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he True and The False

Maud read well and fluently, though in a low voice and with a blushing to it." cheek, and Mr. Ipsy was satisfied, and took the book from her hands, and said he must put her in Miss Spooner's Testament class.

"But, if you please, sir, I want to go in that lady's class," said Maud, timidly, indicating Mrs. Daniel Hunter. Mr. Ipay's eyebrows flew up in sur

prise, then puckered down in a frown. "What, what, what; what do you say? What lady?" he asked, quickly help it! She pressed the child to her and nervously.

"Mrs. Hunter, sir, if you please." "Eh? What? My conscience! Little girls are not to choose what class they "But, sir, if you please, I came here

to go into Mrs. Hunter's class," persisted Maud, gently, letting her eyes linger on the form of the lady. It happened that these words caught Mrs. Hunter's ears, and she looked up, ha saw the child, and beckoned Mr. Ipsy. Mr. Ipsy sprang to her bidding, "like Xyphias to his aim."

"What is it, Mr. Ipsy?" she asked. "Why, madam, that little trouble some child has taken a fancy to go into your class, and no other. Really it is very natural that she should feel this preference, which, I fancy, is shared by all the pupils in the school-they would all, doubtless, prefer the honor of Mrs. Hunter's valuable instructions, but, really, all cannot have it."

"But since the little one alone asks it, is it not fair to presume that she alone desires to be in my class? And why may she not come?" "Madam-a-your complement is fill-

"I can take another. I will take her with pleasure, Mr. Ipsy." "But, madam, really-this little girl-

I---" He paused in embarrassment. Mrs. Hunter relieved him by saying: "You are the superintendent of the I am not in the confidence of guilty school, Mr. Ipsy, and if you see a proper cause to refuse my request, I withdraw it, of course-deferring to your-posi- fine head uncovered before her. He took

"Madam, Mrs. Hunter-most certainly to your better judgment. I will go and band-a young man whom I found or came upon the narrow bridle path leadbring the little girl to you," said Mr. dered for death the day upon which I ing to Howlet Hall. Here she stopped her go home with me this evening and Ipsy, dancing back to Maud, to whom came into office. With the law and the her skipping, and became, for a moment spend a week. I would bring her back to say she will take you, miss."

"Oh, I knew she would! I knew she would!" said the child to herself, with a look of earnest, deep thanksgiving. And Mr. Ipsy took her hand and led her up to the pew door. Mrs. Hunter was bending over a book with one of her

"Here is your new pupil, madam," said the superintendent. And Mrs. Hunter lifted her beautifu countenance and looked upon the little her answer.

And the long-severed mother and child were face to face. Their eyes met. Maud dropped hers as in the presence of of some holy angel, and the lady, as she gazed upon the supernal beauty of the child, felt a thrill pass through her heart. She took the little one by the hand-there was a placed her beside her. The delicate away from the contact of the brown stuff, but the lady looked sweetly

ing her small hand, asked gently: "What is your name, love?" "Sylvia Grove," answered the child. "I remember that name. You are Mrs. O'Leary's little girl?"

strange interest in her words-she morning. would fain have asked her, "Do you remember your lost mother, love?"-her he pressed her hand, and turned to leave thoughts formed the question-but that was not the time nor place for conversation irrelevant to the purpose that ering a bunch of flowers. The child brought them together.

moment the young minister appeared in countenance, with feelings of blended front of the rails, before the organ, to wonder, compassion and awe-in a moclose the exercises of the school. In an ment after, she stepped up to him, and instant all were silent. A short exhortation, a prayer, a hymn, and the benediction followed, and then the children were dismissed. The pupils who had neither parents nor guardians with pews below stairs, remained in the gallery, under the charge of the superintendent.

Mras. Hunter arose to go.

ma'am. Falconer will take me | new-born, deathless love!

"Why do you stop, then, little one?" "I wanted to stay as long as you did,

"Well, I am going now, love, so goodby," said Mrs. Hunter, pressing the little soft hand; but Maud's face was raised to hers with a look of such wistful, trusting love and veneration that the lady suddenly stooped down and kissed her once twice again she could not bosom, and then, with slow self-recollection, released her, saying: "Good-by, love. You are a sweet, sweet child. know you are a good child. Good-by, What a heart she has! What a simple, love," and dismissed her.

In the course of the week Daniel Hunter paid Ellen a visit, to make known to her the important discovery communicated to himself by the bishop. Never in the course of his life, perhaps, n ore painful duty .: oived upon the great politician. But Daniel Hunter discharged it most worthily. The revelation did not surprise Ellen the leastit agitated her dreadfully, as all allusion to that darkest tragedy ever did. When

"We always knew Willie's innocence, sir, and we always hoped it would be found out. He was a martyr, sir-his death was a ghastly legal murder. Sir, I have heard it taught that a consciousness of innocence would bear one up through persecution and death. I know now how that can be, for it was his consciousness of innocence that made death so very bitter to him-it was our faith in his innocence that made his death so very bitter to us-for with him and us, the galling sense of injustice was added to all the other suffering. I know not how much guilt may add to sorrow, for

Daniel Hunter was standing with his

her hand respectfully, and said: "Mrs. O'Leary, you must not look upon me as the executioner of your hus- started out for a ramble and somehow testimony before me. I could not inter- grave and thoughtful. She recognized at the end of that time." fere to save him. How much I regretted the path-knew where it led. She was regret it now-is known only to God. - not quite to Howlet Hall - not got her spring clothing yet." allow me to educate him-to send him | stunted cedars to the bleak mountain | And then she said: to a college, and establish him in busi- top; and then by a winding path down "Mrs. O'Leary, since this child is an

ered up her face and wept. He waited patiently until she wiped her eyes, and lifted up her face and re-

"Sir, I am disposed to be grateful to you, and to accept your kind offers for my son, but compunction struggles against gratitude, sir. I do not know whether it is right to feel grateful-whether it is right to take any favor from youwhether it would not be treason to him who is gone-and whether, indeed, your patronage would not be like the high down upon the little girl, and, still clasp- priest's thirty pieces of silver-the price of blood-unblessing and unblessed! Sir, I seldom speak so plainly, but to-day I

cannot help it." "Mrs. O'Leary, I am neither surprised nor displeased that you should speak so. is good to me as she can be, and I love al, to pray, you will probably view this matter with clearer mental vision. And The eyes of the lady lingered upon the remember that my offer holds good from sweet, grave face of the child . She felt | this time forth. I will bid you good-

His noble face was full of sorrow a

recognized the great man, and looked up They said no more then, for at that into his great, majestic, grief-stricken silently offered her flowers, with a manner so simple, so childlike, yet so pro-

He looked down at her, and the cloud slowly passed from his face; he, a lover of all children, saw in this child's beautiful countenance something that touched the profoundest depths of his heart. "Have you a seat down stairs, love?" Notwithstanding the difference in com she inquired of Maud, who had lingered plexion, Maud was what her mother had been when Daniel Hunter first met her

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beautiful, more heavenly-a sort of little Augusta idealized, transfigured, made an angel of-or what the spirtual body little Augusta might have been. He took her offered flowers with one hand, and laid the other benignly on her head. starry eyes. And then, with a sudden

In the strength of her father's hand, in knowing it, the mighty, the irresistible attraction of nature; self-forgetful, she suddenly buried her head in his bosom. and clasped both arms around his neck in the strong, vital, thrilling clasp of

And to him it was a revelation; not that he understood it fully, but it was so diferent from Honoria's formal, lifeless embrace. This was the real, living, involuntary proof of affection, that his heart had hungered for in vain. he wondered why she gave it, and why it did not surprise him. "It is because an intuitive knowledge of those who sincerely love them." he said to himself And most tenderly, when the little girl's arms relaxed their clinging clasp, most tenderly he caressed her, murmuring, at intervals: "What a loving, loving child! loving, trustful heart! Everyone must love her! Does not everyone love you,

He might have sat there an hour talking to and caressing the child, had not Ellen come out into the yard. "You have a very sweet little girl

here, Mrs. O'Leary," he said, as he gave

Maud a parting kiss, and set her off

his knees, and got up to go. "It is Sylvia Grove, an orphan, a dis-Mr. Hunter had imparted all that he tant relative of my poor Willie's, sir." "I hope you will think of the plan I knew of that most deplorable matter, proposed to you, Mrs. O'Leary, and I should be glad if you would permit me to be of service to this little girl, also," said Mr. Hunter, as he got into his sad-

> "I will think of it, sir." "Good-morning, madam. Good-by, dear ittle Sylvia," said Daniel Hunter, as he

rode away. "Oh, he took the flowers with him!he took the flowers with him!" murmured Maud, in a low voice to herself. "What flowers, Sylvia?"

"The flowers I gave him, Ellen." "Yes, you little imp, you!" exclaimed old Askihag, coming up, "and de werry next time I catches of you bein' so forrard to offer flowers to a big bug like Marse Donnel Hunter, I-I'll tell Mr. Bill Ipsy! Dar!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

One fresh, spring morning Maud the heavy sea, on the far-distant, oppo- er of the orphan." site side of which rose, like a rocky coast, the mountains that enclosed How-

fragments of rock, led across a deep, len." swampy road. Maud began to cross ! the stones where she was placing her sumed her hood and went away with feet that she did not even perceive the Mrs. Hunter to spend a week. approach of another foot passenger from the thicket of cedars on the other sideor know that anyone was meeting her, until the shadow fell across her feet. Then she looked up. There before her, on the narrow footpath, stood a very young lady, of very imperious look and "Yes, ma'am, but not her daughter— I will leave you for the present. When to its stateliest inches, and stood still, as manner, who drew her slight figure up my dear mother was lost at sea—but she you have had time to reflect, and, above expecting our child to give way. It was totally impossible to pass each other-it was almost equally so to turn back on that narrow, unsteady, slippery footing, without falling plump into the mud. One or the other of them would have to makes the best of it, and step soberly off the stones into the deep mire, which would be better certainly than to fall In the flower-yard stood Maud, gath- down by attempting to push on or turn back. Little Maud, with an instinctive sense of justice, looked down at her own and her opponent's feet, to see who was best provided for such a muddy venture. The young lady wore nice patent morocco gaiters, well covered, and defended by gum elastic overshoes. Maud's little boots were old and leaky ; she raised her dovelike eyes appealingly from them to the face of the young lady, to meet there an insolent, questioning look, as who

"How dare you keep me waiting?" And then raising her head arrogantly, she said, with an evident impression that such an announcement ought to turn our child at once into the mud: "I am Miss Hunter."

"Mrs. Hunter's little girl?" exclaimed Maud, raising her eyes, full of deep reverence for the name. Mis Honoria deigned no reply, save a haughty bend of the head. And Maud

stepped down into the mud and let her But another pair of eyes had seen this play of insolence and love, and they were fixed tenderly, lingeringly upon our little girl as she climbed back upon the footway. And as Maud regained her foot ing, she lifted up her eyes and saw upon the other side of the road the beautiful form of Mrs. Daniel Hunter, holding her hands out toward her. Maud hastened. springing from stone to stone toward the lady, with the strange, deep impression that she had found what she had set out that morning to meet.

"Carefuly, my child, carefully," said Mas. Hunter, as the little girl cleared with two bounds the last intervening distance between them and stood before

"Why did you go into the mire, my "It was to let your little girl pass, "I wish you were my little girl, sweet child, but how came you so far from

"I set off for a walk by myself, and didn't know how far it was till I got

"Does Mrs. O'Leary consent that yo should take such long, lonely walks?"

"No, lady, and I must hurry back." "What-having walked five miles, to walk back again-making ten-it would tire you nearly to death, my child. Come we are taking a pleasant ride this fine morning. Won't you go with us? are going first to the Summit, and then round to Silver Creek to see Mrs. O'Leary, and we can take you home soner than you could walk thither. Will

"Do you mean I am to ride with you lady, and you will take me home?" asked Maud, with sparkling eyes. "Yes, love, I should like to do so."

At this moment the carriage plunging along down the heavy road, Maud was helped in tenderly, and Mrs. Hunter called to Honoria, and together they drove to Silver Creek, where they arrived late in the afternoon. Ellen was surprised and pleased to see them, especially with her little truant in their company. The object of Mrs. Hunter in making this visit was to influence Ellen in favor of allowing her son to be educated by Mr. Hunter. They had a long private interview, in the course of which Mrs. Hunter said:

"You know, my dear Ellen, that if any one had wantonly injured you, there is nothing left you to do but to forgiveand, Ellen, Mr. Hunter never wantonly wronged one of God's creatures, from the smallest to the greatest. And now he earnestly desires to repair, as far as he can, the injustice you have suffered at the hands of the law. He knows, and we all know, that the utmost he could do would be but as nothing to the wrong you have suffered; if he could give you his own life, it would not bring back the departed, or compensate you for his loss, but he earnestly desires to do what he

"I thank you, Mrs. Hunter. I certainly do thank you. But I cannot yet decide. I must write to Father Goodrich

They then left the bedroom where this interview had taken place, and passed into the parlor, where Miss Honoria sat waiting in sullen dignity, and Maud stood arranging a little bouquet.

"And now I have a favor to ask of you, Mrs. O'Leary," said the lady, lifting her beautiful eyes with a look almost of entreaty to the face of Ellen, and taking the hand of the child. "Will you let this dear litle girl come to see me if I send the carriage for her?"

"Certainly; I thank you very much for the interest you take in her, Mrs.

"Then you will let he rcome?" "Certainly, madam."

It was time to take leave-it was high time to be off-yet still the lady lingered, holding the hand of the child "It is almost too much t oask you for your one wee lamb, yet if you could let

"I should have no objection, Mrs. Hunmy inability then-how much more I seized with a disposition to walk it ter, only-look at her! The child has We will not talk of the past! 'It comes not six miles from home—she did not in- Still the lady held the child's hand, not back again.' We will talk of the fu- tend that-but a strange attraction and looked down lovingly upon her, ture. Ellen, I desire to make reparation drew her on to follow-she did not know thinking, "she is beautiful in anythingas far as I can for what you have suf- how far-and she followed it. It led her, she is as beautiful in this brown, stiff fered. You have a fine boy. Will you by a winding path, up through the frock as a moss rose in its brown moss."

valley below—to the broad, beautiful in providing for her? I am—for the a suitable posture for defense—' "No fence handy, I presume," murmured But Ellen withdrew her hand, and cov- valley, where the great forest waved like sake of the angel I lost-I am the moth-"At least, let me take her home for a

> A narrow, slippery footway, made of You cannot refuse me this pleasure, Elcarefully, keeping her eyes fixed upon emotion, feeling, love, entreaty in the furtated animal was about to lance me with the path-fixed so pertinaceously upon lady's look and tone, and so Maud re-

> > (To be continued.)

A WARNING TO MOTHERS. to sacrifice the health-perhaps the lives age brute tried to throw me, of course, but I to sacrifice the health—perhaps the lives
—of little ones. This is proved by the fact that there are a number of imitations of Baby's Own Tablets offered. The speed. We tore through the forest a discovery of the pain left my side and the figure of the powers preparing for a struggle for the powers prepared to the pow tions of Baby's Own Tablets offered. The speed. mother can protect her child by seeing tance of perhaps half a mile. I was becommother can protect her child by seeing ing exhausted. Suddenly we passed under that the full name Baby's Own Tablets the projecting limb of a tree. Loosing my and the four-leaved clover with child's hold on the demoniac beast, I grasped the wrapper around every box. Do not take anything else as you may endanger your the tree when the boar turned and came child's life. If you cannot get the genu- back. Finding me beyond his reach, he " ine tablets from your dealer, send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail

SENTENCE SERMONS.

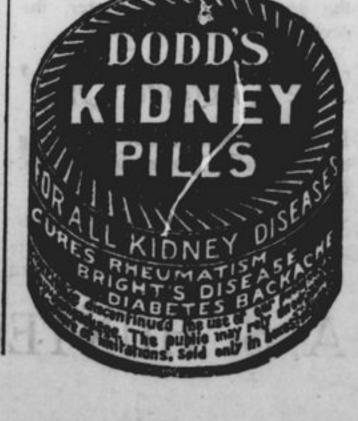
Rumor is the echo of suspicion. Forced honesty never has any roots. Lots of people mistake their sighs for

The lofty work often falls to the low-The greatest sermons are those out-

ice-cooler church. The crooked saint will have a hard time at the strait gate. The saddest infidelity is being faith-

lesa to the best we know. When a man is a god to himself, he is the opposite to all others. It is easy to attribute to foes the failures due to our own faults. The major blessings often come from

what we call the minor virtues. The best cure for a destroying love of the world is the divine love of the world. It is easy to make a dollar go a long way when you get up speed on the down



by cosmoolitan training and earthwide experience than Ellen Beach Yaw, the world's greatest soprano.

The house is simple and old-fashioned. A comfortable piano of by-gone style inhabits one corner of the parior, and in the other reposes a fern which is absolutely a record-breaker. Its drooping branches, falling in a green cataract to the floor, spread across a space fully six feet in diameter.



ELLEN BEACH YAW.

Miss Yaw speaks French like a Parisian-but she has made Frenchiness con-

spicuously absent from her home. AT THE ANY OLD TIME CLUB

(Chicago Tribune.) "Were you ever chased by a wild boar ?" asked the man in the mackintosh during a "No; nor you, either," said the man with

"It takes a lot of presence of mind to emerge from the incident with a whole skin, body." ventured the man who had put a pair

for half a day in the woods sithout seeing and like a good many other men I anything worth shooting, when I heard a ness or a profession?" He paused for through the dwarf pines to the wooded arphan, why not permit me to join you yards away. Before I could place myself in

> the man behind the green goggles. "The chaparral parted-I think they call it chaparral out there, but maybe it's jungle and an enormous wild boar came 'ughng at me. I am not ashamed to say, genweek and fit her out in spring clothes. tlemen, that I flung my rifle away-

"Flung is the right word. Go ahead." I turned and ran for my life. But use. Stepping quickly aside, just as the inone of his murderous tusks--" "Tusks is correct. Much better than tushes,' interjected the man who was smokgraspd its are with my hands, and held on

many a rough ride, gentlemen, but I want There are unscrupulous dealers who as long as you live. Even then, however, I on each leaf, is found on the outside limb drew myself up, and in a moment was Scarcely had I succeeded in climbing into believe they saved my life."

> rage. Leaning back against the trunk of the tree, six feet above him, I sat and awtched him until I had recovered my

> ling details. Don't spare us." "Then, drawing my revolver, I took deof his tusks, slick and clean. With a second

his proud spirit broke. He turned to flee Jumping down from the tree, I made after him. I caught up with him. I kicked him. him kick after kick, until I was tired, after which I let him go. Then I went and found my gun again and resumed my hunting for larger game as if nothing had happened Nothing was said for several minptes. mustache casually observed that he mustache casually observed that he could tolerate a plain, ordinary liar, but he hated a nature faker-whereupon he yawred wearlly and moved an adjournment.

Instruction for Drivers.

Technical education in the Austrian capital sometimes breaks out in unex- moving picture view of Niagara Falls pected places. The latest development was a huge success here a short time school for teamsters, under the auspices instance, bull fights in Spain and winter of the Wagon Drivers' Association. In sports on the snow and ice in Switzerfuture all young men desirous of pilot- land. Railway scenery is very acceptable ing light or heavy wagons through the as are views of large towns, Pictures city streets must first pursue a practical of the larger towns in the United States and theoretical course of study in the would be a huge success in Milan. Ocare of driving in this school.

For the theoretical branch a special life have been thrown on the sheeting, lesson book has been compiled. Students such as cowboy life and train wreckers. will have to pass an examination, after The Italian is disgusted, if not already which they will receive diplomas entit- surfeited, with pictures of singing and ling them to a driver's license. Team- dancing women; neither does he like sters who can produce a two months' fantistical scenery from fairy tales. testimonial from their present employers will be given licenses without examination. The new school is the outcome of a similar institution for cab drivers. which was started some months ago with very satisfactory results .- Vienna Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

A man is not charitable because he

there are no Latin evidences in her house. In a word, when she is at home she is simply a plain, old-fashioned American. She goes about the farm yard in a sunbonnet and a gingham gown, feeding the chickens, entering into debates on orange cultivation, discussing late fertilizers, even talking over the fall

Miss Yaw is entirely practical. the table in the broad, country dining room needs clearing, she can clear it. If it is to be set, she can spread the cloth and place the dishes as deftly and quick-ly as the most accomplished maid.

Her own little bower is in the front yard. It is a cunning little arbor, shaded with vines and shielded from the morning sun by prickly spines of a colossal cactus that rises fully thirty feet above the ground. Within the wee house, on the shore of the great Pacific Ocean, all is coziness and daintigess. Prores of pictures hide the weatherbeaten frame work, and a small writing deak, in a corner, bears materials which testify abundantly to this great little singer's love of correspondence.

And in constant attendance is Adreaa silent, tawny-skinned, ivory-toothed maid. Adres has a Spanish name, her sober countenance and unspeaking lips testify to the pure Indian bloo

which flows in her veins. Adrea is also somewhat of a celebrity among her own people. She is a graduate of the Sherman Institute. She can cook like a New England housewife, and sew in a manner creditable to a seamstress. She vows eternal fidelity to the prima donna, but Miss Yaw feels certain that from the land of her fathers.

In another corner of the house sits an old spinning wheel. She sits in front of it, and plays that she is Margueritea verity which she has played many times with high success before European audiences.

Miss Yaw loves her country home better than any other spot in the world. She loves its quiet, beautiful days and long, restful nights. The broad, shielding crchards that surround it, the majestic blue mountains that rise in the back ground, the soft, peaceful wind that blows in every day from the far distant sea-these are the furnishings of her paradise.—Los Angeles Examiner.

A FARMER'S TRIALS.

Weak and Worn Out Through Overwork and Long Hours.

The farmer's life is always a hard one,

but if he is weak or suffering it is almost unbearable. The hours are long and the work so hard that none but the strongest canstand it. An illustration of the effect of hard work on the before. I remember when I was hunting in | system is given by Mr. George Huntsberg, a farmer of Spry, Ont. He says: "I have lived nearly all my life in the Bruce peninsula. I am a farmer, and have always had my share of hard work, thought there was no wearout to my system. In this I was mistaken, for about a year and a half ago I began to go gradually down bill. I would tire at the least exertion; my appetite failed me; I had a severe pain in my side and around my heart. The doctor told me I was suffering from pernicious anaemia that Iwas almost bloodless. I doctored for six months, but instead of improving I grew so weak that I could hardly move without assistance. I lost flesh till I was almost a skeleton. A friend from Stokes Bay told me of the great benefit she had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and advised me to try them. My sister-in-law had also received great benefit from their use, so I decided to give them a trial. After a wild boar youll remember the experience using the pills about a month I began to gain strength, and from that on I improved rapidly. New blood seemed to using about a dozen boxes of the pills l I have nothing but praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis, as they cured me after medical treatment had failed-I really Good blood is the secret of health.

Keep the blood pure and such diseases as anaemit, rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, heart palpitation, eczema and the most perfect blood tonic and nerve restorer in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Moving Pictures in Italy. Milan, the centre of Italy for the

moving picture machine trade, has already about forty such theatres. Every available hall is being turned moving picture show, while nearly every second and third rate theatre and "cafe chantant" finishes the evening's entertainment with a few cinematograph pictures. During the dull summer sea-Dramatic and tragic scenes, natural scenery of an interesting nature, and at any time in Italy. The Italian loves to see living scenery; for instance, a ago. The Italian also likes to see typial scenes of national life, such as, for casionally typical scenes from American

To the Best of His Knowledge. "Johnny, what is your father's na tivity?" asked the teacher. "His what, ma'am?" "His nativity-his nationality, you

"O, he hasn't got any yet, ma'am.



There has been a decided will not injure business. The check did not come too soon; as it is a good many people own bits of wild land that will be many years before it will be worth the money they paid for them.

Over two thousand lives were lost in coal mining in the States last year, according to the Geological Survey, and nearly five thousand persons received greater or less injuries. Noting this the Philadelphia Record says that if coal can be mined in England at a cost of life per thousand, the rate ought not to be 3.4 per 1,000 in the States.

Robert N. Carson, a Philadelphia milliopaire, who died suddenly last week, has left in his will a provision for a \$5,-000,000 home for orphan girls near that city, the bequest to become effective after the death of his widow. The United States millionaires show up well with their benefactions. Similar bequests have been made this year. Anna T. Jeanes, also of Philadelphia, left a million dollars to aid in organizing schools for negro children. C. R. Gallard, of Seattle, has given a million and a half for a home for aged, and Mrs. Russell Sage, \$125,000 as a fund for the assist ance of indigent females, and nearly \$500,000 has been given in smaller sums for similar purposes. Canada receives many good examples of this kind from the States. Too few of them are copied.

The New York Post's rebuke of President Roosevelt's course in contributing to the financial uncertainty and stringency by his speeches for political effect is dignified and moderate and should have effect. It says: "The mistake he has made, in our judgment, in most of his speeches this summer, is that of stirring up excitement where he should have left it to quiet down. No sensible man asked him to retract anything. It was not necessary to announce any change of policy. That the President would enforce the law should have been taken for granted There was, in fact, no call for all the vociferation. A dignified reticence would have been much better for all concerned." He owed that to the country. and perhaps now that he must see the folly of executive buncombe we shall probably hear less of the "big stick."

The Washington Herald wants know what's up. Following the trouble in San Francisco came the order for the fleet to sail for the Pacific. In addition to this, it says, there are strange stories of great activity on the part of the War and Navy Department officials stationed in Manila. Ordnance is being hurried to the Philippine Islands, while in California, Washington and Oregon the officers and men of the army are working overtime in an effort to put the forts and batteries into effective condition. wants to know the truth about the sit other hand, we have alarmist reports of Japan's hurried and extensive war preparations. Are all these reports mere supremacy of the Pacific?

Mr. A. MacLean, the Canadian agent in Japan, has applications from firms there for a somewhat peculiar kind of goods, the gall-stones from beeves. He says: "They describe gall-stones as 'a hard concretion in the gall bladder of beef animals, sometimes called the biliary duct. It is a pea-shaped bag found on the underside of the liver, being the sold in Japan, in quantity, all that can be produced, at high and profitable prices, varying somewhat according to quality." He quotes an interested one

A Chicago slaughter-house firm not knowing the value of it, sold their output to a Japanese importer at about thirty yen per pound, upon which the importer realized two hundred yen per pound. In course of time the Chicago firm, by way of discovering the value of the stone gradually increased the price; the quantity at the same time greatly increased. so that the house is yet importing to Japan thousands of yen worth monthly.

According to the annual report of the United States Commissioner of Pensions the number of pensioners on the roll was on June 30 of this year 967.371. This is a net falling off for the fiscal year of 18,000 pensioners. The number of pensioners remaining on the soll on June 30 last was the smallest since 1893. On January 1, 1905, there were 1,004,196. the largest in the history of the bureau. During the year the loss by death of survivors of the civil war was 31,201. The annual value of the pension roll on June 30, 1907, was \$140,850,880, which was \$4,613,131 greater than it was on the corresponding date of 1906. The marked increase in the annual value of the roll over the year 1906, notwith standing the decrease is the number of pensioners, is due to the pensions granted unde: the act of February'6, 1907, at the higher rates provided by that act. The names of three women, daughters of revfeels like giving ice in January and coal We just moved here from Nebrasky olutionary war soldiers, still remain or

> ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO