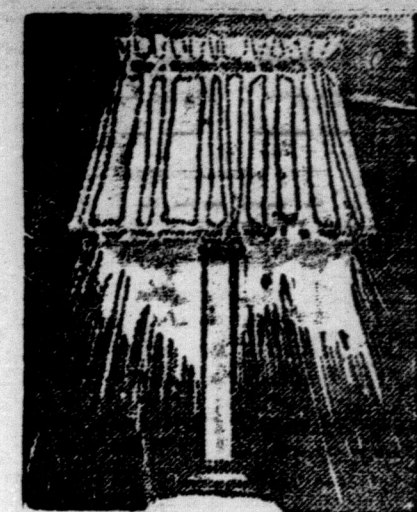


Our Saturday Night's Story



RIVER AND RING.

An Episode of the London Embankment That Illustrated an Old and True Saying.

BY ANTHONY HOPE

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It was a dark and gusty night; rain now drizzled and now whistled down; the wet pavement gleamed under the lamps, and the policeman's waterproof cape flashed back as it was an answering signal. The few people about hurried hard for home or some makeshift shelter—no need to bid them "move on!" The policeman had his beat, and his

thoughts, pretty well to himself. His beat lay along the Embankment at the Westminster end; his thoughts were wholly set on wondering how long the hands of the clock in the tower up there would take to cover what was possessed only half an hour; the boom of ten o'clock from Big Ben would set him free.

He strolled along with the ponderous passivity that characterizes the policeman unemployed. Yet the next moment his eyes human eye, not his professional—brightened somewhat at the sight of a graceful figure leaning against the parapet just under a lamp. He strolled more slowly, aiming at noiselessness—for he did not wish to disturb the girl; she was obviously engrossed in thought, gazing across to the wharves on the Surrey side, her hands clasped and elbows resting on the parapet. She was draped from neck to feet in a long cloak; to the peit of the rain she seemed quite indifferent.

When the policeman was some ten paces from her, he stopped suddenly; she had unclosed her hands, and by that action revealed a small object which had lain hidden between them. It was a little case; the next moment the policeman—her preoccupation allowed him to steal gradually up to her—saw her open it; with one hand she took out a ring; with the other she flung the case into the river. Then she put the ring on the third finger of her left hand and seemed to study the effect it made so

of spending your time, ain't it?" "What do you mean?" she asked, turning and facing him squarely. "The case—well, that's not so funny; cases tell tales. But I was thinking that you might only have thought of throwing the ring after it quite lately—since you've seen me, in point of fact. Anything in that?"

She looked at him a moment longer, and then smiled tentatively. "Oh!" she said slowly, in the tone of one who makes a discovery. "You're thinking—" Her smile broadened a little, developing a dimple in her left cheek. "I suppose it must look curious."

"Well, it does a bit, miss." Her air and the quality of her voice extorted the "miss" from him in spite of his suspicions.

"Of course I thought nobody would see me."

"The policeman's face remained gravely irresponsive to the hint of appeal in her words. An alarm—yet rather humorous than serious—showed in her eyes.

"You really mustn't take it up!" she said. "That would be most awkward. I—I suppose I should have to explain everything."

"Couldn't you begin by explaining a bit now, miss?" "I don't like to go on with, so to speak."

"Oh, why not?" she murmured, as though to herself. "It must have looked funny," she acknowledged again. "But I hadn't worn it for nearly three years. So I thought I'd put it on just once more

as he laid his hand on hers. She faced him again. "Well, then, I suppose I must tell you about it—though that seems to me just as funny as throwing the ring into the river."

The policeman looked at the ring—a single pearl of no great size, plainly set in gold. "Maybe a—a token, miss?" he hazarded.

"Yes, a token. An engagement ring. Well, a man I was engaged to gave me that ring. Just three months later—when I don't want his name, do you?"

"Not at present, at all events, miss."

"I got a letter from him—told me that he loved me best still, but that he couldn't stand the pressure put on him by his family. They had found a great match for him—a girl very much richer and greater than I am. Then he went on to ask me to forgive him and not think too badly of him. He said he knew he was a coward."

"He was right then, miss."

"But if I understood how he was placed, I shouldn't think him quite such a cur as he looked. And he asked me, if I had ever cared for him at all, not to keep his ring for the sake of old times."

He said that if I sent it back he'd think I meant that he was the worst kind of cur."

"I'd have sent it back," observed the policeman.

"I kept it as the one thing in the world I had left. But I can't keep it any more now."

"Got over your feelings? That's right, miss! There's a good fish—"

"I've got another ring, anyhow."

"I see, miss," said the policeman with a comprehending nod.

"Shall we throw it in now?"

"Well, considering it's mine, it is better there, ain't it, miss?"

"Let me put it on once more."

"You wouldn't, miss."

"Am I to keep it and steal looks at it—and get unhappy again?"

"You're right. It's better in the river, miss."

She took it and put it on the third finger of her left hand again. After a deliberately defiant look at the policeman, she kissed it. Then she drew it off and flung it after its case—as far out into the river as she could.

"I don't suppose we shall ever speak to one another again," she said, "but you've been kind to me. I'm grateful."

"I didn't mean to intrude, miss. It was only my duty."

"I know. I never thought how odd it might look."

She gave him her left hand. He watched her as she sped swiftly across the road and past the big buildings. There were cabs at the foot of Northumberland avenue, and she got into one.

"Looky here!" he wanted to chuck herself in too!" reflected the policeman. "Some of 'em do!"

Next day the round of his varied and interesting duties called him to the task of "setting-down" and "taking-up" of carriages at the entrance to St. Margaret's Church. The occasion was one of interest. The church itself was crowded; carriages and cars were there in a swarm, and the policeman was kept busy in the exercise of his discreet omnipotence. So he missed the ingoing of the bride, all veiled, on her father's arm, and had to take it on trust, from a junior constable, that she was a "swipe" piece of goods!" It was a soldier's wedding; he was an old soldier, and grew warm at heart when he saw the uniforms passing in to ornament the scene. Moreover, he was always pleased to have a wedding to tell his wife about at supper; that amused her. But even his tale of the wedding would be held a lame one if he could not so much as see the bridegroom in a moment into the inside, the intimate side, of it. It was very possible



NEW LEADER LOOMS UP IN MEXICO

Colonia Obregon

[Special Correspondence.]

Tepic, Mexico, May 20. — While the powers have been watching Villa, Zapata, Carranza and wondering which would be the conqueror and successor of Huerta, a new figure has silently worked among the rebels—General Obregon.

Obregon holds the finest troops in Mexico. There are 17,000 of them, well drilled and faithful. Obregon himself is an expert in military tactics. He is encamped near Tepic now, but is making all haste to reach Mexico City before Villa. He will not co-operate with Villa in an attack on the capital, but rather will try to install himself in Huerta's place before Villa has a chance to prevent it. It is said that Carranza is secretly backing Obregon.

tract logger in New Brunswick, I went up the St. John River with fourteen men. We travelled in canoes. So began my personal work in the forest.

"About that time, or a little later, I came to the notice of Jefferson Sinclair, the Napoleon of all lumbermen the world over, then and since. He had been operating in Maine. I was an active boy. Sinclair took a fancy to me and I accompanied him to Bangor, which was his home, where I went to school for a year. Sinclair made me a member of his family and always called me 'son'."

"Sinclair always wanted me to stay with him. I thought, however, that I would like to be a sailor. The old man didn't say much, but toward the close of the season he got me a place before the mast on a sailing-vessel on Lake Michigan. I have always believed that he had some private arrangements with the captain. At all events, I was kept on deck, well forward, and almost froze to death. The treatment was successful, though I didn't lose interest in ships, and not a great while afterward owned a vessel carrying lumber to Chicago and bringing merchandise back.

"I was trained by Sinclair, going with him into the woods, driving a six-ox team, learning how to judge standing pine, and to sell it after it was cut down and run through the mill. Sinclair wanted to keep me. Maybe he was a little selfish in that respect."

"Went into Logging."

"I realized, too, that my association with him did me a great deal of good. It gave me standing with other lumbermen. I had fifteen or twenty good offers to go into business before I came of age. In time I got into logging on my own account. Then I bought pine land. Little by little I expanded my operations."

"And so it went. Now his interests are manifold and his wealth reaches into eight figures; but he has not ceased to work, to love living, and to be human. His view of life is well shown in his advice to one who would (D. V.) live to the age of eighty-five and still enjoy life. Like most prescriptions of similar nature, it would doubtless be the death of any average man. He says:

"Hard work outdoors is the best advice I know of. Work keeps people alive. Speaking for myself, I have never been a steady eater. It is bad to put more fuel on the fire than can

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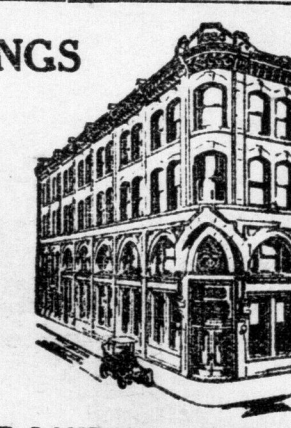
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TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can. — "I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK Emsley, 903 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.
Beatrice, Neb. — "Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."—Mrs. R. B. Child, Beatrice, Neb.



She Kissed It and Flung It Far Out Into the River.

placed. In an instant the policeman became professional. He was by her side. "Seeing how it looks on you?" he asked. She turned to him with a start, showing a small, delicately featured face, pale in tint and with large eyes. "Didn't want to keep the case, didn't you?" he asked. "Yes, I am seeing how it looks on me," she answered in a composed voice. "And when I have seen how it looks on me, I'm going to throw it in the river, after the case."

"That's a rum start! Throwing pearl rings into the Thames is a funny way

and see how it—how it used to look. And just then you came up!"

"It looks much money."

"Not very much. The friend who gave it to me wasn't rich—when he gave it to me."

"My missus would call it pretty fine! Polts down our street wouldn't think she'd come honestly by it."

"And you don't think I have?" She smiled again.

"I've got my duty to do, miss. A touch of apology softened his sturdiness.

"I came honestly by it, but I can't keep it honestly. So," she drew the ring off her finger—"it's best at the bottom of the river."

"Wait a bit, miss!" he said sharply,

a much larger boy, threatened to plug us under the ear and knock us down if we didn't stand up and fight like men. Everybody fought in those days, old and young.

"I used to drag, was forty or sixty miles between logging-camps. Supplies were needed at each. My hands were so pum with cold that I couldn't hold a pencil, let alone write. I had to remember items by item all that I was told—sled-bolts of various lengths and so on. For twenty-nine years I went of fishing up the Memphrigo River. There were never more than forty-three persons in the party and never fewer than thirty-one—boys and guests."

"The 'boys' were his sailors. 'Boys' ran his furnaces, works, and mills. 'Boys' cultivated his farms. The girls in his house are hired girls. 'I never use the word 'servant,' he said. 'It's not American; I wince when I hear other say it.'"

"I gave an order offhand for the supplies we wanted on the first trip," he continued, speaking of his fishing expedition. "I didn't overlook any trifles or necessities. Thought of matches and the quantity, and fish-hooks, of course. So it was from season to season for twenty-nine years without a break, big or little, in the record."

Chef for a Lumber Camp.
"Is it true," I inquired, "that you were once a week in a lumber-camp?"

"That was in the summer of 1840—seventy-four years ago. I was eleven, and am not bragging about the quality of my cooking. My father was a con-

Reference is made to an ancient Canadian dead and gone and out of the memory of even his own venerable neighborhood. I had a prize-fight with him when I was twelve years old." Senator Stephenson said to his New Brunswick caller. "The referee,

U. S. TROOPER'S FATE MUST BE EXPLAINED



Samuel Parks
Washington, May 20.—The fate of Samuel Parks, of Funston's Fifth Brigade, who, while temporarily crazed by heat, rode into the Mexican lines and disappeared, will have to be explained by Huerta and Maas. Secretary Bryan has submitted an inquiry to Huerta, and Secretary Garrison has asked Maas to explain.

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