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TRIAL FOR LIFE

It was too late. Her voice had been heard. The other carriage rushed down upon them. The two vehicles met almost in a collision. Two men from the chaise jumped out and seized the heads of the horses. The cab stopped.

Seeing this the man within dashed open the door on his side, sprang from the carriage, knocked down the post-boy who stood in his way, and struck straight straight across the heath, disappearing in a thicket a few hundred yards off.

Rose left alone in the carriage, struggled to disembarrass herself of the heavy folds of the cloak that had been thrown over her head. She had just succeeded in freeing herself when she heard some one approach the window, and a rich, manly voice say:

"You are perfectly safe now, dear madame. Compose yourself, and in a few moments we shall offer you the rest and refreshment you so much need."

"The Duke of Beresleigh!" exclaimed Lady Etheridge, in glad surprise, as she turned toward the window at which he stood.

"Yes, Lady Etheridge," he exclaimed, entering the cab.

"Oh, Heaven be praised. What an escape I have had! But oh, what fortunate circumstance was it that sent you to my aid. It seems wonderful."

"No; it is very natural, my dear Lady Etheridge. An attack like that made upon your carriage could not for an hour remain a secret. A few minutes after your coach had been stopped and robbed, and you had been carried off, and your servants left gagged and bound upon the highway, they were found by some countrymen returning home from a frolic. As soon as they were set at liberty ,they related all the particulars of Magpie. Information was given to the authorities and the whole constabulary force of the neighborhood was raised for the apprehension of the ruffians. A man, mounted on a swift horse, brought the intelligence to Beresleigh about midnight. I ordered post horses and taking an officer with me, started at once for the Magpie Inn, which seemed to be the centre of the investigation. I need not say that I was on my way thither when I met the cab that was bearing you away. And now, Lady Etheridge, pray excuse me a few moments. The principal miscreant has fled, but I must see to the security of the cabman, who, if he is not an accomplice, will be useful as a witness."

Then, with a bow the duke left the cab and beckoned the officer, who now approached, with the cabman in custody.

The prisoner looked excessively frightened, and, without waiting to be questioned, began his defence:

"Please, your lordship, I was not i' fau't.. The gent as hengaged my cab tole me 'ow 'e 'ad a crazy 'oman to carry hoff to the mad-'ouse, and 'ow 'e wanted to take 'er away in the night, to save hexposing of 'er infirmities; and when 'e brought 'er and put 'er hinto the carriage I 'ad no suspicions; and when she growed wiolent I thought 'ow it was natural, seeing she was mad, and I agreed to all she said, and tried to soothe her down like—didn't I now, my lady?" he concluded, appealing lugubriously to Lady Etheridge.

"I think it is very likely that he speaks the truth," said her ladyship.

"I trust that you will prove to have been a dupe rather than an accomplice. Did you know the person who engegad you in this nefarious business?" inquired the duke.

"Never set heyes on 'im before, your grace."

"Did not the fact of his being masked excite your suspicions as to the propriety of his actions?"

"No, your lordhsip's grace; because 'e said 'ow 'e wore the mask on account of the mad lady, 'o could not a bear the sight of 'im, though 'e was 'er brother, w'ich we know as mad folks hoffen take a misliking agin their friends."

"Was he masked when he came to you to engage the cab?"

"No, your grace's lordship—I beg pardon—I mean your lordship's grace, 'e 'adn't no mask hon when 'e hengaged me."

"What sort of a looking man was he then?"

"A tall, stoutish, fair-completed man, with light hair and whiskers; a sweet-spoken gent, with most the beautifullest smile as hever I see; a gent as no one would think any hill on. 'E spoke as would ha' made the tears run down your lordship's grace's check hof 'is poor mad sister. 'Ow could I know 'e was deceiving hof me, and a leading hof me hastray?"

Further questioning on the part of the duke led to no further information, and his grace said:

"You will have to go with us, and be examined by a magistrate, who is now at the Magpie, collecting evidence. Resume your seat on the box, and drive as quickly as possible to the Magpie Inn."

The man bowed and went to obey, when the officer, respectfully touching his hat, said.

"I beg your grace's pardon, but I think I can identify the man of whom the cabman speaks as a desperate person, of whom the constables have long been in search."

"You think so, from such a very general description as that of 't tall, stoutish, light-complected gent?' Why, there are ten thousand men in London to suit that description. It might be you, for instance."

"Yes, your grace, that general description might suit, as you say, ten thousand men in town; but the particular description,' a gent with very light 'air and whiskers, a sweet-spoken gent, with the most beautifullest smile as hever I see,' and the rest of it taken together, could suit only Roberts," said the officer, respectfully.

"And who is Roberts?"

"Your grace never heard of him by that name, but your grace will know him better as ——" the officer stooped and whispered a name, at which the cheek of the duke grew pale with horror.

"No, it cannot be! has he ventured back?"

"Yes, your grace, he has been seen."

The Duke of Beresleigh seemed so painfully interested as almost to have forgotten that Lady Etheridge was half fainting from need of food and rest; but suddenly arousing himsel he re-entered the cab, and gave the order to drive on.

A half hour's rapid drive brought them to the Magpie, where a group of idlers, brought together by the news of the robbery and abduction, were collected.

The Duke of Beresleigh handed Lady Etheridge out and hurried at once into the best parlor, where he placed her in charge of the landlady. The duke then repaired to another room, where the magistrate was sitting, and where the cabman was already brought before him to give his testimony. The man could only repeat what he had already told the duke, and so, when his words had been duly taken down in writing, he was set at liberty.

Meanwhile, Lady Etheridge having partaken of a slight repast and reposed herself upon a sofa for half an hour, rose and gave audience to the Duke of Beresford and the Magistrate, who waited on her there, to receive her statement.

When she had circumstantially detailed all that had happened to her, the magistrate expressed his astonishment at events so much more complicated than had been suspected.

That the pretended deliverers were in league with the first assailants could not be doubted. But what the motive of the masked man could have been in carrying her off from the house in the wood could not be surmised.

The magistrate, having colleced all the evidence possible from all the parties, took leave and withdrew.

They reached Beresleigh House at nightfall.

Lady Etheridge at once retired to bed to seek the unninterrupted rest she so much required. And the Duke related to his mother all the particulars of the abduction and the rescue.

Feeling sure that Rose would reqoire repose for many days, the duchess addressed a respectful letter to the queen, explaining the cause that inevitably delayed the honor Lady Etheridge desired of immediately waiting upon her majesty.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lady Etheridge remained quietly at home for a few days, neither making nor receiving visits.

Since the night of the abduction and rescue, no further intelligence had been gained of the perpetrators of the violence.

The Duke of Beresleigh's manner to Lady Etheridge was now so full of reverential tenderness that her ladyship was not surprised when, seated in her boudoir one morning, she was interrupted by the entrance of her maid with the words:

"My lady, his grace, the duke, sends his respects, and desires to know if your ladyship is disengaged and will receive him."

"Certainly, show his grace in," replied Lady Etheridge, laying aside her book, and beginning to tremble with instinctive apprehension of the scene that was coming.

The duke entered. Lady Etheridge rose to receive him, pointed to a chair, and resumed her own seat.

"I hope I find you quite recovered from the effects of your late agitation?" said the duke, as he seated himself near her.

"Quite, I thank you. No effect remains but the pleasant one of a lively gratitude to my preserver," replied Rose, in a low voice.

"There was nothing to be grateful for. Would, indeed, that I could be as happy as to merit your—I dare not say gratitude, but—favor. He paused, in that embarrassment that must always attend the avowal of a deep love.

"I feel that I have much, very much, to be grateful for to all your grace's family, who were very kind to me while yet my prospects were very questionable. And as for the events of that fearful night, though they shook me so much, I would go through all that agony of terror again for the compensation it has brought me in the returning kindness of dear friends," said Rose, in a voice vibrating with her soul's deep emotion, and with her blue eyes full of tears.

Her words, her looks, her tones, betraying the profound love of her own pure heart, thrilled him to the very depths of his soul. He could have thrown himself at her feet and covered her hands with passionate kisses; and though he restrained himself, his whole frame shook, and his voice trembled with the curbed passion of his soul, as he took her hand, and said:

"Lady Etheridge, you grievously misunderstand me if you suppose that since those days of our first acquaintance at Beresleigh Court my heart has changed, except in loving you more and more deeply day by day. Rose, dear Rose! I was a poor man, with only a barren title and a debt-encumbered property to offer you. You were an inexperienced country girl, scarcely conscious of your advantages as the heiress of one of the oldest baronies and largest fortunes in England. I knew that were you once introduced into society, your beauty, rank and wealth would afford you the widest field of choice among the most distinguished suitors, who would be sure to lay their titles and fortunes at your feet. You had no worldly father or managing mother to warn you of these things. Should, I then take advantage of your isolation and inexperience to thrust myself between you and your most brilliant prospects? No, Rose, no; I saw you launched upon the sea of fashion, saw you courted by the most illustrious parties in the kingdom; and with a heart wasting for your love, I kept aloof, for, Rose, I loved you so truly, that I was willing to sacrifilce my own happiness for your welfare; and no man truly loves a woman who is not willing to do likewise, if necessary." He paused from deep emotion, and Rose, with her eyes full of tears, faltered forth the words:

"Oh, it was very generous, very noble; but if you had had more simple faith in a woman's heart, you would have saved us both some months of misunderstanding and pain."

"Nay, sweetheart, had I prematurely thrust myself upon your favor, I should have reproached myself for such egotistical precipitancy, and perhaps been haunted by the thought that I had intervened between you and a more brilliant destiny. But now that I have observed you through the season, and seen you discourage the advances of those whom the dowagers call 'the most desirable parties in town,' now, Rose, I venture with a free conscience, to lay my poor strawberry leaves at your feet."

For all answer, Rose silently placed her hand in his. He pressed that fair little hand to his lips, saying:

"And now, dear Rose, I will seek my mother and make her happy by sending her to embrace her daughter-in-law."

"No, not yet," murmured Rose, in a faint voice.

"Not yet, my love; what means my Rose?"

"I have shown you my heart, you know that it is all your own, and since that knowledge makes you happier, I do not regret that you possess it, but I——"

She paused in the most painful embarrassment.

"But what, sweet Rose?"

"You do not know upon what an obscure brow it is that you offer to place the ducal coronet of Beresleigh."

"I do not understand you, dear Rose."

"Oh," she broke forth, vehemently, "I would the play were over."

Her lover looked at her with a painful perplexity. She went on:

"The world calls me Lady Etheridge of Swinburne, but I am no more Baroness Etheridge than I am the Empress Catharine of Russia.'

"My dear Rose!'

"I am not; I feel that I am not."

"But the House of Lords——"

"Has made a mistake; not the first time in the highest tribunal in the realm has done so."

"Lady Etheridge, the chain of evidence that established your rights was complete, even to the satisfaction of the most conservative of those old peers. What reason have you, then, to think, that a mistake has been made?"

"No external reason, perhaps, but a deep-seated internal conviction that all this delusive glory of mine is a mere passing pageant. I am but a poor little robin in the plumage of a glorious parroquette, or a poor deer in the skin of a lioness ;or a little player baroness who must sustain her part as well as she can until the play is done, and then sink into her real insignificance. But, oh, what a heavy payment fate may exact for this masquerade with which she is amusing me. I can fancy how the world that offers me nothing but adulation now, will then follow my vanishing form with laughter and scorning. Some, I know, would pity the poor girl who had been made so great a fool of by fortune."

"Oh, Rose, could it be as your morbid imagination forbodes, could you be deprived of all the advantageous attributes of rank and wealth, to me you would ever be the same—ever the dearest treasure of my life," said the duke, earnestly.

"It will be as I said. I shall be plucked of all my borrowed plumage; stripped of all my false splendor: I shall be again the poor little Rose. of former days, only a little wiser and sadder for my experience of these. I deem it necessary to tell you of this strong conviction of mine with all the emphasis of swearing to a fact, so that you may know of a certainty that you are offering your ducal coronet, not to the Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne, but to a poor cottage girl, who is forced to play that part for a season, and plays it ill enough, no doubt."

"And even if this were so, nay, grant for a moment that it is so, that you are the humble village maiden that you seemed a year ago, I tell you that I love and honor you beyond all other creatures; I entreat you to be my wife, and assure you that your acceptance of my suit will make me the happiest, as your rejection of it would leave me the most miserable young men. Now, dearest, give me your hand in token that you are mine."

"Not yet!'

"Not yet! What now, dearest Rose?"

"There are other things yet that you must hear before committing yourself.'

"What can they be? Speak, dear Rose, for I do not understand to what you allude, and I am certain only of one thing—that nothing you have to tell shall separate us. You are mine only, and forever."

"Listen first. Supposing me to be that humble cottage girl that I was a year ago, and that I may be again a year hence; and granting that, as such, you thought me not unworthy to share your rank, still you would like to thin kthat youh ad won the first love of my heart, for every man delights in believing that he possesses the first, as well as the only love, of the maiden whom he seeks to make his wife. Is it not so?"

"Rose, in the name of heaven, what mean you?"

"That you, George, Duke of Beresleigh, had not the first love of the poor girl whom you ask to become your wife."

"Rose! Good heaven, what is this you are about to tell me?"

"That poor Rose's heart was lost and won long before she knew the Duke of Beresleigh."

"Oh, girl, girl! how cruelly you have trifled with my happiness and your own peace! You love another!" exclaimed the duke, starting to his feet, in great agitation.

"No, no, you mistake me—widely mistake me. I do not love another; that great delusion is long since quite over," said Rose, blushing at her own vehemence.

"Explain, explain, in the name of heaven, explain!" cried her lover, hastily returning to his seat.

"Listen, then, and, oh! listen patiently. Your agitation frightens and unnerves me," faltered Rose.

'Forgive me, dearest; I will be calf," replied her lover, controling himself by an effort.

"Two years ago, when I was a poor village girl, living with my reputed mother, there came a stranger to our village. He was handsome, accomplished, and very fascinating. Under the name of William Lovell, he sought and made my acquaintance. I was a romantic dreamer, longing for a higher, freer, and more beautiful life than our sordid circumstances permitted. William Lovell appeared to me to be the embodiment of perfect beauty, wisdom and goodness—the thing destined to lead me up to that higher life to which I aspired.'

(To be continued.)

BABY'S DOCTOR.

"With a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand I feel just as safe as if I had a doctor in the house." This is the experience of Mrs. John Young Auburn, Ont. Mrs. Young adds:—"I have used the Tablets for teething and other troubles of childhood and have never known them to fail." Hundreds of other mothers are just as enthusiastic in their praise. Colic, indigestion, diarrhoea, worms, constipation and other little ills are speedily cured by this medicine. It is absolutely safe—always does good—cannot possibly do harm, and you have the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

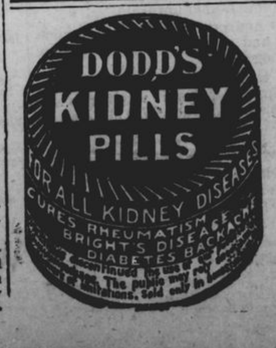
Weary Willie on Socialism.

A Socialist a Socialist; that's what I pine to be,
With lodgings at the Waldorf while I set the pee-pul free,
With motor cars that do a mile in sixty seconds flat,
In which to run the errands of the pro-le-ta-ri-at;
With private secretaries and a valet at my side,
To help me as I toil to bring about the Grand Divide.
Saciety is to the bad and things is getting rank—
I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank.

I want to rise at 10 o'clock and slave away till noon,
For work I've never done a stroke—'is man's most previous boon."
And when I've sheared the coupons from a peck o' bonds er so,
I'll put in all the time that's eft to give the poor a show.
There's Happy Jack and 'Frisco Pete—they've often said to me
That wealth was not divided up the way it orter be.
And I'm for a divvy, though the kickers call me crank—
I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank.

I want a quiet summer home to rest in when it's hot,
A bungle-oh at Lenox or a humble Newport cot
And when the blamed reporters come, with shy, reluctant air,
I'll tell 'em how poor father made more dough than was his share;
And how—not yet, but soon, you know—I'll give it all away,
So when the job is open, here's my application blank—
I want to be a Socialist with millions in the bank.

—Earle Hooker Eaton, in Success.



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Because your system is exhausted and your powers of resistance weakened.
Take *Scott's Emulsion.*
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00

HEALTH IN SPRIMG.

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system neds toning up. In the spring you must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid; you may have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, occasional headaches, variable appetite, pimples or eruptions of the skin, or a pale pasty complexion. These are sure signs that the blood is out of order. A tonic is needed to give new energy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic in all the world. They make new, rich blood—your greatest need in spring. They clear the skin, drive out disease and make tired depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Mrs. John McAuley, Douglastown, Que., proves the great value of Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills in building up people who have been weakened and run down. She says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great help to me. My blood was weak and watery and I was badly run down. But through the use of the pills my health was fully restored. I always recommend them to my friends who may be ailing."

There are fraudulent imitations of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to protect yourself see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. Do not take any other so-called pink pills. If your dealer has not got the genuine send to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

WORSHIP OF SPRINGS.

How It Prevailed Among Early Peoples in the Southwest.

Springs ar rarely found in the southwestern part of the United States and for this reason they have been from ancient times prized as a most valued possession. The peoples who dwelt in this region saw in these sources of life-giving water the founts of continuance and well-being and near them they located their pueblos. Save air, no elements of nature are nearer to human life than those combined into the primitive fluid which must always be within reach of men who put themselves into the grasp of the desert. The primary knowledge of the tribes who were the pioners and of every human being who has since made his home in the great American desert, was complete as to the location, distribution and idiosyncrasies of the water supply.

Spring water is naturally more prized by the inhabitants of these desert solitudes than that from the living streams, because it is always drinkable, always at hand, while the watercourses, which for the greater part of the year are sinuous reaches of dry sand, furnish at flood a quickly disappearing supply of thinned mud which will not be touched by man or beast except in the distress of thirst.

One is not surprised therefore, that a primitive people will regard these springs as sacred; in fact, the Indians of the southwest are not peculiar in the worship of springs. The sentiment is world-wide, has had a vast range of time, perpetuates itself in the folklore of the highest civilizations and presents in its manifestations a most interesting body of myth and fancy. But in the southwest the arid environment has so intensified this feature of primitive culture that no spring in the region is without evidence of many offerings to the deities of water. It is small wonder, then, that the Pueblo Indians came to regard springs with special veneration, that they wove around them myth and tradition and made them objects of religious worship. To one acquainted with the environment and its radical needs this seems to have been a natural, even though unconscious generalization. Perhaps offerings to springs will not admit of such simple explanation. Perhaps the mystery of the underground source ow fate welling up from unknown depths, impressive always even to the observer who believes himself free from the trammels of superstition, has also had a powerful effect on the mind of the Indian, leading like many other natural phenomena, to an attitude of worship of unseen powers behind these masks.—Records of the Past.

STIRS BRITISH CHURCHES.

Rev. R. J. Campbell's "New Theology" Starts Vigorous Contest.

The great modifications in religious belief which are taking place throughout the Christian world have recently been manifesting themselves with especial prominence in England. The leader in radical revision of faith is R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, long a recognized leader among the English noncomformists. He is about to make a tour of the country, addressing gatherings of provincial pastors at their request upon "The Restated Theology."

Inasmuch as Mr. Campbell rejects many of the chief dogmas of the bible, such as the story of the fall of man it will be seen how theology with which its followers are endeavoring to supplant the long-accepted beliefs in England.

Mr. Campbell states his views briefly as follows:

"The starting point of the new theology is belief in the imminence of God and the essential oneness of God and man. This is where it differs from Unitarianism. Unitarianism made a great gulf and put man on one side and God on the other. We believe man to be a revelation of God and the universe one means to the self-manifestation of God. The word 'God' stands for the infinite reality whence all things proceed. Everyone, even the most uncompromising materialist, believes in this reality. The new theology in common with the whole scientific world believes that the finite universe is one aspect or expression of that reality, but it thinks of it or him as consciousness rather than a blind force, thereby differing from scientists. Believing this, we believe that there is thus no real distinction between humanity and the deity. Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited. We see the revelation of God in everything around us.

"The new theology holds that human nature should be interpreted in terms of its own highest, therefore it reverences Jesus Christ. It looks upon Jesus as a perfect example of what humanity ought to be, the life which perfectly expresses God in our limited human experience. So far as we are able to see, the highest kind of life that can be lived is the life which is lived, in terms of the whole, as the life of Jesus. Every man is a potential Christ—or, rather, manifestation of the eternal Christ—that side of the nature of God from which all humanity has come forth. Humanity is fundamentally one. All true living is the effort to realize that oneness. This is the truth that underlies al noble efforts for the common good in the world today.

"The new theology looks upon evil as a negative rather tha ns positive term. It is the shadow where light ought to be; it is the perceived privation of good; it belongs only to finiteness. Pain is the effort of the spirit to break through the limitations which it feels to be evil. The new theology believes that the only way in which the true nature of good can be manifested either by God or man is by a struggle against the limitation and therefore it is not apalled by the long story of cosmic suffering. Everybody knows this after a fashion. The things we most admire and reverence in one another are things involving struggle and self-sacrifice.

"The new theology watches with sympathy the development of modern science, for it believes itself to be in harmony therewith. It is the religious articulation of the scientific method. It therefore follows that it is in sympathy with scientific criticism of the important religious literature known as the bible. While recognizing the value of the bible as a unique record of religious experience, it handles it as freely and as critically as it would any other book. It believes that the seat of religious authority is within (not without) the human soul. Individual man is so constituted as to be able to recognize, ray by ray, the truth that helps him upward no matter from what source it comes.

"The new theology, of course, believes in the immortality of the soul, but only on the ground that every individual consciousness is a ray of the universal consciousness that can not be destroyed. It believes that there are many stages in the upward progress of the soul in the unseen world before it becomes fully and consciously one with its infinite source. We make our destiny in the next world by our behaviour in this, and ultimately every soul will be perfected.

"From all this it will surely be clear that the new theology brushes aside many of the most familiar dogmas taught from the pulpit. We believe that the story of the fall in the literal sense is untrue. It is literature, not dogma, the romance of an early age use for the ethical instruction of man. We believe that the very imperfection of the world today is due to God's will and is a working out of himself with its purpose not wholly hidden from us.

"The doctrine of sin which holds us to be blameworthy for deeds that we can not help we believe to be a false view. Sin is simple selfishness. It is a violation of the law of love. We reject wholly the common interpretation of atonement, that another is beaten for our fauk. We believe not in a final judgment, but in a judgment that is ever proceeding. Every sin involves suffering suffering which can not be remitted by any work of another. When a deed is done its consquences are eternal.

"We believe Jesus is and was divine, but so are we. His mission was to make us realize our divinity and our oneness with God, and we are called to live the life which he lived."

THE SYSTEM FAILS.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION AND WHAT IT LEADS TO IN NEW ZEAL

(Montreal Gazette.)

A great deal of the Legislation aiming to make strikes impossible has been founded upon that of New Zealand, or, as it has become generally known, "the land without strikes." Prophets there have been in plenty to point out that the alleged success attained for the policy of compulsory arbitration was illusory, since all the operations of the law in question had been under a rising labor market, accompanied by increases in values which made the raising of wages possible. It was granted that in times of prosperity manufacturers would be found willing to meet the demands of labor, or to accept compromises. But when these good times had passed and manufacturers would be unable to obtain good prices, would the workingmen consent to accept the necessary reductions? Not even the most enthusiastic of the supporters of compulsory arbitration was sure on this point. The answer, and the one expected, has now been given. The New Zealand producer of mutton can only obtain the ruling price on the British market. That means that he can only afford to pay a certain price for his labor. Not long ago the men employed in one of the large freezing establishments demanded an increase of wages. The demand went, as usual, to arbitration. The employers were able to show that in the existing condition of the market it was impossible for them to pay more, and the arbitrators agreed with them. The result was that the men went back to work. But instead of killing eight sheep per hour they only killed two, hoping thereby to defeat the award of the court and force the employers to give them the demanded wages. But it did not stop here. Men engaged in other freezing plants, recognizing the futility of seeking an increase from the arbitration court, have, in open disregard of the provisions of the act, left their work. In some instances fines have been imposed on the strikers, and the question now confronting New Zealand is the possibility of collecting these fines. A man cannot very well pay a fine without money, and to send him to jail is not helping either his family or the employer who wants his labor. "The land without strikes" has ceased to be.

A Sample New York Murder Trial.

An Italian and his wife kept an eating-stand on the upper east side. One summer night four other Italians, passing by, asked to be served with clams, for which twenty cents was asked in payment. A dispute arose as to the number of clams served, and while the keeper of the stand was stooping over counting the shells one of the Italians drew a razor and slashed him across the face, from the lobe of the ear to the corner of the mouth. Such a cut I never saw. I could only think of a butcher slashing open a rib of beef with his cleaver. The welt from the scar was as thick as a stout whipcord. For this cut the Italian received eight years—a light sentence in proportion to the size of the cut. While the cutting was being done another of these Italian banditti drew a revolver and fired point blank at the man and his wife, but, like most of the Latin race, he was a bad shot, and the bullet went wide. Two policemen, standing a block away, hearing the shot and the screams of the women, rushed up just in time to arrest the whole party, the one Italian having the smoking revolver in his hand. Upon examination, then and there, it was found that the revolver was not loaded. Now, had these policemen been as shrewd as the Italian, they would have searched the ground for the cartridges, which he evidently threw away when he saw the policemen coming; but no, not until they reached the police station was this thought of, and then it was too late, as any one could have placed the cartridges there on the pavement, where they were subsequently found several hours after the arrest. Of the two officers who were concerned in this arrest only one appeared in court and the revolver was not produced at all. Now, an indictment must set forth, in order to prove intent to kill, that the pistol was "loaded with powder and ball," and as this could not be proved, the jury was compelled to acquit the defendant.—Harry P. Mawson, in Leslie's Weekly.

If love is a disease, it must be contagious.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Germany and Austria are said to be lining up beside Russia in opposition to the proposition by Great Britain and the United States to discuss at The Hague peace conference the question of limiting armaments. They may for the present render concerted action toward disarmament impracticable, but even the raising of the question will be a gain.

To lessen the danger to children in case of fire in the Brantford public schools, the Fire Chief recommends that telephones or fire alarm boxes be installed in all the schools and that in one school the stairways be divided in two and a railing placed in the centre of each so that when an escape was being effected the children would be less likely to fail through over-crowding.

The Pennsylvania Legislature is considering a bill to fix the punishment for burglary so as to discourage that form of crime. It is proposed in the bill that the entering of a house at night with intent to steal or to commit a felony shall, if it be the perpetrator's first offence, be punishable with not more than twenty nor less than five years' imprisonment, but that if it be his second offence, he shall be deemed a hardened criminal and shall be sentenced to life imprisonment. The burglar is usually ready to commit murder. He deserves to be dealt with severely.

Commissioner of Public Safety Smith, of Schenectady, N. Y., is considering the question of providing policemen who patrol the outlying districts at night with dogs to aid them in running down the evil doers. The experiment, it is said, has been tried, with considerable success in Europe. In the cities of Belgium—Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, Liege and others—the dogs have been found very useful in aiding the police authorities in detecting and preventing crime. The Schenectady experiment will be watched with considerable interest.

Speaking of the demand for a limitation of speed of railway trains, the Brooklyn Eagle says it is at basis justified, but it adds:

But where should that limit be placed? Within what limitation will the factor of safety be secured? Some obstinate and not so well known facts enter to complicate, if they do not arrest, judgment. Suppose the rate of speed is limited to forty miles an hour. How are we to deal with the fact that more accidents have occurred to trains running on a scheduled rate of less than forty miles an hour than have happened to those scheduled for a rate exceeding that speed? More lives have been lost on the trains of the lesser than the greater speed. It is an obstinate fact.

Safety to life and limb is not to be secured so much in the limitation of speed as it is in applying the precautions to all the trains, of whatever rate of speed, that, applied to the high-speed trains, have made them safe.

Electricity will probably in the near future prove a vast saving to the railways. Stillwell and St. Clair, of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, estimate that if all the railways in the United States, which represent 216,974 miles of track were to-day operated by electricity using the single phase alternating current system at the potential adopted for the equipment of the New Haven Railroad, and if the rolling stock equipment consisted of locomotives and multiple unit trains fitted with motors and control apparatus no better than the best which now exist, the aggregate cost of operating, which in 1905 amounted in round figures to $1,400,000,000, would be reduced to about $250,000,000. To accomplish this result power plants delivering about 12,500,000,000 Kilowatt hours per annum would be required. In 1905 the average gross earnings of the railways per mile of line were $9,598 and the average operating expenses $6,409. The conclusion drawn from the figures is that the high class electric equipment now available would reduce this average cost to $5,265—a difference of $1,144 per mile.

The domestic servants of Canada are not unionized, or they might have something to say about the immigration of servants from the old land. Mrs. E. F. Francis, of the Women's Domestic Guild of Canada, with headquarters in Montreal, said the other day:

"We hope to bring out 1,000 trained domestic servants from the old country this year. We have 26 trained girls coming on the Dominion liner Canada, which is due at Portland next Sunday, but they are all booked. From now till August we hope to bring out about 30 girls every week. Last Tuesday week 63 girls arrived, who were all placed by the following day. We could easily place 200 domestics at the present moment."

The difficulty is to get the girls," Mrs. Francis says. The demand is so great that it is impossible to meet it. Until domestic service is "professionalized" somewhat after the manner of the nursing profession, Canadian girls as a rule will give it a wide berth. Still such service is better paid and more independent than some other situations that are sought after.

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