#### Mad as a March Hare

It is a strange story, no doubt, this story of my poor friend Sam, who, in full possession of his sanity, and and cold. You're mad enough when with unfaltering purpose, never paus- there's nobody looking, but the mo- limbo, the authors of testimonials ed till he got himself shut up in a ment they send for a witness you were sent about their business, and lunatic asylum.

Yet so it was; and for the simplest reason in the world. A chum of ours, sane are the greatest hypocrites alive. Reason." He played his rubber with Tom by name, had lately been snatch- I'm done for in no time if they take the rest of us; and altogether coned from the midst of us and sent to me in at that." a private institution of this sort. We candid about it, there was a strong upset with the chief on some frivol- was asked. Tom's uncle, a retired major at the connected with the real matter in

nephew's considerable fortune. We had contrived to let the captive know that a rescue would be attemptsoon set him free. But there was no the Colonel by the arm, trotted him tirely at his ease. doing this by ordinary means. For- all over the grounds, and sang the

not to say of a Quixotic, turn.

"I'll do it," he said one day when eccentricity till I get them to run extravagances than ever, by way of hauled her in. me in the same lockup. Then as soon forcing the pace. He began to read It nearly wrecked the dinner at the England too hot to hold them till they let him out."

"Absurd!" practical proceeding in the world."

the same asylum?' miles. The same doctors-and they jug. "Ridiculous!"

"But do condescend to particulars. Why?"

"I never heard of such a thing." I'm going to have a shy at it, any- him, and wailed out a supplication embarrassed, as though hesitating beway. I shall start shamming mad for proteine. He clamored for nuts tween the impulse to pitch him the to-morrow, and mind you back me at the most unseasonable hours; lit- long desired straight-waistcoat in sup.

"too wild."

the under dog?'

only half knew what I did not want, leave off at the turn of the scale.

the cut me dead.

would not speak to a soul except in tion, "Some Difficulties of Belief." work, wrote his letters, but insisted were startled, no doubt; but, if only on taking them to the post. And he for the prudential reasons already spending the evening in what seemed ing what he wanted. When I sought making his will.

They had the family doctor-not the 'The artful patient veered round in my tether." perfect propriety for the occasion and talked like a book. The doctor look-But as soon as the man of science ing, or the tactics, at any rate." had gone away, leaving a confidential prescription for golf, poor Sam work- go.' ed up an entirely one-sided quarrel with the butler, and asked him if he wanted to fight.

#### **WELL KNOWN** IN JARVIS, ONT.

Haldimand County Councillor tells ing at? how Psychine cured his Lung Troubles

"I contracted a series of colds from the changing "eather," says Mr. Bryce Allen, a well-known resident of Jarvis, Ont., and member of Haldimand County Council for his district, "and gradually my lungs became affected. I tried medicine and doctors prescribed for me, but got I no relief. With lungs and stomach diseased, nervous, weak an wasted, I began to use Psychine. With two months' treatment I regained my health. To-day I am as sound as a bell, and give all the credit to

There is a proof of what Psychine does. It not only cures Colds and kills the germs of LaGrippe, Pneumonia and Consumption, but it helps the stomach, makes pure, rich blood and spreads general health all over the body. You will never have Consump-

## **PSYCHINE**

50c. Per Bottle SE. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

Why?" might give points to a dove."

The offer of a few days' rest put had all three come together at an him in a real temper, as threatening party was given to celebrate his rearmy coaching place. To be quite unnecessary delay. He now had an covery, and his relative, the Colonel, suspicion of foul play on the part of ous pretext-of course, entirely unhead of the establishment, who hoped hand-and gave it to him with a thrown open. As Sam and I strolled ultimately to have the handling gf his straightness that left nothing to be in from the lawn after the second bell desired.

Then they wrote to his relatives. place a bad name.

"Suppose they won't put you into ready to believe in this line, or to a loss as to the right thing to say. do. He spent much of his leisure in At length he ventured on-"There's no other within twenty leaping over a fence as a test of the efficacy of his diet. And, on days after, if you don't mind.' will be the same, no doubt-the same when the result seemed satisfactory, he asked us, as a particular favor, to-night; it's so warm." "Oh, as to that, Eddicott-well, fered him meat he pushed it from about it; but they were silent and "I don't like the look of it; it's the dogs; wallowed in raspberry juice unmoved. And as to conversation, I "Do drop thinking so much about regard his progress in the absorption him in better form. yourself, my dear fellow. What about of albumen as others regard their pro-I ought really to be kept this side them at every meal. You would find way to the door. him at lunch in his solitary chair "Won't you finish your dinner?" He quite knew what he wanted; I nibbling a banana, and waiting to gasped the Colonel.

It is hardly necessary to state the re- When anything went wrong with sult. I agreed to stand in with him, him-and, of course, something went and I was the only person in his se- wrong pretty well every day-he tried ally appeared on the lawn again, in ways with the suavity which was the to cure himself with advertised me-Next morning he entered into the dicines. His room became a sort of business of losing his wits with the museum of these preparations. The down on us?" I said, when the country," they argued, dealing first most stupendous gravity. He began walls were almost repapered with gently to develop a fit of unreason- testimonials, pinned up under headableness that would have tried the ings that seemed to include all the room. I was still in full sympathy temper of a saint. He muddled his ills in the heirship of flesh. Now and with his purpose; but, I must say, work, sulked when they tried to help then he invited strange beings to his I could not help feeling for the comhim, and finally stormed under a mild room-understood to be patentees rebuke. He was clever enough, of and offered them their own preparacourse, to make it easy going at tions as light refreshments-not infirst. He suffered the storm to pass variably, I thought, to their satisfac- won't stand it a week longer. Will off in a fit of gentle melancholy that tion. He had tabulated twenty-five that do?" spoiled our bridge party that even- prescriptions for dyspepsia, each waring, and sent most of us miserable to ranted as the only way to salvation. I wished him "good-night" The earnestness with which he diswhen he was taking his candle, but cussed this conflict of testimony seemed to suggest the project of a new Next day he was better, only he edition of that well-known publica-

answer to a question. He did his It all went for nothing. The family broke up the bridge party again by mentioned, they made no sign of doto be elaborate preparations for him as usual, in his room, he seemed gloomy in the extreme.

"Hang 'em!" he said. "What mere mad one as yet-to luncheon that day, will they have? I'm at the end of

"Just what I think." "I'll have another go at 'em for all ed puzzled; the wicked uncle, foolish, that. But I must change the bowl-

> "I really begin to fancy it's no "That's not like you." "Whatjs the matter with it?" "To turn tail."

'No; I only mean-' "You only mean you've forgotten a poor devil-your friend as well as mine...biting his nails off in that horrible hole. I tell you he worries me in my dreams. And, mark my words

will happen to us.' "My dear Sam, what are you driv-

if anything happens to hin, worse

"He'll do something to himself if they keep him there much longer. And to say," he returned, sweetly. what it's coming to-he'll walk.'

"Banquo's ghost." "You tire me." "You are certainly mad enough, in

all reason.

"It's funny," I said, "there was nothing the matter with poor Tom; and see where he is now! The bigger conversation. tne crank, the worse the chance, one might almost say."

'Well, to say it-say it again," he said, brightening up, as if struck with a sudden idea.

'What on earth do you mean?" 'Never mind; say it again."

"That'll do," and he snapped his ingers with huge satisfaction and danced about the room. I felt really uneasy about him. You're quite sure you haven't been

carrying this thing on too long?" "Perhaps so; but I shan't have to carry it on much longer. Good-night.' "But really, do explain; won't

"Go away!" And I had to leave it so. His behaviour changed entirely in

"I wish I could see more into your the course of the next few days. All game," I said, when we met that the waywardness and violence vanished. He was "hail fellow" with anybody, courteous and gentle to the "Well, you are so off and on, hot last degree, hard working to a fault. The advertisements were swept into the study of their works was replac-"That is my low cunning. The in- ed by that of the "Critique of Pure ducted himself with so much sweetness and light that a small dinner

It was a sultry evening, and the windows of the dining-room were the table looked wonderfully pretty under the rose-colored shades. The One of these came-Colonel Dinning- Colonel was with us. Sam talked ed. We felt that if we could get into ham, a good old fellow, but, I should weather and non-committal items actual touch with him, and have the say, rather soft. Then Sam began from the evening paper in a way that full particulars of the case, we could his wretched by-play again. He took seemed to put the old gentleman en-

We entered the drawing room, which mal visits of the sort that took place praises of the tutor and his family. also communicated with the lawn. As before witnesses, who are also spies, The old chap was mystified, and it a mark of favor, Sam was asked to were out of the question. Only long, seemed a bit too deep for the others, take down the hostess, and he smiled confidential intercourse, for a period, too. At any rate, they thought of as though in grateful acknowledgewith the wronged man, free from all making an excuse for putting him ment of the attention. Then, withsupervision, could give us what we away, or even of turning him out. out a word of warning or the slightwanted to make out a case for re- I fancy they were unwilling to have a est change of countenance, he quietly second affair of the same sort so soon took off his dress coat and offered his Sam was naturally of a chivalrous, after the first. It might get the shirt-sleeved arm to the old lady with a bow. She was too utterly He wished them all anywhere for upset to decline it; and, still discuswe had talked over ways and means fools, at our next private conference, sing the beauty of the evening with for the hundredth time. "I'll sham and afterwards plunged into greater the easiest manner in the world, he

as I get poor Tom's story I'll make all the advertisements in the papers start. The terrified woman could -at any rate, those relating to food hardly mutter the responses, and the and health-and professed to regard Colonel and the head of the house extheir authors with almost religious changed looks of consternation. It "Nothing of the kind; the most veneration as the witnesses of truth. was impossible to pass it over in sil-There was nothing which he was not ence, yet the Major was evidently at

"Dinner firrst, Mr. Filby; billiards

"Thanks; but I don't think I'll play

to address him as Sunny Sam. He In all my life I have never sat down changed his bill of fare every morn- to a more wretchedly uncomfortably ing, and he may be said to have meal. They were naturally unwilling breakfasted on fads. When they of- in the circumstances to make a scene erally threw a dish of asparagus to exchange. He alone seemed wholly and mineral waters and professed to am bound to say I have rarely heard

gress in virtue. When he wanted an- gloomy procession, as at an Egyptian the hill. This, by the way, made the "But where do I come in as a back- other slice of toast he used the idio- banquet of the dead. He worked his ditcher extremely discontented. He tic formula: "Pass me the bread- way through them with perfect self- began to shake his head over his mas-"In this way: Your cue is, I've stuffs." There was no limit to it. possession, until it came to the third ter, with the rest, and to declare that been very funny lately, though you He ordered a monster weighing ap- remove, when he rose with a bow he ought to be put away. In fact, he haven't cared to speak about it; and paratus and a pocket tape, and used to the whole company and made his loudly expressed his readiness to "go

"Thanks, I've had enough.'j And passing again into the drawing-room he resumed his coat and fin- was deaf to all argument, though alrapt observation of the moon.

"Aren't you playing it rather low wretched business was all over and with the ditcher's case. we had our usual meeting in his

"I'm playing it according to the rules-the new ones. Ten to one they

I threw up my window before turning in. The wicked uncle was showing the Colonel to the gate. The dear old chap seemed much depressed.

"Give him one more chance," heard him say. "It would be such a dreadful blow to his poor mother." "One more, then, for her sake, Colonel; but only one. I have my own family to think of."

There was a knock at my door. It was my poor chum. He seemed quite

'Read that-you see there's time to lose," and thrusting a bit of dirty paper through the chink, went back to his room.

It bore just these words in lead pencil, "Look alive, Sam."

Our hostess held her weekly tea party next day. There was the usual gang-the baronet's wife, the lord of the manor's daughter, and so on; myself-by accident-a drawingroom minstrel (you know the type), and a young fellow in orders who was so regular that we used to call him the curate-in-charge. The chatter was in full flow, when, to our surprise, Sam dropped in.

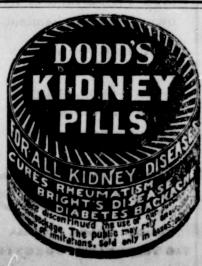
He said bery little at first, but bustled about with the muffins, and with an occasional sigh of weariness, look-

ed longingly toward the door. "You are very silent," said the old lady, in a rallying tone.

don't happen to have anything

They exchanged meaning glances and shook their heads. Presently he took up a volume of "Half Hours With the Best Authors," and asked us if we would care to listen to a rational "Well, why don't they play up to word. And without waiting for an answer he began to read some awful rigmarole from an old Spectator on the frivolity of modern fashionable

It was short and sharp work at





ed in the mad-doctor—the one who had done Tom's business—and even the poor old Colonel was obliged to acquiesce, though not without a final effort. He removed Sam to a small farm belonging to the family in the same quarter of the country as our place. The general practictioner call-

sk your droggist for "Royal Crown

Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

"There's not much hope, I fear," he said to me, with tears in his eyes; but my bailiff will be there to look after him; and the active employment poor lad another may give the chance.'

It was no go. At the farm he went on more outrageously than ever. He began by raising the wages of the agricultural laborers all around, and, what was worse, giving most to those who were able to do least. A ditcher, with a family of five, who had rubbed on for years at fifteen shillings and his firewood, the current wages of the county, was instantly raised to a pound and his coals. At the same time an old couple, almost bedridden, who lived mainly on a pittance from the parish and scraps from the houses, which they had to fetch in all weathers, were advanced to twenty-five shillings and put under the care of a nurse provided by their employer. The milk allowance from the house was continued; but Sam the house was continued; but Sam actually carried it himself to save the old gaffer the toil of mounting the hill. This, by the way, made the ditcher extremely discontented. He began to shake his head over his master, with the rest, and to declare that he ought to be put away. In fact, he loudly expressed his readiness to "go into the box" against him, should anything of that sort be required.

The doctors and a family lawyer, who now had his finger in the pie, pressed Sam hard on this point. He The courses succeeded each other in the old gaffer the toil of mounting anything of that sort be required.

pressed Sam hard on this point. He most exasperating thing about him. "It will raise wages all over the

"So much the better; that's what I want to do." "But it won't leave a penny of profit for the estate at the end of the

year." "Then we'd better give up farming and take to something else. "The man was very well satisfied

before. "He'd no right to be, poor devil, I assure you I cut it as low as I possibly could. Did you ever happen to

at the soles of his children's look shoes? "Tut! tut!" said the solicitor; but one of the doctors gave him a warn-

ing look. "The irreducible minimum, that's all I want for them; why, even now they get fresh meat only three times

a week.' "Stuff and nonsense!" said the solicitor, losing his temper again. "...here

do you come in?" "Only after the others, of course. But I've been getting board and lodg-

ing, so far."

"Very good, very good, indeed," can do his day's work after all; but what about the two old derelicts who can't do a stroke, and who get five shillings more-not to speak of jelly and port wine from the house?"

"You see they want it more." "They're so entirely useless." 'So entirely helpless, too, I do assure vou."

"Do you call that paying people according to their services?'

'No; only paying them according to their wants. "I give him up," said the Colonel,

when this came to his ears. It was as good as done now. Each of the doctors saw him separately, and wrote his certificate, and the certificates were laid before a justice of the peace. All three were for detention and in due time he was ready to be taken away. The comedy of the transaction was

exquisite. They thought they were fooling him when they persuaded him to accompany them in a carriage for a short drive. He knew he was fooling them when he assented to their proposal to call on an old acquaintance, and the carriage drew up at the door of the very asylum in which our friend was confined. Sam had expressed a wish for my company, and I was accommodated with a seat on the box. After the quiet completion of the formalities, in another room, he was handed over to the urbane proprietor of the establishment. They promised to call for him soon. He begged them not to hurry, and we drove away. I had no opportunity of speaking to him, but he gave me a wink of triumph which I shall never forget. And when I got home I found a letter which he had somehow contrived to get posted, and this is how it ran:

"Dear Dick,-Glory! I've done it (Continued on page 7.)

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#### ELEVENTH

THE SOULS

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF	1906
1	Th.	w.	All Saints [of Obligation.]
3	S.	w.	All Souls. Of the Octave of All Saints.
	1 18 3	15-11	Twenty Second Sunday After Pentecest
4	Su.	w.	S. Charles Borromeo.
5	M.	W.	Of the Octave of All Saints.
6	T.	w.	Of the Octave of All Saints.
4 5 6 7 8	W.	w.	Of the Octave of All Saints.
9	F.	w.	Octave of All Saints.
10	S.	w.	Dedication of S. John Lateran. S. Andrew Avellino.
	173.73	Part I	Twenty-Third Sunday After Pentecost
11	Su.	w.	Patronage of B. V. Mary.
12	M.	r.	S. Martin I., Pope.
13	T.	W.	S. Nicholas I., Pope.
14	W.	w.	S. Deusdedit, Pope.
15	Th.	W.	S. Gertrude.
16	F.	r.	S. Josaphat.
17	S.	w.	S. Gregory the Wonderworker.
	1		Twenty-Fourth Sunday After Pentecost
18	Su.	W.	Dedication of SS. Peter and Paul.
19	M.	r.	S. Pontianus.
20	T.	W,	S. Felix of Valois.
21	W.	w.	Presentation of B. V. Mary.
22	Th.	r.	S. Cecilia.
23	F.	w.	S. Clement. S. John of the Cross.
24	0.	W.	
		100	Twenty-Fifth Sunday After Pentecost
25	Su.	r.	S. Catharine.
26	M.	W.	S. Sylvester.
27	T.	w.	S. Elizabeth of Hungary,
28	W.	w.	S Gregory III., Pope.
29	Th.	W.	S. Gelasius I., Pope. S. Andrew, Apostle.
30	F.	r.	S. Andrew, Apostic.

Altar

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### "IT'S GOOD"

Office address, 420 Bathurst Street.

#### said the mad-doctor, trying to pose him on the other case. "The ditcher JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT.

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