



## Queen Alexandra.

To be called Her Royal Highness is the destiny of every body born to wear a crown—that is, every woman body. But it remains for one woman among all the royal families to have the endearing title of Her Royal Sweetness given to her, and that honor belongs to Alexandra, Queen Consort on the British throne. This gracious lady has all the world over won, not only admiration and esteem, but love. And certainly there must be something specially fine and womanly, when even a stranger has a feeling of affection for the woman who now succeeds the illustrious Victoria.

Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the King of Denmark, belongs to a remarkable family. Historically, Denmark is counted as of great importance, but, in reality, it is but a small sovereignty, and the Princess herself was, while thoroughly educated, taught all the industries that would be part of the knowledge of a daughter of ordinary gentle-folk. It is well known that in her girlhood she made and even "made over" her simple dresses, and was her own milliner. She was given that excellent training with the needle and taught the housewifely arts that all German mothers consider an indispensable feature of their daughters' training.

A very pretty and romantic story is told of how the Princess of Denmark became the wife of Prince Albert Edward of Wales. The Prince chanced to be whiling away part of a long summer afternoon with two or three friends when one of them a colonel produced from his pocket a photograph. The prince immediately became struck by the beauty and simplicity of the young person in the picture, and soon became possessor of it. Within a very short time he had despatched a confidential emissary to Denmark to carry his suit to the Princess. The emissary was struck by the simplicity of the royal personages, but particularly by the grandeur and beauty of the young princess. Because of her simple home training the Princess was best fitted for the pomp and honor of her station. At the age of nineteen, a beautiful young girl, she was married to the Prince, and it was a marriage so pleasing to the English people that the poet laureate was not exaggerating when he wrote, "We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee." As she was greeted then, so was her greeting ever continued, for she is, without any exception the most popular woman in the kingdom.

As the years have gone on and the bride of nineteen has now become a grandmother at fifty-six, the remarkable beauty of face and magnetism of manner that so charmed the English people at first is as great as ever, and she is the best evidence in the world of the fact that a woman has discovered the secret of eternal beauty, and that it is—a loving heart, a generous mind, and a sweet, amiable consideration.

Purity of thought and deed has characterized the entire life of Her Royal Highness, and to be in her set means to be received by a woman whom the whole world knows to be good and true. Her own sweet manner, her own faith, and her interest not only in her own life and that of those about her, but extending as it does to the stranger and to the sufferer, has made many women eager to be good as she is good. She has that marvelous art of making goodness seem attractive; of making the right act the pleasant one and of impressing upon all who know her the knowledge that to do good is to have a pleasant time, and not to do it is to miss some of the pleasure of life. Many princesses have been written about as having been beautiful, as having caused great wars, as having done great deeds of valour, of having made men die for them and kingdoms quarrel over them, but of none of them can it be said, as it is of this gracious lady, that the whole world bows down before sweetness and goodness, that peace has been the watchword of her life—and not only does she value peace but those loving sisters, Faith, Hope and Charity, abide with her. In her own household the devoted wife and mother, she has, nevertheless, always proved herself equal to the demands of the great social functions, and for this ability to be whatever time and place demand of her she gains special admiration from the English people. The life is many-sided, but Queen Alexandra is perfectly capable of filling with grace and dignity all that is expected of her.

While thoroughly understanding the art of magnificent dressing when it is required, she has always been simple in her attire at home and in the country. Very fond of both walking and driving it is not marvel

ous that the Queen has retained her beautiful complexion, and that, with her artistic knowledge, she is counted the best-dressed woman in England. Simplicity is the keynote to her attire, and it is by her influence that the well-made cloth gown and the small bonnet retained their hold so long in the fashionable world. When she goes yachting, a simple blue serge gown, trimmed with white braid, and a cap, on which the name of the royal yacht is painted, is the costume fancied by her and her daughters, and the one that permits them to have a thoroughly good time and enjoy the sea and the sea air as they wish to do.

As Princess of Wales she has always been most happy when residing at Sandringham, in Norfolk, where she chooses to live as might any gentlewoman. Here she has her favourite drives, her pet charities, her wonderful dairy, her own flower garden and all her pets. It is one of her fads to care for a wild flower garden, which is in one corner of the grounds, and where the dainty blossoms from field and forest are cared for and made sweeter and lovelier because of the attention given them. Sandringham House is a very large and beautiful place, but one which impresses you more with its comfort than with its magnificence. Perhaps the most striking feature of the estate is the garden, and the most noticeable characteristics of the gardens are their trimness, brightness, and the perfectly smooth working of the whole. The kitchen gardens comprise no less than fourteen acres. The greenhouses are numerous and in most cases are devoted exclusively to one plant. There are about thirty in all. The Queen is particularly fond of lilac and lilies, and as far as possible these are always supplied by the gardeners

at Sandringham. Buttonholes are given to all the guests every evening at dinner, so that a generous quantity of flowers suitable for the purpose is always required. The Queen likes a low table and the beautiful corymbus are often employed for this purpose. She does not care for maiden-hair, preferring the filmy fronds of the asparagus fern and trails of smilax. On her birthday the table decorations are particularly choice; very often a blending of her favorite lilies of the valley and vivid scarlet geraniums is chosen.

From her father the Queen inherited her great love of animals; he is passionately fond of all dumb creatures, and our Queen shares this characteristic in a marked degree. Although she no longer hunts, she has generally attended the meets, and she has many pets amongst the horses and ponies at Sandringham. A team of small Hungarians is a great delight to her, for she is a good whip, and takes the greatest pleasure in driving either four-in-hand or tandem. One of her most cherished gifts on her silver wedding day was a model of her favorite saddle-horse. Her four Hungarian ponies are known as Huffy, Puffy, Beans, and Bens. Many a succulent carrot, many a juicy apple, handful of sugar, and slice of bread finds its way into the mouths of these dainty little animals, for the Queen always maras her visits to the stables and kennels by some such dainties. Often a simple little pony cart is seen driving through the village, and in the cart a sweet-faced woman, whom all the world admires as a beautiful and gracious Royal lady, whom we of Great Britain now proudly style our Queen, and whom the country folk know as the Lady Bountiful of the land. Although Windsor Castle will henceforth be her official residence, her home life will always seem to be associated with the lovely Sandringham, where everything is marked with her own personality.

In her charities the Queen has shown greatest interest in those institutions intended for women and children, and has made special exertions for the Chelsea hospital for women, and for all the places

where little children are cared for. When she herself was suffering from acute rheumatism, the little patients at the hospitals got a greater number of books and toys than ever before. One of her great desires has been to make in London a suitable home for working girls; for those girls who found the ordinary boarding house too expensive, and who were, so to say, cast adrift in the world. From this idea grew the Alexandra house, at Kensington, and, remembering what the greatest lay in the land does, a number of other houses of the same kind have been started in different parts of the city.

In the ancient church at Welverton, near Sandringham, is a brass lectern on which is inscribed a memorial of the little Prince who died on April 7th, 1871. This year, which has been one of great distress to the Princess, ended happily, and caused her to express her feelings in letters that could not fade these tender and believing words:

"To THE GLORY OF GOD"  
A thank-offering for His Mercy  
14 December, 1871  
ALEXANDRA

"When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me. It seems unfortunate that women who occupy less trying positions, and into whose lives there has not come so much of joy and sorrow, have not the same continued faith in God that is shown by this Royal lady.

England may count herself blest above all other nations in having the splendid memory of Victoria and the living example of Alexandra; for as the late Queen was the most glorious and most womanly of all that ever sat on throne, none less is our new Queen a worthy model to womanhood. Wherever she has gone, wherever she has lived, or among whatever people her lot has been cast, she has made the mental and moral tone of society sweeter and better than it ever was before.

Chasing a Bear.  
Any one who has seen a bear walk knows how slowly he seems to move, and his run is a shuffling, gait that is comical

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"The Universal Perfume."  
For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

to witness, unless he happens to be running after you. But a bear moves pretty fast, notwithstanding appearances, and the grizzly, which looks to be clumsier than the brown or black bear, can cover ground faster than the average saddle horse. A Philadelphia exchange prints the story of an Arizona sheep rancher:

He was riding in the foot hills when he saw a big, awkward silvertip. He had a rifle, but was not certain he could kill the bear at one shot, and knew that he would get into trouble if he missed. So he gave a regular cowboy yell, and the bear started away in alarm.

The man gave chase, at the same time keeping up the piercing yell, and he soon noticed that grizzly was getting farther away. He continued the chase for nearly two miles, until the bear disappeared in the mountains, and he had not gained a foot.

In going back along the trail, he noticed places where the bear had made jumps of fifteen or twenty feet, and the ground had been cut up by his claws so that it looked as if a harrow had been run over it. It is evident that a man would have no show running a foot-race with a grizzly.

"But why did you run away?" we asked. "We had always heard of you as brave." "It was not that," answered the soldier, "but I get to thinking it would be a sin to waste my life. Just economy, that's all."

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves, of course they give splendid results.



BROTHER AND SISTER.

Mus...  
The Albany...  
City talent...  
May Irvin...  
Louis Mann...  
The Norman...  
Ethel Jackson...  
Joseph Wel...  
Alalya W...  
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Music and The Drama

The Albany concert last evening was an event of interest to music lovers.

City talent entertained the inmates of the Boys Industrial Home on Tuesday evening at a most successful concert.

May Irvin is inimitable in her coon songs in Madge Smith, Attorney.

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman are making a hit in "All on account of Eliza."

The Norman in White is the sobriquet of a mysterious songstress who is this week delighting Boston audiences.

Ethel Jackson has been engaged to play a leading role in Miss Bob white, Willard Spencer's new opera, which is to be produced in April.

Joseph Welsh has attained sudden prominence in The Burgomaster by his singing of 'I sing from my heart to you,' one of the sweetest ballads of the day.

Alalya Wesley wears in "A Guilty Mother" a dress trimmed with lace 200 years old.

Mr. M. Douglas Flattery author of "Wife or Maid?" "A Pair of Knives" and "A Few Tramps" has just finished the libretto of a comic opera which is both picturesque and inviting.

Josef Holmann is a Pole and so is Jean de Reszke. Rubenstein also was Polish, on his mother's side.

Speaking of De Angelis, a Boston writer says "There is something Jeff De Angelis can be proud of, and that is the thought that he has achieved his present high position as a comic opera star by thoroughly legitimate methods."

TALK OF THE TOWN.

The Valentine Stock company closed its engagement on Saturday with a production of The Merchant of Venice.

Katherine Gray denies the rumor that she is to retire from the stage.

Mr. Haddon Chambers has finished a one act play which will be produced shortly in New York.

Sydney Rosefelds farce "The Purple Lady" has been placed for English production by Edward Terry.

A cablegram announces that Olga Netherole has arrived in London and was much benefited by the ocean voyage.

Louise Drew, the daughter of John Drew, made her professional debut in Philadelphia last Wednesday in Richard Carvel.

Maude Fealy, William Gillette's leading lady enjoys the distinction of being the youngest Juliet on the stage.

"The O'Ruddy," the late Stephen Crane's uncompleted novel is being finished by Mr. A. E. W. Mason and will be dramatized by David Belasco.

William Gillette is one of the most successful playwrights of the present day. He has to his credit farces, comedy, drama and the spectacular. He has written two of the greatest war dramas ever produced

in America and at the present time there are no less than six of his plays performing nightly in America and England.

Augustus Thomas has signed a contract to provide a new play for Peter F. Dailly's next season, when Christie McDonald will be again the comedian's leading lady.

Joseph Litt has engaged Miss Minnie Seligman to play the leading role in "The Prince of Peace," the Drury Lane melle drama, which is soon to be produced in New York.

"Sweet and Twenty" is the name of a comedy which Basil Hood has written for Ellaine Ferrise. He has also written a play which has been accepted by George Alexander.

Mr. Haddon Chambers has finished a one act play to which he has given the title 'Blue Roses.' The characters are three in number and the story is of a neglected wife.

There is said to be no foundation for the assertion that Stephen Phillips is the author of the new blank verse play which Sir Henry Irving has promised to produce in London after 'Coriolanus.'

George Honey who plays Sidney Price, the crackman in Sherlock Holmes in English and a Cambridge man. He rowed number six in the University eight against Oxford in 1894. He is well known as an amateur single scull.

It is said that some of the land recently purchased in Texas by John Craig the leading man of the Boston Car the Square Stock Company, lies within the recently discovered oil belt and possibly the actor may assume a new role, that of the millionaire.

Among the plays which Julia Neilson and Fred Terry are holding for future production are "The Chancellor," an eighteenth century comedy by Enoch Bennett, a costume comedy still unnamed by Max Pemberton and James Arthur; a new comedy drama by Clyde Fitch and a modern comedy "The Heel of Achilles" by Louis Parker and Boyle Lawrence.

"Mice and Men" is the name of a play which she has sold to Forbes Robertson for production in London, and Mr. Nat Goodwin will present another which she is now writing. The only light comedy she expects to present for some time will be a play for Willie Collier, which Mr. Litt wishes her to write, but so far she has not definitely accepted the commission.

In the course of a performance at the New Curzon Theatre in Calcutta recently one of the actors had to swallow some wine from a bottle. He did so with a gulp and immediately ran screaming about the stage, to the delight of the audience who thought it was part of the play. But it soon became evident that it was an unheeded effect; the poor man was in the most terrible pain. He had been handed in mistake for the wine a bottle of sulphuric acid used with the limelight. He may recover.

The latest actress to be fired with an ambition to play Becky Sharp is Marie Tempest who will assume the character in the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, before long. Her play is a new version of "Vanity Fair," by a "well-known writer," who prefers to keep his name secret, and herein displays his wisdom. The reason why so many actresses wish to play Becky Sharp is obvious enough. The same in itself is a capital advertisement, the part is an uncommonly "fat" one, in the professional sense, and it does not require any special ability for its enactment.

Told of William Gillette: It happened at a railway lunch counter, Gillette walked leisurely up to the counter, hazarded a doughnut and plaintively spoke to the drowsy young woman handing out things to excited voyagers who grabbed and bolted them, or had them thrust into a greasy paper bag to carry further and fare worse withal. 'I will take a ham sandwich,' stated Mr. Gillette, curling his arm up on the counter edge restfully. 'Will you eat it now or take it with you?' kindly inquired the waitress. 'Why, both, if you don't mind,' quietly answered William.

Says the Boston Evening Transcript on Thursday, Feb. 21, Judge McMahon of the Court of General Sessions, on motion of the district attorney, dismissed two indictments procured on June 8, 1898, at the instance of the theatrical trust against Harrison Grey Fiske, editor and proprietor of the Dramatic Mirror, for alleged libel. Mr. Fiske, it will be remembered, started a crusade against the trust in the Mirror in 1897, and has opposed, that combination ever since. The trust sought to silence the Mirror first by instituting civil suits for alleged damages, against the Mirror and its printers and circulating agents, and failing of its purpose instituted the criminal proceeding. A very lively series of preliminary hearings on the criminal process in the magistrate's court, beginning on March 16, 1898, is remembered. Mr. Fiske appeared with his counsel,

Abraham R. King, and several members of the trust were subjected to searching examination. As the magistrate's court had not a trial jurisdiction, Mr. Fiske waived examination. It was the wish of Mr. Fiske to join issue on one of the civil suits brought by the trust, but the trust seemed disinclined to go into court, and one by one the civil actions were dismissed on motion of the trust's lawyers. Failing to join issue on the civil case, Mr. Fiske hoped to do so in the criminal case, but this the trust would not prosecute, for reasons best known to its members, and the dismissal of the indictments for alleged criminal libel ends the legal side of this interesting matter. Mr. Fiske's journal, the Mirror, has steadily continued a warm opposition to the trust, and promises still to continue that opposition.

Russel Sage has declared that the theatre is not necessary for the recreation of a young man. He prefers books as being not only cheaper but better. Mr. Andrew Carnegie disagrees with this view. 'I attach great importance to the theatre as a means of amusement,' he said, in an address to a Sunday-school class—and a Baptist Sunday school at that! 'There are, of course, in these days many bad plays; but there are also many good ones. I shall never forget the night when for the first time I heard the strange, mysterious rhythm of the language of Shakespeare. He was then a messenger boy, and he got in because he was delivering a message to the manager. Mr. Sage was a poor country boy who fought his way up. Mr. Carnegie has also made a few dollars. Both are church men and church members. Both have rigid ideas as to right and wrong, and if both do not agree about the theatre they simply represent other men who disagree on subjects that intimately concern the daily life and character of the people.'

Speaking of Madeline Lusette Ryley, and her work as a comedy writer the Transcript says:

The plays from her pen slated for production next fall are all more or less of a dramatic rather than a comedy nature. Of these interest will attach more closely to a play which Mr. Jacob Litt will produce. In this production Mr. John Mason will be given the stellar honor for which he has so long waited. The securing of this play was brought about under rather odd circumstances. Mr. Litt wanted a play for Willie Collier and made an appointment with Mrs. Ryley during her recent flying trip from London, where she now resides. She read him the play, the name of which is withheld, with every assurance that it would not suit Collier, but with an idea that it might attract the astute manager on its merits. It did, but he said, "Where am I to find the actor for the leading role?" "What do you think of Mr. Mason?" said Mrs. Ryley. "Splendid; but he is engaged with Daniel Frohman."

"Not for next season," was the reply. "I have it on his own authority."

ON THE BARK WIRE.

Trouble Made Among Women by Suburbanville's Telephone System.

Since telephones on party wires were introduced in Suburbanville there has been a very thorough readjustment of old fends. The party wire system permits three or four telephones on the same wire. Every telephone bell on this wire rings at the same time. The special telephone that is wanted is indicated by the number of times the bell rings. Each subscriber on a party wire quickly acquires a decided contempt, if not hatred, for every other subscriber on the same wire.

Suburbanville's social lines were formerly marked by membership in church congregations, in some one of the dozen or more whist clubs, and lastly by the butcher who supplied the family. When Mrs. Smith wanted to invite a dozen congenial women to form a whist or bowling club she sorted out on her list the women who patronized the same butcher and went to the same church.

Since the party telephones have been put in it has made the problem of collecting a dozen congenial women so complex that it would puzzle a graduate in double-entry bookkeeping. Not only must the hostess bear in mind the congregation to which the women belong and the butchers whom they patronize, but she must be sure not to bring together two women who use the same party wire. Such a disaster happened last week.

Mrs. Onering had never met Mrs. Tworing, though their telephones were on the same wire. When Mrs. Tworing's telephone was put in she thoroughly enjoyed

"77"

It's Tonicity.

A cold is usually caused by checked circulation, recognized by a chill or shiver. The use of "77" starts the blood coursing through the veins until it reaches the extremities, when the feet warm up and the Cold or Grip is broken, while its tonicity sustains the system during and after the attack. Many persons write: "Your '77' has proved such a blessing, I want to try Dr. Humphreys' Specifics for other diseases." In response we send free a Pocket Manual, known as "The Dainty Lady," from the picture on the cover, for which a beautiful medal was induced to pose.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor William and John Sts., New York.

GRIP

The novelty to call up all of her friends who had telephones a dozen times a day. Mrs. Onering had become accustomed to her telephone, and the continual jangling of Mrs. Tworing's calls annoyed her. Several lively skirmishes followed over the wire.

One morning when Mrs. Onering was anxious to telephone for a cab to catch a certain train she waited for Mrs. Tworing to get through telephoning until her patience was exhausted. Then she broke in on the wire with the request:

"Won't you please give me a chance to call up the livery stable? I'm in a hurry."

"Are you indeed?" said the voice. "Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Onering. Who are you?"

"I am Mrs. Tworing, and I shall complain to Central that you have been listening."

"Well, then, I will tell Central that I can't help listening because you are using the telephone all the time. I have as much right on this wire as you have."

"Come from having ill-bred persons on the wire, and—"

"I'll complain, and—"

"I won't stand it a—"

"Such impertinence!—"

Bur-r-r-r, and both telephones rang off at the same time. It so happened that Mrs. Onering and Mrs. Tworing did not know each other by sight. They were both guests at a Helping Hand social last week, and happening to be seated together they opened conversation without the formality of an introduction.

They agreed beautifully about butchers, and each wondered why she had not happened to meet the other before. Then they came to the subject of telephones.

"I find my telephone a great convenience," said Mrs. Onering, "but I have the most disagreeable people on it. One woman has just had her telephone put in, and she works it to death. She has been telephoning all this last month. I think I will apply to have my wire changed. I can't stand it."

"That's just my experience," said Mrs. Tworing delightedly. "There is the most impertinent woman on my wire. I know from her voice that she is a perfect fright. She is so curious that she listens whenever I use the wire. If one could only chase the other subscribers on her party wire it would be a great advantage."

So many common experiences made Mrs. Onering and Mrs. Tworing very chummy and each was just about to invite the other to call when the hostess came up and said to them:

"Why, I did not know that you two people knew each other."

"We have just scraped an acquaintance," said Mrs. Onering, "and I wish that you would introduce us formally."

"Certainly," said the hostess. "Mrs. Onering I want to present a neighbor of yours, Mrs. Tworing."

"Tworing did you say?" asked Mrs. Onering. "Yes, I remember the name perfectly. So sorry, but I must be going now. I have had a lovely afternoon," and out she went.

"It she had not gone I would have left," said Mrs. Tworing.

"Why I thought that you were getting along beautifully," said the hostess.

"Her telephone is on my party wire and she bothers me very much."

Mrs. Tworing and Mrs. Onering pass each other on the street as strangers and when they conflict in using the telephone each treats the other with frigid politeness.

So many hostesses in Suburbanville

H. W. Howe

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

have had similar awkward experiences that they have now applied to the telephone company for a classified list of the party telephones in use so that two women who use the same wire may not be invited at the same time.

Life-Saving Follies.

Patriotism and politeness are great virtues, and a Japanese physician, Doctor Aoyama, owes his life to the fact that he possessed them both in high degree.

He had caught the plague and was dying for need of the food which, in his delirium, he refused to take. His nurse was in despair, but finally conceived the idea of playing upon his patriotism by filling a glass with liquid nourishment and then offering to drink to the health of the mikado.

This was repeated until, ardent patriot as he was, the doctor felt that he had honored his sovereign enough.

Then his politeness was appealed to, the nurse proposing a toast and reproaching the sick man for not joining in it. In this way the patient's strength was maintained until the delirium subsided and he became convalescent.

Father—I am afraid you will never make your living with your pen. Son—Then father, don't you think you could—advance me the price of a typewriter?

FACE HUMOURS



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MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chaffing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for arduous irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers. No other medicated soap is so compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is so compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. This is Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap, the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour. CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing itching, and humilitating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 27-28 Charterhouse St., London, E. C. Export Depot: 400 N. Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

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...and McLeod appeared  
...ature Wednesday and  
...of \$10,000 in aid of the  
...cience building, and for  
...ng water in the main in-

...portant bills introduced  
...unwise legislature this  
...insure the construction  
...e Queen's and Sunbury  
...to rectify the Botheay  
...ist.

...Government will not con-  
...ndon Victorian memorial  
...ill be a Canadian mem-  
...orm of a magnificent  
...oted on the Parliament  
...next summer.

...received of the death of  
...a deaf mute, undergoing  
...in the Dorchester peni-  
...years ago at the mouth of  
...deceased killed his sister  
...her with an axe.

...ota Legislature still has  
...Premier Murray stated to  
...ther day that it is the in-  
...ovement to introduce a  
...e present session for the  
...legislative Council.

...at week death has claimed  
...time. David P. Chisholm  
...on Monday removes a  
...known for years in the  
...For a long time he was  
...stiff, but latterly occupied

...ed on PAGE SEVENTEEN.



The reception and entertainment held at the Boys' Industrial Home on Tuesday evening proved to be a very pleasant and interesting social function. Over two hundred persons drove out from the city and took advantage of the occasion to enjoy a pleasant evening and at the same time inspect the Home and thus see for themselves the good work that is being carried on at this institution and the piece and well-kept buildings which surround the very day life of its youthful inmates.

On their arrival at the institution the guests were received by Lady Tilley and Mrs. E. A. Smith and conducted to the large hall on the second story, where a sale of many pretty and useful articles was held. What attracted the most interest in this room were the many tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture all of which had been made by the boys. Articles of clothing were also exhibited and when examined would surprise one by the skill and neatness of the work. The different tables in the sale room were quite liberally patronized; the candy table in particular receiving marked attention. This table was presided over by Mrs. Calhoun who was assisted by Miss Laura Harrison, Miss Howard, Miss Mary Leche, Miss Winifred Todd, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Madeline Barker and Miss Helen Robertson. The fancy table was in charge of Mrs. Land, the teacher at the institution, and several of the boys of the Home.

About nine o'clock the concert began and a very excellent program was carried out, every number of which was thoroughly enjoyed and fully appreciated. Miss Frances Travers seemed to carry off the honors of the evening and was forced to respond to a triple encore. Mr. J. Boyden Thomson's cornet solo, The Lost Chord, was beautifully rendered and received its well merited share of the applause.

At the conclusion of the concert tea, coffee and light refreshments were served, the gentlemen acting as waiters. The tea tables were looked after by Mrs. J. W. Daniel, Mrs. R. C. Skinner, Mrs. R. J. Ritchie and Mrs. T. H. Hall.

A pleasant feature of the evening's entertainment was the awarding of the prizes which had been offered for efficiency in the different departments. These prizes were donated by Mrs. R. B. Fenton, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. E. B. Emerson, Mrs. W. S. Fisher, and Mr. J. V. Russell. This part of the proceedings occasioned such interest that many of those present decided to offer prizes for the coming year. Among them being Mrs. James F. Robertson, Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. J. H. Thomson, Mrs. Fred Harding, Mrs. W. H. Travers, Mrs. G. Herbert Flood, Mrs. John Horn, Mrs. John Bullock, Mrs. B. Macaulay, Miss Bonness of St. Stephen, Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. G. Wetmore, Mr. Clarence De Forest, Mr. T. H. Hall and Mr. John E. Irvine.

About eleven o'clock the affair was brought to a close and the guests returned to the city well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Lady Tilley and Mrs. E. A. Smith, who were the promoters of the concert should feel much encouraged by the large attendance and the undoubted success which attended their efforts.

Some of those who were present on that occasion were, Mayor and Mrs. Daniel, Hon. R. J. and Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Thomson, Lady Tilley, Mr. L. P. Tilley, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. E. B. Emerson, Miss Todd, Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. George McAvity, Dr. H. Travers, Misses Travers, Mrs. Leche, Dr. Hetherington, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Emerson, Mrs. B. E. Macaulay, Miss Macaulay, Dr. J. Macaulay, Mrs. Kaitie Jones, Miss Bernice Sadler, Mr. and Mrs. F. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, Miss Alice Christie, Miss Stephens, Misses Lockhart, Miss Elizaard, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Mary Leche, Miss Sutherland, Miss Markham, Mr. Ralph Markham, Mr. J. Robinson, Mr. Roland Frith, Mrs. H. B. McLean, Mr. Weldon McLean, Miss McLean, Miss Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Treaman, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, Miss Irvine, Miss Eaton, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. R. C. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hall, Mrs. G. Herbert Flood, Mrs. James Thomson, Mrs. John Horn, Mrs. Parry, Mrs. J. H. Robertson, Mrs. Fred Harding, Mrs. Bullock, Miss Bonness, Miss Madeline Barker, Mr. Clarence De Forest.

Miss Bonness of St. Stephen is paying a visit to friends in this city. Miss Todd, also of St. Stephen is here the guest of Lady Tilley.

A small, but none the less pleasant thimble party was given by Mrs. Harry Fiddington on Friday afternoon last. At five o'clock tea and dainty refreshments were served and the affair terminated in the pleasant manner customary to such functions.

The grand concert given by Madame Albani and her concert troupe on Friday evening was an event of interest.

As this evening goes to press on Friday we are unable, in this week's issue to give our readers any details of the concert, but at the time of writing indications pointed to a large and appreciative audience.

The many friends of Mrs. Dever, wife of Hon. James Dever, who has been very ill for several weeks will be pleased to hear that she is now able to leave her room and is making rapid strides towards recovery.

Mrs. Barbon, who came from Montreal to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Gertrude Dever is still in the city.

Mr. Erman, who has been the Montreal representative of the International School of Correspondence at Scranton, Pa., has arrived in this city and will look after the school's interests throughout the province.

Miss Hazel Tins leaves this week for Hartford, Conn., where she intends studying nursing. On Wednesday evening a number of her young friends gathered at her home and presented her with a handsome gold handled umbrella after which a pleasant evening was spent with dancing, music and conversation. Light refreshments were also served and the evening brought to a close with many good wishes for Miss Tins' success in her new work.

A whist party was to have been held on Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. John McAvity, but on account of the illness of little Miss McAvity, the hostess was forced to postpone it for an indefinite period.

The young people's society of Germain street Baptist church enjoyed a pleasant drive to Crocheville on Wednesday evening. Arriving there a few hours was spent in coasting and refreshments served at the home of Mr. Burdell. The return to the city was made at quite a late hour.

Mrs. T. Bell and Miss Bell left this week for New York, where they will take passage for South America.

Miss Vaughan of Duke street had the misfortune to injure her foot while tobogganing at Crocheville on Wednesday evening. She is resting quite easily now and will probably be out in a few days.

Miss Katherine Greaney who is visiting friends in Montreal, gave a reading at a concert in that city recently. The Montreal papers speak in flattering terms of Miss Greaney's elocutionary talent.

On Monday evening a number of happy events were entertained corporals B. E. Armstrong and F. B. Coombs, who on that day arrived in the city after an absence of more than a year in South Africa. The officers of the 3rd regiment of artillery and a number of prominent citizens were also among the guests and after the discussion of the recent campaign, a very happy evening was spent with song and story.

The Fortnightly Club met this week at the residence of Mr. E. A. Smith, Germain street. There are twenty-four members in the club, which is strictly literary, and the meetings have been a source of much pleasure and improvement.

The death of Mr. D. P. Chisholm, which occurred on Monday, has occasioned sincere regret among his many friends throughout the city, and universal sympathy will be felt for Mrs. Chisholm and his stepson, Mr. J. Noel Scovil, in their very sad bereavement.

Mr. Chisholm was a very learned man and for many years held the position of principal in several of the schools of the city. Some few years ago he gave up teaching, and since then has, with his extensive knowledge of all things in connection with education, ably fulfilled the duties of clerk of the school board.

Mr. Andrew K. Dyrart, who has for some months been connected with the management of The Freeman newspaper, has severed his connection with that journal and intends leaving shortly for Boston where he proposes studying law at the Boston University.

Miss Fanny Ledford of this city is paying a visit to friends in Halifax.

On Tuesday evening Miss Grace Smith of Richmond street entertained the skating club of which she is a member. A delightful evening was spent with games and music. A dainty supper was served at midnight and the company broke up at an early hour in the morning.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Stammers, Miss H. Morrell, Miss Vall, Miss Mary Vall, Miss Daisy Keith, Miss Stella McKay, Miss Emma Smith, Miss Bertha Finnamer, Miss Annie Parks, Miss Carrie McGinty, Miss Maud Stillwell, Miss Emma Blanche, Mr. George Wetmore, Mr. John Durbin, Mr. Bigelow, Mr. Eaton, Mr. S. G. Smith, Mr. Arthur Stillwell, Mr. Harry McNaughton.

The death of Mrs. Forbes, wife of Hon. J. G. Forbes has caused much sorrow among her many friends and indeed throughout the city. She had been in failing health for the past two years and death was not wholly unexpected, but it is none the less a severe blow to her husband, her daughters Miss Homer and Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes, and her son Mr. Homer Forbes, all of whom have the heartfelt sympathy of the community.

Mrs. Forbes was a woman of many sterling qualities and before her illness was actively engaged in many duties in connection with St. Andrew's church of which she was ever a zealous and conscientious member.

A pleasant party for little folks was given on Tuesday afternoon and evening by Mrs. M. Hogan at her residence on Princess street. The affair was in honor of Miss Geraldine's birthday, about thirty of whose little friends were present and thoroughly enjoyed the games, music and good things provided for their amusement.

Miss Waring of Queen street and Mrs. Heckman of Halifax left Tuesday on a six weeks visit to Boston, New York and other cities.

Miss Berta Smith has returned to her home in

St. Stephen after spending several weeks with friends in the city.

Dr. Townshend went to Halifax on Monday to meet his son who is one of the Strathcona Horse.

Mrs. H. McKenna is recovering from a severe illness.

Measles C. R. Smith, J. M. Townshend and Stuart Jenks were in town last week.

Miss Annie McNamara arrived from Boston on Saturday for a visit of a few months.

Mr. F. F. Lawson spent Sunday and Monday in Halifax and Cornwallis, returning on Tuesday.

Rev. W. G. Lane is in Montreal at present. Mr. E. Gillespie lately spent a few days very pleasantly in Sydney with his brother who is on the staff of the Commercial bank of Windsor.

About twenty five members of court Yuvaan enjoyed a sleigh drive to Fort Greville on Wednesday evening where they were most pleasantly and hospitably entertained by their brothers of Court Greville.

Miss Coates is the guest of Mrs. Newton Pagley. Mrs. Sullivan gave a party on Tuesday evening.

Capt. Nordby spent a day or two in Truro last week.

Miss Joe Gillespie is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr. J. J. McColl, New Glasgow, on route to visit friends in Halifax, was a guest for a few days with Mrs. J. D. Haller.

Mrs. A. C. Patterson gave a delightful supper to a number of friends after rink, last Friday night.

Mrs. E. S. Murphy is home, from a very pleasant visit with friends in Boston.

The Pythian Knights, entertained large numbers of their friends last Thursday evening at a most successful affair. The committee who had the affair in hand, deserve much praise for the success of their elaborate preparations. The handsomely furnished hall was further embellished by the artistic arrangement of flags and the disposal of many handsome palms. M. E. M. Fulton presided, and his versatility of any public function, is too well known to require any further commendation.

The committee who had the affair in hand, deserve much praise for the success of their elaborate preparations. The handsomely furnished hall was further embellished by the artistic arrangement of flags and the disposal of many handsome palms. M. E. M. Fulton presided, and his versatility of any public function, is too well known to require any further commendation.

The crowd of spectators that gathered in the Metropolitan rink, Saturday evening last, to witness the rink hockey match between the Standards of Halifax and the home team, was wildly enthusiastic for a Truro audience, which is usually so cordially unresponsive. All interest, of course, centred in the last game, the Wanderers versus Rovers, and were the on-lookers disappointed, it was interesting throughout, and Truro was proud of their Rovers.

Mr. Red Aronoff arrived home last Saturday night from New York.

Mrs. Bertie Vernon entertained a few tables of whist on Monday evening, and everyone's verdict was "a very nice party." Mrs. A. D. Wetmore won the ladies first prize and Mr. Killam the gentlemen's.

Mr. Alvin Craig, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Craig, returned home last Saturday to Pictou.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweed's Bookstore and M. B. Jones Bookstore.

Mar. 7.—The marriage of Mr. Frank Smith of Coverdale to Miss Sadie Brown, second daughter of Mr. Dimock Brown, the down town restaurant keeper, took place at the First Baptist parsonage Wednesday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Hutchinson. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie Brown, and the groom was supported by Mr. Harold G. Steadman. Mr. and Mrs. Brown went to Halifax on a wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Rev. J. M. Robinson of Moncton announced to the special meeting of the St. John Presbytery on Wednesday that he had accepted the call to St. John's church, and would leave about the middle of March.

Rev. A. S. Morton was appointed moderator of the Presbytery in Mr. Robinson's place.

Miss Florence S. Peters left last week for Boston, Providence and New York, to visit her brothers, B. B. Peters, inspector of the South Eastern Freight Association, Providence, and C. W. Peters of the bank of Montreal, New York.

Miss Annie Peters has returned from Boston, where she has been visiting friends.

Mr. Philip Melanson the well known hotel keeper from Shediac, is in the city on a visit.

Miss Jean Henderson is visiting her friend Miss Dickie at Shediac.

Miss Alice Stevens and Miss Susie McKay of Amherst, are visiting Mrs. Wm. McCoy in the city.

Mr. Erman, representative of the International correspondence school of Scranton, Pa., who has resided in this city for the past six months, leaves on Monday to take charge of a larger school in St. John. Since his stay in Moncton Mr. Erman has made many friends who are pleased to hear of his promotion and heartily wish his success in the new sphere. Last evening the friends and students of Mr. Erman tendered him a farewell banquet at Mr. D. W. Brown's restaurant and an enjoyable time was spent.

Miss Rosalie Hunter left Wednesday for Amherst where she will spend two weeks visiting friends. Miss Hunter was accompanied by Miss Mrs. Smith of Amherst, who has been spending a few weeks at the residence of Mr. F. G. Hunter.

Miss Emma Toombs, of Moore & McLeod's millinery establishment of Charlottetown left last night to attend the millinery openings at Montreal and Toronto.

Mrs. J. Kane and Miss Allen of Halifax are visiting Mrs. J. H. Marr, Boston street.

The piano and song recital in the Y. M. C. A. hall last evening by Miss Jean Robinson and Mrs. Lyman was greatly enjoyed by those present.

Mrs. Robinson rendered her selections with her usual expression and received many flattering comments from the playgoers. Mrs. Lyman was heard in French, German, Italian and English, and each number was

Continued on SEVENTH PAGE.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Special 17 Waterloo

**JOHN NOBLE**  
BROOK ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND,  
Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine.

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST.  
SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 258.  
Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat-  
ing, consisting of  
Velvet revers, pret-  
and White, Plain  
**\$2.56**  
with one box-pleat. Price com-  
plete, only \$2.56; carriage,  
65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.50;  
carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492.  
Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth  
Tail-made, Double-breasted  
Coat, and full wide carefully  
finished Skirt, in Black or  
Navy Blue only; Price com-  
plete Ccature \$4.10; Carriage  
65c.

JOHN NOBLE  
KNOCKABOUT FROCKS  
FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well  
made, in Serge,  
with an-  
dle top, long full  
sleeves, and pocket-  
s. Lengths in  
iron, and Prices:  
24 27 inches  
40c. 51 cents  
30 33 inches  
78c. 85 cents  
36 39 inches  
95c. \$1.10  
42 45 inches  
\$1.22 \$1.24  
Postage 45 cents.

PATTERNS  
of any desired ma-  
terial, and the latest  
Illustrated Fashion  
Lists sent Post Free.

SPECIAL  
values in Ladies and  
Childrens Costumes,  
Jackets, Capes, Under-  
clothing, Millinery,  
Waterproofs, Dress  
Goods, Houselinens,  
Lace Curtains, and  
General Drapery.

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BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 158 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697.

H. L. & J. T. McGowan We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. WHITE'S

Caramel Snowflakes

Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

Issued Quarterly. Corticelli 35 cents per year.

Home Needlework Magazine

Should be on every Lady's Work Table.

Excel in Embroidery.

Subscription can commence with any number. Mailed to any address in Canada or the United States for only 35 cents a year. Sample copy and premium list mailed to any address for the asking. Your money back if you don't like them. Thousands of ladies have accepted this offer.

FROM BEGINNER TO EXPERT, "Corticelli Home Needlework Magazine,"—the inimitable manual which all others vainly trying to imitate—will teach you, at the moderate rate of 35 cents a year, besides furnishing free of charge Flower and other Needlework designs in beautiful colors, which cost thousands and thousands of dollars.

Artists and experts of eminence in Embroidery, Crochet, Knitting, Drawn Work and Lace Making engaged at princely salaries, will help you to establish

AN EMDROIDERY GRADUATE CLASS

through CORTICELLI HOME NEEDLEWORK MAGAZINE for the brightening and beautifying of your home, the elevation of spirits always accompanying high-class needlework, and to place a pleasant pin-money provider in my lady's hands.

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P. O. Box 340, ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL—  
"Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."  
JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SOOVIK  
Sole and  
Commission Merchants 162 Union Street.

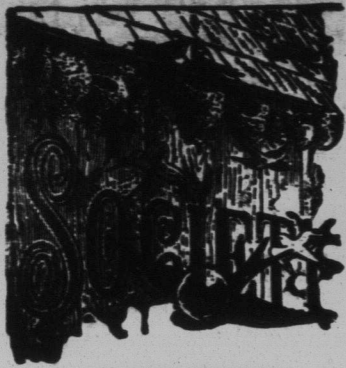
"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health.

**FRY'S**  
Pure Concentrated  
**COCOA**

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

Purchasers should see specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

FOR ADVERTISING: SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Announcements for sale in Halifax by the waybois... Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen...

Miss Nellie Christian, graduate nurse of Victoria General Hospital... Mrs. Wm. Keady, Milton, Quebec...

Miss Clara Miller and her aunt, Mrs. Lester... Mrs. Steele, wife of Lieut-Col Steele of Strathcona...

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY... Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets...

and proved that the members of the club are... The chief amusement of the evening was cards...

WINDSOR.

MARCH 6.—Miss Britha Oum of Yarmouth was a passenger on the express Saturday on her way to visit Rev. Dr. Hearn at Halifax...

Miss Florence Johnson, who is teaching at Lower Wellville, spent Sunday in Windsor, at her home...

Miss Annie Meecher is visiting friends in Backville... Miss Kitty Baker, Halifax, was in town over Sunday...

Miss Edith and Lucy Curry is company with Miss Maggie Smith visited Colchester County recently...

Miss Lillian Eldridge of Sandy Cove, is spending a few days in town... Miss Mabel Annand, who is attending school at Annapolis...

Miss Laura Elliot, Dartmouth, has returned from Kentville, where she has been visiting at her uncle's, Sheriff Belcher...

Miss Ethel Stalder of this city is visiting Miss Patch, at Chestnut Hall, Liverpool, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kenny are visiting friends in Boston...

THE LORNE A. CLUB were at home to their friends at their club house last week, and treated their guests in such a hospitable manner...

of Annapolis are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rice, at Bear River.

O'Connell's Daughter.

Her hair from the embraces their radiance has... Her laughter, rippling glory & mirth has from you...

Oh, she's glorious in grace of form and of motion... And her heart, where young passion's sweet re-creation...

The vegetarian restaurants of London, on account of their low prices and careful cookery, are frequented by many persons not vegetarians...

Another domestic recently discovered an ailment as new as this, and even more surprising... She was employed in a household where she overheard a good deal of talk about diet...

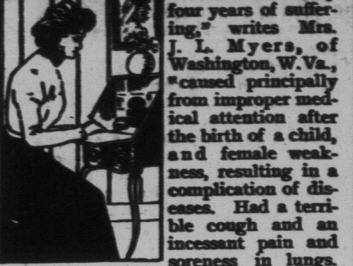
It is always fair weather with the residents of the Emerald Isle. The tourist may be drenched to the skin with the wettest of rain...

Dirty days had September, April, June and November. From January up to May the rain is rained every day...

Not So Bad. 'Nora, will you marry me when I come back from the war?' demanded Mr. Herliby of his sweetheart...

Style. Style need not cost a woman more than 10c. If she will only buy a cake of that famous English Home Dye...

"I wrote Dr. Pierce regarding my case, and received a prompt reply, free."



was reduced in flesh from 184 pounds to about 100 pounds in eighteen months. I had no appetite, and became so weak and nervous I could scarcely sit up...

The "Sever Plate that Wears." The Identifying Stamp of the original and genuine "Pepers" Eating Forks, Spoons, etc., in "1847"...

"1847 Rogers Bros." One of the latest designs in this brand is the "The Ice Cream set"...

FAT REDUCTION. Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 30 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean."

Style. Style need not cost a woman more than 10c. If she will only buy a cake of that famous English Home Dye...

Style. Style need not cost a woman more than 10c. If she will only buy a cake of that famous English Home Dye...

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of this Province at its next session...

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to Legislature at its next session for the passing of an act to incorporate a company by the name of THE COLIAGE CITY FARM, Limited...

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Flowers...

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grael" (serial)...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean."

Style. Style need not cost a woman more than 10c. If she will only buy a cake of that famous English Home Dye...

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Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen...

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Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen...

Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen...

Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen...

Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen... Mrs. John McEwen...



SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

thoroughly made of the 'Rosary' by Nevin and the selections from the operas 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and 'Il Trovatore'.

Mrs. D. B. Price returned yesterday from Petticoat where he has been laid up for a few days in consequence of a fall on the ice.

Mr. and Mrs. Steadman Crandall returned last evening from New York, where they were attending the marriage of their son, Mr. Fred Crandall, to Miss Grace Dunbar, which took place on the 28th ult.

Miss Jean Robinson, of Cascepeid's 'Que', is visiting at Mrs. Geo. Lamkin's on St. George street.

Miss Edith Sumner returned on Monday from a visit to friends in Sydney, C. B.

Miss Nellie MacDonnell is visiting Miss Nellie MacDonnell at her home.

Mrs. John Wibur of Luts Mountain, leaves this afternoon for Haverhill, Mass., on a visit to her family.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Procesion for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of O. S. Wall, T. E. Archer, and J. Vroom & Co., in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Misses Ida and Edna Clinch of St. Andrews were here this week.

Miss Jessie Dow of Moncton is visiting Mrs. Deane Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer and their daughters, Fern and Hattie have gone to Boston, where they intend to make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Porter and Miss Bessie have returned from St. John during the past week.

Mrs. John B. Robinson has almost completely recovered from her recent illness.

Senator Gilmer was in St. George last week. He and Mrs. Gilmer have returned to the capital.

Mrs. W. O. H. Grimmer went to Fredericton yesterday.

Mrs. Alanson Beard of Boston is visiting Mrs. C. F. Beard.

Miss Janette Robinson is ill with a severe attack of grip.

Mrs. Frank Marchie was surprised on Monday afternoon by a number of lady friends from St. Stephen and Calais who went to enjoy a thimble party at her beautiful home.

Mrs. Booth has concluded a pleasant visit with relatives here and returned to her home in Seattle.

Mrs. J. C. Borden of Vancouver, was in town during the week.

Mrs. Chapman Greene expects soon to return to her home in Eastport.

Miss Bessie McVay is home from a most pleasant visit of three weeks in Sackville with Miss Jean Sprague.

Miss Martha Harr's gives her entertainment, 'Fete of Flora,' in Machias this evening.

Mrs. Alanson Beard of Boston is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beard.

Miss Bertha Smith has returned from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mrs. Sweeney of Boston, who has been visiting Mrs. Arthur Bradley, is very ill at the home of the latter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McWha have been visiting relatives in Fredericton.

Miss Bessie Porter returned to St. John on Monday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Lawson entertained the whist club of which they are members with a drive to Councillor Stevens' lumber camp.

Miss Winifred Todd is visiting in St. John.

Mrs. Fred Fote has been in Portland during the past week.

Mrs. C. M. Gove has returned to her home in St. Andrews.

The four year old twins were clinging to a floating chair; the other three children were holding to the bedside.

She quickly lifted the twins and deposited them on the bed, telling the others to climb up there also. The water rose higher, and darkness was coming on. The little one story house could not long stand against the flood.

Margarita had to think quickly, for the water rose fast. She soon decided what to do. She tore a sheet in strips, and lashed all the children together with it.

Steps, logs, barrels, debris of all descriptions floated in wild confusion, and she had to steer her way through. The water was up to her elbows, and still rising.

Once she thought all was lost, for a big piece of driftwood crashed against her door with tremendous force. Margarita warded off the next blow by receiving it upon her left arm.

For a few minutes more the strong young right arm guided the left, till Margarita felt the steps of the government building beneath her feet. It was none too soon, for the water was up to her chin, and she was weak with pain and exhaustion.

It was well that strong arms were ready to catch her for that effort was beyond her strength. They lifted her up and bore her inside, and then carried the raft and its living burden bodily into the building.

During the last summer a very devoted husband and wife, living 'not a hundred miles from Boston, passed through a trying experience, which has not weakened the bond between them, although it might have been expected to do so.

'You see,' said father, 'I have been taking a good deal of interest lately in measuring the distance on all our favorite drives.'

'I should think he had!' said mother, satirically, with the enforced patience of one who has suffered much.

'Why, of course I did!' said father, gently, 'I had to. How should I have known how many times it turned? I should have lost count.'

'You see,' said father, 'I have been taking a good deal of interest lately in measuring the distance on all our favorite drives.'

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"Never Quit Certainty For Hope."

You may take Hood's Sarsaparilla for all diseases arising from or promoted by impure blood with perfect confidence that it will do you good.

Tonic—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic and general builder of the system with excellent results. It restores vitality, drives away that tired feeling, quiets the nerves and brings refreshing sleep."

"Mother, we'll go to Ryde today, and I guess, if you'll set it down, I'll just verify the distance."

"I got mad then," owned mother, firmly. "I did get mad! I got so mad that father promised he'd let the distances stand as they were."

"I don't make any more mistakes in judging customers' said the china sales man 'because I've given up judging them I've had my lesson."

"I took him over to the forty-dollar table then, and he examined the things in the same quiet, polite way; but I could see that they were not what he wanted."

"Well, that brought us to the fifty-and-sixty dollar goods, and it was the same with them. They were all very pretty and very nice, and he was sorry to make me so much trouble, but would I mind showing him something a little better?"

"I had made up my mind by this time that he was bluffing; that he wasn't going to buy anything anyway; so I thought I'd bluff, too."

"There is one better one," I said, 'but it is something a little out of the ordinary and rather expensive. If you so care to look at it—'

"Yes, he thought he would look at it, if I would be so kind, and I took him upstairs and showed it to him. He took up one or two of the pieces and examined them. Then he said, 'Yes, that is good. That pleases me. What is the price?'

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," I told him.

"You may send it to my house," he said, quietly, and gave me his card. I knew the name at once. He was a millionaire several times over.

"I think he knew how I had sized him up, but he didn't get mad when I showed him the cheap goods. He just led me along in his own way till he got what he wanted, and then he let me down as easy as he could."

"The report of a gun cut short the young crow's reply."

NEWS OF THE PASSING WEEK.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN

The police prevented 200 university students from entering Kasan cathedral in St. Petersburg, Monday, where a service was being held in celebration of the anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs.

A disgraceful row took place in the British House of Commons Tuesday night on Mr. Ballour's motion of closure on the educational estimates.

The inaugural display of fireworks postponed from Monday night, on account of the inclement weather, took place Tuesday night in Washington.

After much talk the city council decided to appoint a successor to the late Mr. Chipman Smith as director of public safety.

Friends of the New Brunswick University are hoping that the appeal made by Judge Barker and Judge McLeod to the Legislature asking for a grant of \$10,000 will prove successful.

An earnest-appearing man called one day upon the secretary of agriculture in Washington, to make a novel proposal in regard to the Weather Bureau.

The stranger offered to pay all expenses of the test if his predictions failed, while if they proved better than the other man's he wanted to be made the government's forecaster.

The secretary asked Mr. Moore, the head of the Weather Bureau, if he wished to submit a six months' prediction in his scientific men everywhere he did not profess to be able to tell anything about the weather for more than three or four days in advance.

The incident suggests one of the great possibilities of the future. The person who will unravel the secret of the winds and the storms, so as to see them coming before nature's own outward preparation for them begins, will confer upon mankind a benefit which it would be difficult to over estimate.

Perhaps this secret will be forever hid den; that is the opinion of many. Others, reviewing the century past, regard almost nothing in the way of discovery as impossible.

THE MATERIALS USED IN "THE D. & L. EMULSION are the finest the market affords regardless of expense.

From beneath a pile of shields the Sabines had thrown upon Tarpeia as they passed through the gate of the Roman citadel was heard a faint sound.

It was the voice of the treacherous maiden.

Then all was still.



A Lady of Quality

Knows real value and genuine merit; and will use SURPRISE Soap for this reason. QUALITY is the essential element in the make up of SURPRISE Soap.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP. Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites.

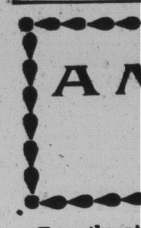
Hot Water Bottles, Fountain Syrings, Silk Elastic Stockings, Trusses, Knee Caps, and Anklets.

W. C. Rudman Allan's, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, (Telephone 239), and 173 King Street West (Telephone 544).

Allan's White Pharmacy, Buetouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buetouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch.

J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Underlaid saw logs, such as Baiting or Spiling.

M. P. MOONEY. From beneath a pile of shields the Sabines had thrown upon Tarpeia as they passed through the gate of the Roman citadel was heard a faint sound.



From the mt the red blood has grown up and grace of it Indian Territory tamable dusky fiction than a They are to al same plane wi and refinement wild, strong I gives them a t er eye, a mor white sisters p

Reckoned i dian beauties aboriginal Am ever, are Indi they hold firm tribes. Many one-eight or thirty-second the stronger lingering rick ing of the fac finable fasci of a forest pe

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Before th Cherokee we the forest. S skin and fi But he was pursued her that she w The hunter dusky belle to marry h then in voga raised a bo curiosity to by other main of Indian Terr skinned ber Cherokee, C Seminoles tr extent withi the full-bloo of extinction are becomin laws again these laws a tive, in fact object to the want, as a r own tribes.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

## A Maharajah's Odd Show.

From the intermingling of the white and the red blood in the Indian Territory there has grown up a race notable for the beauty and grace of its women. The girls of the Indian Territory are no more the wild untamable dusky beauties of early Indian fiction than they are the wretched creatures found among some of the tribes today. They are to all intents and purposes on the same plane with white women of education and refinement, except that the strain of wild, strong Indian blood in their veins gives them a tinge of richer color, a brighter eye, a more lithesome grace than their white sisters possess.

Reckoned in fractions of blood, these Indian beauties are more Caucasian than aboriginal American. All of them, however, are Indians, politically and socially; they hold firmly to their membership in the tribes. Many of them are one-quarter or one-eighth or even one-sixteenth or one-thirty-second Indian; but the red strain is the stronger and shows, if not in some lingering richness of color or in the moulding of the face, at least in an all but indefinable fascination and grace, the heritage of a forest people.

Among them one may find perfect blondes, with the Indian strain still salient and palpable. And although they have succumbed to the corset of civilization, in almost all cases they have their less trammelled ancestresses to thank for the blessing of well-nigh perfect figures. And one other of woman's best gifts they possess; clear and low voices, with not a trace of the guttural intonation which is common to original Indian tongues. Raised amid scenes of the bloodless conquest of their race by the whites, they look without concern upon the destruction of tribal customs and the thinning and dying out of the old blood. To this last they even contribute, for so seldom does one of them marry an Indian that such an event is commented upon in the Territory as remarkable.

Before the middle of the last century a Cherokee woman one day met a hunter in the forest. She was frightened at his white skin and fled, thinking him an evil spirit. But he was fascinated by her beauty and pursued her into camp, where he learned that she was the daughter of a friendly chief. The hunter laid siege to the heart of the dusky belle and finally gained her consent to marry him according to tribal customs then in vogue. This hunter and his squaw raised a half-bred child who was a great curiosity to the red-skins. As years sped by other hunters invaded the domain of the Five Tribes of the Indian Territory and married other dark-skinned beauties. Intermarriage in the Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw and Seminole tribes has flourished to such an extent within the last quarter century that the full-blood element is now on the verge of extinction. The old men of the tribes are becoming alarmed and have passed laws against inter-marriage. Some of these laws are very severe, almost prohibitive, in fact. The young Indian women object to these laws, because they do not want, as a rule, to marry the men of their own tribes.

The Chickasaws are the strictest regarding intermarriage. A law recently placed on their statute books requires any white man applying for a license to marry a Chickasaw girl, first, to produce evidence that he has resided in the Chickasaw nation two years, next to furnish credentials as to his good character, and third, to pay \$1,000 for the marriage license. Of course, the girl has and sometimes takes the privilege of eloping, at the cost of losing her right in the tribal lands and money, and of disgracing herself in the eyes of her relatives. Her head-right is something worth considering. A right in the Chickasaw nation is valued at from five to ten thousand dollars, and in the Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw nation at from five to eight thousand dollars. The intermarriage laws of all the four nations named are about the same, excepting that the Chickasaw nation charges \$1,000 for a license while the others only ask \$10.

There is good reason for these laws. Many fortune hunters, attracted by the wealth of the Indian maidens, have in the

past married into the tribes and gained control of large tracts of land, fostered outlaws and raised bad families. There were few happy marriages, and not until the wise men of the tribes met and passed an act making every white man show his credentials before he was admitted. For several years thereafter respectable and industrious white men married into the tribes and their children married whites. It was so on down the line until today the eighth, sixteenth and thirty-second part Indian predominates. Of pure bloods there will be none in a few years.

Still this open door marriage policy, while it admitted no bad characters, was fraught with many evils. Any well-appearing man, with a gift of love making, could go there and win a bride and a handsome fortune at the same time, provided his record was reasonably good. The women there were not so highly educated as they are now. But they possessed a desire to marry white men hence it was easy sailing for fortune hunters. This class of men fenced in large tracts of the public domain, or land belonging to the redskins in common, used the land for cattle ranches, and converted the minerals into cash. Many men became millionaires at the expense of the tribes. They were known as galvanized Indians or squaw men.

Five years ago the evil was partly remedied by the action of the tribal councils in disfranchising all squaw men who there after married into the tribes. This checked the influx of money seekers for a time, and then it became as bad as ever. Early this year the Chickasaws raised the marriage license to \$1,000 each. They now expect only true love marriages to occur.

The average Indian girl of today possesses an excellent education. All the shrewdness of the Indian, combined with the thirst for knowledge belonging to the whites, has filled these girls with a desire to advance. The Federal government spends nearly \$400,000 annually in educating the youths of the five tribes. The Cherokees and Creeks have the best schools, while the Chickasaws spend the most money with least results.

It is difficult at this time to make a correct estimate of the wealth of these girls, but the opinion of government officials on the subject is that \$5,000 is an underestimate for the tribal girl alone, while many of the girls have property besides. The Indian girl has generally selected her vocation before she is 20. She marries early and settles down easily to the duties of domestic life. Or it she is going on the stage, and many of them do, she has completed arrangements for it while still in her teens. Others enter special fields where they believe that their talent will win them fame. All are ambitious. None is sluggish.

The wedding of an Indian girl is the crowning glory of her life. She makes much of it and her friends for hundreds of miles around are certain to attend. The ceremony is made as striking as possible. The Indian maiden who has the reputation of being the belle of the territory is Miss Tookah Turner, whose Indian name is Pretty Whirling Water. She has not only beauty, but also accomplishments. In another sense she is the greatest catch in the Indian matrimonial market, for she will come in for a large slice of the fortune of her father. W. C. Turner of Muskogee, a millionaire cattle man. Miss Turner is a Cherokee.

Another Cherokee belle is Mrs. Rachel Davis Brady of the Georgia Cherokee branch. She came to the territory only ten years ago, but she belongs there by ancestry, as she is of the famous Ross family, the head of which, Joshua Ross, was for forty years chief of the tribe. The Ross family is said to be the richest Indian family in the country, and aggregate of its wealth mounts up into the millions. Another of the Ross family who is notable for beauty is Mrs. Dr. Thompson.

Of the Greek beauties, the young granddaughter of Pleasant Porter, the present chief, is an excellent sample. She is also heiress to considerable wealth besides what her tribal right and land inheritance will give her. Miss Leota Crabtree, Obito Mekko in the Indian nomenclature of her

tribe, is another pretty Indian girl. Though she is tribally a Chickasaw, she has Greek blood in her veins, being a granddaughter of Iparhecher, called the grand old man of the Greeks, who has for years been chief of the Greek council and is still one of the most influential members of the tribe. All of this family have noted for power in war, wisdom in council and beauty of person. Miss Crabtree is highly educated. She shows less trace of her aboriginal blood than almost any of her compere.

The Indian girl of this type when she is visiting in the east, where every one is of the opinion that there are no Indians but those who wear blankets and live in tepees is sensitive about her blood. A member of the Cherokee tribe not long ago expressed herself thus:

"I am not ashamed of my blood, but when I am surrounded by those who do not understand that I am an Indian, I never disclose my race. It only leads to notoriety and half of the people I meet would not believe that I was Indian if I were to tell them so."

### ONE MAN RUNS THE RAILROAD.

He is the Whole Thing Back of the Locomotive, and the Road is Prosperous.

"One of the most unique railroads in the country," said a man, "was encountered by me on a recent trip through southern Maryland. The road is twenty miles long and runs from Brandywine, on the Pope's Creek branch of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, in Charles county, to Mechanicsville, in St. Mary's county. Its corporate name is the Washington and Potomac Railroad Company. The single train which runs each way daily is made up of the engine, one freight car, and one combination baggage and passenger car. The schedule seems to be liberal and no hurry is manifested in train movements.

The conductor of the train, who also acts as baggagemaster upon occasion, is general manager of the road. He issues orders as general manager and obeys them as conductor. When, as conductor, he thinks the schedule should be changed, he notifies the general manager (himself), who, if he thinks it advisable, makes up a new schedule and issues running orders accordingly to the conductor (also himself), and the latter obeys. There are no ticket agents along the route that I could learn of and the conductor collects fares as on a street railway here, punching a hole for each fare in a slip of cardboard. Then he goes into the baggage car, sees that the trunks are properly delivered, and looks after express and mail packages.

"I was obliged to take a long drive in the country from one of the stations and was anxious to get back in time to catch the train on its return trip. I told my driver of my wish.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "If you are pushed for time we will stop the train four or five miles up the track."

"But will it stop? There is no station there."

"That makes no difference," the driver replied. "All you have to do is to appear on the track at any road crossing and hail the engineer."

"Although the road cannot boast the accommodations of trunk lines," continued the speaker. "It is really a great convenience to the country through which it passes. People down there tell me it has been kept going several years almost entirely through the efforts of the young manager-conductor, who is hard working, untiring and popular. He has been busy improving the roadbed recently."

### Valuable Almanac Free.

We have received a copy of the new almanac for 1901 published by the Royal Baking Powder Co. It is an artistic and useful book and will be of interest to housekeepers. A noteworthy feature of the almanac is a prediction of the weather for every day of the year, by Prof. De Voe, who correctly prophesied the great Galveston cyclone and other more important meteorological events. We are authorized to say that any woman reader of this paper can secure a copy without cost by sending a request to the Company, at 100 William St., New York.

### Not Funny—Pathetic.

"I never led to my wife in my life," said a man in the crowd this morning, and there was at once a big laugh. "You did not hear me out" the man continued. "What I intended to say was that I never led to my wife that I did not get caught at it."

## Indian Girls of Beauty.

Gen. Palmer, the commander-in chief of the British forces in India, came to Jeypore a short time ago. He is making a tour of the northern cities, chiefly for the purpose of inspecting the garrisons. Whenever the commanding general goes he not only receives an official welcome from the British resident and the army, but is also entertained by distinguished native citizens. The Maharajah of Jeypore arranged in the afternoon an exceedingly novel entertainment for him.

It was a combat of various kinds of wild and domestic animals and birds. There are vast stables attached to the Maharajah's city palace which accommodate more than 100 fine horses. These stables inclose a great arena, at one end of which is a handsome platform constructed mainly of polished marble. The battles of the beasts and birds began at 4 o'clock in the afternoon in the arena in front of the platform.

Gen. Palmer and his party arrived at that hour and occupied the platform facing the arena. All around the great field were gathered thousands of natives gayly dressed in their brightest garments. Then two Indians wearing the olive-colored turbans of the Maharajah's household brought out in front of the spectators cages containing brilliant plumaged birds as large as American quails.

The birds were released and instantly flew at each other and began a fierce contest. This combat lasted only a few minutes and then other attendants brought out the chickens for a cockfight. After that about twenty deer of the species called blackbucks in India were led into the field. The blackbucks are not so large as the common deer found in the mountains of the New York State, but they are armed with a pair of great antlers twisted like a huge corkscrew. The antlers are usually two feet long on an average deer. Each buck was led by two men who walked on either side of it. Ropes thirty feet long were fastened to the deer's head and in this way the men were able to prevent the animals escaping the crowd of spectators.

The bucks were paired off and soon ten separate battles were hotly raging. Before locking their black antlers the wily antagonists would, as a prizefighter would say, spar for an opening. Then suddenly they would lunge forward in terrible collision. The bucks were full of pluck and fought for ten minutes, when they were pulled apart by the attendants.

After that bout a pair of immense rams, with great curling horns, were driven before the stand from opposite sides of the arena. When sixty feet apart, the moment they saw each other, they rushed forward and their iron heads met in such terrific impact that both rams fell backward.

Immediately they backed off in opposite directions, as a college high jumper might do before making his leap, until they were fifty feet apart. When they again shot forward, each at his living target. The ram that ran the swiftest and the farthest would always succeed in throwing back his foe. In these fights it happens some times that a ram's head is split open and he is killed in the first onslaught.

There were three or four ram fights and then a dozen large deer were led out. After them came a score of wild boars, some large and some small. Each boar was securely held with ropes. They surprised all the spectators who had not previously seen such a contest by the comparative tameness of their battle. The biggest boar seemed bent more upon charging the keepers and the crowd than upon fighting their selected antagonists. When fighting they stand upon their rear legs and endeavor to tear each other's throat with their huge tusks.

By far the most spirited battles were those that followed between elk. Ten men handled each of the half dozen big fellows. The points of the elk's horns had been sawed off. They would approach each other very slowly and their heads would almost touch before either would seem to be in earnest. Then like a flash both would drop upon their knees and struggle for an advantageous hold with their strong horns. They fought most viciously and the atten-

dants had the greatest trouble to separate them. Occasionally an elk would make a dash for the crowd, but was always checked.

Two gigantic black buffaloes, sleek and fat, with their mighty horns painted a bright red, then came upon the field. They walked in stately and decorous fashion until they caught sight of each other and then they trotted bellowing for the fray. They fought wickedly for ten minutes and were then dragged apart by a score of men.

The entertainment ended with a lance contest between two natives, who rode a pair of splendid horses belonging to the Maharajah. The extraordinary feature of this bout was that no matter how frequently or quickly their horses were circled about, the points of the combatants lances were always kept pointing towards each other.

The Maharajah of Jeypore is one of a type of the native Indian ruler. He maintains an immense establishment in the heart of the pink and white city. The palace itself is seven stories high, but is not especially imposing. But the grounds about it comprise many acres of gardens. The Maharajah has five wives and some two hundred concubines. He is a wealthy man.

In his stables are scores of fine Arabian horses, mostly white or grey. Formerly this princely ruler had a great herd of well trained elephants but many of them were killed by a disease not long ago and only a score of them remain.

The Maharajah, like all native men of consequence, has been fond of hunting and has shot many a tiger and leopard. On the floor of the billiard hall in his palace are more than a dozen tiger skins, while couches are covered with the finest leopard skins. The animals, the attendant said were all slain by the Maharajah himself. When asked about tiger hunting, an English sportsman here said: "You can kill a tiger for 500 rupees." He meant that it would cost that sum to engage native hunters, guides and elephants for the chase. The same gentleman said:

"Only Viceroy, Maharajah, princes, and Generals hunt tigers in these days with elephants. The sport is too expensive. The professional hunter that is, the man who kills tigers to secure their skins for the market has an easier and safer method. Such hunters tie a goat or a dog to a tree in a jungle where tigers are supposed to live. Climb up into the branches above the living bait and wait for the royal game."

"The tiger seizes the goat and comes at night to catch him and the hunter, all safe from harm, sees the shining eyes of his unsuspecting victim and shoots him. Oh no, we don't consider this a very high order of sportsmanship, but it is quicker than riding an elephant through a hot jungle in pursuit of the game."

A local newspaper a few days ago told about a tiger that had killed thirty five human beings near a small town in Central India. The last victim was a man who was working in a field. The tiger crept through the tall grass until quite near and then sprang upon the human prey. After killing the man the tiger ran away. A native hunter secured a gun, went and sat down by the body and waited. At 5 o'clock in the evening the tiger, returning for his victim, was killed.

All hunters here say that the man eaters are always old tigers that are no longer active enough to catch wild animals for food. Hunger drives them toward the settlements, where they find an easy prey in goats, sheep and cattle and also human beings.

The natives' fear of these fierce monsters of the jungle is clearly expressed in an old saying. "A tiger's bite is as bad as eighteen diseases." Tigers still kill hundreds of people in India every year, but the number is small in comparison to that of the victims of snakes. The official reports published by the British government show that for the year ending Dec. 1, 1900, snake bites had caused the death of 24,624 persons in India.

The best physicians say that there is no known antidote for the poison of a cobra is fatal in every case. The natives wear no shoes and are frequently bitten when wading about the swampy fields. There is a standing reward of 10,000 rupees (\$3,388) for the person who shall discover an antidote for the cobra's deadly poison.



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# Under a Ban.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

## CHAPTER I.

Dick, you dear old ass, shake hands this instant. I've come to town on purpose to see you!

Sir Ughtred Cheshire held out a hand that, for size and sunburn, would have done credit to a navy, notwithstanding he had been a baronet almost from the hour of his birth.

The man addressed as Dick turned a flushed face on him, as he reluctantly placed his long white fingers in those outstretched to him.

'Have you heard?' he said. 'Fourteen years for both of them.'

'I heard. You've cut the service?'

'Weeks ago. It would have cut me if I hadn't.'

'What are you going to do?'

'Work my way out to one of our colonies and take what I can get in the shape of a berth.'

'That's not good enough, old man. I have something better than that to suggest though I shake in my shoes at the thought of putting it into words. It will sound like an intent to insult.'

'You couldn't insult anyone if you tried, myself least of all, Cheshire.'

'Wait a bit. But before I yield to the temptation to cut and run, I'll cut with it. I want a new coachman, and you'd suit me down to the ground.'

The retired guardsman gazed blankly at his friend, and broke into a short laugh. 'That will hardly wash, old fellow,' he said quietly.

'Why not? You have never been within a hundred miles of The Quarries. There's not a soul there who knows you. Of course, men may come sometimes who will think there's a something familiar about you; but the same men may run up against you in New Zealand or Canada, looking after pigs, or driving cattle to market. You won't like roughing it. Dick; you're not that sort, and you are too lazy ever to make your fortune. Come, have a look at my idea. Shave your moustache, and you'll be another man.'

'The stables at The Quarries are noted throughout the West of England. No man's horses can touch mine. Think how you'll enjoy the handling of 'em. My grooms are decent fellows, used to holding the coachman in respect. At any rate, come and try it. Give it a month's trial. I am not going to take 'No' to that.'

The breezy determination of a man accustomed to have his way in most things overcame the other's lingering reluctance to give in.

'On one condition, then,' he agreed. 'You will give me your word of honor to forget that you ever met me before the day on which I present myself at The Quarries as your coachman. There must be no ridiculous sentiment in our relations to each other. On this understanding alone can I become your debtor.'

'Debtor be hanged! What nonsense you talk!'

'I mean it, Cheshire—I should say Sir Ughtred.'

'Dance take it, Dick! But I must have you on some terms, so you shall have your way in this for a month. How shall I call you?'

'By my mother's name—Brandon. I have a baptismal right to it; she named me Richard Brandon. I am thankful she did not live to see this day.'

'So am I, for your sake. But the disgrace is not yours. Will you do me a service, Dick?'

'I am in your service, Sir Ughtred.'

Cheshire said a strong word in a soft undertone; then he smiled, and fell in with his friend's mood.

'Brandon, I want you to drive me down to Sibby Towers this evening. I am due there to dine and sleep. You can hire a trap somewhere and call for me at the Cecil at six thirty sharp.'

'Very good, sir.'

Dick turned away, and made at once for the first barber shop, to get rid of his moustache.

As Sir Ughtred Cheshire walked slowly in another direction he heard his name pronounced by the occupant of a smart victoria, which had overtaken him and stopped.

'Get in,' I want you to tell me things. Are you in a hurry to go anywhere in particular?'

'No, Lady Ainslie; and, if I were, I would break a dozen appointments rather than lose the chance of a talk with you.'

'Pack for an hour? Was her ladyship's brief command to her coachman.

'That was Mr. Forster who were talking to, was it not?' he said, turning an animated and decidedly pretty, though not very youthful, countenance to Sir Ughtred.

She was fully a dozen years his senior, but that did not prevent his admiring her immensely.

'Yes,' he answered, trying to make up his mind what age she looked today.

She varied from about eight-and-twenty to forty, according to her mood, which was as variable as her toilet.

'Poor fellow! He's superbly handsome. Tell me all about it. I only heard the bare particulars away in Rome, and I only got back last night. His father has done something, hasn't he? I don't think I knew he had a father.'

'Lawyer; firm of Forster and Norville,

began Cheshire. 'No particular family, but a certain amount of ambition, on the father's part. He married one of the Surrey Brandons. Dick Forster has the good taste to 'favour' them. His father has never loved him, though he has always been proud of him. Sent him to Rugby, where he learnt nothing. From there to Sandhurst, where he learnt how to ride, and grew to such a height that he was good for nothing but a guardsman. Father had plenty of money; Dick never knew where it came from until quite lately, when it was discovered that Forster and Neville are two of the most accomplished rogues in town, swindled everybody they could get hold of. They both got fourteen years. Dick talks of emigrating.'

'Best thing he can do, poor fellow! What an awful shame! Does the other man leave a family?'

'Haven't a notion. How well you are looking, Lady Ainslie!'

'Some agreed with me.'

The smile accompanying these words told Sir Ughtred that her ladyship had enjoyed her lengthy sojourn in the south.

She had omitted to keep pace with her years in the matter of growing sedate: her heart was as young as it had been at twenty—younger—so people who had known her then said; for at twenty she was in love with a man who, after amusing himself at her expense, married a richer woman.

She was not long getting over it, but it left its mark on her, as such things sometimes will.

She had her revenge two years later when she married Lord Ainslie, and took precedence of the other man's wife at all social functions where they chanced to meet.

Before Cheshire parted from her that afternoon, he asked her to come to The Quarries a fortnight later and set as hostess on the occasion of an expected visit from his fiancée and her mother, who were coming to spy out the land.

'I didn't know you were engaged,' said Lady Ainslie, with a little frown. 'Why have you not told me?'

'Because I am not at all sure that I am, was the curious response. I haven't seen her yet. It is a family arrangement of long standing. I had almost forgotten it until reminded by my lawyer that, according to the strongly-expressed wish of the late Admiral Ormond and my father, Miss Ormond and I were to meet and inspect each other, if neither of us had taken a fancy to anyone else by the time she had reached her twenty-fifth birthday. She stands on the brink of it today, unattached and fancy-free—or so her mother assures me. It is about time I settled down, so I have asked them to The Quarries.'

'You are a cool hand, upon my word! How old are you? Twenty six?'

'Twenty seven—nearly twenty eight.'

'Well, I think I'll come, to prevent your doing anything rash. Promise not to bind yourself definitely before consulting me. Will you, Ughtred? You are too nice to be thrown away on a girl who may perhaps, value you chiefly for your title. Is she rich?'

'Comfortably so, I believe. I promise anything you like to ask. I really don't care whether I marry or not.'

'If I were fifteen years younger and unmarried you are the very man I should choose, said Lady Ainslie, with the candour which made this particular man like her above his other women friends. 'Of course my husband may accompany me to The Quarries?'

'He had better, if he doesn't want me to make love to you. I shall expect you this day fortnight.'

It was not until they had parted that he remembered Dick.

Lady Ainslie knew him and would certainly recognize him.

It was scarcely kind, perhaps, to expose the poor fellow to the possibilities of recognition while his father's shame was so fresh in his mind; but after all, it was bound to happen sooner or later, and he might as well get under fire at once.

The chance of recognition from ordinary acquaintances did not, however, seem so probable when Cheshire himself almost overlooked his friend on his first appearance in his new capacity.

The loss of his moustache made a remarkable change in Dick, to say nothing of the driving-coat and coachman's hat which replaced his ordinary attire.

There were several carriages in the hotel courtyard when Cheshire looked out of the window to see what sort of trap his 'man' had brought for him; but it was a good half minute before he spotted Dick on the box seat of a dogcart, holding in a tandem team that seemed, by the look of them, to have done no work for a week at least.

'He makes up well,' thought the baronet as he hastened down, too considerate to expect such animals to stand long.

'You've found some beanies,' he observed, as he clambered up beside his new coachman.

'Yes, sir.'

Glancing around to see that Cheshire's portmanteau was safely on board, 'Brandon' nodded to the driver who was at the leader's head and they were off.

Dick forgot that his father was a felon, and that his own career as a military man was at an end, in his delight at the skill required to negotiate his team through the

crowded streets. He loved horses better than any human being he had yet met, except the man who at his side, his great warm heart rejoicing at the initial success of his plan to make life worth living still for his old chum.

Of course Cheshire did not mean to stop at making Dick his coachman. That was but a ruse to keep him in sight for the next few weeks.

He would have refused to become a visitor at The Quarries under present conditions, and there did not happen to be a better post to offer him just then.

Whether they would succeed in maintaining the relative positions of master and man remained to be seen; one of them had strong doubts on the subject, but this was not Dick.

## CHAPTER II.

It was the first time in his life that Dick had ever travelled third-class.

It was characteristic of him that he chose to do so when he went down to The Quarries.

He was a born actor, and he experienced a certain amount of pleasure in living up to his present role in every detail.

But he could not stand a third 'smoker,' and decided to defer lighting his own cigar until the train stopped somewhere long enough to admit of his enjoying it on the platform.

This was at Bristol, where there was a ten minutes' wait, of which Dick made the most, and very nearly got left behind.

As the train began to move, he made a rush for his seat, but was hindered by a call from a girl wearing a nurse's uniform, occupying a first-class compartment.

'Please stop the train! A tipsy man has got in here!'

Dick had the door open in an instant, while he signalled with his spare arm to the guard.

But that official was facing the other way on the lookout for his van, and all the notice taken of Dick's signal was a vigorous and unceremonious push from a stalwart porter, which landed him almost at the nurse's feet.

He forgot his new role, and started apologizing in his best manner.

'It was not your fault,' said the girl quickly; 'and, if it were, I'd forgive you for being here. You are more than a match for him—sending a searching glance at a medium-sized figure, dressed in loud checks, which sat smiling inanely at her from the corner to which prudence had bid it retreat at the first sign of Dick's entrance.'

'Has he annoyed you?'

'He was beginning to. He had only just got in, and if I had noticed his condition I should have had him turned out; but I was reading, and did not look at him until he spoke. Thank you very much for your prompt response to my call.'

'Her eyes—very pretty ones—looked the gratitude expressed by her words.

'I am very glad to have been of service to you,' said Dick, meaning what he said. 'As for that little whipper-snapper, I'll drop him out of the window if he comes a foot nearer.'

But the 'whipper-snapper' was not tipsy enough to be voracious.

He kept his distance, and soon fell asleep, leaving the two at the other end of the compartment practically alone.

They chatted like old acquaintances. The girl looked sad, in spite of her frequent smiles, and a sort of defiant air with which she seemed determined to fight her sadness, and Dick liked her face, and her voice, and her manner.

They arrived at Taunton all too soon. He had to change here, and said so sorrowfully.

But the nurse's face brightened.

'So have I. I wonder if you are going my way, by any chance? My destination is Quickmoor.'

'So is mine! What a jolly coincidence! He brightened, too, until he wondered what she would think of him when—as must inevitably happen—she met him driving Sir Ughtred Cheshire and his guests about the neighborhood.'

He decided to tell her the truth, and hid her good bye; so, when they stood together waiting for the North Devon train, he turned to her with the unaffected dignity which he had inherited from his mother.

'We had better part now or you may find it difficult to forgive me later on. I am going to Quickmoor, as coachman to Sir Ughtred Cheshire, of The Quarries.'

There was a suggestion of a gasp on the part of the pretty nurse, but she recovered herself in an instant, and replied: 'Well, I am going as nurse to his lodge-keeper, so we are about equal after all.'

'But I am travelling third-class.'

'As I should be doing had not Sir Ughtred sent me the money to go first.'

'Just like him!' said Dick involuntarily. 'You know him well?'

'He is my old—or, I mean I have met him once or twice at the club. Oh, confound it all!'

The pretty nurse was laughing in irresistible amusement.

'Please forgive me!' she said, sobering as she noticed his annoyance at his slips. 'But you really have betrayed yourself; not but what I know, of course, that you could be only masquerading.'

'Indeed, I am doing nothing of the kind, I am down on my luck, and am genuinely glad of getting the berth of coachman to Sir Ughtred. Have come the train. I'll see you comfortably settled, and—'


'My nerves were shaken by the horrid man; I positively cannot travel alone. Please continue to look after me. I—I'll get third if you like.'

'You little darling!'

Dick did not say this aloud, but he looked at it as he muttered gratefully—'That you don't?'

They had a compartment entirely to themselves this time, and when they had started, the nurse was the first to speak.

'It will sound to you like an odd coin change; but it is a fact for all that. I am down on my luck also. I studied nursing



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for a hobby at a time when I had not thought that I should ever have to work for my living. Now my profession stands between me and starvation; I have not a penny but what I earn.'

'My own case exactly,' said Dick. 'But it must be terribly hard for you,' he added, with sudden sympathy.

'Not worse for me than for you. Besides, I like it. This is my first private case; but I go to it with a lighter heart than I have had for many a long day.'

'Another coincidence! I feel as jolly as a sandboy at the thought of tooling people about the country down here. Will you tell me your name? Mine is Dick Brandon.'

'Mine is Diana Langton. I wonder if it will be a part of my duties to open the gates for you to drive in and out?'

'I wish it might. Only, look here. Miss Langton. There is not the slightest necessity for you to feel that you ought to recognize me if we run up against each other at the Quarries.'

'Of course not!' she laughed softly. 'The lodge-keeper's nurse could not possibly be expected to converse on terms of equality with Sir Ughtred's coachman. I am glad to find you know your place, Mr. Brandon.'

'You'll have to drop the 'Mr.' he warned her. 'As a uniformed nurse you are miles above me. I shall be privileged to address you as 'Nurse,' that's one comfort. Nurse Diana! That doesn't 'go' somehow. 'Diana' should be on horseback, taking her fences in first class style.'

The pretty eyes flashed and then saddened.

'Never again!' she murmured. 'Parting with my horse was the hardest of all. How I loved the darling!'

'You do ride? You are fond of horses?'

'Fonder than I am of human beings, I think.'

'Then that's another bond be tween us. Why confound it, here we are! Before our time, surely?'

'I don't think so.'

Cheshire was on the platform. He had come to ask about a parcel, and to see if Nurse Langton had arrived, for the lodge-keeper was dangerously ill.

His eyebrows went up a little when he saw his new coachman step coolly out of a first class compartment and then give his hand to the nurse.

'Ah, Brandon, found your way down, I see? Have I the honour of addressing Nurse Langton? Yes? Your arrival is eagerly looked for by poor Collett's wife. He is very bad, I fear. This way, please. You drive, Brandon; Phillips will show you the road.'

Sir Ughtred assisted the nurse into the wagonette and seated himself opposite, while Dick, after speaking to the horses, with a pat for each, got up in front, and gathered up the reins.

Before they reached The Quarries, Cheshire was in possession of the little circumstance which had brought about an acquaintance between Nurse Langton and Dick Brandon.

His only audible comment was—'I wondered to see him travelling 'first,' I confess. Glad he was there to come to your rescue.'

But when he saw the glance directed at his coachman's military-looking back by the pretty eyes, he began to wonder what the end might be.

Dick's own fine orbs were very expressive, as he turned his head to take a silent farewell of his late travelling companion when she alighted at the lodge.

Sir Ughtred noticed the opinion of Collett, said Ughtred to the groom, as he climbed into the wagonette again. 'Straight ahead, Brandon!'

When the horses had started, the baronet added, in a hearty tone—'Welcome! Dick, old man! And forgive me this once for breaking conditions.'

'Thanks, Cheshire,' Dick turned his eyes on his friend. 'I'm awfully glad to be here.'

'I've arranged for you to have a little shanty of your own,' continued Sir Ughtred. 'It belonged to one of the gamekeepers who had the misfortune to die six months ago. His mother lived with him, and I couldn't turn her out, so she's there still, and is prepared to 'do' for you. She's a decent old soul, and won't annoy you at all.'

'I'm awfully glad to be here.'

He guessed that the arrangements for his comfort would prove the best that could be made without attracting too much comment.

But the house was in sight now, with its double row of windows straggling east and

west and in and out, in charmingly irregular fashion, so he squared his shoulders and drove on in silence.

He was awake and about early next morning, having had a somewhat restless night, in spite of Mrs. Upton's skill in bed-making.

Perhaps Nurse Langton had had something to do with his sleeplessness; certainly, his thoughts were of her as he left the cottage soon after six o'clock, and made for a bill he had seen from his bedroom window, on top of which he expected to find, not only a refreshing breeze, but a stand point from which to take an extensive survey of the surrounding country.

He started at a brisk pace, whistling cheerily as he stode along; but the birds soon silenced him, their morning song being so far superior to anything he could hope to produce in the way of music, except through the medium of his violin.

'I wish I had brought it!' he said to himself regretfully. 'Though, I suppose, it would hardly have done. I shall have to be content with Mrs. Upton's piano; it won't half a bad sort of instrument, I wonder if the deceased gamekeeper was musical? His mother doesn't look a pianist by any means. Ah! those birds, I wonder if she would enjoy listening to them?'

The 'she' with whom his thoughts were busy was certainly not old Mrs. Upton.

A moment later the sound of a human voice broke in unmusically on the throbbing melody of the birds—a voice not only unusual, but also uncultured and altogether unpleasing.

'Give us a copper, miss? I ain't had no bed to sleep in this night, and I ain't got no money to buy a bit of breakfast.'

'That is not true!' This second voice sounded sweeter even than the song of the birds to Dick Brandon's ears. 'You were eating when I caught sight of you.'

An oath was the immediate response, and that oath, ugly though it was, was followed by a still uglier threat, which sent Dick flying along in the direction of a gate by means of which he hoped to reach the rude disturber of the sweet morning peace.

The man—a tramp of the lowest order—turned on his heel and scurried away at the sound of the about to which Dick gave vent as he cleared the gate with a spring.

Diana Langton came towards him with grateful eyes and outstretched hands.

You seem destined to be my deliverer Mr. Brandon.'

'I desire no better destiny,' he replied, taking the hands and holding them for a moment. 'But will you pardon my suggesting that you do not again expose yourself to the chance of annoyance? I may not always be at hand you know.'

'You have a right to suggest, and I promise to obey. But I certainly did not anticipate this second affair. Of course, I know I must take my chance if I choose an empty compartment when travelling. But may one not take a stroll in the country alone? In the worst parts of London the nursing uniform is sufficient protection against any possibility of insult.'

'So it ought to be. That carrion who accosted you just now was of the lowest type of his kind. Had he not looked so vilely unclean, I should have enjoyed thrashing him, but I felt reluctant to lay my hands on so loathsome a thing.'

'He is loathsome!' Nurse Langton shuddered. 'Let us forget him. Isn't it a heavenly morning? Did you ever hear anything sweeter than those dear birds? I do so want to get to the top of that hill! Mrs. Collett is with her husband, so I can spare an hour.'

'What sort of a night have you had?'

asked Dick, as he fell into step at her side, feeling that the beauty of the morning was without a single flaw.

'Very bad, poor fellow! Like a true nurse she thought of her patient, not of herself. 'Except for a few moments at a time, he had no sleep until half past five. Then, as Mrs. Collett kindly brought me some coffee, and offered to stay with him, I thought I'd take a walk to refresh me up by the time he wakes again. He'll probably have a good sleep now.'

'You have not been in bed at all?'

'How could I? I am used to it, and I shall rest by and bye you know.'

CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN.

**CANCER**

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Sunda

SUN

The doctor living man, who sat state unwashed window seat—staring at was full of the du the grief that is d not, but because that needs the te world. It was h doctor understood

The man turned the doctor, sitting tumbled bed with lifted in his arms flannel that lay pillow. He loo flannels and touch face thus revealed smiled in its sleep simple in its chea hair. He again averted face, null

'What have yo was his unexpect was a young man understood the m so lately dead, w its dimple and it its baby girlhood farewell gift. E very gradually a

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The doctor loo pity not to name nice little girl, a cheek. My little the girl to have dim one cheek.'

cheek, but he w man than of the

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'Yes, Didn't doctor. 'She is the world! The other one half a

'An' what is o the common? others as foins, more interest th

'There could me,' said the do the man. 'You she was even a girl, and she is and I had, and The doctor's ve the girl was not had not learned to her of her m

The man's fa an' what's comm an' you know I

'Yes, said the Yes, the same brought his lip then he looked girl, and smile the girl has yell cheek,—why d mine has.'

The man loo baby; then his 'If it hadn't be suppose your—'

'Yes,' the do 'I know what He bowed his few moments. and said, 'Com girl, and I wi er.'

'Sunflowers 'Yes; now, Yes, that's the you touch her sleep and you The man be bundle, and He smiled wh the pink cheek

'Is a dimple to 'ave'?' he 'Very nice, 'I ain't nev the man. Y tics the displi

'Perhaps no said the doo 'I ain't helo heeding the g general igno dimple, 'beco 'I suppose her,' the doo

'No,' the m



## The Sunset, Limited.

The crimson glare of the semaphore, at Welmer made but a faint glimmering pathway through the cold mist, and a halo shone around the light inside the office window. It was the only night office between Seguin and Schulenberg. An all night man had to be kept there because there was an up grade over two miles long just west of the depot. Here heavy freight trains were frequently stalled, and had to roll back and beyond the station to 'take a leader' for the hill and force the grade.

The east bound 'Sunset Limited' was known to the trainmen as No. 101. It stopped only at county seats or at large towns that were intersected by other roads, or at telegraph offices when signaled for special orders. This did not often occur, especially when the train was late, for its time was very fast, and delay was difficult to make up.

So when Jim Byrd, the night operator at Welmer, heard 101 slowing up without his having received any orders for her, he ran out with his lantern to see what was wanted. The big mogul engine came to a sudden stop in front of the office, with all brakes down hard, puffing and wheezing the air-pumps working to full capacity and the pop-valve blowing off with the sound of a tornado. The engineer leaned out of his cab, and the conductor rushed up the platform.

'Whew! She's pretty hot!' said Byrd. 'She's got to be to reach Houston on time. Worse than that, we've got to pass 83 at Schulenberg, unless you've got orders. They told us to stop here unless you told us to pass. Got any orders for us?' This was all said by the conductor in a loud quick voice.

'No,' answered Jim. 'I guess they forgot to tell me to signal you to go by, as I heard the clicker at Seguin saying for you to go ahead and make up lost time unless signaled down here.'

'Why in thunder didn't they have you give us the white light then?' growled the engineer, grasping his lever and waiting for the conductor to swing on to the mail car.

Then the great machine started off east with puffs that told of an angry engineer, and the white glare from the furnace plowed a pathway of light far up the track.

Jim went in, sat at his desk and began to nod, with his hand on the key so as to be easily aroused if called. The rear end lights of the departing train were still to be made out vaguely in the light fog, when Jim was roused as if by a blow. The key was conveying to him in its mysterious way the excitement thrilling from the nerves of the sender.

Jim was awake in an instant and with horror he rapidly wrote down the following from the despatcher's office:

'Signal 101 for orders! Tell him to pass 83 at White's switch! Lutter will not stop! Hold 71 at bridge siding until all others are clear! This order delayed by accident in office here.'

'He didn't think 101 had had time to get here yet,' thought Jim. 'How she must have been running! There she goes just by the bridge siding now!'

Shocked though he was at the thought of the collision that was imminent, Jim lost no time but tied to headquarters the exact situation, and asked if an engine could not be sent out of Schulenberg to overtake 83, which could not be far from there. The reply was worse than the first message:

'No engine fired up at Schulenberg! Charley had stroke of paralysis at key; no one knew it until wired you. That caused delay in orders. Have doctors ready to take engine of 71 as soon as she comes and go down to wreck! Nothing can prevent terrible collision now!'

'Can't you stop 101 at Flatonia?' asked Jim, although he knew the probable reply.

'No operator there! Perkins took suddenly sick today.'

Jim hung out the red light for 71, rushed down to the end of the platform where he lived, awakened his wife and little boy and quickly explained the situation.

'You may be a help somehow, May,' he said. 'Get up and dress. John, you run and wake up the doctor! I'll be ready for 71!'

As the boy started, train 71 came rattling down the hill and stopped at the tank one hundred yards below the station. Of the brakeman who climbed down from a box car, Jim asked: 'Who's pulling you tonight, Al?' 'Riley.'

'Dan Riley? What's he doing pulling

you? I thought it was strange the way that train dashed and stopped.'

'Why, there was a lot of rush-perishable stuff, and all the big engines were out. Dan was hanging round, and they nabbed him with his high wheeler.'

Jim rushed down to the engine and shouted: 'Riley, come to the office quick! Have your fireman get ready to pull out, and I'll have her uncoupled while we get orders!'

Riley told his fireman to get things ready, and then ran the engine to the office. He himself raced after Jim on foot.

To the wondering crew who gathered at the office, Jim explained matters. Just as he had finished, a doctor came in, half-dressed, carrying his surgical case.

'Riley, there's no time to lose!' said Jim. 'You must be off at once! Here are the other doctors—away now! Somehow I feel as if we were going to find a way out of this.'

In reply, Riley turned to his fireman: 'Ned, I'm going to catch and stop 101 before she gets to White's switch! You needn't go unless you want to. I can fire and run her, too, if I have to. You doctors who ain't afraid to die must be prepared for the most terrible trip you ever took! There are two hundred people on those trains. The only way to save them is for me to catch that Limited—and she is almost flying tonight!'

As he talked he was running to his engine, the others instinctively following. Dan, Ned and the three doctors silently got into the cab.

Riley placed the doctors where they could hold on and not be in the way—one just behind him, one standing on the apron between the tender and engine and holding on to the corner at the right-hand side, and the other in the same position on the left. In the next moment the great machine started down the track, and Jim's fingers were ticking the news to headquarters.

The steam-gage marked one hundred and sixty pounds, and Ned began feeding in more coal. Riley slowly pulled his throttle open and threw his lever forward, and the engine fairly flew forward, throwing sparks over the telegraph-wires as she seemed to gather herself for a swifter plunge into the night.

As the drivers began to spin, Riley gently pulled on his throttle and lifted his lever a notch, gradually giving her steam as the pistons began going in and out faster and faster. He stood, an incarnate force, a grim spotter in silhouette against the faint light thrown back from the headlight. As the doctors stared at that silent figure they felt an awe creep over them.

The bell was kept ringing except when Ned was shoveling coal into the red hot throat of the iron racer, and every few seconds the shriek of the whistle warned all creatures of flesh and blood to stand aside. Before they had reached the first switch at the bridge, a little more than half a mile down the track, the engine was almost jumping along the rails in mighty throbs, so rapidly was she gaining speed under the steady, regular pull at that throttle.

Riley kept his eyes steadily on the rails. The headlight sent forward a gleam of white that seemed to part the mist into walls of dripping gray on each side of the track, and the rails appeared like two cracks in the darkness through which came streaks of light from unknown depths.

He pulled his lever up to the three-quarter notch, drew his throttle nearly to the last cog, and looked at the gage. It showed one hundred and eighty pounds, and the pop-valve was roaring.

The time was not yet ten o'clock. Many farm-houses showed dim lamps in their windows, and doors flew open as people heard the clanging bell, the shrieking whistle and the blast of the pop valve, and remembered that the Limited had just gone past.

By the time the engine reached Big Sandy bridge, the side-roads were going so fast that they looked as if moving only up and down, and the drivers appeared like gigantic black wheels of solid iron.

To keep upright the doctors clung with all their strength, and Ned reeled and lurched every time he shoveled coal. Then over the glare from the opened mouth, the great mantle of black that was streaming back would serve as a reflector to illumine the faces and forms of the men who were venturing against many chances of sudden death.

As the engine tore across the bridge

and began racing up the grade, Riley and Ned both strained their eyes, for at the end of that grade was a curve, and then a two-mile stretch of level track across a prairie. Ned leaned far out of the cab to gaze, and Riley tried to look across the front of his engine away ahead on Ned's side. Each was looking for the same thing.

Suddenly Ned pointed, jumped down and began shoveling coal in furiously. Riley pulled his throttle out another cog, and the machine made another, appalling leap. Ned had pointed at the two red end lights on the Limited sleeper, but they were barely visible and the Limited was going at the rate of more than fifty miles an hour. The Southern Pacific has one of the best ballasted and smoothest tracks in the country, but it was to be tested that night.

The pursuers had already covered five miles, and must catch and stop that flying train before she reached White's switch, which was now hardly fourteen miles ahead of Riley's engine.

Coal was bouncing all over the floor; the pick and the shovel could not be kept in place. Riley had to stand up and hold to his lever and throttle, ready to put on brakes. Ned had almost to crawl when he shoveled coal, and half of each shovelful would spill. The big oil can had jumped from its rack and was dancing over the floor. The monkey-wrench jolted out of the place beside the boiler, dropped hard on the toe of a doctor, and went tumbling out upon the road-bed.

The roar of the escaping steam, the thunder of the wheels and the clanging of the bell made it impossible for any one to speak audibly except in a shout. 'By the way—those lights went sailing round that curve 101 must be making fifty miles!' roared Ned.

'Yes,' replied Riley, 'and we've got to beat that a good deal! She'll have to slow up some going through Flatonia! It'll be mighty risky, but we'll have to strike those switches just the way we're going now—or faster!'

'Well, I'm not afraid, except for that dump that changes so quickly into a cut and then to a curve just beyond the depot!' said Ned. 'We're doing considerably over fifty miles, I guess!'

'I just counted seventy-three joints we rolled over in twenty seconds by my watch!' shouted Riley. 'That gives us nearly seventy-two miles! I'm going to make her spread herself when we strike the next level and down-grade piece of track!'

Smooth as was the track, with its rock ballast and heavy new steel rails, the flying engine was away from side to side and plunging up and down furiously. 'When we catch them, Ned, said Riley, 'you hold the throttle and I'll get down in front and couple on the sleeper, step on it and pull the air; then you reverse her and jam on our wind for all it's worth!'

'No, Dan,' replied Ned, 'it's going to be a ticklish thing to get out there and do that. I'll attend to that part of it. No one can handle this engine the way you can. I'd make her slide, most likely; but you can put on all her holding back force and not strain a watch-spring.'

Over bridges, across valleys, through fields by hamlets whose gaping people stared with wonder and fright, by section-houses that passed like great, silent birds swiftly flying away from them, the engine charged on, racking the five men who thought continually on the terrible possibilities before them. The slightest mishap might prove fatal.

But the risk must be taken to save the unconscious passengers on the trains that were rushing toward collision.

The plan was arranged. Ned was to get on the cowcatcher and have the great draw-bar ready to put into the jaw of the sleeper coupler. Then, unless he failed, he was to jump on the platform of the sleeper, while Riley kept the bar in place until Ned could pin it in. Then Ned was to pull the air-cord on the rear of the sleeper, and Riley was to shut off steam and put on his jam-brakes and blow four quick blasts as signals of distress.

Never did the inhabitants of quiet Flatonia see such a sight as that great engine tearing through the town and across streets, never slackening, with whistles screaming and bell clanging, the engine rocking and reeling over switch frogs and street intersections. People went out on the streets and collected in groups, and spoke in hushed voices of wonder and fear, for they knew the Sunset Limited had passed through not more than a minute before, slowing up on its way through the town.

The speed of Riley's engine grew more terrific as it reached the straight piece of track, down grade, beyond the town. His plan was to make lightning speed down this to the level stretch four miles beyond, at the end of which he expected to catch 101 just before she reached White's switch.

Ned knew what was coming. He re-

newed the fire, crawled out on the foot-board, grasped the hand rods, and went on his hands and knees along the side of the leaping engine. There were the two red lights down the track. Now came the trial! All that has been done before seemed child's play to what lay before them now.

Ned pulled his cap down over his ears, and slowly drew himself along until he reached the boiler-head. As the engine was steadying itself after a struggle and heavy plunge, he dropped on his stomach to the platform of the cowcatcher. Firmly planting his feet between the timbers of the pilot, he waited.

They were just behind 101 now, and gradually creeping up to her. Riley strained his eyes to catch Ned's every movement. The pursuing engine seemed to spurt right up to the sleeper. Ned lifted the heavy bar. The sleeper lurched, the engine pitched and rocked, and the train seemed to be trying to get away. It crept ahead and out of reach. Ned had dropped the bar. He seemed agonized. The doctors clung and stared; it seemed to them terrible—that failure!

But Riley still hoped. He did not increase his speed, feeling that 101 had simply taken one of those unaccountable spurts made by trains at times, and that Ned needed a moment to become cool and calm. Two seconds passed. Again the engine began to creep up on the flying train, and soon the cowcatcher was under the sleeper.

Now! Ned painfully raised the great bar higher and placed it in the jaw of the coupler. Riley saw it fall, and was on the point of putting on a little more steam to keep it in place when he noticed that Ned seemed faint and suffering. In the glare of the headlight his face was as pale as death. But he had lifted the bar, and slowly he put it in place, crawled up on the platform and dropped a pin into the bar. Then he staggered up to the air-cord and pulled.

Instantly he was flattened out against the end of the car by the suddenness with which the train checked its speed. Riley had shut off steam as he saw Ned pull the cord, and had put on his jam brakes.

The sudden pulling back of the train, followed by those four shrieks of the whistle, told the amazed engineer of 101 that something awful, and never before known in his experience, was happening! So he, too, shut off steam and put on his brakes.

In a few moments the train was at a standstill, both engines puffing impatiently, with their pop-valves blowing off until one could hardly hear any other noise. The crew of 101 rushed back and stood in speechless astonishment!

'Don't ask questions! Back quickly, and let's get on White's switch!' exclaimed Riley, for they had run by the switch.

They were not slow in backing up into it, but the train had barely cleared the main track and the brakeman had hardly time to throw the switch when 83 flashed in sight around the curve, and dashed by with its three baggage and mail cars and five coaches and sleepers.

Then Riley sprang up to the rear platform of 101 and lifted the head of his fall-in fireman. In a dead faint! That strong man! But his boot! For the heavy draw bar had fallen on that foot, jamming it between the timbers of the cowcatcher, and breaking the bones. Yet he had held himself to the rescue till it was done!

'That's all right,' said Ned, when he came to and the and they praise him; but the foot kept him in the hospital for five months.

As for Riley, the newspapers greatly disagreed by dubbing him hero.

'Snooks!' he said. 'Makes me sick! Done my duty and done no more! But Ned was dead game sure!'

Still from New Orleans to San Francisco that race after the Sunset Limited is talked of by railway men and travellers.

**A CENTREPIECE ON A BAT.**  
Tale of Flowers: That Drank Whiskey and Seemed to Like it.

'My wife is the gardener in our family,' said the quiet man, who had been listening and, incidentally, smoking two cigars to the others, 'while the other men talked. Now it was nearly time to rejoin the ladies, and he thought he might as well get his story off anyway.'

'My wife is very fond of flowers,' he went on, 'and has great success with them, except with her, centrepieces. Those always look tired and weary—perhaps they need Christian Science. But the other night I had a queer experience with the present centrepiece. I won't say that I wouldn't believe it if any one else told me, for that would give you an opening; I'll merely say that it was queer, and as it happened to me, I know it's true.'

'My brother and I had some papers to look over, and to spread them out took

them to the dining room table. We pushed aside the centrepiece, and studied our papers, and as we neared the end of our work had some whiskey and water. Finally, as we were putting things away, one of us upset his half-emptied glass on the centrepiece. No harm was done, and we went on with the plans. Suddenly my brother said:

'Say! Look at that plant!'

The plant had acquired a jag, blest if it hadn't! Its leaves were wriggling and staggering around as far as their stems would allow, twining themselves around one another and really seeming almost to leer at us. One or two of them seemed to be ashamed; they hung down, as they staggered and wretched about; but most of them were openly glad of their condition. As they twined about they rubbed against one another, and really the faint noise that they made was quite like that of a band of merry roisterers in a policeless Tenderloin. I couldn't stand it, it was so like human beings. So I packed up everything and turned out the light and went to bed.

'The next morning my wife asked me to look at the centrepiece. It was a veritable "morning after." Some of the leaves were pretty brisk, but most of them looked sick and sore, leaning one against another, and suffering very evidently from big heads.

'What's the matter, do you suppose?' asked my wife. I told her what had happened. 'Well, they do look a good deal the way you do when you have been out with the boys,' she said, looking first at me and then at the plants. I picked up the water pitcher.

'What're you going to do?' my wife cried rather anxiously.

'Not going to hit you,' I said, 'Going to give them some icewater.'

'Hold on,' she said, and with that she ran to the pantry, and came back with a syphon of seltzer. She administered gently to the plants, which brightened up at once; then she gave them a little bromide, and by the time breakfast was over they had pretty nearly recovered their good looks.

'But that,' ended the quiet man, 'is the first time I ever heard of plants getting drunk.'

'Shall we join the ladies?' asked the host.

## VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

OBTAINED THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Mr. William Gray of Newmarket, Tells How He Became Hile and Hearty at the Advanced Age of Seventy after Having Suffered Great Torture from Sciatica and Rheumatism.

From the Express, Newmarket, Ont.

Mr. William Gray, who is well and favorably known in the town of Newmarket and vicinity, is rejoicing over his release from the pains of sciatica and rheumatism through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A reporter of the Express called upon him for the purpose of obtaining particulars of the cure when Mr. Gray gave the following story for publication:—

'About two and a half years ago I was seized with a very severe attack of rheumatism. The pain was simply torturing. At times the trouble was so bad in my knees, then in my hips. For nearly a year I suffered along, working as best I could, in the hope of being able to overcome the disease. During the day the pain was less severe, but at night it was just as bad as ever. To increase my torture I caught a cold which resulted in an attack of sciatica in my right leg. If I walked a short distance I would be seized by sharp pains in the hip and in time I became a used up man; my appetite failed me, and I could not rest at night on account of the pain. I tried one medicine after another without avail. I also consulted doctors with no better result. I was beginning to think that I was doomed to suffer the rest of my life when one day a friend strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took his advice and procured a supply of the pills and began taking them according to directions. Before the third box was finished I noted a change for the better, so I continued the use of the pills till I had taken ten or twelve boxes when my trouble had entirely disappeared. Today I am free from pain and feel that life is worth living, even at the ripe old age of seventy. I can now do a day's work with many men who are twenty years younger than I. I thank God for my restoration to health through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I trust other similar sufferers will give them a trial, for knowing what these pills have done for me I am sure that they cannot fail being as beneficial to others similarly afflicted.'

If the blood is pure and wholesome disease cannot exist. The reason Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure so many forms of disease is that they act directly upon the blood and nerves, thus reaching the root of the trouble. Other medicines act only on the symptoms of the trouble, and that is the reason the trouble always returns when you cease these medicines. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make permanent cures in kidney troubles, rheumatism, erysipelas, anaemia and kindred diseases. But be sure you get the genuine which bear the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box.

## Chat

The prettiest finished and well-ventilated floral cent (colored) rather light blue occasional touches and stylish comb-knot designs in style, and then arabesque scroll patterns.

Among dress seen again. From ecru color is to be mer materials it are any standard conclusion. The med with guipure and made with th and bolero bodice fine white tucked with a narrow flit little color is intr make it becoming made in three wi the body. These of it, and it is cut around the neck lar of the heavy li

Among the ea dainty blouses of with hand embr pink, lavender an square or round batiste set in. A out to the should body of the waist flowers and leaves embroidered arou in the centre to gi The embroidery tendril designs fr done in the over little narrow Vale the finish on the t and cuffs and the yond description.

Some very pret shown in the whit with the deep cr skirt overlapping form four shallow piping of black ve cloth. With this ed mousseline de partly covered by bolero over a silk-mousseline. A gu velvet ribbon run finish for the edge sleeves of cloth ar mousseline undera of cloth covers the triple in effect, an stitched.

## FRILLS

Spring hats have realistic way of decoration. Rose list, but all sorts signs are in evidence. Thin lacy straw the first importation any sort are in greatly in evidence turbans, and gypsy ties in sight just a of autumn leaves a smartest things in spring varieties bl with a puffy brim over with jet spang

Just at present and we see them in or silver gauze, and white tulle and cro gorgeous roses per use in south there white felt hats with assume varied bec trimmed simply w white velvet ribbon

Like everything have surpassed all way of variety, eve it is difficult to im way of novelty late motifs of lace are in white and black sn dainty colored linin and then there are various colors, w around the edge.

Another novelty three graduated ro around. They are space between an edge is two inches or blue silk and bla silk, the latter form half, the stripes r colored silk in shir with a little frill.

Sashes of all kind

Chat of the Boudoir.

The prettiest new foulards are satin finished and wall covered with some conventional floral design in white on different colored grounds. One shade of a rather light blue on a white ground with occasional touches of black is a desirable and stylish combination. Rings and polka dot designs in varied sizes are good style, and then there are no end of arabesque scrolls combined with floral patterns.

Among dress silks moire effects are seen again. Pongee in the old fashioned ecru color is to be one of the popular summer materials if the new models from Paris are any standard upon which to base a conclusion. They are elaborately trimmed with guipure lace of the same color, and made with the circular flounce skirt, and bolero bodice over a lingerie blouse of fine white tucked lawn divided in groups with a narrow fine cream lace insertion. A little color is introduced on the bodice to make it becoming, and a pretty bolero is made in three wide folds running around the body. These form the main portion of it, and it is cut out to show the blouse around the neck and finished with a collar of the heavy lace.

Among the early importations is the dainty blouses of colored batiste decorated with hand embroidery. They come in pink, lavender and pale blue, with a little square or round neck of tucked white batiste set in. All around this, extending out to the shoulders and down into the body of the waist is an applique design of flowers and leaves of the white batiste hand embroidered around the edges, and veined in the centre to give the correct outline. The embroidery branches out in dainty tendrils designs from the flowers, all being done in the overwrought close stitch. A little narrow Valenciennes lace is used in the finish on the tucked white collar band and cuffs and the whole effect is lovely beyond description.

Some very pretty ideas for gowns are shown in the white cloth costumes made with the deep circular flounce the upper skirt overlapping this in curved lines which form four shallow scallops outlined with a piping of black velvet or a stitched band of cloth. With this is worn a blouse of tucked mousseline de soie in some pale color, partly covered by a cream guipure lace bolero over a silk-lining which matches the mousseline. A guipure heading with black velvet ribbon run through makes a pretty finish for the edge of the edge of this. The sleeves of cloth are elbow length over the mousseline undersleeve, and a triple collar of cloth covers the shoulders, at least it is triple in effect, and the edges are piped or stitched.

FRILLS OF FASHIONS.

Spring hats have blossomed out in a very realistic way with flowers in the lead for decoration. Roses are the first on the list, but all sorts of exquisite floral designs are in evidence on the new hats. Thin lacy straws seem to prevail among the first importations and light effects of any sort are in order. Tulle hats are greatly in evidence, and the broad light turbans, and gypsy shapes are the specialties in sight just at present. Hats made of autumn leaves are said to be one of the smartest things in Paris and some of the spring varieties show a crown of leaves with a puffy brim of white tulle dotted over with jet spangles.

Just at present tulle hats are in demand and we see them in black over either gold or silver gauze, and in blue combined with white tulle and crowned with one or two gorgeous roses perched on the brim. For us in south there are very picturesque white felt hats with decided brims which assume varied becoming phases and are trimmed simply with bows of black and white velvet ribbon.

Like everything else in fashion, parasols have surpassed all previous efforts in the way of variety, even at this early date; so it is difficult to imagine anything in the way of novelty later on. Insertions and motifs of lace are inset in various ways in white and black silk parasols showing a dainty colored lining through the meshes, and then there are plain silk parasols in various colors, with fluffy chiffon ruffles around the edge.

Another novelty is silk parasols with three graduated rows of velvet ribbon all around. They are sewn on with quite a space between and the widest band on the edge is two inches in width. Other combinations rather more startling are in red or blue silk and black and white striped silk, the latter forming the lower and larger half, the stripes running around. The colored silk is shirred and joins the other with a little rill.

Sashes of all kinds and descriptions will

be a feature of summer dress. A novel combination worthy of mention is one sash end composed of a breadth of mousseline de soie knotted at the end and twice at intervals above with a companion end formed of several strands of narrow black velvet ribbon, either knotted together a little way from the end to form a tassel, finished with tiny gold tags.

A whole chapter can be written about belts, so many and varied are the styles. The new leather belts are the same straight around bands so long worn, but are covered with rows of stitching or combined with velvet showing a narrow line through the centre, the leather overlapping and being stitched on. Velvet ribbon and gold braid in alternate rows form another style, a cluster of ends with gold tags being the finish.

Gold buckles, with embossed leather figures on them, fasten some of the leather belts. The variety in buckles is legion, but the leading feature is the rather large size and any design which expresses something of the Napoleonic period. Eagles of steel and gold, set in a wreath of laurel leaves, are one variety, and again you may have three eagles, a large one in the centre, all surrounded by stars.

Sterling silver buckles in the Indian gold finish, set with imitation gems, are especially good style, and there is simply no limit to the variety in design. French gilt buckles, ornamented with a design in painted leather, is another variety.

As for the belts themselves they almost equal the buckles in diversity of style. A pretty belt for the white shirt waist is made of bias folds of gold cloth. The silk elastic belts come in white, black and gold, three or four inches wide, and naturally the buckles are very large, one in leather, decorated with enamelled flowers studied with steel being one variety.

Single faced velvet ribbon is promised as one of the trimmings for foulard gowns and it is to be stitched on at the upper edge. Graduated bands of piece velvet were stitched on to the skirts of the winter models, so it is only the same idea differently expressed.

Embroidered batiste of the finest texture and the daintiest biscuit tint is to be very much worn this season for entire gowns, waists and trimmings. One novel use of it is on a canvas gown in yellow, patterned over with black lines and white polka dots. The batiste is in pointed band trimmings on the skirt and forms a large shoulder collar edged around with a narrow black lace insertion and a tiny frill of biscuit colored lace, which is repeated on the skirt.

The prettiest, most becoming face veil for mourning wear is made of Brussels net with a scalloped edge, a hemstitched border or a crepe band. All of the modern accessories of mourning are very smart and nothing is more so perhaps than the hats and toques which are made of soft folds and plaitings of finest crepe and chiffon with silk roses, loops of silk, or crepe for a finish. Even the little frames which once were not much more than a foundation for the long veil have some becoming loops or a full plaiting of crepe across the front.

French knots are quite as popular as ever as a means of trimming, with the difference of using heavy instead of fine silk. On gauze materials they are very effective.

A very dainty little invention for carrying perfume on the person is a tiny gold ball perforated like a tea ball. Some ornate perfume saturates a sponge inside and you wear this little trinket on your watch chain or a chataleine.

Imitation jewelled chains and bead chains of all sorts are very much worn, not only by young girls, but older women as well, and they are either short or long as you choose. The matrix turquoise is quite as popular as any stone, but there are Venetian bead chains of all colors in which young girls seem to delight.

Shirt Waists for Spring.

So far from going out, the shirt waist enjoys and promises to enjoy a greater popularity than ever. It is a garment to which women cling with tenacity, because of its comfort. Unlike the tight-fitting basque or bodice, the shirt waist never constricts the movements of the body; one can live and move and have one's being in it with comfort, and at the same time feel that one is dressed with as much style as attaches to what is really a morning garment. But what was originally a morning garment has evolved and developed into a varied creation which may be worn with perfect propriety, morning, noon and night according to the simplicity or elaboration of material and trimming which

characterizes the shirt waist. From flannel to cashmere, and from cotton print to silk and lace it ranges, but in whatever material it comes, it has the benefit over all other garments, of combining utility with beauty. It adapts itself to all times and seasons, it comes in a hundred varieties and is a thing so perennially necessary, that it is no wonder it has won its way universally into the hearts of women.

Among the shirt waist models for spring wear are a number in cloth and flannel, each one carrying an individuality and style that may be copied in any color to suit the wearer. There are also many novel and suggestive little ideas which will be useful in the making of a shirt waist, though the whole may not be adopted. The idea, for example, of stitching white or cream cloth with black silk or gold thread, is new and charming, and gives an effect at once striking and stylish; it is an idea, too, easily carried out by the home dressmaker, or the girl who saves her allowance by making such things herself. The black pause scarf knotted, and with fringed ends and the velvet belt, may be adopted with effect in any sort of dressy waist. Of another style is of blue flannel with an edging of black ribbon velvet and fancy buttons. The collar is finished with an aiglon bow of the ribbon at the back.

Another good example of the handkerchief blouse which will be very popular this spring. The chemisette is of tucked silk and insertion, and the velvet to bind is cut from the piece on the bias.

Blue and gold is always a delightful combination, and something very new and effective is shown in a light blue French flannel waist that is stitched all over the body with gold thread, each row of stitching being about an inch apart. The sleeves are full at the wrist, and caught in with a gold-stitched band; the box pleat down the front is similarly decorated, and the collar and belt also show the lines of gold thread. The effect is at once simple and rich, and such a waist will be a novel and stylish addition to the spring outfit. All the new flannel and cloth waists show tailor-stitched bands of silk of contrasting colors, tucks, cordings, stitchings into the material, and buttons both cloth and gilt.

In silk waists taffeta holds first place, while peau de soie and Imperial silk follow. Clusters of very fine pin tucking and hem-stitching trim these silk blouses, while others show lace boleros, or bolero effects made by trimmings of gold and ribbon velvet very tastefully arranged. Velvet, too, is a new feature in silk waists, and is admirably adapted to this purpose. It is of a lovely gold brown stitched in cords down the front, and showing a chemisette of ivory duchesse satin tucked, and ivory and gold embroidered bands for trimming.

Dressier, perhaps, and very stylish is a New York model. It is of black net with guimpe of silk having a lattice work of narrow black ribbon velvet. The net is draped across the front and fastened at the side, and a graceful fichu with double frills about the yoke, is caught at the left side with a rosette, and falls in long ends down the front of the gown. A very charming waist this for a tall slender girl.

For Summer Wear.

Turning to the blouses and shirt waists for hot weather, one finds everything from the very plain unpretentious cotton shirt to the elaborately tucked and inserted one of sheerest lawn. There are shirt waists for all occasions, but the white one easily leads, as it is suitable for almost any occasion, and may be made dressy to a degree. As was the case last summer, the back yoke has been dispensed with, and all sorts of pretty backs are made by joining and arranging of stripes, tucks, pleats etc.

The fronts are for the most part quite plain cut, with a long shoulder seam and a box pleat down the middle of the front, and are fitted down at the sides with a slant in the stripes or tucks, which gives a pretty curve to the figure, and forms the fulness in front which has the long fashionable effect. The sleeves, which are medium size, gather into a narrow straight cuff with square corners. The long shoulder seam is decidedly the new feature of the shirt waists for spring and summer, but there is also a more graceful outline at the side, and the well-fitted back to be added. The French lines and silk and linen materials are especially desirable, and then there is every conceivable variety of fine lawns and batistes, with lace stripes and figures, lace insertions and embroidery in combinations. Bands of both colored and white batistes alternate with lace and embroidery to form exquisite waist materials, exceeded only by the silk mul, similarly treated with lace and embroidery. Then there are fancy piques, silk and linen goods striped, with fine cords, and a silk called

setin; lumine, which has groups of narrow cross-wise tucks woven in. This silk is thin and soft and very glossy. White linen promises to be a favorite material for shirt waists this season, and many of them show embroidery of white or black linen floss.

There is a decided tendency in all the new summer shirt waists to combine coolness and comfort with beauty. The stiff collar and cuffs are not nearly so much in evidence as formerly; the pretty scalloped or rounded sleeves come well down over the wrists, and are finished with lace or embroidered fluffiness. Stocks and collars are, in the more transparent fabrics, soft, transparent things that admit of coolness and comfort, and in many instances there is a very marked endeavor to do away with collars altogether, becoming little V shaped necks being substituted, or the little square cut or Betticelli cut, outlined with embroidery insertion. These are steps toward comfort in the hot summer days, that will appeal to every woman and win her approval. The wearing of the high stiff collar has become the proper conventional thing merely because we are so accustomed to it. When we are a little more accustomed to the collarless gown and shirt waist, we will begin to wonder how we ever endured the tortures of high tight collar, which is not only ridiculous, but ruinous to any beauty of neck a woman may have.

The pleasing feature of many of the fashions is their tendency to adapt themselves to the body, not to make the body subservient to them. Woman is forcing her sense upon fashion. The good dresser is coming to exercise more and more the dictates of her own feelings and tastes in the matter of dress, and the result, let us hope, will be the ideal philosophy of clothes. It is not an indifferent matter whether we like and choose this or that; it is the outward and visible expression of our being. What we like determines what we are, and shows what we are, and to still tastes into a person is inevitably to form character. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the art of dressing will be a personal science, not a matter of fashion only.—Helen A. Kerr, in the Ladies' Magazine.

THE NEW ART JEWELRY.

Curious and Fabulously Costly Things Turned Out by Master Craftsmen.

A new fad in jewelry has slowly been making its way to favor in recent years, and the Paris Exposition brought it into something like popularity. Fortunately the expense of the work, and the fact that it appeals to the artistic taste more than to the canons of elegance generally current, promise to keep the fashion from becoming fatally common.

The Salique jewelry is perhaps the finest example of this new work, which is after all old, for it works back to the wonderful metal work of renaissance times and makes the precious stones merely incidental. The exhibition of Rene Salique's work at the Exposition was a revelation to the host who had known nothing about him.

This work has been eagerly sought for in Europe for years past, but his prices are fabulous and he does not sell to dealers, but works only on special orders, which it may be his whim to accept; so, up to the present time, his jewels have been obtained only by royal personages; or other illustrious patrons, and their number is not very great.

Castellani, in Rome, has had a reputation for work of the same general order as Salique's although he has achieved nothing to equal the Salique jewels, and a crowd of lesser lights have been following the same path with more or less success.

Of course, the central idea of the jewelry is beauty and exclusiveness of design. The masters of the craft, like Salique, often make the jewel, whatever it may be, with direct reference to the appearance and personality of the woman who is to wear it, and this opens up an endless vista of suggestive and symbolic possibility.

Then again the jewel may be made merely to carry out a conception in the mind of the artist, without reference to the future owner. Rare stones are introduced wherever the design requires their color, but very often the semi precious stones answer the requirements better than the more costly jewels and are used by preference, without thought of the comparative cost.

If a patron is willing to put a crown's ransom of rubies into an order and Salique thinks pink topaz or lapis lazuli accords better with his design, the buyer doesn't get the rubies. Moonstones are particular favorites with Salique and with many of his followers, because they lend themselves to symbolism and suggestion without detracting from the effect of the mental work

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700 West Avenue, New York.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

and design. One of the most remarkable pieces of this art jewelry ever turned out was a comb in a design of bats flying through the filtered light of moonstones.

American designers are taking up the art jewel idea, and a new era of extravagance in jewelry is evidently at hand. Gorgeous tiaras and stomachers of diamonds will not do now. My lady must have specially designed and eccentric jewelry of which there is no duplicate, which bears the signature of a master craftsman.

Several of the New York jewellers brought home quantities of signed jewels in unusual designs, and have sold them rapidly. One ring for a man, labelled 'The Heart of the Oak' and signed by a famous French workman, was a particularly good specimen, although it hadn't a hint of a precious stone about it. The ring was wrought in semblance of bark and bore a strange, satyr-like head, that at first glance looked merely like the gnarled knot on a limb of a tree.

One Chicago woman has taken up this art jewel craft with immense success, and has orders so far in advance that she says it will be impossible for her to promise anything before 1908.

Got a Constant Headache?—Ten chances to one the secret of your suffering is that "white man's burden," Catarrh. Here's a sentence from one man's evidence for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.—"One application gave me instant relief, cleared the nasal passages and stopped the pain in my head." It's a quick, safe and sure treatment, and it never fails to cure. 50 cents.—143

Customer—What's this? Seventy five for a two cent stamp? Way, that is outrageous. Druggist—Big pardon, sir. I thought you had a prescription for it.

The Iceman's Troubles.—"My business," says John Gray, ice dealer, of Wingham, Ont., "is one of the most fertile fields under the sun for sowing the seeds for rheumatic suffering. For five years I was a great invalid, words cannot convey the faintest idea of my intense suffering and constant pain I endured. 6 bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure permanently cured me." 146

"Well," she asked her old bachelor brother, as she took the baby away from him, "what do you think of the dear little darling anyway?" "Oh, I dunno," he said, "I guess mabby it's do to raise."

Apoplexy.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is effective in apoplectic symptoms. If you have unpleasant dizziness, lightness or sudden rush of blood to the head, take precautions against a recurrence. This great remedy will remove the cause. The press of the land has daily a list of sudden deaths which would not be chronicled if Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart were used.—147

Little Willie—Say, pa, what's a promoter?

Pa—A promoter, my son, is a man who sells something he hasn't got to another man who doesn't want it.

For "Run-down" People there's nothing known in medical treatment to-day so effective and certain of a cure and so magical in its building up power as South American Nerve, because it strikes at the root of all nervous ailments, the digestive organs, makes rich red blood, drives away emaciation, puts on flesh and makes over physical wrecks generally.—148

He—My little income of \$8000 seems so small, my dear, compared with your father's.

She—Never mind. He said it would help.

Pill-Fame.—10 cents a vial for Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills would not make them the fame they enjoy to-day if the curative powers were not in them. Worth will get to the top and that accounts for the wonderful demand for these little gems. They positively cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache.—149

"I'm sorry for her."

"But I thought she encouraged you until she found out you were not rich and then heartlessly threw you over."

She did. Still, there are limits to my desire for revenge. The fellow she's to marry once built a spite-fence.

"My Woman, is it the Kidneys?"—Investigation in half the disorders peculiar to woman would prove faulty kidneys the seat of the trouble. If you're troubled with that tired, dragging feeling, have an almost constant heaviness, maybe sharp pains in the head, put South American Kidney Cure to the test. You'll find it the long sought friend, and it never fails.—150

"Say," said her little brother, "gimme a nickle?"

"Why, Tommy," exclaimed the sutor, "are you in the habit of asking people for nickels?"

"No, I generally ask for a penny, but I heard ma telling me this afternoon that you didn't have a penny to your name."

# Giving Away His Millions.

Copyright, 1901, The Christian Herald, New York.

In this age of philanthropy and public-spirited benevolence, when the Christian view of wealth as a trusteeship is steadily gaining ground, it is a pleasure to note instances in which this principle is carried into practical fact in a manner that all may understand. Dr. D. K. Pearson is one of the most widely known and respected of American philanthropists. During a long life of professional industry, he amassed a large fortune by honorable means, and, in his ripe old age, and with a heart full of kindness and sympathy for his fellow-men, he has emulated the example of Peter Cooper in disposing of his fortune to the best advantage for the welfare of humanity.

Dr. Pearson's life story is one that will interest every reader of The Christian Herald. He was born in the mountains of Vermont, a poor boy, with little chance of thorough schooling and none of a college education. In 1851, with his wife, he started out for Janesville, Wis. A stop was made at Beloit, then a small hamlet. While there they noticed a brick building going up.

"What are they doing?" Dr. Pearson asked of a fellow traveller. "Why, there are some Yankee cranks building a college," was the answer. On the way to Janesville that man cursed everything that was good, and the doctor stood up for Christian education. When they got to Janesville, Dr. Pearson said to him, "I am going West, and in a few years I am going to get rich, and when I do, I am going to lift up these colleges that these Yankee cranks are building up."

Time went on until, nine years ago, Dr. Pearson made his proposition to Beloit College. "I will give you \$100,000 if you will raise \$100,000. In six weeks," he explains, "they raised the \$100,000 and I had to draw my check. I was so well pleased, and it was such a grand character building institution, that I built them a science hall, the finest in the west. It cost \$60,000. Next year I built them a dormitory, costing \$22,000. Now the boys can live on \$150 a week. I said, 'You want more endowment and better professors. Now raise \$150,000 and I will give you another \$50,000.' Last commencement, President Eaton said, 'Here is \$150,000—not Kansas mortgages, no sand dunes, no swamp lands, but cash.' So I gave my check for \$50,000."

Whitman college, built in memory of the pioneer missionary, Marcus Whitman, was a very ordinary building, costing only \$16,000. After struggling along for a few years, the college was completely stranded, and mortgaged for \$15,000. Dr. Pearson made President Penrose an offer of \$50,000 if he would raise \$150,000. The college is now on a sound basis, and has an endowment of \$200,000.

"I went down to the commencement at Berea College, Berea, Ky., four years ago," says Dr. Pearson, "and was never so much interested in all my life. There were three thousand horses hitched on the campus, and five thousand people there from the mountains. They are mountain whites—I am a mountain white, and I was once as poor as they are, and as ignorant. I am from the mountains away up in Vermont, where they have to shovel snow about five months in the year. When I announced that I would give them \$50,000 if they would raise \$150,000, I never saw anything like it. Those old mountaineers wept, they were so happy."

Mount Holyoke was the first female college founded in this country, and one that has done more good and has a wider influence than any other like institution under the sun. "I knew Mary Lyon the founder," said Dr. Pearson, "I saw her at work laying the first foundation of her magnificent institution. I once asked an old man why he did not help Mary Lyon. 'Why,' said the old man, 'it is of no use sending girls to college, it will spoil them for servants; they won't be worth a cent for servants if they go to school.' I was practicing medicine within five miles of her, and I used to meet her in her travels around, and sometimes she was poor as Job's turkey then, and I said to myself: 'If I ever get anything ahead in the world, the first thing I take up will be such work as Mary Lyon is doing.' She was very kind to me. There were a good many Vermont girls at that school."

Four years ago Dr. Pearson agreed to give \$50,000 toward an endowment if Holyoke would raise \$150,000. The offer was accepted. When the large dormitory which Mary Lyon built was burned down,

the college seemed to be sunk in despair. Before the burning embers had cooled off, Dr. Pearson telegraphed to Williston: 'Fifty thousand dollars to build up Mount Holyoke.' Now, Holyoke has five of the finest dormitories in the country, and a handsome administration building as a memorial of Mary Lyon.

Here is still another incident illustrating Dr. Pearson's method of distributing his wealth:

"About thirty years ago," he said, "I camped one summer with the Ute Indians in Colorado, where there was nothing but a little hamlet. A missionary started an academy and college there, and he worked and dug and toiled, but didn't get along well. Bye-and-bye there came along the right fellow, a bright, smart young fellow by the name of Slocum, and I had confidence in that young man. I believed that he could make that college worth something. I said to him, 'Slocum, you raise \$150,000, and I will pay you \$50,000 down.' He thought awhile and finally said he couldn't do it. There were rich men all round there—twelve millionaires on one street in Colorado Springs! What are they saving their money for?—Saving it to ruin their boys and girls, and carry them to destruction. I said to him, 'Work three years if necessary to raise \$150,000.' They sent me a bound book, and in that book there were 1,000 names—the names of all the individuals who had contributed toward that \$150,000. I have it now. I always require such a list. And then I required from the three best business men of Colorado Springs evidence that they had raised \$150,000 and had the money in hand. Now what have they? They have a crowd of students. They come three hundred miles with their packs on their backs from the mountains and the plains, and they crowd in there, eager for an education—and they get it."

There are other institutions which have benefited by the princely generosity of Dr. Pearson, who thus illustrates in the most practical way his idea of the right use of wealth. He has abounding faith in his own simple method, and believes that in every case, under God's blessing which he seeks for all his philanthropies, the best results must follow.

## UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF MEDICINE

The Roentgen Rays Will Prove Immense Value to Physicians.

The unsolved problems of medicine are merely waiting their turn for solution.

After the discovery of ether, chloroform, the Roentgen rays, aseptic surgery and microbes, anything or everything seems possible.

The microbes of cancer, scarlet fever, smallpox and measles are yet to be discovered. But in laboratories all over the world thousands are working today in the pursuit of these microbes. And it is safe to predict that soon they will be discovered and classified and become a part of the certain knowledge of medicine, as much as now are the microbes of tuberculosis or diphtheria.

It is impossible to describe adequately the great joy that comes to the laborious student when a discovery is made. It is given to the world free, that all mankind may benefit from it. For this reason the state should protect carefully and father tenderly the legitimate study of medicine. And by so doing some of the problems now unsolved will be brought nearer solution.

The promises for the future lie in the accomplishments of the past. We have made great progress in curing the diseases that a few years ago were looked upon as hopeless. And the efforts of medical men to day are devoted to the study of these maladies which are still classed as incurable.

Probably the disease that has baffled study and research in the line of bacteriology more than any other is that of cancer. No microbe or parasite has been discovered in that disease, although countless observations have been made. At one time Dr. Bra thought he had classified a specific germ of cancer, but Roswell Parke's and Laycock's observations in the bacteriological laboratory of the Buffalo University showed that he was in error.

Possibly when this organism is discovered the cure, perhaps in the nature of a serum, will suggest itself, and cancer, but so long withstanding his efforts, will yield to man's preserving research.

It is possibly, too, that the blood tests now being used in typhoid and malaria may be utilized.

There remains much yet to be learned of the maladies of diabetes and Bright's

disease, which also rank among the less curable of prevalent affections.

The prospects of curing consumption are exceedingly promising. Improved hygienic conditions, air and exercise will doubtless do much to control tuberculosis and lower the death rate from the disease—now 10 per cent of the entire mortality.

Among the unsolved problems one should record heart disease, in the treatment of which there is great room for improvement. The heart never stops for repairs, and the difficulty in treating diseases of that organ can be easily appreciated.

Insanity is another of the problems. The chances are that the cure of insanity will be greatly helped by a more thorough study of pathological lesions of the brain. This method may explain many morbid conditions which are still unexplained and open a way for the treatment of the dread disease.

The treatment of epidemics is still a problem, but that it has already been partially solved is evidenced by the comparative rareness of widespread pestilence in modern times. In the future I believe epidemics will be treated on a large scale by the municipal or State boards of health. The treatment will be wholesale, rather than detailed; general, rather than individual. This is in keeping with the demands of a growing civilization.

The medical profession will do its greatest good for humanity along the line of preventing disease. Prevention of disease is, perhaps, more important than the discovery of new cures.

Much will be done in this regard, by the education of the people.

But the problems before medicine today are well defined, and the students of them are working along lines that must in time bring the desired results. No longer do medical men work blindly, experimenting in the hope of achieving results. Medicine has come to be as nearly an exact science as controlling natural conditions will admit.

Bacteriology of such recent development has shown us the cause of many diseases—the microbes. Those not yet discovered will be in time, and once the cause of a disease is accurately known the cure becomes proportionately more promising.

The strong tendency of medical opinion is in the direction of sero-therapeutics in the treatment of diseases. The observations made in typhoid fever, pneumonia and yellow fever are of incalculable importance, although the beneficial results of those methods have not been as yet absolutely verified.

The Roentgen ray will do much to develop the resources of medicine in certain directions, especially in accidents of fracture and gunshot wounds. To make the importance of this perfectly apparent it may be well to mention that President Garfield would never have died from Guiteau's bullet had the Roentgen rays been discovered at that time.

It is not improbable that by means of these rays we shall be able to see tumors, cavities and growths, and, perhaps, disorganize tumors of the brain, although this last is hardly probable under present conditions.

Thus it may be seen that although there are problems in medicine yet unsolved, we have discovered many of the means and are led to predict their solution with reasonable confidence.

When such a hope is consummated medicine will become more than ever the ministering angel to suffering and pain. The allotted time of man's life may not be lengthened, but because of these advances and because people will be educated to follow the rules medical science lays down, the average number of years of man's earthly existence will doubtless be greatly increased and his stay here on earth made freer from the pain that comes with disease.

## What the Engineer Said.

Trenton, Ont.—Our esteemed citizen Mr. H. Goodsell, Engineer for the Electric and Water Co., speaks of an affliction that visited his family of six who were all completely prostrated by Acute Catarrh of the nose and throat. My wife became perfectly deaf, and almost blind, and her head ached so persistently and severely that I feared she might lose her reason. The children were all badly affected, especially the baby, and you may believe our doctor's medicine was either no good, or too slow in acting, so I went to Hawley's drug store and asked for the best Catarrh remedy they sold. I was given Catarrh-zone, and made my family inhale it ten minutes every hour. The result was a speedy cure all round. Such a priceless remedy needs only a trial to be appreciated, and my house will never be without it. Complete outfit, \$1.00; small size, 25c. A trial for 10c. by N. C. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

Forge—Are you matrimonially inclined?  
Fenton (who has just been discarded)—No; declined.

# Skin Torture Cured by Dr. Chase

The Frightful Agony of Itching and Disfiguring Skin Diseases Compelled to Yield to the Extraordinary Antiseptic and Healing Influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

You will search the world in vain for a more effective treatment for itching skin disease than is Dr. Chase's Ointment. For children and grown people alike it acts like magic on every sore or eruption, promptly stopping the itching and stinging, and gradually healing the patches of raw, flaking flesh. Every claim made for Dr. Chase's Ointment is substantiated by the evidence of scores of hundreds of grateful people who have tested its unusual healing qualities.

This is a copy of the letter from Mrs. James Brady, Amberley, Huron County, Ont.: "I was afflicted with eczema for over six months, and it was so bad that my head was a solid mass of scales, and would alternate when scratched. The itching was intense. I could not stand it. I had doctored for four months, and it did not do me any good. I had to give up my house-work and go home to my mother. I tried nearly everything, but could get no relief. Seeing your advertisement in one of the Toronto papers, I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"I got relief from the first application, and it only required one box and part of

another to cure me. I am sure that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold."

Mr. James Scott, 136 Wright avenue, Toronto, states: "My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly, and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Doctor Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

It is a waste of time and money to experiment with cheap imitations. You can be certain that Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure every case of eczema, salt-rheum or other itching skin disease. If your druggist does not have it, send the amount, 60 cents a box, to these offices, and the ointment will be sent postpaid. Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## CAUGHT IN HIS OWN BEAR TRAP.

Staffler's Hair Turned White by His Encounter With Wolves.

With his hair turned gray in an evening from terror and his nerves shattered so that he despairs of ever being a well man again, Floyd J. Staffler, aged 22, has come out of the wilds of northern Minnesota after an experience that gave him all he wanted of the woods and more, too. For several hours he was caught in a bear trap in Beltrami county and surrounded by wolves that threatened his life. His gray hair and shaken nerves are the result of that experience.

He went into the woods with a party of lumbermen. One afternoon he went to visit a bear trap set some distance from camp. He followed a route different from the usual one, and in consequence reached the trap before he was aware of it. In fact, the first notice he had of it was a click and a snap, and then an excruciating pain in his leg as the trap's jaws closed on his right leg just above the ankle. The teeth cut through the trousers, leggings and two pairs of socks and bit into the flesh.

Staffler dropped his gun, and with a cry of pain knelt down to try to pry the jaws of the trap open. Then he remembered that it had taken two men to set it and that it was too strong for him. His efforts to free himself lacerated his flesh. He thought of unfastening the chain and dragging the trap to camp, two miles distant but when he tried he found that it was impossible. Not only was the trap too heavy for him, but at every step its weight brought the teeth deep into the flesh of his leg.

Then he bethought himself of his rifle, and fired several shots, hoping the sound would reach the camp, but the wind was blowing in the wrong direction, and the effort failed. He fought off a feeling of faintness that came over him, for he feared that if he fainted he would freeze to death. As dusk grew on he fired several more shots, as the wind had died away and he had more hope that the sound would reach camp. Then he was confronted by a new terror.

He heard the pattering of feet in the woods, and the sound of a long, mournful howl. Then came answering cries from other wolves, drawing near in answer to the call of the first wolf. Soon the underbrush seemed alive with them, and he could see their eyes shining.

He struggled to a sitting position and filled the chambers of his rifle with cartridges. The wolves drew nearer. Suddenly about a dozen of them trotted forth from the woods, and he could see their dark forms scurrying about as they made a detour, drawing nearer as they ran. They seemed to be planning the final approach.

Staffler fired. The wolves scattered, but did not run away. They sat down on their haunches and watched him. Staffler fired again and again, but he was nervous and frightened and shot wildly.

Every time he ceased the wolves began to draw in on him, and Staffler believed that it was only a question of minutes before the wolves would be tearing his body. He was almost ready to turn the rifle on himself when he heard a human voice near at hand, and he sank back in a faint. As his friends from the camp came to his relief the wolves scattered, and several were killed.

His companions made a stretcher and carried him back to camp, where they dressed his wounds as best they could. When they got into the light of the fire one of them started.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "He's gray-headed!"

And he was right. Staffler's hair, black that day, had turned almost white.

His comrades explained that they had heard his shots shortly after dark, and thought little of them at first, believing that he had either found a bear in the trap and was despatching it, or that he was shooting at other game. When the shots continued they became alarmed and made their way to the spot as rapidly as possible. It is their belief that they arrived in the nick of time.

When Staffler reached Duluth on his way home he was supported by a big woodsman, for he was unable to walk alone. His snow-white hair in contrast to his evident youth attracted much attention, and so did his story. He is now resting at home, and it will be a long time before he will seek the woods again.

## THE HOTEL CASHIER'S PROBLEM.

A Question of Whether to Offend Guests or Risk Losing Money.

The hotel clerk was standing behind the desk with a disconsolate look on his face.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"Matter?" said the clerk. "Why, it's the same old story. I've been stuck for another check. This check business causes us hotel clerks more trouble than anything else in the world. There is a general rule in hotels that no checks shall be cashed, but very often travellers run short of money. It is good business policy to cash these checks when you can be sure that they're all right. No hotel can afford to be continually offending guests. At the same time if a clerk cashes a bad check he has to stand the loss.

"The average hotel clerk has learned by bitter experience to be a pretty good judge of human nature but every now and then he slips up. Only a week ago a big splendid looking fellow came to me and got me to cash a check for \$30. I sized him up and decided that he was all right and that he was a good man to keep among the steady patrons of the hotel. A few days later, back came the check with no funds marked across it. The result was that I was out \$20.

While the clerk was talking a swagger looking woman came up to the desk and smiling sweetly at the clerk said:

"Will you please cash this little check?"

The clerk was all graciousness. He took the check and examined it carefully without saying anything.

"Oh, it's all right," said the woman. "Of course, if you don't want to cash it you needn't. Mr. So-and-So knows me quite well and you can telephone him about it if you want to, but it would save me a great deal of trouble if you would cash it for me now."

"Certainly, madam," said the clerk, and then he went over and held a consultation with the cashier.

They decided that the woman was a good investment and gave her the money. She went away smiling, and then the clerk said:

"Now there is just about an even money chance. If I hadn't cashed that check she would have been highly insulted and would have talked about this hotel as long as she could remember. If she is all right she will be a good customer, but if she isn't I am out another twenty-five."

## Street Scenes.

"Are you going to have one of those pancake hats?" asked the girl in the storm collar.

"Yes; just as soon as I can raise the dough," replied the girl in the fur jacket.

"CHILLED TO THE BONE?" A teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in a cup of hot water sweetened will do you ten times more good than rum or whiskey. Avoid substitutes; there is but one Pain-Killer. Perry Davis, 25c. and 50c.

(Continued)

"But how can I be so strong?"

"I am strong day if not by night, but new instead of old, simply could not call me, and I was, and I here I am."

"I am very ask your pardon, I should meet you livery before I have given you me. But I want as long as I could. I think you Cheesha livery him through here you know, for be a bit of a me. I can—not even your equal, what your class or rank."

"You are too great social snob. I have no more. My greatest patients so skin speed return necessary for a. Perhaps not necessary for you are not."

"That is very become the best pretty things as she laughed and then she drew beauty of the and left, and far had reached the. They stood some—undulating valleys between small and picture nothing more. English ladies they stood there comprehensive a perfect view on Diana was first. It is lovely, back I am going. He stretched her eyes and as. "Come along, each other."

"They ran like Diana pulled up but busy as great. Dick was reluctant, and the drew them away deep her roses. Then, suddenly, and when they gate she went in expression of those eyes."

CH The Chesapeake guardman a courted by all his feminine portion. Dick's transferee he donned that I know him intimately recognize him now. It was therefore Ainslie failed to admiring eyes of during the drive arrival.

"Where did you in an undertone. 'In town,' was chap, isn't he?" "Remarkably. As they neared convalescent Co. seat in the porch. "Hallo!" called done, Collett I. "I'm lots better to open his bit of latch is a bit stiff. "I'll do it!" Nurse Langton rescues.

She had been had retired out of approaching carriage three open had found the la. "Thanks," said in his pleasant. "Thanks, my heartiness. 'Ye lordly base.' "Ye lordly base."

"It's a splendid Nurse Langton. This week Sir U. The horses at the lodge was left Nurse Langton of sight with his fully to herself. "How proud me! But better like me too well. "What a nice ved Lady Ainslie swiftly up the avenue, I should like here, I should like Heaven forbid your being ill. I Lancet—well, I choose her above for my wife. A second plump Lady Ainslie only, cutting short about to say.

His new coach himself to her as "What's the matter with the m asked Cheesha, his spouse's. "Too fresh, sir, arms off."

Phillips, Dick's seat, glanced at his eyes.



