One very warm, and dusty afternoon, when he turned into the Academy out of Fourth avenue, the empty hall echoed to no footfall but his own. A group of weary women, who were that look of wanting lunch which characteries all allocate and the state of the all pictore-gallery'-goers at home d. stood faint before a cer and abroad, stood faint before a cer-tain large Venetian subject which Ferris abhorred, and the very name of which he spat out of his mouth with loathing for its unreality. He passed them with a sombre glance, as he took his way toward the re-tired spot where his own painting

A lady whose crapes would have be A lady whose crapes would have to-trayed to her own sex the latest touch of Paris stood a little way hack from it, and gazed fixedly at it. The poso of her head, her whole attitude, expressed a quiet dejection; without seeing her face one could know its air of pensive wistfulness. Ferris resolved to indulge himself in a near approach to this unwonted actacle of interest in his picture; at the sound of his steps the lady slowly turned a face of somewhat heavily moulded beauty, and from the property of the control of the con leavily mointed beauty, and from low-growing, thick pale hair and level brows, stared at him with the sad eyes of Florida Vervain. She looked fully the last two years older. As though she were listening to the

sound of his steps in the dark instead of having him there visibly before her, the kept her eyes upon him with a dreamy unrecognition. "Yes, it is I," said Ferris, as if she

recovered herself, and with a She recovered herself, and with a subkned, sorrowful quiet in her old directness, she answered, "I supposed you must be in New York," and she indicated that she had supposed so from seeing this picture.

Ferris felt the blood mounting to his head, "Do you think "It is like?" he asked.

"Yo" she said "It ign't just to him."

"No," she said, "It isn't just to him it attributes things that didn't belong to him, and it leaves out a great

"I could scarcely have hoped to please you in a portrait of Don Ippolito." Ferris saw the red light break out as it used on the girl's pale cheeks, and her eyes dilate angrily. He went on recklessly: "He sent for me after you went away, and gave me a message for you. I never promised to deliver it, but I will do when we met, that he had acted on your desire, and had tried to reconcile himself to his calling and his re-ligion; he was going to enter a Car-melite convent."

Florida made no answer, but she seemed to expect him to go on, an he was constrained to do so.

"He nover carried out his purpose,"
Ferris said, with a keen glance at
her; "he died the night after I

w him."
Died?" The fan and the parasol and the two or three light packages she had been holding sild down one by one, and lay at her feet. "Thank you for bringing me his last words," she said, but did not ask him anything

Ferris did not offer to gather up her rerris da not offer to getner the strings; he stood irresolute; presently he continued with a downe.st look; "He had had a fever, but they thought he was getting well. His death must have been sudden." He stopped, and resumed fiercely, resolved to have the worst out: "I went to him, with no good-vill toward him the next day after I saw him; but I came too late. That was God's mercy to me. Thops you have your consolution, Miss Ver-

It maddened him to see her so little oved, and he meant to make her are his remorse. Did he blame me for anything?"

she asked. No!" said Ferris, with a bitter

laugh, "he praised you."

'I am glad of that," returned Florida, "for I have thought it all over many times, and I knew that I was my thins, and I know that I was not to blame, though at first I hinmed myself. I nover intended him banything but good. That is my consolation, Mr. Ferris. But you," she added, "you seem to make yourself my judge. Well, and what do you blame me for? I have a right to know what is in

thing that was in his mind had

The thing that was in his mind had rankled there for two years; In many a black reverie of those that alternated with his mools of abject self-reproach and perfect trust of her, he had confronted her and flung it out upon her in one stinging phrase. But he was now suddenly at a loss; the words would not come; his torment fell dumb before her; in her presence the cause was unspeakable. Her lips had quivered a little in making that demand, and there had been a corresponding break in her volce.

"Florida! Florida!" Ferris himself saying, "I loved you time!"

Oh, indeed, did you love cried, indignantly, while shone in her eyes. "And why you left a helpless your meet that trouble alone?" why you refused me your a me? Oh, many thanks for

She dashed the gathered tears angrily away, and went on. "Ferhaps you knew, too, what that poor priest was thinking of?"

"Yes," said Ferris, stolidly, "I did at last; he told me."

"Oh, then you acted generously and nobly to let him go on! It was kind to him, and year, year, kind to me."

"What could I do?" demanded Fer-ris, amazed and furious to find himself on the defensive. "His telling me put it

out of my power to act."
"I'm glad that you can eatisfy yourself with such a quibble! But I wonder that you can tell me—any woman

"By Hchyens, this is atroclous!"
cried Ferris. "Do you think—Look
here!" he went on rudely. "I'll put the
cuse to you, and you shall judge it.
Remember that I was such a fool as Remember that I was such a fool as to be in love with you. Suppose Don Irpolito had told me that he was go-ing to risk everything—going to give up home, religion, friend—on the tre-thousandth part of a chance that you thousandth part of a chance that you might some day care for him. I did not believe he had even so much chance as that; but he had always thought me his friend, and he trusted me. Was it a quibble that kept me from betraying him? I don't know what honor is emong women; but no man could have done it. I confess to my shame that I went to your house that night longing to betray him. And then surpose your mother sent me into the suppose your mother sent me into the garden to call you, and I saw—what has made my life a hell of doubt for the last two years; what—No. excuse me! I can't put the case to you after

What do you mean?" asked Flor-"What do you mean? asked Flor-ida. "I don't understand you."
"What do I mean? You don't under-stand? Are you so blind as that, or fare you making a fool of me? What could I think but that you had played

It was no defence, no explanation. no denial; it simply left the case with Ferris as before. He stoed looking like a man who does not know whether to bless or curse himself, to laugh or

The girl's eyes looked reverently at the conventional arm; those were the days, so long past, when women worshipped men for such things. But she said nothing, and, as Ferris' eyes wandered to her, he received a

eyes wandered to her, he received a novel and painful impression. He said, hesitatingly, "I have not asked before; but your mother, Miss Vervain—I hope she is well?"

"She is dead," answered Florida, with stony quiet.

They were both quiet for a time. Then Ferris said, "I had a great affection for your mother."

"Yes," said the girl, "she was fond of you, too. But you never wrote or sent her any word; it used to grieve her."

Her unjust reproach went to his heart, so long preoccupied with its

heart, so long preoccupied with its own troubles; he recalled with a tender remorse the old Venetian days, and the kindliness of the gracious, silly woman who had seemed the blue company the property of the seemed the se to like him so much; he remembered the charm of her perfect ladylikeness, and of her winning, weak-headed desire to make every one happy to whom she spoke: the beauty of the good-will, the hespitable soul that in an imaginably

able soul that in an imaginably better world than this will outvalue a merely intellectual or aesthetic life. He humbled himself before her memory, and as keenly reproached himself as if he could have made himself as the could have made her hear from him at any time dur-ing the past two years. He could only say, "I am sorry that I gave your mother pain: I lovel her very truly. I hope she did not suffer much before"—

for many years, with that sort of decline: I used sometimes to feel troubled about her before we came to Venice; but I was very young.

never was really alarmed till that day I went to you."
"I remember," said Ferris, con-

She had fainted, and I thought we ought to see a doctor, but afterwards, because I thought that I ought not to do so without speak-ing to her. I did not go to the doctor; and that day we made up our minds to get home as soon as we could; and she seemed so much we could, and she seemed symbol better, for a while; and then, everything seemed to happen at once. When we did start home, she could not go any farther than Switchen zerland, and in the fall we went back to Italy. We went to Sorrento, where the climate seemed to do her good. But she was growing frailer the whole time. She died in March. I found some old friends of hers in Naples, and came home with them."
The gir! hesitated a little over the

words, which she nevertheless uttered unbroken, while the tears fell quietly down her face. She seemed to have forgotten the angry words that had passed between her and Ferris, to remember him only as one who known her mother, while she went te some little facts in the mother's last days; a higher, serener egret, The

away from the picture of Don Ippo-lito, and down the stairs toward the street-door; the people before the other Venetian picture had apparent-ly yielded to their craving for lunch, and had vanished

"I have very little to tell you of my own ife," ferris began awkward-ty, "I came home soon after you start-ed, and I went to Providence to find you, but you had not got back."

Florida stopped him and looked perpexedly into his face and then moved

"Then I went into the army. I

"Then I went into the army. I wrote once to you."

"I never got your letter," she said. They were now in the lower hall, and near the door.

"Forida," said Ferris, abruptly, "I'm poor and disabled; I've no more right than any slok beggar in the street to say it to you; but I loved you, I must always love you. I—Good-bye!"

She halted him again, and "You

Good-bye!"
She ha'ted him again, and "You said," she grieved, "that you doubted me; you said that I had made your ife a"—

"Yes, I said that; I know it," answered Ferris.
"You thought I could be such a false and cruel girl as that!"
"Yes, yes; I thought it all, God help me!"
"When I was only sorry for him, when it was you that I."—
"Oh, I know it," answered Ferris in a heartsick, hopeless voice. "He knew it, too. He told me so the day before he died."
"And didn't you believe him?"
Ferris could not answer.

"And didn't you be have nim r
Ferris could not answer.
"Do you believe it now?"
"I believe anything you tell me.
When I look at you, I can't believe
I ever doubted you."
"Why?"—"Because——I love you."
"Oh! that's no reason."—"I know
it; but I'm used to being without a
reason."

Florida looked gravely at his penitent face, and a brave red color man-tied her own, while she advanced an unanswerable argument: "Then what are you going away for?"
The world seemed to melt and float
away from between them. It returned
and solidified at the sound of the ianitor's step as he came towards them on his round through the empty build-ing. Ferris caught her hand; she ida. "I don't understand you."

"What do I mean? You don't understand? Are you so blind as that, or re you making a fool of me? What could I think but that you had played with that priest's heart till your own."

"Oh!" cried Florida with a shudder, starting away from him, "did you think I with such a wicked girl as that?"

"Why, I don't understand you."

on his round through the empty building. Ferris caught her hand; she walked out into the street. It was all they could do at the moment expet to look into each other's faces, and walk swiftly on.

At last, after how long a time he did not know, Ferris cried: "Where are we going, Florida?"

"Why, I don't understand you."

"I'm stopping with those friends of ours at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. We were going on to Providence to-morrow. We landed yesterday, and we stayed to do some slopping."

a man who does not know whether to bless or curse himself, to haugh or bluspheme.

She stooged and tried to pick up the things she lead let fall upon the floor; but she seemed not able to find them. He bent over, and, gathering them to gether, returned them to her with his left leard, keeping the other in the brenst of his coat.

"Thanks," she said; and then asked timidly, "Have you been hurt?"

"Yes," said Ferris, in a sulky way. "I have hed my share." He glanced down at his arm askance. "It's rather conventional," he added. "It isn't much of a bolder.";

The girl's eyes looked reverently an outline history of their acquaint-ance, which she evolved from him with so much tact that he was not conscious of parting with information; and she divined indefinitely more when she saw them together again. She was charming: but to Ferris' thinking she had a fault; she kept him too much from Florida, though she talked of nothing else, and at the last she was

discreetly merciful.

"Do you think," whispered Florida, very close against his face, when they parted, "that I'll have a bad temper?"

"I hope you wil!—or I shall be killed with kindness," he replied.

killed with kindness," he replied.

She stood a moment nervously buttoning his coat across his breast. "You mustn't let that picture be sold, Henry," she said, and by this touch alone did she express any sense, if she had it, of his want of feeling in proposing to sell it. He winced, and she added with a soft pity in her voice, "He did bring us together, after all. I wish you had believed him, dear!"

So do I," said Ferris, most humbly. People are never equal to the

So do I," said Ferris, most humbly. People are never equal to the romance of their youth in after fife, except by fits, and Ferris especially could not keep himself at what he called the operatic pitch of their brief betrothal and the early days of their marriage, With his help or even his encouragement, his wife might have been able to maintain it. She had a gift for idealizing him, at least and as his hurt healed but. she had a gift for idealizing him, at least, and as his hurt healed but slowly, and it was a good while before he could paint with his wounded arm, it was an easy matter for her to believe in the meanwhile that he would have been the greatest painter of his time, but for his hon-orable disability; to hear her, you would suppose no one else had ever been shot in the service of his coun-

It was fortunate for Ferris, since It was fortunate for Ferris, since he could not work, that she had money; in exalted moments he had thought this a barrier to their marriage; yet he could not recall any one who had refused the hand of a beautiful girl, because of the accident of her wealth, and in the end he silenced his scruples. It might be said that in many other ways he was not her equal; but one ought to reflect how very few men are worthy of their wives in any sense. After his fashica, he certainly loved her always—even when she tried him most, ways—even when she tried him most, for it must be owned that she really had that hot temper which he had ways—even when she tried him most, for it must be owned that she really had that hot temper which he had dreaded in her from the first. Not that her imperiousness directly affected him. For a long sime after their marriage say seemed to have no other desire than to lose her out wearled will in his. There was something a little pathetic in this. There was a kind of bewiderment in her gentleness, as though the relaxed tension of her long self-devotion to her mother left her without a full motive; she apparently found it impossible to give herself with a satisfactory degree of abandon to a man who could do so many things for himself. When her children came they filled this vacancy, and afforded her scope for the greatest excesses of self-devotion, Ferris laughed to find her protecting them and serving them with the same tigerish tenderness, the same haughty humility as that with which she used to care for poor Mrs. Vervaln, and he perceived that this was merely the direction away from herself of that intense arrogance of nature which, but for her power and need of loving, would have madeer intolerable. What she chiefly ex-

acted from them in return for her flerce devotedness was the truth in everything; she was content that they should be rather less fond of her than of their father, whom, indeed, they found much more amusing. The Ferrises went to Europe some years after "their marriage, revisiting Venige, but sojourning for the most part in Florence, Ferris had once imagined that the tragedy which had given him his wife would always invest her with the shadow always invest her with the shadow of his sadness, but in this he was mistaken. There is nothing has really so strong a digestion as love, and this is very lucky, seeing what manifold experiences love has to manifold experiences love has to swallow and assimilate; and when they got back to Venice, Ferris found that the customs of their joint life exorcised all the dark associations of the place. These simply form tions of the place. These simply formined a sombre background, against which their wedded happiness relieved itself. They talked much of the past, with free minds, unashamed and unafraid. If it is a little shocking, it is nevertheless true, and true to human nature, that they spoke of Don Ippolito as if he were a part of their love

of their love.

Ferris had never ceased to wonder Ferris had never ceased to wonder at what he called the unfathomable innocence of his wife, and he liked to go over all the points of their former life in Venice and brings home to himself the utter simplicity of her girlish ideas, motives, and designs, which both confounded and delighted him.

"It's amazing, Florida," he would say, "it's perfectly amazing that you should have been willing to undertake the job of importing into America that poor fellow with his whole stock of helplessness, dreamery, and unpracticality. What were you about?"

"Why, I've often told you, Henry.

"Why, I've often told you, Henry, thought he oughtn't to continue a

"Yes, yes; I know." Then he would remain lost in thought, softly whist-ling to himself. On one of these oc-casions he asked, "Do you think he was really very much troubled by his false position?" "I can't tell, now. He seemed to

"I can't tell, now. He seemed to be so."

"That story he told you of his childhood and of how he became a priest; didn't it strike you at the time like rather a make-up, melodramatic history?"

"No, no! How can you say such things, Henry? It was too simple not to be true."

"Well, well, Perhaps so. But he

baffles me. He always did, for that Then came another pause, while

Then came another pause, while Ferris lay back upon the gondola cushions, getting the level of the Lido just under his hat-brim.

"Do you think he was very much of a sceptic, after all, Florida?"

Mrs. Ferris turned her eyes reproachfully upon her husband. "Why, Henry, how strange you are! You said yourself, once, that you used to wonder if he were not a sceptic."

"Yes, I know. But for a man who had lived in doubt so many years, he certainly slipped back into the bosom of mother church pretty suddenly. Don't you think he was a person of rather light feelings?"

"I can't talk with you, my dear, if you go on in that way."

you go on in that way.

"I don't mean any harm. I can see how in many things he was the soul of truth and honor. But it seems to me that even the life he lived was largely imagined. I mean that he was such a dreamer that once having fancied himself afflicted at being what he was, he could go on and suffer as keenly as if he really were troubled by it. Why mightn't it be that all his doubts came from a recorded. by it. Why mightn't it be that all his doubts came from anger and resentment towards those who made sentment towards those who made him a priest, rather than from any examination of his own mind? I don't say it was so. But I don't believe he knew quite what he wanted. He must have felt that his failure as all must have left that his failure as all inventor went deeper than the failure of his particular attempts. I once thought that perhaps he had a genius in that way, but I question now whether he had. If he had, it seems to me he had opportunity to prove It—certainly, as a priest he had leisure to prove it. But when that sort of sub-consciousness of his 6:40 inadequacy came over him, it was

perfectly natural for him to take refuge in the supposition that he had been baffled by circumstances." been baffled by circumstances."

Mrs. Ferris remained silently troubled. "I don't know how to answer you. Henry; but I think that you're judging him narrowly and harshly."

"Not harshly. I feel very compassionate towards him. But now,

passionate towards him. But now, even as to what one might consider the most real thing in his life—his caring for you—it seems to me there must have been a great share of imagined sentiment in it. It was not a passion; it was a gentle nature's dream of passion."

"He didn't die of a dream," said the wife

"No, he died of a fever."
"He had goo well of the fever."

"That's very true, my dear. And whatever his head was, he had an affectionate and faithful heart. I wish I had be'n gentler with him. I must often have bruised that sensitive soul. God knows I'm sorry for it. But he's

God knows I'm sorry for it. But he's a puzzle, he's a puzzle!"
Thus lapsing more and more into a mere problem as the 'years have passed, Don Ippolito has at last ceased to be even the memory of a man with a passionate love and a mortal sorrow. Perhaps this final effect in the mind of him who has realized the happiness of which the poor priest vainly dreamed is not the least tragic phase of the tragedy of Don Ippolito.

(The End).

Passed by the Commons Without Opposition.

CHANCELLOR HAS A SCHEME.

London cable says: The House of Commons was crowded to-day, and all the public galleries were thronged, in the public galleries were thronged, in anticipation of the budget statement. The return of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, introducing the budget, shows that an expenditure of £154,082,000 has to be provided for the budget of 1900-1901. The same statement shows that the exchequer account of 1899-1900 would have given a surplus of upwards of £5,000,000, but that the supplementary war estimates of £23. plementary war estimates of £23,000,000 make the expenditure exceed the revenue by £17,770,000.

CHANCELLOR'S EXPLANATION. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, af The Chancellor of the Exchequer, after laying the figures before the House, pointed out that the country had to face a total estimated expenditure, in consequence of the war, no less than six times as much as had been estimated in October last. He next explained the present financial situation, dwelling with satisfaction on the increase of the actual over the estimated revenue, due to the steady and substantial increase of business, and pointing out that, as the increase in the value and volume of foreign exports had been quite exceptional, it exports had been quite exceptional, it had not been at the expense of home

REVIEW OF THE ITEMS. REVIEW OF THE ITEMS.

Revlewing the principal items of revenue, the Chancelor of the Exchequer said tobacco had been disappointing, and that the increase in wines had not been as large as expected, perhaps due to the absence of the ordinary winter festivities.

Against the estimated expenditure of £154,082,000 for the coming year the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated the revenue on the existing mated the revenue on the existing basis of taxation at £116,900,000, or a deficit of £37.000.000

THE WAR EXPENDITURES. Dealing with the war expenditures, he said the Government had made the best calculations as to made the best calculations as to the amount it ought to ask from Parliament, with the view of a successful prosecution of the war, but it was impossible to be certain when the war would be concluded, and the expenditure might be larger. On the other hand, however, a happy change had recently taken place in the military situation, and the fact that the season now fast approachthe military situation. and the fact that the season now fast approaching was, in the opinion of all the authorities, unfavorable to Boer operations, had to be considered. He might be obliged, in July or August, to ask Parliament for further relief, but he believed he was fairly justified in hoping that the intended expenditure would suffice to successfully conclude the war. He estimated the total war expenditure, including the deficit of £17, diture, including the deficit of £17, 770,000, at £60,000,000.

METHODS, NOT IMPRACTICABLE. The Chancellor of the Exchequer characterized the suggested meth-ods of fresh taxation as in no way impracticable, saying the Government felt justified in raising a portion of the war funds by a loan, but he added, it was also justified in calling upon the taxpayers for an immediate and substantial sacrifice. In this connection he thought that they could reasonably anticipate that the more acute and most costly phases of the war would not last

APPEAL TO THE TAXPAYERS. He asked the taxpayers to subscribe to the cost of the war by an increase of the income tax to one shilling in the pound, which would produce an additional £6,500,000; he also proposed that the stamp duties on stock exchange contract notes be extended to the sales on the produce exchange; that beer duties would be increased to a shilling a barrel of 36 increased to a shilling a barrel of 36 gallons, and that there would be an increase in the duty on spirits of six pence per gallon, theacco fourpence per pound, foreigh eigans sixpence per pound, and tea twopence per pound. He anticipated that the above changes would increase the revenue £12,317,000, and he proposed to save £4,640,000 by suspending the sinking fund in relation to certain terminable annulties. He nroposed to horrow the annutties. He proposed to borrow the rest of the necessary funds.

£43,000,000 TO BE RAISED.

A total of £43,000,000 had to be raised, of which £8,000,000 was now in the treasury, and £35,000,000 would be raised by bond or stock nepayable in a term not exceeding 10 years. CAPACITY OF THE TRANSVAAL. During the course of his remarks, the Chancelor of the Exchequer, re-ferring to his previously expressed opinion regarding the capacity of the Transval to bear a responsible share of the expenditure of the war, he still adhered to that opinion, but he was

bound to say that last five months, an which would undoubtedly be the loyal colonists of Natal pensation for losses sustain pensation for losses sustained at hands of the Boers, and the enorm increase in expenditures since he last spoke, had made him feel that the capacity of the Transvaal to bear the cost of the war was a less important factor, though it was still an impor-tant factor, than he estimated in

October last.
THE SURPLUS COMES HANDY. From the abounding revenue of the year £5,500,000 surplus was available year 25,500,000 surplus was available towards the war expenditure. There had been a remarkable increase in the receipts from the death duties, totalling £17,471,000, of which £2,271,000 was from the estate of millionaires, including £900,000 from the estate of one man, a foreigner, who lived on 15 shillings a day in a West End London club. That one person, he continued, however unwillingly, had contributed to the exchaquer more than the cost of an ironclad. (The foreigner referred to is the late George Smith, the pioneer banker of Chicago, who died Oct. 7th, 1839, in his rooms at the Reform Club, London.)
MISTAKE TO ISSUE NEW CONSOLS.
Explaining the proposed loan, Sir

MISTAKE TO ISSUE NEW CONSOLS.
Explaining the proposed loan, Sir
Michael Hicks-Beach said he believed
it would be a mistake to try to raise
it by a new issue of consols, as it would
create a permanent debt, which the
nation could not pay off at par until
1923. He thought it would be better
that part of the £35,000,000 be reserved, say an amount not exceeding
£5 0.00,000, for a further issue of treas
ury bills. The rest he proposed to
raise by bonds or stocks.
OPPOSITION WILL NOT OBSTRUCT

OPPOSITION WILL NOT OBSTRUCT The Opposition leader. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, said the Oppo-sition would give every facility for the passage of the necessary resolutions. He complimented Sir tions. He complimented Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on the straight, states-manlike and discreet measures by which he proposes to deal with the fi-nancial difficulties and said that he thought the Government would be met in no grudging spirit in prosecu-ting its financial propositions. Very properly, he added, a considerable proportion of the burden would fall on the shoulders of the income tax-

TIM HEAL! HAD HIS SAY. Mr. Timothy Healy, Irish Nationalist, followed Sir Henry Campbell-Banne.

He protested against Ireland having to pay anything towards the war expenses, asserting that not a penny had been expended in Ireland, Germany, the United States and Brazil all had a share except Ireland. The tax on whiskey, he further as-serted, was an attempt to bleed Ire-

land.
"Let the diamond stock brokers," continued Mr. Healy, "those who are making money out of the war, pay the cost. Let the colonies share the burden—Canada and Australia, who are so keen for war."

SIR W. V. HARCOURT'S POINT. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Liberal, complimented the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the soundness ohis financial principles, but said the country would like to know how the Government intended to insure that the Transvaal would ultimately pay large part of the cost of the war. IRISH MEMBERS PROTEST.

Mr. John Redmond, the Nationalist ender, said the Irish members were leader, said the Irish members were bound to protest against the proposals of the Government. This was especially their duty, he continued, because an increase of taxation always fell more heavily upon the poorer classes in Ireland than in England.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in closing the debate, thanked the House for

the debate, thanked the House fo the reception given to the proposals, and said the Government hoped for an early conclusion of the war. The vote was then taken and the Budget was carried.

She is a charming widow, pretty bright and light-hearted. She was a charming young woman before she married Mr. Blank and moved away to live in Georgia. Her mardeath of her husband was a great loss to her, but she bore up under it. After the funeral and a general packing up of things she returned to her old home. The day after she arrived there she was met on the streets by one of her very solema-faced friends, who intended to give her a cluster of that sympathy that makes one feel as if the sympathizer had thrown something at and on the "sympathizee." to her, but she bore up unde

that makes one feel as if the sympathizer had thrown something at and on the "sympathizee."

"Oh, Mrs. Blank," said the solema one, "I am so glad you are so well."

"Yes," answered the widow, "I am as well as can be. I was never ill in my life, you know."

am as well as can be. I was never ill in my life, you know."

"And. Mrs. Blank," continued the solemn one in more solemn tones.

"I'm glad to see you so happy!"

"Why, yes. Yes, I'm very happy.

You know it was not I that died.

It was Mr. Elank."—Memphis Scimetar.

Matr mony is the actual launching of a courtship.

SHATTERED NERVES, COULDN'T SLEEP.

Weak, Nervous and Run Down, Had Dizzy Spells, Would Shake With Nervousness—A Terrible Case A Remarkable Cure.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que, writes: "For several years I have been running down in health and have been a great sufferer with my nerves. I would have shuking spells so that my feet would bound up and down, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over may I could not sleep. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head felt as though I would go out of my mlud.

"At last I had to keep my bed for "Chase's Nerve Food and it has done medicine could do. Words fall to express my gratitude for the wonderful twould go out of my mlud.

"At last I had was a blank to him. He had more for the doctor, and was cured by three boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, so he adverse medicine could do. Words fall to express my gratitude for the wonderful could go out of my mlud.

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"At last I had to keep my bed for a time, and was so weak I could only sit up for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. My doctor said it was my heart and ne yes, and I took his medicing from fall to spring without doling better.

"An uncle from New York see me, and took me that so low with nervous discountered."

nervous women.' ase's Nerve Food is the world's t restorative for pale, weak, men, women and children. 50 box at all dealers, or Edmantes & Co., Toronto.

Se's Syrup of Linseed and comply and thoroughly tronchitis, cough, colds