#### ROSEBERY AND THE LORDS

ment of the Peers, Sir William Har-for you to back us up."

A "Mockery of Freedom." as now, Liberal legislation had been almost completely nullified by the action of the Upper House, and the parish none of these questions, but on one councils bill had only become law after which includes and represents them all being drastically amended by the Lords, the amendments being accepted under protest by Mr. Gladstone. Then, as now, a general election was imminor of Commons; there would be 30 Lib. milk: open milk: ent. and it was in view of that election eral peers; suppose you were to send that Lord Rosebery, then prime min 200 back to the House of Commons, ister, made the following appeals to the record with reference to the veto. Speaking at Bradford on Oct. 26, 1894, would be 30 Liberals peers; suppose you

your wishes better than do your own eral peers; suppose you were to send representatives, you will give effect 600 back—A Voice: "We'll do that.") tives, and abide contentedly by the unbiased, the patriarchal and the mellow wisdom of the House of Lords. You will thank them for having done you the favor of being born. But if, gentlemen—if you take a different view, if for your con have been champing and the seconds of the could; but still, even it ne suctions the favor of being born. But if, gentlemen—if you take a different view, if the seconds of our free institutions; we swell for your con have been champing and the could; but still, even it ne suction in encourer at the bank—it was the discovery at the bank—it was the client discovery at the discovery at the bank—it was the client discovery at the discovery at the bank—it was the client discovery at the bank—it was the client discovery at the bank—it was the client discovery at the discovery at the bank—it was the client discovery at the discovery at the bank—it was the client discovery at the discovery discovery at the discovery at the discovery discovery at the discovery discovery at the discovery discovery at the discovery discovery decent of that inspector fellow to give him the tip to clear out—and the steamer got its name.

Abiboo came with some meard the puck-tendent discovery discovery at the discovery discovery discovery for years you have been champing and as we walk abroad and see other counchaining under the bit of the House of tries; we make broad our phylacteries Lords, if for years you have been wondering at this strange survival of an almost santediluvian period if for less-favored men are; and all the time years you have been instructing your we endure this mockery of freedom." representatives to do all that in them lies to maintain your rights against their interests, then you will give your 1894, Lord Rosebery said:, verdict in accordance with the facts, and make ready for the fight. You will reforms, those great aspirations, and Lords to an absolute veto ers feught, to fight with their stubborn, matter." 

Ago—They Represented the Ironsides fought in Yorkshire, never knowing when they were beaten, and Forces of Prejudice and Priv- determined not to be beaten; to fight, as they would have said themselves.

not with the arm of the flesh, but with the arm of the spirit; to fight by the means of educating your fellow-men-It is interesting to turn to Lord not as to the object, for in that, Rosebery's opinion of the veto of the maintain, you are clear already — but House of Lords sixteen years ago. The as to the proper means of attaining that object. And if you believe that we political situation in 1894 resembled in of the Government are earnest in this many particulars the situation today. matter and are capable of dealing with as now, there had been a budget the matter, you will give us your supwhich had aroused the fierce resent- port. We fling down the gauntlet; it is

On the same day he said: "The next election will be fought on he said:

"If you had come to the conviction that the House of Lords understands and 500 back, there would be 30 Lib-

Speaking at Devonport on Dec. 11 "We have nothing to do with the present constitution of the House of remember, as I have told you before, Lords. We take the House of Lords as that in this great contest there lies be- it stands. In our opinion the time has inspire you all those great come when the right of the House of great measures upon which you have wishes of or legislation of the House set your hearts. Before you lie all the of Commons should forever cease. We forces of prejudice and privilege, be-fore you lies the sullen ramparts be-hind which are concealed the enemies for a mandate from the country to deal which you long to fight, and so lorg with that question by passing a resolu-have fought; and I would ask you, if tion through the House of Commons you are prepared to go into this fight, which shall declare and give effect to to fight as your old Puritan forefath, what I have said is our policy in this

"Veto Should For Ever Cease."

The Forest of Happy Thoughts A Short Story

By Edgar Wallace in the Pall Mall Magazine.

night in his own characteristic fashion; He saw the jewelled sky, and the pale stranger. walked round the tent; saw to the reflection of stars in the water. Then guide topes; put his lantern over the he went toh is tent, and leisurely got strands of barbed-wire pegged firmly into his pyjamas. He jerked two tab- think it was pretty low down of her into the ground; carefully inspected loids from a tiny bottle, swallowed to lead me on to believe that she was his mosquito-net for signs of a stray them, drank a glass of water, and awfully fond of me, and then at the give you a smooth ride? musca: then turned his attention to thrust his head through the tent open- last minute to chuck me?"

Last night year noise disturbed. He went to bed.

amusement ran round the circle. Bail- sleep to the camp. man himself grinned into the darkness. In one wild crescendo the lo-koli He had too full an acquaintance with but he was wide awake now. the Congo folk to be overmuch exer- He listened, then slipped out of bed. cised at the necessity for employing pulling his mosquito boots. Into the stick; but he grinned because the darkness of the night he stepped, tweive months in the wilds had made and found N'kema, the engineer, waithim half a savage, and he appreciated ing.

By the river-side the little steamer moored. There was a tiny bay here, and the swift currents of the zled face, "yet we are nowhere near a witer were broken to a gentle flow: village." none the less, he inspected the shorethe wire hawsers before he stacked on the deck, ready for tomorrow's run. The new water-gauge had been put in by N'kema, the engineer, as he had ordered; the engines had been cleaned, and Bailman nodded approvingly. He stepped lightly over three sleeping forms curled up "Now I think I'll turn in," he mut-tered, and looked at his watch. It was 9 o'clock. He stood for a moment night was black; but he saw the out-

#### **USING PURGATIVES** INJURES HEALTH

WHAT YOU NEED IN SPRING IS A BLOOD-BUILDING TONIC.

mands it as an aid in carrying off the impurities that have accumulated in ously repeated the outrageous news. of people who do recognize the neces- the very centre of the Green Path of Dreams because it's impregnated with of a spring medicine do know what is best to take, and dose man. themselves with harsh, griping pur- Thoughts. This is a serious mistake Ask any

use of purgative medicine weakens man, sent an answer crashing along trekked here because you wanted to the green slope, stopping and turning the system but does not cure disease. In the spring the system needs riedly. cannot do \* up-purgatives this—they weaken you still more. The In the forest lay a very sick man, face flushed and he spoke a little blood should be made rich, red and He had chosen the site for the camp stiffly. nerve-restoring tonic medical science elephant-grass to the river. Mainward England when things were going rocky has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medi- because it was pretty. This was alto- papers I get from time to time. But all cine actually makes new, rich blood. gether an inadequate reason, but Main- that is nothing to do with me. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve and every part of the body. This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure headaches and back- pretty camping places, irrespective of come to Africa to do it? Be sensibanish pimples and eruptions, and commenting on the crowning disaster steamer back for your men-will you rheumatism and give a glow of health to the most which sent him a fugitive from jus- come? sallow skin. Men, women and grow-ting boys and girls who take Dr. Wil-burdened with imagination." Main-don't want to I'm not keen; besides, liams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, ward was cursed with ill-timed conliams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, ward was cursed with installation and feel bright, active and strong. If fidence: this was one of the reasons and feel bright, active and strong. If fidence: this was one of the reasons man could not answer. He was none man could not answer. He was none too sure upon that point himself, and tonic, and see the new life, by the natives "The Lands-where-allnew health and new strength it will bad-thoughts-become-good - thoughts.'

Sold by all medicine dealers or by and daring traders, as "The Forest of mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes Happy Dreams." Overconfidence had for \$2 50, from the Dr. Williams' Medi-generally been Mainward's undoingcine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Bullman made things snug for the lines of the forest on the other side They were squatting ing. "Ho, Sokani!" he called, speaking

He heard the rustle of men moving. night, when the lo-koli sounds, you will the gurgles of laughter as his threat sleep, and, if I be awakened, I will was repeated, and then the penetrating between his forefinger and thumb, and come with my whip, and you will feel rattle of sticks on the native drum- Mainward laughed weakly. a hollow tree trunk. Fiercely it beat-

as he made his way down to the river, ceased, and Bailman turned with a sigh not that he would hesitate to use his of content and closed his eyes. . he chicotte upon a dischedient servant, sat up suddenly. He must have dozed;

. tive.

He listened

From the night came a hundred crossed the narrow plank that led to whispering noises, but above all these. the deck of the Zaire. The wood was unmistakable, the faint clatter of an answering drum. The white man frowned in his perplexity. "No village is nearer than the Bongindanga, he muttered, "not even a fishing village; the woods are deserted-

The native held up a warning finger, on the deck, and gained the shore, reading the message that the drum Bailman waited; he knew the sent. wonderful fact of this native telegraph. on the crest of the steep bank, and less wilds. He could not understand it, no European could, but he had re-

> "A white man is here," read the nalive: "he has the sickness."

"A white man!" In the darkness Bailman's evebrows ose incredulously.

"He is a foolish one," N'kema read; "he sits in the Forest of Happy Thoughts and will not move." Bailman clicked his lips impatiently.

"No white man would sit in the For-A spring medicine is an actual ne-essity to most people. Nature de-to himself, "unless he were mad." est of Happy Thoughts," he said, half But the distant drum monotonblood during the indoor life of Here, indeed, in the heart of that love-But unfortunately thousands liest glade in all Africa, encamped in . a sick white man..

So the drum went on and on, till

and only a tonic medicine can himself. It was in a clearing, near a those it, just before the sickness came, with you, and I've read the rest in the

and poetically adapted by explorers.

overconfidence in the ability of his

Overconfidence had

hide his defalcations—he was a direc- said. tor of the Welshire County Bank once

at the din. He was endowed with the jumped at his word and Grand Bassam.

fool-man. Abiboo." "Si, senor," agreed the Kano boy you'd rather I stopped-?

stop the drum." The lo-koli stopped of its own accord, for the listeners in the sick man's loid?"

camp had heart the faint answer from "Come here, Abitoo-I want some white citizen." milk: open a fresh tin; and tell the

ook I want some soup, too." immediate attention; strange how loidthey elbowed and fought one another | Mainward lay listening to the noise in their noisy claims to his notice. Of of the departure. He thought he heard

could not write. He could sign things, but the green tabloid was underneath sign his name "Three months after his pillow.

date pay to the order of —" he Then there began to steal over him

choughts became good, and. God spective exercise for one day. knows, his mind was ill-furnished. He came to him as a pleasing shock to wanted peace and sleep and happiness realize that he was happy. the greatly desired happiness. Now He opened his eyes and looked suppose "Fairy Lane" had won the round. Wokingham Stakes? It did not, of course the winced again at the bad he drew aside the curtains of his net memory), but suppose it had? Sup- to get a better view. pose he could have found a friend who would have lent him £16,000, or even

"Master," said Abiboo's voice "dem puck-a-puck, him lib for come." "Eh, what's that?"

Mainward turned almost savagely on

"Puck-a-puck-you hear 'um?" But the sick man could not hear the smack of the Yaire's stern wheel, as he little boat breasted the downward rush of the river. . . he was sur-prised to see that it was dawn, and grudgingly admitted to himself that he had slept. He closed his eyes again and had a strange dream. The principal figure was a tall, tanned, cleanshaven man in a white helmet, who wore a dingy yellow overcoat over his

pyjamas. "How are you feeling?" said the

"Shocking," said the strange white

troubling about. What do you say to whip, and she came on as straight as He held up a small greenish pellet

"Oh, rot!" he chuckled faintly. He spoke in the sonorous tongue of furiously, breathlessly, with now and are one of those Forest of the Happy the Bo-mongo people, and, despite the then a deeper note as the drummer, Dreams Johnnies; what's that? a love repeated Mainward in wonder. "Well, aufulness of his threat, a titter of using all his art, sent the message of philter?" he was hysterically amused you've done me a good turn, Atty. This at the witticism.

> Bailman nodded "Love or life, it's all one," he said, but apparently unamused, "swallow

Mainward giggled and obeyed. "And now," said the stranger-this was six hours later-"the best thing ou can do is to let my boys put you on my steamer and take you down the trees.

weak. kind of you to have come-by the way, suppose you are a doctor?" Bailman shook his head.

"On the contrary, I am a journalist," special correspondent, of The Mega-

"I want to stay here-it's devilish. "Devilish is the very adjective I

should have used-my dear man, this, the home of every death-dealing fly and bug in Congo Land." He waved his hand to the glorious vista of fresh green glades, of gorgeous creepers that hung their gar-

lands from tree to tree. "Look at the grass," he said: homeland grass-that's the seductive part of it; I nearly camped here myself-come, my friend, let me take you Mainward shook his head obstin-

lately

"I'm obliged, but I'll stay here for a day or so. I want to try the supernatural effects of this pleasant place," he said with a little smile. "I've got so many thoughts that need treat-

"Look here," said Bailman roughly, "you know jolly well how this forest got its name; it is called Happy not Death, was a white man, a sick white fever, and with every disease from . in the Forest of Happy beri-beri to sleeping sickness. don't wake from the dreams that you dream here. Man, I know this coundoctor and he will tell you that the Bailman, rousing his own lo-koli try, and you're a newcomer; you've ried apology he went blundering up the river, and began to dress hur- get away from life and start all over back to indulge in a little dumb show again."

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, I know all about you-didn't I The best blood-building, little creek that wound between high tell you I was a journalist? I was in ward was a sentimentalist, and his here to help you to start fair. If you life was a long record of choosing had wanted to commit suicide, why neuralgia, danger. "He was." said a newspaper, ble and shift your camp; I'll send my

I'm not fit to travel."

Here was an argument which Bail- at her throat, the. he hesitated before he spoke again. "Very well," he said at length, "suppose you stay another day to give you a chance to pull yourself together. I'll come along tomorrow with a tip-top invalid chair for you—is it a bet?"

horses to win races; overconfidence in and the ghost of a smile puckered the his own ability to secure money to corners of his eyes. "It's a bet," he

He watched the journalist walk overconfidence in securing the love through the camp, speaking to one His Opinion of Them 16 Years persistent, indomitable will, fight as of a woman who, when the crash came, man after another in a strange tongue, they fought in Yorkshire, as those old looked at him blankly and said she A singular, masterful man this, looked at him blankly and said she A singular, masterful man this, was sorry, but she had had no idea thought Mainward. Would he have that he felt towards her like that . . mastered Ethel? He watched the Now Mainward lifted his aching stranger with curious eyes, and noted lead from the pillow and cursed aloud how his own lazy devils of carriers

smattering of pigeon-English which a "Good-night," said Bailman's voice, man may acquire from a three-months' and Mainward looked up. "You must sojourn, divided between Sierra Leone take another of these pellets, and tomorrow you'll be as fit as a donkey. "Why for they make 'em cursed engine. I've got to get back to my oise, eh?" he fretted. "You plenty camp tonight, or I shall find half my stores stolen in the morning; but if

"No, no," replied the other hastily "Stop it, d'ye hear; stop it!" raved He wanted to be alone. He had lots of the man on the tumbled bed; "this matters to settle with himself. There noise is driving me mad-tell them to was the question of Ethel, for instance.

> "You won't forget to take the tab-"No. I say, I'm awfully obliged to you for coming. You've been a good

Bailman smiled. sense," he said, good-humoredly. "This The servant left him muttering and is all brotherly love. White to white, tossing from side to side on the creak- and kin to kin, don't you know? We ing camp bedstead. Mainward had are all alone here, and there isn't a many things to think about. It was man of our color within 500 miles strange how they all clamored for Good-night, and please take the tab-

by your verdict to that impression; —I am sure the gentleman would do course, there was the bankruptcy and a little bell tinkle. That must be for you will annihilate your representation it if he could; but still, even if he suction discovery at the bank—it was the engines. Then he heard the puckcourse, there was the bankruptcy and a little bell tinkle. That must be for

could sign other people's names. . . a curious sensation of content. He e groaned and winced at the thought. Cid not analyze it down to its first But here was a forest where bad cause. He had had sufficient intro-

His bed was laid in the open, and

A little man was walking briskly toward him along the velvet stretch of grass that sloped down from the glade and Mainward whistled. "Atty," he gasped. "By all that's

Atty, indeed, it was: the same wizened Atty as of yore; but no longer pulling the long face to which Mainward had been accustomed. The little man was in his white riding-breeches, his diminutive top-boots were splashed with mud, and on the crimson of his silk jacket there was evidence of a hard race. He touched his cap jerkly with his whip, and shifted the burlen of the racing saddle he carried to nis other arm.

"Why, Atty," said Mainward, with a smile, "what on earth are you doing

"It's a short way to the jockey room, sir," said the little man, "I've "Rotten bad," growled Mainward, just weighed in. I thought the Fair, would do it, sir, and she did." Mainward nodded wisely. she would too," he said.

The jockey grinned again. "She never Found their fire—a voluble, light-heart—in the vernacular, "let the lo-koli man gravely: "but put her out of your ly enough. Coming up out of the Dip, ed assembly.

Snocking, said the strange write man gravely: "but put her out of your ly enough. Coming up out of the Dip, ed assembly. mind just now: she isn't worth she hung a little, but I showed her the die. I thought once The Stalk would beat us—I got shut in, but I pulled round, and we were never in difficulties. I could have won by ter

lengths," said Atty. "You could have won by ten lengths win will get me out of one of the biggest holes that ever a reckless man tumbled into-I shall not forget you.

"I'm sure you won't, sir," said the little jockey gratefully; "if you'll excuse me now, sir-Mainward nodded and watched him as he moved quickly through th

There were several figures in the Mainward shook his head. He had glade now, and Mainward looked down awakened irritable and lamentably ruefully at his soiled duck suit. "What "My dear chap, it's awfully an ass I was to come like this," muttered in his annoyance. "I might have known that I should have met

all these people." There was one he did not wish to said flippantly, "I'm Bailman, the see; and as soon as he sighted Venn. with his shy eyes and his big nose, phone. I've been doing atrocities for Mainward endeavored to slip back out a year-you know the stuff that is as- of observation. But Venn saw him, sociated with the Congo-but you were and came tumbling through the trees, with his big flabby hand extended and

his dull eyes aglow. "Hullo, hullo!" he grinned, "beer looking for you." Mainward muttered some inconseis the plague spot of the Congo; it's quent reply. "Rum place to find you. hat and mopped his brow with an avesome silk handkerchief.

"But look here, old feller-about that noney "Don't worry, my dear man," Mainward interposed easily. "I can pay

you now ' "That ain't what I mean," said the other impetuously: "a few hundred more or less does not count. But you wanted a big sum-"

"And you told me you'd see me-"I know, I know," Venn put in hastly: "but that was before Kaffirs startjumpin'. Old feller, you can have

He said this with grotesque emphasis, standing with his legs wide apart, his hat perched on the back of his head, his plump hands dramatically outstretched, and Mainward laughed outright.

"Sixteen thousand?" he asked.

"Or twenty," said the other impres-"I want to show yousively. Somebody called him, and with a hurillustrative of his confidence in Mainward and his willingness to oblige. Mainward was laughing, a low, gurgling laugh of pure enjoyment. Venn bed, pulled aside the mosquito netting of all people!

questions and talk of securities. Well! well! Then his merriment ceased, and he winced again, and his heart beat at Abiboo. faster and faster, and a curious weakness came over him. How splendidly cool she looked. She walked in the clearing, a white, slim figure; he heard the swish of her

skirt as she came through the long grass. . . white, with a green belt all encrusted with dull gold embroid- stretched himself. "I ery. He took in every detail hungrily -the dangling gold ornaments that She did not hurry to him: that was not her way.

But her eyes dawned a gradual tenderness-those dear eyes that dropped only night and the pain of sickness? efore his shyly. "Ethel!" he whispered, and dared to take her hand.

"Aren't you wonderfully surprised? Mainward held out his shaking hand, she said.

# New Edison Records

On Sale April 25th

Standard

10550 Narcissus. Souse's Band 10551 Caristmas Time Seems Years and Years Away Manuel Romain 10552 TwoGiddy Goats, Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley

10352 TwoGiddy Goats. Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley
10353 Hungarian Dance—D
Victor Herbert and His Orchestra
10354 He's A College Boy Billy Murray and Chorus
10355 Some Day Miss Marvin and Mr. Anthony
10356 Return of the Arkansas Traveler. Len Spencer
10357 Farintosh and Jenney (Violin) Darg the Weaver
William Craig
10358 Come to the Land of Bohemia. Joe Maxwell
10359 Just a Little Ring From You
Ada Jones and Billy Murray
10360 That Lovin' Rag. Sophic Tucker
10361 Under the Tent American Standard Orchestra
10362 By the Light of the Silvery Moom Ada Jones
10364 En Route to Camp March
New York Military Band

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HIS month's Edison Record list is remarkable in that it introduces two new Grand Opera stars of the Manhattan Opera House, New York-Carmen Melis, prima donna; and Gustav Huberdeau, basso; besides retords by Marguerita Sylva, Blanche Arral and Riccardo Martin. But not only from the standpoint of Grand Opera is this month's list remarkable. The biggest hit of the season, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" is on the Amberol (four minute) list and Billy Murray's newest success "He's a College Boy" is a head-liner from the Standard (two minute) list. And these are just samples—your dealer will play anything on this list, you wish to hear, on the Edison Phonograph.

#### Amberol

La Gipsy—Mazurka Écossaise..... Sousa's Band I Wish That You Was My Gal, Molly. Manuel Romain Moonlight in Jungleland..... Collins and Harlan Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly? Billy Murray and Chorus

429 The Prima-Donna-Entr'Acte

Grand Opera (Amberol) B188 Tosca-Vissi d'arte (Puccini) Sung in French.

Orchestra accompaniment
Carmen Melis, Soprano
B189 Carmen—Habanera (Bizzt) Sung in French.
Orchestra accompaniment
Marguerita Sylva, Soprano
B199 Coeur et la Main—Bolero (Lecoc) Sung in Orchestra accompaniment

Cavalleria Rusticana – Brindisi (Mascagni)
Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment
Riccardo Martin, Tenor B19? Mignon—Berceuse (Thomas) Sung in French.

Orchestra accompaniment Gustave Huberdeau, Baritone

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## EDISON AND COLUMBIA Machines and Records

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261 DUNDAS STREET eh?" Venn removed his shining siik removed his shining siik removed his shining siik

> "I-I had to come. She would not look at him, but he saw the pink in her cheek and heard the faltering voice with a wild hope. behaved so badly dear-so very badly.

She hung her head.

"Dear! dear!" he muttered, and groped toward her like a blind man. She was in his arms, crushed against his breast, the perfume of her presence in his brain. "I had come to you." Her hot cheek

was against his. "I love you so." "Me-love me? Do you mean it?" He was tremulous with happiness, and his voice broke-'dearest.' Her face was upturned to his, her lips so near; he felt her heart beating as furiously as his own. He kissed her -her lips, her eyes, her dear hair. "O, God, I'm happy," he sobbed, "so

-so happy. Bailman sprang ashore just as the sun was rising, and came thoughtfully through the undergrowth to the camp. Abiboo, squatting by the curtained bed did not rise. Bailman walked to th Venn, with his cursed and bent over the man who lay there Then he drew the curtains again lit his pipe slowly, and looked down

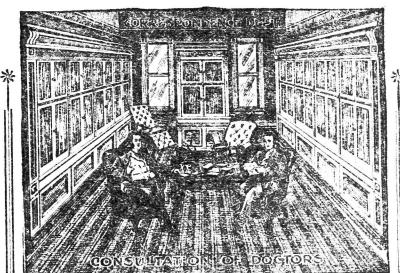
> "When did he die?" "In the dark of the morning, master," said the native. Bailman nodded slowly. "Why did you not send for me?" For a moment the squatting figure

made no reply, then he rose and "Master," he said, speaking in Swaheli-that is a language which allows hung from her belt, the lace collar of nice distinctions-"this white man was happy; he walked in the Forest o Happy Thoughts: why should I call him back to a land where there was neither sunshine por happiness, but

"You're a philosopher," said Bailman

irritably. "I am a follower of the Prophet." said Abiboo, the Kane boy; "and all things are according to God's wisdom.

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