# The Shadow Ghost

BY EUGENE JONES

PART I.

Old man Fipps, engineer of the Limited for ten years, was dead. Who would take his place? According to seniority, the job belonged to Adler; yet Adler has never been popular with headquarters.

Roundhouse No. 5, situated a good half mile from the Savannah terminal station, was the spot most likely for the news to break concerning the personnel of the Limited's new crew.

Frank Hawthorne, local engineer, young, steady-eyed, liked by the men, stood near the door, smoking; and beside him lounged the oldest fireman on the Swamp Division. They were talking in low tones, glancing now and then at the bulletin board.

"You say you're going to get it?" grunted the latter.

"Surest thing you know, Uncle Bill! Superintendent had me up on the carpet this morning—said I'd done all right, and he needed more express engineermen. Then he mentioned the Limited. . . . Of course, it's a mighty big thing for a kid like me. Everybody thinks Adler's first choice; he's been handling a throttle for five years. But Adler—well, you know what the chief dispatcher called him when he ditched that Charleston local last month!"

Uncle Bill drew on his pipe thoughtfully. His shoulders were bent, his face so seamed and wrinkled one could hardly follow the line of his features. Only his eyes hinted at the mental and physical activity which twenty years of railroading had failed to tire. And at the moment his eyes were focused on Hawthorne.

"What about them ghosts in Big Cypress Swamp?"

Frank laughed.

"Look here, a veteran like you can't get away with that! And you better not try; you're going to fire for me."

"What?"

"Fact. I asked the boss to let you fire 99, and he promised to."

If the older man was overjoyed he didn't show it; he merely nodded with a trace of sullenness. And then a clerk from the office pushed through the crowd with a bundle of orders which he proceeded to fasten to the smoke-begrimed bulletin board. Frank was named as engineer of No. 86, the Limited; Uncle Bill as fireman; there were other changes.

Now it so happened that Edward Adler came in at just moment from his evening run. Several of the men were congratulating Hawthorne when Adler strode up to the board. His eyes were a little red from the wind; and when he turned abruptly toward the group watching him, there was something in his appearance suggestive of an animal cornered.

"Where's Hawthorne?" he growled. "I want to see him."

Hawthorne pushed forward.

"Well?" he said quietly, although his jaw was set. Doubtless he surmised what was coming. The crowd shouldered closer; the two men faced each other in front of the bulletin board, Adler white to the roots of his hair, Hawthorne smiling a little, but not provocatively.

"You wanted to see me?" he hinted.

"Yes! Who's backing you?" The sneer was obvious.

"Just what do you mean?"

A brakeman laid his hand on Adler's shoulder.

"Hold on," he advised kindly. "I know it's tough on you—you're the older man—but it isn't Frank's fault. Get after the boss, see your union president—"

"This is my scrap!" snapped the angry engineer. "You butt out! Now, Hawthorne, I repeat, who's backing you at headquarters?"

Frank held his temper.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It seems to me I have sort of swiped your job. If you can fix it with the superintendent, you can drive the Limited as far as I'm concerned."

But such generosity was beyond Adler's understanding; he merely read in it mockery.

"Oh, yes, I can? You know blamed well I can't. You're pretty cocksure you can knife me in the back and get away with it, aren't you?"

Frank lost his smile instantly.

"Stop!" and the word had a certain explosive quality. "That's a lie—everything you've said. I didn't ask for the job; I haven't any friends higher up. If you want facts, the superintendent gave it to me because he felt I was a better man than you. I didn't think so at first, but now I'm beginning to. You wouldn't accept my offer in a decent spirit. All right. You can go to the devil! I drive the Limited, and that's flat!"

Before Hawthorne could guard himself the other struck him fairly between the eyes. He reeled back, blinking, caught himself. Then something happened so rapidly nobody had time to prevent. There was a dull sound of blows on flesh, a muttered exclamation, and Adler crumpled to the floor.

Uncle Bill, pushing forward, grabbed Frank.

"Come!" he shouted, "get out of here—all of you!" And for some reason they obeyed. Hawthorne was the last to leave. As he slammed the door, Adler struggled to his feet. He looked about dazedly, felt his head with careful fingers, and lurched toward the entrance of the roundhouse. Before he disappeared he paused to fling back thickly:

"You'll hear from me—you and that pet of yours!"

Then he was gone, staggering a little, with a bump on his forehead as big as an egg.

Frank Hawthorne went home thoughtfully.

Passing through the union depot he caught sight of a slender black-garbed figure hurrying to meet him. It was Kathleen Fipps, daughter of the deceased engineer.

She was pretty, but one didn't think of that at first; one thought about the sweetness of her, the simplicity, the utter lack of self-consciousness. Her chin and her determination had been inherited from her father. Her hair was dark, her eyes a pansy black, with a hint of slumbering fire, and her mouth?—well, Hawthorne considered it the most lovable, kissable mouth in existence. He took off his cap.

"Isn't this a bad time to be poking around the depot, Katharine?" His tone suggested solicitude rather than reproof.

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Frank, can you take me somewhere where we shan't be interrupted? I've something important to tell you."

"When a man and woman fall in love—" he grinned.

"Who said anything about falling in love? Frank Hawthorne, you're the most conceited, impertinent—"

"You've got to admit it some day. But meanwhile, if you can think of anything more important, there's a quiet spot yonder in the park."

Threading their way through the shrubbery opposite the station, they found a bench protected from prying eyes. She motioned him to sit beside her, and her first words left him curiously apprehensive.

"Father sent you a message before he died!"

Hawthorne moved uneasily; the old man Fipps had been peculiar during the last years of his life. Many of the strange stories told of Big Cypress had originated with him, and Frank remembered certain evenings when he had walked home with Fipps and listened to the older man's fancies—fancies utterly incomprehensible to youth and high spirits and sublime indifference. Yet now he was to receive a message from the dead! Something in his nature hitherto dormant set his nerves jumping.

"Believe me, Dad was never out of his mind; you know that, Frank. I want you to promise you'll think none the less of him if you don't understand—feel it's nonsense." Here she hesitated; her eyes brilliant with tears. "He was a wonderful father; we loved him so dearly! Even if his message is odd, he meant it for the best—in your interest. And it's—it's like a voice from another world!

"Yesterday morning, the morning he died, he made me sit beside him on the bed. Physically he was very weak, but he seemed bolstered up by a strength almost superhuman. I'll try to repeat what he said, word for word. He took my hand and whispered:

" 'Daughter, this is my last sickness. Don't ask me how I know; people close to the Borderland do know. And so I shall give you a message for the man who will be chosen to drive the Limited.

" 'You have heard, Daughter, of the Shadow Ghost. . . . Don't laugh when I say such a thing exists. Back when the road was young, there was just one fast train between Savannah and the South. The engineer, Tim McFarland, handled her for fifteen years. He was a friend of mine. He always vowed that after his death his spirit would take care of that train. Later, when pneumonia had taken him off, I landed his job, but I never forgot his words. "Remember," he had said, "if you ever get waved down by a shadow in Big Cypress, give 'er the air, 'cause it'll be Tim's ghost trying to save you." I thanked him, and so did the other boys—he wasn't the sort you could laugh at. For years there were strange stories told of Big Cypress, about queer things that walked the rails; but I never told my story—never until now.

" 'Do you remember the night I stopped the Limited three hundred feet from a tree (which had fallen across the track? Nobody could understand how I'd seen that tree in time. Do you remember when the piling sank under the trestle? We didn't hit the cave-in, although you couldn't have spied it a train length away. The office swore I was a wizard. But, Daughter, it wasn't me; it was Tim McFarland keeping his promise. Both times I saw Tim—he waved me down, flitted along a hundred feet ahead of the train like a gigantic ghost flapping its arms.

" 'But now a new man will take my place, and this warning is for him. If he sees anything from the cab of old 99, tell him to give her the air and pray for Tim's soul.

" 'Before God, I'm telling you the truth, girl, and a man about to shuffle out wouldn't swear to a lie!' "

Katharine choked.

"That's all, Frank. He died an hour later. I don't understand my remembering his very words, but the whole thing stamped itself on my brain just as if I was listening to the Gospel. I think I shall always see his face as he lay there so gray, so death-like—and Frank, when he finished I was terribly afraid."

Hawthorne wet his lips.

"You—believe this, dear?"

"I don't know. How could I know? I've never believed in ghosts—"

He drew her to her feet gently.

"Then you advise me to pay no attention to it?"

Her startled eyes flashed him the answer he had been praying for.

"No, no! If you see anything ahead of the Limited in Big Cypress, stop! Even if it's a shadow. Please, Frank, for my sake."

"Then you do care!"

He drew her to him firmly.

"I'm not going to wait any longer, dearest; you've got to admit it now—you do care!"

When they walked home the girl's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were bright with a joy that not even her father's death could eclipse.

(To be concluded.)

## Ever Tasted Pekoe?

The mysterious names given to different grades of tea do not, as is usually supposed, refer to different plants from which they are gathered, but to different leaves which may grow on the same plant.

A young shoot on a tea-plant has at its tip two very small leaves, which are naturally the juiciest and contain the least amount of fibre. Of these the smaller is called "flowery" and the other "orange" Pekoe. If the leaves are even smaller still, as in some very expensive brands, the name of "broken" Pekoe is given.

Just below this, travelling farther down the stem, come leaves slightly bigger. These are just plain Pekoe.

Still coarser are the "Souchong" leaves, which are often the basis of "household" teas. Lowest of all come the "Congou" leaves, which are naturally not so well advertised since their commercial value is small.

The tea-plant sends out new shoots four times every year. In China only the first to appear are picked for the best beverages, though the custom is not followed in India or Ceylon.

To test your tea look at the leaves after infusion. They should be a coppery tint, and all of the same color. At the end of the first five minutes they should not have unrolled themselves.

It is by this "out-turn" test that the professional tea-taster forms his judgment, after a sip of the liquid has proved satisfactory.

## Fine Weather.

Weather is fine for livin'—and that's
what most of us want
As much as we do the shadows of
glory that hound and haunt;

Weather is fine for loving,
And dreaming and sitting by
Hearing the harp of the evening wind,
The lark of the morning sky.

Weather is fine for laughin'—and that's
what most of us need
To hurry the heal of the wounds we
feel when the old, sore places
bleed;

Weather is fine for dancing,
And delving with what life sends
To help us along to the smile and song
And the beautiful faith of friends.

Weather is fine for fightin'—and that's
what most of us know
As over the hills and hollows strug-
gling for joy we go;

Weather is fine for singing
And swinging and smiling away
To the lilt of the looms of twilight,
The boom of the mills of day.

## Building New Plane in Secret.

Much is expected from the tests of Great Britain's new secretly constructed heliocopter (vertical flying machine), made at the Royal Aircraft Works at Farnsborough by a few trusted workers, says a London despatch.

Extraordinary precautions are being taken to insure that no spy will gain the slightest inkling of the principles of construction. The place of the tests and the time they will occur are kept secret and it is not improbable that the tests may be made at dusk.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

# About the House

### Start a Little Country Theatre.

More and more since the boys came back, country folk are coming to realize that if we keep the young folks on the farm we must not only eliminate a lot of the drudgery, but we must provide entertainment for them. The days when early to bed and early to rise, and all play and no work makes Jack a lazy boy, had power to move, are long since passed. The cities with their dance halls and movies, or perhaps their concerts and lecture course, are too easy to reach. Factories and stores offer to both boys and girls a means of earning a living easily, with several hours of fun besides. So if the country is to hold its young folks it must hustle up and establish some way of catering to the pleasure-loving side of normal, healthy boys and girls.

A form of entertainment which is growing more and more popular in country places is home talent theatricals. In communities where the idea has been worked out thoroughly the method of organizing has been to send out a questionnaire, asking those who will join to tell what they can best do. The volunteers are then divided into scene painters, costume makers, or actors, according to individual talent. To be successful the Little Country Theatre must be a real community affair, with everybody and his wife working. A one-person show will not work out.

Of course, a suitable hall must be found. If you have a consolidated school with an assembly room, this may be utilized. In lieu of either school or community house which is suitable, a town hall, or unused loft over a store, or even a barn, may be made to do, with the aid of an ingenious carpenter. Many manuals are published which give directions for building the stage, and on scenery and costumes, making up, etc.

Pageants, in which everyone can take part, are as much a part of the work as one-act playlets with a half dozen actors. Ontario, with its wealth of historical stories, all dripping with dramatic interest, offers unbounded material for pageants. Starting with the coming of the French and following with the many thrilling events of the French and Indian wars, the British conquest, coming of the United Empire Loyalists, the War of 1812, and pioneer life in Ontario, there is much to be drawn upon for pageants with a provincial appeal. Then nearly every locality has its own particular history which is replete with local interest. A pageant written, directed and acted by home talent should furnish enough entertainment to keep a neighborhood busy almost a season.

### Tasty Salads.

A good little salad which the housewife should have at her fingers' ends is made of apples and celery chopped together and dressed with mayonnaise. This salad can be charmingly served in apples. A word about preparing your apples:

Select, of course, the prettiest and firmest you can find, peel them carefully; take out the core, and scrape out as much of the inside as is possible without allowing your knife to burst through.

In serving them, place each apple on a bed of watercress, lettuce leaves, grape leaves, nasturtiums, or other dainty green thing. They may be decorated, too, with red beets in fancy shapes. Many delicious salads may be served in these pretty apple cups.

A bit of crisp cabbage or lettuce makes a good combination with the apples and celery, and a few chopped nuts are always a splendid addition.

Different combinations of fruits may be used for variety, and a cream dressing instead of mayonnaise will be relished by everybody. To make enough dressing to serve salad to six people, pour one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vinegar over one tablespoonful of granulated sugar, flavor with a little lemon and vanilla extract, and just before serving add three tablespoonfuls of rich cream, either sweet or sour. Mix the ingredients, pour over the fruit or vegetable mixtures, and toss lightly until well commingled. When vegetables are used they should be slightly seasoned with salt and pepper.

To serve salad in cucumber boats, scoop out your cucumbers after cutting them in two lengthwise, and cut them in boat shape. Then refill with your salad mixture. Take some wafers in the shape of triangles and fasten them like three-cornered sails upright in the front of the canoe-shaped cucumber, lay a wreath of greenery around on the plate.

For a very easily prepared dish on the salad order, there could be nothing daintier and more appetizing than whole tomatoes served with mayonnaise. The tomatoes are dropped in hot water to loosen the skins, which are very carefully stripped off. Arrange each tomato on a bed of green; pour a spoonful of dressing over it, and chill before serving.

### Would You Spend Ten Dollars?

In considering the matter of home conveniences, a common tendency is to think in terms of the hundreds of dollars that are necessary in order to buy the furnace, the lighting plant, the water system or other fairly expensive necessities. Every farm home is entitled to such modern conveniences but they come only in time as the purchase money becomes available.

Did you ever stop to think that for about ten dollars you can purchase at any good hardware store some twenty-five conveniences that will save you almost as much labor and trouble as the more expensive improvements? You may have to wait for the furnace, or the lighting plant or the water system but you need not wait for the little conveniences.

Take for example the inexpensive dish drainer. It is estimated that a dish drainer will save at least thirty minutes a day or a total for one year of over twenty working days of nine hours each. This is only one of a dozen or more simple, inexpensive conveniences that will give the worker in the home a total of hours and hours of leisure. Think this over and make a few purchases the next time you go to town.

### The Blue Envelope.

Everyone knew that the blue envelopes were coming. Like hundreds of other firms, Copeland & Co. had doubled its business during the war and now saw it shrinking again to its normal size. That meant that many employees could no longer be kept. The firm had given a month's notice of the coming cut, yet when it came it nevertheless seemed like a thunderbolt.

Eight of the office girls were dismissed. Florrie Evans went, of course; Florrie's attitude toward her work had never been serious. She only laughed at her dismissal and remarked that she should not let it worry her. Nellie Scott, who also lost her place, turned pale but said nothing. Others of the dismissed girls sputtered angrily. Of them all only Gertrude Ellis walked straight to Mr. Copeland's office.

She had to wait half an hour before she could see him. At the end of it she was facing Mr. Copeland across his desk. Her eyes met his steadily. She even managed to smile.

"I'm one of the blue envelope girls, Mr. Copeland," she said. "I've come to ask you for a little help. I know of course that I am being dismissed because my work isn't so good as that of the girls who are staying. Would you mind telling me where I have failed? You see, I want to get something out of this. I may be dismissed somewhere else, but I don't intend that it shall be for the same thing."

Mr. Copeland's keen eyes looked interested. He turned to his files and took out her rating card.

"You understand, Miss Ellis," he said, "that neither we nor anyone else would consider you a failure. You do good average work,—even above the average,—but naturally we are keeping the best."

"I understand. But I mean to be the best myself some day, and I want to know what I have to correct."

Mr. Copeland glanced at the card. "You are a little slow. Still, speed is not the first requisite. Your chief trouble seems to be your spelling."

"I was afraid so. I'm a wretched speller. I've worked and worked at it, but evidently I'll have to work harder. I'll plaster my walls with the words that trip me till I can see them with my eyes shut! Thank you, Mr. Copeland."

She had risen, but Mr. Copeland detained her. "One minute, Miss Ellis. We cannot afford to let a girl go who is determined to make her defects help her to victory. You are what we consider to be a very good risk. You will report as usual Monday morning."

And then, with a blue envelope still clasped tightly in her hand, a dazed but smiling girl found herself out in the corridor.

## An Airless Earth.

Were the earth deprived of its atmosphere, and existence possible under such conditions, we should find that no rosy dawn would herald the rising of the sun in the darkened east, or gorgeous colors mark its setting in the west. The sky would be dark by day as well as by night.

The stars would shine brightly through the entire twenty-four hours, but we should see thousands more of them than are now visible on even the clearest nights. They would not twinkle in the least.

They would be seen almost up to the very edge of the sun itself, but immediately round the sun there would be a glow having the appearance of broad wings, and red flames would add their grandeur to the impressive scene.

The Zodiacal light would appear as a broad beam of light in the spring, up to the left of the place where the sun had set. It would be possible to study this remarkable object, and no doubt to solve quickly the mystery which has clung to it for so many centuries.

The appearance of the Milky Way would be far more magnificent than it is now, seen even from tropical countries.

A big comet would be seen months before it got to the sun, and we could witness it sweep round the sun with incredible speed and dart off into space again.

Mercury and Venus could have their movements followed with ease, and any other planet there might be between Mercury and the sun would soon be discovered.

## Egg's Fight With Moss.

A French naturalist recently had the rare opportunity of observing an intensely interesting struggle for existence between an egg and a moss plant.

The egg was that of a lizard which had been deposited on a cushion of moss. It was enclosed by a white protective covering of leather-like toughness.

The moss on which the tip of the egg rested secreted at the point of contact a substance that gradually dissolved the leathery shell of the egg.

When there was no longer any resistance, the stem of the moss plant penetrated the shell and sent its branches through the substance of the egg, emerging at the opposite end.

But the egg was equal to the emergency. It enveloped the stem of the moss inside the egg with a membranous coating that formed an insulating tube around the intruder.

Then the moss sent out side branches through the egg, traversing it, but these also were made innocuous by an albuminous coating.

In spite of this struggle against the intruding moss, the lizard embryo developed to all appearances normally, and finally emerged from its prison unharmed.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

## Garlic Blocks Hardening of Arteries.

Eat plenty of garlic and your arteries will not harden, according to a report just made by three French doctors to the Biological Society at Paris. The garlic treatment can be taken in two ways. One may eat it, or a steeped solution of it may be injected into the veins. The advantage seen in the latter method is that the garlic solution is alcoholic.

By stepping garlic bulbs for three weeks in four times their weight of alcohol, a filtering liquid is obtained, and by taking thirty drops of this daily, according to the report, a rapid softening of the affected arteries is certain to result.

### The Test.

It is not until we put them to the test that we can distinguish between our friends and our acquaintances.

# S O S For the Doctor

A woman sat rocking her baby one Saturday at sundown in the steamship Venetian, homeward bound in the Bay of Biscay, from Alexandria. For a week past she had nursed her dying child, and there was no doctor on board.

The grey outline of a man-of-war appeared in the distance, and a wireless message was sent asking for help. The war vessel flashed back a reply. The Venetian stopped, the war vessel drew to within a quarter of a mile, and in spite of the heavy swell a lifeboat put out to her.

Passengers on the Venetian watched their progress breathlessly as the little boat swung up and down in the trough of the sea. At length the side of the Venetian was reached, and the man whose help was so sorely needed mounted a rope ladder prepared for him. The baby's life was saved. The name of the baby was Elizabeth. The name of the warship was the Queen Elizabeth.

Some time ago James Arthur, a fireman of the Canadian Pacific liner Monmouth, was attacked in mid-ocean with severe internal hemorrhage. He owes his life to wireless. The Monmouth carried no surgeon, but her commander secured wireless communication with the Allan liner Hesperian, gave details of the man's symptoms, and received daily prescriptions from the doctor on board the Hesperian. The fireman was well on the road to recovery when he reached Montreal.

The captain of a tramp steamer in the Gulf of Mexico was taken ill with ptomaine poisoning. With death staring him in the face on account of inadequate medical aid, he decided to call by wireless for assistance from a naval station many miles away.

A liner 700 miles farther away picked up the call, and the ship's surgeon made haste to reply with the necessary prescription, which was then filled from the tramp steamer's medicine-chest, and the captain recovered.

The mail-packet was crossing from Ostend to Dover, and one of the passengers, donning his overcoat in half a gale, put his shoulder-joint out, and was in great pain. A wireless message was sent from the vessel to Ostend and thence to Dover for a surgeon to meet the boat, and on arrival at the Admiralty Pier the passenger was promptly attended to.


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# HONOLULU IDIOMS REPLACE ENGLISH

POI IS FAVORITE DISH IN PACIFIC ISLES.

## Visitors to Press Congress Will Find Cosmopolitan Land and Odd Customs.

Visitors arriving in H[illegible] for the first time to attend the [illegible] Congress to be held i[illegible] will find it hard to believe [illegible] that they are trodding United [illegible] territory, for in idiomatic [illegible] customs, many foods, tradi[illegible] vegetation and climate, this [illegible] the United States differs [illegible] land as night differs [illegible]

As befits its position [illegible] roads of the Pacific" [illegible] ably is the most cosmo[illegible] munity under the Unite[illegible] Here are Filipinos, Ja[illegible] and natives of all other [illegible] lands and islands in p[illegible]

Bearded and turban[illegible] the narrow streets m[illegible] representatives of p[illegible] other race and nation [illegible] seen in town or alone [illegible] well built and maintai[illegible] boulevards that [illegible] Oahu, site of Honolu[illegible] Avenues of [illegible]

Visiting new [illegible] through shaded [illegible] palm trees crowne[illegible] green cocoanuts [illegible] they will crunch [illegible] carpet the earth. [illegible] to which is attribu[illegible] healing powers of it[illegible] made by crushing [illegible] plants, which [illegible] taro or yam of the [illegible] are eat with the [illegible] varieties range from [illegible] to four finger poi[illegible] in the co[illegible] poor men will [illegible] which are a rare and [illegible] on the mainland [illegible] relatively cheap in [illegible]

Perhaps the gre[illegible] trend in Honolulu [illegible] is the adoption by [illegible] of several dozen [illegible] used in p[illegible] equivalents. T[illegible] South [illegible] mountains. [illegible] ward the sea [illegible] to "kama[illegible] dear, ever think[illegible] close," he says "[illegible] ", which also [illegible] stead of saying "[illegible] p." A "Keep [illegible] seen in Honolulu [illegible] "Kapu."

So almost all [illegible] the word "kanaka" [illegible] of people, the Hawa[illegible] fact the word is [illegible] "man." A "kanaka [illegible] man" is a "wahine."

### Names Are Sig[illegible]

Practically every [illegible] name has a mean[illegible] Kahanamoku, w[illegible] distance swimmer, [illegible] means "the beat[illegible] the "hana" to w[illegible] means boat.

Haleakala, the gre[illegible] crater on the island [illegible] "House of the Sun" [illegible] mighty fire pit in the [illegible] means "[illegible] Fire." All the [illegible] priests, priestesse[illegible] equating in "lan" [illegible] that persons bear[illegible] were associated wi[illegible]

A literal translation [illegible] cal instrument of w[illegible] "bouncing flea," a[illegible] and "lele" to jump [illegible] good is "one," but "[illegible] cated. "Rua" is lowe[illegible] a pea, a distinctiv[illegible] Hawaiian lover [illegible] his pronunciation.

"Aloha," one of [illegible] Hawaiian words [illegible] greeting and an e[illegible] at the same time [illegible] falling whether it [illegible] good-by."

It is expected t[illegible] words of general [illegible] which are commo[illegible] paper men will [illegible] with far greater [illegible] were their when [illegible] than

### The Perfe[illegible]

"There are [illegible] things which [illegible] sible, and yet the [illegible] should not resemble [illegible]

She should be [illegible] keep time and rem[illegible] not be like a lou[illegible] loud that all the tow[illegible]

She should be like [illegible] and keep within he[illegible] should not be like [illegible] she has upon her b[illegible]

She should be pl[illegible] when spoken to. S[illegible] like an echo det[illegible] have the last word.

Needless to add, [illegible] should be bold epon[illegible] such sentiments as these [illegible] back to early Victorian days.

THE CO[illegible] TORONTO.