REPORTS

MARKETS

S' MARKET.

0 40	0 45
0 32	0 35
0 20	0 22
0 14	0 16
0 19	0 21
0 19	0 20
0 [illegible]	0 23
1 25	1 35

1 40	0 00
1 00	1 25
0 26	0 35
0 30	0 35
0 50	0 50
0 00	0 00
0 00	0 00
0 00	0 00
0 00	0 00
0 30	0 50
0 25	0 35
0 11	0 11
0 00	0 00

KET ... to arrive

	per cwt.
	$6 11
	6 21
	6 21
	6 21
	6 11
	5 96
	6 41
	6 26
	6 21
	5 71
	6 01
	5 96
	5 71

OLESALE.

$9 50	$11 00
14 00	15 50
11 50	12 50
10 50	11 00
7 50	8 50
13 00	14 00
10 50	11 00
13 50	14 50
11 50	13 00

TOCK.

7 50	
7 25	
6 75	
6 00	
5 50	
3 50	
6 25	
6 75	
6 50	
5 50	
6 00	10 50
6 70	8 80
7 85	8 25
7 75	11 00
7 00	7 [illegible]
7 00	7 [illegible]
7 00	7 [illegible]
7 00	7 15
4 00	6 75
7 25	7 65
6 00	6 25
6 75	8 00

ARKETS

N OPTIONS

	High.	Low.	Close.
	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]
	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]
	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]

[illegible]	0 [illegible]	0 42½
[illegible]	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]
[illegible]	0 [illegible]	0 [illegible]

[illegible]	1 66¾
	1 [illegible]
	1 [illegible]

AIN MARKET

No. 1 hard, $1.03
[illegible] to $1.02 5-8; to [illegible] 5-8c; December $1.01 1-2. Corn—No. 2 [illegible] No. 3 white, 34 [illegible]; fancy patents, [illegible]; second clears, 33

N MARKET.

hard, $1.02 1-2; No. 2 Northern, [illegible]. No. 2, 98 1-2c; May, $1.00 3-4. Linseed—1-2, December,

MARKETS

[illegible] Board here to-[illegible], all sold at

Thorse Board meet-[illegible] and 986 white [illegible] sold at 18 3-8c

OOL SALE.

East India wool [illegible] day. Most of the [illegible] sold. Americans [illegible] and prices ad-[illegible] cent., except [illegible] which were

LE MARKET

[illegible] and Gatchelor re-[illegible] and trade firm-[illegible] steers, 12 1-2c to [illegible] best bulls, 9c to

VE STOCK.

[illegible]tch—Cattle receipts [illegible]

[illegible] active, $4.00 to

[illegible] head, slow; heavy [illegible] to $8.00; yorkers [illegible]50 to $8.75; roughs [illegible]50 to $6.50.

[illegible] 2,800 head;

E STOCK

6 00	10 50
6 70	8 80
7 85	8 25
7 75	11 00

7 00	7 [illegible]
7 00	7 [illegible]
7 00	7 [illegible]
7 00	7 15
4 00	6 75
7 25	7 65

6 00	6 25
6 75	8 00

PRODUCE

[illegible]d.
[illegible] 10d.
[illegible]2s. 3d.

[illegible]—no stock
[illegible]—28s. 6d.
[illegible]fic Coast)—14, to

[illegible] 35 lbs.—28s.
[illegible] 26 to 30 lbs.—
[illegible]0 lbs.—25s.
[illegible]eat, 28 to 24 lbs.
[illegible]avy, 25 to 8 lbs.

[illegible] to 20 lbs.—25s.
[illegible] to 13 lbs.—27s.
[illegible] in tierces, new—
[illegible]s. 6d.
[illegible] in 56-lbs. boxes—
[illegible]est white, new—

[illegible]s
[illegible]n—28s. 9d.
[illegible]s. 6d.
[illegible]d.
[illegible] 3-4d.

[illegible] refined, spot.—33s.

G SHELLS.

[illegible]It is announced [illegible] shells manufac-[illegible]tories and work-[illegible]men have begun. [illegible]e as a decided [illegible]strial capabilities [illegible]having been car-[illegible] through all pro-[illegible]ore to the finish-

[illegible]r co-operation of [illegible]rous private fac-[illegible]es belonging to [illegible]. The quality of [illegible] excellent.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES
MAKE PERFECT BREAD

Bread made in the home with Royal yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other. Food Scientists claim that there is more nourishment in a pound of good home made bread than in a pound of meat. Consider the difference in cost.

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Jocelin's Penance

"Aye, he's but a weakling. Thou art not for him, girl. A man will some day hold thy woman's heart. I'll finish me this turning, and then we'll to bed," and despite Rohese's questionings, she would not speak again. So they sat in silence: the monk slept; the beldame twirled her distaff, while at her feet Dunstan and the cat dozed side by side; and Rohese, with her head on her hands, gazed into the fire trying to read her future in the glowing, crumbling fagots, while outside the wind howled and piled the snow high about the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the gray twilight of the dawning Rohese was awakened by the witch, who, as they breakfasted hurriedly, explained her plans for the journey to De Cokefeld.

"The ice on the river will not bear yet, and I'd not have the monks finally trace thee from my door; wishing to keep my skin uncooked for the next fifty years of life—Asmodeus hath promised me; so, as thou canst not take horse this side the Ouse, thou must pass o'er it by the witch's ferry. Come, now, for one must ride early on my ferry if he would 'scape a crowd of open-mouthed lubbers. When safely across, knock at the first hut in the wood, saying, 'I come for my horse,' and one will be furnished thee. Recross the stream some miles lower down (thou'lt find a roadway leading to the ford from the hut); then make straight for the highway. Turn in the first lane thou comest to—thou'lt recognize it; 'tis the short way to De Cokefeld. Tarry not; speak to none; ride fast, and before even thou'lt be safe in thy stronghold."

Refusing thanks for her timely aid, Dame Bernice assisted Rohese to resume her disguise, and wrapped warmly, she followed the dame out into the white stillness of the winter's morning. The town behind them was not yet astir. Only here and there a faint wreath of smoke curled up from the tall chimneys. The thin coating of ice over the river glistened like a silver sheath, and the snow was piled high along the banks, weighing down every shrub and tree. It was a fair scene. The silent town silhouetted against the whiteness: the lonely, snow-covered hut in the foreground; the quaint figure of the witch plodding sturdily along before the tall, dark draped girl. Almost at the water's edge stood a sturdy gnarled tree. Rohese noted curiously that two stout ropes stretched from its branches across the river to another tree, situated nearly opposite. As they paused beneath this tree, she saw high up in the branches a great basket, such as laundresses use for their linen. To her wonder and consternation, Dame Bernice directed her to climb the tree, and pushing the basket out upon the rope, to enter it. Rohese protested affrightedly.

"Nay, nay, dame. I feared not the dark passage to the tower, but by my troth, I'll not venture life and limb on that mid-air cockleshell."

"Odds heartlings, wench! Then thou can'st bide till thy ghostly jailers come for thee. For they are on their way hither. Whilst thou slept I summoned my familiar, though little enough I learned thereby, for he was as full of sullenness as a sullen ox. But the Abbot, remembering thou spokest once for me, and the Advocates, knowing my nearness to thy house, hath dispatched the Prior and others hither in search of thee."

So, Rohese having no further choice, climbed to the basket and finally succeeded in scrambling therein, her perturbed face peering piteously over the rim at the witch, who stood grinning sardonically up at her.

"Within the basket is a knife. Cut thou the rope when thou art over; and convey the basket to the hut, for I would put my ferry out of sight."

"But mother, how can I get over the stream, mewed up in this basket?"

"Hah! How thou grumblest at naught, vile pate! Seest thou not a second cord fastened to the basket rim? Pull on it, wrench, and get thee gone!"

Rohese gave a faint-hearted pull, and the basket moved a few inches along the cord on which it was slung. The witch lost patience, and broke into fierce invectives, ending with "Aye, aye, little addlepate; hang thou there, then, like ripe fruit till the monks come and cut thee down. I've other business than to be cooling my heels here," and she gave a hop and a skip and was out of sight.

Rohese, deserted, had no alternative but to go forward, so she crouched in the basket and pulled at the rope; thus propelling herself slowly across the stream some nine feet above it. She closed her eyes tightly, too frightened to look at anything, and tears of nervous fear trickled 'neath the shut lids; but as she pulled away she bethought her of Jocelin. Her mind thus diverted from herself to the unfortunate monk, she wondered where in that small hut the witch could hide him from their pursuers; for she never doubted the truth of her informant's statement. So conjecturing on another's danger, her own was past. For with a final jerk the basket hung within reach of the tree, and she swung herself into it and descended to the ground in safety. First cutting the ropes, which were jerked across the river by the witch, who had reappeared, and nimbly climbed up the tree and down again ere Rohese could walk away toward the wood; where, following a slight path trodden in the snow, she soon came to a small hut similar to Dame Bernice's. Here at her knock, a black-browed churl appeared, and in answer to her words, silently led a horse from round the house, and as silently retreated into the cabin, slamming the door behind him.

Rohese, once on horseback, followed the path to the ford. The sun rose and shone brightly through the trees. The air was bracingly cold, the palfrey a good one; and Rohese felt hope spring anew within her. She passed the ford safely, cantered onto the high road making good progress despite the snow, and after two hours' ride turned into the narrow lane mentioned by the witch. On she rode, light-heartedly murmuring snatches of a roundelay, for youth is irrepressible, and the cares and troubles of the past weeks seemed to roll from her shoulders on this bright winter day.

Around a corner where the lane took a sharp turning she came full upon a monk and four nuns, whose approach had been concealed by the muffling snow and the noise of her own horse. Rohese drove her heels into his flank to urge him past the cavalcade. But the formost rider, a veiled woman, barred her way, and demanded, in a peremptory voice, "Whither goest thou, wench? For by thy attire, thou are not gentle."

I came from Bury, madam," Rohese mumbled.

"Uncivilized jade! I asked thee not that. Whither goes thou? Lift thy veil when addressing thy superiors. Comest thou from Bury and knowest not the Prioress Rosamund?"

Alas for Rohese! Had she come thus far to safety to at last fall into the hand she had tried so hard to evade? She shook her head, mumbling some incoherent words asking benison, and pleading urgent haste, and again tried to press on. But the Prioress kept her jennet across the path and the monk and other nuns drew closely about her at a glance from their superior, who had now unveiled her triumphant face. Then with deft hand she snatched off Rohese's veil, with the coiff and false ringlets and threw them upon the snow laughing as the bright locks came tumbling down about her stained face.

"Tis no use, Lady," she said, sneeringly, "though we missed thee at De Cokefield, I've found thee at last. See," showing a parchment sealed with the Abbey seal, "the Abbot orders thee to become my guest; so ride with us, I pray thee, to our poor convent," and then, drawing nearer, and speaking too low for the others to hear, she continued insolently, "King's loves can afford to be particular, thou yellow-headed fool. (God wot my locks were far more golden, I vow. Henry called them his sunshine once as we sat under the oak at Woodstock); so fall thou in behind the friars and follow us to the convent."

[illegible] passed the wretched girl, and led her cavalcade back toward Bury, beyond which her priory lay and Rohese, covering her head as best she might, followed the staring nuns in utter despair, while the monk, a birly, clownish fellow, rode closely behind her, to guard against attempted escape.

While Rohese rode sorrowfully in the wake of her captor, Jocelin awoke from the long sleep caused by the witch's drugged wine, to find himself alone in a tiny chamber, seemingly without egress; bare save for the truckle-bed on which he lay, and a rude, three-legged stool, whereon a small earthen bowl of oil. The cell was so small that Jocelin, in rising, struck his head smartly against the ceiling, which as if by force of the blow was lifted, and the wrinkled face of Dame Bernice peered in on him.

"Climb forth, youngster," she said, "but first quench the lamp; 'twere a sin to waste good oil. Odds heartlings! 'Twas a happy chance which timed thy waking so, for hadst thou cracked thy crown so loudly against my flooring an hour agone, the Prior and thy brethren would have harried thee out like a raton. Indeed, that Norman Prior is like a ferret."

Jocelin, clambering from the cell, found that he had been in a sort of cellar where the witch had placed him. Once Rohese was away (for, like most old women, she loved a comely youth, and Jocelin's mother having once done her a good deed, she was determined to keep him from the monks' clutches).

"Did they seek me, mother?" said he.

"Nay, 'twas rarer game. Thou, they told me, wert translated bodily from the Oubliette; some said to heaven; others to hell. 'Twas the maid they sought."

"Ah, Mary Mother! Did they carry her away then?" cried the monk, vainly looking about for any sign of Rohese.

"Fool!" exclaimed the dame, contemptuously; "thinkest Bernice of Ely is to be caught napping? All old women are not tabbies, boy! The maid is away and safely nearing De Cokefeld ere this time."

"And what hour is it, dame?"

"Thou hast slept long, for 'tis bordering on eventide, and thou wilt have no time to reach Bury to-night, if thou be still crack brained enough to return where thou art as those dead, whose faults are covered in the tomb and forgotten. 'In the grave there is no remembrance!' Ehue, will a witch sleep there soundly, thinkest thou?"

Jocelin having no comfort to offer one whom the church had taught him to regard as doubly damned, made her no answer, replying instead to her implied question:

"Yea, dame, I go back to the Abby. The least he can do who hath sullied the whiteness of a maid's name is to wash it clean with his blood."

"Bark will soon come down, my son," said the witch, kindly. "Bide with me again to-night, for a few hours makes no difference, now the maid is safe, and on the morrow I'll set thee on thy way."

Footsteps crunched on the snow outside the hut. "Hide thee 'hind you curtain; some village wife comes, no doubt. Yea, though they fear and hate the witch, they must needs run to her, be it blood in kine's milk or fits in the weanling. By the step, it is the Widow Margot, mother of simple Tom. No doubt he hath been at some poukerie again. These simpletons are surely begot of Satan."

Widow Margot entered; stout, panting and rosy—a woman of some forty years. She was decently dressed, as became the widow of a well-to-do Franklin, with rather comely features, though somewhat vacant of glance and expression.

"'Lawks sake, now good Dame Bernice! How fares it with thee this bitter day? The wind from the river cuts one chops as a cheese whittle."

"Well enough, widow," answered the witch, stolidly; "what brings thee out, then, in this chill river wind?"

"Why, now, chummer," said the widow, propitiating, "I said to my son Tom, 'Now there sitteth poor Dame Bernice all mewed in by the snow; mayhap she wanteth. 'Twere a kindly deed to carry her a pat of butter and some of this rare wastle cake thy cousin Anne sent us but yesternoon. An' Tom,' sayest I, 'twill not come amiss if I carry thither this missive,' which by this day came from London town, brought by a messenger in scarlet and gold, who flung it at our door with a pack of my brother Peter's motleys (thou knowest Peter is Prince John's jester, dame), and by my troth, all he spake was, 'From the chamberlain of the palace, for the Widow Margot'; then he spurred away like mad, ere one could question him. 'Mary, save us, Tom,' sayeth I, 'perchance the goody will read what it is, for 'tis well known that she readeth like a monk. By our Lady,' says I—" but Dame Bernice stopped her—

"Aye, 'tis a favor they ask. Yet, thank thee for the food; there's naught in the cupboard save a crust. Come thou back on the morrow and I'll give thee the postscript of the scroll."

After faintly protesting this mandate, and relating such news and gossip as she knew, the discomfited Margot was forced to depart, leaving her gift and the precious letter in the clutches of the witch; her curiosity unsatisfied, and her fears for the safety of the mysterious missive greatly augmented by the precision with which the grim old woman locked it from sight in an iron bound oaken chest.

"There must have been nuptials at Anne's Grange." Dame Bernice sniffed the spicy cake approvingly, and she commented to Jocelin, who (the visitor safely out of sight) had come forth again. "Wastie-cake is not so common as it was in King Henry's time. Aye, hard to get the better yet. Draw up to the fire, Jocelin, the night lowers chill. 'Tis well Rohese is safe at home, for methinks if the widow's gossip be true, the lisping hawthorn bud of a lord who with slight attendance rode through Ely this morning is none other than the bastard, Geoffrey Clifford, on his way to visit his mother, the Prioress. Odds heartlings! say I, Lady Prioress! She is no more fitted for Prioress than Grimalkin yonder. The favorite seeks in the crosses in his mother's pouch, methinks, more than the cross on her story."

Hating the insolent courtier as one fears and hates a loathsome reptile, Jocelin set his teeth hard at thought of his leering glances at Rohese, and muttered thickly, staring before him in the fast gathering twilight.

"An' by the Queen of Heaven, 'twere not a sin to rid earth of such carrion carcasses as his. Had one a good sword, 'twere a joy to prick him through the golden broidered doublet where the heart lieth in another man's. In fair fight, I mean—open—"

"Heaven forgive me," he thought, as he stretched a tremulous hand to the blaze, "that I, so near just punishment an' slow but certain death, think aught of taking the life of another!" and he bid his beads while Dame Bernice, glancing furtively at him from across the shadowy room, murmured:

"Losh! I powdered this poor monk's draught too heavily, methinks his wits wander."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The red of the afterglow fired the west behind gaunt black trees and cast a stain over the snowy road leading to Rosamund's Priory, until it seemed to the cold and cursing horseman impatiently pushing ahead of his retinue, that the way was blotched with blood; and he half reined his steed, crossing himself as the horse set foot on the red streaks, and cursing the deeper for his superstitious fears. His furred robe and cloak of ruby velvet, gold prick spurs, and gaily caparisoned steed showed him to be a man of high rank; and the twelve soldiers who now came cantering up to him wore the colors of the Prince's household. This fact would have indicated to any passer-by that the traveler was a courtier; and, indeed, as he turned his fur-bonneted head, to petulantly order their greater haste, the horseman disclosed the countenance of Geoffrey de Clifford.

John was absent from London, and the Favorite, under the displeasure of his royal brother, had been left behind, much to his satisfaction; for Geoffrey had pressing personal business that necessitated an early visit to his mother, and he eagerly seized upon this opportunity to make the journey. He had counted on completing his business and being again on the road to London long ere nightfall, intending to spend the night at Bradfield; but he had tarried over long at the Bishop's wine cups in Ely (having gone thither to ascertain his mother's whereabouts, as she had a colony of nuns established in Oxfordshire, and was sometimes there). Then, too, the snow had retarded progress, and here, at evening, Geoffrey found himself still several miles from the Priory; men and horses fagged by the tedious journey, for they had come over an unbroken road, and had been forced to plow through the drifts. But impatience never shortened any road, and it helped the Favorite no whit now. He and his men being forced to plod along as best they might until the afterglow had faded to twilight when they saw the snow-crowned towers and battlements of the Priory, and were soon dismounted in its courtyard.

Geoffrey arrived but a few hours after Rohese had been locked in a high, remote chamber, and the Prioress, somewhat disconcerted by the proud silence of her young prisoner, was not in a receptive humor to hear the appeal he had come to make.

The rich, dark dress of the courtier was accentuated by the bare, gray stone walls of the Hospitium, which, though it did duty as a guest room, was hardly furnished save for a high bench or two, a Missal stand, a painted St. Boniface on the wall, and a round iron brazier, wherein flickered a sea-coal fire.

The Prioress had lain aside her cloak and stood in the light of the tapers on the Missal stand. A severe, stiff figure in her white serge tunic, and linen headdress, she frowned upon Geoffrey like some forebidding ghost arisen from the shadows of the dim room.

Geoffrey felt the coldness of her glance, and his smooth flow of pretty phrases was agitated by it, and broken into short, choppy waves of words; like a pond ruffled by the wind. Ere he had finished his tale his mother broke in:

"'Give, give,' cries the horseleach; and is never satisfied. Ungrateful, have I not stripped more than one shrine for thy profligate spending? Thinkest thou I can go on forever recasting the records? The Abbot will some day discover the falsities, and then 'twill be disgrace and banishment to Acre for my Lady Prioress; and what—for her priceling?"

"Nay, Mother, thou are overwrought. Something on thy journey displeased thee. Didst say thou went to Bradfield?"

"I said not whither I went; nor needest thou know, presumptuous boy. Am I, whom a king once obeyed, and a realm served, to be cross-questioned by such as thou, sirrah?"

(To be Continued.)

When Death Has No Terrors.

(Pittsburg Gazett-Times.)

In Bellevue Hospital, New York, Judge George F. Stackpole, lawyer and former school principal of Riverhead, L. I., awaited death, a victim of anthrax. This is one of the rarest diseases known to human beings, and there is no recognized sure cure for it. It is commonly called "wool sorters disease," and is due to a germ of unusual size which develops spores that pass through the system. The only treatment accepted is to cut out the point of infection at once, else death ensues quickly. An effort is being made to save Judge Stackpole, however, by the use of a special serum intended for animals.

On Sunday evening last it was apprehended that the patient would not live 24 hours. It was then he gave a wonderful exhibition of self-control, philosophy and faith. His wife and daughter were at his bedside. To them he recited William Cullen Bryant's immortal Thanatopsis:

So live, that when they summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

To his only son, who he feared might not reach him before death arrived, Judge Stackpole dictated this advice:

My Boy—Live a clean, pure and upright life, so that you may meet the end as bravely as I shall.

And to a newspaper man the Judge left this message for the public, having been told the world was watching with him in his fight for life:

My message to the public is from a far greater and better man that I am, President Garfield: "When my time comes, I am ready to go." Now that my end is near, I am ready. At the French Hospital, where I was first taken, they asked me if I cared to have a priest or minister. I said I had been a member of the church for 51 years, and if the teachings and doctrines which I have tried to follow had not prepared me for death a priest could do no good now. I am 71 years old, and at this time in a man's life one must expect death at any moment. Let me say to the young, to whom death may come any time like a lightning stroke, be prepared always as I am. Then death can have no terrors.

I have a good wife and daughter and a fine son. My wife and daughter are with me. I can only pray to God to let me live until my son gets here.

Such confidence is inspiring, and in the suggestion and admonition there are materials upon which to base many sermons. But most remarkable of all is how simple and essentially personal and domestic are the wishes of the believer when the last summons comes.

Sharpbill—So the family across the street have a new phonograph, eh?

Crookedbill—No; it's those pesky bees swarming again.

ALL MOTHERS NEED CONSTANT STRENGTH

Their Strength is Taxed and They Are Victims of Weakness and Suffering.

When there is a growing family to care for and the mother falls ill it is a serious matter. Many mothers who are on the go from morning to night, whose work, apparently, is never done, try to disguise their suffering and keep up an appearance of cheerfulness before their family. Only themselves know how they are distressed by backaches and headaches, dragging down pains and nervous weakness; how their nights are often sleepless, and they arise to a new day's work tired, depressed and quite unrefreshed. Such women should know that their sufferings are usually due to lack of good, nourishing blood. They should know that the one thing they need above all others to give them new health and strength is rich, red blood, and that among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their blood-making, health-restoring qualities. Every suffering woman, every woman with a home and family to care for, should give these pills a fair trial, for they will keep her in health and strength and make her work easy. Mrs. G. Strasser, Acton West, Ont., says: "I am the mother of three children, and after each birth I became terribly run down; I had weak, thin blood, always felt tired, and unable to do my household work. After the birth of my third child I seemed to be worse, and was very badly run down. I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found the greatest benefit from the pills and soon gained my old-time strength. Indeed, after taking them I felt as well as in my girlhood, and could take pleasure in my work. I also used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones and have found them a splendid medicine for childhood ailments."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Opportunity.

I saw her come athwart the morning light,
Her face all radiant with the sunrise glow,
Of hope and promise in her lips and hair;
Her eyes dreamed-dimmed, as one who through the night
Stares long and build a wondrous glory there—
Timid, I paused, and then I saw her go.

Full down the early years I saw her go;
Mastered my doubts and sat me down wait.
Ready to touch her robe when she returned.
It seemed not long before the lonely snow
Of age closed in and where the sunrise burned
Erstwhile, the twilight magic spread its slate.

It seemed not very long to wait—Life's loom
Droned on—I heard not while with anxious breath
The vigil bound. At last a shadow came,
I saw it stir across the silent gloom;
"'Tis she," I cried, and rose to call her name—
* * * But it was death.
—Percy M. Cushing, in Hampton's.

FRUGAL.

(Houston Chronicle)

The Impresario—Certainly, madam, I can supply you with a second prima donna to sing your children to sleep. But you sing so perfectly yourself.

The Prima Donna Assoluta—But my singing is worth $5,000 a night, and I couldn't think of squandering that amount on the children.

bol-wierdoz Cscossa 8,iflocouse ETAFII

IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT.

(Ladies' Home Journal)

Alexander Greenleaf Jackson, a pillar of the colored church, was entertaining at dinner the pastor and some of the prominent members. After grace Alexander began to carve the chicken, and the pastor waxed facetious.

"Brudder Jackson," he asked smiling, "do de white folks around you keep chickens?"

Alexander pried loose the second wing. "No, sah," he responded, "dey does not; but dey suttinly tries hahd enuff to."

For grit in the eye apply a drop or two of castor oil; it relieves the irritation.

Appendicitis Prevented Life Lengthened Health Maintained

Doctors say if people kept their bowels in proper order there would be no such disease on record as appendicitis. It is due solely to neglect, and is therefore preventable.

If you have constipation, bad breath or headache you need medicine right away.

The moment you suspect your bowels are clogged, you should take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the smoothest regulator of them all. They move the bowels and cleanse the liver so smoothly you scarcely notice the effect. But you can get the action just the same. Taken at night you wake up next morning, clear headed, hungry, rested, energetic, feeling like a different man.

Why don't you spend a quarter today and try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They work so easy, just as nature would order, never gripe or cause headache. Finest thing for folks that are out of sorts, depressed, lacking in color and spirits.

Folks that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills are never sick, never have an ache or a pain—feel good all the time simply because their system is clean, regulated and healthy. This you can easily prove yourself.

When Tommy Has a Laugh

Although life at the front is very strenuous, it has likely a way of its own. The former crops up in the most unexpected places. Thus, one would not, perhaps, expect to come across much humor in so grim a thing as a court-martial. Yet it is to be found from time to time. As an example of one occasion a private [illegible] was charged with "wilfully damaging Government property." According to the evidence it appeared that on some of the French trains hitherto patronized by the Germans (but, since the war, largely used by them when travelling as prisoners) the following warning was attached to the carriages—

"Ne se pencher au dehors"

"Nicht Hinauslehnen"

(Do not lean out of the window)

and the alleged offense consisted in tearing down the latter portion of the notice.

Asked what he had to say for himself, the accused pleaded that he had acted from "motives of patriotism."

"Patriotism!" echoed the astonished President. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Well, sir," was the bland response, "I thought that if a German wanted to lean out of the window and have his papper knocked off it would be a pity to stop him."

This novel argument impressed the members of the court so much that the ultra-patriotic warrior was acquitted.

Among the commonest of the lesser "crimes"—every breach of military discipline, however small, is technically termed a "crime"—charged against soldiers during the campaign is that of "neglecting to salute an officer." With reference to this matter a tale is told of a freshly arrived Territorial recruit at Boulogne. One day he was stopped in the street by an angry captain, who demanded why the something or other he had passed him without paying the prescribed compliment.

"I shall report you," he said fiercely. "Give me your name."

"Private Smith, sir."

"And what company do you belong to?" was the next question.

"The Westminister Gas Light Coal and Coke Company," returned the other.

As may be imagined, many of the Territorials who came out to the front were, speaking generally drawn from a somewhat higher social sphere than were the members of the average battalion of Regulars. This fact was brought home to me somewhat forcibly once when I happened to enter a wayside cafe, located in a back room of which a number of Territorial recruits. They were obviously of a superior stamp, and as the partition was very thin I could hear them talking. Presently I caught this scrap of conversation:

"You may believe it or not, my dear fellow," one of them observed to the other, "but I give you my word I was intended for the Church, in fact I was on the point of being ordained last August."

"What stopped you, then?" inquired his comrade sympathetically.

"This—war, of course."

At a certain large base, where the commissariat make included a considerable sprinkling of authors and [illegible] an amateur magazine was run by the members of the Army Service Corps. This, like all other literary efforts, could not live by circulation alone, so an attempt was made to procure advertisements from the local tradespeople. The [illegible] succeeded, for the fish was a Frenchman. To the horror of the staff he, no doubt during the temporary absence of the responsible editor, inserted the following announcement from a confectioner:

VERY SPECIAL NOTICE.
Restaurant de Vive l'Entente
En Face la Gare.
Four-course Dinner (Officers only) 3 Francs. Wife and Coffee included.

After this the provost-marshal stepped in, and had all advertisement proofs submitted to himself before publication.

Mention of the Army Service Corps reminded me that at the commencement of hostilities this important branch was so short of subalterns that commissions were given in some cases to young gentlemen who came straight out of commercial establishments. Of one [illegible] I was told that on being asked what he was trained, he replied that he had been [illegible] years at Wembley.

"Oh!" said the [illegible] to think that he had at least [illegible] a member who would adorn the mess, "the Shop?" (The Shop is Army slang for the Royal Military Academy.)

"No sir," returned the blushing candidate. "I was in the [illegible]"

As the men were [illegible] with free stationery and did not have to purchase stamps, some of them [illegible] never to stop writing. One warrior [illegible] would send letters by the dozen to complete strangers on the off-chance of [illegible] them" for tobacco or [illegible] remarkable specimen [illegible] I think, however, that the palm was taken by an ingenious lance-[illegible] who advertised in a London [illegible] the address to hear from friends at home and signed himself "Lonely Soldier." His plaintive appeal struck [illegible] pathetic chord in the breasts of readers [illegible] that, six days later, he received [illegible] sackfuls of letters and [illegible] parcels of gifts. After this the colonel very properly put a [illegible] what was fast threatening to become a nuisance.

A Magnetic Island.

The island of Bornholm, in the Baltic Sea, may be regarded as a huge magnet. Although the power of attraction is not so great as to draw nails and bolts out of approaching ships, the magnetism works a good deal of damage in that it deflects the needle of the compass so that it cannot be depended upon. The effect is perceptible at a distance of nine and a half miles.

"Alpine scenery is very grand." "Very durable, too. I imagine it will pull through the war all right."—Kansas City Journal.