle. There are no explanations. The stewards decided that I pulled, or at any rate rode a crooked race on Delacey, and let my brother win on Minnie Dee. I have nearly been at the top of the list this year, and was the leading jockey in 1900. I have half as many mounts as some of the crack jockeys, yet I ride more winners. To do more than this I would have to ride the winner in every race. Yet Lord Marcus Beresford declares I rode crooked. I got well away on Delacey, leading until he reached the bend to the straight. It is peculiarity of the Manchester course that the leading horse always goes wide four or five feet or more in turning in the straight. Delacey did this thing. Johnnie, seeing his chance, shot through and got in. If I had closed in again I should have put my brother over the rail. All I could was to keep Delacey straight and ride like the devil to win."

"Ester rode as straight a race as I ever saw," interposed Wishard, Richard Croker's trainer. "I never saw a horse that did not swerve at the Manchester bend, as Reiff says. Continuing, Reiff said: "I never bet on horses; and I told the stewards so. I made this explanation to them, but the case was already decided against me. One of the three stewards acted as prosecutor as well as judge. "It was no use to argue. The

whole business is the outcome of the hatred and jealousy of the English trainers and jockeys to us Americans." Huggins, William C. Whitney's trainer, said he considered that Reiff rode an admirable and perfectly fair race.

Near the Popping Point. "Mary," said her father, "you have been keeping company with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination." "Oh, father, how can you talk so! He is, oh, so sweet and nice!" "Ah!" And the fond father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?" "Well, father, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the drapery of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed, but, then, last evening when we were out walking, we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I'm going to live in some day,' and I said, 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage, and—and I squeezed his hand!"

"Oh, ah, I see!" said her father. "Well, we'll try him another week or two."—London Answers.

Of Course. "How did you get this injury?" asked the doctor as he was dressing a scarp wound on a man's head. "She broke a dinner plate over my head," was the reply. "Your wife?" "Of course. You don't think I'd let any strange woman come into my house and knock me around this way, do you?"

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