# For Weal or for Woe;

## Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Percy Granville never remembered how he made his way to the Remington mansion. His brain was in a whirl—his heart was on fire.

He flew up the marble staircase three steps at a time, and the hand which touched the silver bell trembled with ill-concealed emotion.

He believed Evelyn had relented on her death-bed.

Gay, his darling, found at last, and in a few brief moments would be clasped to his manly-throbbing heart!

His fair, handsome face flushed and paled in turns. It seemed an age until the door was opened.

It was the banker himself who admitted him.

"The best of news, Percy, my dear boy," he cried cheerily, as he wrung his hand heartily; "we have our dear Little Gay with us, again—we owe everything to Lennox. I will tell you about it later on; step right into the library," he went on in his hearty, bluff way; "my wife is there, Gay will be down presently."

"I must see Gay at once," broke in Percy, eagerly; "every moment seems an age to me."

"No doubt—no doubt, my dear boy," smiled the banker; "but in this instance you must exercise a little patience. The poor child has passed through so much that she is quite worn out. You shall see her as soon as possible—be sure of that."

Percy found Mrs. Remington in the library, but he was too agitated to talk to her, or scarcely comprehend what she was saying, as he paced excitedly up and down the magnificent apartment.

At length, in sheer pity for poor Percy, Mrs. Remington went up to Gay's boudoir to hurry matters up and bring her down without delay.

A cry of intense admiration broke from her lips as she opened the door, and her eyes fell upon the vision that flew to her side and gave her an affectionate hug.

"Percy is here, my darling," she whispered; "make haste and come down to the library—the poor fellow is in a fever of impatience to see you—and, oh, how proud he will be of you, dear," she said, holding Little Gay off at arm's length, and gazing at her with fond pride. "You are more beautiful than a dream."

Gay's maid had robed her in a dress of spotless white, adorned with ruffles of filmy lace, a pale blue silk sash was knotted about the slender waist, bine forget-me-nots and white rose-buds nestled among the filmy lace on her breast, and were clustered among her golden curls.

Her cheeks were flushed crimson as the heart of a rose in her great excitement, and her large, dark, velvety eyes glowed as brilliant as midnight stars.

She wore no jewels or glittering gems—rare beauty such as Little Gay's needed little adornment.

At length she was quite ready to go down to the library where Percy awaited her; but she trembled so, half laughing, half sobbing in her great joy as she clung to Mrs. Remington's arm, that the good old lady quite feared she was about to faint.

"Good goodness, my dear!" she cried, giving Gay a flushing cheek a little pinch, "one would think by the way you are taking on that you were going to a great torture instead of going to meet one who loves you dearer than life itself; fie, fie! for shame, my dear!"

Together they went down the long corridor; but, light as their footsteps were on the velvet carpet, Percy's strained ear caught them.

Gay stopped hesitatingly before the library door ere she ventured to push it open.

It almost seemed to her that Percy must hear the violent throbbing of her heart as she stood there.

She clasped the silver knob with cold, trembling fingers, turned it, and it swung back noiselessly on its hinges.

Percy was standing at the other end of the room, leaning against the marble mantel, his fair, handsome head resting upon his hand.

He heard the door open, and he turned suddenly, and beheld the golden-haired little fairy standing hesitatingly on the threshold.

He reached her side at a single bound.

"Oh, Gay, my darling, I have found you at last!" he cried, snatching her in his arms and straining her to his breast, raining down passionate kisses on the lovely face, uttering every endearing name he could think of, and lavishing a world of caressing upon her.

"Tell me you care for me as much as you did when I parted from you at the altar, dear," he said anxiously. "I sought and won you when you were only Little Gay, the prettiest darling in the Passaic Cotton Mill, but now that you are a wealthy heiress you must not love me less, will you, dear?"

A rosy flush suffused Gay's face, as she raised her dark eyes, and met her adoring young husband's gaze with a smile that almost took his breath away.

"Nothing can ever change my love, Percy, unless it is to care for you more and more."

He drew her to the sofa, and they sat down together. They had so much to talk over and explain.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Remington, entering the library, found them there.

"I tapped twice, but I presume you did not hear me," said Mrs. Remington, crossing the room to where the lovers sat. "I am come to summon you both to poor Evelyn's bedside," she added; "her moments on earth are waning. She has expressed a wish to see you, Percy; you must go to her."

At once, hard look crept into Percy Granville's face for an instant, and he would have refused; but Gay sprung from his arms, holding out her little white hands to him pleadingly.

"I will go to her. You must follow a few minutes later, dear," she said.

Like a flash Little Gay had glided from the library, and was making her way to Evelyn's room.

A terrible cry broke from the latter's pale lips as she saw her. She cowered back among the pillows, muttering hoarsely:

"She has come to taunt me with my crimes. Oh, be merciful, Gaynell; for I am dying! Mercy!"

Gay crossed swiftly over to the couch and knelt down beside it, laying her little cool hand soothingly on one of Evelyn's burning ones.

"Do not shrink from me, Miss St. Claire," she whispered. "I have come to tell you that I forgive you fully and freely for the past."

"I have sinned against you too deeply for that; I—I tried to wreck your life, and—and Percy's," she moaned faintly. "Surely you could not forgive that."

"I forgive you fully and freely, Miss St. Claire," repeated Gay, gently.

Evelyn burst into tears.

"You are a noble rival, Little Gay," she sobbed; "I wish you—you had cursed me instead of heaping coals of fire upon my guilty head. Do anything except being kind to me. I cannot endure kind words from you."

"The past is past, Miss St. Claire," returned Gay; "try to forget it, and look forward to the future."

Evelyn hid her face in her hands with a despairing cry.

"Life has gone all wrong with me," she wailed; "love caused it all; love for one who could not care for me. There never was such a love as mine," she sobbingly added. "I knew his heart was yours, Little Gay, but it seemed as though I must win him from you or die; he was to me what the sun is to the world, the dew to the heart of the thirst rose. I could have knelt at his feet and worshipped him. The colder he was to me the more I loved him. I planned against you and separated you, but God took swift vengeance upon me for it. You are an angel to forgive me for what I have done."

"Poor Evelyn, poor Evelyn!"

She had hidden her face in the bed-clothes.

When she raised her head Evelyn was gazing at her with wistful, entreating eyes, her lips quivering piteously.

"There is something you would like me to do for you, Miss St. Claire," Gay whispered; "do not be afraid to tell me what it is."

"You would refuse to grant my prayer," moaned Evelyn, feebly; "if it could only be, I—I could pass into the dark valley of death without one tear—one moan."

"Tell me what it is you wish so much," replied Gay, "and I promise you faithfully that if it is within mortal power to grant it, I will see that it is done."

Bend nearer and I will whisper it," sighed Evelyn, shivering and falling back on her pillow like a pale lily stricken with a sudden chilling blast.

Gay bent over her, and the pitying, forgiving dark eyes met the frightened gaze of the upturned blue ones.

"Grant my prayer, and I can die content," gasped Evelyn; "let Percy's voice be the last I shall hear on earth. Let me clasp his hands one little, swift fleeting moment in mine and I can die in peace."

"Percy," she whispered, "when I am dead, and they tell you how cruelly I have sinned, remember—oh, remember how cruelly I have sinned, remember—oh, remember how well I loved you, and that it was love that tempted me."

"I have something to tell you, Percy; bend closer—let no one hear."

He bent his handsome head, and after a moment of silence Evelyn spoke.

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"When I am dead, Percy, they will take from my cold breast a poor little, faded white rose-bud; see that it is buried with me. I have treasured it so in life. It fell from your coat on the evening you asked me to be your bride. Night and day I have worn it on my heart. I have wept passionate tears over it, I have kissed its withered leaves, because it had once been in your hands—you wore it."

"Poor Evelyn, poor Evelyn," whispered Percy, tears gathering in his eyes and falling on her white face lying so heavily against his breast, "how well you have loved me—alas that so much love was lavished in vain!"

"It is not to be," sighed Evelyn. "Promise me you will not forget me, Percy," she sobbed. "Sky to yourself, Poor Evelyn would have died for me. I will forget her sins and the dark temptation which assailed her—remembering only her great passionate, yearning love for me. Say that, Percy, and you cannot quite hate me for what I have done."

"There is no more envy and bitter hatred in my heart now toward Little Gay," she went on plaintively. "I give you to her fully, freely. Poor, innocent Gay, whom I revenged so bitterly."

A spasm of pain broke over Evelyn's white face, and she clung to him with a piteous cry.

"I am dying, love," she whispered in an awful voice. "The Angel of Death is loosening the clasp of your arms from about me."

He bent his fair, handsome head, the tears falling like rain from his eyes, and kissed her, and the expression that spread over her face was heartrending to see.

"I must tell you something else, Percy," she murmured brokenly; "about—the papers—you lost on the night your uncle died. I—took them. They were letters and a certificate which were to free my step-mother from an—an—asylum in which she had been long years. I did not want you to know, Percy; that is why I took them; they are in my writing-desk at home; see that justice is done my poor step-mother after I am gone."

In the days that followed her wish was obeyed.

"When they told me I must die," she continued, "I—I sent for you; I meant to tell you where Little Gay was."

How he escaped from that fatal web I never know; how around her I do not know; Heaven, which I defied, must have shown her the way.

There is a secret buried in the bottom of the old shaft near my home; no one need know what it is; I must answer for it at the judgment bar before a stern and angry God!"

Poor Evelyn! Her last moments would have been happier could she have known that the man escaped the death she had intended for him.

Heaven had been merciful to her in saving her from having to answer for a human life.

As the last words fell from Evelyn's lips, she slipped from his arms back on the pillow with a piteous cry.

"Oh, Little Gay—Percy, my love, forgive!"

Those were the last words she ever uttered; the soul of the poor erring girl, which had fought such bitter conflicts with jealousy and passionate love, had left its tenement of clay—she was no more.

Her last prayer had been granted. When the light of this world faded from her eyes she was gazing upon the face she loved better than her own life.

Evelyn's remains were taken back to Passaic and quietly laid to rest, and not one who grieved over the untimely death of the beautiful young heiress ever knew of her sins, which had recoiled upon her own head in the end.

The romantic story of Percy Granville's marriage, and how he lost his lovely young bride at the very altar, and how he found her at last after believing her dead for long months, crept into the newspapers, as all romantic stories usually do.

It was read in Passaic with intense interest.

How the mill-girls laughed and cried all in one breath as they exclaimed:

"Oh, it seems just like a beautiful novel to think Little Gay and handsome Mr. Granville were secretly married, and were parted from each other so cruelly, and that he finds her again—not poor as when he first won her, but a great heiress now, twice as wealthy as he is himself."

And a rousing, hearty cheer went up from the honest hearts of the mill hands, for the girl who had been one amongst them, who had suffered all their hardships, knew their privations, and what it was to eat the bread of toil, receiving wages so gratefully in the little envelope when Saturday night came.

Little Gay would be a great lady now, they all knew; but they knew, too, she could never be proud and cold—would be in the future what she had been in the past, the staunch, true friend of the noble working-girls.

And again their hearty cheers rang forth as they heard the news that Percy was bringing home his lovely bride.

"God bless Little Gay, the beauty of the Passaic Cotton Mill!"

There were great preparations at Redstone Hall for the event.

A grand ball was to be given, the merriest and gayest that had ever been seen in the city.

Little Gay's home-coming was to be an event long to be remembered.

Those who received invitations to the grand social affair were delighted.

The arrest of Harold Tremaine on the awful charge of being the daring chief of a desperate band of counterfeiters, created a widespread sensation. Lydia Moore, the revengeful girl whose love he had thrown off and discarded like a broken toy, was the chief witness against him, and her disclosures convicted him. As years in state's prison—and he was led from the court-room, he was obliged to pass close to where Lydia Moore sat.

Gay had refused to appear against the man who had caused her so much misery from beginning to end, and she was spared the ordeal, as no one knew that she was aware of the existence of the stone vault in the old house on the river.

A very fiend incarnate seemed to spring up in Lydia Moore's heart at the thought of Little Gay's happiness.

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The paper in speaking of the romance, concluded by saying:

"Percy Granville and his bride, accompanied by Mr. Remington, the banker, and his wife, and a large party of friends, will leave Jersey City on the 2.20 train for Passaic, arriving there in plenty of time for the grand ball which is to follow in the evening."

Lydia Moore read the paragraph over twice, her hard, brilliant black eyes gleaming with an evil fire.

"What shape shall my vengeance take?" she muttered hoarsely.

On the dresser lay a pretty pearl and silver mounted revolver in a velvet case, which had been Tremaine's.

Her eyes wandered past it to a tiny vial, whose contents sparkled like powdered diamonds as the rays of the setting sun fell athwart it.

Lydia Moore thrust the pretty weapon in her bosom, then caught up the vial.

She decided that Gay and her friends should reach Passaic, but, as they entered the grand old park that surrounded Redstone Hall, a tragedy was to be enacted that would change all the gayety into the wildest sorrow, laughter into cries of horror, and in the wild confusion which would be sure to ensue, she would make her escape.

That night, under cover of the darkness, a solitary, dark-robed figure alighted at the Passaic depot.

She made her way on foot to Redstone Hall, quietly opened the pondrous gate, and crept into the park.

The servants little dreamed as they tripped on merrily toward the house the welcome poor Gay was to receive ere she passed beneath the arch.

At length the shrill whistle of the 2.20 express from Jersey City sounded shrilly on the summer air.

The horrible expression on the woman's face grew harder, and her black eyes grew hot as burning coals as they turned eagerly toward the main road that led to the village.

"Coming at last," she muttered hoarsely, through her clinched teeth. "I shall not have long to wait now."

It was quite three o'clock ere the gables of Redstone Hall loomed into sight in the distance.

Percy pointed to it with pride, clasping his arm closer about the slim little figure nestling at his side.

With a fond, happy smile, Percy had pointed to the arch stretched across the paved walk.

Gay was looking at it with grateful tears in her lovely dark eyes.

"Welcome to Redstone Hall, Gay, my beloved——"

The rest of the sentence was never finished.

Something tall and dark sprung with the ferocity of a panther from the screening magnolia bowers close by the gate; a woman with a wild, white face, and gleaming, horrible, burning eyes leaped to the side of the low phaeton in which Gay sat, crying out shrilly in a voice scarcely human:

"You robbed me of my love! You shall never rest on the breast of yours. I shall not kill you, but I shall rob you of the fatal beauty that lured my love's heart from me—take that!"

As she uttered the last words she made a sudden dash at Gay, holding something that glittered with a dazzling brilliancy in a vial in her upraised right hand; a shower of white sparks were dashed from the vial.

In a single instant of time a soft, sighing breeze had swept from an opposite direction, and turned the cruel flakes from their intended victim directly back into the face of the woman who had hurled them with such a diabolical, wicked intent.

At sight of her enemy's pain, so heartrending to behold, sweet, forgiving Little Gay flew to her side, raised the poor face from the blistering grasses, laying it upon her own lap until help was summoned.

She would not have poor Lydia Moore given into custody, but had her tenderly cared for beneath her own roof.

And the day came when Lydia recovered—a horrible, scarred creature, but truly repentant.

The grand ball at Redstone Hall was a gala affair, and amid all the belles of beauty and fashion, not one was as beautiful as Gay, with her love-lighted, dark, splendid eyes, and curling, golden hair, and every one rejoiced that Percy found happiness—and Little Gay at last.

A month later, in a long letter which Percy wrote to Banker Remington and his wife, he closed the long, closely written page with these words:

"I am growing more fond of my darling Little Gay each passing day; her little soft, white arms are around me as I pen these lines, and her blushing cheek is close to mine.

"I wish I could speak in a voice every young man in the world could hear, I would advise them all to search for and choose a bride from among the working-girls as I did. My life with my sweet, adoring love is a perpetual honeymoon.

"And I never cease thanking the fate which led me to woo and win for my bride—sweet Little Gay, the beauty of the Passaic Cotton Mill."

THE END.

### Eats 600 Pounds Daily.

Since the elephant's digestive functions are very rapid, it requires a large amount of fodder daily—about 600 pounds in most cases. In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily but wastefully. It is careful in selecting the few forest trees that it likes for their bark or foliage, but it will tear down branches and leave half of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large portion.

### Good Habits.

Rules for good work fail without good habits. Good habits are the physical basis of good work. Ruskin says that no immortal work has been done in the world since tobacco was discovered. Of course, this is not true. No man can be at his best whose brain is inflamed by drink or whose nerves are shaken by narcotics. And we must be at our best. More and more other men are determined to be at their best. If every man is not at his best it is his own fault.


## "SALADA"

**Tea is sold only in sealed lead packets to preserve its native purity and goodness.**

**Black, Green and Mixed.**

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# HOME

### Asparagus Recipes.

**Creamed Asparagus.**—Take only the heads of the asparagus, as much as required, and put them into boiling water, with a little salt. Boil for about fifteen minutes. Meanwhile prepare some square bits of bread, without the crust, by scraping out the centre of each piece, putting in a bit of butter and frying or baking until the bread turns a yellow or light brown. After draining the asparagus, place it in the holes in the toasted bread taking care to keep all hot; then take half a pint of cream and heat to boiling point, to which add the yolks of four eggs, and stir until thick. Take it off the fire and add a little sprinkling of salt and pepper. Pour over the asparagus and bread and serve hot.

**Olandese Sauce.**—A sauce which the clever cook may use in many other ways, as well as in serving asparagus is made as follows: Rub four ounces of butter to a cream in a saucepan or bowl. Add four yolks of eggs and beat well together; then add one teaspoonful of salt and juice of half a lemon, a pinch of cayenne and one cupful of hot water poured in by degrees. Mix well and put in a double boiler (or set saucepan in pot of boiling water). Stir until the sauce becomes of the consistency of thick cream, being careful not to let it boil. Take off the fire and continue to stir for some minutes. "Olandese" sauce ought to be quite smooth and creamy.

**Asparagus (Italian fashion)**—Break some asparagus into pieces; boil soft, and drain the water, take a little oil, water and vinegar and let it boil, then season with pepper and salt. Pour in the asparagus and thicken with the whites of eggs. Green peas, cooked as above, are also very good; but lettuce, cut small, may be added and two or three onions, according to taste, omitting the eggs.

**Asparagus on Toast.**—Cut off the bottom of the stalks of a bunch of asparagus to make them even, and put in a pan of cold water till near dinner time. Put the bunch in boiling water, in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved. Boil a quarter of an hour, then drain and serve on buttered toast, placing the white ends of the asparagus on the toast. Pour one tablespoonful of melted butter over the green heads in the dish.

**Plain Asparagus.**—Many people prefer asparagus served plain. For this, it is only necessary to put the heads and softer parts of the stalk, either the whole or cut in inch long pieces, into boiling water, in which salt has been dissolved. Boil until soft, as previously stated, and serve with butter.

### Necessity of Rest.

Years ago I discovered it was a spiritual as well as a physical necessity to have intervals of rest throughout the day—rest even from the companionship of those I loved the most dearly, writes a mother. My body so often became overtired from pressure of work that falls to the lot of every mother; my nerves sympathized as every good neighbor should, and my spirits ran at low ebb. But that ambitious brain—not always as wise a neighbor as my nerves—said: "Go on! Go on!" There are a dozen things to be done yet" and I obeyed my poor, foolish brain until my whole body and nerves became slaves to an imperious master. At last they revolted. They made my brain understand that its servants were not doing as good work, nor as much, under the whiplash of injustice, and it wisely changed its method. "Rest every little while," it now said. "You will work with new zeal. You will do more, and you will love your work. Your children will catch your happy mood just as before they caught your weary fretfulness."

Since then I make it a part of my religion to lie down on my back in a quiet room when I began to feel tired, and to relax every muscle and close my eyes (and my mind if possible) to all outward things. It is a wonderful tonic! It never fails to give me a new spiritual unlift. My loved ones seem more lovely to me, my home more attractive, and I am always glad of life and the blessed privilege of work. Until I began this practice I had never realized how closely related our spiritual and our physical bodies are, or that tired out muscles and nerves are poor neighbors for the spirit.

### Home Hints.

Dish cloths should be washed and boiled regularly.

Beef drippings are good shortening for pie crust.

All dry cheese should be saved and kept for grating.

A feather wing is excellent to dust bed springs with.

Never mix new milk with old if you wish it to keep well.

All boys should learn to sew on buttons and darn stockings.

Grated cheese over mashed potatoes makes a pleasant change.

A clean sunny yellow is one of the best colors in a new kitchen.

An old, thin quilt should be laid over every mattress below the sheet.

Blankets should be put out in the sun and air at least once a week.

Poultry fat is excellent shortening for ginger cookies and spice cakes.

Fowl for chicken salad should be cooked the day before it is to be used.

Tubing makes the best pillow slips, and it may be had in two widths.

**Gottlieb Von Jagow.**

Foreign Minister of Germany, from his latest picture.

Before making new sheets always measure the bed for which they are intended.

The best time to begin the spring housecleaning is after the furnace fires are out.

Wash green vegetables in warm water to remove the insects, and finish quickly in cold.

Dates and figs are both much improved if thoroughly washed and then allowed to drain.

Never throw a good tailored coat down carelessly if you wish it to preserve its shape.

In making meringues, the rule is a quarter of a cupful of powdered sugar to the white of an egg.

Soiled clothing should always be put into a hamper, preferably away from the sleeping room.

Rice cooked with raisins makes a very palatable, simple dessert served with hard sauce or cream.

Never, when wiping meat, allow it to stand in cold water. The water drains all the juices out.

Nuts when bought ready shelled should be scalded, dried in the oven and put away in glass jars.

The perfect kitchen utensils are those of aluminum—easy to keep clean and very light to handle.

To cut thick silk satisfactorily, lay it between two pieces of tissue paper and cut with very sharp scissors.

Two big eyelets worked in the opposite corners of the kitchen towel are better than loops to hang it up by.

A well-padded ironing board is a labor saver, and Turkish towelling is one of the best materials to pad it with.

Luncheon sandwiches of brown bread spread with cottage cheese seasoned with salt and pepper are very good.

If a pinch of cream of tartar is added to any sugar and water candy in the cooking, there is less danger of granulation.

The torture of an ill-fitting shoe will bring about a state of irritability often resembling nervous prostration. This condition soon becomes habitual.

If there is occasion to wet cocoa, flour or cornstarch with water, use a fork for the process, instead of a spoon; the blending of the ingredients will be much more rapidly accomplished.

### THE FIRST CANADIANS.

**Were Forced to Marry or Forfeit Their Rights.**

Mandre Fribourg claims to prove in the Paris "Grand Revue," through the correspondence of Colbert, the great Minister of Louis XIV., that the strength and stamina of French-Canadians are largely due to that statesman.

Colbert was particularly interested in Canada, and made its colonization his hobby. He sent out batches of strong and healthy young Frenchwomen, and, in order that there should be no doubt about their getting married on their arrival, he issued a decree rendering marriage compulsory. Every bachelor-colonist was forced to take as his wife one of the female emigrants, under penalties on refusal of forfeiting his right to till the soil, to hunt, or to revisit France. Special privileges were, moreover, granted by Colbert to the parents of numerous children. It was in this way that the magnificent stock of French-Canadian voyageurs and trappers, not to speak of the equally sturdy agriculturists, was created.

The question of Canadian virility was the subject of a private discussion by a number of members of the French Parliament one night recently, and one of the members observed that with the exception of the ordinance respecting marriage, the same thing was practically true of the first settlers in other parts of Canada. They were drawn from the strongest of the race, and it is, of course, a commonplace to say that the present energy of Canada as a nation is the result of this endowment. Surprise is frequently expressed in Europe that so numerically small a nation as Canada should project and carry to a successful conclusion such huge undertakings; but is not the reason to be found in the fact that the fathers of the Dominion were the fittest of those who survived the Napoleonic and American wars, and before that date those Highlanders, of whom Lord Hobart, the then Colonial Secretary, wrote in such high terms?

# FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

## NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

### Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

An effort is being made to bring Irish roads back to their former high standard.

Judge Wright congratulated the jury at the Mayo Spring Assizes on the peaceful state of the county.

Michael O'Brien of the Portnard district has purchased a farm in his neighborhood of over 90 acres for $4,600.

For the first time at the assembly of the three squadrons of Enniskillen Horse the regiment assembled with arms.

A farmer residing in Rostreur has at present seven ewes with 22 lambs, six with three each and one with four lambs.

After a few hours' illness the death has occurred of Mr. W. Simmons, Belfast, chief pilot of the Harbor Commission.

Lomalane Mill at Newry, owned by Messrs. F. W. Harris and Co., is closed down owing to a strike of the workers.

Mr. J. B. Gunning-Moore, D.L., has been elected chairman of the Tyrone Council in the room of the late Duke of Abercorn.

As the s.s. Sligo was preparing to leave Sligo for Liverpool the ordinary hands went on strike and the vessel was unable to sail.

The sum of £25,000 is voted annually to the Cleansing Committee of the Dublin corporation for public cleansing purposes.

John Coonpy, aged about 25, while working on the top of a building in Dublin, fell through a glass roof and was fatally injured.

The Carrickmacross Urban Council have accepted the tender of Mr. Patrick Ritchie, Belfast, at £21 50 for the erection of 25 artisan's dwellings.

Patrick McDonagh, Ballinaferch, was fined five shillings at Celbridge for having been asleep while in charge of a horse and cart at Celbridge.

The County Fermanagh Council have decided to appoint a whole-time tuberculosis officer who will be debarred from other medical practice.

Patrick Hoey, of Rope Walk, Drogheda, went suddenly insane and killed his sister, Mary Hoey, by shooting and then shot himself, inflicting dangerous injuries.

The death has occurred of Dr. Michael Ahern, of Brosna, Co. Kerry. He was a generous friend to the poor, and his death is widely regretted in Kerry and West Limerick.

The annual exodus of agricultural laborers from Connaught for work on English farms has now commenced, and last week 500 left by the North West route for the north of England.

At a meeting of the Youghal No. 2 Rural Council, it was reported that the village of Ardmore, Co. Waterford, is doomed by the incoming sea, and it was decided that the council would not spend any money on it.

### "TIP" WAS ORIGINALLY T.I.P.

**Interesting Account of the Origin of the Tipping System.**

Just when the custom of tipping started is rather difficult to determine, but men of means have probably been in the habit of giving small sums or small presents to those who served them ever since the time freed servants took the place of slaves. But whatever this fee was called at the beginning, it has been known as "tipping" for hundreds of years.

It is true that servants at inns were paid by their employers to wait upon the guests, and therefore there was, apparently, no need of paying them for something they were already paid for. But in the inns in England, which were mostly small houses, there were frequently times when many travellers gathered at one inn, and as there were few servants, some of the guests had to await their turn to be served. Naturally some of these guests would hand a servant a small coin in order to get this servant to wait upon him and his party first.

While there is no doubt that this is how tipping started, in England at least, the manner in which this custom came to be called by that name is very simple. To make matters easier, to urge the servants to do their very best and yet to show as little partiality as possible, one innkeeper hit upon the plan of putting up a little box in the main room of the inn, with a card over it bearing the words "To Insure Promptness."

These boxes were like an ordinary collection box or door box, with a little slit in them for the coin to be dropped in. Other innkeepers saw the advantage of this plan, and so at one time there was scarcely a country inn throughout England that did not contain one of them.


## HOME DYEING

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## "MY STOMACH IS FINE

### Since Taking Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets"

Mrs. J. Merkhuger, Waterloo, Ont., enthusiastically recommends Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. Her experience with them, as she outlines it, explains why.

"I was greatly troubled with my stomach", she writes. "I had taken so much medicine that I might say to take any more would only be making it worse. My stomach just felt raw. I read of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, and a lady friend told me they were very easy to take, so I thought I would give them a trial and really they worked wonders. Anyone having anything wrong with his stomach should give Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets a trial, they will do the rest. My stomach is fine now and I can eat any food."

One of the many good features of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets is that they are so pleasant and easy to take. The relief they give from heartburn, flatulence, billiousness and dyspepsia is prompt and permanent. Try one after each meal—they'll make you feel like a new person.

50c. a box at your druggist's compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 143

## HOME

Asparagus Recipes.

Creamed Asparagus.—Take only the heads of the asparagus, as much as required, and put them into boiling water, with a little salt. Boil for about fifteen minutes. Meanwhile prepare some square bits of bread, without the crust, by scraping out the centre of each piece, putting in a bit of butter and frying or baking until the bread turns a yellow or light brown. After draining the asparagus, place it in the holes in the toasted bread taking care to keep all hot; then take half a pint of cream and heat to boiling point, to which add the yolks of four eggs, and stir until thick. Take it off the fire and add a little sprinkling of salt and pepper. Pour over the asparagus and bread and serve hot.

Olandese Sauce.—A sauce which the clever cook may use in many other ways, as well as in serving asparagus is made as follows: Rub four ounces of butter to a cream in a saucepan or bowl. Add four yolks of eggs and beat well together; then add one teaspoonful of salt and juice of half a lemon, a pinch of cayenne and one cupful of hot water poured in by degrees. Mix well and put in a double boiler (or set saucepan in pot of boiling water). Stir until the sauce becomes of the consistency of thick cream, being careful not to let it boil. Take off the fire and continue to stir for some minutes. "Olandese" sauce ought to be quite smooth and creamy.

Asparagus (Italian fashion)—Break some asparagus into pieces; boil soft, and drain the water, take a little oil, water and vinegar and let it boil, then season with pepper and salt. Pour in the asparagus and thicken with the whites of eggs. Green peas, cooked as above, are also very good; but lettuce, cut small, may be added and two or three onions, according to taste, omitting the eggs.

Asparagus on Toast.—Cut off the bottom of the stalks of a bunch of asparagus to make them even, and put in a pan of cold water till near dinner time. Put the bunch in boiling water, in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved. Boil a quarter of an hour, then drain and serve on buttered toast, placing the white ends of the asparagus on the toast. Pour one tablespoonful of melted butter over the green heads in the dish.

Plain Asparagus.—Many people prefer asparagus served plain. For this, it is only necessary to put the heads and softer parts of the stalk, either the whole or cut in inch long pieces, into boiling water, in which salt has been dissolved. Boil until soft, as previously stated, and serve with butter.

### Necessity of Rest.

Years ago I discovered it was a spiritual as well as a physical necessity to have intervals of rest throughout the day—rest even from the companionship of those I loved the most dearly, writes a mother. My body so often became overtired from pressure of work that falls to the lot of every mother; my nerves sympathized as every good neighbor should, and my spirits ran at low ebb. But that ambitious brain—not always as wise a neighbor as my nerves—said: "Go on! Go on!" There are a dozen things to be done yet" and I obeyed my poor, foolish brain until my whole body and nerves became slaves to an imperious master. At last they revolted. They made my brain understand that its servants were not doing as good work, nor as much, under the whiplash of injustice, and it wisely changed its method. "Rest every little while," it now said. "You will work with new zeal. You will do more, and you will love your work. Your children will catch your happy mood just as before they caught your weary fretfulness."

Since then I make it a part of my religion to lie down on my back in a quiet room when I began to feel tired, and to relax every muscle and close my eyes (and my mind if possible) to all outward things. It is a wonderful tonic! It never fails to give me a new spiritual unlift. My loved ones seem more lovely to me, my home more attractive, and I am always glad of life and the blessed privilege of work. Until I began this practice I had never realized how closely related our spiritual and our physical bodies are, or that tired out muscles and nerves are poor neighbors for the spirit.

### Home Hints.

Dish cloths should be washed and boiled regularly.

Beef drippings are good shortening for pie crust.

All dry cheese should be saved and kept for grating.

A feather wing is excellent to dust bed springs with.

Never mix new milk with old if you wish it to keep well.

All boys should learn to sew on buttons and darn stockings.

Grated cheese over mashed potatoes makes a pleasant change.

A clean sunny yellow is one of the best colors in a new kitchen.

An old, thin quilt should be laid over every mattress below the sheet.

Blankets should be put out in the sun and air at least once a week.

Poultry fat is excellent shortening for ginger cookies and spice cakes.

Fowl for chicken salad should be cooked the day before it is to be used.

Tubing makes the best pillow slips, and it may be had in two widths.



Gottlieb Von Jagow.

Foreign Minister of Germany, from his latest picture.

Before making new sheets always measure the bed for which they are intended.

The best time to begin the spring housecleaning is after the furnace fires are out.

Wash green vegetables in warm water to remove the insects, and finish quickly in cold.

Dates and figs are both much improved if thoroughly washed and then allowed to drain.

Never throw a good tailored coat down carelessly if you wish it to preserve its shape.

In making meringues, the rule is a quarter of a cupful of powdered sugar to the white of an egg.

Soiled clothing should always be put into a hamper, preferably away from the sleeping room.

Rice cooked with raisins makes a very palatable, simple dessert served with hard sauce or cream.

Never, when wiping meat, allow it to stand in cold water. The water drains all the juices out.

Nuts when bought ready shelled should be scalded, dried in the oven and put away in glass jars.

The perfect kitchen utensils are those of aluminum—easy to keep clean and very light to handle.

To cut thick silk satisfactorily, lay it between two pieces of tissue paper and cut with very sharp scissors.

Two big eyelets worked in the opposite corners of the kitchen towel are better than loops to hang it up by.

A well-padded ironing board is a labor saver, and Turkish towelling is one of the best materials to pad it with.

Luncheon sandwiches of brown bread spread with cottage cheese seasoned with salt and pepper are very good.

If a pinch of cream of tartar is added to any sugar and water candy in the cooking, there is less danger of granulation.

The torture of an ill-fitting shoe will bring about a state of irritability often resembling nervous prostration. This condition soon becomes habitual.

If there is occasion to wet cocoa, flour or cornstarch with water, use a fork for the process, instead of a spoon; the blending of the ingredients will be much more rapidly accomplished.

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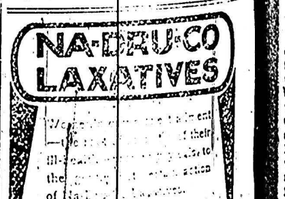

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TOO MUCH FOR M

A Magician's Experience Islands.

The test of one who cla natural powers is to make form his tricks under eve ditions or with apparatu own. In such a trial at magician failed. He w the globe, and appeari rulers of many strange l sorts of outlandish places occasion his manager had an exhibition for him t ruler of a province in t lands.

In the crowd that saw tion were many of the yellow slaves of the c the spectators were na many strange manifesta black art that the ma formed, but no trick strongly to the assemb and to the chieftain which a white duck was pear with a black head duck, after a moment tion, with the head of duck.

The trick had to be r then the chieftain engag whispered conversation terpreter.

"What is desired" obliging trick-player.

The interpreter compl tically, and then repli "Respected sir, our c wishes you to take two slaves and put a yellow black man and the blac the body of a yellow ser honored sire thinks it w funny."

"Tell his royal high conjurer replied, "that a yellow man in black would not like to atter his entire head black.

"I Sleep Soundly, Feel Like


All Who Lack Vigor, are Dispirited and Should Read This Carefully

Proof That Health and Renewed Quickly Return When Is Used.

"I am only thirty years almost two years I have seventy-five. I have found been so depressed and heavy that difficult. My hands were also and perspiration on slight break out all over me. It natural that I should begin the chance that I should by my work, and this thread me less nights perfect misery. trials of medicines and Hamilton's Pills gave me of hope. From the very they were different in action pills. They didn't irritate generally, as if nature and were cleansing my clogged spirits rose. I felt much sluggish action of the system to normal activity. Dizziness ceased, appetite, energy ambition to work returned. mained. I am like a new thank Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

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Gamble with your wife's health. It keeps the home and family.

## ECZEMA FROM HEAD TO AN

Tortured With Terrible Itching, Burning, Scratched Flesh, Lay Awake for Nights Time. Used Cuticura Soap and Found a Cure.

St. Ola, Ontario.—"When I was old I began to be tortured with itching and burning of the skin. I told it was eczema. I have had it along for seven years steadily worse every year. I was afflicted to ankles. It seemed to appear at first, then I would begin to scratch before my flesh. It would always be worst at night. I have