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Violet's Lover

She was standing by his side, looking down on him with a light on her face that had not shone there for long years. Never had this beautiful woman looked more beautiful than now, with her charming head bent over him, standing in the half-darkened room like a vision of light. The crimson glow of the fire and the soft radiance from the lamp on the table fell over her. She wore a very handsome dress, which showed her lovely shoulders, her white neck and rounded arms—a dress that in the ruddy fire-light presented most marvelous hues. With it she wore a diamond necklace and diamond stars shone in the golden hair.

There was something more than beauty in her face; he knew it the moment he raised his eyes and saw her. There was love-love such as had not shone there before. He had hidden him farewell. The fire-light gleamed on her jeweled hands, on her marvelous face, her golden hair. She stood before him in all the pride and magnificence of her wealth and her loveliness, a vision such as rarely greets the eyes of men. And, as he looked at her, with somewhat of wonder and inquiry on his face, she sank slowly on to her knees, and bent her head before him.

"Lady Chevenix," he cried, "you must not do that. I cannot allow it!"

She laid her hand on his arm—the hand on which shone her wedding ring.

"Listen to me, Felix," she said—and the sweet voice stirred unawakened his heart and soul. "I have waited impatiently for this hour. You are going away to-morrow; and I must speak to you to-night. My heart is in the ante-room there. I brought her with me. I told her I must speak to you to-night, and she came at once. Felix, will you listen?"

How could he help but listen? He replied, "What do you wish to say to me, Lady Chevenix?"

With a charming gesture of impatience she laid a finger on his lips.

"You must not call me 'Lady Chevenix,'" she said. "I am 'Violet' to you. Say 'Violet,' and then I will tell you what I came for."

"Perhaps, if he had had time to prepare himself, to think matters over, to take some precautions, he would have known better how to listen and what to say. As it was, she seemed suddenly to have taken possession of him, of his whole nature.

"You make me say what you will, Violet," he said.

"She clasped her hands, and laid them upon his arm.

"I want to tell you a story, Felix," she said—"give me your attention while I narrate it. Years ago there was a girl—young, foolish, and the world was better how to value, too, of her beauty, and expected to achieve great things with it. She loved with all her heart someone who was more than worthy of her love, and she pledged her life to him. But sorrow and misfortune came to him, while a wealthy wooer sought her—one who offered her wealth and title, houses and lands—and she—well, I am ashamed of her, Felix. She was vain, and proud, and wanted a woman; she was young, too, and not otherwise. She had nobility enough, however, to see what was right, though not to do it. She was tempted by her love of luxury and comfort—she was badly advised, wrongly influenced, and she, weaker, I say again, than a woman, gave up her lover—the one man in the world whom she loved—and married the wealthy suitor. How she suffered no one knows, no one can ever imagine. She turned out to be a most disastrous one. She had money, luxury of every kind, but she never had one moment of happiness—one moment of peace, of rest. She had outward gaiety, outward brilliancy, and to some extent her life was one round of lamentation and anxious sorrow. No one knew what she suffered; no one knew how she regretted the lost true, dear love who would have made her life a heaven on earth. After she was married, she met him again, and—well, he was always cold and distant to her. What she thought and what she suffered was known to herself. Then, after long years of humiliating servitude, she was alone again and free. What do you think she did, Felix?"

"I cannot say," he replied, in a low, hoarse voice.

"I will tell you. After those long years she found that she still loved the dear companion of her youth. She said to herself that he had never married—perhaps he still cared for her—and one night, when he was sitting alone, she came to his side—as I kneel by yours—and prayed to him—as I pray to you—'Oh, my lost love, my dear love, forgive me, and take me to your heart again.' And the lovely head drooped until it lay upon his arm.

He made no answer just then. His whole soul was stirred within him—his whole heart touched. After a few minutes she raised her face to his, and he saw tears upon it.

"Violet," he said, "do not know what to say to you. You have taken me so completely by surprise. I am lost—bewildered. I cannot collect myself."

"I thought you would say 'Yes' to me at once," she returned, sadly. "Oh, Felix, have you not forgiven me? Tell me that first. Have you forgiven me?"

He looked at her thoughtfully, watching the fire-light gleaming on her golden hair and on her rich jewels.

"Yes; I have forgiven you, Violet. I forgive you long ago."

"Quite, or was it only a half forgiveness, Felix?"

"Quite," he replied. "I am sure of it. My heart was full of hot anger for many long months, but it died away; and then, when I saw that you were not happy, I forgive you."

"With all my heart, Felix?"

"With all my heart," he answered, and then there was silence for a few minutes between them.

"I am so sorry for it all, Felix," the sweet voice went on—"so very sorry. You see, dear, there were great excuses for me, though they do not seem great to you. I was very vain—very one flattered me and praised me, and I was led away. I thought my beauty was great enough to merit any station. Then, Felix, I was so young—oh, my dear, forgive me, I was so young—and foolish; I was so repented of it ever since I loved you. I was as much as when we stood in the moonlight together.

He raised her face and looked into it. It was beautiful enough to tempt any man to forego honor. He looked into the depths of the violet eyes.

"You are really for it, Violet," he said—"really and truly sorry?"

"Yes; I am indeed, Felix; and her hands were clasped round his own.

"I am, dear—my life has been all regret."

"Answer me truly—if the time came over again, would you act in the same manner?"

"The soft eyes wavered half a moment, and then fell.

"I do not know; it cannot come over again. That is a strange question. Answer me one—truly, Felix, do you love me?"

She saw the sudden gleam of passion light in his face and deepen in his eyes.

"Do I love you? Yes. Heaven help me, I do! If I did not love you, I should not suffer."

"You are not quite sure that you have not met an one since whom you liked even more so little, Felix?"

"No," he answered; "when a man has loved a woman like you, Violet, he does not easily forget her."

"I love you, Felix, if you love me and are happy? What stands between us?"

"My own honor," he replied—"my dignity as a man, my pride as a gentleman. If you were penniless, Violet, I would kneel to you, I would pray you to be my wife."

"What stands between us?" she asked again.

"Your dead husband's gold—the gold for which you broke your plighted troth and my name. You say, Violet, that you were young and thoughtless when you sinned, that you hardly realized all you were doing. I believe that. Suppose now I believe, that you again let myself drift upon the gold—the money, and love. Some wealthy suitor might come—an earl this time—and you would leave me once more."

"No, no, no," she cried, clinging to him—"I never again."

His face softened into deepest tenderness as he looked at her. The old love so long trampled down and repressed seemed to leap into new and vigorous life.

"Never again," she repeated. "I love you—and I would be true to you."

"Then give me a proof. I hate this wealth for which you forsook me. I hate this splendor and magnificence for which you broke your truth and fidelity! I will never benefit by them. They robbed me of you, they destroyed the best part of my life. I will have none of them! No man shall say to me, 'You were spoiled by your falsehood and our money.' I will have none of it! You must give up your name, your jewels, your servants—all the magnificence furnished by him. I will provide a beautiful house for you—not grand and stately like this, but a home that shall be a heaven to you. You must bring for money, Violet, but not for love. Now marry for love—that will."

She looked up at him with a bewildered air.

"Understand, do you mean that I am to surrender all the fortune my husband has left me?"

"I mean just that, Violet; I will never share it."

"Build hospitals, churches—anything you like, except keep it."

"Do you not think that that is very hard?" she said.

"No, I do not; to share it, to benefit by it, would seem to me like sharing a sin. There is the true test of love. If you love me, you will have my heart the fault that you are committed in the thoughtlessness of youth. Now I give you the chance of redeeming it. Give up the wealth that I love, and I will give you my heart. I will be true to you to the end of my life. I will be true to you to the end of my life. I will be true to you to the end of my life."

He looked at the diamond necklace she wore; unclasping it, he laid it upon the table.

"Is that a thousand times more beautiful," he said, "without that elretel. Can you give up all such deckings, Violet?"

"It is such a thing to ask me," she said.

"It is a true test of love. You had to choose once before between me and money—then you chose me. I place the two before you again—which will you choose? You cannot have both. It is either vanity, or even undue influence now. You have learned many things; and I say this is a true test of love. But, Violet, it is not fair to ask you to decide hurriedly—take time over it. It is mine to ask, I know; but I offer something better in return—and you shall never repeat the sacrifice."

"All the world would laugh at me," she said.

"The world would say you had given up all for love. But Violet, mind, I do not wish to persuade you. I leave the decision to yourself. For the second time in your life you have to choose between love and money. Ponder it, and tell me in a few days what you have decided upon."

She looked up at him wistfully.

"That your final decision, Felix?"

"Yes; I cannot change it, Violet. Most men make an idol of something; my idol is self-respect," he replied. "Could you not make an idol of me?"

"Yes, if you are not framed in a golden setting," he answered.

She was silent then for a few minutes, while the fire-light played over her golden hair, and he drew the long shining tresses through his fingers. She laid her head on his breast and closed her eyes.

"Let me rest here for a few minutes," she said; "here only have I ever found rest on earth."

When she raised her eyes to his, they were wet with tears.

LIKE A MIRACLE.

THE WONDERFUL RECOVERY OF A NIPissing MAN.

Stricken With Partial Paralysis He Was Unable to Use Either Right Arm or Right Leg.

Mr. John Craig, a well-known farmer living near Kelso, Nipissing district, Ont., is another of the many paralytics, who owe his present good health and ability to go about—not life itself—to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Craig gives his experience as follows: "But for the blessing of God and the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not believe that I would be alive to-day. I was stricken with that terrible affliction, partial paralysis, I had absolutely no power in my right arm or leg. I was not able to sit up in bed. I tried to do so I would fall over. I had to be lifted like a child and my family and friends believed death was very near. The doctor told me that he could do nothing for me, and that I was liable at any moment to have a second stroke which would carry me off. I was in this deplorable condition when I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for three boxes and before they were all used I could move the fingers on my hand, which had hitherto been absolutely numb, and powerless. You can scarcely imagine my joy at this exciting news, for the pills were helping me. From this on I kept getting stronger and the control of my paralyzed limbs gradually came back, until I was again able to walk about and eventually to work. To my neighbors my cure seems like a miracle, as not one of them ever expected to see me out of bed again. I gladly give permission to publish the story of my cure, and with the wish that it may bring life and hope and activity to some other sufferer."

The cure of Mr. Craig gives additional evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medicine, and that their power to cure in all troubles of the blood or nervous system is beyond all other medicines. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or direct by mail at 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

COVER CROPS FOR ORCHARDS.

When and How to Sow—The Best Sorts.

On May 17th, the Dominion Fruit Inspectors met in the orchard at the Central Experimental Farm and discussed the matter of winter and summer cover crops. The subject was introduced by Mr. W. J. Macoun, horticulturist, who gave his experience with different plants used for this purpose, and told what he considered were the principal uses of cover crops. He said that the importance of a covering for the soil in winter was strongly impressed on him after the winter of 1895-96, when many trees were killed and the soil was left bare. Since that time the subject had received much attention by his department. The main uses of the cover crop are: To hold the snow in winter and thus protect the roots of the trees; to furnish vegetable matter to plough under in the spring for the purpose of obtaining humus and nitrogen; and to act as a catch crop in autumn to prevent leaching of plant food made available during the summer. He recommended, as the best general practice for growers, cultivating the soil until near or about the middle of July when the trees have made most of their growth and do not need so much moisture, and then seeding down to Common or Mammoth Red clover, or any other clover, or winter vetch, or any other cover crop, or with Hairy Vetch at the rate of 30 to 40 lbs per acre. Sown at that time these plants usually make a good cover by autumn. At the Central Experimental Farm, Hairy Vetch was sown on June 18th, 1903, in drills 28 inches apart at the rate of 20 lbs per acre. The received two cultivations in July and August, and the result was that by the end of the first week in August the plants were between the rows. By sowing earlier, as in this case, a better stand may be obtained, and by cultivating moisture is conserved while the plants are getting established. Twenty pounds per acre sown in drills in this way were found sufficient to make a good cover. There was practically no injury from mice where cover crops were used, and their burrows were prevented by using either ordinary building paper or wood veneers. No fruit grower should neglect having a cover crop as a fine bearing orchard in bare soil might be destroyed which would have been saved had there been a cover crop. Proof of this was furnished by the great "freeze" in Essex County in 1899.

WORKMAN WORSHIPS HIS TOOLS.

Festival of Sri Pancham, Singular March Observance of India.

Of all the many wonderful sights in that wonderful land of India, none is perhaps more striking to the European than the festival of Sri Pancham. Pancham is the god who looks after the implements of those who have to work for their living, and one day early in the year a bright and gay pageant, known as the festival of the mechanic polishes up his implements. If he is wont to look after a gas engine, he gives it a thorough overhaul, or if he be a carpenter, or a weaver, or a blacksmith, he makes his tools bright and lays them out for the coming year.

On the day of the festival the implements are festooned with flowers or other decorations, and during the day the religious minded Hindu offers dainties to his tools, particularly sweetmeats and prayers, invoking success to his future labor.

It is wonderful how the sweetmeats enters into the life of the Hindu. It is eaten out of all proportion to his other food; but then, an Indian sweetmeat is a sweetmeat. Many a Hindu family lives on sweets, and their banquets are not carry with them their surfeit experienced after an overdose of butter-coffee. The Mayara and Halwa cakes make the confectians, and the delicacies are highly prized by all classes of people in India—so much so that the demand for them is a bright and gay pageant. So it is by their means. The dainties manufactured and sold by the Halwis receive very considerable skill, and are very costly. Some of the confectians are called pakki mathai, and usually consist of flour, pea-meal, pulverized rice, and are fried in "ghi" or baked in strong solutions of sugar. So it is seen that the Hindu, in offering sweets to his implements and his gods, does the best within his power to pay homage to that which brings him the wherewithal to live.

When the offering, the various castes congregate together, eat the sweets and hold high holiday. The higher castes among whom are numbered the Government clerks, etc., pay homage to the items by which they get their living. At one ceremony some thirty clerks erected an altar on the roof of the buildings in which they work. The altar was made of an old packing case, draped with paper, and surmounted by a large bottle of ink. Around the bottle were placed pen-holders, nibs, sealing wax, envelopes, blotting paper, and last, but not least, red tape. The clerks marched reverently to the ink bottle, etc., offering them gifts of food and coins, the service concluding, as usual, with a feast of sweetmeats. Only certain castes may eat of the sweetmeats offered by other castes to the gods.

It is laid down, for instance, that a Brahmin must avoid, if possible, eating any kind of food in the house of a Sudra (artisan), and that under no circumstances is he to eat any food cooked with water and salt by a Sudra, or touched by a Sudra after being cooked. On the other hand, the lower classes of the Brahmins are sometimes compelled by necessity to honor the Sudras by accepting their hospitality, and even then they eat only uncooked food, or such food as is cooked by Brahmins supplied by the host. The prejudice against eating food that has been touched by one of an inferior caste is very strong, and every Hindu family that can afford a cook generally employs a Brahman who belongs to the highest caste.

It is interesting to note that among the "clean" Sudras are weavers, sweetmeat makers, ironsmiths, goldsmiths, copper-smiths, braziers, carpenters, tailors and grain parchers. Among the manufacturing and artisan castes that are regarded as "unclean" Sudras are brewers, tadd drawers and sellers of spirituous liquors, oil manufacturers, salt manufacturers, leather workers, mat

workers and basket makers. Barbers are generally regarded as "unclean," and laundrymen are unequivocally classed in the same lot, the idea being that they have a lot of dirty washing to do. Certain domestic servants are also classed as "unclean."

A person may lose caste by embracing Christianity or Mohammedanism, by going to Europe or America, by marrying a widow, by publicly throwing away the sacred thread, by publicly eating beef, pork or fowl, by publicly eating kachi food cooked by a Mohammedan, or a Hindu or low class Hindu, officiating as a priest in the house of a very low class Sudra, and, if a woman, by immorality.

—London Daily Express.

USE OF THE PROVERB.

Advantages That Are Witty and Otherwise.

Many proverbs have come down to us from remote ages and are common to all nations. It is said that a king of Samos worked his slaves nearly to death in making a vineyard; and from his master would never drink of the wine. The King, being told of this, when the first grapes were produced, took a handful, and pressing the juice into a cup, he said to the slave, "Many things happen between the cup and the lip," the slave replied, "Just then shout was raised that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard; the King, without tasting, set down the cup, ran to meet it, and was killed in the endeavor. Henceforth words of the joy passed into a proverb. From this Greek original come two French proverbs: "Between the hand and the mouth the soup is often split," and "Wine poured out is not swallowed." Neither is near the original as our English, "There's a slip 'twixt cup and lip." It is curious to trace how similar ideas have taken root in different languages, and the various modes of illustrating the same thought. To take, for instance, one or two familiar proverbs in our own language. We say, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." The same idea is expressed by Italians when they say, "Betti an' egg to-day than a pullet to-morrow," and the French proverb is still more significant, "One hen-it is better than two you-shall-have-it." "Letter a leveret in the kitchen than a wild boar in the forest," the Livonian saying, conveying the same meaning. Another well-known proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," which signifies that if a man has but the resolution, he will make use of such means as come to hand to reach his object. The French counterpart of this says, "He that has a good head does not want for hats."

WHAT BECOMES OF HAIRPINS.

Emile Zola Picked Up 187 of Them on One Walk.

What becomes of all the pins has long been a grave question occupying the minds of the seriously inclined, and where all the hairpins go to has always been a question for women to ponder. The late Emile Zola thought he had some light on the destiny of hairpins when on a single afternoon's walk he picked up no less than 187. If a recent invention, however, is successful, says the New York Globe, it will no longer be possible to follow a woman by the trail of the hairpin she leaves behind her. The new safety hairpin, as it is said, invented by a mere man of the corkers variety, warranted not to come out until pulled.

Putting Him to the Test.

"Here, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I wouldn't cry like that." "O' den," retorted the boy, "Let's see how you would do it."

BABY LAUGHS.

Baby laughs when mother gives him Baby's Own Tablets they taste good and make him well and happy. They are mother's help and baby's every day friend. Guaranteed to contain no opiates or harmful drugs. The tablets aid digestion, cure colic, prevent diarrhoea, cleanse the bowels, allay teething irritation and cure all the common ills of childhood. No cross, sleep or children are used. Mrs. M. Ready, Denbigh, Ont., says: "I don't know what highly praise I can give Baby's Own Tablets than that I would not be without them in the house. I have found them all that is claimed, and keep them on hand to meet any emergency." Sold by all medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 25 cents by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Kansas Stories of a Tornado.

(Kansas City Journal.)

One of the freaks of the McPherson tornado was to lift a barn and carry it away without injuring or disturbing five horses which stood within it on the dirt floor. Another was the flight of a horse some distance, and its landing upside down without breaking a single window.