

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER VII.

Veronica's face was as haggard as Alan's. The blow had been so crushing, so unexpected—that he had not seemed glad to see her, that his heart had not leapt out to her, as hers did to him, that his eyes did not rest for one moment upon the boy, was bad enough; but that there should be another woman in her place! Oh, that was anguish intolerable! At last she spoke. "You love her, Alan?" she asked.

"Better than my life!" he answered passionately.

"Oh!" She gave a little shudder. "Then I will go and leave you to your happiness," she said quietly. "It's the only way—the only way. I will take my boy and go!"

"But you cannot go!" he groaned. "I made you my wife, Veronica, and as long as you live you will be my wife, although my heart and hers may break."

"I break your heart?" cried Veronica. "Why, I would give my life for you. I would not have you unhappy for a moment if I could help it. I love you as much as in the old days, Alan, before the shipwreck. Oh, why was I saved?"

He looked at her, and poor Veronica's heart failed her. There was no love in that look. All the love of Alan's heart was given to Joyce. There was pity and despair, but no love. When a woman loves a man she can soon see the difference. He could not say that he praised God that she was saved, and he did not. "Tell me about it," he said mechanically. "If she talked he would be able to think what it would be best to do for her. But as for him, the despair of his heart almost choked him when he thought that in about half an hour he must bid adieu to that beautiful creature of their race, must bid Joyce forever! He could scarcely think of Veronica in his overwhelming agony; but she spoke, glad to see his interest."

"I was washed in shore, into a sandy bay, Alan. I had gone through the anguish of dying; but when the people found me they brought me to, but the shock had been too much for me; I could not remember anything. And then about three months later you came and then it all came to me slowly. I was ill and weak and could do nothing. I could scarcely think. Then at last when I wrote the letters were sent back to me, and I heard a rumour that you had gone back to England. I was penniless. I did not know if you wanted our marriage acknowledged, so I did not write to Mr. Deane; but as my strength returned my courage did also. I began giving singing and guitar lessons. People were good to me. I worked hard, and at last scraped together enough money to take me in a sailing boat to England. I hate the sea. I was afraid of it; but you were there, and I came. But it was a year before I could find anything of you, and I should not have found you at all but Hutchinson told me he had seen you and had spoken to you."

"When did he tell you that?"

"Two days ago. But he told me that he had seen you two months ago, and you had spoken of me. You had told him we were married, Alan, which he had not known. He tracked me home from a music shop, where they got me music lessons; but I cannot tell why he delayed."

"But Alan could. Hutchinson, in his cruelty, knew that it would be the ruin of Joyce's life as well as his own if this marriage with her could be consummated first. He knew Hutchinson hated him, so this was his revenge!"

"He tried to think of Veronica, but it was of no use. Joyce's image came before him whenever he tried to think of the poor girl who was his wife. The little boy, also, was looking at him with his Alan's own blue eyes, which were so great a contrast to his early dark hair. That these poor creatures, dependent upon him for love which he could not give, troubled him."

"Veronica," he said at length, "will you go back to where you live and I will write to you when I have seen her?"

"The wife you love?" asked poor Veronica.

"Yes," said Alan. "Will you do that? You know that you can trust me."

"Of course," said Veronica, simply. "I will do what you say always. It is misery to me to think that I have made you so unhappy, when I thought only to make you happy."

"My poor girl," he said, deeply touched by the conviction in her tone and by her sadness, "you would have done very wrong if you had not done so."

She gave him her address and left him. When she had gone a little way Alan looked at her boy in her arms and hugged him fiercely. "He never looked at you, my own," she said, "never once! But you are another's joy! Oh, Alan, Alan," she cried, "why was I saved?"

But Alan was standing where she had left him. He told himself that he would go forward, but that his heart would be his. There was no

way out of it. He and Joyce, his wife of six weeks, must part!

At last he roused himself; it was getting late. Joyce already would be uneasy about him. The thought of her pretty wifely solicitude, and how after today it might never be put to the test, overcame him altogether. To feel that Joyce was living, and that he must give her up, that they were both young and loving, and must go on living apart forever, was too much for him. "My God, help us to bear it!" Afterwards it came back to him with profound regret that he had never thought of Veronica at all; but he could be thankful that he had seen her and had not hated her.

He crept home slowly, like a wounded animal going to its lair. Home! The very word hurt him. And he and Joyce had only this morning talked of buying the pretty house for their summer residence. This morning was it, or years ago? Could it be only an hour or so since he left the station, all unsuspecting of what was to befall him?

For he had been unsuspecting. He had entirely forgotten the woman who he now easily identified as Veronica. He had been happy as it is given to few mortals to be happy. He groaned aloud as he opened the door which led into the pretty hall. His throat was dry; he could not call Joyce.

But she had evidently heard the opening door, for she came out of the morning-room, which they furnished with the hangings they had bought on the day he had seen Veronica. She called gaily to him and a little reproachfully. "Oh, Alan, how late you are, you naughty boy! And our ride—will you have tea first?"

He simply could not answer. It was impossible, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his dry throat could not articulate a sound.

"Alan," she called again, "come along, darling."

"I am coming." His voice was, however, so muffled, in a moment she was alarmed. She came running out to him.

"Alan, Alan, what is it? Are you ill, dearest?"

Her unconsciousness almost killed him, together with the thought that he would have to tell her. Then she came up to him and saw his face. In an instant she knew that something awful had occurred. Her jaw fell, and she staggered up to him, putting out her hand and feeling as if she were blind. She was unconscious no longer, for she remembered vividly the day when he had turned so white, and had told her the reason afterwards as they sat together at the hotel. Her quick mind told her that his ashy greyness and the misery on his face had something to do with his dead wife. Hand in hand they went together into the pretty morning-room, into which the sun was shining, and they sat down speechless. A bird in a bush close by set up its joyous song. Nature was full of gladness.

Then suddenly he wrenched his hand out of hers and threw himself headlong upon the couch. Sobs broke from him and his shoulders heaved. For a moment she let him weep, and then she knelt down beside him and flung her pretty, soft arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek down which the tears were running, against his, so that their tears mingled together.

"Tell me like this," she said. But he could not speak, his grief was uncontrollable. And so in whispers she began, "It is something about your wife, Alan—your first wife, I mean, poor Veronica?"

He groaned, and an awful knowledge came to Joyce—a knowledge that clutched her heart and made her very being stand still. For a moment she saw nothing distinctly, heard nothing distinctly, only felt Alan's tears upon her cheek. Then, when the mist cleared away, "Is she alive?" she whispered.

"Yes!" he cried.

"Alive? Oh, my poor heart! Alive! Your wife? And I—"

He sat up then and grasped her hands in his. "You, you!" he cried. And the agony of his voice came back to Joyce for years after. "You! I've got to give you up, Joyce! You, the wife of my heart, my own, my soul! You've got to be as nothing to me! How can I do it?"

"I don't know," she said feebly. "And yet, Alan, we must!"

"Do you think I don't know it?" he cried. "Do you think I would have you live with me while my wife was living? Do you think I should let one person in this world point a finger of scorn at you? Do you think I should let you soil your beautiful white soul for me? Oh, Joyce, I love you too perfectly for that, you are too dear to me for that! I will say good-by to you, my own, and never look at your face again; but I will not let you live disgraced. But the parting—the parting!"

Joyce's white face uplifted to his. Joyce's hands grasping his, Joyce's whole being suffused by love for him, and he had to give her up! No more exquisite agony had to be imagined than this moment's, and yet, when it came to the actual going of it, it so far transcended the imaginings of it that the interview almost seemed sweet in comparison.

"The parting!" she repeated. "The

parting? You mean that we must cease living in the same house, in the same place, together? Alan, can we do it? Will strength be given us? Oh, what shall we do?" (To be continued.)

ENGLISH TIPTOPPERS' PAY.

What the Leading Men of All Professions Earn in England.

It pays to be at the top of things. Money is always attendant upon reputation, for nowadays the successful man is well rewarded for his ability. Diplomacy seems to be one of the most paying professions to follow. "The salary of an ambassador," is a well-known saying when any one wishes to indicate that such and such a person is possessed of great wealth. Sir E. J. Monon, our ambassador at Paris, is the most highly paid of all those vigilant gentlemen who guard our interests abroad. He receives for his services the princely income of £9,000 a year. After him comes Sir H. Rumbold at Vienna, with £8,000; Sir F. C. Lascelles, at Berlin, with the same yearly sum, and Sir Charles Stewart Scott, who draws £7,800 from the public purse to represent us in St. Petersburg. All the English diplomats are well paid. Here is a list of some of them, giving the place at which they reside and the income that comes to them for it: Washington, £6,500; Rome, £7,000; Turkey, £8,000; Tokio, £4,000; Egypt, £6,000; Teheran, £5,000—a list taken at random, which serves to show the large earnings of our representatives. The English church is still a paying profession for the men at the head of it. The archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, enjoys, and indeed earns, the nice little sum of £15,000 a year, while his colleague of York is, like the bishop of London, paid £10,000 for his arduous and never-ending labors. The earl of Minto, the governor of Canada, heads the list of governors with £10,000, and after him comes Sir Alfred Milner of Cape Town with £8,000. Lord Beauchamp of New South Wales gets £7,000, as also does Gen. Grenfell, who looks after that island fort, Malta. Sums of £6,000, £5,000, and £4,000 are common salaries. Consul-generals are munificently paid. Two of them—Viscount Cromer of Cairo and Sir H. M. Durand of Teheran—each receive £6,000 a year. For being first lord of the admiralty Mr. Goschen draws £4,500, while Sir Richard Webster, until the last few days, enjoyed as attorney-general £7,000. Mr. Chamberlain has, besides his own large private fortune, £5,000 as his official salary, while for commanding the army Lord Wolseley gets £4,500. The home secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, has £5,000 in salary. Despite the large figures given above, no one, not even the archbishop himself, can compare in his earnings with those of a successful barrister. Of all "tip-top" men, your leading counsel is the most fortunate. Lord Russell of Killowen as a barrister made something like £20,000 a year.—London Mail.

ANALYSIS OF THE CHARACTER OF THE SAVIOUR.

Christians Urged to Emulate the Qualities Which Were Conspicuous in the Earthly Life and Ministrations of Jesus.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Kloppsch.) In this sermon, which Dr. Talmage sends from Paris, he analyzes the character of the Saviour and urges all Christians to exercise the qualities which were conspicuous in Christ's earthly life. The text is Romans viii, 9, "Now, if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." There is nothing more desirable than a pleasant disposition. Without it we cannot be happy. When we have lost our temper or become impatient under some light cross, we suddenly awaken to a new appreciation of proper equipage of nature. We wish we had been born with self balance. We envy those people who bear themselves through life without any perturbation, and we flatter ourselves that however little self control we may now have, the time will come, under the process of years, when we will be mellowed and softened and the wrong things which are in us now will then be all right, forgetful of the fact that an evil habit in our nature will grow into larger proportions and that an iniquity not corrected will become the grandfather of a whole generation of iniquities. So that people without the grace of God in the struggle and amid the annoyances and exasperations of life are apt to become worse instead of better.

Now, the trouble is that we have a theory abroad in the world that a man's disposition cannot be changed. A man says, "I am irascible in temper, and I can't help it." Another man says, "I am revengeful naturally, and I can't help it." A man says, "I am impulsive, and I can't help it." And he tells the truth. No man can correct his disposition. I never knew a man by force of resolution to change his temperament, but by his grace God can take away that which is wrong and put in that which is right, and I know and you know people who since their conversion are just the opposite of what they used to be. In other words, we may by the spirit of God have the disposition of Jesus Christ implanted in our disposition, and we must have it done or we will never see heaven. "If any man has not the disposition of Jesus Christ, he is none of his."

SUPPLY OF IRON.

World Consumes About 90,000,000 Tons a Year.

A good deal of anxiety has been felt during the last two years as to the available supplies of iron ore and fuel. The total world's consumption of iron ore in 1899 was probably more than 90,000,000 tons. Of this quantity the United States contributed more than 22,000,000. But in all countries alike exceptional efforts were made to increase the output so as to overtake the greatly stimulated demand. These efforts are still being continued, says the Engineering Magazine. Spain has been ransacked from one end to the other, in order to increase the available supplies. France is opening up new sources of supply in Greece, North Africa and elsewhere. The Germans have sought to acquire almost a monopoly of the supply of Swedish Lapp-land—within the Arctic circle—for a number of years to come, and have concluded arrangements which point to their belief that iron ores are likely to become increasingly scarce. This is a general apprehension, and if it is justified by the facts, then it seems to be probable that this condition may mainly determine future supremacy. Mme. de Staël once observed that "Providence fights on the side of the biggest battalions." In the war of commerce and industry it is conceivable that Providence may in future seem to interpose on behalf of the nation that has the largest available supplies of cheap iron ores.—Chicago Record.

President Receives About \$90,000.

The president receives a salary of \$50,000 a year, his house free, and this includes the heating and lighting. The grounds are cared for, his conservatory is filled with flowers, and the gardener who cares for it is paid by the government. The only servants whose wages the president is called upon to pay are his own personal ones, for the doormen, messengers, clerks, and, in fact, every one connected directly or indirectly with the executive department are, of course, government employes. He receives, also, as the head of the army, fodder for his horses and his stable is the property of the government. There are other allowances and, taken all in all, it is estimated that the president receives in various ways between \$80,000 and \$90,000 a year, or its equivalent.

Something of an Owl.

Marshall Owen Roberts, who became a naturalized British subject a few days ago, is a son of the late Marshall Owen Roberts of New York, a mining king, who died in 1899, leaving an estate valued at \$2,000,000.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

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A Spirit of Gentleness.

In the first place the spirit of Christ was a spirit of gentleness. Sometimes he made wrathful utterances against Pharisees and hypocrites, but the most of his words were kind and gentle and loving and inoffensive and attractive. When we consider the fact that he was omnipotent and could have torn to pieces his assailants, the wonder is greater. We often bear the persecution and abuse of the world because we cannot help it. Christ endured it when he could have helped it. Little children who always shy off at a rough man rushed into his presence and clambered on him until the people begged the mothers to take them away. Invalids sore with wounds that they could not bear to have any one come near them begged Christ just to put his hand upon the wound and soothe it. The mother with the sickest child was willing to put the little one in Christ's arms. Self righteous people rushed into his presence with a woman of debased character and said, "Now, annihilate her, blast her, kill her." Jesus looked at her and saw she was sorry and repentant, and he looked at them, and he saw they were proud and arrogant and malignant, and he said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." A blind man sat by the wayside making a great do about his lack of vision. They told him to hush up and not bother the Master. Christ stooped to him and said, "What wilt thou that I do unto thee?" Gentleness of voice, gentleness of manner, gentleness of life.

The Head of Sympathy.

My sister had her arm out of joint and we were in the country, and the neighbors came in, and they were all sympathetic, and they laid hold of the arm and pulled and pulled mightily until the anguish was intolerable; but the arm did not go to its place. Then the old country doctor was sent for, and he came in and with one touch it was all right. He knew just where to put his finger and just how to touch the bone. We go out to Christian work with too rough a hand and too unsympathetic a manner, and we fall in our work, while some Christian, in the gentleness of Christ, comes along, puts his hand of sympathy on the sore spot—the torn ligaments are healed and the disturbed bones are rejoined. Oh, for this gentleness of Christ.

The Spirit of Hard Work.

The spirit of Christ, I remark lastly, was a spirit of hard work. Not one lazy moment in all his life. Whether he was talking to the fishermen on the beach or preaching to the rustics amid the mountains or spending an evening in Bethany, always busy for others. With hands, heart, head busy for others. Hewing in the Nazareth carpenter shop, teaching the lame how to walk without crutches, curing the child's fits, providing rations for the hungry host. Busy, busy, busy! The hardy men who pulled the net out of the sea filled with foundering treasures, the shepherds who hunted up grassy plots for their flocks to nibble at, the shipwrights pounding away in the dry-docks, the winemakers of Enged dipping the juices from the vat and pouring them into the goatskins, were not more busy than Christ. Busy, busy for others. From the moment he went out of the oratory of Bethany to the moment when the cross plunged into the socket on the bloody mount, busy for others. Does that remind you of yourself? Does that re-

mind you of yourself? If we lift a burden, it must be light. If we do work, it must be popular. If we sit in the pew, it must be soft. If we move in a sphere of usefulness, it must be brilliant. If we have to take hold of a load, give us the light end of the log. In this way to heaven fan us, rock us, sing us to sleep. Lift us up toward heaven on the tips of your fingers under a silken upholstery. Stand out of the way, all you martyrs who breathed the fire! Stand out of the way and let this colony of tender footed modern Christians come up and get their crowns!

How to Love the Father.

Did you ever know a drunkard reclaimed by mimicry of his staggering steps, his thick tongue or his hic-cough? No. You only madden his brain. But you go to him and let him know you appreciate what an awful struggle he has with the evil habit, and you let him know that you have been acquainted with people who were down in the same depths who by the grace of God have been rescued. He hears your voice, he responds to that sympathy, and he is saved. You cannot scold the world into anything better. You may attract it into something better. The stormiest wind comes out from its hiding place and says, "I will arouse this sea." And it blows upon the sea. Half of the sea is aroused or a fourth of the sea is aroused, yet not the entire Atlantic. But after awhile the moon comes out calm and placid. It shines upon the sea, and the ocean begins to lift. It embraces all the highlands; the beach is all covered. The heart throb of one world beating against the heart throb of another world. The storm could not rouse the whole Atlantic, the moon lifted it. "And I," said Christ, "if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

What is Self-Sacrifice?

What is self-sacrifice? It is my walking a long journey to save you from fatigue. It is my lifting a great number of pounds to save you from the awful strain. It is a subtraction from my comfort and prosperity so that there may be an addition to your comfort and prosperity. How much of that have we? Might not I rather say, "How little have we?" Two children—brother and sister—were passing down the road. They were both very destitute. The lad had hardly any garments at all. His sister had a coat that she had outgrown. It was a very cold day. She said, "Johnny, come under this coat." "Oh, no," he said; "the coat isn't large enough." "Oh," she said, "it will stretch." He comes under the coat, but the coat would not stretch. So she took off the coat and put it on him. Self-sacrifice pure and simple. Christ taking off his robe to clothe our nakedness. Self-sacrifice. I have not any of it, nor have you compared with that. The sacrifice of the Son of God.

The Need of Humility.

How much of that humility have we? If we get a few more dollars than other people or gain a little higher position, oh, how we strut! We go around wanting everybody to know their place, and say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the honor of my kingdom and by the might of my strength?" Who has anything of the humility of Christ? The disposition of Christ was also the spirit of prayer. Prayer on the mountains, prayer on the sea, prayer among the sick, prayer everywhere. Prayer for little children: "Father, I thank thee that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." Prayer for his friends: "Father, I will that they be with me where I am." Prayer for his enemies: "Father, I forgive them; they know not what they do." Prayer for all nations: "Thy kingdom come." How little of that spirit you and I have. How soon our knees get tired. Where is the vial full of odors which are the prayers of all the saints? Which of us can keep our mind ten minutes on a prayer without wandering? Not you, not I. Oh, that we might have the spirit of prayer which was the spirit of Christ. We want more prayer in the family, more prayer in the church, more prayer in the legislative hall, more prayer among the sick, more prayer among the aged, more prayer among the young. The great advancement of the church is to be in that direction yet.

Christ Walked to Emmaus.

Christ walked to Emmaus. Christ walked from Capernaum to Bethany. Christ walked from Jerusalem to Galgotha. How far have you and I walked for Christ? His head aches, his heart aches, his back aches. How much have we ached for Christ?

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SAVING THE LOBSTER.

Good Work of the Newfoundland Department of Fisheries.

The Newfoundland department of marine and fisheries is now operated very much on the same lines as the Canadian, though, of course, on a much smaller scale. It was first organized as a "fisheries commission" in 1890, previous to which date there was no public department specially charged with the supervision of the fisheries. The last annual report of the department contains some information which may interest your readers. Regarding the artificial propagation of lobsters the report states that in the past from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 lobsters were annually hatched and planted in the waters, at a yearly cost of \$1,100. If only a small percentage of these survive to reach maturity the results cannot fail to prove beneficial in sustaining the stock of lobsters in the waters, and thus counteracting the effects of such heavy drafts as are now made, year after year. I may explain that this propagation is carried on by means of floating incubators, the invention of Mr. Nielson. Two hundred and fifty of these incubators are occupied by fifty men around the shores of the great bays. There is no other country where the artificial propagation of this valuable crustacean is carried on upon such an extensive scale—not excepting the United States or Norway. It is well known that in nearly every lobster-producing country this favorite crustacean is threatened with extermination. The quantity secured each year is lessening and the price advancing. Newfoundland, I regret to say, is no exception to the decline in the lobster fishery. The export each year is lessening, though the number of hands employed in taking it has doubled. The size, too, is diminishing in most districts. The report states the export for 1938-9 as 56,156 cases; value, \$565,000. In the previous year the export was 61,551 cases; value, \$619,510. The department is using the most vigorous measures to arrest the decline; but the due enforcement of the rules in regard to the size of lobsters taken and the spaces between the laths in the traps is very difficult. The department has recently prohibited fall fishing—a wise measure which already seems to be attended with good results and meets general approval both among fishermen and packers. The report states that there is "a marked improvement in the mode of packing and a much better article than formerly is produced, though there is still great room for improvement."—Montreal Gazette.

CAPE NOME'S NEWSPAPER.

Odd Little Sheet Which Chronicles Town's Happenings.

One of the most interesting curiosities that has come down from the new gold fields is a copy of the Nome Daily News. This publication, which consists of four pages, with four short columns on each page, sells for 25 cents a copy. The Sunday Herald, if sold column for column at the same rate, would cost about \$9.25 a copy, instead of 5 cents. The Nome newspaper has arrangements for regular subscribers, and it is furnished to them at the rate of \$35 a year. According to this odd publication, the new gold mining town of Alaska is buying itself with the small matters which usually engross young communities. The additions or alterations being made in local buildings are chronicled, and announcement is made that all of the watches, chronometers, and clocks about the town, which have been running by "sun time" taken last December, have been found to be an hour slow and have been brought up to date. All lines of industry are represented in the advertising columns of the Nome paper, but no class of business men describe their wares more prominently or attractively than the saloonkeepers. The Last Chance saloon, the Grotto, the Horseshoe, the Gold Belt, the Pioneer and the Eldorado, all use the News' advertising columns to solicit patronage. Physicians, lawyers and surveyors also make their presence known through the advertising columns of this odd little daily newspaper.—New York Herald.

To Amalgamate Copper.

Copper may be amalgamated; that is, coated with mercury, by placing it when perfectly clean in metallic mercury or in a salt of the metal. Cleanse the copper by rinsing in soda lye, rinse in running water and dip in dilute hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, and then plunge into a vessel containing mercury or a solution of chloride of mercury, when the copper will be coated with the quicksilver.