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BEGINS NEXT WEEK OUR NEW STORY

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

BE SURE AND READ THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

WHAT MOVED HER.

By MARY FENOLLOSA in "The Smart Set."

The pretty drawing-room, with its flowers and photographs, its lace hangings and rich upholstery, might have belonged to Fifth Avenue, but in reality it was in the lower left wing of a certain fashionable "foreign" residence of Nob Hill, in Tokio, Japan.

In the neatly burnished grate a fire slept as a cat sleeps, opening luminous, mysterious eyes at incalculable intervals, and then sinking back into lazy contentment. It seemed to be keeping a sort of indignant watch over the young man who paced so restlessly up and down the long Wilton rug, giving frequent, furtive glances toward the door, and an occasional guilty start.

He had bodily done a guinness thing in sending to his ex-fiance, a card that bore a name other than his own. To make matters worse, under this fictitious name had been written the words "Presented by Henry D. Herndon," and Henry D. Herndon was the ex-fiance's brother in New York.

Miss Herndon had come to Japan in hurried flight from the very man who was now troubling her into re-considering him. His suitorship was not irrevocable, he knew, but the time had come for desperate measures. What would she say when first she opened the door to these unbidden guests without and Mr. Page's heart quaked. But the one who entered was only a little Japanese maid-servant bringing in cake and wine.

"Miss Herndon is gone on a ver- sion," she announced, in her soft, muffled voice, but with a smile that seemed to make the broken words personal homage.

Page smiled in return. "Are you the veritable Madame Chrysanthe?" he asked, as he lifted the glass.

The housemaid did not understand, nevertheless she smiled entrancingly.

A cold draught swept in through the half-open door, and with it came Miss Elizabeth Herndon. At sight of him the conventional smile of welcome died. The false card was in her hand, and she lifted it slowly, to read it again.

Madame Chrysanthe turned her head in a frightened bird-like fashion, and hurried from the room as fast as her pigeon-toes would take her. Miss Herndon wheeled about as if to follow, but Page was at the door.

"Bertie, listen! Only one moment! I have come all the way to Japan."

The girl raised her eyes with such a look of agonized despair that Page, "So I perceive," she said. "Yet I should not have gathered the fact from this." She flung his card to the floor, where it lay, face up, between them.

"I never made an answer."

"I never should not have dreamed you capable of assuming a false name."

"Your own brother introduced me as such."

"That does not increase my respect for either of you. Doubtless you tricked him into it."

"Trikery is unnecessary between reasonable people or friends. In your case we both felt it to be the last resort."

She drew in her breath sharply. "Have you come all this way to insult me again?"

"I have never insulted you. I have come to plead."

"You must have known that it would be useless."

"Your brother warned me, but I was not willing to believe you as selfish, narrow and vindictive as he seemed to assume."

She winced. He saw the gesture of pain, and his heart softened.

"Bertie! we were to have been married in a week. Think what that means!"

"Bertie!" she said, trembling, "how dare you mention it now?"

"How could you have been willing to throw me over at the whispered consent of a man who had been my guest at dinner the night before? You have made me a laughing-stock! You refused to hear my defence, even from your own brother. And to cap the climax, you ran away to Japan striking it all, and throwing that much more ridicule on me."

"There is no need of going into that again," said the girl, her face whitening. "It is all at an end."

"But is it?" he cried. "Do I look like a man to be flung aside without reason, and take the flinging calmly?"

She did not meet his eye. "I must go," she murmured, "I cannot listen."

Page seemed not to hear. "Aside from losing you, I am not inclined to accept defeat at the hands of a peaching cad like Babson."

"I never said that it was Mr. Babson who told me."

"No," said Page; "but he was the one. Babson has one eye now, nine fingers and seven whole ribs."

"You didn't fight him?" said Miss Herndon, nervously.

"One can't fight a brand sack; one can only punch. I punched."

"Oh! did it—did it get into the papers?" Miss Herndon clasped her hands.

"That's the first thing that

spasm, as if the earth had suddenly turned to a huge piano-mange. Miss Herndon paused and looked around wonderingly. A second vibration came, much stronger than the first. Page's eyes met hers.

"Why, what's up?" he asked.

The third convulsion was upon them. This time the floor cracked, windows chattered as if in an ague, and the chin of a Chinese mandarin on the mantelshelf clicked against his porcelain collar. There was a sound of fleeing feet overhead. A servant ran out into the garden and peered up toward the chimney tops. Miss Herndon was very pale.

"An earthquake?" she gasped.

"They have been telling me about them. We shall be crushed!"

She seized Page's sleeve, as if to drag him away, but he caught her in his arms.

The fourth vibration made the others insignificant. Flower vases, Buddhist images, photograph stands and ivory statuettes went over in one flinging crash. There was a hideous sound of tearing in the walls, the piano gave a loud, harmonic wail. The world had become a reeling, chaotic horror.

"Why don't you move?" shrieked the girl, as she struggled to free herself.

"Oh, Jack, don't wait! I love you—I take it all back! Only come away!"

He pressed her closer to his heart, speechless and trembling, and even in the terror of her first earthquake she knew that he trembled from love, not fear.

The bricks in the chimney girtled together ominously, and the cross-eyed Japanese warrior in the corner came over on the floor with a gasp.

Arm in arm the lovers started for the door, but as they reached it the earthquake stopped, only a sort of "I know you're in a bit of a muddle" remaining. Nothing was broken but a few trinkets, the warrior's nose and Miss Herndon's resolve. And long after the last tingling fibre of sensation had quitted the land and its running along the bottom of the Pacific, she was still explaining tenderly that she had not been frightened for herself at all, only for him.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Sue—Pauline's father is quite a genius.

Belle—In what way?

Sue—Why, he had a pair of hand-socks attached to his hand.

Joan—Why, if they registered over 100 he knew Jack had been sharing her seat.

Incredibly robs us of many pleasures. I get nothing in return.—J. R. Lowell.

"Bigbrain expects to get a fortune out of his new incubator."

"Any great improvement?"

"Yes, it has a phonograph attachment that says: 'Cluck-cluck.'"

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man and fix all our attention on his infirmities!—Addison.

Hoax—Poor Sandy MacPherson died of grief.

Joan—Why, I thought he took carbolic acid.

Hoax—So he did, but he thought it was Scotch whiskey.

Hungry Hawkins—I once answered a want ad.

Tatterton Torn—Gwan! Wot was de job?

Hungry Hawkins—It was all a mistake. A printer advertised for a good feeder.

The Good One—My man, it makes me feel bad to see you coming out of a saloon.

Patet—One—Well, boss, it wouldn't have done you any good if yer had saw m' goin' in. I only had a nickel, an' that wouldn't have bought drinks for both.

"Have you heard the story of the onion?" asked Wates of Pettigrew.

"No."

"Well, don't breathe it to a soul."

Mrs. Drummer—Yes, indeed; I think George is working too hard.

Mrs. Hummer—You do?

Mrs. Drummer—Yes; he came home awful nervous last night, and said he had been making a round of the "sample rooms."

Gotrox—So the Count is cured of his infatuation for your daughter?

Billions—Yes, I bought him off; gave him the gold cure.—Philadelphia Record.

Miss Hemley—No, I won't take those photos. They make me look like a perfect fright.

Photographer—Well, madam, you should have told me that you wanted me to make them flatter you.

Nell—There is rumor of an engagement between May Snapp and Will Grumble.

Photographer—It's more than a rumor of an engagement. It's a regular pitched battle. But they'll make up again, of course.

"She is so garrulous," said the first deaf-mute, speaking of a friend who was similarly affected.

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Why, do you know, when no one is around for her to talk to she makes her right hand talk to her left."—Baltimore American.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

A gentleman who has a Christian spirit and a horror for sale certificates as follows in a Minnesota paper:

We have a good family driving horse for sale, providing you carry insurance.

He is not over particular as to feed in fact, he prefers our neighbors' haystacks and corncribs to our own.

We feed him whenever we can catch him, which is seldom.

He is partly gentle. The other parts are not, and you must govern yourself accordingly.

We will throw in the derriek and telegraph pole combination which we use to hitch him up with.

If you are fond of driving we would advise you to engage a cowboy that owns a fast horse to do your driving, and be sure and get on top of the barn before he begins to drive this horse.

For price and coroner's address, apply to the owner.

It is evident that the pernicious doctrines of David Harum have not taken root everywhere. Furthermore, there will be no excuse for a damage suit if this advertiser ever succeeds in disposing of the goods. In view of the present day greed for gain, all this is highly encouraging.—Chicago Record-Herald.

This is from the Chicago Record-Herald:

"No, sir," said the old gentleman, bringing his finger to his lip and on the desk in front of him. "I will never consent to my daughter's becoming the wife of a man who uses strong drink."

"But," the trembling young man who had twisted his hat and ever and anon stealing a glance at the door as if calculating the number of jumps he would have to make in reaching it hastily, "I never tasted liquor in my life."

"Dad! I got hold of it with me suddenly awaked interest."

"Oh," he said, "never drank a drop, eh?"

"No, sir," Clarence Darlington replied. "I do not know the taste of the nasty stuff."

"Well, but I suppose you smoke and chew tobacco. Them's more habits I don't like—especially chewing." A man that chews tobacco is—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have never used tobacco in any form I never have even smoked a cigarette."

"Hm!" his father answered, but not sweetly. "No, sir, never! I'll be bound. Now, if there's anything I hit to have around the house it's a man that swears. Swearin' is a habit that no—"

"But I have never uttered an oath in all my life, and I never will. I'll be bound. Now, if there's anything I hit to have around the house it's a man that swears. Swearin' is a habit that no—"

"Oh, confound it!" the old man exclaimed, as he reached in his pocket, "here's a penny. Run out and buy yourself a stick of candy and don't bother me any more to-day. I'm busy."

A curious thing happened to a certain young man in Mississippi some time ago," remarked a visitor to the city yesterday, "and the afore-said young man has never completely recovered from the influence of the job. It was a hard, steady and hard young fellow, but had that modicum of vanity usually found in young men who are just reaching the period of life when they drift in the evenings from the home of one Delicium to the other, and while away the time in cooling the soft nothings of the swain. He was an average young fellow except in looks, in this respect he was rather above the average, and he recognized the fact of course. There was a certain young girl who happened to be the particular favorite in the community, and she deserved all the love he was capable of. He was really a splendid young woman and, in fact, had all the charming attributes of a rustic belle in Mississippi—lips like roses, cheeks after the tint of the peach blossom, pretty white teeth, evenly set, and into a urva and a t'at'ot of thing. She was simply a pink dream and there was a great rivalry among the young fellows who vied for her. On a certain evening last winter the young gentlemen who flung in this t'at'ot of his hair, polished his teeth, and went forth to woo the rustic queen. The old gentleman was at the party, and he recognized at this point that the old man was very fond of hunting, and he had just purchased a new breech-loading shotgun, and his exuberance over the event was positively boyish. The young lady happened to drift back into the sitting room, and found her father explaining to a friend the many advantages of the new shotgun, and telling what he would do to his hunting companions on the next day, when they would go out to the lake. The young lady was very enthusiastic over the weapon, and turning to her father she said: "Oh, papa, dear, take the gun in and show it to Mr. Blank. I'm sure he'd be delighted to see it, for, you know, he is so fond of hunting." The old gentleman acted on the suggestion, and excusing himself from his guest, made a start for the parlor with the shotgun in his hand. He shoved the door of the parlor open and rushed in rather hurriedly. Well, the young man rushed out after the same fashion, and he left a nicely polished case and a brand new hat on the rack. One of his rivals had told him that the old gentleman did not like him, and that he seriously objected to the attention he was paying to the young lady. When the old gentleman broke into the parlor with a shotgun the young fellow could hear the leaden pellets rattling in his face, and he broke the record of the community. He recovered the hat and case, but lost the girl.

At the Summer Hotel.

Belle—She has a good voice, but she doesn't seem to be able to control it.

"No," she sings whenever anyone asks her.—August Smart Set.

Some Old Line.

Farmer Brown—Mr. Whiffletree going west take in summer boarders this year, same as usual?

Farmer Greene—I reckon she are! She jess came in and ordered two new can openers!—Puck.

CEYLON AND INDIA NATURAL LEAF GREEN TEA

Is Free from Any Particle of Coloring Matter; Is Dainty and Invigorating; Is the only Tea that suits fastidious palates and is wholesome for the most delicate digestions.

IT IS ALSO A BRITISH PRODUCT.

SALADA

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "Salada," Toronto.

SHOT ON PATROL:

A Touching Poem on an Incident of the Boer War.

The following beautiful poem, by the author of the Gordon League ballad, is being recited a good deal just now at patriotic concerts in England. By the author's kind permission we are enabled to reprint the poem entire. It narrates our modes of the present war.

"Of the word 'patrol,' if you look it up in the dictionary, you will find a simple explanation, but the average Englishman at home has no idea of its real meaning as exhibited in warfare, especially a war against an enemy like the Boer."—Wife, the war correspondent of the Daily Mail, Arundel, Dec. 28th, 1899.

Have you heard me talk of Harry? Harry's our soldier son, Him that won the V. C. in Egypt, And stands over six feet-one. He was infantry when he listed, and he's served with the cavalry since, He's a Lancer color-sergeant, and his mother thinks him—a prince!

There was a chum of Harry's We often used to see, When they were quartered in London. A chap named Johnny Lee. The name called him "Bones" and "Slinny," because he was long and thin, and laughed at him for a Lancer, and said he'd been smuggled in.

He was what you might call a soft one. Was Johnny Lee, in a way; He was pious-like and quiet, Didn't smoke, or j.k., or play, Nor care for a lark off duty—although he could ride with the best— And in all his life he never had a horse made the butt of the rest.

He thought the world of Harry— For once, when the play got rough, Harry turned round in the Guard-room, And said the boy'd had enough. "I'll break the neck of the bully who touches that lad again." He says. And the others dropped it, For just to put it plain,

When a man's a V. C. and a giant, Who would shake you out limp like a rag? He was a kind of a hero, His comrades sort of listen If he makes a remark or two, So "Bones" was left with his hymn-book—and when Colenso was fought, And the Lancers sallied in a hurry, no one gave him a thought.

They sallied and they landed at Cape Town, And were sent to the front double-quick, And day by day in the papers the words of the wounded and sick, The dead and the "taken prisoner," the "missing" and those who fell Leading and cheering their comrades through the death-storms of shot and shell.

Many a name we honor, For they've done well, every one; From young Roberts, Schofield and "Tiger," to the old soldier prays, To little Bugler Dunne! Johnny wrote to his sweetheart the first time he was under fire; To charge alongside Harry had been his heart's desire.

But it wasn't a charge. It was murder, It was death coming out of the air, Not a puff of smoke to tell them if the Boers lay here or there, Tucked away in their trenches, nothing to see or to show; And our men dropped out of their saddles without one glimpse of the foe!

"'Twas awful!" he wrote. "I was praying, 'Thy will be done, O God, to die.' 'B's a coward," says she in a passion, And flings his letter by. "My girl," I says, "you're mistaken! When a British soldier prays, He's got the heart within him we had in the olden days,

"When our enemies fell before us, It's them as wouldn't win" But there, she wouldn't listen, She didn't care a pin. "I'll write to-night and tell him I've checked him for Charlie Jones!" She says. But before he could hear it something had happened to "Bones."

One day of that African summer A Lancer patrol went out, In charge of Harry's Captain, Just to leisurely look about, And search the little kopjes where the Dutchmen like to hide, Harry was there, and Johnny, and four or five troopers beside.

You may think the work sounds easy, But it's not the pleasantest thing In cold blood to walk your horses Where every rock may ring To the cracking of a rifle; where every bush may screen Some of the surest marksmen the world has ever seen.

All at once from a farm in the distance, Waved a signal of distress; They o-uld tell 'twas a woman waving, Most like a bit of her dress.

"It's a Boer woman in trouble," says Harry's Captain then, "We must ride across to help her, and they went like Englishmen.

I'm not here to judge our foemen, Their bravery is known; And I pray for the Boer widows Every night, as I pray for our own.

There's many a Boer as honest and as straight as man can be, But in this tale I'm telling was the foulest treachery.

Scarcely had they reached the farmstead, When hid by the stable shed, Up sprang an ambush of thirty, And I poured out a volley of lead, "Trapped!" shouts the captain, "Get back, boys!" and they wheeled and rode for their lives, And the Boers swarmed after them, mounted, like a rush of bees from the hive.

Five hundred yards at full gallop, And the captain's horse fell dead, Harry was back like a rocket— "Trapped!" shouts the captain, "Get back, boys!" and they wheeled and rode for their lives, And the Boers swarmed after them, mounted, like a rush of bees from the hive.

Down on the right dropped a trooper, Shot through the heart, like a hare; Down on the left dropped another— An' then, with a plunge in the air, Harry's charger rolled headlong, dead, with its double load, And my boy and his captain together ran on to the open road! Back to their aid dashed two Lancers— Marshall and Johnny Lee— Straight in the teeth of the fire! That followed them murderously, Marshall got hold of the captain, Johnny had hold of my son— When Harry reeled down from the saddle!

"They've got me!" he says, "I'm done!"

"Gallop and save yourself, Johnny! The butt of the troop stood still, Unwounded, fleet horses and bold riders, And safely lay over the hill. 'Twas his life for a shake of his bridle, but he leapt down to Harry's side— "I can carry you into shelter—there's a rock just ahead—" he cried.

And he strained and he struggled to do it, "Oh, God! I've not strength for his weight!" "Shelter yourself, lad!" gasped Harry.

"Leave me, before it's too late!" "Never, alive!" rang his answer. And the Boers came up to the bend; Like a young lion he faced them, standing over his friend.

Three he shot down with his carbine, And then—he met his death, Shielding his wounded comrade To his last dying breath. Greater love hath no man Than this, the Scripture saith.

My son is living—was living—when they brought up the ambulance cart, Because the poor, broken body of Johnny—lay over his heart.

Friends when this war is over, And the Right has won, as it will— And we give the Cross "For Valor" To heroes living still; Remember the dead who earned it, where the hills of the Transvaal roll, And honor this deed of a Lancer, who was "Shot while on patrol." —"Jim's Wife."

—Toronto Telegram.

Our Language.

At a table of German and English students recently, one pleasant ill-German was keen on showing his knowledge of English. Every sentence of his was bound to contain have and alreity; a bit of saung was as ponderance to him as the voice of an orator, and the English th was simply impossible. He commented brokenly on the bewket on the table, and the gypnose in M's buttonhole.

But the climax was reached in answer to a question put in good German: "Are you going to the lecture to-night, Herr B.?" "Ach, no!" with a wave of his hand; "der ghost is retty, but der meat is feeble."

Then the quiet man straightened out our wrinkled brows by suggesting that possibly he meant, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."—London King.

A correspondent has discovered a number of oddly named persons in Georgia counties. Among these names are: Sorrowful Williams, In-gel Jones, Merciful Jenkins, Angel Jones, Salvation White, Happiness Johnson, Parity Scott and Paradise Lee.