THE PRINCESS NARCISSE

William L. Le Queux, in Cassell's Magazine,

"Princess! You here-in Rome?" I ishly married to be exiled for life "And why not, m'sieur? The doctors have sent me South for the winter, and I find Rome more pleasant than Nice." Then, under her breath, she added: 'Remember there are cars every-

"The doctors favor us." I laughed "Only this meeting is so very unexpected. I'm delighted to see you here, in Italy. And how is everyone

Our encounter occurred at the New Year ball at the Farnese Palace, which, as all the world knows, is the French it to be too true. Then I knew that embassy in Rome. The lights, the magnificent toilettes of the women, and the uniforms of the beribboned and | insurmountable. bestarred men combined to make a pretty picture, for of all diplomatic functions in the Eternal City the ball given on the first night of the year by the Count de Montholon, French ambassador to the Quirinal, is always

the most brilliant. I had been waltzing with the grayeyed daughter of the Italian Minister of Marine, a rather smart girl well known in Rome society, but being in no mood for dancing had led her to a seat, and was idling across the great ballroom nodding to the men I knew, and now and then bending over a woman's hand, when of a sudden I came face to face with a tall, striking figure in turquoise blue, that of one of the handsomest women in Europe, Narcisse-Wanda-Mikhailovna, Princess Dachkoff.

We had not met for a long time; therefore, having chatted aloud upon conventionalities in order to attract no attention, we presently strolled gether into an adjoining room, where we could exchange confidences without being overheard.

Two whole years have gone since the last night we were together. Princess," I said, rather huskily, I fear. And I have never ceased to wonder how you were, and how you fared."
"You see me," she answered flippantly, stretching forth her tiny bronze shoe from beneath her skirt with an air of coquetry. "Do I not look well? me may say I look older, but I like to think that I am just the same."
"You are the same," I declared pas-"I love you just the samethe same as in those old days long

Her white chest rose and fell quickly beneath its lace. In her wonderful dark eyes, turned full upon me, there was a strange look. 'No, no," she said hastily in a

hoarse voice. "All that is of the past. Do not let us recall it." But I love you," I protested. "Once you let me kiss your lips, and call you Narcisse. Surely you have not for-

Forgotton! No woman ever forgets her loves," she answered. "Yet, you have forgotten me?"

Ah! no. On the contrary, I have always remembered you." "You have remembered me as one

She was silent for a moment, then in a tone of bitterness said:

hands clasped in silence. My heart carriage awaiting her.

house in the Avenue de la Bois de Boulogne, we had met for the first then after her father's death, when she shared the great estates in her. Poland with her brother, I had met her at the Nice Carnival, and afterwards something unusual had occurred. in Petersburg, where she had been appointed one of the dames d'honneur to the empress. For four years I loved rising, she unlocked a drawer in the her passionately, with all the strength little escritoire, and took therefrom a of my being, meeting her frequently in society, and being once the guest of brother, Prince Stanislas, at the boer-hunting around the great gloom! chateau at Obarow. But alas! my fond dream was, I knew, impossible

of realization She had a secret; one that none knew except myself. She was already married. Her husband was a dangerous revolutionist, who had been banished for life to the dreaded region

beyond Yakutsk. Hers was, indeed, a sad history. She was known all over Europe as one of the sweetest and merriest of women. yet her smiling face concealed, as I knew, a heavy and world-weary heart. The knowledge of her secret held me closer to her. It appears that in Paris just at the period when we first met. e became acquainted with a young Russian painter, Constantin Kinski, fell in love with him at first sight and married him secretly, only to discover that he was a violent Nihilist actively plotting against the life of the emperor. Loyal as she was, the truth filled her with horror, but her husband, fearing lest she should betray his secret, forced her, on penalty of death, to take an oath of allegiance to the revolutionists. She did so, and a week later her husband, an adventurer of the worst class, left Paris suddenly for an unknown destination. Soon afterwards the news of a desperate attempt against the life of the czar came upon Europe like a thunderbolt. and the Princesse Narcisse saw in the list of those arrested the name of Constantin Kinski. Her first impulse was to return to Petersburg and intercede with the emperor on his behalf, but knowing such action would place serious suspicion upon her as an associate of dangerous revolutionists, she was compelled to remain silent and allow the adventurer she had so fool-

Catarrh

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It weakens the delicate lung tissues, deranges the digestive organs, and breaks down the general health.

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far Siberia.

I was attached at our embassy in Paris at that period, and became aware of all this by certain confidential reports by our secret agents which passed through my hands.
Truth to tell, we had at that time

suspected the Princesse Narcisse of being a political agent, and she had therefore been closely watched. When I read the complete report up-on her unfortunate alliance and its tragic sequel, I could not at first be-

lieve it. But my own inquiries showed love and happiness could never be mine. The barrier of marriage was I obtained leave, and traveling

straight to Petersburg, found her in the private apartments assigned to her in the winter palace as dame d'honneur of the empress. And as we sat together I told her of my love, and of boudoir I had known so well in days the discovery I had accidentally made—the discovery that she was the wife of an exiled Nihilist.

She threw herself upon her knees The insta

and confessed the truth. She told me

that she reciprocated my affection, but that she had not loved me until after her romantic marriage and she had discovered the bitter truth regarding Kinski. She swore to me that she was no political spy; and then, in order to convince her of my love, I promised to preserve my secret. I handed to her the original report furnished by our agents, and she placed it in the fire, in silence watching the flames consume it. We mutually agreed never again to mention her marriage. She allowed me to hold her in my arms for a brief momentto kiss her lips for the first time. Then, bidding her farewell, I left with all desire for life crushed from my heart.

I loved her with deep, fervent devotion. Her secret was mine, and I intended to carry it with me to the grave. Only one person could betray her—the unsuccessful assassin half to Hull. You shall have my own frozen six thousand versts from clothes and traveling kit. Zakharoff frozen St. Petersburg. He might denounce her. Arrest might come at any moment.

For two years she had existed in daily suspense. I had now been trans-ferred to Rome, and we had met again quite unexpectedly. In that moment, as I sat by her side, all the old love returned. Her white bejeweled hand trembled in mine. She could not speak, so great was her emotion. Yes,

I remained with her an hour chatting mostly upon the might-havebeens, then I took her to eat an ice, and afterwards we returned to the yourself. rilliant ballroom and waltzed together. Ah! how many memories of the past were stirred within me at that moment when, my hand at her slim waist, the perfume from her chiffons rose and filled my nostrils. It was a sweet Parisian scent known as "Jardin de mon Cure." and whenever among the many others who have I smelt it upon a woman it always reminded me of my chaste unhappy well-beloved.

At last we parted, not, however, be-"I have remembered you, Reginald, as the only man whom I ever honestwhere she was staying. Then I pressed I saw that she was in earnest. Our her hand and she stepped into the livery entered with a note upon a sil-

ands clasped in silence. My heart carriage awaiting her.

Next afternoon, when I entered the little salon at the hotel, I found her in a marvelous tea-gown of yellow chiffon has brought it," the man said, bowing ing social creeds (religious, social, and been! Years ago in Paris, where she and lace with a long train which swept low. "He is not waiting." had lived with her father in the fine gracefully about her slim figure as she lounged near the fire.

I went forward, and, bending, kissed

her hand, then sank into a chair near She was pale and agitated, as though At first she would tell me nothing,

but at length I persuaded her, and, letter which she handed me. I read it through, then stared at her mute dismay. It was an order from the Nihilist center in Petersburg de-

and ally herself actively with them in a scheme which would be fully explained on her arrival. "I received it this morning." she explained in a harsh, strained voice. "It is my death warrant."

manding that, as she had joined them,

she would return at once to the capital

'Why so?" I asked. "You cannot, of course, risk their displeasure by re-fusal. The peril would be too great. If you have no idea in common with the revolutionists, then you might, perhaps, assist the government" "And become a spy!" she whispered,

horrified at the suggestion. "And perhaps save the life of emperor and empress," I added. "The Terrorists have wrecked your life. If you have information to the minister of police would it not be a just revenge?

"Revenge!" she echoed, "True, it would be a terrible one, but after all,' she added, bitterly, "my own situation cannot be altered. I am the wife of an exile. A man who is my legal husband stands between us."

"But your position is a perilous one. I pointed out. "If you do not ally yourself with the revolutionists, Kinski, from his Siberian tomb, will certainy denounce you as his wife; while if you consent to assist them in their plot you may find yourself arrested and sent to Sakhalin, as so many thousands have already been. There is but one alternative-you must enter

the service of the political police.' And what satisfaction shall I obtain by hurrying dozens, perhaps hundreds, of hare-brained students and foolish young women away to Siberia?" "You can only save yourself by so doing," I pointed out. "Otherwise I feel certain that one day ere long you will find yourself within the Perisilni in Moseow.

She sighed. A slight shudder ran through her, and she stretched forth her hands to the burning logs. You believed once that I was a spy, and now you advise me to become one?" she said slowly in a hard voice. "Because it is imperative," I answered. "I urge you to act judiciously, otherwise your motives will be mis-

derstood.' "But I cannot associate with murderers," she declared. "You must," I said, holding the letter in my hand. "Return at once to Petersburg and act with discretion in order to save yourself."

She burst into a flood of emotion. and bending I stroked her dark hair and tried to kiss her tears away. Until darkness fell I sat there talking earnestly with her, discovering that the real reason of her visit to Rome was in order to consult me. I had lived without seeing her for two years, and I regretted to part from her so quickly. Yet it was imperative, for I saw the grave peril which now

threatened her. by Thorpe, the footman at the embassy, told me that she had left on her return to Russia. Princess Dachkoff, wife of the political convict Viscolia. Our parting was a painful one. But

city and risk an attack of Roman fever. Sometimes a letter reached me from Narcisse, but never a word she wrote regarding her secret. She usually wrote about the Imperial Court, with all its

scandalous tittle-tattle.

I loved her madly, and life without her had but little charm for me, although, as a diplomatist, I moved in an atmosphere of glitter and scenic effect

One day in September when our chief had returned and we all were beginning to contemplate a few weeks' leave in order to return home to the moors, received a telegram from my love telling me that she was in sore distress, and urging me to come to Peters-

burg at once.
It is a far cry from the Eternal City to the Neva, and in summer when the Vienna train-de-luxe no longer runs, the journey takes the greater part of a week, nevertheless I obtained leave, and after some tedious days in the train alighted one evening before the Dachkoff Palace, the great white mansion in the Grande Morskaia, and was shown at once into the pretty blue

She rose quickly to meet me; but how haggard and changed she was. The instant the door had closed, and we were alone, she threw herself into my arms and burst into tears. "It is finished!" she cried. "All is known! I have blundered. The Terrorists have somehow discovered that it was through information supplied by me that the wholesale arrests have re cently been made in Moscow, and I am condemned to die. Yet, after all, death is preferable to this terrible sus-

pense."
"You must not die!" I cried. "You must fly at once from Russia.' "But they will follow me. The vengeance of the Terrorists reaches to the furthermost ends of the earth.' "And what does the Minister Zak-

haroff say? You have surely consulted him? 'He can do nothing, except to place a police guard upon my house day and night.'

You must disguise yourself as a man, and take passage on a steamer must be in the secret, for he can assist you to escape them." But if I get to England the ven-

geance of the Nihilists will follow me

the same," she answerd, blankly. "To remain here is to invite death."
"To escape is but to prolong the naunting dread of a terrible end," she declared.

"I love you, Narcisse," I cried, pas- licentious, and pernicious fiction. The sionately, catching her hand in mine novels which had furnished the basis and looking into her wonderful eyes. "Although you are by law a wife, yet Amour" and "Escal-Vigor." Lemon-you are mine, nevertheless. I will not nier made an elequent and extraordin-

She shook her head.

"Impossible," she answered hoarsely.
"It is all ended—I am doomed." At her invitation I remained and dined with her tete-a-tete, although unkemp and unshaven, just as I had come off my long journey across Europe. Then we took our coffee in of the smaller saloons of the one magnificent palace of the Dachkoffs.

I was sitting at her side reiterating my declarations of a love so honest of a sudden, there was a loud rap at the door and a man in the Dachkoff ver salver, which he handed to my

Both of us scented suspicion in the smallest movement, fearing the terrible vengeance of the assassins who had plotted to kill both the Emperor and Empress, and who, for that purpose, had impressed her into their conspiracy, knowing that, being a dame d'honneur, she could approach the Imperial presence without ceremony.
With trembling fingers she tore open the envelope, from which she drew yellow official letter, inclosing a dirty piece of paper with some lines of Russian upon it.

She read the latter, then, with a loud cry, sat upright, rigid as one petrified. I took the paper from her hand and glanced at it in eagerness. It was so had some difficulty in gathering its understood, and sat glaring at it open-

mouthed. It was addressed to the chief of police of St. Petersburg by the exile Constantin Kinski who had, it peared, escaped from Siberia and returned in secret to Petersburg, rejoining his fellow conspirators. On his return lots had been cast for the removal of one of their number who was a spy, and he had drawn the fatal slip only to discover that he was compelled to murder the woman he had married and so cruelly wronged. Remorse had apparently seized him, for learning the name of the person whose life he was to take he had written this letter of explanation, adding that in these circumstances he

preferred suicide, and that his body would be found in a cetain house.

The private letter from the minister accompanying it stated that the communication had been received at 6 o'clock that evening, and half an hour later, when the police visited the address given, they found the escaped convict Kinski cold and dead in a bare upstair room, having taken his life with the revolver lying upon the floor near him.

"You are free, my love!" I cried with wild joy, pressing her to me and kissing her again and again. "You are

"Yes," she answered in a low tremulous voice, turning her sweet, beautiful face so full of love and tenderness to mine. "I am now free to marry you, Reginald, after this long waiting. He is dead-having paid the penalty of his own misdeeds. Tomorrow we will leave Russia, and having married, commence a new life."

"And you will be my queen-my Princess," rincess," I said in ecstasy.
"Yes," she answered quietly, turning those great, dark, trusting eyes upon me and raising her face until her lips met mine in fond caress. "Not Princess to you-only plain Narcisse.'

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

Dr. Chase's Ointment PICKING THE NOSE is a common symptom of worms, Mothers who suspect their child is troubled with worms should administer Dr. Low's

turn to Russia. Princess Dachkoff, wife of the political convict Kinski, had determined to become a police spy.

Months passed, and summer came.

The ambassador, as usual, went up to

Worm Syrup. It is pleasant, safe and

effectual.

Ladies' Hosiery

Here's a particularly good one in Ladies' Black Cotton Hose. Very fine gauge, silk finish. real Maco yarn, seamless and full fashioned. A good 20c grade. We are now selling at

12½c.

Boys' and Girls' Leather Hose, the best ever produced in this market for anything like the money, 10c per pair,

otototopotototoi MORALITY IN FICTION

Famous Trials of Authors Charged With Immoral Writing.

Trials of novelists in criminal courts on the charge of corrupting the public and underining morality and religion are not common occurrences. Flaubert was thus arraigned and tried by a jury for his "Madame Bovary," and that trial (which ended in an acquittal) is one of the most interesting events in the history of literary sensations. The critics now regard "Madame Bovary" as a highly moral book, while as literature it has become a

classic. Some years ago Belgium had a literary "affair" which attracted attention in all artistic circles, even beyond the border. Two leading novelists, mille Lemonnier and George Ekhud, were indicted and tried at Bruges, a quiet ancient, conservative, and even puritanical town, for writing immoral of the prosecution were "L'Homme en stand by and allow you to sacrifice ary speech to the jury, and he was else. Scandal yourself."

ably defended. Both authors were ac-

quitted. Now Lemonnier has cold the whole story, in disguised and changed form naturally, in a "novel with a purpose," a work whose hero represents the author himself. Most of Lemonnier's personal troubles and experiences connected with his literary tendency and artistic creed are made to befall the hero, a man of letters named Wildman, but certain domestic details and the final catastrophe of the novel. which is entitled "Less Deux Consciences" (The Two Consciences), are invented.

The novel is a plea and an apology

—a plea for freedom in art, for toleration, for candid criticism of the exist
done?"

No. no, Frank! I want you to tell me why you ran away from me. Or did you lie to me, as they have all done?" artistic), for honest treatment of nature; an apology for the author's own philosophy of life, which is a sort of neo-paganism. The plot of the novel may be briefly summarized as follows: Wildman, a novelist residing in Portmonde, an unprogressive Belgian city has excited the hostility of his townsmen by the ideas and methods of his literary work. He is a neo-Hellenist he shares the ancient Greek conception of harmonious development of body and mind; he believes in the purity of nature and the essential chastity of passion. He does not believe that the flesh is at war with the spirit and needs mortification and resistance. He holds this doctrine of the sinfulness of the body to be unnatural, blasill and hastily written that at first I phemous and superstitious, and he delights in the simple, natural, rude, import, but on second reading I fully but healthy, life of the plain people, attached to the soil and unconsciously realizing their oneness with uni-

versal life. Wildman is engaged in writing a novel describing the gradual evolution of human ideals, the decline of the present conception of duty and morality, and the return, in a modified form, to the religion of nature. He pictures the passing of mankind into terra libra where the will to live and the joy of life are the ruling principles of conduct, and self-abnegation has ceased to be a virtue. Wildman's open assault on the Christian religion and its moral code are resented by his fellowcitizens, and he finds himself isolated. socially ostracized. His domestic life, at first thoroughly happy, elouded, and, finally, intolerable. His wife is a devout Roman Catholic, and as such wholly out of sympathy with his notions. Her affection for him slowly fades away, and she grows to regard him as a lost and depraved man. They have a child, a boy, and the mother succeeds in completely estranging him from the father. The boy is sent to a convent school, and is never left alone with Wildman, who suffers keenly from this separation. hostility of the conservative town becomes so acute that the authorities bring criminal proceedings against him as a corrupter of youth and advocate of vice and license. He is painted; almost the ecstatic communer for he protests that not a line or word of his book is open to the charge of immorality. He becomes despondent and discouraged, though the authors of Belgium and France send him messages of sympathy and appreciation. He determines to defend himself before the jury of his townsmen, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his ideas and of the truth which is dear

Wildman learns that his wife has reoutcome of the trial.

"The old society has just committed

Camaldoli, in the Apennines, but we sense and eyen autobiographical and of teaching in fiction and for a wider at our diplomatic duties in the stifling in the French press to be artistic and original, besides claiming attention as al one.

ON THE LONG PIER AT CORONADO

the long, high pier that stands slim I hoped or wished for, and, it seemed I thought I did well. It seemed manabove the tide that runs rumbling liest and most unselfish to do that, along the Colorado beach. The lowhanging moon at his back made the far Spanish islands look near and white between the luminous green of the spangled sea and the purple-blue of the star-spattered sky. The thin pier creaked on its frail spindles of steel as the mile-long surges rolled thundering on the tawny shore behind him, and he did not hear her footsteps but started, dropping his cigar into the water as her shadow fell across his

shoulders. "It's you, Frank?" she said, her voice rising sweet and clear above the roar and murmur of the sea and wind.
"God bless you, Gail," he cried,
springing up and taking both her no. Not that." Struggled away

from him and sat down, smiling as she pointed to the place beside her. "It is seven years, Gail," he said, his lips close to her ear. "It will be seven to a day Tuesday

You have not forgotten anything?" "Nothing, Frank. Not even that you ran away from me. It was cruel; don't know how cruel it was, Frank.' They were silent, watching the sea. "How did you know I was here?" he

asked. "I saw your name on the register at the hotel.' "And you knew I'd be here in the old place—after so many years?"
"I guessed that."

"I have sat on this pier at night every summer since we parted here."
"Why, Frank?" "I was hoping you'd come back."

'And you still-"I love you still, Gail. I have loved you since first I saw you," he answered, laying his great, brown hand upon hers. But she drew it away and said: "Why did you leave me like that,

"You have not heard? Guessed? Come, Gail, don't you know?" "That you were married? Yes. knew that," tossing her yellow curls against the breeze. But he leaned over

o that he could see her face and said: "Yet you dared—"
"Dared? Yes, I dared, and would have dared anything. I loved you and you said you loved me better than all the rest of the world. Was not that sufficient? You know, at least you said you knew then, that there is nothing What did I care? else. Scandal

"Sh-sh. She's dead, Gail," he whis-"Dead? She was dead then, so far as you were concerned. You did not love her. She never loved anybody except, perhaps, her daughter—"
"And you knew I had a daughter,
too? Gail, Gail!"

"I knew everything about you, I tell you! Yes, and I wanted you to run away with me. I want you now—"
"What? What is it you want, dear?" He was hoarse with passion as his hand sought hers again. But she thrust it from her and cried: "No, no, Frank! I want you to tell me why you ran away from me. Or

Yes, I ran away because-it was the that I might gain my own, best guer- of your-your unselfishness." don. She loved me, clung to me, believed in me. She was 10 years old

is ardently devoted to his family and Paris for the Holy Land to study the At this time, a novel of his called "Terre Libre" is published, and the wounded to the quick by this charge,

A preliminary investigation takes place and Wildman finds the examining magistrate stern, strenuous, resolute, though intelligent enough to comprehend that he is dealing, not with a wanton or mercenary offender, but with a sincere representative of another conscience. The prosecution is vigorous, prompted by a sense of duty. but the jury nevertheless acquits Wild-

But while the jury is deliberating solved to educate their son for the priesthood. He commits sucide in a fit of despair, no longer caring about the

another crime." says Wildman's at-torney to the court and jury when the verdict of not guilty is brought in. 'The man whom you have acquitted persecution and bigotry to suicide." went to Palestine with the half-con-The novel, "realistic" in a peculiar viction that he had been called thither

He was sitting alone at the end of then. I gave up you, gave up the bes

two of them? Was I not everything to them? Did I not love them, Frank? They had no one but me. Yet I would have made orphans of them, forgotten them, cut them out of my hungry heart! For what? Why?"

for her white teeth pinched her red lip as she stared at the full-sailed brig that bore across the horizon, blurred and baleful through the tears that welled into her eyes. "Because you loved me, Gail?" he

hands clasped together. last, striving to be calm.

She's of age, now.' She would have lived down that grief

Her voice trembled now and broke, and he gained her hand for the moment. "You do love me, Gail!" he went on, trying to draw her toward him, but

she awoke from the dream of the instant and said, very sadly, and with a hollow note in her sweet voice. "Too late; too late, Frank. Yes I love you better if that were possible than I loved you then. But it is quite

"Late! Nonsense. I am but 40; you look like a girl. I have come here wholly to find you, to win you back, to take you away with me. You have come back, too. I don't know what brought you, but you love me! Come smile with me, Gail! It is the very dawn and glory of our lives."

head, her arms hanging listless by her side, her eyes fixed on the pearl-pink Then, fiercely:

they to be without home? Is a wo-man's year but a day, and is it only a week since you left me here alone, starved at the heart, guessing, won-

go back to the hotel." What do you mean, Gail, Great God, woman, you're not-

"But, Gall," he would persist, weakly, desperately now.
"There are no 'buts' now, Frank," "Lie? No, no; I did not lie, Gail. at the lights of the city on the main-res. I ran away because—it was the land. "My husband is a good man." back with tired eves child, Gail. I could not crucify her At least, he shall not pay the penalty

And they walked back to the hotel without a word.

PAINTED LIFE OF CHRIST to paint the Redeemer with the fidelity of a disciple.

Great Success of Tissot, Who Died Recently in Paris.

Lived in Sumptuous Elegance Until The Christs of other painters had been Visit to Holy Land.

James Joseph Jacques Tissot, the artist and the world-renowned illustrator of incidents in the life of Christ, who died in Paris recently, was

66 years old. Although most of his reputation abroad is due to his remarkable and original paintings in illustration of the life of Jesus, Tissot was one of the most notable figures in the Paris Salon, in which he made his first ap-

after. Several of Tissot's pictures have been more or less familiar to the public everywhere, as for instance his "Faust and Marguerite," "The Return of the Prodigal Son," and his "Partie Caree, which were exhibited in 1861, 1863 and 1870 respectively, and which have been reproduced by the thousands in every

civilized country. GOES TO PALESTINE. It was not until 1893, however, that Tissot produced those works which he himself believed to be the best fruits of his genius, and which will probably distinguish him in the future In 1886 he took his departure from

people and the place for a series of illustrations of the life of Jesus. He left France the painter, the man of the world, the Parisian, with an eye to the humorous. He returned a mys tic and devotee: the reverent worshiper of the Savior whose life he had with mysterious presences; an absolute believer in Jesus Christ as the son of the living God.

CLOSE STUDY OF BIBLE. This change in Tissot's life was the effect of a close study of the Old and New Testaments, and a slowly acquired yet intense interest in the Jews and the Messiah of the Christians.

The painter was born at Nantes in 1836 and was educated at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Flandrin and Lamothe. He painted some Parisian frivolities, went to London, where he spent ten years with friends acquired in the British metropolis, chief among whom was Alma-Tadema, and where he accumulated a vast fortune by the

use of his brush. REVELS IN LUXURY. Tissot lived magnificently in London. His house was a veritable "palace of painting"-a work of art in itself-and its illustrious master entertained his friends with Roman grace

and splendor. Then suddenly the painter became the religious dreamer, the trembling worshiper of God and the possessor of a faith Pauline in its depths and trustfulness. Tisset's conversion to religion came after he was considerably past the meridian line of life, and of wrong-doing has been driven by was working within him before he persecution and bigotry to suicide."

was working within him before he went to Palestine with the half-con-

Gail. That's why."
"And I? Did not I have children-

"Because you loved me, Gail?" he asked her. Bu she did not answer,

asked again. She looked at him for a full minute, wondering, silent, her mouth a-quiver and her strong white "And your daughter?" she asked at

"She's to be married next month. "And so she has repaid you? Was it worth while to do for her as you did?

as she has outlived her need of you. Can I outlive-

too late."

She sat silent, her loose hair blown like a nebulous halo about her fine

granite of the island cliffs far out at sea. "And I? Must I do nothing for my own children? Because I lost you are dering? To hope for seven years, without a word, a line, a message or a sight of you! How did I know that to one of the oldest titles in the British

one day you'd be free? And there is no answer now. You are free. What of it? I am not. You are too late. You have been unselfish, you say. It his fortunes. He had worked before will be easier for you. You've had seven years' practice. I was selfish, States, worked in Canadian lumber bold, reckless! It will be hard, al-ways harder for me. I have had no practice. I gave you up because I on the railways in Australia, and had thought I had to. That was not unselfish. But now-pshaw, Frank! Let's experience which few potential wear-

"Yes, that's it. I'm married."

PAINTS 300 PICTURES. Upon his arrival in the Holy Land Tissot began those studies which were to result in the creation of 200 water colors, descriptive of the life of the Savior, but descriptive in lines which, in the conception of the painter, were no more or less than the actual truth. surrounded with the halo of ideals and

of divinity, but Tissot's Christais first The other details of his work were executed in the same spirit-reverent clear through-but essentially in the painter's conception of the really existing circumstances. It has been said that Tissot is to Christian art what Renan is to Christian theology-a mixture of the critical and the devout-

shocking to highly idealistic minds, but indisputably sincere. The collection of his Palestine paintng was purchased by a French firm pearance in 1859, and in which he ex-hibited during many seasons there- offer of \$220,000 after Tissot had refused an offer of \$300,000 from a firm in England. The collection was exhibited in London in 1898, and afterwards in the

United States. CHOLERA MORBUS, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their ap-pearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from etc., and many persons are departed from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and

is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels American canned lobsters is wanted everywhere in Germany, but there seems to be no efficient connection be

tween dealers and American produc-Four railway lines now connect Mexico with the United States. 1880 there was only one railway Mexico, leading from the capital to

It Nourishes Infants.

a perfect substitute for mothers' milk, Vestlé's Food

No other baby food is as nourishing

wholesome or so universally used. It is

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 11th August, 1902. LEEMING, MILES & CO., MONTREAL.

NOBLEMEN ARE

Remarkable Instances of Descent From High Places.

European Aristocrats Engaged In Many

Restaurants.

If there is any satisfaction in having one's gastronomic requirements mi istered to by a waiter of ancient, and even royal lineage and high-sounding there are many restaurants in which the pleasure may be experienced today. In one of the best known restaurants

in Vienna, for instance, the urbane

and attentive head waiter has much of the oldest and best blood of Europe in his veins. He is the son of an archduke and grandson of an emperor; and not many years ago was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of European princes. But, as he says, "even princes must eat," and as he has a wife and seven children, and nothing to save them from absolute destitution but his own labor, he has wisely accepted the role

of waiter. On his first day of service the royal waiter's tips amounted to

over \$15, and as there is naturally a great demand for his services, he can at least rely on an income of \$5,000 . year. A restaurant in the neighborhood of the Central Park, New York, can boast of three aristocrats among its small army of waiters. One of them is a Russian prince, the grandson of one of the most brilliant statesmen Russia has ever produced, and a privileged friend and confident of the illfated Czar Alexander II. The prince fled from Russia as the consequence of a duet with a brother officer and near relation, in which he killed his opponent; and after enduring great hardships in New York, was glad to accept the position of waiter at a res-

taurant, where he has never endeavored to conceal his past history. A fellow-waiter is the Baron von O-, at one time a dashing and distinguished officer in the Saxon army, and the representative of one of the oldest and most famous families in Germany; while a third aristocrat who plies the napkin and administers cocktails is the grandson of a general who won considerable fame in the Franco-German war and is entitled to call

himself "Count." There are several young British aristocrats who are acting as waiters and bartenders in different parts of Australia. One of them, it is said, was acting in this capacity when he received news of the death of a cousin, which made him heir-presumptive

He had a life of singular adventure before this turn came in the tide of camps, graduated as a California gold miner, had mended roads and worked ers of a coronet can rival. One of the most singular waiters in an Australian hotel is actually the

younger son of a British peer, and a man who claims descent from a sister of Henry VIII. The remarkable feature in his case is that he has a sufficient private income to make wor! of any kind unnecessary, and that he follows his curious profession, as he says, "for love, and not for lucre."
London, too, has its aristocratic waiters. Indeed, it is said that one o Britain's present peers, during the varied and adventurous career which came before his accession to his title. spent several months as a waiter in one of the west end clubs, and in this capacity often ministered to his rela-

tive and predecessor, who had no suspicion of his identity. In a restaurant near Leicester Square London, the head waiter is an Italian count, and the present representative of a family, which has produced some of the greatest soldlers and statesmen of Italy. He is a man of distinguished appearance and courtly manners, and long before his identity was revealed was curiously enough commonly spoken of as the "Count." He still bears traces of a bullet wound which almost brought his

career to a tragic termination at the siege of Gacta. One of the highest nobles in the Duchy of Baden was, It is said, for more than a year a waiter in one of the large London hotels, and it was during this period that the unexpected deaths of his grandfather, father and elder brother wrought such a dra-matic revolution in his fortunes.

Regular examinations of the air in New York city are to be made to determine the presence of bacteria, and when dangerous germs are found to be prevalent the public will be warned and steps will be taken to head off the



disease.

SEALED TENDERS, ADDRESSED TO the undersigned, and indorsed "Tender for Wharf at Park, Orillia," will be received at this office until Wednesday, 10th September, inclusively, for the construction of a wharf at the Park, in the Town of Orillia, Simcoe County, Province of Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Gray, Esq., Engineer in charge, Harbor and River Works, Ontario, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application to the Postmaster at Orillia, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Otta-wa.

Tenders will not be considered unless Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted check on a chartered bank, made payable to the order or the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for nine hundred dollars (\$900 00), must accompany each tender. This check will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. of non-acceptance of tender.
The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED GELINAS.

Secretary.

Newspapers inserting this (the above) advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

At This Time of the Year.

Everybody needs something to create and maintain strength for the daily round of

duties. There is nothing better than an Ale or Porter, the purity and merits of which has been attested by chemists, physicians and experts at the great exhibitions.