MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

SHORT STORY. **Strategy.** COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.

Gen. Sir Sampson Doom, K. C. B. the commander in chief of that crown of all over-sea possessions, the Luxuriant Isles, leaned back in his chair and bit the top of his thumb in doubt. On principle and by long habit an early riser, he prided himself on stealing a march on each busy, well-filled day by a good hour's work at his office table before breakfast.

But this morning, for once, his appetite for work had failed him. The sight of the various neatly sorted packets of official documents and private letters which stared him in the face and lay within touch of his fingers filled him with ill-concealed aversion. He sighed impatiently, hesitated, pushed back his chair and sighed again.

The unfortunate Sir Sampson was thankful when the sound of the breakfast gong—punctual in his well-ordered household to the half of a minute—brought him a temporary respite from his perplexities.

Notwithstanding his age and seniority in the service, he was young in the character of a Benedict, and, as it is not infrequent in such cases, the lady of his choice was more than a little his junior.

With ready-recurring admiration the general took in at a glance her graceful poise of head and shoulders, her faultless shell-pink complexion, and the exquisite garment— he could have no more have named it than he could have flown—of muslin and lace that enfolded her. It still thrilled him afresh to think that this beautiful, peerless creature, so young and tender, so blooming, should be his, and his alone.

What the fond, adoring glance did not see was a crease— it could hardly be called a frown—that marred the white smoothness of her forehead as she heard his step, and the quick, furtive movement that hid the letter she had been reading. Like the momentary ripple of a zephyr on the surface of a lake they swept by, leaving no signs to mark the place where they had been.

The letter could hardly have been called a very short one, but every word was indelibly printed on Lady Doom's memory, and to her, who could interpret its meaning of the light of other days, it was forcible and to the point. The bold familiar writing, with its strong black lines, large capitals and thick upward crossed "t's," gave her, as in a crystal, a vision of herself as she was before her marriage—a pretty, penniless girl, with a heart full of vanity and a head full of ambition, courted, flattered, sought after, with a train of admirers, but none wealthy or important enough to satisfy her mercenary aspirations until the commander in chief himself fell a victim to her youthful charms. To a girl of her character and bred in a garrison town, the bait was irresistible. She jettisoned her fragments of heart and became Lady Doom.

The wording of the letter ran thus:

Dearest Connie—The last time, I suppose, I shall call you so. After this I shall have a wife who will probably know more about my doings than the chief does of yours. I mean no reproach. You will have heard that I have taken your advice and am about to follow your example. Under the circumstances and the adverse star which ruled our fate, we have both probably done the best possible for ourselves; though sometimes, even at this eleventh hour, I could find it in my heart to wish it different. But regrets are useless. What is—is. Let the dead past bury its dead. I, for one, won't dig it up. But for our old friendship's sake, when the Belsetta command falls vacant, which it may do any day now, remember me. I know you can manage it if you will. I leave the details of the management to you with perfect confidence.

One word more and I have done. I shall never write to you in this strain again, so would like to recall to your remembrance that the breaking off of our engagement was your doing, not mine. If ever you regret it do not blame me. With you I could (or think I could) have faced poverty and shelving. Without you I don't mean to try to put up with either if I can help it. Yours, as in the past.

Max Melton.

By one of the unwritten and incomprehensible mandates of fashion that live for a season and vanish into space the pocket of Lady Doom's ethereal confection was on the left side, and her disengaged hand clutched the letter that day in it as she poured out her husband's tea. The paper crinkled and cracked ominously. But her gentle languid movements were as composed, her sweet, musical voice as low and delicately modulated as ever as she asked:

"Have you thought over what we were talking about last night, Sam?"

"I have thought of little else, darling," he answered uneasily. "You know how much I would do to please you, and what a pleasure it would be for me to do it, but you see, dear, this is—er—an official matter. If I have to say no to you it will be from a sense of duty. You see how I am placed."

With great care and deliberation Lady Doom selected a lump of sugar and held it aloft in the tongs. Her elbow rested on the table, shaming the cloth by its whiteness, and the lace sleeve falling back displayed her perfectly formed wrist, with its network of blue veins on the warm surface. From fingertip to shoulder the arm was perfect, and she knew it.

"One or two?" she asked, smilingly. "I can never remember."

"O! either, thanks: it doesn't matter," answered the general, absently. The effort he was making to say what was on his mind was great, and he felt inclined to rush in and get it over. He resumed, speaking rapidly:

"As I was saying dear, you won't mind, will you, if I have to go against your wish? It is the first time. I know, that you have ever asked for anything this was hardly accurate, but even a commander in chief is sometimes inaccurate when flustrated, "and, of course, if it were possible, I should like—I mean—I hope you won't think—"

"I shall think you are doing absolutely right, dear, whatever course you adopt," she replied. "I am sorry, though, that you don't like Col. Max Melton," she added musingly. "He has always been a great friend of mine, and in long ago days, when I was a girl, I prided myself on having none but nice friends. You were one of them, you know!"

Sir Sampson beamed.

"You little flatterer," he said. "But you musn't think I have anything against Col. Melton personally. He is a smart officer, and, as far as I know, a good fellow. A trifle ambitious, perhaps, but that is a fault on the right side, after all. But—"

A wave of Connie's slender fingers swept through his explanation and an expression of almost austere virtue gathered on her brow and straightened her red lips. She shook her head incredulously.

"You are very kind, dear, but I know you too well to believe for a moment that you would say a word against an officer without good reason, even to me. Of course, I do not ask what it is, though I have heard rumours which I have never hitherto believed. But now I see that there is —something."

"Rumors!" ejaculated Sir Sampson, aghast. "What rumors? I have heard nothing."

"Oh, I couldn't tell you. If you haven't heard, it wouldn't be fair. Of course, every one will believe them now; but that is nothing. I would always go by your opinion blindfold. Of course, I shall let Col. Max Melton see that he has forfeited my friendship. He may resent my attitude, but I can't help that. I could never be civil to a man you don't think well of."

Sir Sampson fidgeted uncomfortably. "But I don't disapprove of Max Melton, my love. He has very many good points. He has seen a lot of service, and has always done most creditably."

Lady Doom's air of puritanical severity did not relax.

"I quite follow your meaning, Sampson," she said. "You wish me to understand, that although you consider Col Max Melton a good soldier, still as a man—"

Sir Sampson almost sprang off his chair. He was a testy old gentleman at best, and today, for the first time, he found the lovely Connie, just a little dense. He had never noticed this characteristic before.

"I mean nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind," he vociferated hotly. "I don't say he is a saint, no men are; but I know nothing against him, personally. As to the —rumors, I don't believe a word of them, nor is he unsuited to the command. On the contrary, he is a very capable officer, and very well fitted for it. Only—"

"Then, my dearest Sam," beamed Lady Doom, rising, and thus ending the discussion, "there is nothing more to be said, except that I am a very foolish, stupid, girl, and have been frightening myself at a bogy that doesn't exist. But do forgive me, darling, I was so distressed to think that you didn't like any of my friends, and Col. Max Melton is a very old one. He was father's friend, and for that reason I have always liked him. Have you heard he is to be married soon? I should like to send him a wire, telling him he will be gazetted to a command. He would be so pleased."

Again Sir Sampson bit his long thumb, in obvious hesitation—

"Very well, my dear," he said after a moment's deliberation. "You are a little witch, and always get your own way. But don't mention names. It wouldn't look well if it got about, you know."

"Oh, thank you. I'll be most careful. You leave it to me. Sam. I'll be a model of discretion."

But in the wording of the telegram Lady Doom metaphorically drew a long sigh of relief, and began to enumerate all the possible advantages to herself, of her victory. The Belsetta command being in her husband's division. it followed of necessity that her path and that of the newly appointed commandant, must intersect each other, at frequently recurring intervals. The thought was not wholly displeasing.

Some people, doubtless, would consider it a dangerous game to play. But Lady Doom knew better. The danger, if any, would not be hers. The tools must be edged, but she would not cut herself. She smiled gently as she re-called the horror she had always had of wounds, especially self-inflicted ones, and she had never been rash. Besides, as she reminded herself, she was really fond of Sir Sampson. He was an old-dear, and so kind, though, where she was concerned, just a little blind.

"I really," thought the lovely Connie to herself, as she concluded her reflections, "am a better strategist than he is, commander-in-chief though he is." And I am not sure that most of her friends and acquaintances, would not have endorsher opinion.

"Would you like to see the Gazette,' my love?" remarked Sir Sampson, some ten days later. "There is an announcement in it which may interest you."

Lady Doom took the paper with languid grace, and commenced turning over its pages, with a fine assumption of indifference. Suddenly, the lines of her figure grew tense, her expression puzzled, disappointed, alarmed.

"What does this mean?" she inquired more hastily than was habitual to her. "I don't understand. Surely there is a mistake here. How can Col Max Melton go home to take up a command, when he is to have Belsetta? You promised, you know."

"So I did, my dear. But if you remember, I did not specify which command, I knew this would please you even better than Belsetta: besides, getting me out of the difficulty of passing over others. Just before our talk, on the subject, I had had a telegram telling me of the vacancy, and asking me to recommend a good man to fill it. Then I suddenly thought of Max Melton, and proposed him, That wire of yours was quite vague, I hope?"

There was an indescribable something, in the general's tone, which checked Lady Doom's querulous complaint. She looked up and caught his eye, and without any obvious reason, fell to wondering—for the first time in her married life—whether, after all, her husband was not a better strategist than herself—Washington Post.

"SWISS FOOD" THE REAL WHEAT.

Use "SWISS Food" and obtain the condensed nutrition of selected wheat. 15c packages at all grocers.

AS IT SHOULD STAND.

Hamilton Herald: The Herald begs leave to propose that the educational clause of the autonomy bill be amended, by striking out all that precedes the words, "It is enacted," and all that follows the words "in respect of education." As amended, the clause would then read: "It is enacted, that the legislatures of the said provinces, shall pass all necessary laws, in respect of education." That is clear, simple and just. Everybody can understand it, and it ought to be enough to satisfy everybody.

Notice to Pile Sufferers

We Don't Ask You To Take Anyone's Word For What Pyramid Pile Cure Will Do.

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We receive hundreds of letters like the following; "I have been feeling so good I could hardly believe it, after suffering with piles for a year, to find that I am once more feeling like myself. I wish you could have seen me before I started using Pyramid Pile Cure and look at me now, you would say I am not the same man. I have gained 20 pounds, and all on account of Pyramid Pile Cure." Walter Sharkley, 56 Park St., Springfield, Mass.

"I bought a fifty cent box of Pyramid Pile Cure and used as directed with the most unexpected results, a complete cure. I have been troubled with piles for thirty years and was in much distress and passed much blood, but at present am free from any kind of piles." F. McKay, Weaverville, Cal.

"Pyramid Pile Cure has been worth thousands of dollars to me; it cured me after using numbers of other remedies and taking medicines from doctors. It also cured my son, although he could hardly walk, eat or sleep; he is now all right." B. Stringfellow, Postmaster, Elko, S. C.

By the use of Pyramid Pile Cure you will avoid an unnecessary, trying and expensive examination by a physician and will rid yourself of your trouble in the privacy of your own home at trifling expense.

After using the free treatment, which we mail in a perfectly plain wrapper, you can secure regular full-size packages from druggists at 50 cents each, or we will mail direct in plain package upon receipt of price. Pyramid Drug Co., 2992 Main St. Marshall Mich.

P. S. MacNUTT'S AFFAIRS.

(Daily Telegraph.)

P. S. MacNutt has gone west where he has considerable interests. In connection with the Bank of Nova Scotia's issuance of a writ against him it was the opinion on the street yesterday that if successful on this western trip he will be able to arrange his affairs in a manner thoroughly satisfactory. His friends have no question as to his integrity and express the strong hope that his embarrassments are but temporary.

Mr. MacNutt was one of the city's leading business men, reputed wealthy, a good citizen in every way, and the announcement of his indebtedness to the Bank of Nova Scotia and their consequent action was read with general regret in the business community.

DR. OSLER'S CASE DIAGNOSED.

(Medical Record.)

Dr. Osler's second fixed idea was "the uselessness of men above sixy years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, in political, and in professional life, if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age." He offered the following scheme of division of a professor's period of activity: "The teacher's life should have three periods—study until twenty-five, investigation until forty, profession until sixty, at which age I would have them retired on a double allowance."

But maybe this portion of the address was not meant for a joke after all. The last paragraph quoted certainly contains the suggestion of a hint to the Oxford house of convocation that in four years from now (Osler was born fifty-six years ago) the retirement of the regius professor, of medicine (on a double allowance) would be the correct thing.

PROTEST OF RALPH CONNOR.

Surprised at Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Believes His Judgment Clouded.

At the Canadian Club luncheon in Toronto on Monday a letter from Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Winnipeg, was read in which, speaking of the proposed invasion of rights, he says: "I can hardly imagine how a statesman of his first-class ability, his sense of what is wise and just, should have fallen into such a serious mistake. He is fastening by constitution, by the act of creation, a system of education upon the territories which, while it may seem to suit conditions as they are at present, may not be at all suitable in twenty or thirty or fifty years. No government has the right to lay any country in subjection to the dead hand of the past.

"I am the more surprised at Sir Wilfrid because he has shown himself the champion of provincial rights, and because especially he has shown himself superior to the influence of the clerical party in his province. No one will doubt for a moment that this legislation is proposed simply because a certain section of our people fear that the interests of their church will be adversely affected in the creation of the new provinces.

Premier's Judgment Clouded.

"I cannot tell you how deeply I am disappointed in our premier, a man who has been to me, throughout his whole career, my ideal of a Canadian statesman, but I cannot help feeling that in this instance he has allowed his judgment to be clouded and his mind to be distorted from its wonted equitable poise by the undue influence of a bigoted and sectarian group of his followers.

"I believe in the fullest right given to the various churches to instruct the children of their faith in connection with the public school, but I do believe that it is essential to our developing a united and harmonious nation in the west that our children should be educated together. In Winnipeg the present system is working splendidly. We have Roman Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, Hungarians, Icelanders, and Swiss—all sorts and conditions of children, passing through our public schools, and so being brought into a sympathetic and friendly acquaintance with each other.

HIS GREAT LUCK.

(Baltimore Herald.)

The Insurance Commissioner of Tennessee was talking the other day about the humor of the insurance business. "It is a ghastly humor," he said, "because it hinges on death. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of it. Every insurance agent has some odd and new story to relate. One agent told me yesterday how he had met that morning a friend in a feeble condition, his face pallid, his eyes dull and his figure shrunken.

"'What is the matter with you, Herbert?' the agent said.

"'I'm in luck,' Herbert answered. 'My boy, I am in great luck.

"'How so?' asked the agent.

"'Why,' said the other, 'your company's medical examiner passed me only two months ago, and now my doctor tells me I have an incurable disease. How is that for luck?'"

An application from the Commercial Cable Company is now before the Canadian government for the laying of a fourth cable to Canso (N. S.) The state department is now looking into the matter.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

Of the Canadian Forestry Association March 9 and 10, at Quebec.

The sixth annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association at the city of Quebec commenced today and will be continued tomorrow, Friday. The programme is arranged as follows:—

Thursday morning—general business, and the address of the president, Aubrey White, assistant commissioner of crown lands, for Ontario, "Forest Fires in British Columbia," Professor R. W. Brock, Queen's University, Kingston, and Jas. Leamy, crown timber agent, New Westminster. Thursday afternoon, "Forest Insects," Rev. T. W. Fyles, Levis, "The Forests of New Brunswick," T. G. Loggie crown lands department, Fredericton, New Brunswick., "The Fire Warden Service of Nova Scotia," Hon. J. W. Longley, commissioner of crown lands. Friday morning, "Forest Resources of Quebec," J.C. Langelier, department of lands, mines and fisheries, Quebec, "Northern Quebec and Labrador," Commander A. P. Low, of the geological survey, Ottawa, an address on "The Lumber Industry in Quebec" by Hon. W. C. Edwards, president of the province of Quebec limit holder's association. Friday afternoon, a trip to Montmorency Falls. Friday evening, illustrated addresses by Dr. Judson F. Clark, forester to the Ontario bureau of forestry, on "The Forest as a National Resource," and by W. H. F. Addison, of the Yale school of forestry, on "A Forest School." On Thursday evening a dinner will be tendered the visiting delegates by the friends of the Forestry Association in the city of Quebec, at which addresses will be given by prominent men.

Several of the leading foresters of the United States will also be present including Col. Fox, chairman of the New York forest, fish and game commission, A. Knechtel, forester to the commission, Dr. C. A. Schenck, manager of the Vanderbilt Forest at Baltmore, Professor Filibert Roth, University of Michigan.

The forests of Canada are of great area and increasing importance and the work of studying the forest administration which is being carried on by the Canadian forestry association is deserving of the largest public support. The association have been fortunate in securing a single fare rate from the railways and the success of the meeting at Quebec is well assured.

The province of Quebec limit holder's association will hold its annual meeting at Quebec this (Thursday) afternoon, so that its members may also have an opportunity of attending the sessions of the forestry association.

The following have been elected to the executive of the C. of E. Institute: Mrs. L. R. Harrison, Chas. Coster, J. A. Seeds, W. H. B. Sadlier, Re. E. Coup (secretary), Roland Frith (treasurer), J. E. Secord (librarian.)

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto,

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Could Not Walk Ten Yards Without Resting.

Mrs. D. Herkimer, Hall's Bridge, Ont., was Troubled with Weak Heart and

Sleeplessness.

How many women are troubled with a weak heart? How many lie, night after night, trying to sleep, and can't? Perhaps you are one of them? If so, read what Mrs. Herkimer says. It may save you years of suffering if you take her advice:—

"I am now enjoying the best of health, after having used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled with a weak heart, and was afraid to draw a long breath, for the pain it would cause me. I could not sleep at night, and it was impossible for me to walk ten yards without resting myself. I cannot speak too highly of your Heart and Nerve Pills; they are the greatest pill I have ever used, and can recommend them to all sufferers."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25. For sale by all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price.

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As An All-round Family Liniment Nothing Can Equal

Manning's German Remedy

The Greatest Neuralgia and Rheumatic Cure of the Age.

W. S. FISHER, ESQ., of the well known firm of Emerson & Fisher, St. John, N. B., says: "I have much pleasure in stating that I have found Dr. Manning's German Remedy most effective for the treatment of Neuralgia, Pains. etc. As a general family liniment I consider it unequalled.

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If You Would Have Good Digestion and Good Health. It is Kept Active by

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Bile in the blood is poison.

Bile in the intestines is necessary to digestion and the healthful action of the bowels.

Bile in the blood causes biliousness, headache, jaundice, muddy complexion and is the source of innumerable pains and aches.

The lack of bile in the intestines brings on indigestion, constipation, kidney derangements and a clogging of the whole digestive and excretory systems.

The liver separates bile from the blood, where it is poison, and pours it into the intestines, where it is of inestimable worth.

For this reason the health of the body is dependent on the health and activity of the liver.

By making the liver active, when it becomes torpid and sluggish, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills insure a healthful flow of bile into the intestines and the cure of all ailments arising from "bile poison," indigestion and constipation.

Set the liver right by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you will remove the cause of many pains and aches, of many annoying symptoms, of irritable temper and depressed epirits.

There is no liver regulator so certain of action, so quick to relieve, so lastingly beneficial.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.