# Standard Bank of Canada. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. G. P. REID. - - MANAGER.

Capital Authorized ... \$2,000,000 Paid Up ..... 1.000,000 Reserve Fund ..... 850,000

gencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

### DURHAM AGENCY.

A general Banking business transseted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

### THE SAVINGS BANK.

Interest allowed on Savings Bank de- ence of some sort upon his future life. posits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt He scarcely knew wether the thought attention and every facility afforded | made him glad or sorry. His life had costomers living at a distance. for at least five years. He had known

J. KELLY, Agent. cherished in his heart a tender senti-

AAAAAAAAAAAAA

For all kinds of

# FURNITURE

of the best makes

TRY

PROMPT ATTENTION TO

# UNDERTAKING

DEPARTMENT.

20.000000000000

BARCLAY & NOBLE desire to intimate to the public of Durham and vicinity that they have now opened out in the Calder Imple- message. By the waiter's advice-for ment Warerooms a full line of neither Dudley nor Victor had ever Agricultural Implements and before visited the environs of London-Domestic requirments including loo to Teddington, whence they pro-

Maxwell Binders and Mowers. Sylvester Machinery, all kinds. Adams' Waggons

Todhope Buggies. Totton Pea-harvesters and Pulpers. Blatchford Organs and Pianos. Garney's Stoves and Ranges.

The New Williams Sewing Machines. Mawyer-Massey Engines and Separators.

The Knoll Washer and Wringer. Caswell Churus and Barrows.

trantford Windmills. and Gasoline Engines, Etc., Etc.

OFFICE there was too much competition in the bus trade, and the tips were "not what they was." He wound up by some

- TO -Farmers, Threshers and

Millmen.

AT THE OLD STONE FOUNDRY

### WE MAKE

Furnace Kettlos, Power Straw Cut- might wish ter see. But, would yer sers, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Ma- believe it, she le s herself te druy about chinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines in a basket-work chair tied to a donkey, for hand or power, Crestings, Farm- and hires 'er stables out to a gentleman Kettles, Columns, Church Seat diving on the other side of the Green! Bods, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump A real gentleman 'e is, and no mistake, Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fan. as free with 'is money-and from what ng Mill Castings, Light Castings I 'ear 'e ain't got too much of it-as ad Builders' Supplies. Sole Plates she's close with 'ers. But thet's allus al Points for different ploughs in the way with them millionnaires. An' ze, and Casting Repairs for Flour eighty if she's a day, though she don't kin and nobody in the 'ouse with 'er

### WE REPAIR

GOOD SHINGLES FOR SALE, a bull an' a mastiff and a boarhound-

# CHARTER SMITH,

Foundryman, Durham, Ont. My friend 'e says he could warrant a

For the

# Revelsworth Millions.

AN ANGEL OF EVIL.

A Story of Intense Interest in which a Beautiful but Unscrupulous Woman's Schemes are Made to Fall by the Man She Loves. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

surmitte upon the young mants face. the latter had been drinking heavily. and was not responsible either for his out, as for dead meat, 'e couldn't give no guarantee-not 'e! But, take 'er for a gentleman apparently by education all in all, she's a sing'lar old customer and position, have lowered himself to is old Mrs. Revelsworth. Pull up, my strike a weman who pleaded to him? beauties! 'Ere you are, sir; an' ere's Nevertheless Dudley's mind the 'istorical Palace, where 'Enry the troubled. A presentiment so strong Eighth cut off his wives' 'eads. But that he did not even try to master it. you'll find all about that in the cattytold him that he and this woman log. I ain't much of a one for 'ist'ry would meet again, and that she was myself. Good day, sir, and thankee!" been but little troubleed by love-affairs

he was too poor to marry, and had

ment for the little gray-eyed English

girl who had died, another man's wife,

three years ago, te'ling himself that,

had fortune smiled upon him, there

indeed was a woman whom he could

From ephemeral love-affairs or filrt-

ations the influence of the "Little

Mother" had kept bo'h trothers except.

ionally free. Madame Victoire Revels-

by her charming appearance when she

big sons," as she termed them that

the longing for a feminine influence

about the place and for a tender

coman's care in filness was never felt

by these fortunate young men, in

whom there grew with their growth,

by constant association with a sweet

and unseifish woman, a great tender-

ness and reverence towards women in

general, and a strong dislike for any-

thing which could tend to lower in

their eyes a sex which they were in-

Possibly th's attitude of mind might

account in part for Dudley's disinclin-

ation to think severely of the woman

whose beauty had so greatly excited his

imagination on the preceding evening.

Certain it was that he could not bear

to make her the subject of unflattering

comment, even from an utter stranger

to her, such as brother Victor, who in

all probability would never in his life

No reserve restrained Victor from

a full recital of his adventures. He

talked over them at the breakfast and

during their stroll, and was still dis-

coursing on the subject of the Gaiety

their return to the hotel for luncheon,

a telegram marked "Revelsworth" was

"Aunt wishes to see you at once.

ceeded by omnibus through Bushey

Park to the Palace Green. It was too

early in the prior cheap and crowded

excursions, a lovely day in early April,

the chestnut-trees in the famous

avenue robed in fresh young leaves,

which rivalled in beauty the dust-fleck-

ed pink and white "candles" which

deck them latter. The driver of their

omhibus was loquacious, and readily

imparted local information to the

agreeable "furringer" who sat at his

right hand. I'rom him Victor gathered

that the private apartment at the

Palace were tenanted by a "lot of Ger?

man paupers"-a statement which the

young stranger afterwards found to be

wholly incorrect, the tenants in ques-

tion being almost without exception

Scotch ladies of distinguished family.

Furthermore, the driver opined that

astonishing stock of anecdotes regard-

ing local celebrities, ch.ef among whom

the brothers had little difficulty in

"There's an old lady living on that

there Green," the driver said, jerking

his whip forward, "as is the most

astonishing old cherekter you ever

'eard tell on. She's rolling in money-

inres mil lone if she 'as a pourd, as I've

'eard say-and yet do you think She'll

give a penny fur local improvements

and fercilities for getting 'ere? Not

she! She 'ates excursionists, and, if

She 'ad her way, she'd shut them out

of the Green and the Palace too. With

'er money she might 'ave in 'er stables

look it, and she ain't got no kith nor

but a little companion sorter person,

and a cook wot ain't got a civil word

errands and takes the dogs-as to

which I must say they're good breed,

nice lady's pets, I must say! A friend

of mine sold 'er the mastiff last sum-

mer. 'I want somethink murderous,

burglar and isn't afraid of ghosts."

says she something that can kill a

recognizing their aunt.

"Simpson"

dancer's steps and smiles when,

handed to them from the office.

The wording was laconic--

Advisable to go.

clined to worship for one good wom-

an's sake.

cave loved.

Revelsworth House was a long, low red-brick residence, mellowed by time into a purplish tint, and overrun in summer by wistaria and Virginia-c: eeper trained upon trellis-work over the entire front of the building.

At the back of the house was a stoncpaved yard hemmed in by stables; in the front, a small garden, bordered by a wall and more trellis work, divided it from the footpath, the roadway, and the Green. And from any of the front windows, by craning one's neck, a good view of the Palace gates, the barracks, could be obtained. Tradition said that Revelsworth

worth was so young, so pretty, so kind House was as old as the Palace itselfand sympathetic, she worked so hard by far the oldest house on the Green; to make their home comfortable and but in George the Third's reign the harpy, and she enjoyed herself so then owner had replaced the red roofthoroughly and did them such credit tiles with slates, put up new chimneys, and built out a large and incongruous went out on fete days with her "two bay, which, supported verandah-wise on slender iron pillars over the diningroom on the ground-floor caused that apartment to be enveloped, winter and summer, in Cimmerian gloom. The entire appearance of the house having been altered by these architectual freaks, it retained little, if any, of its Tudor character. The heavy gateway. of stunted red-brick pillars surmounted by discolored stone globes belonged to a much later period, naving been erected in the days of Good Queen Anne, and the door of the house, a piece of very old, very solid timber, providentially left to its own natural color, was surmounted by an odd little shell-shaped portico, printed white, and wholly out of keeping with the rest of the building.

In spite of the tulips, hyacinths, and daffod.ls making gray the little shaped beds in the front-garden and the window-boxes round the deep bay project-

ion or the first-floor level, there was sometning forbidding in the aspect of the house. One could not by any stretch of imagination conjure up the thought of little fair-haired childern toddling in and out of that gloomy worm-eaten old door, or chasing each other along the narrow stone-paved red mouth, a figure of girlish grace and slimness, and diminutive hands and paths of the prim garden. A sober and austere personality was suggested by, the very exterior of the place, to which only the garden flowers and the window-boxes gay with primroses gave relief; and it was with a shock of the unexpected that Dudley and Victor Revelsworth found that, in answer to their pull at the chain which hung be-Leath the entrance-porch, the door was opened by no gloomy-faced family reta ner, but by a stender little maid in a blue serge gown which barely reached her ankles, a little maid whose curly dark hair, round dimpled face, and quick movements brought with a loving thrill the memory of the "Little

Mother" they had left behind in Paris. "Is Mrs. Pevelsworth in, if you pleas?" Victo .nquired, divining with remarkable acumen that the girl was not a servant, in spite of the plainness of her dress and the white muslin apron she wore.

He raised his hat as he spoke, and the little maid blushed all over her face and shyly smiled. "Mrs. Revelsworth is in; and-it is

Mr. Revelsworth, is it not?" Victor answered in the affirmative, smiling back at her. She was a neat, trim, tiny creature,

withal so friendly, that it was difficult to avoid smiling at her. Barely five feet in height, with silky dark hair cut short as a boy's, hazel eyes that were full of laughter, a short childish nose, a curved and extremely kissable little mouth, a figure of girlish grace and simness, andd iminutive hands and feet, it was not easy at first sight to divine her age, which might have been

anything between fifteen and twenty. The spirit of both young men rose at sight of her. Whatever might be the unpleasant idiosynerasies of that "sing'lar old customer" Mrs. Revelsworth, it was satisfactory to know, in the event of her requiring their frepresence, that here the house was a sunny and feminine personality, who in height and build and cheery voice and smile recalled to

them their post "Petite." The hall across which she led them was narrow, hardly any wider, in fact, than the so-called "halls" supplied to modern semi-detached villas. Later on Dudley ascerta ned that it was the Vandal owner of George the Third's time who had subdivided the wide Tudor hall with oak partitions, which an even more inartistic successor in the early days of Queen Victoria had liberally, coated with disfiguring whitewash. Some stags' heads and antlers were fastened at intervals along the panelled woodwork, which led to a staircase meam Engines, Horse Powers, Seped once a month, an 'a man-servant reason of its width and importance, with the present cramped condition of and an imperent boy of his wot runs | the hall.

On the first floor was a very long narrow passage, lighted by three windows overlooking the court-yard, and terminated at each end by a door. The little guide passed before the door on her left hand at the top of the staircase, and turned in a hesitating manner towards the two young men.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have shown you right up at first," she said ingenu-

ously; "but I had been watching for you from the dining-room window ever since luncheon, and I was so excited that I forgot. Would you mind waiting here in the passage a few moments while I go and prepare Mrs. Revels-

worth to receive you?" Thereupon she disappeared through the door on the left, whence she emerged after a short absence, brimming over with suppressed laughter.

"She has made me de cr. be you both," she whispered. "She will see you now. And don't be hurt by anything she says," she added hurriedly, with her hand on the door; "she doesn't mean to be disagreeable."

The room into which she ushered them was a very large one, extending as it did right through the house, from the bay in front to the wall at the back, as could pin down anything mying; in which there were two large modern windows overlooking the court-yard stables. The furniture belonged to two generations back, ottomans, settees, arm-chairs and sofas, solidly made and upholstered covered with washed-out cretonne. Stuffed birds and wax-work flowers in glass cases, a chandelier and candlesticks adorned with cu -glass pendants. old-fashioned water-colors in ornate gold frames, a harp and a grand piano, both carefully veiled in brown holland and chairs and fire-screens covered with woolwork flowers, spoke as clearly as did the marble mantelpiece and huge gilt clock surmounting it of the conservative tastes and strict economy, of the lady of the house.

Mrs. Revelsworth was seated in the bay-window, shielded from the spring sunshine by a partally-lowered Venetian blind and by an old-fashioned round green fan on a pivot fixed upon a table beside her chair. A very large gilded cage containing a gray parrot, and the enterance to the first court | and another smaller cage for a pair of love-birds, occupied favorable positions in the bay, and a ferocious-looking white bull-dog, with crimson eyes, a protruding jaw, and hardly the semblance of a nose, lay stretched upon white fur rug at her feet.

Margret Revelsworth bore her seventy-nine and a half years well She was a tall woman, wonderfully erect for her age, with well-marked features, heavy dark eyebrows over keen blue-eyes, gray hair brushed smoothly down on either side of her. face, and a remarkably good complexion. Her dress of purple silk, white lace cap with purpl: bows, and white cashmere shawl had clearly been donned for the occasion; but the young men were afterwards to rn that the diamond cross which gleamed among the lace on the collar of her gown, the valuable rings on her fingers, and the long drop-earrings of pearls and diamonds in her ears were part of Mrs. Revels 's habitual costume for every a.....

The old lady scrutinized the two young men attentively as they approached her before proffering to them a hand, yellow and wrinkled, but still possessing power of grip that many a younger woman might have envied.

"Sit down!" she said imperatively. "Betty, bring two chairs up! It isn't that my sight is g'ing-don't fancy it. It's sin ply that w h the sun's rays so strong and direct, it isn't easy to make out anyhing clearly. So you're Dud ley's boys -not much doubt about that in your case," she added, addressing herself to Dudley. "You're a Revelsworth every inch of you-tall frame, big shoulders, bright color, blue eyes and all. T en I was a single woman, I'd sooner have married your father than cousin John, though I was a good bit older than either of them. And that's the French boy! Not much look of a Revelan h about him. What were Dudley and Harold about, marrying foreigners? You're like your mother, I suppose?" she asked Victor abruptly.

"No, madame. I regret to say I do not resemble my mother, who is very "Humph! Maltes up, I suppose, liko

most Frenchwomen!" "She does not need to," interposed Dudley hastily, noting the angry color which rose to his brother's brow. "Victor's mother, my step-mother, who has been a mother to me, is so extremely pretty to at she does not require art :chant her attractions!"

"So she has got round you too!" observed this disagreeable old lady. "And why hasn't this paragon come to England with you?"

"Unfortunately, madame, she does not like Eagland or the manners of the

"Mine, I suppose you mean!" Mrs. Revelsworth said, with a short laugh. "But I'm too old to have them Frenchified now. They've served me for nearly eighty years."

"You're a cat!" shricked the gray parrot, without the slightest warning: and little Betty ducked her head behind Mrs. Revelsworth's chair to hide her laughing face.

"I hear from Simpson," Mrs. Revelsworth went on, ignoring the interuption, "that you two have I am earning your living in Paris, touching, or fiddisag, softboling, or sometting. Have you made any money by M?"

"Enough at least to make us independent', answered Dudley. "Nobody's independent who hasn't a big balance at the bank," said the lady. "Independence on nothing a year is simply false pride." "You're a cat!" screamed the parrol

"Betty, put polly's cover on. Why haven't you applied to your relatives in England all these years? And why didn't your father and uncle Harold come to me for help any time these twenty years, instead of working them-

selves to dea n in a foreign country and marrying heathens?" But this was more than Victor could endure. Springing from his seat, and disreg-ding the imploring looks cast at him by the little Betty from behind her employer's chair, he addressed his aunt in tones which vibrated with emotion, his French accent manifesting itself strongly, as it invariably did whenever he became excited.

"You are altogether misinformed, madame," he began, with scrupulous politeness. "Of my uncle Harold's wife know nothing but that she was an Italian lady of noble family and very bear al. But of my mother to me, I must tell you, madame, that a woman more really religious, more entirely a Christian does not exist in this world. Here is the third time in five minutes since that we arrive in this house that you have made accusations against my

mother; and you must pardon me, madame, if I can no more listen. I beg that you will per ... it me to take my

"Bless my heart! Here are heroics!" murmured Mrs. Revelsworth. "And pray are you going too?" she asked of Dudley, who had risen also.

"My brother expresed my seatiments in e ry word he said!" returned Dudley saiffly.

"Then you are a pair of foo'-!" cried Mrs. Revelsworth, satting up and vigorously slapping the arm of her carvedoak arm-chair. "Do you know that there is a million at stake and that I can leave it to any Re elsworth please? And, if you two boys presist in making fools of your e ves, it will bo odd if I cannot somewhere unearth a Revelsworth to whom to leave it. A couple of self-opi ionated young prigs! Betty, there's the postman-every post may bring an an wer to my advertisement-run down and fetch the letters! And you two sit de wn-sit down, I say, as an old woman bids you-asks you to do, in her own house!" The brothers resumed their seats

feeli g somewhat foolish, and ex remely angry and upon their dignity.

"You're both Pevelsworths in temper, I see," their aunt observed more gerially after a pause. "Pig-headed. like all the rest of us and firing up at a word. Well, I don't like you less for bei g rude to me in spite of my money. And, as to the French lady, we won't discuss her while you are staying with me. Does that expression suprise You? "she asked, as both young men looked up hurriedly. "And will It surprise you still more to learn that you'll have to take up your abode here, in this dull old house with a cross old woman, for at least a year? You won't find it amusing after Paris, I dare say; but I've got to learn something of you, and there's no way so good as having you under my own eyes in my own house all the

Before the brothers could comment apon this unexpected suggestion little Betty returned with a letter, which Mrs. Revelsworth at once opened and proceeded to read through, holding it a little distance from her eyes but disdaining the use of spectacles. Clearly the news the letter contained was of an interesting nature, for the old lady flushed a little, frowned, and finally put it down with a short laugh and glanced keenly across at her nephews. "So another Revelsworth has appear-

ed upon the scene! she said. "My lawyer Simpson ir forms me that at half-past ten o'clock this morning a lady called at his o'lce and sent up her name as Miss Francesca hovelsworth She had arrived in London on business, so she told him, on the preceding day, and had seen, quite by accident, the advertisement I caused to be inserted Being the only child of Harold Revelsworth, she called at Simpson's office and was apparently able to prove her identity to his satisfaction. More than that-she is coming down he : tonight. So that I shall have," the old

Eng concluded, as see The Lersell in her arm-chair with an air of anticipative enjoyment, "the satisfaction of seeing all three claimants to the Revelsworth name and fortune gathered together under the same roof!"

A pause followed this startling ancouncement. Then Dudley spoke, not without trepidation, for this outspoken domineering old lady was clearly accustomed to have her own way in everything.

"Do I understand," he said, "that you wish us-my brother and myself-to spend the night here?"

"Why not?" asked Margaret Revelsworth. "You are not like girls to be miss.ng your powder-puffs and dressing-gowns. The shops close early in the vil. ge. We dine at seven. You have plenty of time to go out and bun a tooth-brush! Betty, my dear, you can take the cover of Polly now. These young men are going for a walk until dinner. And understand, boys, F am not 'Madame' or anything foreign, but simply 'aunt Margaret.' Oh, and pefore you go you must know my mother was a Revelsworth who married a Manning ? Betty here isn't a Revelsworth; It she is a very good child. Now you can go. First dinner-bell is ten minutes to s en, and I have never been kept waiting in my life."

Not until they reached Hampton Court Brdge did the young men feel themselves to be out of range of their aunt's keen eyes. On the bridge they stopped, looked at each other, and sim-

ultaneously bur out laughing. "But she is insuportable, this aunt!" exel med Victor; while Dudley took off his hat and ran his fingers through his short curly hair in a manner habitual to him when disturbed in mind. "If she speaks one word to me more about my mother, I shall bow, and say,

Madame, you may keep your extremely truthful and sagacious parrot, who entirely understands your nature, and your atrocious boule-gogue, and your easty little green birds, and likewise year fortune. For me, I cherish the name of my mother more highly than

He spoke half in earnest, half in feet with the theatrical exaggeration habittal to most men of French origin. His brother daughed and stat ped him on the

"You wouldn't be such an eas!" he said quietly. "After all, setting aside her rudeness an her prejudices, what she said was quite right. If she's got to leave the money between her nephews and nieces, she must learn something about them. I think you'll find she will have sense enough to leave the subject of our 'Little Mother'alone; and, apart from her abrupt and uniment ry manners, do you know I think I shall like that old lady very,

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed his brother. "You have a singular taste! But the little Betty is enchanting. Did you see her pretty little feet, as small as those on one condition only, and that is, that so I etty? There is something which dran , my heart to the little Betty. She looks so good and kind and gay! I am convinced it was she, the mischievous one, who taught the parrot to say, Worship's instructions," the father that 'You are a cat!' "-and Victor leaned against the bridge, laughing

"The most interesting part of the whole business to my mind," said must now discuss the aim of our so-Dudley after a pause, "is the sudden ciety." appearance of the cousin. 'Francesca Revelsworth!' Fine name that, sugzestive of a splendid personality. Ten

to one therefore that she is plain and stumpy. If I remember rightly, our uncle Harold was married some years before I was born. Probably the fair Francesca is a bony old maid-or fat, perhaps. Italians often run to noses

and fat in middle life." "But why call her Italian?" protested Victor. "She is no more all Italian than I am all French. I have seen the portrait of her mother the contessa. She was adorably handsome and our cousin Francesca will be ador. ably handsome also; for was not our uncle Harold in all his portraits a superb man, tall as a glant, with blond mous ache and whiskers? Tiens -remembe, we I what the Lite along. er' prophesied! Did she not say that our uncle Harold would have left one beautiful daughter, and that we should fall in love with ther and marry her, and divide the fortune between us?" "But we can't both marry her."

laughed Dudley. "But we shall both fall in love with her, and she shall choose. You will make court to her in your sober manner, and will say, 'My excellent cousin, I esteem you, I admire you, I think you are very nice! Will you be Mrs. Dud. ley Revelsworth?' And I-I shall fling myself upon the ground at her feet and kiss the hem of her gown, and I shall say, 'Adored angel, I die if you will not have pity on me! Ah, you are beautiful as a star in the skies, as a w in the month of June!" Then we \_all see which of us she will prefer; or, if she cannot make up her mind, we will decide it in the English fashion-so!"-tak.ng a coin from his pocket and spinning it on the side of the bridge. "Voyons!" he cried. "Heads, I marry the beautiful cousing tails, she marries you! Helas-it is

myself!" And, to the extreme surprise of the passers-by, Victor proceeded to slap his brow in affected anguish, and to make a pretence of springing L n the parapet of the bridge, until dragged towards the village by his brother. Long afterwards that scene came

tails! The cousin is your, and I drown

back upon the latter's mind with strange and sinister significance. The spring sunlight glinting .... i the water as it flowed from the weir, the cool breeze which had sprung up in the late afternoon fluttering the young leaves on the poplar-trees, the pustle and e imparted even it this early period of the year by a w omnibuses and char-a-bancs now stalling homewards to London, and the sellow red of Wolsey's palace above the riverbank-all these details of the picture would flash upon Dudley's brain, to form a background to his brother's happy lace as, ignorant what destiny held for him, he jested in the sunshine on Hampton Court Lridge on that memorable afternoon.

By twenty minutes to seve nthey had made a few purchases, had strolled beyond the lock and back, lingered by the Green wa ching the horses and donkeys grazing there, and had finally passed through the weather-beat en red-brick gate-posts, topped by then lichen-covered globes, into the narrow paved path between the flower beds which led to the front door of their aunt's house.

This they found to be ajar. In the passage a lady stood with her back to them, conferring with the man-servant, whom the brothers now saw for the first time. This personage was short and spare, with features which bore an odd caricature likeness to those of Francis I. of France. A long Jewish nose overhung a sarcastic mouth, and suspicion and unbelicate shone from his light twinkling eyes, "So I am to say 'Miss Revelsworth,'

am I, miss?" he was in uiring in slow rasping tones. Hearing him, Victor and Dadley glanced quickly at each other. In an-

other moment, before the feet of either brother had crossed the threshold, the lady turned and faced them, and, with a shock of mingled dismay and delight, Dudley recognized the heroine of his adventure t the theatre on the preced.nz evening

When woman gets into politics Reform will just be great, Two dollar votes will be marked down To \$1.98. The "Capital."

### Summoned His Father.

An immaculate-looking boy about twelve years of age, clad in a good Eton suit and snow-white collar, once appeared in the witness-box of a London l'olice Court, according to a recently

published volume of reminiscences. "Please, sir, I want a summons." "Against whom?" "My father, sir."

"What has your father done to you?" 'Please, sir, he has assaulted me." "That was very wrong of your father. Thy did he do so?"

"Please, sir, he said that I had been "de to my sister." "Did he, though? Yes, you can take si mmons."

"Please, sir, how much will it be?" "Two shillings, my little man." "Please, sir, I am under twelve. Can't have it half price?"

"Oh, no, my boy; we have no half prices here." "But I have only one shilling, str." Then you must go and get another before your summons can be issued." They thought they had done with him, but no; in a short time the boy came tack with another shilling, and the summens was issued. One day therefore fether and son appeared in court. The father, a portly, well-dressed man, was beiling with rage, and could scarcely re-

strain himself while the boy gave evidence and told how his father had beaten "Has your father ever assaulted you before?" the Magistrate asked. "No, sir, this is the first time." "I am sorry for that," said the Magistrate, "because your father takes you home and gives you a double dose of what he gave you last time." And, turning to the father, "and mind you do it, sir."

"Having formally organized," said the President of the new woman's club, "we

"Better call it 'object,' if it's a good one," cried the rude man who really had so business there. "A woman's 'aim' is actoriously bad."-Philadelphia Press.

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and the palms of the kin

out the coronation cereme

character. Figuratively at once king, priest and teach and govern the peop reason the robes in which pears at various stages of tion service are a mod t historic vestments of a pr Sleeveless role of white pertunics or dainatic of richly embroidered then which is nothing more ! nery priest's store and to perial mantle tastened in Jeweled clasp Besides II articles of regulia, as sandals, buskins, bracel which are offered the are never worn during the King Edward maintains fraditions of the regime in

tial features of the cord mony. He dispenses will Firewer" as a refer of the stition, and with the king in armor, for the days of gone never to return; but of of some of the minor teresque custons does not sente of regal magnificence tolus are indeed marvels Bud skillful workmanship embroidered with silver flenrs de its and the shami thistle. The engles on King Edw

represent imperial dest the ancient times when E called themselves impe meanings of the rose, sh thistle are well known, at de-lis is a reminder of the French lilies with the Eng arms under George III. 7 tional floral emblems appe royal stole, together with and cross of St. George, 8 the cloth of gold tunica. among palms.

The robes and coronets