

Fate and Mrs. Bayard.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"You may come in," called Ethel, eyeing approvingly the tall, well proportioned figure in the doorway. "I'm hiding," she explained as Chisholm came forward. "I'm hiding from a man."

"Remarkable!" was Chisholm's quiet comment as he dropped into a chair opposite the settee on which Miss Sprague sat. "I have come here to hide from a woman—a woman I never met."

Ethel clapped her hands. "Wouldn't it be funny if it happened that you were running away from me and I were running away from you and we both should be hiding here together—from each other?"

"More than likely we are the victims of Mrs. Bayard's well intentioned efforts," asserted Chisholm. "It is odd that after dodging Mrs. Bayard we should find ourselves in the same retreat with the common aim of avoiding each other."

"If you should tell me your name," suggested Ethel, "we could find out if we really are the only two victims of Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking craze."

"And rob the situation of its piquancy," objected Chisholm. "No, Miss—er—Miss Dimples. I think we will enjoy a chat far more, because we are not absolutely certain that presently we will emerge from our retreat only to be pounced upon by the energetic Mrs. Bayard, thereupon to be introduced to each other while the world—our little world—looks on and smiles at our commiseration."

"Mrs. Bayard means well," declared Ethel, "but it is dreadful the way she goes around introducing people with a look that says, 'Now I have introduced you young people I shall expect you to be married immediately, because you are perfectly suited to each other.' Every one finds such amusement in Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking that her victims are marked persons, so they come to hate each other."

"If she were content with mere hints it would not be so bad," continued Chisholm comfortably, "but she told me over here this morning to tell me that tonight I should meet my fate."

"And she wrote me," explained Ethel. "It seems that she has three sets of victims here tonight, so as soon as I came I made straight for this flirtation hook. Mrs. Bayard believes in flirtation booths to further her amiable ends, and it seemed a clever bit of satire to take refuge in one of her matrimonial traps."

"I felt much the same way," asserted Chisholm. "Of course some time in the course of the evening I shall have to undergo the ordeal, but I am trying to defer her introduction until the last moment."

"This is the first time that I ever have been warned that I must marry, whether or no, and—well, I don't suppose that it would sound right to say that I am bashful, but I don't seem to fancy the idea."

"Which is ungrateful when Mrs. Bayard goes to such trouble on our account," reminded Ethel. "She gives three or four balls a year just to bring people together," as she expresses it."

"Just as though the people would not find each other if let alone!" commented Chisholm, with a laugh. "Now, I can imagine that in happier circumstances I might!"

"What?" demanded Ethel as Chisholm paused.

"I was going to say," he concluded, "that left to myself I might perhaps have carried out Mrs. Bayard's wishes through natural impulse and not through a sense of duty."

Ethel colored softly at the remark, for the meaning was not to be mistaken. Moreover, she suddenly regretted the matchmaking propensities of her hostess, which had resulted in prejudicing the mind of this new found acquaintance against her.

"I remember when I was a youngster in short trousers," reminisced Chisholm, "that one day my father mixed a pall of whitewash, placed a brush beside it and gave me strict orders not to whitewash the chicken coops because I did not have the requisite skill. Then he went downtown, and I took chances on a thrashing to prove that I could do it."

"We always want to do the forbidden things," asserted Ethel. "I suppose we inherit the trait from our first parents."

"It's human nature," agreed Chisholm. "Now, if Mrs. Bayard had said, 'Above all things, keep away from Miss—er—Dimples,' I should have hunted up the introduction the very first thing instead of running off to hide."

"And then you make my acquaintance the very first thing, just the same."

"But we are not certain, you know," pleaded Chisholm eagerly. "You said yourself that there were four other victims."

"But of course we are one of the pairs," insisted Ethel.

"Perhaps not of the same pair. It may be that through some happy chance fate has been permitted to take a hand and do things right."

"If you would tell me who you are," suggested Ethel, "we could settle the matter."

"And spoil it all," reminded Chisholm.

"Then I shall tell you my name," declared Ethel firmly. "I am—"

"You are Miss Dimples—for just a little while," pleaded the man. "All the same the awakening will come."

Let us enjoy these few minutes with out the thought that fate and Mrs. Bayard are contriving to make us hateful to each other."

"If I am hateful"—suggested Ethel, rising.

"Don't go," pleaded Chisholm. "I didn't mean it that way. You are not hateful. You are a most adorable and charming young woman. It is only as an inevitable thing that you could become—not hateful, but—"

"Irritating," suggested Ethel, resuming her seat. "I suppose that when we are introduced I shall feel the same way about you."

"Then you do not feel that way now?" he pressed.

"You are not hateful—yet," she conceded. "I think that I should like you if I were not certain that Mrs. Bayard is looking everywhere for us to give the detested introduction."

"Then don't let us be introduced," pleaded Chisholm. "I mean not by our hostess. We can get some one else to introduce us, and when Mrs. Bayard sees us talking together she will leave us alone."

"Perhaps that might be done," agreed Ethel thoughtfully. "The only trouble is that so few here know me. It would be running a risk to go in search of an introducer."

"Then we might go and look for the devil," he completed unexpectedly as the palms which screened the entrance parted and Mrs. Bayard swept in.

"There you are," she cried, shaking a plump, roguish forefinger at the pair. Mrs. Bayard would insist on being kitted in spite of 200 pounds of all too solid flesh. "I have been looking everywhere for you two," she added, and Chisholm groaned. Evidently they were one of Mrs. Bayard's "pairs."

"I think it's a shame," continued the good lady. "There are Mr. Wynne and Miss Maurer flirting desperately, and all the time I've been looking for you two to introduce you to them."

A gleam of interest shone in Chisholm's eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Bayard," he suggested, "don't you think that perhaps it would be well to let that infatuated couple alone and rest content with introducing us to each other?"

"Miss Sprague—Mr. Chisholm," repeated the hostess, adding, "I am sure that you will like Miss Maurer when you meet her, Mr. Chisholm."

"I am quite convinced of that," asserted Chisholm calmly. "I am already very grateful to Miss Maurer for occupying Mr. Wynne's attentions."

"There was no mistaking the meaning and the mastery in Chisholm's tones. Mrs. Bayard turned and fled. Chisholm faced the blushing girl.

"Since it was fate and not Mrs. Bayard who took an interest in our affairs," he said significantly, "I—that is—there is a good half hour before the supper dance. Let's spend the time in getting better acquainted." And he sat down again, this time on the bench beside her.

The trend of the times is shown when editors of well known medical journals have up for discussion the question as to whether drugs will be discarded by physicians in the future. The opinion is expressed that more and more druging will be abandoned. More and more the laity are studying into the cause and nature of disease and seeking nature's methods of avoiding disease and recouping health, and the doctors have to reckon with this tendency.

The way to spread Socialism is to disseminate Socialist literature. The best introduction to Socialist literature is the Socialist Press. If locals would have Cotton's Weekly sent to each barber shop in their town for a period of three or six months, very gratifying results would be obtained.

The Western Federation of Miners are meeting in Denver. It is declared that Pinkerton and Thiel detectives are spying on the actions of the convention in the interest of the bosses. It is a trick the bosses have of hiring detectives to join unions, work themselves up to high offices in the organization they join and then wreck the body.

Capitalism gives the workers shacks to live in, shoddy clothes to wear and adulterated food to eat. And if the worker should object to such conditions the capitalists who profit on corruption immediately take away the jobs from the disgruntled workers.

Spain is fighting Morocco. Her troops do not want to leave Spain and are revolting. The Socialists are blamed for this state of affairs. The Socialists are certainly not in favor of getting themselves shot by going to a country which belongs to someone else.

Make out a list of ten barbers in your town, enclose in an envelope with a dollar bill, address to us and Cotton's Weekly will do the rest.

Lo, the criminal: If he is rich he is deranged; if he is poor he is just vicious.

SEVEN YEARS AN INVALID

Then She Took "Fruit-a-tives" And Is Now Well.

Arnprior, Ont., Nov. 27, 1908. I was an invalid for seven years from fearful Womb Trouble. I had failing womb, with constant pain in the back and front of my body and all down my legs. There was a heavy discharge and this made me weak, sleepless, restless and miserable. Often I was obliged to be in bed for a month at a time. I was treated by several doctors, but their treatment did me no permanent good.



A few months ago, I was persuaded to try "Fruit-a-tives." I took several boxes, and from the outset of this treatment I was better, the Constipation was cured, and the discharge lessened. I took, for the palest, several bottles of the Iron Mixture, as recommended in the "Fruit-a-tives" book, but I feel that it was "Fruit-a-tives" alone that cured me.

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The Passing of Alcohol in Medicine

Professor Wientrand, M. D. of Wiesbaden, in a recent statement concerning the employment of alcohol in the treatment of the sick, quoted by the news sheet of the German Abstaining Physicians' Society, March, 1909, said that in accordance with the results of the present scientific investigations of alcohol, he had reduced the dietetic use of alcoholic drinks in his department of the city hospital and only prescribed it as a medicine in certain individual cases. Even cases of delirium tremens which were once thought to require alcohol, were given none. Pneumonia, in which the use of alcohol was once thought to be indispensable, was now treated without it except in occasional instances. Of thirteen pneumonia patients recently treated, twelve recovered completely without alcohol.

Fever patients, who often tolerate alcohol exceptionally well without being intoxicated, are often only put by it in a cheerful mood which deceives the physician in regard to the seriousness of their condition. So also with tuberculosis. Formerly, in certain sanatoria for consumptives a half pint of brandy a day was prescribed in order to increase the weight. But this increase is now secured by systematic feeding, without the regular use of alcohol. Such use of alcohol is also an unwise practice for other reasons. The patient, after his discharge, carries his good or bad hygienic practices to the family. Hence many patients who are cured in the hospital after a long stay during which they receive no alcohol, will go away with the belief that one can live and be well without alcoholic drinks.

Views concerning the former over-valuation of alcohol in medicine are set forth in an article on the dietetic treatment of diabetes, published in the Zeitschrift für physikalisch und diätetische Therapie (vol. 12, part 4) by Dr. R. Kolisch of Vienna who there quotes the statistics of a French physician, Leduc, showing that in the wine-growing regions of France diabetes is much more frequent than in the provinces where no wine is produced. In the treatment of diabetes, he says wine can not be employed in sufficient quantities to furnish any appreciable food value without doing injury, since what is true of its injuriousness for normal

DOCTORS
say consumption can be cured. Nature alone won't do it, it needs help.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
is the best help, but its use must be continued in summer as well as winter.

Take it in a little cold milk or water. Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

men is equally true of the diabetic, whose heart, blood vessels, liver, kidneys, and nervous system are even more sensitive. The belief that the addition of alcohol to the diet would permit the assimilation of more fat is another fallacy that has been shown to be out of keeping with facts. In considering the prevention of diabetes, say Dr. Kolisch, special emphasis is to be placed upon the avoidance of alcohol.

According to the Vienna correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical Association, many clinical teachers in the German and Slavic universities of Austria (in Vienna, Cracow, Lemberg, and Graz) have recommended a non-alcoholic plan of treatment of diseases such as pneumonia, erysipelas and septicemia, in which alcohol has hitherto been frequently used.

Sc. Temp. Federation.

The Indian's Answer

The question of the ownership of land recall an answer given by a Kickapoo Indian chief, when asked why his people refuse to accept a title to an allotment of land and peacefully surrender their collective ownership. The answer, without many signs and gestures, reduced to a few lines was as follows:

"White man take him paper

For legal right to own;

Maybe so sell him paper,

Maybe lose him home.

Indian not take paper,

No like him white man rule;

Indian always got home—

Him white man a fool.

It seems that as the land and all it implies, not being a creation of man, that the above lines—that is neither music nor poetry—speak a great truth.

If those few who have small holdings of land, of which they make use, and those who have no holdings at all, were not so persistent to have title to hold and dispose of their holdings, it is self-evident that those who own the major portion of the earth never could have secured it.

The right to us means equal opportunity to all men. We of the shop, mill, mine, factories, railroads, etc., only ask the right to use these means. Why should the farmer ask or receive a greater privilege? Under Socialism he would still have the use of his farm. The only thing he would lose would be the capitalists who set the price on what he buys and what he sells, which robs him of his products to such an extent that usually the use he makes of his farm is to support the railroads owners instead of his family.

NO TIME

Some men are kept so busy trying to make a living that they haven't time to live—"Journal," Minneapolis.

Hi, the strenuous life!

Ho, the feverish bustle!

Fierce commercial strife,

Bang and bounce and bustle;

In affairs immersed,

Grudging crumbs of leisure,

Truly, men are cursed

In their quest for treasure!

Human poor machine,

Night and day you're running,

With an outlook mean—

With much craft and cunning;

Scrooge-and-Marley chains

Make a hideous clanking:

What are all your gains?

What the gold you're banking?

Vanity, alas!

Brother, that's the trend on't;

It must come to pass,

Death will be the end on't.

Haven't time to live,

With the moments flying?

This reproof I give:

Ye'll find time for dying!

Bezique.

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Capitalism takes part of the masses and degenerates them, then virtuously complains because they reproduce themselves. "It calls them unfit—and perhaps it has a right to name its own product!"

Woman suffrage, as well as male suffrage, is useful only so far as it is used to destroy capitalism.

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In an interesting article which appeared in a recent issue of "T. P.'s Machan," says:

Life may be an ugly and noisome and squalid struggle—an affair of a raging mob, going this way and that, hungering and thirsting, and slaying and trampling, without end or purpose, or else it may become cosmic, a splendid and ordered pageant, in which the grey is as necessary as the scarlet, and gold leads to the celestial azure.

Those words written by a non-Socialist, are an excellent expression of the Socialist ideal. We wish to substitute order and harmony for discord and chaos.

It is all very well for us to plume ourselves upon what labor organizations have done in raising wages, but what have they done—that are they able to do—in keeping down the prices of the necessities of life which the plutocrats advance at their sweet will? How long does it take for an advance in the cost of living to sweep away every little advantage gained by an advance in wages? And what is the solution of this terrible condition, before which all workers and all labor unions stand helpless as sheep? The only solution and remedy is Socialism.

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There is a woman whom they call "Typhoid Mary" in New York, and they are making such a fuss over her ability to disseminate typhoid fever, while suffering no fatal consequences herself. Mary reminds us of the capitalist system. It is immune to its own poison, but poisons everybody else.

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