INSEED On track, \$3.521/2; ecember, \$3.49½; ked; May, \$3.551/2

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owders will drive ystem without in-The powders are t the most delicate late them and weldy easers of pain, tly kill the worms and thus the sufis relieved. With y at hand no child ar from worms

STOLEN JEWELS

The front cab drove up Collins street as far as the Treasury Buildings, and then turned off to the left, going towards Fitzroy. It stopped at the Buttercup Hottel, in Gertrude street, and, Stewart afighting, helped the young lady out; then the luggage was taken care of by the porter of the hotel, and Keith, with his charge vanished through the swing doors of the private entrance.

On seeing this, Tulch dismissed his cab, went into the bar of an hotel on the opposite side of the street, and, ordering a rint of beer, sat watching the door of the Buttercup Hotel. Meanwhile Keith and Eugenie had

een shown into a private room, and he landlady, a stout, buxom woman, in a silk dress and lace cap, made her appearance.

'Miss Rainsford?" she said interrogatively, advancing towards the girl. "Yes," replied Eugenie brightly.
"You are Mrs. Scarth, I suppose. Did you get Mrs. Proggins' letter?"

"Oh, yes, that's all right," replied the landlady, nodding. "Your room is not." ready, and I will do anything I can for you. Mrs. Proggins is an old friend of mine, and I'm only to happy to

"Thank you," said Eugenie, taking off her hat. "Let me introduce Mr. Stewart to you; he kindly came to the station to meet me."

Mrs. Scarth nodded with a smile. for Mrs. Proggins had informed her of the relationship between the two young people, then observing she would go and order some tea for Eugenie, sailed majestically out of the

Why did you introduce me to that old thing?" asked Keith, in a discontented tone

"Policy, my dear," replied Eugenie mildly. "Mrs. Proggins wrote to her to look after me, and I'm very glad, otherwise a young lady with you as escort would hardly have found shelter for the night in this place. I always like to be in favor with the powers that be.'

Eugenie Rainsford was a tall, darkcomplexioned girl, with clearly cut features and coils of black hair twisted round the top of her well-shaped head. She was dressed in a blue serge costume, with a red ribbon round her throat, and another round her waist. A handsome girl with a pleasant smile and there was a look in her flashing dark eyes which showed that she had a will of her own. Keith stood beside her, as fair as she was dark, and a Landsomer couple could not have been found in Melbourne.

"Well, here I am at last, Keith." said Eugenie, slipping her arm through his. "Aren't you pleased to see me?' Very," replied Stewart emphatic- for me. I'm sure he's as true

lly; "let me look at you—ah, you are nore beautiful than ever." What delightful stories you do tell, Keith," - said Eugenie with on the mantelpiece, locke ly at her beautiful face. them; now, my friend, let me return

the compliment by looking at you." She took his face between her hands and looked at it keenly beneath the

searching glare of the gas, then shook I'll make Keith a dreadful wife," she her head. "You are much paler than you used to be," she said, critically. "There are him. Poor Keith, how angry he was. dark circles under your eyes, deep | She burst out laughing, and left the

lines down the side of your mouth, and room. your face looks haggard. Is it work, or-or the other thing?" "Do you mean dissipation, Eugenie?" said Keith, with a smile, taking a seat. "Well, I expect I have been rather

dissipated, but now you are here I'll be a good boy." "Have you been worried?" asked Miss Rainsford.

Keith sighed. "Yes; very much worried over this terrible case. I suppose you've seen all about it?" Eugenie nodded.

papers. Now I suppose you've nothing to do?" 'No-not that I care much-you see

I've got this burlesque coming off, and then there's that money." "The five hundred pounds," Miss Rainsford, reflectively. "Have

you found out who sent you that?" "No: I can't imagine who did so, unless it was Caprice." "Caprice!" "Yes." replied Keith, hurriedly,

flushing a little; "the actress I told

you about, who is going to play the principal part in 'Faust Upset.' It was all the comment Miss Rainsford made, but there was a world of

meaning in the ejaculation. "From what I've heard of the lady, I don't think it's likely," she said,

quietly. "Well, at all events, I suppose I'd better use the money." "Yes; I suppose so."

"You're not very encouraging, Eugenie," said her lover, angrily. "Well, observed the girl, deliberately. "it you think this money came from Carice, I certainly would not touch

it. Why don't you ask her?" "I can't; she's been so disagreeable to me lately."

Eugenie Rainsford was of a very jealous temperament, and she began to feel vaguely jealous of this actress whom Keith seemed to know so well. She remained silent for a few moments, during which Keith felt somewhat awkward. He was not in love. with Kitty, nor, as far as he knew. was she in love with him, yet he saw that some instinct had warned Eugenie against this woman.

"Come, Eugenie," said Keith, putting his arm round her stender waist, "you mustn't be angry with me the first night we meet."

Keith frowned, and pulled his moustache in a perplexed manner. "Well, she's hardly a fit person for

girl to see." "Pshaw!" replied Eugenie impatfently; I'm not a girl, but a woman, and am not afraid of anything like that, and besides besides," with hesi-

tation, "I'm going to see her." 'What do you mean?' asked Keith, abruptly withdrawing his arm "Nothing; only I saw an advertise-

ment in the paper wanting a governess for a little girl. I answered it, and found it was Miss Marchurst who wanted a governess. She engaged me, and I'm going there to-morrow." "No, no," cried Keith vehement-

ly; "you must not-you shall not go." Eugenie raised her eyes to his. "Have you any reason for wishing me not to go?"

Yes, every reason—she's a bad lot. "I thought you knew her?" "So I do, but men may know women of that class, and women like you may

"I don't agree with you," said Eugenie, rising; "what is sauce for the good is sauce for the gander, and if you persist in wishing me not to go, I'll begin to think you've some rea-

"I have none except what I've stated," said Keith doggedly. "Then I'll go to-morrow," replied

Eugenie quietly; "at all events, I've got the right to have a personal interview, whether I take the situation or not,"

"You must not see her." "That decides it," said Eugenie composedly; "I will."

"Eugenie, don't go, or I'll begin to think you don't trust me." "Yes, I do, but-you've been so much with this Caprice lately, that I want

to see her' "I don't care two straws about her." "I know that, but I wish to see her." "You intend to go?" "I do."

Keith snatched up his hat and stick. "Then I'll say good-bye," he said so much, you can't love me."

angrily; "if you disregard my wishes 'Yes, I can!"

"You are jealous of this confounded woman." "Perhaps I am." Keith looked at her angrily for moment—then dashed out of the room,

whereon Eugenie burst out laughing. "What a dear old boy he is," she said to herself: "he thinks I'm jealous. Well, with a frown; "perhaps I am. I wonder, if he knew that I gave him the five hundred pounds, what he'd say? He doesn't know that I'm a rich woman now, so I can test his love

steel." She picked up her hat, and, going over to the mirror, leaned her elbows on the mantelpiece, locked searching-

"Are you jealous, you foolish woman?" she said, with a laugh. "Yes, my dear, you are; at all events, you'll said, with a sigh, turning away, "For I think every woman is in love with

CHAPTER XX. Eugenie Rainsford was a very clever young woman, much too clever to pass her life in the up-country wilds of Australia, and no doubt she would have left her solitude in some way even had not fortune favored her. Luckily, however, fortune did favor her and in a rather curious way, for a rich shareholder having seen her, fell in love with her, and wanted to marry her; she however refused, telling him that she was engaged to marry "Yes, I've read all about it in the Keith Stewart, whereupon he made in-

quiries, and she told him the whole story. He was so delighted with her fidelity to a poor man, that he made his will in her favor, feeling sure that, as most deserving person to leave it to. the man I took him for." A carriage accident killed him six months afterwards, and Eugenie found herself a very rich woman, with as many thousand as she had pence be-

She took her good fortune very calmly, telling no one about it, not even her employers; but, after consultation with the lawyer, she sent five hundred to Keith, with instructions. to the bank that he was not to know where it came from. Then she set herself to work out a little scheme she had in her head, to find out if he

were true to her. In many or the letters he had written, she had been struck with the frequent mention of one name, Caprice, and on making inquiries, found out all about the actress. She bought a photograph of her and was struck with the pathetic face of a woman who was said to lead so vile a life. Dreading lest Keith should have fallen in love with this divinity of the stage, she determined to go down to Melbourne and see for herself.

By chance, however, she found in a newspaper an advertisement that Kitty Marchurst wanted a governess for her little girl, and seeing at once an excellent opportunity of finding out if her suspicions were correct, wrote offering herself for the situa-

Kitty on her side remembered the name of Eugenie Rainsford as that of the girl to whom Keith told her he much. was engaged, so, curious to see what she was like, engaged her for a coverness at once. Eugenie was delighted when she received this letter, and, still in the character of a poor and friendless girl, she left Mr. Chine. "I'm not angry," said the girl, turning to manage her property, "As much as mumsey, Meg?" said the lawyer, to manage her property, "As much as mumsey, Meg?" said after binding him to secrecy, and kitty, with a said smile.

"I write for the amateur poet."

"The voice of the stage."

"I write for the amateur poet."

"The voice of the stage."

"The write for the amateur poet."

"The stage."

"I write for the amateur poet."

"The voice of the stage."

"The voice of the stage."

"I write for the amateur poet."

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"The voice of the stage."

"I write for the amateur poet."

"The voice of the stage."

"I write for the amateur poet."

her all the more determined to do so, and twelve o'clock the next day found her in the drawing room of Caprice's house, waiting for the ertrance of her future mistress.

When Kitty entered the room she could not help admiring the handsome woman before her, and on her part Eugenie was astonished to see the bright vivacity of the melancholy face, for Caprice's features were sad only when in repose.

The two women stood opposite to one another for a moment, mentally making up their minds about each other. Kitty was the first to speak. "Miss Rainsford, I believe."

"Yes, I came to see you aboutabout the situation." "Governess for my little girl," said Kitty, nodding her head. "Yes, I want someone whom I can trust."

"I hope you will be able to trust Caprice looked keeniy at her, and then burst into a torrent of words. "Yes, I think I can trust you-but the question is, will you take care of child-I mean, will you accept

the trust? You have come from the

ecuatry—you don't know who I am?" "Yes I do-Miss Marchurst." "No, not Miss Marchurst Caprice!" She waited for a moment to see what effect this notorious fame would have on her visitor, but to her surprise, Eugenie simply bowed.

"Yes, I know," sha replied. Caprice arose and advanced toward

"You know," she exclaimed vehemently, "and yet can sit down in the same room with a woman of my character. Are you not afraid I'll contaminate you do you not shrink from a parish like me no you do notgreat heavens!" with a bitter laugh, sitting down again; "and I thought the age of miracles was past—ah, bah! But you are only a girl, my dear, and don't understand."

Eugenie arose and crossed over to "I do understand; I am a woman, and feel for a woman."

Kitty caught her hand and gave a gasping cry. "God bless you!" she whispered. in

a husky voice. Then in a moment she had dashed the tears away from her eyes, and sat up again in her bright, resolute man-

"No woman has spoken so kindly as you have for many years," she said quickly; "and I thank you. I can give you my child, and you will take care of her for me when I am far away.'

"What do you mean?" asked Eugenie, puzzled. "Mean—that I am not fit to live with my child, that I am going to send her to England with you, that she may

forget she ever had a mother." "But why do this," said Eugenie in a pitying tone, "when you can keep her with you?" "I cannot let her grow up in the

atmosphere of sin I live in." "Then why not leave this sinful life, and go to England with your child?" Kitty shook her head with a dreary smile.

"Impossible—to leave off this life ould kill me; besides, I saw a doctor some time ago, and he told me I had not very long to live; there something wrong with my heart. don't care if I do die so long as my child is safe—you will look after her?" "Yes," replied Eugenie firmly; "I

will look after her." Kitty approached her timidly. "May I kiss you?" she said faintly, and seeing her answer in the girl's eyes she bent down and kissed her forehead.

"New I must introduce you to your new papil," she said, cheerfully overcoming her momentary weakness. "Wait a moment," said Eugenie, as Caprice went to the bell-puil. want to ask you about Mr. Stewart." Caprice turned round quickly.

"Yes-what-about him?" "Does he love you?" Caprice came over to the fire and

looked closely at her. "You are the girl he is engaged to?" "Yes." "Then, make your mind easy, my

dear, he loves no one but you." Eugenie gave a sigh of relief, which Kitty smiled a little scornful-"Ah! you love him so much that?" she said half pathetically; "it's

a pity, my dear, he's not worth it.' "What do you mean?" "Don't be angry, Miss Rainsford,, said Kitty, quietly; "I don't mean that he had no relations, she would be the he loves any one else, but he's not

> "I don't understand." "I wouldn't try to if I were you," replied Kitty, significantly. "I helped him when I first met him, because he saved my child's life. He came down here, and I liked him still more." "You loved him?"

> "No; love and I parted company long ago. I liked him, but though I do my best to help him, I don't care for him as much as I did, my dear; he's not worthy of you." "That's all very well, but I don't see

the reason.' "Of course not, what woman in love ever does see reason; however, make your mind easy, things are all right. I

will tell you the reason some day." "But I want to know now." "Curiosity is a woman's voice," said Kitty, lightly. "Don't worry yourself, Miss Rainsford, whatever I know of Keith Stewart won't alter him in your eves-now, don't say anything more about it. I'll ring for Meg."

Eugenie tried to get a more explicit answer out of her, but Kitty only laughed. "It can't be anything so very bad."

she said to herself, "or this woman would not laugh at it." Meg came in quietly, a demure, pensive-faced little child, and after Kitty had kissed her she presented her to Eugenie.

"This is your new governess, Meg." she said, smoothing the child's hair, "and I want you to love her very

Meg hung back for a few moments with the awkward timidity of a child. but Eugenie's soft voice and caressing manner soon gained her confidence. "I like you very much," she said, at length, nestling to Eugenie's side.
"As much as mumsey, Meg?" said



no one so good and kind as mum-

sey."

Kitty kissed the child vehemently, and then bit her lips to stop the tears coming to her eyes. "Mumsey," said Meg at length, "can

tell the lady a secret?" "Yes, dear',' replied Kitty, smiling. Thereupon Meg slipped off Kitty's lap and ran to Eugenie. 'What is this grand secret?" asked

Eugenie, bending down with a laugh. Meg put her mouth to Eugenie's ear, and whispered-"When I grow up I am going to marry Keith.'

"You see," said Kitty, overhearing the whisper, "my daughter is your "And a very dangerous one," replied Eugenie, with a sigh, touching the

auburn hair. Meg was sent off after this, and then Kitty arranged all about the salary with Eugenie, after which she accompanied her to the door to say good-bye.

"I'm sorry I put any distrust into your heart about Mr. Stewart," she said; "but don't trouble, my dear, get him to give up his dissipated habits, and you'll no doubt find he'll make an excellent husband."

"Ah!" said Eugenie to herself as she walked to the station, "it was only dissipation she meant—as if anything like that could hurt Keith in my eyes."

Then she began to think of the strange woman she had left-with her sudden changes of temperament from laughter to tears-with her extraordinary nature, half-vice half-virtue. of the love she bore for her child away for ever from her lonely life. (To be continued.)

"SOLDIERS FIRST"

IS C. P. R. SLOGAN Troop trains with returning soldiers are to be given preference over all other trains, including regular passenger trains on the C. P. R., in so far as is consistent with safety, according to a circular first issued by Vice-President A. D. MacTier. This was the rule on the C. P.R. when our soldiers were hurrying to the front, and it is to be the rule now that they are returning to their homes. "What is particularly desired," says the circular, "is that all officers and employees concerned shall in so far as possible place themselves in the position of the father, mother, wife, sister, or other relative of the returning soldier, and deal with them as they would wish to be dealt with

under similar conditions. "All this being accomplished, it will add substantially to the welcome the company desires to give to returned soldiers, as well as to the comfort and convenience of relatives

and friends who desire to welcome them." ln order that relatives and friends desiring to meet from trains should have information as to the hour of arrival very particular instructions are given. "Station staffs," says the circular, "at destination noints should be fully and promptly advised of the expected time of arrival of troop trains, with all particulars available as to the names of steamships from which the passengers come, and any other known details. This information should be prompily and regularly posted on station bulletin boards and corrected from time to time as may be necessary. * Operators should keep in close touch with the movement of the trains so that the information posted may be up to the minute. Train enquiry clerks should be at all times fully informed in connection with the trains and their movement, and they, as well as other station staff concerned, will be expected to deal courteously and patiently with all enquirers, giving them correctly and clearly the fullest

information possible in response to their enquirtes. In the operation of C. P. R. trains. the troop train is to be considered first. In the event of a troop train locomotive breakdown on the road, the locomotive which can be made most quickly available, even if taken from a regular nassenger train, is to be used to handle the troop train, so that it will incur the least possible

Problem of Human Nature.

delay.

It is true, as opjponents of changing the clocks to save daylight contend. that the same thing would be accomplished if everybody got up earlier. The trouble is that everybody won't .-Philadelphia Ledger.

Every one with corns will be pleased to know that Putnam's Corn Extractor is guaranteed to cure hard. soft or bleeding corns in twenty-four hours. Painless and sure is Putnam's They never seemed to relish me after Extractor, 25c at all dealers.

"I write for the few," declared the amateur poet. "And a good idea, too," declared his grouchy uncle, the bettur. Louisville DEAD SEA MYTHS

Many Long-Cherished Beliefs

Dr. E. W. G. Masterson, addressing the Royal Geographical Society, asserted that there was an accumulation of indisputable facts showing that there had ben a considerable rise in the level of the Dead Sea in the nine-teenth century—and he firmly be-lieved—by a steadily increasing rain-

Travellers had reported a curious "white line" which was visible at times running north and south down the centre of the eea, and many speculations were made as to its cause, one divinity professor even suggesting that it might represent some existing rift in the bottom of the sea. This line, said the speaker, was due to an elongated mass of compacted foam which, on account of the dense and oily character of the Dead Sea water. remained floating on the surface longer than such foam would remain on the ocean. During east winds it was blown steadly across the lake in a long irregular line.

There was also a peculiar disturb ance of the water. An American traveller had reported that on three successive nights, when no wind was stirring, a havy breaker came pounding upon the beach, followed by a succession of other waves for about an hour. Dr. Masterson reported a similar experience; and attributed the wave disturbance to the rapid change Editor of Chicago Western-Amof temperature which sets in shortly after sunset.
Ancient writers established a myth

that the Dead Sea was an abode of death, that its shores were sterile and that even hirds flying over its waters that even hirds flying over its waters were liable to fall dead. All these ideas were now known to be the reverse of the truth. It was true that the waters were so permeated with salt that no animal or vegetable life could flourish in the bulk of its volution of the chicago but near the shores, where doom is no longer in doubt, the pioneer streams of brackish water found their way into the sea, small fish, crabs and mosquito larvae were found, and he had seen fish in the sea. A bottle of water taken from the same spot immediately afterwards was proved to contain no less than 33.3 per cent. of solids. In one of the Jericho hotels, before the war, there was a declaration jointly signed the same year by over a dozen tourists that they saw fish actively swimming in the same spot. At many spots along the shore there are cases in which acres of reeds and many trees flourithed, and at such spots animal life and bird life was abundant.-English Mechanic.

GUARD SHOT ONCE

Mules Did Rest Against Stage Robbers.

Even to-day in the Sierra Nevadas where little mining camps send out gold dust by stage to be carried from the nearest railway station to the San the nearest railway station to the San Francisco mint, a shotgun messenger rides with the driver if there is a gold shipment in the box. The parrel of the gun is shortened for the sake of convenience in handling in close quarters, and its efficiency for its particular work is not lessened, as it is used only to quiet a robber who had suddenly appeared close by the side of the treasure stage with the laconic command. "Throw down the box!"

British navy! What made possible our present methodical preparation for war troops to the battle front? The British fleet! What kept watch day and night over the sacred principles for which we gladly giv. our sons to duty that may mean death and in comparison with which our plants seem but dross? The British fleet!

Let us muzzle with outspoken contempt fatheads like Hearst, dho, at this solemn hour, rush into print with cheap blarney about our military prowess, and let us remember and celebrate with thankful hearts the second saviour of the world-

command. "Throw down the box!" The messenger, as he is called where he is known, never guard or gun man, carries his gun across his knees where danger seems light, or lightly in his hands passing through bad spots. His job is to shoot anyone so careless as to step out from behind a tree or rock to the side of the stage, and shoot before the intruder gets the drop. Mountain folk who want to take a stage between stations make themselves conspicuous in the middle of the road before the stage rolls into

sight. That is the safe way. If a messenger fails to see a robber before the latter has him covered, the box is thrown down-usually. There was one instance where the rule was not followed, which old stage drivers in the Sierra Nevadas tell about today. On a stage out from Bodie was a shipment of bullion consigned to the Carson mint. The messenger was alert, his sawed-off shotgun lightly balanced in his hands passing the danger spots, or resting on his knees where the cover seemed to be too thin to conceal a robber by the side of the

On one good stretch the messenger tripped his gun between his knees while both hands sought in the pockets of his heavy coat for the makings. The unexpected happened; out of a patch of straggly sage bush two men leaped, one to the bridle of the off leader mule, one to the off side of the stage. They had the drop on both messenger and driver.

"Throw down the box!" commanded the man at the fore wheel of the sage. The messenger thought one-quarter of a second—he was precise in telling that part of the story-and then without having to invite a bullet by moving his gun or hand, he pulled the trigger of the right barrel. So many things happened in the remaining three-quarters of the first second after the command that they make a long and lovely story as one listens to an old driver tell it to-day.

The short of the story is that the shot shredded the ears of the leaders, and generally speaking those mules did the rest. The six mules bounded ahead, startled and indignant. The robber at the bridle was kicked in rapid succession by the off leader, off swing and off wheeler, so his pistol aim was not good, and the robber at the stage wheel was run over by the rear wheels, and his aim was not good. The six mules, the driver has sworn to this, did the next mile in four min-Good Prospect for Corn Crop utes flat, and there was no time when more than two stage wheels were on the road at the same time.

"It was sure some lucky escape, the messenger admitted, "but I never truly made up with them lead mules. that little sawed-off spoke to them. Touchy sort of critters, mules is, any-

About the only way you could make an impression on some people would be with a club.

Does It Hart You to Bend Over

This is a Sign of Kidney Wes ness, But Can be Quickly

Bon't give up! You can be cu and made well again.
That backache and drags ness can be stopped for all th Those sharp attacks when he over, and that lameness in the m

ing can be overcome. Every ache and pain due to ney weakness will disappear quickly once you start to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, a marvellous remedy long ago made famous by its strange healing

effect upon the kidneys and liver. Don't wait till that dragging pain in the loins grows worse. Start the cure to-day .

Delay will mean swelled ankles and limbs, sharp rheumatic pains in the muscles and joints, and other painful symptoms as well.

If you are always tired, have comtinuous headaches, dizzy spells and specks before your eyes or ringing noises in the ears—these are common symptoms that warn you of the immediate need of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sold in 25c boxes.

WHO WON THE WAR?

erican Gives Answer.

"British opinion is becoming acutely sensitive to the trend of the peace movement. This country and its dominions have performed the lion's share of the doom is no longer in doubt, the pioneer champions of liberty, who bore the brunt of the gnastly conflict, and whose valor and sacrice made certain Prussia's de-teat, are in canger of being slighted by

tary wonders on both sides of the Atlantic. But they were able to reach the firing line because Britannia paved the way for them with the blood of her sons, and because for four long years, her ironciad defenders of the faith have been ceaselessly vigilant against a ruthless and remorseless foe.

The boss braggart of Christendom.

William Randolph Hearst, appears in his Chicago papers recently with another windy eulogy in which he credits Co-lubia with winning the war. This is the sort of boastful bunk that disgusts Americans. It also misrepresents us to our allies. The rank and file of our citizens have brains enough to understand that, while our belated entry into the war shorteend it, the issue was decided by the British and French protectors of right and justice against whose bodies and souls German ferocity agent itself before we started. When the Hun began to fight in 1914. his grand objective was not Paris or London, but New York and Chicago. What saved us from destruction and death, and our women from ravishment in those days of terrible crists? The

remember and celebrate with thankful hearts the second saviour of the world—the British fleet. Let Americans teach their children that, but for the British navy the goddess of Bedloe's Island, whose ever-shining torch has beaconed have been yanked from her pedestal by the way to happiness for millions, might bloody hands and her light put out forever

ever.
"Getting down to brass tacks," is famed American attitude. It means strip-bing realities to the bone, and stating with Abe Lincoln-Ben Franklin bluntness outstanding facts.

Here is the outstanding fact of the

greatest war in history: The British fleet won it! The Surrender of the German Fleet.

Ship after ship, and everyone with a high-resounding name, From the robber-nest of Heligoland the German war fleet came; Not victory or death they sought, but

a rendezvous of shame!

And the ocean shall be free.

Sing out, sing out, A joyful shout. Ye lovers of the sea! The "Kaiser" and the "Kaise"in." The "Konig" and the "Pring." The patentates of piracy. Are coming to surrender,

They never dared the final fate of battle on the blue: Their sea-wolves murdered merchantmen and mocked the drowning They stained the wave with martyr-

blood, but-we sent our transports

through! What flags are these that dumbly droop from the gaff o' the mainmast tall?

The black of the Kaiser's iron cross, the red of the empire's fall? come down, come down, ye pirate flags-yea, strike your colors all!

The Union Jack and the Tricolor and the Starry Flag o' the West Shall guard the fruit of Freedom's war and the victory confest, The flags of the brave and just and

free shall rule on the ocean's

Sing out, sing out, A mighty shout,

breast.

York Times.

Ye lovers of the sea! The "Kaiser" and the "Kaiserin." The "Konig" and the "Prinz." The robber lords of death and sin. Have come to their surrender, And the ocean shall be free!" -Henry VanDpke, U. S. N., in New

A PESSIMIST. The unlucky one was telling his

The unlucky one was telling his troubles to a sympathetic friend.
"No leave, no letters, no blinking Blighty, no luck at all!"
"Never mind, you'll soon be dead."
"Yes." said the unlucky one, "and it i was dead now, and on my way to Heaven, I'll bet I'd be brought down by anti-aircraft!"