

The Man Who Knows.

the truth were only known you're our mysterious friend Nineveh."

"I found my friend and his father in a summer-house upon the lawn. Both appeared unaffectedly glad to see me, and equally sorry to hear that I had come to bid them good-bye. Mr. Baxter was not visible, and it was with no little surprise I learned that he, too, was contemplating a trip to the metropolis.

"I hope, if ever you visit Bournemouth again, you will come and see us," said the Duke as I rose to leave. "Thank you," said I, "and I hope if ever your son visits Australia you will permit me to be of some service to him."

"You are very kind. I will bear your offer in mind."

Shaking hands with them both, I bade them good-bye, and went out through the gate.

But I was not to escape without an interview with my clerical friend after all. As I left the grounds and turned into the public road I saw a man emerge from a little wicket gate some fifty yards or so further down the hedge. From the way he made his appearance, it was obvious he had been waiting for me to leave the house.

It was, certainly enough, my old friend Baxter. As I came up with him he said, with the same sanctimonious grin that usually encircled his mouth playing round it now:

"A nice evening for a stroll, Mr. Hatteras."

"A very nice evening, as you say, Mr. Baxter."

"May I intrude myself upon your privacy for five minutes?"

"With pleasure. What is your business?"

"Of small concern to you, sir, but of immense importance to me. Mr. Hatteras, I have it in my mind that you do not like me."

"I hope I have not given you cause to think so. Pray what, can put such a notion into your head?"

I half hoped that he would make some allusion to the telegram he had despatched for me that morning, but he was far too cunning for that. He looked me over and over out of his small furtive eyes before he replied:

"I cannot tell you why I think so, Mr. Hatteras, but instinct generally makes us aware when we are not quite all we might be to other people. Forgive me for speaking in this way to you, but you must surely see how much it means to me to be on good terms with friends of my employer's family."

"You are surely not afraid lest I should prejudice the Duke against you?"

"Not afraid, Mr. Hatteras! I have too much faith in your sense of justice to believe that you would willingly deprive me of my means of livelihood—for of course that is what it would mean in plain English."

"Then you need have no fear. I have just said good-bye to them. I am going away to-morrow, and it is very improbable that I shall ever see either of them again."

"You are leaving for Australia?"

"Very shortly, I think."

"I am much obliged to you for the generous way you have treated me. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Pray don't mention it. Is that all you have to say to me? Then good-evening."

"Good-evening, Mr. Hatteras."

He turned back by another gate into the garden, and I continued my way along the cliff, reflecting on the curious interview I had just passed through. If the truth must be known, I was quite at a loss to understand what he meant by it! Why had he asked that question about Australia? Was it only chance that had led him to put it, or was it done designedly, and for some reason connected with that mysterious "train" mentioned in his telegram?

I was to find out later, and only too thoroughly!

To be Continued.

ABOUT OUR LATE QUEEN.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF HER MAJESTY.

An Eminent War Correspondent Describes Her as He Saw Her on Several Occasions—Review of Troops at Edinburgh and Wimbledon—Scene at Pretoria.

Writing before the queen's death, Douglas Story, the famous English war correspondent, describes her majesty as he saw her on several occasions.

One day in August, twenty years ago, he writes, I saw the queen for the first time. It was in Edinburgh, and her majesty had come north to review the volunteer forces of Scotland. All Scotland poured forth its citizen soldiers, and in the fore part of the day the Queen's park was checked like a highland tartan with its multi-colored bodies of troops.

Before the parade commenced, such a rain settled down as Edinburgh has not known from that day to this. In an open carriage, protected only with umbrella and mackintosh, her majesty sat while 25,000 men slipped past her in the mud. Marching was impossible. At parts of the route the volunteers were mid-thigh in water and the long list of deaths from pneumonia and pthisis that followed exceeded those in many a hard fight.

But Queen Victoria faced it through—faced it with the memory of the fatal chill her husband caught in the same city nineteen years before. But there has been no other review, and if my memory serves me rightly, she has never slept a night in the Scottish capital since.

The following day I was present at the great military review in Wimbledon park, when the young Princes Albert, Victor and George returned from their tour around the world. The occasion was memorable because on that day were more of the immediate descendants of the queen gathered together than ever again met on one field.

MY MEMORY OF THE QUEEN.

At that time is of a very little lady, very plainly dressed in black, who sat extremely upright in her carriage and bowed with a slow, sweeping inclination, vastly expressive of her dignity. Behind her carriage, on the rumbly, staid John Brown and the other Scotch gillies, fitted in the royal Stewart tartan—stern men, whose devotion to the queen was as pure and spontaneous as the air of their native glens.

Nine years passed before I again saw her majesty, and then it was on a long country road near Balmoral. It was autumn, and as I stood on the fallen leaves by the wayside she smiled over to me and bowed—a gentle little lady sitting very low in her low-slung carriage, with the Princess Beatrice beside her and a single attendant on horseback. She had aged greatly in the intervening fifteen years, and there was a pathetic wistfulness in her face I did not remember from long ago.

There in her highland home she was woman rather than queen—a good and kindly woman, who sent jellies from the castle to the frail old bodies in the cottages, and who still drove out occasionally to tea in shepherd's hut or a gamekeeper's lodge.

Down in the village of Orathie was the little church she had built, and every Sunday the Balmoral party sat listening to the chaplains Story, Dr. Cameron Lees, Dr. MacGregor, Dr. Norman MacLeod. Many a curious sermon has royalty heard from these stout old upholders of the Scottish faith, and many an earnest discussion has her majesty waged over the luncheon table afterward. An Episcopalian in England, a member of the church of Scotland in her northern kingdom, the queen had her chaplains and respectful friends on BOTH SIDES OF THE TWEED.

Once more I saw the queen apart from her public appearance in London less than two years ago. It was at Windsor and her majesty was to review her honorable artillery company there. I had accompanied a famous colonial minister to the park, and the queen had intimated through Sir James Reid, the physician who was at her dying bed, that she would like it if he would stand where she might greet him on entering her carriage. I was permitted to accompany the two gentlemen to a spot on the terrace near where the carriage was standing.

As we walked over Sir James told how her majesty was very sensitive as to any but her immediate suite being present when she walked these latter days. She had grown so heavy of late years walking had become a pain to her, and she dreaded any publicity of her suffering.

Arriving at our point of vantage we saw that a long gangway had been raised to the carriage to obviate the necessity of her majesty's stepping up or down. Quickly the door opened and the queen appeared, leaning on the arm of her Indian servant and on a thick ebony walking stick. Very slowly she crossed the distance to the carriage, and once seated turned to us and bowed her gracious greeting.

We stood for some minutes gazing after the carriage as it rolled away to the reviewing ground, and then the colonial premier at my elbow shook himself and said:

"Reid, I would not change my position as a subject of that woman to be president of the proudest republic on earth."

Last May I was enabled to be able from the Transvaal certain news of moment to her majesty. Months later when I returned to England, I found a graceful little telegram, thanks from the queen. Today it hangs framed in my study in London, and I possess:

NO PROUDER TREASURY.

It is difficult for an Englishman to write or to speak intelligently of his feeling for the queen who is passing so gently away. Twice in my life I have been in the position where it was treason to sing "God Save the Queen," and the most impressive of the grand old anthems when the Roberts unfurled the union jack in Pretoria on June 5 last. There were not a dry eye among the released prisoners by my side, and many a bronzed and battered veteran brushed away a tear as the rude prayer from the kirk square.

Then, as now, we were thinking of Queen Victoria's majesty, might, but of the frail little woman, soothing the fretted beds at Netley, carrying fruit and jellies to poor Osborne and Balmoral, of infinitely tender mother of nations. The picture that clings most persistently to me is of a young queen on the balcony at Buckingham palace. Beneath a regimental flag for Syria, and as it passes by the porch the girl bends, draws her little satin shoes and casts it at the soldiers for luck. Sixty years later she lies dying, the most loved queen of whom history has any record.

RAILWAY RUMBLINGS.

The ground over which the London and North-Western Railway runs extends from London in the south to Carlisle in the north, and from Cambridge in the east to Holyhead in the west, a distance of 209 miles (length by 203 miles in breadth).

When locomotives were first built the driver gave notice of his approach by blowing a tin horn. Several mishaps occurred, however, through the horn not being heard. George Stephenson (the father of the locomotive) invented the contrivance which, when attached to the boiler and the steam turned on, gave out the shrill whistle with which everyone is so familiar.

Coleman railway bridge over the Tugela, which it will be remembered was blown up by the Boers at the commencement of the campaign, was the largest of the Natal Government Railways. It consisted of five spans, each 100 ft. in length, the width being 16 ft., and was built in 1877. Freer Bridge, which was also destroyed by the Boers, only consisted of two 105 ft. spans.

Two hundred miles of the southern section of the Manchester Railways were destroyed by the Chinese at the commencement of the "Boxer" rebellion. All station buildings have been burnt down and a large number of engines and much rolling-stock destroyed. The damage being estimated at £2,000,000. The repairs of the line will probably cost about £1,200,000.

From the year 1829 when George Stephenson's "Rocket" won the prize of £500 offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, he travelled at the rate of twenty-five and thirty-five miles an hour. The first of 1850 it is estimated that 770,000 tons was expended on railways in the United Kingdom. The gross receipts amounted to £62,000,000 and the net earnings to about £10,000,000.

Most of the railway companies now have large cushions and carpeted seats. The compressed air system saves the wear and tear consequent on cleaning them with brooms and brushes. Besides, armed with disinfectant cleaner, one man can clean three stations in the time it would take one by the old method. At many of the loco. works, too, boilers are cleaned by the same plan. The age has force equal to 10,000 taps of the hammer, and does the work very quickly and effectively.

The London Metropolitan and District railways are taking traction in the lines. Engines for the underground have been invited by Sir Wm. Preece, the "companies" consulting engineer. Over fifty miles of line are involved, and the cost of changing the system from steam power to electric is estimated at one million sterling. It is expected that when once the work of installation is commenced, it will take about eighteen months to complete the new system.

An important company will petition the British Parliament next year for sanction to construct a submarine tunnel under the Solent in order to establish railway communication between the mainland and the Isle of Wight. It is proposed to start the tunnel at Hurst Castle, a point which projects well out into the Solent, being about two miles from Tottland Bay, where the tunnel will end. It will be constructed of pipes larger but similar in design to those employed in making the London Central Electric Railway. The cost of carrying out the scheme is estimated at £7,000,000, and will take about two and a half years to complete, after which the necessary Act of Parliament has been passed.

Let the young man who blushes talk courage, but let the color of virtue.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WILL.

Latest Rumors Give Both Balmoral and Osborne House to the King.

A despatch from London says that the world states definitely that the Balmoral estate in Scotland and the Osborne estate in the Isle of Wight were bequeathed by Queen Victoria to King Edward. These properties are large and expensive for a king to keep up except the King. The small houses at Osborne, which are connected by an underground passage, were left to Princess Beatrice. The world also says that it is good authority for stating that the Queen left £140,000 each to the Duke of Connaught and Princesses Louise, Christian, and Beatrice, in addition to the large sums her Majesty bequeathed upon them during her lifetime. Her Majesty also provided for her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany. Her jewellery and personal ornaments, all of which are extremely valuable, she divided among her daughters, daughters-in-law, and grand-daughters. King Edward will not give up Sandringham as a residence.

The Dangers of La Grippe.

TO PERSONS OF LOW VITALITY—TYPICAL AND GENERAL TREATMENT PRESCRIBED BY DR. CHASE.

With the very young and very old and with persons of low vitality, the dangers of la grippe are very great. Pneumonia is a frequent result. It is also claimed that very many cases of consumption can be directly traced to la grippe. The after-effects of la grippe are most often felt in the nervous system. The extreme debility in which this disease leaves its victim is more than most nervous systems can endure—paralysis or prostration follow.

The most successful doctors advise their patients to avoid exposure to cold or over-exertion, and recommend both general and local treatment. Such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to strengthen and tone the system, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to loosen the cough and protect the bronchial tubes and lungs from threatened complications.

Any honest and conscientious doctor will tell you that this combined treatment, recommended by Dr. Chase, cannot be surpassed as a means of relieving and curing la grippe, and restoring the weakened and debilitated body to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a well known and a cure for the most violent and severe chest colds to which children are subject. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food builds them up, and rekindles the vitality of persons weakened by disease, poverty or over-exertion, and does not possibly hasten recovery from la grippe, and to prevent serious constitutional complications.

Mr. W. H. L. Blance, Bonfield, Ont., writes:

"I was once a sufferer from catarrh, and while using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure I was recommended to use also Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system. I have found it the best preparation for strengthening the body that I ever used. My nerves were exhausted and I was too weak to do a day's work when I began using it, and now am strong and healthy, and feel real well. I am perfectly sure that anyone who uses Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will believe, as I do, that it is the best strengthener and restorative obtainable."

Dr. Chase's remedies are for sale by all druggists or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HER SWEET INGENUOUSNESS.

Charley, dear, said young Mrs. Torrens, I am going to turn over a new leaf.

In what connection?

I'm going to quit being superstitious. I have always disliked to begin anything on Friday.

Yes, it is very silly of you.

Well, your arguments have convinced me. You know that new dress I was talking to you about?

Yes.

Well, I'm going to start out and buy the material on Friday, just to show I'm not afraid.

WHAT'S SAVED IS MADE.

Tess—Mr. Phoxy seems very anxious to have his wife make over her last year's gown.

Just make over (\$30 or \$40)