## JOHN HUXFORD'S HIATUS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

And it happened that when the sailors broke off their mid-day meal, one of them, either out of curiosity or good nature, came over to the old watcher and greeted him. So John asked him to be eated on a log by his side, and began to put many questions to him about the om which he came, and the town. All which the man answered glibly nough, for there is nothing in the world that a sailor loves to talk of so much as of his native place, for it pleases him to show that he is no mere wanderer, but that he has a home to receive him whenever he shall choose to settle down quiet ilfe. So the seamen plattled away about the town hall and the Martellow Tower, and the Esplanade, and litt street and the High street, until his companion suddenly shot out a leng eager arm and caught him by the wrise. "Look here, man," he said, in a low, quick here, man," he said, in a non-here, man," he said, in a non-here, whisper. "Answer me truly as you hope whisper. "Answer me truly as you have for mercy. Are not the streets that run out of the High street, Fox street, Caroline street and George street, in the order named?" "They are," the sailor answered, shrinking away from the wild, finshing eyes. And at that moment John's memory came back to him, and he saw, clear and distinct, his life as it had been and as it should have been, with every minutest detail traced as in letters of fire. Too stricken to cry out, too stricken to weep, he could only hurry away homeward, wildly and aimlessly; hurry as f.s. as his aged limbs would carry him, as if, poor soul! there were some chance of yet catching up the fifty years which had gone by. Staggering and tremulous, he hastened on until a film seemed to gather over his eyes, and throwing his arms into the air with a great cry, "On, Mary, Mary! Oh, my lost, lost life!" he fell senseless upon the pavement.

The storm of emotion which had passed

through him, and the mental shock which he had undergone, would have sent many a man into a raging fever, but John was too strong-willed and too practical to allow his strength to be wasted at the very time when he needed it most. Within a few days he realized a portion of his property, and starting for New York, caught the first mail steamer to England. Day and night, night and day, he trod the quarterdeck, until the hardy sailors watched the old man with astonishment, and marveled how any human being could do so much now any numar being could do so int.cn upon so little sleep. It was only by this unceasing exercise, by wearing down his vitality until fatigue brought lethargy, that he could prevent himself from falling into a very frenzy of despair. He hardly dared ask himself what was the object of this wild journey? What did he expect? Would Mary be still alive? She must be a very old woman. If he could but see her and mingle his tears with hers he would be content. Let her only know that it had been no fault of his, and that they had both been victims to the same cruel fate. The cottage was her own, and she had said that she would him. Poor lass, she had never reckoned

on such a wait as this.

At last the Irish lights were sighted passed, Land's End lay like a blue fog upon the water, and the great steamer plowed its way along the bold Cornish coast until it dropped its anchor in Plymouth Bay. John hurried to the railway station, and within a few hours he found himself back once more in his native town, which he had quitted a poor cork-

ster, half a century before. But was it the same town? Were it not for the name engraved all over the sta-tion and on the hotels, John might have found a difficulty in believing it. The broad, well-paved streets, with the tram which the station had been built was now the very center of the town, but in the old days it would have been far out in the fields. In every direction lines of luxurious villas branched away in streets ents bearing names which were new to the exile. Great warehouses, and long rows of shops with glittering fronts, showed him how enormously Brisport had increased in wealth as well as in dimensions. It was only when he came upon the old High street that John began to feel at home. It was much altered, but the buildings were just as he had lent them. There was the place where Fair-bairn's cork works had been. It was now occupied by a great, brand-new hotel.

And there was the old gray town hall.

The wanderer turned down beside it, and made his way with eager steps but a sinking heart in the direction of the line of cottages which he used to know so

It was not difficult for him to find where they had been. The sea at least was as of old, and from it he could tell where the cottages had stood. But alas, where were they now? In their place an imposing crescent of high stone houses ed their tall front to the beach. John walked wearily down past their palatial entrances, feeling heartsore and despair-ing, when suddenly a thrill shot through him, followed by a warm glow of excitement and of hope, for, standing a little back from the line, and looking as much out of place as a bumpkin in a ballroom, was an old whitewashed cottage, with wooden porch and walls bright with greening plants. He mikked his greening plants. creeping plants. He rubbed his eyes and stared again, but there it stood with its diamond-paned windows and white muslin curtains, the very same down to the smallest details, as it had been on the

day when he last saw it. Brown hair had become white, and fishing hamlets had changed into cities, but busy hands and faithful heart had kept granny's cotage unchanged and ready for the wan-

And now, when he had reached his very haven of rest, John Huxford's mind ame more filled with apprehension an ever, and he became so deadly age. An old fisherman was perched at me end of it, smoking his black clay ire, and he remarked upon the wan ce and sad eyes of the stranger.
"You have overtired yourself," he said.

ne to forget our years.'

"I'm better now, thank you," John answered. "Can you tell me, friend, how that one cottage came among all those

said the old fellow, thumping his crutch energetically upon the ground, "that cottage belongs to the most obstinte woman in all England. That woman, f you'll believe me, has been offered the price of the cottage ten times over, and yet she won't part with it. They have ven promised to remove it stone by stone, and put it up on some more convenient blace, and pay her a good round sum not the bargain, but. God bless you! she couldn't so much as hear of it."

"And why was that?" asked John. 'Well, that's just the funny part of it. It's all on account of a mistake. You see her spark went away when I was a youngster, and she's got it into her head he may come back some day, and that he won't know where to go unless the cottage is there. Why, if the fellow were alive he would be asold as you, but I've no doubt he's dead long ago. She's well quit of him, for he must have been scamp to abandon her as he did."
"Oh, he abandoned her, did he?"

"Yes-went off to the States, and never so much as sent a word to bid her goodwe. It was a cruel shame, it was, for girl has been a-waiting and a-pining for him ever since. It's my belief that it's fifty years' weeping that blinded her." "She is blind!" cried John, half rising

Worse than that," said the fisherman. "She's mortal ill, and not expected to live. Why, look ye, there's the doctor's carriage a-waiting at her door."

At these evil tiding old John sprang up

and hurried over to the cottage, where he met the physician returning to his

is your patient, doctor?" he "Your patient, doctor?" he asked in a trembling voice.
"Very bad, very bad," said the man of medicine pompously. "If she continues to sink she will be in great danger; but if, on the other hand, she takes a turn, it is possible that she may recover," with which oracular answer he drove away in solved of dust.

cloud of dust.

John Huxford was still hesitating at the doorway, not knowing how to an-nounce himself, or how far a shock might, be dangerous to the sufferer, when a gentleman in black came bustling up.

"Can you tell me, my man, if this is where the sick woman is?" he asked.

John nodded, and the clergyman passed in, leaving the door half open. The wanderer waited until he had gone the the

in, leaving the door nan open. The wanderer waited until he had gone into the inner room, and then slipped into the front parlor, where he had spent so many happy hours. All was the same as ever, down to the smallest ornaments, for Mary had been in the habit whenever anything was broken of replacing it with a duplicate, so that there might be no change in the room. He stood irresolute, looking about him, until he heard a woman's voice from the inner chamber, and stealing to the door he peeped in.
The invalid was reclining upon a couch,

propped up with pillows, and her face was turned full toward John as he looked round the door. He could have cried out as his eyes rested upon it, for there were Mary's pale, plain, sweet homely features as smooth and as unchanged as though she were still the half child, half woman different from the narrow, winding lanes which he could remember. The spot upon whom he had pressed to his heart on the part of the could remember. The spot upon whom he had pressed to his heart on the part of the could remember. Her calm, eventless, unelfish life had left none of those rude wes upon her countenance which are the outward emblems of internal conflict d an unquiet soul. A chaste melan-

noly had refined and softened her exompensated for by that placidity which omes upon the faces of the blind. With er silvery hair peeping out beneath her row-white cap, and a bright smile upon her sympathetic face, she was the old mary improved and developed, with someing ethogeal and angelic superadded. "You will keep a tenant in the cot

re," she was saying to the clergyman, o sat with his back turned to the obver. "Choose some poor deserving folk the parish who will be glad of a home And when he comes you will tell that I have waited for him until I been forced to go on, but that he if find me on the other side still faith-

ally a few pounds—but I should like at to have it when he comes, for he y need it, and then you will tell the ik you rut in to be kind to him, for he will be grieved, poor lad, and to tell him that I was cheerful and happy up to the mid. Don't let him know that I ever rested, or he may fret too."

"Your John listened quietly to all this

from behind the door, and more than nee he had to put his hand to his throat, when she had finished, and when he wight of her long, blameless, innocent and saw the dear face looking ght at him, and yet unable to see im, it became too much for his manod, and he burst out into an irrepresible, choking sob which shook his very And then occurred a strange thing, for though he had spoken no word, a old woman stretched out her arms to

him, and cried, "Oh, Johnny, Johnny! Oh, dear, dear Johnny, you have come back to me again," and before the parson ould at all understand what had hap-bened, those two faithful lovers were in bench, those two latitud lovers were in each other's arms, weeping over each other, and patting each other's silvery head, with their hearts so full of joy that it almost compensated for all that

fifty years of waiting. weary fifty years of waiting.

It is hard to say how long they rejoiced together. It seemed a very short time to them and a very long one to the reverend gentleman, who was thinking at last of stealing away, when Mary recollected his presence and the courtesy which was due to him. "My heart is full of joy, sir," she said; "it is God's will the Leveld yet seems long. that I should not see my Johnny, but I can call his image up as clear as if I had my eyes. Now stand up, John, and I will let the gentleman see how well I emember you. He is as tall, sir, as the econd shelf, as straight as an arrow, his face brown, and his eyes bright and clear. His hair is well-nigh black, and his nustache the same-I shouldn't wonder if he had whiskers as well by this time. Now, sir, don't you think I can do withbut my sight?" The clergyman listened to her description, and looking at the battered, white-haired man before him, he hardly knew whether to laugh or to

But it all proved to be a laughing mat but it all proved to be a laugning mat-ter in the end, for, whether it was that her illness had taken some natural turn, or that John's return had startled it away, it is certain that from that day steadily improved until she was as as ever. "No special license for me," vell as ever. John had said sturdily. "It looks as if we were ashamed of what we are doing, as though we hadn't the best right to be married of any two folk in the parish." so the bans were put up accordingly, and three times it was announced that John Huxford, bachelor, was going to be united to Mary Howden, spinster, after which, no one objecting, they were duly married accordingly. "We may not have very long in this world," said old John, 'but at least we shall start fair and quare in the next."

Johns's share in the Quebec business vas sold out, and gave rise to a very interesting legal question as to whether knowing that his name was Huxford, he could still sign that of Hardy, as was necessary for the completion of the business. It was decided, however, that on his producing two trustworthy witnesses to his identity all would be right, so the property was duly realized and produced a very handsome fortune. Part of this John deveted to building a pretty villa just outside Brisport, and the heart of the proprietor of Beach Terrace leaped within him when he learned that the cottage was at last to be abandoned and that, it would no longer break the symmetry and impair the effect of his row of aristocratic mansions

And there in their snug new home time, and on either side of the fire in the winter, that worthy old couple tinued for many years to live as inno cently and as happily as two children. Those who knew them well say that there was never a shadow between them, and that the love which burned in their aged hearts was as high and as holy as that of any young couple who ever went to the altar. And through all the counthat of any young couple who ever went to the altar. And through all the country round, if ever man or woman were in distress and fighting against hard times, they had only to go up to the villa to receive help, and that sympathy which is more precious than help. So when at last John and Mary fell asleep in their ripe old age, within a few hours of each other, they had all the poor and the needy and the friendless of the parish among their mourners, and in talking over the troubles which these two had faced so bravely, they learned that their own miseries also were but passing things, and that faith and truth can never miscarry, either in this existence or the next. or the next.

THE END.

# A LOVER AT LARGE

BY SESSIE CHANDLER.

"But Kittie, you are perfectly unrea-"Not at all, I know what I saw with

"Not at all, I know what I saw with my own eyes."

"Well, what did you see, then?"

"You sat by her all through a waltz, you talked to her and—and—looked at her, and then you got up and danced with her, a horrid lancers, too, that no-body thinks of dancing nowadays! And then you went out and put her in her carriage, and tucked her in. I saw it all."

"But Kittie—"

"You needn't say 'Kittie' to me! The

"You needn't say 'Kittle' to me! The idea of that little widow's being attractive! She's old enough to be your

year, and I'm six months the oldest."
"Oh, you found that out, did you?
Well, I wouldn't believe her. She's a sly, deceitful thing! She's had one lover—at least I suppose her husband loved her. I don't see why, though! I should think she'd be contented now to stay at home and behave herself, instead of trying to rob other women!"

He looked at her helplessly—the big,

handsome, simple-minded fellow. He was no match for Kittie. She buzzed all around him, like a tormenting insect, too small to catch, too aggravating to be "Kittle, you shall hear me," he ex-

claimed. claimed. What were you doing when I sat beside Mrs. Millicent? Waltzing with Capt. Graham. Now I can't waltz till that confounded knee gets right again,

is indicated by little kernels in the neck. Sometimes they swell, become painful, soften, and end in a scar. Watch carefully, and just as soon as the kernels appear give

Scotts Emulsion

The swellings will grow less and less until they disappear entirely. Continue the Emulsion until the child has good solid flesh and a healthy color.

scorr & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

and do you think it's such a pleasure to and do you think it's such a pleasure to watch you circling round me—with other men? Mrs. Millicent talked with me, which is more than half the girls do, with a man who doesn't dance. Then came the lancers. I can get through those. I looked for you—but as usual, you were off with somebody else, so I danced with Mrs. Millicent. Surely it's no crime for me to dance one square dance with another woman, when you dance a dozen round dances with other

Miss Kittie Nicholson was une "It isn't so much that you did it," she said haughtily, "as that you enjoyed it

He looked at her in amazement. "Would you prefer to see me weep, as I dance? I'll remember that next time, and drop a few tears as I go."
"Oh, it isn't that. I can't make you understand. I'm not jealous, not at all.

Still, everyone says you are a great flirt, and it seems so queer that you should be loving me, as you say you do, and yet so perfectly contented with another woman, at the same time."

at the same time."

"But I don't see anything of you, Kittle. You won't let our engagement be announced. I have to stand with the rest of the mob and take my chances. I can hardly ever see you alone. I'm perfectly happy when I'm with you—you know I am—but you won't let me be with you. You turn me off, and laugh at me, and starve me. Then I pick up what crumbs I can from other people's tables. I presume now, you're going out to-night."

Miss Nicholson colored and looked confused—"Well, yes, to tell you the truth I fused—"Well, yes, to tell you the truth I am. But not right away. Maud has a

little supper to-night."

He looked at her savagely. "That's always the way! I shall go and see Mrs. Millicent."

ways the way! I shall go and see Mrs. Millicent."

"If you do, Gerald Hayes, I'll never speak to you again! The idea! Why Gerald, I believe you really like her."

Her tone had changed entirely, and a strain of real anxiety showed itself above the assumed petulancy with which she had been teasing her lover.

"I do like her—what do—you want me to do. Mrs. Miller hasn't invited me, It's too early to go to bed yet. Shall I go up and sit on the steps until you come out? I'm rather big to play lamb to your Mary, but I will if you wish it."

"Dear Gerald," said the girl, slipping her hand in his, "just weit a little longer. You've been so good and patient, I will tell everybody in a few days. It frightens me a little—that's all. But you know I love you, Gerald."

The last words were very low, but he heard them, and his arm was around her in a second, and he felt that he was being more than paid for all that he had suffered.

He left her half an hour later, with a much lighter heart. She was an unreasonable, spoilt beauty, he said to himself, but the dearest darling in the world.

He went up the street, whistling softly the went.

Where should he go? It was, as he has

Where should he go? It was, as he had said, too early to go to bed, and of course, he would not go to Mrs. Millicent's now. In fact he no longer wanted to. He was full of the afterglow of his last moments with Kittie.

Suddenly he bethought him of a friend of his mother, a charming, middle-aged woman, who lived right on the way. He owed her a dinner party call, too, and this was just the night to make it. So he walked along until he came to her door, keeping up his low, happy whistle. But "who can contend with his lords?" Gerald Hayes, trying his best to do his duty, walked straight into the trap, which fate had set for his unwary feet. For, as he stood in Mrs. Norwood's hall, he heard marks.

which fate had set for his unwary feet. For, as he stood in Mrs. Norwood's hall, he heard music—a woman's voice singing. He stopped a moment listening, but the servant pulled the portiere and announced him, and there was nothing for him to do but enter the drawing-room. The lights were dim, but he saw Mrs. Norwood, sitting in her accustomed corner, and went at once to speak to her. The music stopped, and the figure at the plane rose hastily. He looked across to find that it was Mrs. Millicent.

"Don't get up, Annie," said Mrs. Norwood, "I'm sure Gerald will enjoy hearing you as much as I do. Gerald, have you ever heard Mrs. Millicent sing,"

ever heard Mrs. Millicent sing?" Never, I am so gial to have that

"Well, sit right down and begin again, Annie. Gerald Hayes moved nearer the piano. Mrs. Millicent looked at him and smiled.

You are quite sure this isn't going to 'What an idea! I shall love it, I know." She began to look at her

ing it over and selecting it, while he

She was a small woman, less brilliantly pretty than Kittie. Her yellow hair waved away from her face, and over her head, and was gathered in a low knot. Her eyebrows were extremely level, and quite dark, much darker than her hair. It was this peculiarity which gave her face its character, for her cheeks were pale, and her mouth, although sweet, was

very small. She wore a white dress, made very simply, it seemed to Gerald. and yet there was something about it that appealed to him as essentially wo-

manly.

Why is it there are certain laces, certain bits of jewelry, certain fabrics and colors, that we instinctively associate with a gentle woman? Other things may be just as delicate and pretty, but they lack the suitle fragrance of long association. We are not quite sure of them.

Gerald Hayes's eyes looked approvingly at Mrs. Millicent. Here was a restful

one, who, whatever else she might do, would never torment a man.

Then she began to sing. She had a

sweet voice, carefully trained, and she sang with great feeling. Sne sang a number of love songs, and Gerald's heart thumped wildly through them all. He knew it was only singing, only the art of rendering a given emotion, and yet he felt that he would like once to hear a woman tell him that she loved him, in such sweet, low tones as that, so full of passionate feeling. Kittie had never done so; she had either announced the fact flippantly or allowed it to be reluctantly dragged from her.

He cared nothing at present for Mrs. Millicent, but within half an hour he was deeply in love with her voice. Whenever she stopped Mrs. Norwood would cry out, "Oh, do go on! I am enjoying it so!"

Her eyes were closed, and she had every appearance of nodding in her corner, but

spearance of nodding in her corner, but she roused herself each time, with the stopping of the music.

Finally, when Mrs. Millicent was nearly too tired to sing any more, Mrs. Norwood rang and gave some orders, and then they settled themselves in one of the cost corners and chetted away. We way cosy corners and chatted away like very old friends.

Mrs. Millicent's maid came for her,

but Mrs. Norwood said: "Send her away. Don't make her wait. It's too early to go yet, and here is Gerald Hayes, with nothing in the world to do, but see you

Mrs. Millicent hesitated. "Oh, do let me," Gerald hastened to say, "it will be the greatest pleasure," and so after some demurring, the maid was dismissed, and the three sat down to a delicious little the three sat down to a delicious little supper. Everything at Mrs. Norwood's was good, and she herself seemed to be fully awake at last, and most amusing. She rattled on, tell one naively funny story after another, and Gerald found that he and Mrs. Millicent were glancing at each other with a perfect understand.

that he and Mrs. Millicent were glancing at each other with a perfect understanding of their hostess. That is always delightful sympathy, when two people think the same of a third, and know they do, without expressing it.

It was late—later than any of them imagined, when Gerald found himself walking home with Mrs. Millicent. The spell of the evening was broken now. He was simply a tired man, escorting a silent little woman home.

Therefore he had no feeling of guilti-

was simply a tired man, escorting a silent little woman home.

Therefore he had no feeling of guiltiness, when he suddenly met Kittie. Yes, Kittle, in a carriage stopping before a house where she had evidently left one of her party. The searching electric light fell full upon her face, but there was no time to speak. The carriage drove off, and he and Mrs. Millicent walked on. He was not uncomfortable about it till after he got home. Then he began to think how Kittie would demand explanations, and how impossible it would be to satisfy her. He resolved that he would see her the first thing in the morning, explain it all, and get through the little scene as soon as possible.

But Kittie was not in when he called in the morning, nor was he more successful when he tried to see her in the afternoon. The first rebuff irritated him, the second antagonized.

Gerald Hayes was a sweet-natured man, easily led, and quickly influenced, but obstinate if one tried to drive him. His

grimly.

She looked at him keenly, but said

othing more.

"This has been a delightful drive," said he, when he helped her out, "won't you go again with me? Would to-morrow be too soon?"

She looked at him and laughed. He was so big and yet so boyish. The frown that had wrinkled his forehead when they passed Kittie still shadowed his handsome face, and this little trick of using her for a foil was such an old one, and so transparent.

using her for a foil was such an old one, and so transparent.

"Not to-morrow," she answered gently, "but sometime, certainly."

"I wish you would go to-morrow," he said earnestly, his face dark with trouble, "I really wish it very much."

He was forming the desperate design of driving with her every evening, and passing Kittle every time.

"Not to-morrow," she repeated, and left him disconsolate. On the morrow he had other things to think of, for Kittle wrote to him at last.

wrote to him at last. It was a very angry, short letter.

"After your outrageous conduct," she began, "you can hardly expect me to see you again. Our engagement, which most fortunately has never been announced, is now ended. I have no ring to return, but I send with this whatever things I have that might remind me of you. Do not try to see me, for it is useless.

"With many regrets over my own foolishness, believe me,

"Truly yours,
"Katherine Nicholson,"

To this he answered :-

"My dear Kittle—I came to see you on Monday, with a full explanation of my 'outrageous conduct,' but you evidently did not care to hear it. I have done nothing which I can look upon in any way, as a reason for breaking our engagement. I am therefore compelled to believe that you wish it broken. Against your wish I will not appeal.
"Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours, "Gerald Hayes."

After sending this note he felt very miserable, so miserable, in fact, that it did not seem to him he could exist without consolation, so he went to see Mrs. Millicent. He made so many cynical remarks to her, in the course of his visit, marks to her, in the course of his visit, about the faithlessness of women, that she had a very good idea of what had happened, and was intensely amused. She sang to him and he seemed to quite enjoy all the melancholy ballads, reveling especially in one, with the pleasing refrain, "When love is a lie, and Hope to dead."

'You're feeling down to-night, arn't you?" she asked, after she had finished

"Yes," he answered, biting the ends of his moustache, and glaring savagely.
"I've had rather a blow to-day."
He would have told her all, in a min-

ute, but she would have liked him less, if he had, and so she headed him off. "Do you ever read Browning?" she was going to say. but the absurdity of the question struck her, and she changed

(To be Continued.)

### The Canad an Order of Foresters.

For 20 years this society has been doing bus ness, and each year it has been growing instrength and influence. The following table which gives the standing of the order since its organization in 1879, will show how

In November, 1895, the insurance premiums payable by the members were put upon a sliding scale, and since that time the surplus in the insurance fund has been rapidly increasing, and to-day it is over \$823,000, all of which is invested in gilt-edged securities in the Doninion of Canada, to securities in the Doninion of Canada, to which the operations of the socriety are confined. The membership is upward of 33,000 distributed in every province of the Dominion, and is growing unprecedently. The society issues insurance policies for \$500, 1000, 7500 and \$2000, at the following the fees being paid monthly in adrates, the fees being paid monthly

On On On \$500 \$1000 \$1500 85e 1.28 1.00 1.50

Not a dollar of the moneys collected for the insurance fund is er has been used for the expenses of management. Over two million dollars have been paid to members and their dependents since the organization of the society. The sick and Funeral Benefit Branch is a

But Kittle was not in when he called in the morning, nor was he more successful when he tried to see her in the afternoon. The first rebuff irritated him, the second antagonized.

Gerald Hayes was a sweet-natured man, easily led, and quickly influenced, but obstinate if one tried to drive him. His heart hardened against Kittle for her absund misunderstanding, and her silly idea of punishing him.

He resolved to ask Mrs. Millicent to drive with him that evening. She went, and he had the pleasure of passing Kittle in his whitechapel as she was driving with her mother. She didn't see him, but sat unnecessarily straight, and was so elsborately conscious that Mrs. Millicent exclaimed: "What is the matter? Don't you know Miss Nicholson?"

"Not to-night, it seems," he answered grimly.

She looked as him lease to the succeeding ten weeks, and \$56 during any year, besides a funeral benefit of \$30. The fees, payable monthly in advance, are as follows:

"25 and 30 years 30 ts.

"35 and 40 years 40cts.

"40 and 45 years 45cts.

During the year 1898 over \$43,000 was paid out in sick and funeral benefits, and \$143,000 in death benefits. All physically and morally qualified males between 18 and 45 years of age, who are not debarted on account of their occupation, are accepted for membership.

E. ELLIOTT. THOS. WHITE.

H. C. R., Ingersoll, High Sec Brantford.

# How to be Beautiful.

(Continued from page 2)

advice is foolish, put it to the test. I am quite certain you will be surprised when you find how well it works in many cases.

If you would be beautiful—this is the second ingredient of my recipedo not be envious or spiteful. All the wealth and talent in the world will fail to gain you that place in the hearts of your friends or secure for you the share of admiration that might be yours if your wealth and talents were only coupled with kindly traits. In a woman a gentle disposition counts for so very, very much. It really helps to beautify.

Clothes, as a matter of fact, cannot be overlooked, or should not be overlooked, by the seeker after beauty. I have done It is well for a woman to wear a gown cut in a becoming fashion and of a becoming color. It is well to be 'well

The third part of my beauty recipe, therefore, calls for a good amount of 'grooming.' The prettiest woman imaginable cannot be attractive with a dowdy bodice, hair that is not brushed and a complexion that shows ne glect only too plainly.

Then to be beautiful I would suggest the cultivation of a kindly disposition, a determination not to worry over anything that cannot be cured by worry and a liberal application of soap and water and frequent doses of fresh air and exercise. Cosmetics? Oh, yes, cosmetics are good in their place, but their place comes after and not before my recipe. - Margaret Hannis in St. Louis Republic.

The 40 and 50cts grades of Red Rose Tea are just as economical as the cheaper grades. Less Tea is required to make the same number of cups. Try them and see.

# M. H. McMILLAN,

IMPOPTER AND

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Madam :---

Excuse a blunt question. Have you tried a pair of our shoes? They have been selling, hundreds of them. If

other people like the style and fit, may you not be missing a chance? They are a little out of the ordinary, you might.

at least call and have a look at them. Yours truly.

M. H. McMillan.

Newcastle, N. B., May 30, 1900.