

A Double Courtship

"Certainly, Rowlands; let him sing now by all means if he wants to get away." Mr. Staplehurst can reply afterwards.

"The piano in the corner of the large room was moved to a new position, and its candles were lighted. A tall youth finished his coffee and strode with an air of absolute negligence from his seat to the music stool. Then, in a most excellent baritone voice, and to his own vamped accompaniments, he sang:

"There are joys of this earth of most excellent worth,
That to most of us sometimes arrive;
But there's one that is sweeter than others you meet here—
'Tis the joy of being alive.
For where—"

"Will you have a Chartreuse or something, Staplehurst?" asked the Chair.

"No, thank you—not before I've got over this speech business."

"Cheer up," said the Chair, encouragingly.

"At such a time," quoted Gilbert Staplehurst, with a laugh, "the mind, Mr. Wilford, naturally reverts to the past."

"You men with a past are nearly as great a nuisance as men with a future. What's the matter with your past?"

"Nothing," exclaimed Staplehurst, definitely. He glanced at the long white ash of his cigar. "Nothing at all. Twenty years ago was the happiest time of my life."

"Nonsense!"

"I am speaking," said the Guest of the Evening, with much earnestness. "I am speaking the absolute truth."

"That's a habit that will grow on you, if you're not careful," remarked the Chair warningly.

The baritone youth at the piano concluded his song with a triumphant manner:

"And here's to the health and the wisdom and wealth
Of the man who is always alive!"

And hurried off.

"Now, Staplehurst."

Tremendous applause. Clattering of knives, tapping of tables, the confused "hear, hear"ing that reporters called "cheers."

The tall figure of the Guest stood up. He looked around the room at the flushed faces of his young hosts; he passed his hand over his prematurely gray hair, and looked down at the notes before him—"Thanks."

"Gentlemen—let me try to tell you, if I can, how much I appreciate the compliment that you are paying me tonight. The good feeling of one's fellow-workers is a precious possession; you, by your kindness tonight, are making me believe that my enemies are few, and that my friends are many. (Cheers.) I shall not forget this evening. It is not everything in this life that happens precisely as one would wish, and the fault is, perhaps, generally one's own. I often think that, if we were permitted to live our lives over again, we might profit from the experience of the first essay—(laughter)—and comfort ourselves with something more of discretion. But under the present rules of the game it is not permitted to have a second inning, and we have to take our life as we find it, and do the best we can with the brief training that we get. I should like, though, to think that whatever may happen to me after I leave this room nothing may erase from my mind the memory of this evening, with you all, (cheers)."

Gilbert Staplehurst looked down at the second word on his notes—"Success."

"Your chairman, gentlemen, has been kind enough to refer to one or two of my books which have attained some circulation. The assumption of self-content, and I wish to declare frankly that it gives me great pleasure to hear my work praised. (Hear, hear.) I passed through years of good, solid, hard work, as some of you perhaps have done—(hear, hear)—as some of you perhaps are doing—(cheers)."

I found that the age beamed on me. I don't regret that apprenticeship. I am sincere in saying, gentlemen, that those were the happiest, the most delightful days of my life. (A laugh.) I am sorry to hear a laugh. I can assure you that I am speaking sincerely. The club cheered, and the gloomy, straight-haired youth who had ejaculated the Apollonophiles-like laugh was frowned at by his neighbors and became a prey to gloom.

"To be young, to have youth on your side, that is the true secret of happiness. Your future is in your own hands then; you can make it, you can mar it, or play the fool with it, just as you please. We—and when I say we, I am holding a brief for the middle-aged folk—are, I say, were all young once. I feel tonight that I wish it were permitted to be young twice. (Laughter.) What might one night omit, what waste of time one might avoid, how quickly one might reach the goal of happiness I am afraid, gentlemen, that it is useless to argue the question, or even to submit here to the gods the inconvenience of the present arrangement. (Laughter.) All

that we can do, all that I can recommend you to do is to

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," and do your best while youth is with you, for you will never have a second opportunity.

"Gentlemen, only one word more."

"One or two youths signed at hearing this remark. They knew that, with average orators, this phrase usually precedes a lengthy harangue."

"One word more. That word shall be of thanks to you, of thanks to the British public, of thanks to my dear wife, whom I shall see this evening before she leaves on a trip to the Cape, and who has always been my best and dearest friend—(cheers)—and, finally, God bless you all!"

Staplehurst closed his speech hurriedly because his reference to Mrs. Staplehurst had just for the moment made him feel as though he could not trust his voice. The room cheered and rattled glasses, and when a flushed young journalist rose and cried "Good old G.," the room cheered again the familiar refrain.

"Now, if it won't seem rude," said Staplehurst to the Chair, "I should like to hear one more song and then slip off. They won't mind will they?"

Mrs. Staplehurst was to go by the 9.30 train from Paddington to her mother's house, and they go away by the early morning train to Southampton tomorrow morning. She's a very good old lady, the mother.

"Do be careful, Staplehurst," said the Chair, protestingly. "You seem bent on upsetting all the traditions that have made England noble. A man who will say a good word for his wife's mother is a man who will say anything."

"Nevertheless it is the truth."

"That's beside the point. You are not the man to stand up for the truth. Fiction has always been your best friend."

"If I were beginning my life again, I wonder whether I should choose literature?"

"A man," interposed MacManus from the other side, "never chooses his own life. The path just chooses him."

"I'm not quite sure that I understand what that means," remarked the Chair. "I'm going to call on Watson for a recitation."

Gilbert Staplehurst waited for this. It was a powerful recitation of the Kipling order:

"He's a gruntin', grizzly fool with a head just like a mule,
But he's just the man to fight the Widow's fight;
(To be Continued.)"

Deadly Tornadoes

Doing Their Usual Spring Work in the West.

The Funnel-Shaped Clouds Were on Hand—Several Persons Fatally Injured.

Chicago, Ill., May 14.—Storms of a cyclonic nature were reported from several States Tuesday night, and, although the damage to property is very heavy, the loss of life seems to be small, as far as is known. In many cases funnel-shaped clouds swept down upon the towns, and after doing much damage, suddenly lifted and disappeared. In other instances the work of destruction was accomplished by high winds and heavy rains.

These disturbances were widely scattered, and apparently had no connection with each other, occurring in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri. In Lima, Ohio, several buildings were wrecked, and a derrick was blown over, causing the death of Philip Roussop and fatal injuries to George W. Engle, both workmen.

The largest list of injured is reported from Lincoln, Neb., where a small cyclone caused possibly fatal injuries to Mrs. M. Moore and James Jacobson.

At Council Bluffs, the damage to property was very great.

Sibley, Ia., reports a cyclone which demolished many buildings and badly damaged others.

A telegram from Kankakee, Ill., says there was a small cyclone there last night, which demolished several buildings and, crossing over the Indiana line, ravaged many farms and destroyed buildings generally.

At Stenton, Kansas, a cyclone occurred, which demolished everything in its path. A score of people are reported injured, some fatally.

At Worthington, Wis., twenty buildings were destroyed by a cyclone, and a boy was fatally hurt. Much loss was occasioned at Beloit, Wis.

HEADACHE

A SIMPLE CURE.

As a sure cure for headache, whether caused by liver, stomach, or nerve trouble, Burdock Blood Bitters is the most effective medicine known. It removes the cause of headache by restoring all the organs of self-content to proper action and health. Doubts disappear in view of proofs like this:

In the spring of 1891 I got a bottle of B. B. B. for my mother, who had been troubled for twenty-five years with sick headache. I got it from Mr. W. Paxton Baird, of Woodstock, N.B., who gave me two other medicines to take home and let my mother take her choice. Fortunately she chose the Burdock Blood Bitters, and I returned the other bottles. She used it for three months, and has had no headache since. We are sure that it was B. B. B. cured her, as she took no other medicine.

J. A. GREEN, Hartford, N. B., November, 1895.

Cartaginians are said to be the first who paved their towns with stones. London was first paved about the year 1533. Wood pavement commenced in 1839.

Worms cause feverishness, meaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

A Scotch newspaper declares that a celebrated vocalist narrowly escaped with his life, his carriage having been upset near Edinburgh; but he was able to appear the same evening in three pieces.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles! SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, mostly at night; continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Ross & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

Most delicious delicacies for table use and for afternoon teas—

ORANGE SLICES

APRICOT DESSERT BISCUIT

PECAN WAFERS,

Just arrived from New York. Try them.

Wm. Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

160 Dundas Street.

Phone 485.

The Wingham Outrage.

An Abrupt Termination of the Whitecoats' Trial.

Withdrawal of the "Manslaughter" Charge and "Assault" Substituted.

Strong Evidence Against the Prisoners, Who Decide to Plead Guilty—The Sentence.

Goderich, Ont., May 14.—The Wingham trial terminated rather abruptly at 2.25 p.m. yesterday. While the case was proceeding an agreement was arrived at by which the case was taken from the jury, the prisoners having agreed to plead guilty to assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm.

The plea being accepted, his Lordship, Chief Justice Meredith, sentenced Robert Harrison and Philip Phippen to three years in the Provincial penitentiary, C. Mauser and Thomas Mountray to two years in the same institution, and Albert Martin to six months in the Central prison.

When the court opened at 9.30, the Wingham manslaughter case was at once taken up. In selecting the jury, the crown challenged thirteen, the defense six, and the jury finally empaneled consisted of David Holmes, Geo. McGinley, Tuckersmith township; Jas. Calder, Grey township; Robt. Henderson, Wm. Glen, Stanley; Dalton Ashfield, Benjamin Keys, Stanley; Thomas Stiles, Ashfield township; D. Bickle, Danzmann; M. Curran, McKillop, and John Saunders, Stephen.

The crown counsel, Mr. Saunders, Toronto, opened by outlining the case to the grand jury, after which Thomas Fields, son of deceased, was called to give evidence.

The evidence of this witness was very strong against all of the prisoners, particularly Harrison, who, he swore, held a pistol to his (witness's) head on the evening of the assault on his father was committed. The morning after the assault the witness added, he met Harrison, who told him he was going to jail, and he cured, but said he thought it better that the elder Fields should leave town for a week or two, until the feeling against him subsided.

Witness told this to his father, and drove him to Belgrave, where he took the train for London.

Cross-examined by J. P. Garrow, Q.C., witness added that Fields was a drinking man, and that at times he suffered from rheumatism in his feet.

An effort to investigate the moral character of the deceased was not allowed by the court to be gone into fully.

The evidence of some half-dozen other witnesses was taken before the agreement between the crown and defense was reached.

Royal Arcanum.

Meeting of the Grand Council at Niagara Falls.

Interesting Reports Presented—Mr. J. B. McKillop of London Elected Grand Regent.

Niagara Falls, Ont., May 14.—The Grand Council of the Royal Arcanum for the Province of Ontario assembled in 11th annual session here yesterday, with a fair representation of members present from all parts of the province.

Bro. H. Goodwin, of Boston, Mass., chaplain of the Supreme Council, was introduced and received with supreme honors.

Mayor Cole and Regent Broughton, of Niagara Falls, hosted the members of the Grand Council to Niagara Falls, to which the Grand Regent suitably replied.

Grand Regent McKillop read the report of the executive committee, dealing mainly with the appointment and work of Organizer Adair, of Toronto, whose work has been greatly in the interests of the order. It was recommended that the Grand Council biennially, so that the services of the organizer might be continued.

Supreme Regent John Pound, of Lockport, N. Y., then received, with supreme honors and warm words of welcome from the grand regent.

In reply he delivered an interesting and edifying speech, acknowledging the great pleasure it gave him to again visit the Grand Council of Ontario.

The executive committee's report was considered, clause by clause, and adopted, including the recommendations of the organizer, who had adopted biennial sessions; also amending the constitution so that district officers should not be in future entitled to a seat at Grand Council, unless representing their section.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Supreme Representative, J. W. Hickson, Toronto; alternate, L. B. McKillop, London; Grand Vice-Regent, J. K. Dowdley, Prescott; Grand Orator, Major H. J. Snellgrove, Cobourg; Grand Secretary, Lee, Hamilton; Grand Treasurer, D. Spry, London; Grand Chaplain, Rev. J. Barefoot, Caledonia; Grand Guide, T. Bland, London; Grand Warden, G. C. Lyman, Brockville; Grand Sentry, A. D. Ellis, Simcoe; Grand Trustees, A. B. Munson, London; Toronto; Chairmen of Finance Committee, C. Packard, Stratford; Chairman of Laws Committee, J. M. Stevenson, Barrie; Chairman of State of the Order, W. Ray, Toronto.

Various committee reports were presented and adopted, after which motion was carried that collectors of councils be notified that all members who do not pay their dues within the 30 days stand suspended by the laws. Toronto was selected as the next place of meeting.

D. S. R. Goodwin installed the officers-elect and delivered an eloquent address, giving some excellent hints of a practical nature. The Grand Council, after adjournment, accepted an invitation from the local council to a complimentary trip on the Niagara Falls Park and River Electric Railway in the evening, and all enjoyed the magnificent scenery along the historic Niagara.

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Saved a Child.

A Big Newfoundland Dog Acted When Men Hesitated.