THE PRIMA DONNA.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

It seems but little to me, now, only to have been color-blind. I can sit with patience, yea, even with interest, and discuss withable physicians their various theories: over-work, exhaustion, a fearful strain of the optic nerves, through the long night, to catch, in the lamplight, the reality in shade of the changed colors; then the reaction, the fall, the delirium, all conducting to optical paralysis, which began the color-blindness and since has become complete. I can listen even with delight, now, as they explain to me the great discoveries of the transmission of colors to the eye as that of sound to the ear, by infinitesimal vibrations of the atmosphere. I can marvel, now, at the skill of man to measure the undulation that produces a ray of violet light—167 ten-millionths of an inch in length. And I can wonder over the supermacy of the mind that has penetrated the details of creation till it has counted, with unscrupulous accuracy, 725 billions of those undulations in a second of time, to produce upon the eye the effect and beauty of the delicate violet. I can even smile as I recall the common sense in my father's quaint and timely warning: "Never sacrifice your bed or your breakfast to your art; for pigments are not so essential to your success as is a good dinner and a good night's sleep." And withal I find myself constantly astonished that the harp of a thousand strings were kept in tune so long. Then, however, it was not the wonderful science of the undulations, but the reality of the lost violet of which I thought. It was not the philosophy of it all, but the ray of violet light which I would see, as I stood over my desk, bedaubed with all the colors I possessed: colors! My pride and my power! Like the Hebrew Hercules of Timnath, when he discovered that he had not the strength left in him to lift the muscles of his own right arm, I looked but could not distinguish one from the other.

This was the morning of my victory. This was the victory of my "Morning."

Bitterly I bemoaned my helplessness; but the frown of Fate did not soften to my mystery. The mills of the gods that grind slowly but grind exceedingly small were far from ready to release the mangled grain that laid tortured between the relentless ridges of the upper and nether stones; the one—what I would be, whirling in its fury to mutilate me; the other—what I should be, motionless in the grip of the inexorable: offering, among its sharpened teeth, the only exit from the terrors of time and the tortures of eternity.

I staggered from the studio, locking the door behind me and throwing the key into a pile of dust, lying in the corridor, waiting for the garbage wagon to bury it in the bed of the Arno.

Many a happy hour that studio had offered me. I recognized it after they were gone. Many a suggestive battle I had fought there, many a pregnant victory I had won: but the offspring, fraught with possibilities, had been sacrificed in its swaddling clothes to the inordinate arrogance of one ambition. A golden opportunity that studio had offered me, but the pearl lay trampled in the mire and only swine returned to rend me.

The triumph I had lived and labored for, the companion pieces stood side by side upon their easels. The door was locked upon them and the key forever thrown away; so much did I prize my victory after it was won. And thus the "Evening and Morning" made my lost day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY VICTIM?

The day wore into night as I wandered down the Arno upon one side, and the night wore on as I slowly wended my way back again upon the other side; a living skeleton, dreading the face of man, shirking into the shadows away from each approaching figure, lest, by some ill-fate, I should discover in it the features of a friend from out that sarcasm-life whence I had departed.

As I was crossing the Bridge of the Seasons a shadow for an instant fell across my path, as some human being hurried past me. I had not seen so much as the feet of the figure; I only saw the shadow marked by the moonlight. Why should I have looked after it I do not understand; but, drawn by some instinct, I deliberately turned about in time to see a woman, closely wrapped, mount the wall of the bridge from the stone seat in the alcove, and from the abutment cap leap into the river, that was swollen to a furious torrent by the spring rains.

"A suicide," I muttered, pausing for a moment to look into the river, for the pleasure it gave me to see the body strike the water. "Some one has gone into the eternal oblivon. What wisdom! Why did I never think of that?"

Death! Death! What is thy sting to him who runs to meet thee? O Grave, forced thus to open thy arms, where is thy victory to one who hurries into them? The triumph is with her who leaped into them from the terrors of time into eternal liberty; who lifted the galling talons of life out of the lacerated heart; who tore the mask from the bitter burlesque, and now, down in those rushing waters, is clasping the sinewless hand of Death, is laughing in his hollow eyes and shaking the grim skeleton; shouting the cry of victory: "Death! You are my slave! Yes, I have forced you to come at my biding. You are a terror. I am not afraid of you! It was Life that frightened me."

These thoughts flashed like the lightening through my mind, as, with a dozen more perhaps, I watched that triumphant plunge. The rest, horror-stricken, stood motionless, with parted lips and straining eyes, to see the grave engulf its champion. I alone, envied that happy lot. Yet of them all I alone seem to realize that the woman had made a mistake in leaping from the upper side of the bridge, that she must at that moment be passing under us, and that there was still a chance to reach her and force her back again into the horrors whence she had fled. Inconsistent as ever, I was maddened by the inanity of those motionless figures and cried aloud:

"Cowards! Will no one risk a hair to save a life?" Then throwing off my cloak and hat, I leaped upon the bulstrade, on the lower sides of the bridge, and prepared to plunge into the Arno.

Practically I do not think that I was tempted by any hope that, while thus adding a shimmer of honor to the act, I might really be following the example I had envied, for I was perfectly calm and resolute as I stepped upon the balustrade, carefully noting the various motions of the fierce eddies whirling and flashing in the moonlight down below, and that I might take the best advantage of them, and positive even, as I stood there, that a little later I should be bringing that unfortunate victim back again to misery. I saw the woman's hand thrust out of the water for an instant, then drawn down again by the force of the subtle whirlpool as it sucked about the abutment of the bridge. I might easily have followed it there and never breathed again, but knowing that my chances would be nothing in that whirlpool, I looked, instead, to see where that volume of water was thrown once more to the surface and leaped as far toward it as possible, that I might meet the body where there was better hope when it came up again. It may have been only a moment of sanity which took possession of me, or the ruling passion of humanity for a time controlling my morbid philosophy; but, at least, there was nothing in all this suggesting a desire to follow after rather than call back.

The moonlight though it gleamed in heartless beauty on the agony in that brigand pool, aided me as I sank beneath the water, and down in the depths of the Arno I saw the body swiftly drifting past me. I clutched it for life or death, and with it, rising to the surface, struck out fiercely against the mad Arno for the shore.

An eager throng had gathered on the river steps below the bridge, when, at last, I gained the landing, and bore us in triumph to the street above. There the unconscious body which I had rescued was laid for a moment upon a marble slab by the embankment wall. Dripping and shivering in the reaction, I watched it for a moment and, morbidly curious to see if the daring woman had actually succeeded in depriving Life of one victim, I bent over to the motionless figure, pushing the tangled hair away from the bloodless face.

Star of the evening! Leonora

Little more did I note of the throng about us, till sudddenly a voice with authority said;

"Put her instantly into my carriage." Then I looked up. Mina stood before me. calmly she looked into my eyes for an instant, then silently pointing to the motionless form that lay between us, she turned away to prepare her carriage to receive—my victim?

CHAPTER XIX.

ANTHONY WINTHROP.

Some one handed me my hat, threw my cloak about me and asked if I needed any futher assistance. So much I remember, but absolutely nothing more till late in the midsummer, eighteen months afterward, when slowly and without astonishment than can be expressed in curiosity, I became conscious that I was living a strange life under an assumed name in Paris.

Paris! of all the world! Rest for the weary and life for one sated with monotony. Paris the reservoir for the grave philosopher, the labyrinth for the devotee at Passion's altar; paradise alike for prince and pauper; infinite in variety, in virtue, in vice, in magnificence and in misery; heaven of all holiest thoughts, hell of all vile ambitions; the perfidy of life and perjury of death; the sunny fashion-plate for all the various phases of the wide world. From the melodious thunder of the great Bourdon bell in the gray tower of Notre Dame to the clang of the voluptuous revelry in the gilded halls of the Jardine Mabille, seek what you will and you will find it there; be it in the way that leads to Life or the masquerade of Death you will find it ever and alway wreathed in roses.

Yes, I was in Paris. More than that I awoke to find myself a champion in that paradise of sin; plunging, even as I had plunged into the Arno, headlong into the wildest depths of the Parisian purgatory.

I was conscious of no mental or moral shock as I gradually comprehended who I was and what were my surroundings, but I watched myself much as one looks with curious interest and even with amusement upon a precocious child, who perchance is delving in mischief, and yet feels more of pleasure than of horror at the situation. I stood like an admiring spectator and watched myself, pleased with my own precociousness. I remember being amused to see me one day make a draft upon my father's bankers, sign it with my old name payable to the new, endorse it properly, take it to a broker's office where I had no knowledge of ever having been before, but surely where I was very well known, and there, without question or delay, received at once in cash its face value. I was intensely interested and entertained for a time, too, in accompanying me day after day to such resorts of iniquity as I had never dreamed were possible to exist in life before, and I was amused at first at my various capabilities for mischief and gained from me much curious information and many valuable hints concerning that side of life which I had so persistently shunned and detested in Florence.

No depths of depravity were too deep for me to penetrate, no mockery of pleasure was too glaring in its tinsel falsity for me to fathom. Much as I had watched my brush while it painted the "Morning" I watched me, now, probing this bedizened hell.

After a time, the novelty being somewhat lost in frequent repetition, I began to look a little deeper, and to pity me for a certain sentiment of helplessness and sorrow which seemed ever clinging closer day after day about me. Day after day I seemed to be searching for something; something of vital importance, but something which I could not find. Restlessly and anxiously I would tread again and again the same bold paths through that infernal Elysium, with a dull aching at the heart which won my sympathy. Ever with the same lingering, longing glimmer of hopeful expectancy I watched me enter one haunt after another, join madly for an hour or so in whatever its passionate revelry might be, and then abruptly turn away with a sigh of disappointment, only to repeat precisely the same sentiments at the next resort and so on, through my waking hours, without intermission and without discovery.

Money seemed to me like so many handfuls of worthless dust. Whether I lost or won at the gaming table seemed of no moment. I saw large sums of gold disappear, but quickly replaced them by a draft on Florence, without an emotion save to envy those whose faces grew pallid and whose eyes would glare in the excitement with which they bent over the gaming board.

As these associations and novel experiments ceased to amuse me, and gradually grew disgusting and repulsive to my waking self, I could easily have wept for me that I must still linger in iniquity. I wondered more and more what it was that I had lost for which I must be so persistently searching in such vile resorts, ever, like those about me, growing more wretched, more desperate, more miserable, till one day my eyes fell upon the announcement of an opera in which the renowned prima donna, Mlle. Wilhelmina von Steinberg was announced to sing. Then, suddenly, it came to me and I knew it all. In this Gilead of horror I was searching for a balm that should heal an aching wound. In hell I was seeking some powerful caustic that should burn from me the image of my Mina. Oh, respite from memory! Oh, shelter from the shadow of the Lorelei! That I was searching for.

I saw the cause and realized the wisdom of the course, and, turning to what I had been unconscious, to that other me I extended the right hand of fellowship, saying: "Abide with me, it is all that is left us. Let the search go on." And when the loathing made the horrors about me unbearable, I only held to me the more eagerly each glittering promise of the abhorrent debauchery. As the rabid dog turns again and again to the water pool, though it drive him from it in convulsions, so I returned to the fountain of sin, with shudder and loathing, longing still to slack the thirst which maddened me.

Once I thought that I was sinking back again into the unconscious state, and with a sad pleasure at parting from me I said: "Farewell! Farewell! Surely it is better that one than both of us should suffer. It will be at least a partial oblivion, for it is not a sound if I do not hear it. It is not a color if I do not see it. It is not a pain if I do not feel it." And it was ever with a pang of disappointment that I awoke from sleep to find my conscious self still with me and Mina's image still beside me, looking at me across the lifeless breast of Leonora.

Out of life I had made the sarcasm of death, and death was now made for me the sarcasm of life. That which I hated was ever in closest contiguity, permeating the air I breathed, living, waking and sleeping with me. That which I loved lurked in spectral phantom, ever too far away to hear me call, yet ever too near to be forgotten. He who has wondered what hell is like should have been, as I was, an involuntary part of that being in Paris.

One morning which I well remember, produced a sensation which might almost have startled me into life again. When the broker cashed a draft for me he smiled and warned me not to accept another from Anthony Winthrop, as he had been notified that the deposit in the bank of Florence was exhausted. In those eighteen months of unconsciousness and in the six months of recklessness which followed, I had thrown to the winds the entire fortune which my father had left me. I looked at the broker for a moment in dumb astonishment, vaguely thinking of the future, but I had sunk too deep, apparently, for salvation; for in another hour I had forgotten the whole circumstance, forgotten everything, as usual, but the grim phantom which haunted me. It required less to obliterate the anxiety caused by inevitable ruin than to drive from me the memory of Mina. Long before her face had left me all the world besides was sunk in oblivion.

At first, as regent of myself, with other regents, I had quaffed the sparkling soul of sunny France from silver and cut glass wine-cups in the dazzling cafe where life was all one regal carnival. At last, an effigy, with the other effigies I gulped the scorching draught in fetid by ways. It did not matter; it brought forgetfulness.

Again, one morning, I was conscious of something for a moment thrilling my dormant veins and working at the sluggish pulsations of my heart, as I sat in a low cafe, sipping a cup of purulent coffee, restlessly turning in my shaking hands an old copy of a Paris daily, besmeared with dirt from its undue probation in that economical resort.

It was three days old, but what did that signify? What had I to do with the world that I should read of it all? Most of all, what had I to do with art that I and criticisms, where, in years gone by I had so oftened scanned the articles concerning the masterpieces of the age, as they were presented to the public in the great galleries of the world. The green grass and the fiery sunset were alike to me. What had I to do with art?

At first, I only noticed that the entire column was devoted to one article, and it roused a little curiosity in me to know what earthly artist had risen to that pre-eminence where he could demand such undue attention, resting my hands upon the table that the paper might remain steady while I read, I glanced indifferently at the leaded head lines:

"'NIGHT AND MORNING.'

'The Two Grandest Productions of the Century."

For a moment I let the paper fall upon the table. I had learned all that I had sought. A little later, however, once more tempted by random curiosity, I began the article which followed:

"After two years of unceasing effort the dealers have at last succeeded in purchasing the two last and greatest productions of the world-famous artist, M. Anthony Winthrop, and they are to be placed upon public exhibition in their gallery to-morrow. This announcement is alone sufficient to ensure the patronage of all Paris, and it were folly to attempt to add to what the ablest critics of Europe have already said in praise of M. Winthrop's works.

"Since his advent among us, in that beautiful miniature, 'Beatrice by the River,' which eight years ago drew such admiring throngs to its obscure position in the Salon, M. Winthrop's phenomenal rise to a position second to none in the world, has been fully recorded and freely acknowledged by all the critics of Europe, and were this all that I had to repeat I should surely keep silent. But, at the private view which was to-day accorded to the artists of Paris, our leading figure-painters frankly agreed that the young Herod had out Heroded himself, and, in these last productions, had taken a position rivaled by no artist in the world. Strangely enough, the paintings were completed two years ago, just before the death of the young artist's father, M. Carlo Winthrop, whose works have so long held a most deserved precedence, and the last touch was put upon the "Morning" just before the artist's well-remembered heroism in saving the life of a young woman who had attempted suicide in the Arno. Since then—for some strange reason—M. Winthrop has positively refused to enter his studio. In part, no doubt, this is due to a consciousness which he, as well as others, must feel, that it were impossible for him to excel his only successful rival—himself. M. Winthrop could not do better if he painted for a hundred years. Indeed it was the common concession yesterdays that in all probability, brushes and colors could not, under circumstances, produce two more real and life-like figures. This "Night" and "Morning" will long stand as champions challenging the world, and it is, after all, most appropriate that they complete the perfect day of the greatest artist of the age.

"The dealers have long been eager to secure these paintings, but, until two months ago, M. Winthrop's friends who had them in charge positively refused to part with them upon any terms whatever."

Thus the article went on, until it had filled the column. I had read enough. I dropped the paper in disgust and it fell upon the filthy floor, while I turned again to my insipid coffee. It was more tasteful, after all, than such vapid septicism. I! a shamless, friendless, tottering drunkard! What had I to do with Anthony Winthrop that I should read of him?

I was glad that I had read, however, for there was one fact that I recalled with something that, in better days, might have been satisfaction. It morbidly pleased me, at least, that I had saved Leonora's life, though I do not think that I cared beyond the selfish fact that it was disagreeable always to see her lying cold and white between Mina and me, and to know that Mina must always think of her as my victim. Nothing more did I say? Perhaps I was not quite so hard-hearted after all, for it was not pleasant for me, even then, to think that Leonora had died like that. Yes, I was glad that some one had saved her, and on the whole I was rather glad it was I. It was not worth the waste of time and strength required to think it over, however, and I dropped it with a sigh; for it would not rid me of that phantom, Mina, after all. She would find some other way to haunt me; and, shrugging my shoulders indifferently, I turned to another thought which had risen up between the lines—"Until two months ago M. Winthrop's friends who had them in charge positively refused to part with them in charge positively refused to part with them upon any terms whatsoever."

Ha! Until two months ago M. Winthrop's drafts were cashed from his father's bank account. Yes, it was the price of blood which honored that last draft of mine, and all that was left of it was now in my pocket, I clinked the few foul silver pieces there and thought of the producer in his studio and of the consumer in the vile cafe. What an inspiration it would have been could I have looked ahead a little way, while I was painting Leonora, and have seen who would be kept alive and where and how, by the soulless money value of each stroke?

What an inspiration! I laughed aloud. Those about me heard the coarse gurgle and turned and looked at me for an instant; but vile as they were, most of them, they turned away in disgust. I saw it. I knew it. I understood it. I did not care.

Still I sat there vaguely thinking of the pictures, till I began to wonder if it would be worth my while to look at them again. Very soon they would, doubtless, be purchased for some private collection somewhere, and then they would be beyond my reach; for who would admit me to a private gallery?

Balancing myself between the table and the chair, I rose unsteadily and looked at myself in the smeared mirror that, fair or foul, as the case may be, is indispensable to the Paris restaurant. Ha! Who would admit me to a private gallery?

Oblivious to my surroundings I laughed again at the bloated face and the blood-shot eyes that leered back at me from the mirror and, leering, seemed to say: "What is there in you of Anthony Winthrop?"

What? Everything! It is Anthony Winthrop all in all. It is all that he set his heart to be. Look at hime again. Brush the smirches off the mirror that you may see him more plainy, in all his hideous distortions; for you are looking at the prince of living painters and at absolvtely nothing more. Had he sought to be anything more?

I brushed the smirches off the mirror with a coat sleeve hardly less greasy and smirched, and I looked again and more carefully. I looked, till over me there stole a sentiment of something, like a depravity of pleasure in the thought that Mina was responsible for it all. Had I not done everything, sacrificed everything to paint that picture that should be the triumph for her and for me, brought from the heart of the Lorelei? And if she had not deserted me, should I be where I was? If she returned to me, could she not, even then, easily redeem me? With all the heart and soul that was left me I believe these sentiments.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOT NAVAL BATTLE.

Terrific Fighting at Valparaiso Between Chilian War Ships.

Private advices from Valparaiso say that the ironclad Blanco, belonging to the insurgents, recently attempted to blow up the armed Government tug Florence with a fish torpedo. The torpedo missed the tug, but struck a big floating dry dock in the harbor, blowing it to pieces. The Blanco was thereupon treated to a hot fire of shot and shell from every gun in the forts, and steamed out of the harbor.

The same night a torpedo boat and the tug Florence stole out to attack the Blanco. The ironclad was not alone, being in company with the sloop-of-war O'Higgins. Both ships compelled the Government vessels to return to the harbor and followed in hot pursuit. A heavy shell from the Blanco struck the Florence, blowing her entirely out of the water, and every one of her crew of seventeen men was either killed or wounded. A broadside from the O'Higgins knocked the torpedo boat all to pieces. The two insurgent vessels then turned their attention to the forts, and a lively battle ensued. A shell from the forts struck the O'Higgins and went clean through her. Another shell caused a gun on her quarter deck to explode. When the smoke cleared away the deck was found to have been literally torn out of the vessel and nine men out of the gun's crew of twelve were blown to atoms. The sloop was at once taken out of the range of the guns in the forts.

The Penitent Sinner.

Small Boy—(who has been undergoing imprisonment in a dark closet, where he has discovered and slyly eaten nearly a whole jar of preserves—"I was very naughty to run away, mamma, and I think you did just right to punish me the way you did."

SUCCESSFUL BLACKMAIL.

A Clever Female Sharper Works a Scheme for the "Injured Husband" in Ottawa.

A few days ago, as a well known man of Vancouver, British Columbia, was sauntering down a street in Ottawa he was accosted by a neatly dressed woman, rather prepossessing in appearance, somewhat refined looking, and to all appearance a lady. She was in half mourning, and had a short veil covering the upper half of her face. This woman pointed out to the man (who, by the way, is one of Vancouver's well-known business men) that there was a little knot of men standing in front of the Y. M. C. A.'s new building. Would he be so kind as to permit her to walk down the street with him, as she was afraid to go past there? Without a moment's hesitation the man consented. The lady apologized for asking him, and after his assuring her that he was only too happy to be of service toher, they started down street together. They had not gone very far beyond Abbott street, when a large, well-developed man stepped up in front of them.

"Where are you going with my wife?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, George, I didn't mean any harm, I really didn't," answered the woman quickly, at the same time beginning to sob.

The Vancouver man attempted to explain to the irate husband that there was nothing wrong, that his wife had merely asked him to walk down the street with him as her protection in the dark. But he was cut short with the ejaculation: "Oh, yes; its just the same story."

The woman's sobs grew louder and the husband's wrath more intense, until the third party began to get frightened. He realized the fix he was in, and when an offer to compromise the matter was made, in order that it might not get into the newspapers or the Police Court, the Vancouver man at once accepted. He planked over two $20 gold pieces and then retraced his steps homeward, a sadder, madder, and wiser man. Since then the same game has been worked twice more. Each time the victim selected has been a prominent man who has a reputation at stake and would rather pay a few dollars unjustly than have any noise made about it.

They Should Appoint Inspectors.

If the report brought back from Scotland by Mr. Crowe, the leading exporter of Canadian cattle, be correct (and there is no reason to doubt its authenticity), the authorities at Ottawa should give the matter early and earnest attention. Mr. Crowe states that a great fraud was perpetrated last season upon Canadian cattle dealers by interested parties on the other side the ocean, who in order to confirm the report, originated it may be presumed by themselves, that the ship load of cattle that went to Dundee were afflicted with pleuro-pneumonia substituted the lungs of Scotch cattle suffering with the disease for those of Canadian cattle that had been slaughtered and sent the former to the Inspector at London. Though the fraud was discovered in time to save Canadian cattle from being scheduled suspicion was aroused and when the next ship arrived at that port it was detained so long as to entail a loss upon the shippers interested of $6000. The Montreal exporters to whom Mr. Crowe related these facts the other day are unanimous in declaring that the Canadian Government should have inspectors at the different ports in the old country so as to protect the Canadian live stock interests. The Americans have three veterinary doctors at Glasgow, Liverpool and London, who see that the American cattle are absolutely free from disease, but the Canadians have nobody to do the same thing for their Canadian cattle. The interests involved are too great to take any unnecessary chances. Having failed in their scheme it may be expected that these enemies of Canada's live stock trade will try some other plan to have our cattle scheduled which if it should succeed will mean an annual loss of $2,000,000 to the Canadian farmer.

A True Canadian.

In our last issue says the Toronto *Week*, we deplored the loss to Canadian Literature of the late Professor K. L. Jones. We now mention with regret the death of the well-known Canadian poet and novelist, John Talon Lesperance. Some years ago Mr. Lesperance, under the pseudonym of "Laclede," contributed a series of brilliant literary articles to The Montreal Gazette, of which he was for a time one of the editors. He was at different periods editor of The Illustrated Canadian News and The Dominion Illustrated. He was also one of the first members of the Royal Society of Canada. For many years Mr. Lesperance has been a power in Canadian literature. His novels "Fanchon," "The Bostonnais," "My Creoles;" his numerous poems and critical, literary and historical essays have won for him, in it, a place of honor and distinction. His was a constructive influence, and many a young Canadian is gratefully sensible of the debt he owes to the kindly sympathy, the fair, though generous criticism, and the timely encouragement of his elder brother in the realm of letters—whose voice is stilled in death, but whose memory is as fragrant as the breath of the sweet spring flowers which will soon perfume the woodland air of the land he so dearly loved. Almost the last message sent by this gifted and loyal man to his fellow-countrymen was this:

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! we hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
'Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand
Round the flag of Fatherland!

There Was no Doubt About That.

Roundsman—"Have you seen the policeman on this beat to-night?"

Sandwich-Stand Man—"Yes, sah; done seen 'im several times."

Roundsman—"When?"

Sandwich Man—"Well, he 'uz roun' heah 'bout eleven o'clock en eat three fish sandwitches, en he uz back heah 'bout twelve o'clock en eat fouah ham sandwitches, en he uz' roun' heah 'brut seben minutes ago en eat two hard-boiled eggs."

Roundsman—"Well, I just wanted to know if he was on the beat."

Sandwich Man—"Dev ain' no dout 'bout dat, boss."