torn from each other's arms, father the new rule as the Boston express and daughter are separated, and young was about to leave the station. He overs wrenched apart every few ninutes during the day at the Grand entral station nowadays. This cruel ork begins early in the morning and ntinues until midnight.

A new rule of the station forbids body to go to the trains save the Who enters the iron gate which the tickets are punched must



leave all friends behind and take the long walk down the platform alone. In former years these partings between loving ones could be postponed until the train was reached, or they might even take place after the departing one was securely tucked in her seat, with her bag in the basket rack above her head and the illustrated papers in her lap. And he did not have to leave the car until it was

Husbands and wives are ruthlessly couple that came into collision with held out the ticket to be punched while she passed through the gate. He started to follow her, but a restraining hand was laid on his arm. "What!" he cried in astonishment.

'Why, why, this is my wife." "Against the rules!" came the me-chanical reply and other tickets were thrust out. "Please step back." s fuming on the other side of

the railing.

"Well, who'll carry this bag?" she demanded. "I can't drag it all the way down to the train."

"Well, I suppose I'll be allowed to

"Call a guard," was the answer in the same tone of listlessness.

The husband was outside the railing by this time, as, with the man's instinct for deferring to the inevitable, he had ceased to struggle. She was deflant still.

come out there and say good-bye to my husband," she remarked with withering scorn as she picked up a little handbag from the ground where her husband had placed it, "and then come in again to take the train?" The guard made no answer, but stepped aside for the woman to come out for the parting that was to have taken place in the car. He had to step back to make room for 200 pounds of flurry and excitement that had loomed up suddenly in front of the gate. Per spiration was pouring from her face and her hair flew in every direction.
"Now be sure to tell your mother," she chattered volubly to a young girl who approached her, looking much like a tug by the side of an ocean steamer, "that we want you to come over again whenever you feel like it, and your

Uncle Harry is always glad to have you at any time."
She had been fumbling in a bag and produced a ticket. After it had been punched, she handed it to the girl, who passed through the gate with her bulky relative behind her.
"Sorry, lady," came the customary

prohibition, "but it's against the rules." She stopped abruptly and shook for a minute like jelly. Then her eyes channed fire for a second before she

"Oh, you needn't be sorry for me!" she said. "Nobody asked for your sorrow. Kiss me, Nellie, here. Sorry, indeed; You've really done me a hind her young mistress. She pro-



THE DISCRETION OF VICTORINE.

moving. Parting could be made very But the new rule has changed all that. One must say good-bye abruptly The voice of the ticket puncher is no longer cruel as he says:

Very sorry, but it's against the



"OH, YOU NEEDN'T BE SORRY FOR ME, SIR."

less from constant repetition as that of a phonograph. Even the varied pretexts employed to pass the bars no longer arouse any interest in him. Nor do the different emotions that his prohibition arouses. He is hardened

Yasianday it was a young married | Not all of the passengers are so un-

walked down that long platform would have been too much for me. Kiss me, Nellie, and give my love to everybody. Do write. Oh, you needn't be sorry for me, sir,"

As the girl joined the line of passengers walking to the train, her chaperon gave the guard a contemptuous look, tossed back her head and ailed out of the station with a rapid-



ity out of all proportion to her size.
Since the new rule went into effect there is always a group about every entrance waiting with eyes on the clock to see the last minute they can remain together. But the couples that are to travel together and the individuals pass through with as much eager-

willing to be separated as were two that came to the gate on Saturday. She was tall and ornamented profusely with the pervading violets. A stole of sable feel to her feet, far off as they were from the broad fur collar around her neck.

He was loosely covered by a long, yellow, unbuttoned paddock coat that occasionally fell aside to show the smart tweed suit he wore. They anproached the gate so absorbed in each' other's conversation that they almost walked into the guard who called them back to life with the cry of:

"Tickets, please."
She opened the gold purse that hung from her neck, but her feverish search of it was in vain. 'Victorine must have them," she



"THE PADDOCK COAT AND THE GUARD."

The black-robed maid was just beduced the tickets and the trio with the man at the end started through

"Only two. Sorry, but a rule of the "The deuce it is," came from the voice inside the paddock coat. "Can't

"Yes, Bert," echoed an anxious tone, "can't you come in at all? See, there's nearly fifteen minutes still." "Only passengers with tickets are allowed to pass," uttered the inflexible voice of the guard. "Sorry, but it's

the rule of the company."

The paddock coat suddenly showed signs of great activity and dashed through the door into the waiting room and across that to the ticket office. Then it halted where tickets' for Boston are sold; but halted only In as brief a time it was back at the iron gate. And it passed in triumph- known everywhere.

antly armed with a ticket to Boston.
Only a few feet away, inside the collar burst into a smile as the pad-"But you are extravagant, Bert," the

"To have bought a ticket! What in the world would father say if he should hear it?" "Say that I made a very good investment. He's a business man and he would say that I'd spent \$6 very

well. Do you know there are ten minutes yet?" Victorine discreetly stepped to the head of the procession that slowly moved down the platform. The two that followed her were very much engrossed. They disappeared into the car and the paddock coat was not seen on the platform again until the wheels

of the car were in motion. He waited until the train was almost out of the station staring for a signal that finally came. It fluttered from the open door of the vestibule between two

To other eyes it might not have been visible. From somewhere inside the paddock came a responsive signal, rather gaudy in check and sporty in character; it waved once or twice violently in the air and then went

back to its place.

Although he walked slowly, the wearer of the yellow coat reached the guard after a while. Even the guard's customary composure had been jarred

by the episode. He was in the habit of seeing people weep or kiss when they said good-bye and sometimes quarrel and laugh. but philosophy had never dreamed of a man who would buy a ticket to see ten minutes more of a young woman who, beautiful and rich as she looked to him, seemed to be no stranger. So he watched the approach of the youth with more interest than he commonly felt in a week toward all the travelers who had their good-byes interrupted

This unusual interest manifested itself when the young man was back "I think you can have that ticket

redeemed, sir," the guard said. "If you take it back they'll allow you something on it anyway." "What ticket?" was the indifferent answer. "Oh. that one I bought. Where is it? I thought I put it in my pocket. Here it is. Take it to the office, and if you can get anything on it you're welcome to it.' He handed the ticket to the guard, who closed the gate after him more gently than usual.—N. Y. Sun.

### A GUARANTEED CURE For All Forms of Kidney Disease

All retail Canadian druggists are authorized to give the following guarantee with every 50 cent bottle of Dr. Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, the only remedy in the world that positively cures all troubles arising from weak

or diseased kidneys: "Money cheerfully returned if the bottles effect astonishing and permanent cures. If not relieved and cured, you waste no money."

If your druggist cannot supply Dr.

Pettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, send money to Wells & Richardson Compand, Limited, 200 Mountain street, Montreal, Que., and tablets will be sent post paid to your address, subject to above guarantee. 30 a-t-y

Dr. Billinkin, of Epernay, France, has produced complete insensibility during important surgical operations by high frequency alternating electric-The first woman telegraphic operator was Sarah C. Bagley, of Lowell, Mass.,

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

#### BALFOUR'S HOME

Turrets and Towers Consciouous by Their Absence.

Whittingehame, East Lothian, the ome of Mr. Arthur Balfour, has no palatial look. Turrets and towers are conspicuous by their absence. A plain, commodious building of light gray sandstone, built for comfort, not for show, standing in the midst of a green lawn, at the far sides of which the branches of the horse chestnuts dip to the ground and the beech and the larch and the fair wych elm vie with each other in the growing. 'Tis a quaint Saxon word, "Whittingehame." It is said to mean the abode of the

white man. The first room in Whittingehame, in point of interest to all who think of the man before the house he lives in, is Mr. Balfour's study. It is not a large room, 22x18 feet. Here, when Mr. Balfour comes north after "letter time," he transacts business. A telephone brings this room in touch with the telegraph stations at East Linton and Stenton. Heavy tomes of heavy reading are on the shelves and table. Mr. Balfour's study is a corner room. His desk (a revolving Shannon) stands before the southeast window. A in him not Germany alone, but the humble admirer looked in vain for world, lost one of its great men. notes of his latest speech. Rudyard Kipling's "In Black and White" lay peacefully there instead, and on the grand piano between the northeast windows Handel's "Messiah" lay side by side with "British Golf Links," by Horace Hutchinson. And why not? Is it not the diversity of pastime which gives mind and strength for the bur-den of place? Mr. Balfour is a brilliant musician, and has written an article on musical subjects. Every one knows he is a capital judge of a good story; and golf-well, there's a press full of golf balls at his study door The wall space of the study is filled

with books to within a foot of the cornice. Books of philosophy, history, science, whole shelves of encyclopedias and state books; the French masters, the classic, the poets, finds a niche somewhere. A quaint fender of green Connemara marble guards the tiled hearth, and the eyes linger and rest on Raphael's "Virgin and Child" above

Mr. Balfour's bedroom opens off his study. A small painting of "Ecce Homo" hangs at the head of the simple bed, and from above the fireplace the beautiful face of the states-man's mother looks down on her son. You can trace the likeness, the same dark eyes, the same strong yet sensi-tive mouth, and as you look you do not wonder at the name the country people gave her, "The Good Lady Blanche.

#### Krupp, the Great Gun Maker.

Germany lost, in the death of Alfred Krupp, the man who was her greatest citizen. He was the richest man in the empire, under the rank of loyalty at least. He was the Carnegie of Ger- | d'etat. many. He, or rather the house of which he was the head, has been among the foremost of those who have helped to make the twentieth century what it is. in either story."

Alfred Krupp was not the one who first won fame for the name of Krupp. Soon made.

making cast steel, which had been kept a secret in England, but he died in poverty. His son, Alfred Krupp the elder, succeeded him, and it was his inventions and enterprise that made the name of Krupp famous. He turned out ralis, engines, tires, wheels and other manufactures of steel, and finally began building the Krupp guns which are the most celebrated single product of the Krupp works. His business grew, and now more than 20,000 men work in the Krupp institutions. There are great foundries and shops at Essen; coal

mines at Essen and elsewhere; iron

mines in Germany and Spain; smelt-

ing furnaces at various places, and

still other concerns, all bearing the name of Krupp.

Alfred Krupp, the elder, died in 1887, and the Alfred Krupp who died yesterday succeeded him. There have been many changes in the business arising out of its growth, and not the least of these was the placing of the management in the hands of a corporation. Along with the increase in business new problems arose, pertaining to the welfare of the large number of men who were employed in the Krupp works; and the institutions that have grown up, for the benefit of the workingmen, form an interesting study in themselves. Alfred Krupp, the young er, proved himself upon the whole a broad-minded trustee of the great wealth and wide-reaching interests which were committed to his care; and

### world, lost one of its great men.

Booth Tarkington's Start. Strange as it may seem, it was the efforts of a sister that enabled Booth Tarkington, the author of "The Gentieman from Indiana," "Beaucaire," and other stories, to get a publisher, if we are to believe an intimate friend. She is herself an author of no mean ability-Mrs. Haute Tarkington Jameson. Tarkington was no exception to the rule of the author with rejected manuscripts. Rejected manscripts had become a nightmare to him. Finally, as a last attempt, the manuscripts were sent to New York at the suggestion of his sister. Again came the old re-

"It is no use, sister." were Tarkingon's pathetic words.
"Booth," she said, "they never read your manuscript-give it to me.'

Within a few hours the devoted and faithful sister was flying eastward from Indianapolis as fast as the train would permit, and in 48 hours she stood waiting for a response to the ed her errand and plainly said she did not believe the manuscript had been read. Would the publisher kindly call the reader? "Certainly."

The reader came.

He said he read both manuscripts, out found them "not out of the or-Here the clever sister displayed her

wit and diplomacy.

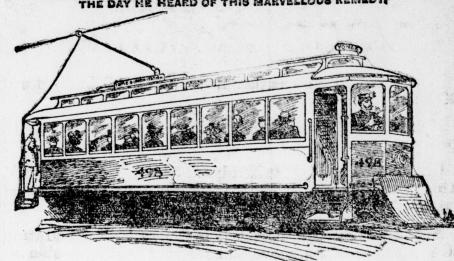
She recited supposed passages from the works of her brother, and asked the "reader" if he had read them and not appreciated them. He said he had, but did not see that the passages were remarkable. Here was the moment for the coup

Turning to the publisher she said: 'Just as I thought, these manuscripts have never been read. None of the passages just quoted by me occurs His name was known around the world. The resulting consternation had bet-Krupp guns and Krupp steel were ter be imagined than described. The manuscripts now received at-

The anxious expression over the sable collar burst into a smile as the pad-ters of a century ago, was the founder given up in despair and never been of the house. He discovered the art of known by the reading public.

Of Motorman Walden, in the employ of TORONTO STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

DID NOT WANT TO GIVE UP WORK BUT WAS FORCED TO DO SO-TELLS NOW FC EIGHTEEN MONTHS HE HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, TREATED BY THE BEST PHYSICIANS IN TORONTO AND HIS CASE PRONOUNCED SO SERIOUS THAT HE WAS ADVISED, AS A LAST RESORT, TO USE THE DR. SLOOUM TREATMENT-IS NOW IN GOOD HEALTH AND BLESSES THE DAY HE HEARD OF THIS MARVELLOUS REMEDY,



Mr. Alfred Walden, 7 Cornwall St., Toronto, who has been in the employ of the Street Railway Company for a number of years as motorman, informs us that he had an attack of la grippe, followed by typhoid fever, and after many weeks of suffering it resulted in a complication of throat and lung troubles. During this illness he was under the care of one of the best physicians in this city, who pronounced it a very serious case and advised him to stop work, which he was finally compelled to do.

Mr. Walden heard about the Dr. Slocum Remedies and commenced their use and after using them but for a few weeks he noticed a great improvement.

### A New Discovery that Cures Consumption.

The Dr. Slocum System Presents a Positive Cure for Humanity's Createst Foe. Four Marvellous Free Remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New Oure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Oatarrh, and a rundown system.

Do you cough? Do your lungs pain you? Is your throat sore and inflamed? Do you spit up phlegm? Does your head ache?

Is your appetite bad? Are your lungs delicate? Are you losing flesh? Are you pale and thin? Do you lack stamina?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.
You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by

#### FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use.

The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung
Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and
Heart Troubles. Heart Troubles.

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We want 100 more bright young men

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