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# Cupid Tries Again

"Frank Bayley!" repeated Carrington, looking at her with unusual attention. "Is he a doctor?"

"Yes, in the Indian service. Did you know him?"

"I have met him," a slight frown contracted his brow.

"Yes; he is a very clever fellow," said Mrs. Mayley, picking up a stitch with a variation in an imperative kind of whisper, as Miss Onslow began to play a dreamy nocturne. "A very clever fellow. He is not going back to India; he is going to practice at Huddersfield, Ah, what queer experiences he has had!"

"He seems to have been communicative," said Carrington, with a tinge of contempt.

"To me, yes. You see we had a sort of professional intimacy. After I lost my poor husband, having no ties, I turned to a hospital nurse, and was able in that way to do a little good. I was fortunately in the same hotel with Mrs. Bayley when she had that frightful attack of Roman fever—through which I nursed her—about two years ago. I nursed her; she nursed me. I don't know what she deserves; I should hear Frank Bayley's account of him!"

"No answer. Carrington, his eyes fixed on the ground, his brows sternly knit into a frown, prompted no doubt by righteous wrath, was pulling his long moustaches.

After waiting in vain for a reply, Mrs. Bayley recommenced.

"Do you think of making any stay here?"

Still no answer. He seemed lost in thought, and then, as though he did not hear her, suddenly rose and crossed to the window. The chair beside her was tenanted only by a little black Pomeranian dog.

"This is a little beauty," said Carrington, lifting it and taking its place, while he stroked the little creature, who seemed quite happy. "It is a very nice dog."

"The little beauty is mine," cried Mrs. Bayley, "and used to be a good obedient little dog—my one possession—and Mrs. Fane has bewitched Midge, and now she is so spoiled that he cares for no one else. She quite ruins him—when he gets up at unearthly hours to take him out before breakfast." Here Mrs. Fane's courier brought in some letters, and Mrs. Bayley soon became absorbed in hers.

Though Mrs. Fane stole many impatient glances towards Carrington and his hostess, good breeding forbade him to break in upon their virtual te-te-tete—and so he kept himself usefully employed, as he imagined, by getting up a flirtation with Miss Onslow, rather to that young lady's astonishment.

"I suppose it is a great pleasure to you to sing," said Carrington, rather abruptly, and looking at Mrs. Fane in the peculiar, searching way that always impressed her so much.

"I am fond of singing, certainly; but why do you think so?"

"Because you put your heart into it, or seem to do so, and for the pleasure you bestow, seeming so sincere."

"That is a polite way of saying I do not feel at all."

"I did not mean it, and I would rather believe you do feel like that."

"Why? To ensure my suffering?"

"God knows, no! Must you suffer because you feel?"

"I suppose to sensitive people, sorrow is more sorrowful and joy more joyful than to ordinary men and women. I do not think I am peculiarly sensitive; my life has been tranquil enough." But a quick, half-suppressed sigh belied her words. "You are fond of dogs, Colonel Carrington?"

"Yes; I had a lot of dogs about me always in India. One was a special friend; I brought him home with me. He would have died of grief if I had left him behind."

"And you thought of that? So much consideration is surely rare in a man."

"Is it? Have women much more unselfishness than men?"

"They have the credit of unselfishness. I suppose it is some accident of constitution."

Carrington was silent for a moment, and then said:

"Isolation tends to foster selfishness, at least. I have been a good deal in remote, lonely stations, and—"

"You have, contrary to your nature, grown a selfish man," interrupted Mrs. Fane, playfully.

"Not contrary to my nature, I fear," he answered, smiling.

Then Mrs. Fane grew silent, but she was an admirable listener, and Carrington was unusually moved to speak. He was not smoothly fluent like Morton; but there was force and earnestness in his abrupt, unstudied sentences that had a charm of their own for the rather spoiled and somewhat blasé woman of the world to whom they were addressed. At length Carrington, to Sir Frederic's infinite relief, rose to leave. Some talk ensued of a proposed expedition to a castle and some caves at a distance, and then, as Mrs. Fane appeared to think that Morton was going too, he felt obliged to retire.

"For my part, I cannot understand what you will see in that Colonel Carrington to take a fancy to? He has nothing to say for himself, and he is in prison

dog; "we shall get as far as the wreck and back before your mistress is out of her room!"

The wreck was the remains of an old vessel half buried in the sand, from which its skeleton ribs protruded in a ghastly fashion.

She had left the boys behind, and seemed the only person moving on the wide stretch of dry, firm sand; but before she had gone many paces farther, a large, fierce-looking, ill-conditioned dog, of no particular breed, came trotting out of one of the hollows between the billocks, and paused a moment, with an ominous growl, to watch the pert, busy little Pomeranian, who was scampering hither and thither, and barking aggressively. To him ran Midge, full of innocent pleasure, and with the most friendly intentions. But the low-bred ruffian returned his advances with a surly snarl, and then, urged by some inexplicable dog-dog instinct, pounced with a growling bark on the unoffending little creature. A scuffle, a cloud of sand torn up in the conflict, despairing yelp from Midge, loud growls from his foe terrified Mrs. Fane, but she was too gently brave to let her poor little protegee be destroyed. Armed only with her sunshade she ran to his succor. More potent aid, however, was at hand. A tall man, in a dark shooting-dress, rushed up from behind her. In a twinkling the mongrel assailant was seized by the back of the neck, and then violently flung to a distance, whence he fled, howling and discomfited.

"I don't think the poor little fellow is hurt," said Mrs. Fane, "but he has a squeeze, that's all."

"Oh, Colonel Carrington! You came just in time. Poor little Midge! It would have been all over with him in a moment. What a savage, ill-natured brute!" cried Mrs. Fane, taking the little animal from him.

"Midge was all trembling and palpitating, and trying to express his thanks by frantic attempts to lick her face and hands."

"Quiet. Poor little thing. You are safe now. I am so very much obliged to you. How lucky that you should have been here! Do you always walk before breakfast?"

"Thank you, I don't think he likes to leave me. He will go down and run soon. Are you sure he is not much hurt?"

"Yes. The brute hadn't time to hurt him. He will soon forget all about it. Injured do not rankle in a dog's heart."

"Happy creature," returned Mrs. Fane. "What a wonderful faith there is in forgetfulness!"

"I suppose there is," said Carrington, walking on beside her.

"Perhaps you do not forget or forgive readily. I fancy there is a tinge of implacability about you," she returned, looking up in his face with a faint smile and glance from her speaking brown eyes.

"Why?" he gravely meeting it with a look, half sad, half resentful.

"Ah! that is puzzling," she exclaimed. "It is so hard to account for these vague, yet vivid impressions, which are none the less irresistible because they are perhaps illogical. There is something in your eyes, in the way you carry your head, that makes me feel that you would not easily forgive. I fear I am impatient!"

Colonel Carrington smiled, keeping his eyes fixed on hers. "I don't fancy I am worse than most men in the conditions of my sort! But you are very active for a fine lady, Mrs. Fane. Do you always get up at six or seven and walk before breakfast?"

"Sometimes I am not very methodical. I sometimes get up at five, and I am quite sure the absence of a controlling necessity is a terrible want. The great incentive to these early walks is that I can be free and alone; at other times I hardly believe to myself. Here I am at my own disposal."

# LIGHTNING AN ITS DANGERS.

## The Loss of Life is Greater Than Commonly Supposed.

In this country we have no means of ascertaining precisely by lightning the amount of mischief done by lightning. In France and Germany statistics on the subject are systematically tabulated by the Government every year. If complete statistics were accessible there can be little doubt that life and property is far greater than is commonly supposed. In respect the damage is often greater than it need be, even apart from any consideration of lightning conductors.

During the winter of 1884 and 1885 it was estimated by a competent authority that besides other mischief not less than six hundred animals of one sort and another in England were killed by lightning, most of them sheep and cattle in the field. In all such casualties it is usual to regard the carcasses as unfit for human food, says the London Chronicle, and they are ordinarily buried or settled in the stinking room, but she was not absorbed by her book. She laid it down at intervals, and went to the window, which commanded the view of the hotel on one side; she looked at the clock, as she sat, with her own watch. She took a note from her pocket and read it over, tearing it carefully into little bits, and placing them in the waste-paper basket.

At length the door opened, and Morton came in. He walked to the window, kicking a chair out of his way as he went. After a glance through the open shade he turned, muttering something—"What is the matter? You see into be in a tantrum," said Mrs. Bayley. Her voice sounded harder, commoner than it did when she talked gently with Mrs. Fane.

"Probably I am. I am coming to the end of everything. I had a warning from Jeppson that Mosenthal, the brute who holds nearly all my paper, is determined to smash me; and at the first breath of legal proceedings, the whole fabric of my fortunes, of my present chances, will crumble to dust like the skeletons at the top of a chimney."

"This is bad, very bad," returned Mrs. Bayley. "What are you going to do? You have some time before you. No steps can be taken till Michaelmas."

"I trust and hope to have some positive proof to give him of an understanding with Mrs. Fane. I rather think he would do it, and I am sure he would do it for me. I have told Jeppson to let me know the moment the rascal is in town. Meantime, I must make all the play I can here; if I could but see my way. That makes me mad."

(To be continued.)

### Tommy's Complaint.

Father's got the fresh air craze and mother's got it, too.

### Editorial Troubles in Kansas.

Everybody has his troubles, even the editor of the newspaper. A reporter was sent out lately to get the news of a party. The hostess would not tell the reporter about it, saying she preferred to have her friend Miss So-and-So write the piece. This was on Tuesday. The Signal went to press Wednesday night, and Miss So-and-So brought the story in Thursday morning, after the papers were all in the post-office. Later in the day the hostess called at the Signal office and abused the editor like a pickpocket for not printing an account of her party. If the hostess had allowed the reporter to handle the story her party would have been taken care of promptly and properly for the reporter is on to her job while Miss So-and-So can't write for our papers. We strive to please, but trying to please everybody is war, and you know Sherman's definition of war.—The Holton Signal.

When one woman insists upon paying another woman's car fare and the other woman lets her she never forgets it.

"I have got a footing," he muttered to himself as he turned back to the beach, "and it'll go hard if I do not make it a foothold."

As the luncheon party included Sir Frederic, Miss Onslow and Dr. Methvin, besides Colonel Carrington, Mrs. Fane had the convenient of organizing an expedition to visit an old castle, which with the adjoining fishing village, and some caves, were one of the few excursion points available for visitors at St. Catharines.

The preliminaries were soon settled, and ten o'clock the next day but one fixed upon as the hour of departure. "There is a tolerable little inn at Craighou," said the expert professor, "and I will write to the landlord to have luncheon provided."

"I find

# CURRENT COMMENT

Perhaps after all there was no conspiracy, no reign of terror and no murders in the Ocean d'Alene district. Maybe Orchard dreamed it all.

If that story of Sir William Ramsay transmuting metals turns out to be true, we shall have to cease laughing at the old alchemists. If precious metals can be degraded, we may some day learn how to render base metals into finer.

The Bellona, an 18,000-ton warship of the Dreadnought type, but with improvements, was launched at Portsmouth on Saturday, and the Temeraire, a sister vessel, will be launched next month. Of the building of peace-makers there is no end.

The United States army and navy departments now cost the people of the republic over \$200,000,000 a year, or about 40 per cent. of the national expenditure, and at least \$150,000,000 of that is worse than wasted. And the squalid and criminal burdening of the people goes on, while those who profit by it seek to provoke bloody wars to keep up the expenditure.

The lurid story of City Clerk Fay, of St. Catharines, who says two-thirds of the peach trees of the district perished last winter, is being contradicted by many fruit-growers. Some say not more than one per cent. of their trees died, while 10 per cent. is the outside estimate for the district. Many peach trees die each year, and much depends on the culture and care given them.

The Standard Oil Company has been found guilty of granting freight rebates on \$500,000 worth of oil, and a Chicago judge has fined it \$29,240,000. It is hardly likely that the fines will be paid over without a struggle. If a reasonable penalty had been imposed the people might have reason to expect that good would result, but as it is the proceedings savor of farce.

A disreputable lawyer who disgraced his profession by suborning witness in a damage suit at White Plains, N.Y., has been sent to prison for two years. Respectable lawyers approve the sentence. Now let an example be made of the wolves of the profession who contrive to fatten by methods scarcely colorably different from blackmail, and the bar will profit.

The United States National Bureau of Labor has issued a summary statement of its report devoted to labor troubles of the twenty-five years from 1881 to 1905, and while it is not easy to interpret much of the mass of statistics presented, some of the outstanding facts may prove interesting to Canadian readers.

There were, in the period covered by the tables, no fewer than 267,275 strikes and 1,546 lockouts, affecting respectively 187,467 and 18,547 establishments, and the number of strikers was 6,728,948, and of those locked out 716,231. The average duration of strikes was 25.4 days, and of lockouts 84.6.

The greatest prevalence of strikes and lockouts was in 1894 and the least in 1905. The greatest number of strikes was in the building trades, being 2,002 per cent. of the total, and the greatest number of employees affected was in the coal and coke industry, the building trades coming second and the clothing industry third. About 70 per cent. of the strikes in number, with 90.94 per cent. of the establishments and 70.09 per cent. of the employees affected, were ordered by labor organizations.

Of the results of the difficulties the report indicates that the strikes succeeded in 47.94 per cent. of the cases; partly succeeded in 15.28 per cent., and wholly failed in 36.78 per cent.

The employers succeeded in 57.20 per cent. of the lockouts, partly succeeded in 10.71 per cent., and failed in 32.09 per cent.

The causes of strikes are thus classified: For increase of wages, 40.72 per cent.; recognition of unions, 23.23 per cent.; against reduction of wages, 11.90 per cent.; for reduced hours, 9.78 per cent.

The strikes most successful were those for higher wages and against reductions of wages. Strikes for recognition of unions and union rules have been increasing in number and becoming less effective, while sympathetic strikes are rapidly decreasing and mostly fail. There is more inclination to settle labor troubles by negotiation and arbitration, and thus avert much foolish loss. As to whether the workers are gainers by the net result of the struggles chronicled by the Bureau it is not easy to decide, but it is very much to be doubted. The day when strikes and lockouts become a bad memory will be a joyful one for modern industry, and none will benefit more than the man who has only his labor to dispose of. And the public will welcome any less foolish and wasteful system.

**A New Orleans woman was thin.**  
Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food.

**She took Scott's Emulsion.**

**Result:**  
She gained a pound a day in weight.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.50

