

Safeguard Your Health

by using



Ceylon Natural GREEN Tea instead of the adulterated Japan Teas.

Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Won at Last

By George, you ought to be ashamed to come it, to throw a young fellow that is a great deal too good for you, the moment a pressing necessity was removed. I never was so humiliated in my life as when Waring came to speak to me last night. You have settled yourself in his estimation; there will be no drawing him on again—a pretty position you have landed us all in. What's to become of you, I'd like to know?

"I will try to take care of myself, and not to trouble any one," said M. Debrisay. "Why, you have a perfect idiot." "Sir Robert," put in M. Debrisay, "must say it is the first time Miss Debrisay has ever been told so. Marriage is a very serious undertaking and though it might have been more satisfactory to her friends if she had married Mr. Waring, she has a right to do what she feels is best for her own happiness, and Mr. Waring's too."

"Sir Robert Everard sat at her, with a 'Who are you?' expression, as if amazed at her daring to speak." "Oh, indeed, perhaps she is acting under your advice."

"No, indeed, Sir Robert. Madame Debrisay has been dreadfully angry with me. I confess I deserve that you should be angry with me still. I do not regret what I have done."

"I haven't patience to listen to you, and—and I wash my hands of you. I don't suppose Waring would accept any overture now."

"And I shall certainly not make any," said Mona, quickly. "Then what is to become of you. You haven't a rap and my doors shall be closed against you."

"But mine will be opened to her," said M. Debrisay, with dignity. "I suspect, and I told Lady Mary so," he continued, without heeding her, "that there is some clandestine love affair under all this. You have your mother's taste for a low born lover."

"If I find out," cried Mona, with spirit; "nor should I be marrying beneath me. I have no wish to deny my kind, good father."

"Then why did you drop his name?" "I did not," said M. Debrisay, "but my second baptismal name before I knew what surname meant; but from this time forward I will resume my father's."

"But you are known as a connection of my wife's good name," called me by my second baptismal name before I knew what surname meant; but from this time forward I will resume my father's."

"Disgrace you, indeed," cried M. Debrisay. "Who mentions disgrace in the same breath with Mona's name? You are forgetting yourself, Sir Robert. You may have a right to be angry, perhaps, but don't let your anger make you forget you are a gentleman."

"By George, it's enough to make a saint swear, to see you prefer a place like this to a good position. I can't take the charge of you, future. You are too headstrong; and after Lady Mary and myself, Mona, you haven't a friend on earth."

"I suppose I count for nothing," said M. Debrisay. "I am certainly a mere room keeper. I can't afford my dear young friend the splendors of Harrowby Chase, but I have an unblemished character, and owe no man a farthing. I work for my living, and I make it independently. Moreover, I can't take the charge of you, future. You are too headstrong; and after Lady Mary and myself, Mona, you haven't a friend on earth."

"I've already put everything together, anticipating this explosion," said Mona. "I'll give you another chance. Will you authorize me to make overtures to Waring? I'll do my best for you, if you will."

"It is impossible, I could not consent to such a proposal," cried Mona. "Then I have no more to say, nor shall I ever see you again, if I can help it." He turned to go. "Though you are so angry, Sir Robert, I am not the least grateful for all your kindness," said Mona. "I do love Lady Mary and Evelyn dearly; it is a

cruel punishment never to see them again." "I have no patience with sentimental bosh," he returned harshly. "Your action proves how much of real regard you have for any of us." And seizing his hat he left the room.

The next instant they heard the front door shut violently, and saw him rapidly walk down the road.

CHAPTER VII. "So that's done," said M. Debrisay, stirring the fire with some force, and putting down the poker with a clang. "How awfully angry he is!" exclaimed Mona, still standing where Sir Robert had left her.

"My dear," returned M. Debrisay, "he is a brute. He might be angry—I am angry—but he had no business to speak as he did; and I might have been trusted and hope he will not do you out of any money you ought to have."

"Oh, Deb! how can you think of such a thing? Sir Robert Everard is such a son of honor, though he is rather hasty in temper."

"When people lose their tempers, they often lose their heads and their sense of justice. You may be foolish—I don't deny you are—but I can not bear to see you crushed and miserable."

"I am unhappy, but I am not quite crushed. It rouses me to hear people talk as if there was no chance of salvation for me except as Leslie Waring's wife. I am young and willing to work; why should I not earn my living independently, as you say?"

"Why, of course I spoke up bold to that tyrant; but between you and me, the beginning is awful hard work. Still I have an idea. You must wait till I think it out. Meantime, I must go; and you, dear, just take a book, and lie down on the sofa and try to sleep. No one can keep their wits clear when they feel weak and worn out. Then if I can get back in time, we'll have a walk. You must get acquainted with this neighborhood."

An awful quiet settled down on Mona after these agitating interviews. There was nothing more to do—nothing more to be resisted. She did not regret what she had done, but the reaction was profound. A great grief seemed to have yawned between her present and her past, which nothing could bridge over.

Her boxes arrived from Harrowby Chase, and a formal list of disbursements on account of the late Mrs. Newburgh from Sir Robert Everard accompanied by a check for a hundred and fifty-three pounds, thirteen and fourpence, the balance due to her.

"There, dear Deb, there is my whole fortune! What shall I do with it?" "We must take care of it, ma belle—great care. Let me see. I had better lodge it to my account, and I will give you an acknowledgment that I owe you that much. I am proud to say I have an account at a bank. Heavens! the M. Debrisay and Mona quietly and sally celebrated together. The former was a Catholic if she was anything,—accompanied her young protegee to church and enjoyed a particularly crisp French novel over the fire for the rest of the day, while Mona sat long at the piano, playing from memory and dreaming over the past. She gave few thoughts to the future.

"And," thought M. Debrisay, "she might be dining in splendor—in Paris, or Rome, or London—with powdered flunkies behind her chair; not that there is much comfort to be got from them. Well, well, there's no accounting for a young girl's whims; but I'm sure as I am sitting here that there's another man in the case and, please God, if nothing is said, she'll forget him."

So the days and weeks flew past, and Mona with the blessed facility of youth began to revive. A simple life, plenty of sleep, the society of a kindly and amusing companion are wholesome tonics. M. Debrisay was extremely amusing. She began largely educated by observation. She was at once skeptical and credulous; her mind was utterly untrained—yet a certain, keen, mother wit and a largeness of heart, made her judgment on the whole, clear. She was still quick in temper, though it had been much chastened, and also extremely resentful of small slights.

Now it so happened that the gentleman who occupied the drawing room floor, had a pet dog—a rough terrier—which he firmly believed was of the true "Dandie Dimont" breed, and which madame pronounced to be a "thorough bred mongrel." It was an ill-tempered brute, and used to attack the house cat, which M. Debrisay had taken under her protection. Dandie, as the dog was called, more than once pursued the cat into madame's sacred apartment, and on one occasion had worried her for a long time, though she, for some reason, set great store.

A wrathful message had therefore been despatched to the owner, requesting him to keep his favorite chained up, as he had destroyed some valuable property. The reply—which was no doubt never intended to meet M. Debrisay's ear—was to the effect that Mr. Ridgen was "willing to pay half a crown for any two penny halfpenny damage inflicted on her rugs and jags." This was intolerable; the blood of all the Debrisays—she was a

beautiful young prince turning up for you." "Not nowadays, dear Deb. And when do you think I may begin my battle for independence?" "I spoke about you last week to Mrs. Mathewson. Her eldest daughter screeches under my direction; I cannot keep her voice down; and there's a little thing of ten she wants me to take for the piano. Now, I'll hand her over to you—they are rolling in riches! Here's a book on teaching the piano, in German. You study it, and follow it. Practice up a few of your noisiest pieces. People seem to think you can teach music with your fingers, instead of your head. They are so taken with a few gymnastics on the key-board."

"Yes, Deb, I will practice diligently. I haven't touched the piano since poor gramme died."

"Well, it's time you began. You have a pretty touch and a fluent finger. As to singing, come, let us try that duet Signor Boccaricho taught you last winter. What ages away that winter seems to have gone!" "Ah, does it not?" said Mona, with a deep sigh.

And all the glorious spring-time which succeeded it; the dawn of dazzling delight when she first perceived that Lisle quietly but persistently sought her; the charm of the delicious secret which wrapped their mutual, silent understanding; the history of those few months which had been the culmination, so far, of her life, flashed through her memory.

Really, it was a serious thing, it has its inspirations. The sense of doing real work—of earning hard money with a dignity in its laboriousness which scarce anything else bestows; and Mona would have rejoiced in this new development of energy, had she not been so deeply wounded. Her sudden, complete, renunciation by her valued friends at Harrowby Chase cut her to the soul, especially as she felt she had in a measure deserved it. Her bitter disappointment in Lisle was more regret for the loss of an illusion than sorrow for a personal bereavement. In her short experience of society, she had no friendships nor intimacies save with Sir Robert Everard's family. It was this abandonment that depressed and saddened her. Her up-bringing had not been luxurious. Mrs. Newburgh was a strict economist, though a flavor of staidness pervaded her life; moreover, Mona had not been enough to know there was a degree of uncertainty about her position and her future before her grandmother had finally and completely adopted her. Yet the life of that one season had been delightful. Mona's was an imaginative poetic nature, though not without its practical side. The brilliant and beautiful surroundings of the society to which her grandmother belonged charmed her senses, and she had not seen enough of it to perceive the disadvantages which appertain to it as to all human growths. There was, however, a sound, true heart under her fair, quiet exterior which made a home, however homely, not only bearable, but likable. There were only an inmate to bind the inmates together with the golden links of tender sympathy. Then came the balm of constant employment. What a blessing was infused in the divine decree, "In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat thy bread."

It was a curious, trying sensation, the giving of her first lesson. If the well-dressed, demure little damsel to whom it was administered only knew how awfully afraid her elegant-looking teacher would be of her, all chance of discipline would have been over. But silence, backed by gravity, is a splendid cover for nervousness; and Mona did not utter a word beyond what teaching required, nor did she ever feel the same panic again.

"She has beautiful frocks, mamma!" was the sentence of the little ten-year-old. "Her black cloth was so tailor-made—it fits like a glove; and she has such beautiful jet ear-rings!"

"Nor did the young lady doubt that a music teacher so attired must be deserving of all attention."

So the new life was fully inaugurated soon after Christmas—that Christmas which poor Leslie Waring had hoped would be her last. M. Debrisay and Mona quietly and sally celebrated together. The former was a Catholic if she was anything,—accompanied her young protegee to church and enjoyed a particularly crisp French novel over the fire for the rest of the day, while Mona sat long at the piano, playing from memory and dreaming over the past. She gave few thoughts to the future.

"And," thought M. Debrisay, "she might be dining in splendor—in Paris, or Rome, or London—with powdered flunkies behind her chair; not that there is much comfort to be got from them. Well, well, there's no accounting for a young girl's whims; but I'm sure as I am sitting here that there's another man in the case and, please God, if nothing is said, she'll forget him."

So the days and weeks flew past, and Mona with the blessed facility of youth began to revive. A simple life, plenty of sleep, the society of a kindly and amusing companion are wholesome tonics. M. Debrisay was extremely amusing. She began largely educated by observation. She was at once skeptical and credulous; her mind was utterly untrained—yet a certain, keen, mother wit and a largeness of heart, made her judgment on the whole, clear. She was still quick in temper, though it had been much chastened, and also extremely resentful of small slights.

Now it so happened that the gentleman who occupied the drawing room floor, had a pet dog—a rough terrier—which he firmly believed was of the true "Dandie Dimont" breed, and which madame pronounced to be a "thorough bred mongrel." It was an ill-tempered brute, and used to attack the house cat, which M. Debrisay had taken under her protection. Dandie, as the dog was called, more than once pursued the cat into madame's sacred apartment, and on one occasion had worried her for a long time, though she, for some reason, set great store.

A wrathful message had therefore been despatched to the owner, requesting him to keep his favorite chained up, as he had destroyed some valuable property. The reply—which was no doubt never intended to meet M. Debrisay's ear—was to the effect that Mr. Ridgen was "willing to pay half a crown for any two penny halfpenny damage inflicted on her rugs and jags." This was intolerable; the blood of all the Debrisays—she was a

Only One Best

The Best country is Canada, we'll all admit that. The best tea in Canada is

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

You'll say so when you try it. Only One Best Tea—Blue Ribbon's it.

Debrisay by birth as well as by marriage—rose in an indignant tide at the affront. M. Debrisay sought a personal interview in the hall; and as Mr. Ridgen was in a hurry to catch his omnibus he repeated the words quite made not the slightest impression. He told her hastily she should not heed the mischievous representations of a servant, that although he had certainly uttered the words attributed to him, he did not mean them to be repeated. He was quite willing to pay for damages, but he would not chain up the dog to please Mrs. Debrisay, or any one else. So saying he departed hastily and slammed the door behind him.

The ill-mannered barbarian," as M. Debrisay observed to Marion. "A roturier, my dear; a roturier, pur et simple." After this there was a running fire of hostilities, for M. Debrisay was not disposed to turn her cheek to the smiter.

Things had settled down to a regular routine. The depth of the winter was over; Parliament had met, and Mona had nearly as much to do as she could accomplish without fatigue, though she was quite willing to do more. Madame even talked of making a little excursion to the sea side at the end of the season, if things continued to prosper.

Mona was returning late one afternoon, after one of her busiest days. She was weary, but more hopeful, though she was thinking how this time last year she was looking forward to the mingled joy and terror of being presented. It was a little hard to be so suddenly dragged down, and carried away from all the gayeties and pleasures, the society and distinction, she had enjoyed a few months ago, and to which she felt she should never return. Yet there was no bitterness in her regret; she felt that she was singularly fortunate in having found such a friend and such a home.

(To be continued.)

SPRING ADVICE.

Do not Dose With Purgatives and Weakening Medicines—What People Need at This Season is a Tonic.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the spring feeling. You are easily tired, appetite variable, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Or perhaps pimples and eruptions appear on the face, or you have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order, that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you, and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself with purgative medicines in the hope that you can put the blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system, and weaken instead of giving strength. What you do need is a tonic medicine that will make new, rich, red blood, build up the weakened nerves and thus give you new health and strength. And the one medicine to do this is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood which makes weak, easily tired and ailing men and women feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring, try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you will never regret it. This medicine has cured thousands and thousands in every part of the world, and what it has done for others it can easily do for you.

Medicine dealers everywhere sell these pills, or you can get them direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

RISE OF THE CAT CULT.

A Refined Stud Book Has Been Opened in Washington, D. C.

American women have been slow to take up the cat cult, though it has long flourished abroad. Conventional Philadelphia hangs its head at the New York, Boston and Chicago, not to mention other centres, boast flourishing organizations. To be sure, foreigners sneer at our judgment, intimating that we know nothing of the fine points of a pussy, and asserting that what we value them according to what we pay for them. There's no denying that there is a fascination about "the pearl of great price."

The apathy of Philadelphia is the more peculiar, as it is in this very city that Miss Agner Reppler resides, and Miss Reppler, as everybody knows, has introduced us to the feline sphinx in all times the cat of antiquity, of the various countries, and in the various arts all down to date. Darwin goes her one better by proclaiming that Pussy's pedigree had taken root before the existence of man! So speaking of first things, and asserting that what we value them according to what we pay for them. There's no denying that there is a fascination about "the pearl of great price."

Though short-haired felines are in some favor, the typical Angora and Persian cats are in the full glare of the calcium. It has happened that an alley cat, white, agile, sure and with a coat made fine and heavy by long sessions in the fresh air on back fences, has carried off honors at cat shows. With the long-haired, oriental beauties it's a different matter. It is a white, fed, housed and cooed, according to rule, else they make a sorry showing. Catteries are established and kept up with all the infinite care that characterizes the finest kennels for dogs. Feline families are born and bred with the greatest painstaking, the pedigreed puss being more strictly guarded than many girls.

In society puss reigns supreme. While the cat may never again attain the position she held some thou-

sands of years ago in the Nile country, when she drowsily watched the Israelite law-giver lead his people into the desert, she may be quite as comfortable. Her contemptuous disregard of every-thing save her own comfort would make even those who were worshipped a bore. It is a fact that within the last few years more cats than dogs, or any other pet more have been imported into this country.

A recognized stud book has been opened in Washington, D. C., and cat fanciers have little trouble in bringing importations through American ports, providing they abide by the rules of entry of this register. This stud book is similar to that kept by the American Kennel Club and Live Stock organizations.

Although Uncle Sam only honors registrations of this particular register other stud books are maintained by most all the different cat societies. The last volume of the Boreford Cat Club Stud Book and the National Cat Stud Book of America embraced the pedigrees of almost 600 different felines. Many of the pedigrees occupy an entire page and embrace the names of noted English prize winners.

Very few of the American cat breeders enter the cat fancy for the revenue to be derived. They are true fanciers in every sense of the word.

The pets of some of Philadelphia's greatest belles have captured blue ribbons at the pet stock shows. All told, this invasion of furry foreigners presages the downfall of the cat of the "good old days," or rather nights, and her garden wall muscades. Ah, that the genus was so complicated vociferous! Even the family dog will have to reform, as the aristocratic beauties of high degree are above quarrelling. Our society of distinction, the blue ribbon is the M. Debrisay cat, whose fine physique and magnificent coat is variously accounted for.—Philadelphia Record.

The Rice Swelled.

Here is a story of Scotch sailormen, told by the Dundee Advertiser: "The ship's crew had been made up in a hurry, and when they had passed the bar and were beginning to feel a grile hungry it was discovered that they had no food. So the old man asked George to try his hand at the job, and George scratched his head and rubbed his chin and said he would do his best. Next morning he consulted Jack about breakfast. 'No, no,' said George, 'I will break it up for you.' 'Well, it's all right, I'll eat it,' said George. 'No, about how much shall I cook?' 'Let's see,' replied Jack. 'There's fourteen of us with the old man. I should say a bucketful would be plenty.' 'Doot but it will,' said George, and he went off to the galley. He got a bucketful of rice, and put it in a large pot, and when it began to boil it likewise began to swell. So he baled out a portion into another pot, and that also did likewise. Then he baled out of both pots into other pots until all his pots were full. Still it swelled, and George became alarmed. So he put on all the lids and lashed them tightly down. Then he went forth and locked the door, and stood against the bulwarks watching it. Soon the skipper came along and made inquiries regarding breakfast. 'What, man?' replied George, softly, 'I'm cooking rice, and I don't know the 'mint it will burst the door.'"

A Neglected Popular Favorite.

(Henry Dalby, in Montreal Argus.) The Son of Man to come in His Glory and all the holy angels with him, there is no doubt whatever about the rapturous reception he would receive from some of his orthodox followers of to-day, who would expect to share his power and glory. Were he to visit the earth, as he came before, in great humility, and with such unorthodox ideas about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, I am afraid that few of his churches would recognize him. The cry would again be: "Not this man, but Barabbas."

I have no doubt but that Barabbas, with all his faults, was strictly orthodox. How is it, that to him, the type of so much that is now admired, no Church has been dedicated? The Church of St. Barabbas would certainly have the wealthiest congregation. It would be so little embarrassed by the "unorthodox" principles, laid down by the Master.

CHILDHOOD'S PERILS.

The so-called soothing medicines contain poisonous opiates that deaden and stupefy, but never cure the little ailments of childhood. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiates; they act on the stomach and bowels and thus remove the cause of nearly all the ills that afflict little ones. In this way they bring natural, healthy sleep, and the child wakes up bright and well. Mrs. A. Weeks, Vernon, B. C., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and can cheerfully say that I have found them all you claim for them." These Tablets are good for children of all ages from birth onward. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25c a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Finding Safety in a Crowd.

(Boston Herald.) Another forger has just been arrested in New York whom the police have been trying to locate for seven years. Meanwhile he has been doing business there all the while under assumed names. It is another demonstration of the fact that a great city is a pretty safe refuge for a fugitive.

Case for the Coroner.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

Off the Horn.

To southward the gale banked itself like a flood, and its vehemence grew minute by minute. The old ship, her top-gallants furled, was heeled over to it, for, although the great tooth of the Horn was menacing to the northwest, it was our purpose to clear it on this reach, and while the knots reeled off the wind grew, and the great seas of the Horn were rising ominously.

It was the second mate's watch, and the officer had propped himself under the weather mizzen rigging, his eyes watchful on the gear. At the standard compass, holding to the binnacle with both hands, the captain verified the course, and the light of the binnacle lamps gleamed in streaks on his wet oilskins, and threw a half circle of radiance of his chest, and the thick beard that cascaded over it. At the lee side of the poop, under shelter of the chart-house, we crouched—me, the watch, stiff in our oilskins and wet cloths, waiting the call that was sure to come to bestir ourselves about the waters deck and aloft. And in the meantime we watched the captain, as schoolboys watch a remote taciturn master, and read a hundred meanings into every expression of his face and every lift of his head.

The second mate said something that was blown from his lips. We caught a word or two about "them preventer backstays" and the captain nodded. "Call all hands and reef tops!" he ordered, and sighed. For we were clearing the Horn this leg, at the twentieth time of trying, and he was loth, for all the old ship's rottenness, to strip a single knot from her gait.

The port watch took charge of the forward gear, and we talked on the gear of the upper mizzen topsail. The reef-tackles squeaked, and though it was a little handkerchief of a kite, it flapped and fought like the mainsail of a frigate. There were only five of us in the starboard watch, and one a boy—all bone-weary and muscleslack with toil and cold and wetness. We led the hauling end of the weather tackle through a snathblock, and passed it out.

"Luff, there!" shouted the captain, and as soon as the wind spilled her, we talked on. Old Duggan, the Galway man, gave her the tune shrilly, and we lifted her—we lifted her, till she was check-blowed, and we were free to lift the main upper topsail.

It was done at last. "Now, boys, up and hand her!" cried the second mate, and went aft to relieve the wheel, to send the man there aloft to help him. The wind was blowing great guns by now; as we climbed on to the rail and into the weather rigging, we felt that it came not unarm'd, for snow blew into our faces and stung like nettles. The rattles were an affliction to lands already raw with sea salt and soaked ropes, and as the rolled and the lanyards rendered stiff, the very swifter swung under our feet. Into the futtock shrouds we went, and as soon as one raised one's face above the rim of the top, and turned to climb the topmast rigging, the driving snow blinded one, pouncing venomously on all bare skin.

On to the yard at last, where, braced half-in to spill the wind from the sail, it rocked and slapped the width of its parallel, and the work to be done was at hand. Old Duggan, with sixty hard years of sea-service behind him, and the buoyant pride of a good sailor always young in his blood, was first to windward on the foot rope. I followed, and next was a "Dutchman"—as we called Teuton—a mild and callow German. Duggan edged out adroitly to take the weather ear-ring, and as we went, the prisoned canvas belloved and snapped at the foot rope we stood on, while its head barked outfiagers as we gripped for a hold on the iron jacksay. Duggan straddled the yard arm, the slack luff against his chest, and deftly cast loose the ear-ring and took a turn through the bolt.

"All together, boys," he cried, "and lift her up to wind'ard. Up wid her!" And he started the shrill yell to which sailormen haul in time.

Chests against the yard, our feet stretched far behind us against the trest foot rope, while the snow swirled over and the wind snatched at us, we fumbled for a hold on the slanting canvas. It was like digging vain fingers into a sheet of wood; it had life and the cruelty of live intelligence. It dodged our groping hands; it rose and buffeted at our heads, while on my left the Dutchman sobbed and gibbered, and on my right old Duggan blarneyed and cursed. "Smother her, me lads," he was crying. "Smother her, now. There ye've got her!"

The wind emptied itself from the sail as the ship swung and pointed the end to the eye of the gale, and we were swift to seize the occasion expertly. Fold after fold we dragged the wet, frozen canvas up, lifting it to windward where old Duggan took in the car-rings. We packed it under our chests as we gathered it, till we reached the foot that told us that the reef was up and secured, and then we groped for the reef-points and were concerned to finish the business.

A neat reef-knot that does not jam and is readily loosed does the business, and it is a fool crime to blunder at it, if blunder is possible to sailor in so simple a matter. I was sitting on the foot rope passing up the reef-points to old Duggan when I heard the next man but one curse aloud. Then came the sound of a savage blow and a scream from the Dutchman. He had been caught butting-fingered over a granny knot.

Down to deck again, to clear up the gear and take a swing all around on the braces, while the port watch returned to their bunks. The snow filled the air now, and the gale had come on in force. The captain stood yet at the standard compass, and there we crouched and watched him, while one after another the bells clicked off the time.

It was time to call the watch when at last he turned and laid a hand on the shoulder of the second mate. Doubtless he knew we all listened, and spoke so that we might hear. "We're clear of the Horn this time. Call the steward, and at eight bells we'll splice the main-brace."—St. James' Gazette.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit. Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir? Guest—What for? Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.

T
H
I
S
O
R
I
G
I
N
A
L
D
O
C
U
M
E
N
T
I
S
I
N
V
E
R
Y
P
O
O
R
C
O
N
D
I
T
I
O
N