

FOUR GIVES REASON.

Favors Reform in the Fiscal Policy.

Jan. 30.—Speaking of his visit to Manchester, Premier denied the assertion that he was regarding the fiscal policy.

In his utterances Mr. Morley offered a reward to anybody who would state his fiscal policy on a sheet of paper. He would do it, from which he read: "First, an alteration of the fiscal policy will give us freedom of action, impossible while we have our present system."

This freedom in the main for us; it will strengthen our negotiations by which we may force foreign hostile tariffs, it will allow us to protect our colonies by preferential treatment, it will allow us to protect our colonies by preferential treatment, it will allow us to protect our colonies by preferential treatment.

HEADED BY A LUNATIC.

Pulled a Razor and Cut His Attendants.

Jan. 30.—While removing a patient from the House of Industry to the Street Asylum last evening by John White, two inmates of the House of Industry, had a fit of rage. John Kaiser, the inmate, went violently to the door, and it was feared he would harm the other inmates, and to remove him to the street, the men who removed him, and when they had cornered at Queen street and the Kaiser drew a razor from his pocket and cut the neck of the attendants.

END FOUR MILLIONS.

Adopts Extensive Scheme of Retirements.

Jan. 30.—The C. P. R. directors met and passed resolutions which will give over to the west, the C. P. R. directors met and passed resolutions which will give over to the west, the C. P. R. directors met and passed resolutions which will give over to the west.

ESSEL A POLITROON.

Creditable Surrender Recorded in History.

(Toronto Globe.)—The London correspondent telegraphs a long account of the surrender of the Russian army. The London correspondent telegraphs a long account of the surrender of the Russian army.

AWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

Escape From Death of a N. S. Train Crew.

Jan. 30.—A train crew on the Atlantic coast escaped death by a runaway engine to-day. The crew was rescued by a runaway engine to-day.

Insist upon having the best Tea and if your Grocer has your interests at heart he will give you Blue Ribbon.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

"Almost three weeks," said Florence, "and I have had enough to eat."

"Yes, he brings me something in a basket every day, and he always comes into the cellar by the door at the foot of these stairs."

"Yes, ma'am—a long flight of stone steps, only I didn't know it until to-day. It was so dark that first day when he brought me here I didn't see them; but this morning he was in a hurry, and forgot to lock the cellar door, and after he had gone and began to climb the stairs. It is so dark I can't see much of anything; but I pounded on the wall all the way along, hoping I could make somebody hear. I have been up and down two or three times to-day, and a little while ago I thought I heard somebody in here, and so I thumped and thumped and called until I was almost tired out."

"Poor child!" said Florence, in a pitying tone. "Well, she added, turning to Monica, 'this is the strangest story I ever heard of outside of a novel! What can it mean?'"

"I am sure I have no idea—it seems incredible to me," Monica returned. "It would be to me, also, only I happen to know something about the man who was carried into George street, at the corner of the street."

"Can that be possible? But what object could any man have in making the child a prisoner?" inquired Monica, with a look of surprise.

"I am sure I cannot tell," she said. "The latest mystery in the world is to me," said Florence. "Then turning back to her, she continued, 'I know all about you, Jamie, and I am acquainted with your Uncle Carroll.'"

"Oh, are you, ma'am?" cried the youthful voice, eagerly. "and will you help me to go back to him?"

There! now unbend yourself, and you needn't be afraid of the old man, either," he returned in a half-jesting, half-trothed tone as he drew forward a chair for her, and then sat down beside her.

The girl still clung to one of his hands, as if thus to gain strength for the task before her, and then began her story, and told him all about that one mistake of her life.

She kept nothing back, he told her, a year previous, Walter Leighton had seemed to gain an influence over her that he could not resist; how she had finally yielded to the persuasions for a secret marriage, and had gone to Rosedale chapel, fully expecting to become his wife. She described the storm—the long delay of the bridegroom, and how, when at length he was supposed to have arrived, the ceremony was hurriedly performed, and then when she turned to ask him to take her from the place she found that he was not standing beside her and she fainted.

She related how, when Walter had come to her after her illness, he had tried to laugh her out of his mind, and then she had seen a stranger, but himself who had stood beside her, and showed her the certificate to corroborate his statement, saying that the fever must have begun to act on her brain, and even to have made her imagine anything so absurd. She spoke of Sir Walter's recent efforts to win her consent to a public marriage, while they were their way from Paris to London, and then she related how she could keep their secret; how he had renewed his suit to-night, and when she had positively declared that she would never acknowledge any man as her husband, never become his wife, he had threatened to publicly proclaim their secret, and even resort to the law to gain his point, if necessary.

"Mr. Seaver listened to all this in utter silence, his face becoming very grave and stern as the narrative progressed; but he began to grow more cheerful as the interview of that evening and the baronet's cowardly threats.

"So!" he exploded, when she finally ceased, "was right in my first estimate of the man! He was a craven—a villain from the word go, and hang it all! we've been his guests for more than two weeks! I wish I had known all this before, and that you had never been subjected to such insults, and it must have been humiliating to you to come here at all."

"It was, Uncle Robert; but I thought you were anxious to come, and I did not like to have you disappointed." The fair girl replied.

"Disappointed, indeed!" I could kiss myself for joy," said the man, with a twinge of guilt, as he recalled his recent hopes that Floy would eventually become Lady Leighton.

"Well, my little girl, you must have continued thoughtfully, 'but we will see Uncle Robert as we do for you.'"

"Ah, Uncle Robert, if I had only heeded you, and not gone to the first thing that came into my mind, as if my hand and laid her cheek against his, his glance rested very fondly upon her.

speeches of humanity, for his clothing was soiled and wrinkled, his hair uncombed, his face and hands unwashed, while he was blue and pined from cold, and from being shut away so long from the sunlight and fresh air.

"You poor, poor child!" said Florence, pityfully, as she gathered her tiny limbs into hers and began chafing them; how cold and wretched you look! It must be a dreadful place down in that cellar."

"Yes, I know it," said Jamie, with a shiver, while his great eyes devoured her lovely face. Then he questioned earnestly: "Is it you who knows my Uncle Carroll?"

"Yes, I know him very well," Florence replied, in a blushing suffused face at the question.

"Then will you please take me to him? I want him so, and I am sure he must be troubled, because I have been gone so long," and the boy's lips quivered pathetically.

"My boy, you shall go to your Uncle just as soon as we can arrange it," said Mr. Seaver, in a kind and fatherly way.

"But this is the bad man's house—won't he find me here?" questioned Jamie, glancing uneasily around.

Monday, at this, passed swiftly into Florence's room and she unlocked the door leading into the hall, thus precluding the possibility of interruption by any one without due warning.

"(To be continued.)"

CHAPTER XXXII. The child was so powerful, before

who watches closely all the results of his work is interested and takes a pleasure in it. The world has lately found out that the farmer can be benefited by an education applicable to his business.

A few years ago in Ontario we first found out that the farmer had a wife, and we are doing what we can for the betterment of the woman on the farm. In the past she has had a hard life—her work has been practically unending, and she has not had the benefit of labor-saving devices to the same extent as her husband. We are trying to relieve the farmer's wife of all the drudgery possible by our system of women's institutes and domestic science teaching.

We have also found out that there are children on the farm, and we are inaugurating a movement to try to provide the right kind of education for these children.

The home is where our agriculture starts and is nurtured. The reformation of the agricultural home is the start after all, of our new agriculture. Establish a farmer with an inclination to knowledge, a wife who knows how to make the most of her opportunities, and children getting a rational education, and I care not how poor that farm is, it shall bear no more about the 'old hays,'" but we shall see the farmer walking the streets of our towns as well dressed as anyone, and respected as one of the best citizens of Canada.

Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

WOMEN DUPE MEN EASILY. Duplicity in the Gentle Sex Not Readily Suspected. (New York World.)

In the case of Mrs. Leroy S. Chadwick, the point that has caused the most widespread interest is the case with which she, an elderly woman, without physical charms, was able to borrow vast sums of money from shrewd old financiers, whose experience should have made them wise.

The secret of this ability on her part is a mystery which has been the absorbing topic of discussion for a week. None is more deeply interested in this phase of the extraordinary case than the criminal lawyers. Among them Delaney Nicoll, who years ago district attorney, to say the least, has made him an expert in nothing of his experience as counsel in criminal cases, has made him an expert judge of the methods of those upon whose transactions there is a shadow, has watched the developments with close attention. A reporter asked him: "How is it possible for a woman, such as Mrs. Chadwick, to induce keen old bankers to lend her hundreds of thousands of dollars, without security?"

"A woman," replied Mr. Nicoll, "appeals to a man's sentiment. The very fact of a woman proposing extraordinary financial aid to a man, is in itself a suggestion from which a man would not even interest himself. A man's matter how experienced, does not see the duplicity in the application of an old idea. About the only thing that a man can do to guard himself against it is to know and act upon the fact of a woman's appeal."

"My experience has led me to suspect that when an old or untrusting man is approached in a wheedling, 'lady' woman succeeds in 'clever business' men there is almost always another man, either a younger man or a woman."

FRAIL LITTLE ONES.

The little ones are frail. Their bodies upon life is frail. No symptom that indicates any of the little ailments of childhood should be allowed to pass for a moment without proper attention. The little ailments may soon become a serious one, and then it may be too late to give a precious little life. If Baby's Own Tablets are kept in the house, the danger of serious trouble can be averted, and the minor troubles promptly cured. An occasional Tablet to the well child will prevent illness. The Tablets are absolutely safe, and contain no poisonous soothing stuff—they give children healthy sleep, simply because they banish the cause of sleeplessness. Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Lawrenceville, N. S., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets just as you represent them—the very best of medicine for young children." You can get the Tablets from druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHICH PROVES HUMANITY AN ASS. World Ever Turns the Cold Shoulder Toward Inventors and Benefactors.

Andrew Carnegie has just written a life or a memoir of Watt, the man who made the steam engine practical. Watt didn't know exactly what he was doing for the race, but if you will sit down and try to think of the world without steam engines you will begin to understand.

And just at this point there comes along a man in New York somewhere, named Hoffman, who claims, after thirty years' struggles, to have invented a "rotary" steam engine which will relegate to the scrapheap all the engines now in use. Nearly all the people who know anything about engines give Mr. Hoffman the incredulous smile. And perhaps rightly. So they did Watt. But in his case they were wrong.

When Watt's engine was first talked about there were numbers of scientific persons who rose up to give expert opinions on the subject, and with very few exceptions these opinions were exceedingly unfavorable. They were sure it could not succeed, some for one reason, some for another. One declared that the cohesive strength of iron was insufficient to do the work that Watt expected; another detailed an experiment he had made with an iron vessel which burst under the strain, a fact that led him to believe that no boiler could be made strong enough to resist the expanding steam. A third felt sure that if the engine were set to work the weaker parts would all give way.

But the prophecies of the scientists in regard to the steam engine were nothing to the forebodings of the working people, who foresaw themselves thrown out of employment, and who repeatedly threatened to "do" Watt.

If you want to get the incredulous smile or the hatred of those who are benefited or who might be benefited if they would you want to invent or discover something radically new or some new application of an old idea. About the only thing that a man can do to guard himself against it is to know and act upon the fact of a woman's appeal.

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