A TRAGEDY OF THE STAGE

Saturnin is a juggler and an honest man; he was married before the mayor and before the cure, he loves his wife like a bourgeois, and he amuses the people like an artist; he is

already as popular as a hero; he is the Roscius of the people. He was born at Batignolles and at Batignolles he desires to die. To be sure, he visits every year the big cities of France, Bordeaux, Toulouse Lyons and Marseilles, but his visits are of lightning speed, and like Talma, who refused to play when the audience did not suit him, he does not let himself go at any of them. But at Batignolles, before this audience of the elite that trembles and vibrates, and feels and marks the strong places, Saturnin plays for all there is in him, proud of his art and content with his

In the provinces, indeed, Saturnin, like every juggler, is the man for the outside show that draws the crowd; he is the man with the hoarse voice, pulling serpents out of a jug, swallowing mysteriously fetching a cane from these gentlemen, making a pigeon fly out of the pockets of those ladies telling fortunes, announcing rich mar-riages to poor lovers and the end of the world to stingy niggards; he is the mighty Hercules who carries weights of hundreds of pounds, and lets them fall heavily on the stage so that people

can judge of their weight by the dust. At Batignolles, the case is entirely different. Saturnin is no longer a vulgar mountebank. He is a dramatic artist. He swallows no more swords, he plays the drama. He was a theater with gas and with snow effects. The wind may rage, but you do not hear any awnings straining in the gale like the sails of a ship. The rain may fall, but the ladies' dresses will not be hurt; it cannot rain inside the theater.

There is still, indeed, the necessary advertisement out in the open air, consisting of a trained poodle who does tricks with a lump of sugar in his mouth, and a clown who makes eyes at the nurses, and a monkey who plays "La Dame Blanche" on a handorgan, but it is only the clown who performs these duties, and Saturnin rerves his efforts for more tragic

And so it happens tonight, after an absence of three months, he is about to celebrate his home-coming in his greatest piece; he is going to play the rôle of Don Pablo, the Count of Mongibelo, in "The Hand of God, or the Recompense of Virtue." It is a gala night for all the artisans.

the employes and the storekeepers of

[Translated from the French by Alice Batignolles. They have had dinner carly and rushed frantically through it, and they are now dressing. The grocer, his face shaved only one one side, is hurriedly serving an old customer, and excusing himself with the

> "You see, madame, I am in a great hurry tonight—oh, a very great hurry! I am going to the theater! Saturnin has come back, and is playing 'The

Hand of God.' " The apple woman has shut the blinds of her little stand, and inside is rubbing with soap the silver necklace that her husband gave her the night of their betrothal. And the little wae of the herborist has come to seek her and, looking her well over, exclaims:

"You look very well, my The newspaper woman and the public letter writer, both of them delicate, are going together to the theater. On the way they are talking and openly fearing that they will find Saturnin grown older or a little tired. The son of their concierge joins them. He is complexion, revealed in the light of the lamps, an employe of the library. He reads all of the bad books that the library possesses, and judges every-thing about the theater like an art

And all this little world is in perfect good faith. The return of Saturnin is a fixed event. These honest people are going to amuse themselves at little expense, their enthusiasm will be real, their ap-

will have deserved it. II.

plause sincere, and their criticism just.

Saturnin will be grandly feted, and he

Yet never has any day seemed longer to Saturnin, and never was there any evening so cruel and deceptive.

All the time that the crowd was piling gaily in upon the wooden seats, and while the hand-organ was breathing the most wonderful airs, and the heavy sous were falling by handfuls into the iron box put there to receive them, Saturnin was hiding his face in both hands to stifle the sobs that were breaking his heart. Alas, there in the green wagon with the mud-stained wheels, connected with the theater by a traveling stairway and which serves at once as the artists' green room. the manager's office and private apartment, a sorrowful drama is being enacted. In this movable house, dragged by a half-pay horse which has tasted the grass of every country fair, there, in the big bed, a woman of 30 years lies dying. She is Saturnin wife. is typhoid fever that is killing her. She is Saturnin wife. It

Only last week she was as brisk and

gay as the bires in May, playing with Don Pablo's halberd, sticking the Saturnin lovingly around the neck,

"Thou are my lion-hero, superb and And now, tonight, she is dying. The doctor came about 5 o'cldck, and

went away again with such a troubled face that Saturnin felt helpless. He was there, leaning on the bed, watching the trembling of the bed clothes, raising the sick one's heavy hand upon a pillow, slipping the sheet away from beneath her neck, where it formed an uncomfortable cushion, and 20 times shing back into her thin hands the white gillyflower that she could no longer hold and yet wanted always to And Saturnin, the Hercules, wept, beating the air with his big arms, shaking the planks by his repeated walkings, sitting down, rising again, going out, coming back, overwhelmed and broken by his sorrow.

"I am helpless, am I not?" he would say. "Ah, well, what would you? It is stronger than I; I cannot help it; I cannot. If she dies, I will throw myself in the river.'

That scene was terrifying. Already his comrades, from force of habit, have assumed their costumes and are preparing the stage, but without any zeal or eagerness. They all love Saturnin, and from moment to moment come to hear the latest news of the poor sick woman. It is breaking their earts. Under their speckled costumes, these people, whose business it is to laugh and cry without desire, are, this

Their consternation was at its height when Saturnin, utterly crushed, declared that he would not play. "Make the announcement, my good Julius," he said to a boy, as long as a day of fasting and as wrinkled as the witches of Macbeth; "you can play the part! But understand, my children, count no more on me; I am a finished man."

"Saturnin, Saturnin, courage!" replied Julius: "without you, nothing can be done! It were better to give back the money.' "Very well, give it back." But just then the sick one raised herself in bed, her face pale, her lips

colorless and drawn, and said: "Saturnin, they have cheered thee, They are cheering thee again. Listen, how they clap their hands. They are calling thee. Go on to the stage, go and salute themgo, go! He has gone-good. You know the great scene where he learns his is dead. It will be superb tonight. I am tired-oh, so tired. I will sleep a little now. The applause and shouts will wake me, I am sure. Good night. Am I babbling now? Well. To your places, friends,

and be proud. Saturnin is with you." upon the stage, his hair in disorder Saturnin suffers no longer. black beard on the chin of the wicked traitor, muffling herself in the furs of the beautiful princess and holding tures grow imperotive, his step cided. He cries:

"Her wishes shall be done. I will play, and you will all tremble." He hurries, tears of his clothes, and assumes his costume, and with his strong hand strikes the three regulation blows. The nall answers by prolonged cheers.

And the curtain rises. There are none to laugh at the cracked scenery which waves softly in the breeze, none to utter a jest at the course of the drama, a masterpiec of imbecility and mistakes.

Each one feels dominated by a supernatural force, each one vibrates to Saturnia

By a succession of unutterable events, Don Pablo de Mongioelo, a rich count recently married to the daughter of the prince, is dispossessed and tor-tured by a traitor who has fallen vioin love with his wife.

Don Pablo has many duels, one of which takes place upon the ice; he kills all his adversaries. He is thrown into prison, he escapes; he is cast into the sea, a faithful Newfoundland dog saves him. He is poisoned, he recovers; he is blown up in a powder mill, he is not even touched: he is shut up in a burning palace but he extinguishes the fire. Pablo lives, Pablo will live. In the fifth act, betraved by calumny, accused of conspiracy by the wicked traitor, he is brought before the King. It is then that virtue has its reward. The traitor seeks to defame Pablo, but Pablo finds his

safety in his sorrow. "Sire, sire," he cries, "I had a wife, an angel, and-"And what?" questions the King. "And it is this scoundrel who has killed her, I hause she resisted him.

See, sire, he trembles. Oh, my wife is dead, my wife is dead!" The traitor trembles, confesses all his crimes, and is led to the scaffold.

III. The fifth act is about to begin. The sick one is dying softly, the death that God keeps for his chosen ones. would have said that an angel was hiding with his wing all she was leaving in the world, that heaven alone might rest before her ravished gaze. She smiles. Saturnin is on his knee by the bed, his face hidden in the coverlet, his arms hanging, his fingers tightly clenched. Julius enters.

He and his eyes bright with tears. His entrance makes the hall shake with cheers. Then, intexicated with this echo of former happy days, he plays his great scene like a master. His looks are wild, his demeanor overwhelming; his speech has periods and gradations where the torture of his

soul is painted clearly. His voice at first is filled with tears, then supplication, and now threats. It is grand. Justice descended in the drama as the day descends upon the eartn.

At this moment Saturnin recognizes Julius step behind the curtain at the back and hears the words: "It is all over-she is dead."

Then beating his face with his fists, tearing out his hair by handfuls, his body thrown back, he cries: "My wife is dead! She is dead-do you understand? She is dead!" And he fell to the floor in the midst of his frightened companions, and be-

fore the audience, delirous in its applause. The play was ended. The cheers recalled him to life; he rose, and, like a man deprived of his reason, holding a comrade by each hand, he saluted the public seeing it, the great public that was fascinated by his mere look. The crowd filed cut, without knowing anything, without guessing any-

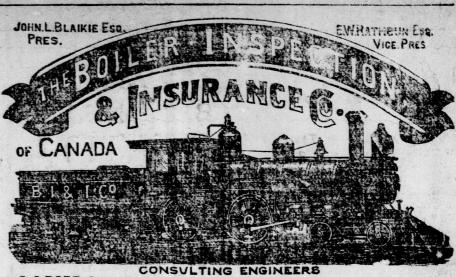
thing. The next morning the public letter writer, the oracle for the honest people of Batignolles, declared that Saturnin had played his part as though

it were a reality. At nightfall many who had not seen the renewal of "The Hand of God," and many more who had seen it, their way towards juggler's theater. Alas! Each one was forced to turn his steps homeward again, silent and full of conster-

Saturnin was seated on a chair at the window of his wagon, his elbows resting on his knees, his face between his hands, indifferent to the noise outside, suffering a man's agony, weeping the tears of a child. Outside, on the front of the theater, was fastened a notice, deeply bordered with black, upon which was written in ink: "Closed on account of Death." Ernest Benjamin.
IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE Ernest Benjamin.

ARE CURES .- Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us, which give them "Saturnin," he says gently, "it is thy turn, thy great scene has come. Go, my part is finished, I will stay with her. Be content, I will watch well."

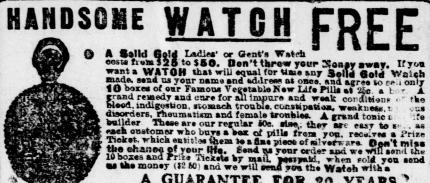
And the poor man, springing up like a man gone crazy, climbs the little stairway with a single bound and goes in curing all disorders of the digestion.



G.C.ROBB CHIEFENGINEER HEAD OFFICE TORONTO A.FRASER SEC. TRES.

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Time Tables.

GRAND TRUNK. CORRECTED TO DATE. Trains arrive and depart from Grand

Trunk station, Richmond street, near York street. Up-town ticket office, corner Dundas and Richmond streets, E. De la Hooke, city passenger and ticket agent. MAIN LINE EAST.

Leave London-12:35 A.M.-* New York Express. 8:32 A.M.-*Lehigh Express. 8:10 A.M.-Express. 10:25 A.M.-*Atlantic Express. 2:10 P.M.—Express. 4:35 P.M.—*New York Express. 6:40 P.M.—*Eastern Flyer.
MAIN LINE WEST, VIA SARNIA.

3:05 A.M.-*Chicago Express. 7:40 A.M.-Sarnia Accommodation. 11:05 A.M.-*Lehigh Express. 2:20 P.M.—Sarnia Accommodation.

7:52 P.M.-*Pacific Express. LONDON AND WINDSOR. ve London-

-Accommodation 11:15 A.M.-*Express. 2:30 P.M.-Accommodation. 7:45 P.M.-*International Limited. ARRIVE FROM EAST-*3:00 a.m., *11:00 a.m., 11:35 a.m. *6:15 p.m., *7:40 p.m., 9:50 p.m. ARRIVE FROM SARNIA-*12:32 a.m., *3:27 a.m., *10:10 a.m., 1:55 p.m., *4:30 p.m., 7:20 p.m. ARRIVE FROM WINDSOR-*10:20 a.m., 4:20 p.m., *6:35 p.m.,

* Daily, Sundays included. ST. MARYS AND STRATFORD BRANCH.

Depart-7:10 a.m., 11:20 a.m., .m., 5:00 p.m. Arrive-10:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 10:40 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE. Depart-8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m. Arrive-9:45 a.m., 6:20 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

Trains arrive and depart from Canadian Pacific Depot, Richmond street

Uptown ticket office, corner Dundas and Richmond streets. William Fulton, city passenger and ticket agent. TORONTO, OTTAWA AND MON-

TREAL-TREAL— Leave—*4:30 a.m., *5:25 p.m. Arrive—*11:30 p.m., *11:30 a.m.

Canada Very Much Alive.

The Canadians would make very good Americans if they were not so obstinately Canadian. This is shown by the present wonderful prosperity of the Dominion. In ten years her trade has increased by nearly \$200,000,000. In a single year the increase is \$40,000,-000. Exports of manufactures are \$18,-500,000 in 1902, against \$7,600,000 in 1893. In the same period agricultural ex-ports have doubled. The tremendous energy and success of the Canadian workers are indicated in the fact that deposits in savings banks have doubled in four years. Assets of Canadian banks grew in that time from \$243,400,-000 to \$448,300,000, the note circulation showing a like increase. Six years ago Canada was thought to be losing population by emigration to the United kin do it. Oh, it be great times! States. Massachusetts was complaining of the influx of peasants from Canada, and all along the line to Oregon there was said to be an incoming gon there was said to be an incoming says 'Chantz.' A red velvet futman current. Now this is all changed. Imfetches out a silver growler, and it's nigrants are flocking into Canada from chased with gold—'Chantz' has the che United States—farmers, ranchmen, same to burn. Mrs. Astor calls to him, the United States-farmers, ranchmen, miners and other active classes. From 11,000 in 1897 the immigrants have in-creased to 75,000 in 1902, one-third of man!' An' off goes 'Chantz' chasin' it hese being active workers from the United States. As respects the tion of needed railways across the continent and in the far Northwest, Canada is very progressive, as also establishing transoceanic steamship Clancy had caught sight of the frown-lines and submarine cables to connect ing countenance of Father Ducey balines and submarine cables to connect ing countenance of Father Ducey be-with Europe on one side and Asia and hind him. Australia on the other. Our northern neighbor seems to be very much alive

It is seldom that an Irishman in real life can out-"Dooley" the famous char- try it. acter of Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, but one of them nearly approached it recently, one bright Sunday morning. The crowd pouring from the cathedral, on Fifth avenue, contained two sons of Erin, one a sophisticated contractor, the other just arrived. Father Ducey was at their heels. Said the "new

WINNIPEG AND PACIFIC COAST (VIA NORTH BAY)-Leave-**8:40 a.m. Arrive-**8:00 p.m.

CHATHAM, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ETC.--Leave-*11:35 p.m., *11:35 a.m.

Arrive-*4:25 a.m., *5:20 p.m. ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DU-LUTH-

Leave-**8:40 a.m. Arrive-**8:00 p.m. LOCAL TRAINS. WOODSTOCK, ST, THOMAS, TO-

RONTO— Leave—**8:40 a.m. Arrive-**8:00 p.m. Daily. **Week days,

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

Trains arrive and depart from Michigan Central depot, corner Clarence and Bathurst streets. Up-town ticket office, 395 Richmond street. John Paul, city passenger and ticket agent.

9:10 A.M.—For St. Thomas, Dutton, Bismarck, Rodney, Ridgetown, Tilbury, Comber, Essex, Windsor and west. Connects at St.

Thomas for east.
2:20 P.M.—Through train all stations to Detroit. Connects at St. Thomas with mail train for ill stations east. 7:15 P.M.—Connects at St. Thomas with fast Eastern express for

Buffalo, New York and eastern points; also with Pacific express

for west.

Arrive at London as follows:
7:45 A.M.—Local from St. Thomas.
10:55 A.M.—Mail train from Detroit, and intermediate stations; also

from Buffalo and intermediate points. 6:05 P.M.—From St. Thomas, local.

LAKE ERIE and

DETROIT RIVER RY. Trunk depot, Richmond street. Up-town ticket office, Masonic Temple, Richmond street. C. C. Young, local

DEPARTURES FROM LONDON. 6:00 A.M.-For St. Thomas, Port

9:45 A.M.—For St. Thomas, Port Stanley and Walkerville.
9:45 A.M.—For St. Thomas.
2:30 P.M.—For St. Thomas, Port Stanley and Walkerville.

6:30 P.M.-For St. Thomas

Chatham. ARRIVALS AT LONDON. 8:40 A.M.-From Port Stanley and St. Thomas.

10:20 A.M.-From Chatham and St. Thomas.

1:40 P.M.—From Walkerville and

5:40 P.M.-From Port Stanley and St. Thomas. 10:05 P.M.-From Walkerville and St.

Thomas.

stones across the avenue. "Me friend 'Chantz' Depew lives in wan," said he, "an' me personal lady acquaintance, Mrs. Astor, lives in the other.' "I've seen their names in the paper,"

declared the new one, with awe. "Do you go there much?" "Only of the summer evenings," re-plied Claney, loftily. "Mrs. Astor comes out and sits on the steps, and 'Chantz' and me sits lower down. The steam go-wagons roll past with the elite in thim. William C. Whitney calls out, 'Ah, Clancy, yez are right in it, as usual!' Jim Keene t'rows a salute to Mrs. Astor an' a brick at Whitney. Mrs. Kernochan comes prancin' by on her fancy timber topper

an' jumps over the iron guard around an open subway-just to show us she "Finally Mrs. Astor says, 'Och ohone! I be burnin' o' thirst, boys. Can't ye go and git a nickel's worth?" 'I'll go,' 'Oh, do git a dime's worth, Chantz, an'

over to Delmonico's or Sherry's. "Too bad y' have to go back to Ire-land so soon, or I'd be after ringin' y' in some quiet evening, I wud so!" At this point the conversation ceased.

Tormented by Oorna

use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor; it acts in one night and never causes discomfort. For years "Putnam's" has been the standard corn cure of Great Britain and America; it is the best-

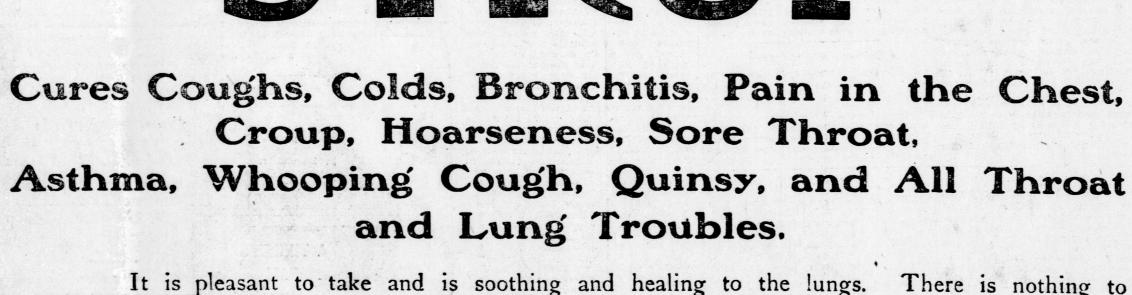
Rev. D. S. McCurry, of Gainesville, Ga., is 72 years old and has done active work in the Baptist Church for 40 years. In this time he delivered 9,800 sermons, married 621 couples, baptized 4,013 persons and conducted 911 funerals.

"Clancy, who lives in them houses?"

-pointing to two handsome brown

DIPHTHERIA.

Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and All Throat and Lung Troubles.



equal it for stopping that tickling sensation in throat, and the persistent cough that keeps you awake at night. Price 25c, at All Dealers.

Quickest and Most Effective.

I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in my family for the last six years, and have found it the quickest and most effective medicine for all kinds of coughs and colds I have ever used. My little boy had a severe attack of bronchitis, but before using half a bottle of the Syrup he was completely cured. cannot praise it enough.

MRS. WM. J. FLEWELLING, Arthur, Ont.

