

THE WHITE LADY;

OR, WHAT THE THRUSH SAID.

CHAPTER XX.

I went back to London; went back more lonely, more sorrowful, more silent, but less bitter than when I left it; went back to spend some weary weeks of days in the vain search for work, and of nights in the vainer search for friendship.

By night and by day the result was the same. London did not want me; London was sublimely indifferent to my existence; London rated me at a value below the broken cab hack, for he could be sold in the knacker's yard.

In ninety cases out of a hundred when I asked for work I was snubbed or insulted; in every case I was refused a countryman, a discharged soldier, a cripple with a crippled arm, London, needed no such chattels; London, was conducted on strict business lines; London's warfare was of the commercial kind, wherein there is no quarter given and none to care for the wounded.

I accepted the conditions calmly, and took the snubs and sneers without a frown. 'Life was not so precious to me that I need care to keep it. If I could get work, so! If not—so! There was the river.

The loneliness was the worst, and the long nights the longest. The great city looked wandering about the great city looking wistfully for a crumb of human sympathy, and finding none. During my first short stay in London this alienage embittered me. I was wiser now, and knew that the coldness and the caution of those I met were often but the armor without which they were not safe in the streets of the Christian capital. Indeed, I wore this mail myself, and kept my visor down. For, though I knew that there were kind hearts behind rude and stern fronts, I had also learned that one may smile and be a villain; and it was only at intervals, when the sense of loneliness became unendurable, when the thirst for human intercourse under which I suffered in the midst of the great human sea was past bearing, that I forced my company upon some constable or shoeblack, some prowling tramp or coarser in his cups.

It was from a recollect of the latter kind, a rambling conversation with a boozey hawker in an East End tavern, that I got the clue which led me out of the dreary Babylonian labyrinth at last.

We had been comparing notes, and I had told my companion that I was out of work, when he said, in a thick voice, and with many winks and mysterious grimaces, that if his tongue were loosened by another pot of porter, he, Sam Sanders, might be able to "put me on a mark."

I paid for the drink, and was informed that a pal of Mr. Sam Sanders was about leaving his employment, and that by applying before the post, was advertised I should be sure to "cop," if so be I wasn't too stiff in the matter of "brass and im-etie."

The post in question was that of a messenger at the shirt factory of Solomon Brothers, in Shoreditch. I secured the address, and called before nine on the following morning.

The "factory" of Solomon Brothers consisted of the second and third floors of a dingy dwelling-house in a back street. On the second floor a small bedroom had been converted into an office, and a large bedroom into a warehouse. The third floor, a big attic, served as a workroom.

In the office I found a huge, pasty-faced, black-bearded, bloated Jew, perched upon a high stool, writing. He was in his shirt sleeves. His shirt had not recently come from the laundry. His skin suggested the absence of a lavatory from the premises, and he had evidently mistaid his hair-brush.

"It is work you want; or wages?" he asked me, when I stated my business.

I said I wanted both.

"Ah," he croaked, "we don't want any body, really. I've just sacked one lazy loaf, because he'd no work for me. No, you won't do. It's only a place for a boy," and he turned to his desk.

I said, "Thank you," and walked to the door.

"You see," he resumed, sliding round on his stool, "we have to be very particular. People who work for us, besides, we've had forty-seven applications at already; and we don't want anyone. But you can leave your name."

I said I would, and began to write it down.

"Ah ha!" said he, "you're a scholar. They're all rogues. We want a worker here."

I remarked calmly, that I was a worker.

He eyed me suspiciously.

"Well," he said, "we don't want anybody; and if we did there's lots of our collar that's known to us."

I repeated my thanks, and was going when he came down from his perch, read my name and address, eyed me over critically, and began to ask me a string of questions.

My age, my native place, why I left it, did I drink, did I smoke, could I find references, did I know London well, how long had I been out of work, what was my previous occupation?

When I told him I had just left the army, he said, "Oh! had enough of it, I suppose."

"No," I replied, "I was wounded and discharged."

"What for?"

"My left arm is injured. I am unfit for service."

"Then you're unfit for work."

"No. My arm is stiff, but quite strong. I am active and able." I looked at him with a grim smile, and felt tempted to convince him of this in a practical manner.

He considered, then said, "N—o; you won't suit. We don't want cripples."

"Very well," said I, "good morning," and again I made for the door.

The Jew stood in the centre of the room frowning thoughtfully. "Wait a bit," he said, "if I should think fit to give you a chance, I s'pose, as you're a cripple, you'd take a nominal wage?"

"I will take what I can live on," said I.

The Jew laughed. "Well, that's cool," he answered. "Do you think you're likely to get any more? Have you a pension?"

"I have sixpence a day for a year," I replied.

"Hm! that's better. Then you'll really not want much wages, only for pocket money, as you don't drink."

"I don't want much wages," I said, "but if I work I must live."

The Jew screwed up his face craftily and tapped his nose with his finger. "Look here," he said, "call it a shilling a day, and I'll give you a start."

"I'll come for half-a-crown," said I.

"Half-a-crown! Man alive, do you think we want a manager?"

I turned to go.

"Here," he cried out, slapping his fat hands together, "I'll meet you half-way. Call it one-and-three."

"What are the hours?" I asked.

"Hours? Oh, no regular hours. Just be about when wanted—making yourself useful. It's tight work. One-and-three a day and sixpence pension's eleven shillings a week. You ought to save money. Then it's a bargain?"

"Well," he said, "just name your lowest figure."

"I have named it."

"Do you always stand out for a price like this?"

"I always say what I mean."

"Then you're a fool, and you won't do. Get out. Go to the devil. Beggars aren't choosers yet. Be off."

AN EGYPTIAN SINDBAD.

His Story Told in Ancient Papyrus 5,000 Years Old.

In the hermitage Museum of St. Petersburg there is a very ancient papyrus, nearly 5,000 years old, which contains a story reminding one, says a writer in the Raja Yoga Messenger, of the adventures of the famous Sindbad in the "Arabian Nights."

The hero, a very ancient mariner, begins by saying that he was one of a band of 150 fearless adventurers, "whose hearts were stronger than lions, and who had seen heaven and earth." They were on their way to the Mines of Pharaoh in a ship of 150 cubits, but ill fate awaited them, for presently the wind rose and threw up mighty waves and the ship was wrecked.

Every one perished but the hero, who was washed ashore on a piece of wood. He found himself stranded upon an island, but it was no desert. There were fruits and goodly herbs and many other fine things. The sailor had been piously brought up, for after enjoying a good meal he made an offering to the gods.

Immediately the marvels began, and it is clear that the good character of the hero saved him from destruction, for the next thing he saw was a huge serpent of terrible aspect, his body overlaid with gold and his color a bright blue. However, the serpent did him no harm, but politely asked how he had reached the island.

Being satisfied with the answer, the king of the serpents, for it was no less a personage, carried the sailor in his mouth to a place where there was a tribe of seventy-five other serpents. The serpent king said: "If thou hast come to me it is God who has let you live. It is He who has brought you to this Isle of the Blessed, where nothing is lacking and which is filled with all good things."

The serpent then told him to be of good cheer for he would be rescued by a ship from his own land in three months. Our Egyptian Sindbad spent much of his time watching for the ship from the top of a tall tree. At last it arrived, and the first thing he did was to run to the king serpent to tell him. His surprise was great when he found that the serpent knew all about it, and had some gifts ready for him to take away. On parting the serpent said: "Farewell! go to thy home and see thy little children once more; let thy name be good in thy town."

The sailor was very grateful for the kindness he had received and he offered to speak for the serpent before King Pharaoh and to return with a ship full of treasures fit for such a friend of men cast away in a far off land. But the serpent said no, they would not meet again, for the magical island would disappear and melt away when he was gone.

HANDLORE AND SYMBOLISM.

Signs of Weakness and Strength—When a Man Is Lying.

When a man is not telling the truth he is apt to clench his hands, as few men can lie with their hands open.

A man who holds his thumb tightly within his hand has weak will power. Strong willed persons hold their thumbs outside when shutting their hands.

Shaking hands when greeting was originally an evidence that each person was unarmed.

Among savage tribes when a man holds up his hands it is a sign of peace, an evidence that he is unarmed or does not intend to use weapons. An outlaw says "Hold up your hands!" meaning thereby to make his victim powerless to resist attack.

When a man kisses the hands of a woman he expresses his submission. This is also the idea when kissing the hands of kings. By this act their superiority is acknowledged.

When an oath is taken it is done by raising the right hand or laying it upon a Bible.

In the consecration of bishops, priests and deacons and also in confirmation the laying of hands is the essence of the sacramental rite.

A bishop gives his blessing with the thumb and first and second fingers. In this the thumb represents God the Father, the first finger is the emblem of God the Son, and the second finger stands for God the Holy Ghost, the three together symbolizing the Holy Trinity.

The wedding ring is placed upon the third finger of the woman's hand to show that after the Trinity, man's love, honor and duty are given to his wife.

Beside the deaf and dumb there are many people, notably of Latin and Semitic races, who talk with their hands.

A man should never settle down until he has settled up.

Na-Dro Co Headache Wafers
Certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box.

On the Farm

MAKE BETTER VEAL.

The high price of mutton during the last few years has encouraged, particularly dairymen, to pay more attention to making good veal, but there is a woeful lack of this kind of meat now on the market.

Most dairymen will not take the trouble to fatten calves, but send them to market just as soon as they are past the age limit, and the result is entirely unsatisfactory, both to the seller and the customer.

Well fattened calves, weighing from 120 to 150 pounds, always brings high prices, no matter what the condition of the cattle market may be. City people eat a great deal of veal and would consume much more if they could get what they want, but the stuff seen on the market is for the most part stringy, unfinished and not all satisfactory.

Many calves are sold when a week old at three to four cents per pound, when if fed until they weighed 25 pounds, would bring double the money, but dairymen have not yet learned how to feed calves in order to make good veal.

The European farmers make good money out of the right calves. The youngster is carefully fed from the day he is born, being confined in dark stalls. He is fed liberally on oatmeal, whole milk at the start and skim milk later, with some roots, and when he goes to market he is about as toothsome a morsel as can be found anywhere. Englishmen are very fond of this kind of meat, and price cuts no figure with them.

There is no reason why our dairymen should not increase their profits materially by feeding calves; and it has always been a source of wonder to us why they so neglect this part of their business.

The fact is, the public, to a large extent, is so prejudiced against veal, having read gruesome tales about bob veal being too often marketed, that thousands are afraid to buy veal of any kind. If a better system of feeding calves were adopted, and the business systematized, we would have in a few years a line of choice meat that would sell readily at very high prices.

The first thing that is to be done would be to amend the laws to prevent the railroads and express companies shipping veal under four weeks of age. The amount of immature stuff that goes to market every day is appalling, and we believe that 75 per cent. of it is unfit for food. How it gets past the

inspectors is something no man can find out.

LAMB RAISING.

The farmer who will pay close attention to his breeding stock and raise native lambs of uniform size and breed, feed them intelligently and market them at the right time can make more profit from his flock than from any other farm investment. As a rule the native lambs sent to the markets are so badly mixed, both as to breed and feeding that they are a torment to the buyer and of little profit to the owner.

This is one of the reasons why the western range lambs find great favor in the big markets. They are more uniform in size as they are fed in large flocks and go to market practically in the same condition. Only a small portion of the native lambs that are sold on the eastern markets can be called prime, and this fact is entirely the fault of the farmer.

As a rule, sheep-raising on the average farm is merely a side issue and little attention is given to it. The remedy of the present condition of the native lamb market lies entirely with the men who produce the lambs. Whenever the farmers are engaged in the producing of prime lambs for market at any season of the year, the business has proven highly profitable.

Of course the best markets are just before Christmas and in the early spring; at this period the prices are always high.

America is becoming a great mutton-eating nation, and if the farmers will improve their flocks and their methods of feeding there is no reason why the native lamb market should not prove more profitable than that controlled by the range district.



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

"Do you think you could eat another piece of cake, Tommy?"
"I think I could, auntie, if I stood on my head."

FARMERS: MILK!

We are now contracting for fall and winter milk. If you are producing two or more cans of milk per day and have good stables, milkhouse, etc., and a train service to Toronto before 1 o'clock, write us. We take all you produce—furnish sufficient cans, and pay on the 10th of each month.

CITY DAIRY COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.



Try it—test it—see for yourself—that "St. Lawrence Granulated" is as choice a sugar as money can buy.

Get a 100 pound bag—or even a 20 pound bag—and compare "St. Lawrence" with any other high-grade granulated sugar.

Note the pure white color of "St. Lawrence"—its uniform grain—its diamond-like sparkle—its matchless sweetness. These are the signs of quality.

And Prof. Hersey's analysis is the proof of purity—"99 99/100 to 100% of pure cane sugar with no impurities whatever." Insist on having "ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED" at your grocer's.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES LIMITED, MONTREAL.

