Tainted Gold.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON, uthor of "The Barn Stormers," "Fortune's Sport," "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "Queen Sweetheart," "The House by the Lock," etc.

YNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: The tale opens at the Duke of Clarence's neatre, by the stage-door of which a , but looking as if he had just me from the Wild West, is waiting to see manager. He is noticed by Winifred y, a rising young actress, and also by el Macaire, a millionaire and friend of manager's, but of repulsive appearce and infamous character. The stranger, e name is Hope Newcome, introdu elf as a friend of "F. E. Z.," and the itials strangely affect not only the manager, Mr. Anderson, but also Macaire. Newcome, who announces that he has ome to England for the purpose of "findsomething," asks Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by the millionaire friend, finds an excuse for During the performance that rening Winifred Gray is sent for to the boudoir, where she sees Macaire. The millionaire informs her that he has now a entrolling interest in the theatre, and offers her an engagement as Rosalind. Winifred, who has been playing smal "If you want to get off without leav-parts, is at first dazzled by the offer, but ing a trace," she said, quickly, "you affected. Something in the voice causa declaration of love from Macaire she Newcome orders him down, and a struggle akes place. Newcome soon disposes of his opponent, and receives the thanks of he young actress, who, however, hardly izes the danger she has escaped. Next day Winifred is sent for by Anderson, and, vidently with great regret on the part of ne manager, told that she is not suitable or the role she is to assume in a forth-ming production, and that if she preers to leave the company at once she will eive salary for the next fortnight. Winred sees she has no option but to go, and knows also from what quarter the blow falls, for, as she leaves the manager's

ences are working against her. CHAPTER XXI. A Backward Glance.

When Winifred Gray had cried out that you couldn't have left the theatre when winired Gray had the night whatever you did. I'd keep 'em of her great trial at the theatre, Mrs. waitin' as long as I could, too. If

the girl. The old woman thought that the room while Jeffrey's back was turned; young one made far too much of the I'd peep first and make sure you'd a an extra petticoat here or there?" She keeper too, before anybody dreamt you

scene that is so dreadful. There is far more than that. A man—a very rich man—has persecuted and plotted against me. My playing Mazeppa and being here at all to-night is part of the trick. He would spoll my whole life if he could—I think he has nearly spollt it now. This is to bring me into the digest under his feet, and he would the depended on not forgetting; still, Mrs.

Street—banjo; and Winifred sighed with rebanjo; and Winifred sighed with rebangio; and Winifred sighed with rebanjo; and Winifred sighed with rebangio; and Winifred sighed with rebandio sighed with rebangio; and Winifred sighed with rebangio; and Winifred sighed with rebangio; and Winifred sighed with rebandio sig under his feet; and he would he glad if the shame of it killed my nother, who is very ill, for then I ed, excited mind could possibly retain to protect rather than injure her. hould have no one on earth to care them without getting hopelessly mixould feel if your daughter-your good aughter-were in such trouble and inger. Do for me what you would ave my mother do for her if our laces were changed. Help me to get way-to hide myself from this man." She caught the woman's skirt with er hands, when Mrs. Purdy half turnd away. Eyes, and shaking voice, and alling tears all did their part in plead-

Dear me, if you ain't suddenly the mage of my own beautiful lady, the and dearest I was ever dresser o!" exclaimed Mrs. Purdy. "It's your yes-I think—and the look of your ace now. I'll never forget till the day die, seeing her cryin' because of a uble a bit like yours. Why, if there as anything I could do for you, miss, d do it and be glad, for my gal's sake, d the look on you like my lady. But could a body like me do that ould be any use? In fifteen minutes credit to an accomplished actress.

But she, though feeling her trium

But there are those fifteen minutes Somehow, if you would, you ight smuggle me out of the theatre, d then, if you could tell me what do just for the night—"

'Hist!" whispered the old dresser, ding up a finger of warning. "Some- ness? is coming to the door."

Vinifred was hushed into instant ence, her wet eyes large and shing, her lips parted for hurried, uneven Knuckles rapped out a summons on

door. It was then that the stage of the many furnings prescribed by aning glance at Winifred, her an- attention, as several ladies of the balver had been that she was "getting let, employed in the first act only, were as well as could be expected." Then he had been induced to go ay, and the parley had begun again tain that, at all events, she was not

ere it had been so abruptly broken being followed. Supposing I could get you out—I tance, however, she began to feel conn't say I could, but supposing"—the fused, to fear that she had taken a

er went on, "you couldn't go to odgings, could you? This rich thus getting hopelessly lost, unless she an you're talkin' about, he's sure to should inquire of people whom she mow where you lodge, ch?"

should inquire of people whom she might meet on the way to Salt street. e nay address here at the

"They have n.y address here at the leatre. He could easily have found against the risk of making inquiries; if possible to avoid it, as a search for Then he has found out. You may her would certainly be instituted by on that, miss. The search for you the person she most wished to avoid. ould begin the minute they discover-you'd given 'em the slip. And if try and get to London, having been accosted on that night at n, the railway stations would be such and such an hour by a veiled we soes than's were the vow" was with " votos of a lady, asking

Harr

WEAVER'S SYRUP

Humors, Salt Rheum

"I haven't a penny. I couldn't go to stockings, attended by black faced London if I wanted to," said Winifred. "I'm even in debt at my lodgings-for was counting on my salary at the

end of the week."

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

'There it is, you see!" "Ah, but I can earn money, someow. Hide me at your house, and I had crowded round the singer to listen swear I'll pay you back one day before ong. Do help me. In a few minutes it will be too late."

As the girl talked she had begun unfastening the hated silken garments thorough for Mezappa's "great scene." But, as an end. she would have begun hurriedly dressing herself in her own clothes, Mrs. Purdy, with a shrewd glint in her little eyes, laid a restraining hand on the girl's arm.

mustn't put on one of you own things. ed Winifred to pause at a distance on a declaration of love from Macaire she rejects the millionaire's advances with loathing. Macaire allows her to go for the moment, but declares that he will break her to his will. The same night Hope Newcome, still lounging at the stage door, sees come, still lounging at the stage door, sees the stage door, sees the stage door, sees come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees come come, still lounging at the stage door, sees stranger of powerful physique mount the thought of goin' into hospital. She's ciated the voice with some incident better now, but she's laid up yet. Ain't which had lately happened. better now, but she's laid up yet. Ain't which had lately happened. you afarid?"

"No," answered Winifred. "I'll help and when she had thought for a monurse her. I'm a good nurse-my mo- ment or two the elusive memory was ther says so."

"There's someone helpin' me now--a odger. But we can make room for you somehew, only you may get the strange person of the box seat of the

"Id rather die than stay here," cried Clarence's " she said to herself. And she thought it end, indeed, that he Winifred. "Well, then, this is what I've been should be singing, masked, in a Brigh-

thinkin'. Lucky enough, when I come ton street at night. I puts in my pocket a hood I was knitain for weeks, and is aware that strong I'd took it off. And I could spare you able. a few things. I've a petticoat on, was

depended on not forgetting; still, Mrs.

Purdy doubted that the girl's confus-

CHAPTER XXII.

of the theatre, and had taken a few

departing for their homes about the

same time. And she was nearly cer-

When she had gone a certain dis-

wrong turning, and might do so again

She crossed to the other side of the a dress skirt once, only made a bit shorter. Then you could leave all your clothes as they are, and I'd make 'em shorter what she hoped was her way—not with a tin reflector as a background. Inside was a tiny passage, it by a familiarly in a caim, everyday way, common, unshaded paraffin lamp suspended from the wall by a bracket, with a tin reflector as a background. In side was a tiny passage, it by a familiarly in a caim, everyday way, common, unshaded paraffin lamp suspended from the wall by a bracket, with a tin reflector as a background. In side was a tiny passage, it by a familiarly in a caim, everyday way, common, unshaded paraffin lamp suspended from the wall by a bracket, with a tin reflector as a background. think you'd gone out for your scenethe right one, she it and neiself in a sage were two doors: ardy had honestly striven to comfort only you had a thick veil now, to hide your face, you could slip out of this

ordeal through which she was expectdance. You might pass by every stage
the doordate through which she was expectthick, improvised veil, hoping to see
thick, improvised veil, hoping to see
the name of Salt street. If it were not
in?—and Til light the lamp."

In the beginning, and possibly he had
asked questions. At least, he could an extra petticoat here or there?" she keeper too, before anybody dreamt you had scornfully demanded. "There's weren't bein' dressed in here for your many a girl just as good without as next scene. Miss Emmet—one of the way of someone, or be hopelessly matches, darkness was turned into many a girl just as good without as thext scene. Miss Eminet—one of the with 'em. My own daughter now is ballet girls—wears a hood like this; I can get the best, and she plays the boy in pantomime, my dear, whenever she can get the job, and I wish she had after the first act. If you could go the houses in this quiet street appearance of the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for nowhere. It was not late, but most of the houses in this quiet street appearance with a girl in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the hard through the could see the hard through the could see the name she looked for now in the way of someone, or be hopelessly light. The girl saw direct through the could see the through the in pantomime, my dear, whethere is a car in such that the first act. If you could go now, it didn't kill me, not it. Why should it your mother?"

There was a difference, but perhaps

There was a difference, but perhaps

The first act. If you could go now, it would be about her time, and with a red-covered table, a few chairs, a kitchen range, plenty of shelves for brightly-polished time, and white china. A queer old-fashion and white china. A queer old-fashion would not already learnt. The blood rushed up to her face as titchen range, plenty of shelves for brightly-polished time, and white china. A queer old-fashion would not already learnt. Mrs. Purdy would not already learnt. Somehow the

still, did not attempt to go into it, but In five minutes she was dressed and It began by being just audible, far ticked with supernatural energy on know all the truth. It would be hor-In five minutes she was dressed and few words which the woman had spoken made her turn wet, wistful eyes up to the common old face.

"You've a daughter of your own," she said. "For her sake, and for my mother's, help me. It isn't only this scene that is so dreadful. There is far many of the left again, and so on through conscient that the proper than they are then they are the proper than the proper than they are the proper than the proper than they are the proper than the proper than they are they are the proper than they are they are they are they are they are the proper than they are the truth. It would be horrically and they are the truth. It would be hor riched with a very narrow mantelyiece above the avery narrow mantelyiece a

stride, as if he were in a hurry, and sion of courage and hope, though there She had done all that she could do, passed Winifred without paying the was little which could reasonably achowever, and in the midst of her mis- slightest attention to the slim wo- count for either emotion givings a crabbed sense of humor set | man's figure in it's dark, inconspicu-

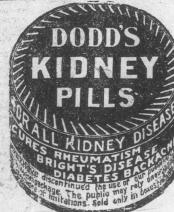
thing else that was Winifred's. wrong." The old woman's mediations were in- He stopped abruptly, and took off his terrupted by another call from the hat, not like a seaside minstrel, but stage manager; and she had gained like a gentleman. "I'm going to Salt three or four minutes' time for the street," he replied. "It isn't far from fugitive by her complaints that it was here, but there are a couple of turns difficult to dress other people who were still, one to the right and one to the left. If you like I could show you." "In for a penny, in for a pound," was "Thank you very much," said Winier motto: and her conscience was not fred. "I should be glad if you would,

of the mimosa type, which shrinks since it won't be taking you out of from a fib or two. In fact, she was to your way." tell many more before the night was They walked on side by side, but at out, and with such innocent eyes that some distance apart, and neither spoke. ther prevarications would have done Probably the man fancied that if she wished for conversation on the way but she, though feeling her triumph, she would set the ball rolling. They but she, though feeling her triumph, she would set the ball rolling. They but she did not fear the contribution of the way but she did not fear the contribution. was desperately impatient to be home. | fook the two turnings, and presently entered Salt street, the masked singer "What had happened there?" she con-

tinued to ask herself, under the placid announcing the fact in a business-like mask of the commonplace, dried-apple Winifred thanked him with a disface. Had that poor, distracted lassie ever found her way through the darkdoor of No. 13. A Lady in a Veil, and a Man in a Mask.

CHAPTER XXIII.

All went well with Winifred, so far as she could tell, until she was out A Meeting. The lady in the veil and the man in hanager had asked Mrs. Purdy how her friend. She did not think that her the mask stopped, and looked at each leaving on. With a quick, leaving the theatre had attracted any other. Then off came the man's hat the mask stopped, and looked at each



clever detective might be put upon her track, and Mrs. Purdy was as anxi-**ALLEN'S** ous to avoid such a mischance as Winifred could be; for the lies she must tell at the theatre would put her in a peculiar position if they should be found out. Mrs. Purdy had been BALSAM

to be directed to Salt street. So a

at the Thespian theatre as dresser since it had been built a few years

ago, and she did not wish to lose her

Suddenly Winifred heard the lively

music of a banjo. A man's voice was

singing a darkey song. Not one of the songs known in London's music halls

as "genuine plantation ditties" warb

led by shapely young ladies in broad

white collars, knickerbockers, and silk

'piccanninies"; but the real thing, in-

ies-senseless, tuneful, contagious of

o wish that she could find a quieter

horoughfars when the song came to

eccent, which might or might not be

the never forget a face or a voice;

"It is the young man who flung that

cab on my last night at the Duke of

like a homing pigeon.

mirth. It was that quaint bit of Ken-

will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS. CROUP. A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Gold. A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.

"but I live here. Was it No. 13 you vented by Southern darkies for darkhought so. Maybe I've made a mis-

tucky gibberish known as "Home-"It is." he answered, "and I'm Mrs. made Chicken-Pie," and the people who Purdy's lodger." "Oh!" exclaimed Winifred, "she spoke of you. She said you had been good to her sick daughter."

"I should like tea very much, thank you," Winifred answered.
She leant back in the cheap, "old were laughing and patting their feet, some of them joining in the chorus. They were collected at a well-lighted good to her sick daughter." street corner, and Winifred had begun

Isn't it Mrs. Purdy's house?"

"Give us 'Linger Longer Loo,' " sug-"Can't think you. Shop's shut up for to-night." laughed the man who had been singing, with a slightly American

have heard before."

respect my wish to let no one know nothing on earth had ever tasted so that I am here."

"You may be certain of that," he answered. And, fitting a latch-key "Do I? I'm glad," he answered. "I At first, in her almost morbid fear which he had taken from his pocket tin' for my gal. It's finished, all but of detection, she wondered if his pres- into the key-hole of a small, battered alls, for, as she leaves the managers of the strings. And this worsted shawl the strings. And this worsted shawl come could possibly have anything to do with her; but in an instant she had do of the mean houses exactly like it, be the strings in managers in the theatrical agents and managers in the theatrical agents and managers in the threatrical agents and managers in the threatrical agents and managers in the strings. And this worsted shawl come could possibly have anything to do with her; but in an instant she had decided that this was almost improbable the strings. And this worsted shawl come could possibly have anything to do with her; but in an instant she had decided that this was almost improbable the strings.

walk in.

Inside was a tiny passage, lit by a familiarly in a calm, everyday way, with a tin reflector as a background. ly nothing of one another's lives. what she hoped was her way—not turning to look back. The music did not begin again, and, having turned a corner which she could only trust was corner which she could only trust was staircase, and on one side of the passage of the p

each junction with another road Wini-fred paused and peered through her sort of sitting-room and dining-room

There was a difference, but perhaps of subtle for Mrs. Purdy's comprehenfred. "Doubled, it would hide my footstep coming after her seemed unnaturally loud."

ed clock, with the picture of a pastoral landscape on the door under its face,"

instinctively she felt that for the sec- Winifred's heart warmed to her reinstinctively she felt that for the sec-ond time he would do what he could ond time he would do what he could fuge. Somehow she suddenly discov-ered that she was not as unhappy as He came on rapidly with a swinging she had been. She felt a sudden acces-The masked singer gave her a chair.

her laughing at the thought of Winifered Gray's slim little feet flopping through the streets in the Purdy goloshes—for the smart paint leather. loshes—for the smart patent leather shoes had been left behind with every-to Salt street. I'm afraid I have come to Salt street. I'm afraid I have come account to him in some commonly to the salt street. account to him in some commonplace manner for her anomalous position; yet she did not see how to do so without revealing the actual, hateful truth. The young man laid his banjo on the table beside his hat and began removing his mask. As he did so, with a sudden impulse Winifred's hands went chiffon at the back of her head.

equences. And the well and the mask As she spoke her eyes fell and her other's faces.

The man's face was pale, and his missing "Good-night." Obediently, her dark eyes were bright. If Winifred fate guide dropped behind, his occupa- had possessed the slightest clue to his and flushed a little, for it was because tion gone; but, apparently to the sur-prise of both, they met again at the sion was that which a man might wear in dreaming a wonderful dream fromwhich he feared to be awakened. But He could not tell her how he had tle comparisons, and she only realized more keenly than she had at their last

alyzing. She wondered, nervously, if he would He could not tell her of his astonish-

knock softly, to find out whether she's sleeping still, or if she's woke up and want's anything," he announced. was gone, "After a fashion I'm acting nurse when the poor girl's mother's away; but she's so well again now that she As he speke he had heen regine er lar satal

her with a wistfulness that would not concealed. Winifred guessed that she must be pallid and weary-looking after all she had gone through, and fancied that her white face had suggested his stammering offer.

There was something curiously comforting and helpful in his manner, though he had made no offer to help or hinted his suspicion that she might need it. While he was gone from the room Winifred listened attentively to the sound of his footsteps in the passage, his low-toned conversation with the sick girl, and was glad when he came back again-a warning, protected gladness as of one who has found safe naven after storm.

"I always make myself a cup of tea or cocoa when I come in about this time," he said, when he had returned "Yes," responded Winifred, "I to the kitchen sitting-room. "Mrs Purdy has given me permission, and I feel myself very much at home. Won't you have some tea? Or do you like cocoa better at night?"

"I haven't been able to do very easy-chair and watched him, There much," said the masked man. "You was something wonderfully restful "Mrs. Purdy told me."

"I don't think," he went on: "that He seemed to understand by instinct about it, after all she had passed

it's right for you to come into the house. Miss Purdy's better, but—"
"I'm not afraid," Winifred broke in.
"Mrs. Purdy sent me here, I—I hope of coal and kindling were luxuries, so can be taken in. It would be very the fire had not been lighted. Hope isonvenient otherwise."

Newcome boiled the water over a spirit "Of course you can be taken in. if lamp, and before the kettle had begun to sing he cut thin, tempting slices
self there's much danger now, but one of bread and buttered them. He knew hever knows; and for your sake I wish where to find everything, and per "Please don't mind," she interrupted him again. And then, hesitatingly; self many a meal at times and in large of the self many a meal at times and in places when otherwise he would have had none.

"I recognized yours the moment you There was a glass of milk for the spoke," he returned. "But I thought sick girl in the next room, and when it perhaps I ought not to say so." had been carried to her the tea had "As you are Mrs. Purdy's lodger, and stood long enough to be good. A pleast shall be in her house for a time," said ant fragrance filled the little room. inifred, "we are sure to see each Feeling like one in a dream, Winifred other's faces. And if your face is the late bread and butter and sipped strong one I think it is I feel certain you will tea. It was a very strange thing, but

"What nice tea you make!" she said used to make it for my mother."
"And my mother used to make it for

gether again, and be talking most

ignoring all that made each one's heart

Yet, now that she thought of it, did this man know nothing of her life? She had told him nothing. But he had dark and quiet street.

"Miss Purdy's in that room" said the masked man, indicating the door near night, and now he was here in Bright. ton. He might have had some superficial knowledge of her as an actress asked questions. At least, he could hardly be ignorant of her name after atre: and if he remembered it, he

must know that Winifred Gray was

billed to act in "Mazeppa" to-night would probably tell him. Somehow the girl could hardly bear that he should

knew. All the brief, sweet restfulness had vanished with those thoughts.

"Dou you know my name?" she asked, abruptly. "Yes," he answered without hesitation. "I hope you don't mind my remembering it so well. You are Miss whose inmates droop dismally under Regular Winifred Gray. I couldn't help in-Winifred Gray. I couldn't help in-quiring at the theatre that night; and the burden of their affliction. An en-umeration by Dr. Forbes Winslow of the door-keeper told me. As for me-not that you'd be interested, still, I'd like to tell you—I call myself Hope ern asylum included all the comforts of Newcome. It's not my real name; I merely chose it because it meant something to me, for a sort of mission that brought me to _ngland, and I shall drop it when that misison's done. But I haven't told anybody else this."

"Thank you for trusting me," said Winifred, guessing that he had told up to the knot which tied the piece of her just to show his trust, and to let her see that she was not the only one would show that she meant to trust did for me that other night. I've never ing her circumstances, would have I want to ask you. Did you know that thought her exceedingly imprudent to I was to have acted in Brighton? Of

crowd, or another like it.

"I knew, yes," said Hope Newcome, that.

Winifred was not in a mood for sub-tle comparisons, and she only realized first seen her (and the whole world had seemed the brighter and sweeter for more keenly than she had and his knowledge of her, the house other. Then off came the man's hat virile, and singularly attractive in a he might sometime pass the house again. "I beg your pardon," said he way that she could feet without an-

ask any questions; but he did not, and ment and pani when he had read in a t seemed to her that he was making paper that Miss Winifred Gray had effort to pass the whole matter off suddenly severed her connection with as if it were but a mere commonplace occurrence—nothing to excite surprise that meant somehow to get the money "I must go to Miss Purdy's door, and You Like It" to see her as Celia, but the Duke of Clarence's lost its attraction for him when he knew that she

(To be continued.)

The Easy, Pleasant, Certain Way to Cure

cure Constipation is the honest testimony of people these wonderful little tablets HAVE CURED. "I have used Fruit-a-tives with great benefit. They are a grand medicine for Conon and Stomach Troubles. I would not be without them in the house, they are so

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MIDWAY AND VERNON LINE. First Ten Miles Graded-Mr. McLean Says Trouble Regarding Payments Will Be Settled.

"Lachlan McLean of the firm of McLean Bros. returned by the Great Northern Friday night from Midway," says Saturday's Vancouver Province "His firm has completed the first ten miles of the grading for the Midway & Vernon Railway. This done, it is work will be handled by contract, with the McLean firm superintendent of

"Some trouble, according to statements in Nelson and Spokane papers, occurred last week at Midway regarding the nonarrival of funds for ment of the time checks for the Midway & Vernon. Mr. McLean said today that the difficulty was probably all arranged by to-day. The trouble article. was caused by a little delay on the part of the New York people and the natural difficulty of getting currency into the new district."

SANE "LUNATICS." this conviction seized her. What he Attractions of the Modern Asylum-Luxury Preferred to Freedom.

of quite healthy minds prefer to remain voluntarily in our county luna-tic asylums because of the luxuries that surround them. They do not want their freedom."

Dr. L. Forbes Winslow, the wellknown authority on mental diseases Mail representative apropos of a complaint by a Warminster guardian that the Wilts asylum is better furnished than many noblemen's houses he had visited. "I would rather send a patient of

mine to a county asylum than to a private institution, however wealthy he or she might be," averred the doctor. These rate-maintained homes of the growing army of mentally inefficients do not as the doctor showed. tally with the common impression of the "attractions"—if the word be permissible—provided in an average moda good hotel and all the games, and pastimes of a West End club. There are now to be found in these institutions: Billiard tables, card tables, concert rooms, ballrooms, theatres, tennis courts, cricket and football grounds

and croquet lawns.

"At some of the large asylums," added the doctor, "private theatricals are conducted every week. I have been Price Perhaps he had his secret as well as who had secrets to keep. "I can't feel that we're strangers after what you in one opera in which I played the \$1.00 whole of the scenery was painted, and him as well. Many wise people, know- forgotten. But there are other things admirably painted, by a certified luna-

sane member of a cricket team. Once Regular I remember the team included a famous cricketer who was absolutely inslipping down at the same instant, the man and the girl looked into each same except on the subject of cricket.

As she spoke her eyes left and the same instant, the color rose, for she seemed to see one terrible poster with a crowd about it. He was quite rational while batting Perhaps he had been one of that or bowling, but immediately the game \$5 15 ended he relapsed into his usual state of dementia.

"Some of the worst 'cases' I have known played a splendid game of whist or chess, perhaps talking to themselves all the time about their The London Times Weekly "Conserts and balls-costume balls

frequently—are held every week. "Unfortunately the money expended upon trying to amuse them and to lighten their oblivion is simply thrown away, for these unfortunate people could not be happy in a palace." Male lunatics, it further appeared. receive daily allowances of tobacco and cal officer.

IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

gazine tells of the great ocean depths Times, Ottawa, Ontario, of 28,000 to 30,000 feet, the tempera ture tending to zero, with perpetua darkness reigning below depths of about 1,280 feet. At that level plants, deprived of light, cannot exist, and the H. McLean, of Vancouver; J. D. Leakey animal life must be carnivorous. The can be left alone for awhile, so I went out for an hour. I'll be back in a minute, and perhaps you'll let me get insou, of White Horse; and Mr. and Mrs. and out for an nour. It is below to minute, and perhaps you'll let me get you something to eat or drink, if—if Davey and E. P. Baylis, of Toronto, Ont., you're tired."

In that signifies with enormous eyes at a depth-of 6,400 feet. Phosphorescance is common in those hollows of escence is common in these hellows of flash light.



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