ecros d Makes a Shocking -Mrs. Peake Lying Dead. ler and Frank Rough nound

despatch: Frank Lough ero, about 35 years of il here charged with one brutal murders in the e county, the victim beake, a most respectable

timation of the affair in brought by Mr. John f the deceased, who nofamily have been resi-

wnie township for more of years, for the past two s living about two miles r, near the Huron road. dairy farm, the sons of coming daily to Straten, went to the cellar teps leading thereto he n the floor below, lying was his mother, mowith the plough lines

nile spots also appeared He offered little or no

nteith has charge of the nquest will be held.

ISAS AND TEETH.

Peake Was Killed in Shock-

set on October 5.

Iwo Cows and a Calf ore Being Shot.

ged with heavy slugs. Mrs. feral shots killed him. which was attacked by the id in Boundbrook, in a pitifrom wounds and loss of

## THE USURPER

The door opened as he was speaking, though she meant to bully him, her and Sylvia, with Audrey, who had gone heart melted. after her, entered.

They came up to the table, and Sylvia, very pale, laid the packet in front of the viscount. He took it with an ejaculation.

"It's-it's- But it's sealed, my dear, I'm to open it. Here, Neville, you open

Neville did so, and they gathered round him. He took up one of several papers and read solemnly

I, Julian Chester, declare these certificates-being the marriage certificate of myself and wife, and the birth and baptismal certificates of my daughter, Sylvia Bond Chester-to be genuine, and I charge such person or persons into whose hands they may fall to preserve them. I have nothing to leave my beloved child, whom I consign to the care of her Heavenly Father, in humble trust and confidence that He will protect and n't a penny-

(Signed), Julian Chester." Sylvia hid her face on Neville's breast. Trale was the first to speak, and his honest face was glowing with satisfaction and delight.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed, using said. his favorite formula. "It's all right, Mr. Neville! Every one of them can be verified-and her claim proved! I'm lawyer enough to know that! Take care of 'en, my lord! Lock them up! Hurrah oh, I beg your ladyship's pardon," and in the very act of swinging his hat, he stopped, covered with confusion.

"Don't apologize, Trale," exclaimed the viscount. "We all say hurrah! You're a good fellow, Trale! You've-you've managed this business splendidly, andyes, you're far too good a man for a hole and corner place like this! Why"and for the first time in his life the har much it means to a man and wo- -where is he? I must go!" viscount swore before ladius you man who loved as these two loved! They glass of wine! And you come, too, Ne. | without any fuss!" as the viscount, who he couldn't win-" ville, when when you can get away, gave the bride away, declared. And Jordan says-we spend every penny

C. ER LAST.

Indeed, the viscount was a great deal more keen about Sylvia's fortune than Sylvia herself.

"You don't know how rich I am, sir!" she said to Neville, as they wandered through the lanes the next morning, and he showed all his boyhood's playing grounds, as he had promised himself that he would, little dreaming how soon the delight of doing so would become possible to him. "Do you know, Ja-Neville, what I earn in the course of an operatic season? Do you realize"-and she drew herself on tiptoe and looked at him with all the dignity she could put into her expression-and she was a good actress, as we know, "do you realize that the young person who stands before you is Signorina Stella, the celebrated prima donna, and that she can afford to lose five thousand a year-"

Neville caught her as she stood on arms until her waist was on a level with

"Put me down, sir! How dare you!" she cried, blushing furiously, "Do you imagine that because a certain wild girl called Sylvia allowed you to carry her about-the tomboy!-that you can take such liberties with the Signorina Stella! Oh, put me down, dearest-some one will see us! Seriously, Neville," as he let her feet touch the ground again lightly, "we can do without this money-

"I think not," said Neville, in his old style, that instantly recalled to Sylvia the hut in Lorn Hope, and Meth, and the claim. "The signorina will have to make her bow to the public---"

"But, Jack! ch, how proud you are! "And I'm perfectly willing to work for you now forever," he said. "What i object to is the mere idea of your work ing for me. Besides," his face darkened. "there is such a thing as justice, though I believe it's rather out of fashlon to think so, and justice you shall have." There was no more to be said; in fact, they had something else to talk about,

But the viscount was not to be dissuaded from fighting; indeed, he was eager to begin. And when they all, excepting Mercy, returned to London, he went straight to a lawyer's, and instructed him to fire the first shot in the form of the usual letter.

They, Audrey, Neville, and the Mar- during the happy morn in which the lows, went to the opera on the night of their return to hear Sylvia sing; and her ladyship anticipated much enjoyment in watching Neville's delight. But she was doomed to disappointment. He started when Sylvia came on; his face flushed when she began to sing; but presently it grew pale, and his brows knit, and as the storm of applause broke out after her first important song, he got up from the chair and leaned against the back of the box . Then he bent forward to Lady Marlow.

"I-I can't stand it any longer," he growled. "It-it seems as if she belongel to all of them, and not to me. I must go!"

And out he went. ing room when they came home, sitting | he said.

"You jealous boy!" she said. "I know-I know!" he assented, red dening. "But I can't help it. All the time she was singing I was thinking of clain and sing to me-alone-you un derstand-alone; and the sight of that crowded house sitting there as if they'd paid to hear her-and they had paiddrove me silly! Lady Marlow, she must made." leave the stage-

"She's her own mistress, sir." "But she is going to be my wife-" frame of mind the sooner-She stopped. But she had said the lawyers'. You'll be sure to see him

"Do you think-would she marry me at once? How dare I ask her? I have-The door opened and Sylvia entered. She had caught his last words only. She

stopped short and looked at him. She was in evening dress, radiant, lovely, all that a man desires in woman. "Who says he has not a penny?" she

"I-I," the poor fellow stammered. "I may never get this confounded money I am a pauper, anyhow, at present." She glided up to him, and put both her hands on his shoulders, and forced

"You forget!" she said. "Ah, Jack, you forget that you spent all when you bought me that night in Lorn Hope | the bridge knocked him down -and-

They were married. How trite, how hackneyed is the sentence! And yet one would be inclined to say that they were the happiest couple in Lynne, but ly. that Audrey was present as bridesmaid, and Lorrimore as best man. Neville had sent him the wire the moment Sylvia

"B) my best man," he said. "She," merning Audrey, "can't refuse to see you on our wedding day, and-well, weddings are as catching as measles." As the happy pair were starting from the Grange on their wedding trip, and she had been craning to catch the last glimpse of the group on the steps, she turned to Neville, who was busy digging the rice out of his moustache and waistcoat, and with eyes over-brimming with happiness and laughter, said

"Aren't you sorry I'm not Miss Mary "Mary Brown?"

She clapped her hands. "Oh, you heartless man! You have forgotten her!"

Then as she laughed and colored, she she had suffered from the green-eyed

Jack, you were blind! They say that stopped, the ambitious spirit quenchlove is always all on one side," she dded, with a little quiver of the lips. lack! Are you glad you bought me with that nugget, or do you think it was not such a bad bargain, after all?" was satisfied with his answer.

They had left Mercy at the Grange at her own desire; and Sylvia had left her | head. better than could have been expected, "Sir Neville would like to hear as soon as she was strong enough, the surgeon. hould follow her to Bury street. But she did not do so. Instead of herself, there came a letter which Sylvia has shown to no one, not even to her husand, for in it, while telling her of her whereabouts, and her plans for the future, Mercy had enjoined her to silence. "Let me pass out of your life. dear." she had written. "Even the sight of powerful Sir Jordan had come, crush-

pain and anguish. Do not even attempt | the woman he had betrayed! to see me, for I think that I could not bear to see you; judge, then,h ow little able I am to meet any one who knows Sylvia understood, and obeyed the in-

newly married bride is supposed to think They spent three months in wandering-almost hand in hand, certainly heart to heart-about the Continent then returned to London, where their friends eagerly awaited them; and, as Audrey said, a second honeymoon be

plays in the theatre," she said. "And namma is going to have a dance-" "And we are just going to serve a writ on the Right Hon. Sir Jordan!" holder's blood. put in the viscount. "I suppose you have selves that you have forgotten all about It is the one melon grown that never | whole suits in this court room without your lawsuit."

FREE The balance of 1908 PREE to all new subscribers to the HAMILTON SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES from now until the end of 1909 for \$1.00 in Canada or the United

Neville colored.

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ing to be a tough fight, I can tell you. ordan is game to the backbone. Did you read his speech in the House last

"No," grunted Neville, "I read one "It was splendid. It was indeed!" said the viscount. "He's a wonderful man; it's a pity he's such a vil-I-I-mean-" Neville turned away.

"I'm not sure he won't beat us vet." went on Lord Marlow. "My man- I mean the lawyer-says that, anyhow. Jordan can keep up at it for months, perhaps years. You see, he's everything. the estates, the money, his great name, at his back. Who'd believe such things of him as we shall charge him with?" They sound incredible! And he shows not an inch of white feather; a regular ovation in the House last night, they ell me, and Jordan calm and composed as Pitt himself. A wonderful man! If t wasn't that we've got Trale on our side-and, by the way, I've managed to get our friend promoted. His fortune's

"I'm glad of that!" said Neville, "Yes. The good fellow's delighted with "Well, then," she retorted, "then you his rise; but he's just as keen about this will be her master, and in your present case as ever. He's in London 'working it up,' as he calls it; almost lives at

> But they saw him that evening. They were just going in to dinner, "the house party," as her ladyship called it. for Lorrimore was there, when he was

He came inl ooking rather pale and evidently agitated, and the viscount at once jumped to the conclusion that something had gone wrong with "the case." "What is it, Trale?" he said. Neville shook his hand.

"How do you do, Trale?" "What's happened? How are you?" And he shook the honest hand in his melon means size and flavor. frank, genial manner.

Trale opened his lips twice before a patch consisting of several beds, divided sound would come, then he stammered; from one another by two or three rows his eyes to meet hers full of love and "There's there's been an accident." "An accident!" "Yes. He was leaving the House to go rooting under the young and tender to dinner, and-and-a cab coming across | vines and scooping them up.

"Whose head?" demanded the viscount. "Sir Jordan's," said Trale, "At St. Thomas' Hospital," said Trale. were married in Lynne Church, quite "I-I saw him fall. I was going to make come with me to the library and have a quietly, "as a sensible man ought to be, a last appeal to him—to tell him that particular, but aim to move their melons

> "Yes, yes, My hat," said Neville, Trale put his hand on his arm.

"There's there's no hurry, Sir Neville; he was dead when I left." A thrill ran through the listeners at "Dead," exclaimed Sylvia.

Neville stood speechless. "Yes, my lady," said Trale to Sylscious at the last, and knew those

They were driven to the great hosoital of which London has a right to be proud, and conducted to the silent room of death Neville stood beside the bed, and looked down at the still face from which the surgeon has drawn the cov-

Dead! It semed impossible "A terrible loss, Sir Nevile!" whispered the celebrated surgeon. land will mourn one of her most briliant statesmen. He would have been premier if he had lived. That was certain. It is terrible to think of. Yes, here lay the Right Hon. Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M.P.; the mooth voice silenced, the acute brain

"I-I was told he was conscious-Is it? Or do you love me a little, that he spoke," Neville faltered, scarcely knowing what he said. "Yes, he spoke just before the end." said the surgeon. "He spoke to the

And though he said not a word, she nurse. She was here a moment ago. He beckoned, and a woman in a nurse's uniform came forward and

what his brother said, nurse," said She looked up.

" 'Rachel, forgive!' " she said. Neville started. "Mercy!" he said. "You-"

She looked at him, her sad face white and set, then with a slight shake of her head she moved away. Oh, irony of fate! The great and your dear face would only rouse the old ed, helpless, to die in the arms of

---THE MONTOTAL MELONS.

junction. But she thought of her, even Which Grow On, ... Two Spots and Cost \$1 a Portion in New York.

The famous Rocky Ford cantaloupethe real article from Colorado-is a very humble customer, indeed, beside that monarch of the melon tribe, the visits. The swellest restaurants hotels. clubs and the country homes and villas it is seen. A melon that costs \$1 a por. him what he was making so much noise tion is too rich for the average houseabout. "I've lost my coat, your Honor,"

The Montreal is the king of the melon "Stop it, then," sternly commanded been so wrapped up in your two sweet | tribe in looks, size, weight and flavor. | Judge Gary. "Scores of men have lost runs the peril of striking a glutted raising a tenth of the disturbance you exploded at the question. market, for the reason that, whatever its have over one coat." Lady Marlow found him in the smok- "Pon my word, that's about the truth!" popularity, the acreage on which it is and can be cultivated is very limited. It | When Mr. Taft was in Moscow last | be a grand thing, either for the men tage." with a huge cigar, and looking so unut- "Ah, well, I haven't!" said the vis- is truly named in that the only soil in fall one of his party, as they were about themselves or for the world. Why, sir, talking about ours." terably jealous and wretched that, count. "I've been hard at work. It's go- which it grows to perfection is that of the to return a call of ceremony made by the world would go to the devil-to the Island of Montreal, and even there the General Herschelmann, the Governor- devil, sir, if all the men over fifty were melon acreage is practically localized to General of the city, confessed himself | compelled to retire.

two posts, Outremont and Notre Dame | doubtful as to the exact etiquette to be | 50 to extend the industry, is becoming to leave."

It is curious that the melon, which originated in a warm country, Hindusat its greatest perfection in such a lati-tude as Montreal, but it is to be remem-roar out his remarks to the court," said bered that the Montreal melon is no Mr. Taft. "He had a case down for ar- mised?"

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eternal vigilance, lots of hard work and an infinite attention to the details of A Great Hall in the Cloisters Has Been cultivation. The planting of the seeds is done in March in hotbeds. After a fortnight or so careful inspection is made Soon after the frames around the beds

The melons are grown in patches, each of potatoes or corn. These serve as windbreaks to prevent the wind from

The melons begin to show fair size by and—the wheel went over his head-\_\_" the middle of July, and netting commences. Up to that time the melons are a glossy green. The progress of the of as is usually the case with a crypt "Jordan's!' Neville started. "Where netting, which is carefully noted, determines the exact time when the melons should be picked and sent to market. The growers take no chances in this just as they ripen, the Montreal melon being particularly susceptible to decay. "Go Neville!" murmured Sylvia, gent- To obviate this every possible precaution is taken, and the big fellows are

handled as if in cotton and wool.

Every path over which the melons are wheeled in wheelbarrows is swept smooth and clean with not a pebble or obstruction left. A jolt may mean a bruise and a bruise means swift decay. One can't take chances on dollar a portion melons, not be much less than the same build. Nothing for furniture, except up to Every melon is carefully shored up ing with small stones so that the air can made exclusively by express, it being the period of the Long Parliament.

ket as quickly as possible. or five times over.

Reassured.

in a row with Haps, the manager, and he and monks he expressly excepted this refired me. I wrote and asked for the markable chamber.

was the reply.

escaped unharmed.

A most interesting portion of the old

RESTORING WESTMINSTER.

of the plants, and if progress warrants conventual buildings of Westminster they are transplanted into other hotbeds. Abbey has recently been undergoing Have Practical Use as Well as Orra The third transplanting comes in late a process of renovation, says the Queen. spring, when the plants are put into Visitors to the abbey will remember the rude, round and aimost ugly narrow are pulled away and the vines, which by which is attributed to the work of King arches of that portion of the cloisters this time are well under way, are left to | Edward the Confessor. face the contingencies of the wind and

Catholics, each prays to his patron saint

But, as is often the case in the various monastic bulidings of England, Isle of Man pack their fresh herrings | Son of God. Some are crushed and they were placed upon what is technical in ferns, which keep the fish fresh un- broken and humbled to the dust, and ly known as an undercroft, or a kind of til it reaches the market. Potatoes pack- their first cry is "God be merciful to me below the surface of the ground. Thus period when swathed in fern leaves. It monastery run this long succession of the fern is due to the largest quantities

Architecturally the work is full of odor of the fern also repels larvae, maginterest, though it is of the roughest gots, etc. description and almost entirely destitute of anything which could be described as ornament. Altogether, however, it makes a chamber something like 100 feet in length, or, in other words, about the which needs sympathy it is the farmsame length as the chapel of King Henry ers. Their condtiion is truly sad. Church, while in actual breadth it can- but large, handsome houses.

via. "It was hopeless. He was con- reach it from all sides, and there will be substructure, which must almost to a except by telephone. around him, but he only said one lay on the ground during ripening. When fluence of King Edward the Confessor, rural delivery. word. I've got a cab at the door, Sir the Montreal melon is picked it shows came to be divided up into a series of No way to come to town except in no sign of contact with the earth. Every compartments. The first of these is the vubber-tired buggies or in automobiles. melon is labelled, and they are packed historic chapel of the Pyx, in which at No way to pay their debts except by carefully in large baskets holding from one time the ancient regalia of England cheques on their bank account.

necessary to land the fruit on the mar- To the Regalia succeded the Pyx, or stock on hand. trial coins of the realm, and here every No way to take a bath except in a The season lasts from five to seven seven years there used to be performed porcelain bathtub. weeks. Despite the price the supply a ceremony known as the trial of the is in no way adequate to the demand. Pyx, when various specimens of the New York being able and willing to take | coinage were duly compared with these, every melon grown on the island four the official standard coins. The Chapel two trips to the east or to California of the Pyx, curiously enough, does not belong to the dean and chapter of West. No prospect in the future to escape minster Abbey at all, for when in the year 1550 Henry VIII. proceeded to make The Amateur Humorist hands out this a grant of the Abbey Church and its for the use of any comedian who can conventual buildings to the new colleto ameliorate the condition of the turn the hope into fear and the fear "I used to work for Bye Bros., but got came to replace the Benedictine abbot

week's wages coming to me, and this is The reason is obviously not far to

BIG BILL TAFT'S "Persistence is a virtue, perhaps," gument one morning but was unable to piped out as if to reassure Irving: "It's said Mr. Taft, "but there are times be present. A clerk appeared and asked all right now, 'Enery; 'e's gone!"when it is well to know when to give up. | the Judge to put over the case until 2 | Everybody's Magazine. Down in Covington one day an old o'clock that afternoon. 'Where will Mr. darky was brought into court on a triv- - be just before 2 o'clock?' queried ial charge. He was visibly frightened, the Judge. 'In his office, your Honor,' and listened to the proceedings with replied the clerk. 'And that is how far

until he got as far as "the State of Ken- though he were in court." tucky again Sam White,' or whatever the darky's name was. 'Hold on,' shouted the prisoner, rising to his feet, 'don't at a dinner in Murray Bay, Canada, at | flank." go no furder wid dat, Jedge. When you which there were among the guests Suwhite folks put de whole State ob Ken-preme Court Justice Harlan, who is up-gladly availed themselves of the privitucky against Sam White, or whatever ward of eighty years old, and Dr. Osler, lege. I'se goin' to gib up; yassir, I'se guilty the Baltimore scientist of "chloroform Now, sergeant major," said the col-'em at sixty" fame. It was Dr. Osler's onel, "dismiss all the men who did not first visit to Murray Bay, and the scen- fall out and march the others to church Former Judge Gary, of Chicago, is the ery enchanted him. He was speaking of -they need it most."-Philadelphia Inhero of one of Mr. Taft's best stories. it with great enthusiasim to Mr. Taft quirer. Montreal melon. Precious few New Judge Gary was interrupted in the hear- and Justice Harlan. "What a blessing York breakfast tables the Montreal melon ing of a case by a disturbance in the it would be if all men who have made rear of the room, caused by a man who their mark in the world," began Dr. Oshad misplaced his overcoat. Summoning ler,' "and who are growing old, past fifof the very wealthy are the places where the offender to the bar the Judge asked ty, say, could retire and come to some quiet, beautiful place like this and end their days in peace and tranquility, free from care and from the incessant pres-

sure of work." The Justice had been listening to Dr. Osler with ill-concealed impatience. He

observed. "When shall we know when While he was practicing law in Cincin-There are not more than twenty-five to leave?" he asked. Mr. Taft, who nati Mr. Taft represented a litigant who farms on the whole Island of Montreal overheard the question, turned and re- had brought suit to recover a large sum on which these melons are grown, and the area of cultivation, despite all the hear a loud noise and feel yourself going ner. The attorney for the defendant efforts of Canada's agricultural sharps up through the roof, then it will be time called upon Mr. Taft and suggested a compromise. Mr. Taft shook his head rather circumscribed than increased. The Oddly enough, the very next day revo. and replied: "I'm afraid this is one of Montreal melon is a true home body and lutionists attempted Herschelmann's life | the things we cannot compromise. You steadfastly refuses to grow elsewhere, with a bomb. They killed his coachman remind me, in your position, somewhat no matter what the inducements and and horses, but the Governor-General of the colonel in the civil war who was asked after his first battle how he liked it. He replied, 'Oh, personally, I didn't "There was a lawyer in Cincinnati who mind it so much, but when I saw my tan being its birthplace, should arrive was noted for the strength of his lungs men falling around me I said to myself,

kingship as being the property of the State rather than of the Church, and preferred to retain them in his own possession. In this manner have things continued right down to the present time, and the Chapel of the Pyx remains in the hands of the officers of the Govern-

Altogether this ancient Norman work of Edward the Confessor originally, one building resembling a low arched hall, has come to be divided up into four distinct departments. The Chapel of in which the fact of conversion clothes the Pyx and the gymnasium of West- itself, there is one very obvious inference minster School, with its entrance, remain | which we must not fail to draw. I do as heretofore, but the other compart- not propose at this point to go behind

removed. New tiling has taken the chologists may be right when they tell place of the old broken flooring, while a us that sudden conversion is connected general process of cleaning and renova- with "the possession of an active subtion conducted upon the most conserva- liminal self," and that it is in those in tive lines under the guidance of the pre- whom certain peculiarities of temperasent distinguished surveyor of the Ab- ment-pronounced emotional sensibility bey, Prof. Lethaby, has had the effect of and so forth-unite that religion finds restoring, as it were, a forgotten gem to | the best subjects for transformations of the many beauties already possessed by | the striking and dramatic kind. This our famous Abbey Church. It is re- may be so, but after all the particular ported that this beautiful building will form which conversion takes is a matabbey museum.

VALUE OF FERNS

On many farms in this country there are areas, more or less extensive, cov- results of it; and, as some one has rebeen regarded as of value, except for been just as decisively certified if Saul A long flight of buildings stands here Weekly, it has a practical value of ness of Matthew, or Zacchaeus, or Timo-are aware. An American Consul re- clothe itself in certain emotional habilichapter of Westminster and the big leaves have long been employed in pack- ing, is, I repeat, a question not so much schoolrooms of Westminster School. in ing fruit, fresh butter, etc., for market. for religion as psychology, and we may the mediaeval period of the abbey this Formerly grape leaves were used for with a good conscience leave it to the block of buildings was one and entire, this purpose, but the fern leaf is said psychologists to thresh out at their leiand was used for the purpose of the to be far superior to that of the vine sure. Some are driven by the strong for keeping articles wrapped in it fresh | hands of stern necessity; some are woold and wholesome. The fishermen of the by the sweet constraint of the sinless of, as is usually the case with a crypt, meat also is preserved for a protracted below the ancient dormitory of the is said that the preservative quality of of salt in its composition. The strong

The Poor Farmer.

If there is any class of citizens VII. at the eastern end of the Abbey | They have nothing in which to live

date fixings, with pianos on the side. In process of time this low Norman | No way to talk to their neighbors no earth mark to show the spot where it certainty derive its origin from the in- No way to get mail except by daily

eight to twelve apiece. Shipments are used to be stored, so recently in fact as No way to get more money except by selling some of the alfalfa or wheat or

> No way to heat their dwellings except by furnaces. No pleasure in travel except one or

except by dying or giving away their | neust not be; it shall not be

Reassuring. e.m .cr. mercan the answer I got: 'You'll get your mon- seek. At that time the Regalia were "Macbeth' 'in London, was somewhat disey.—Bye & Bye, per Haps."—Kansas stored there, and the King no doubt re- concerted by one of the gallery gods. garded these emblems of our national He had reached the point where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet board. "Hence, horrible shaa convulsive shudder sank to the ground drawing his robe about his face. Just as Banquo withdrew, an agitated cockney voice from high up in the gallery

Separated. bulging eyes, while the perspiration roll. from here? continued the Judge. 'Let drawn up one Sunday for church parade, ed down his face. The clerk got up and him make his argument right from his but the church was being repaired and read the complaint. Nothing happened office. We can hear him just as well as could only hold half of them. "Sergeant major," shouted the colonel.

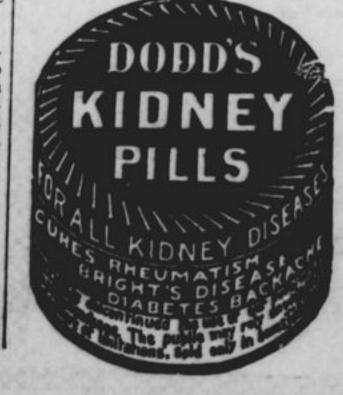
"tell all the men who don't want to go Mr. Taft tells of an incident one night to church to fall out on the reverse

Complaint of a Waterman. Noah was distinctly gloomy. "Yes, the ark was safe enough," he admitted, "but there wasn't any ball

game to use my rain check for."

Herewith he cuffed little Ham.

An embarrassment of riches some- on His verdict. He is set for the fall times takes the for mof poor relations. | of many. He is set for the rise of few. Blobbs-"The man who is always Have you a desire to be numbered among "No, sir," he roared, bringing his fist talking about his achievements might the few? You may desire, you ought, down on the table, "no, sir, it would not employ his time to a better advan- you must if you are to be a man. Slobbs-"Yes, he might be



Varieties of Conversions

(George Jackson.)

In view of the great variety of form

ments have quite recently been thrown | the great diversities of experience to which the facts bear witness and seek The partition between them has been an explanation of them. Modern psybe used ultimately for some kind of an ter rather of phychological than religious significance and interest. If it be said that a man such as St. Paul was certain to be converted, if at all, in some such way as is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, religion has no interest in disputing the statement, for the significance of St. Paul's conversion lies not at all in the manner of it, but wholly in the ered with ferns. This plant has not marked, the divine presence would have matter. Conversion is the soul's return to God; wherefore let every man journey by the road which lies open to him Many will come by the Slough of Despond, and the Wicket-gate and the Hill Difficulty: but that is not the only road to the Celestial City. Many will come by ways worn by the feet of multigrims of whose progress no man has vet that reaches the goal at last. On the enat three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, on the

The Great Name.

west three gates, and all the gates lead

Joshua, 7. 9. Didst thou not promise to be with me as thou wast with Moses? Hast thou not lifted me up to share in this great work. Hast thou not smiled upon me that I might convey that smile to others? Do I not bear this load of dignity, Ah eyes are upon me, and on thee, through me; must I resign and pass into

My people look to me with hope, the into insult and scorn and derision? What wilt Thou do unto Thy great name? Must the mountain become a plain. dow, unreal mockery, hence!" exclaimed brain, the dimness in the eye; this takes Irving in his most tragic tones, and with beauty from the cheek, vim from the nerve, courage from the heart. It hides the face of God, flashes the red danger signal on the downward road; it separates and drives away. Here is the burden which all must carry, the burden of Thy Name. This flag flies, men gather under this banner, it cannot be shaken off. It is the agony of the sinner, it is the joy of the saint. We live, more. have our being here. Every hardened man prays, though he does not know it. he says let there be no God; God is not in all his thoughts. He is selfish, and the root of selfishness is hell. What is hell? The place where God is not. I? he is not welcome to your thoughts. your heart is a miniature of hell. This Great Name is your lot, your

burden, your prison or your palace; true of every man. Why! Becarded you are made in the likeness of God. If you have a spark of honor, if you reach after the mildest rank of dignity. you hoist the oriflamme which holds His name. Here is the morrow of the Gospel, the foundation of character, the giory of man. Every man is forced into the company of Pilate and made to say, "What shall I do unto Jesus, who is called Christ." Matt. 27, 22. He stands athwart the great highway of life. If he smiles and we respond. He is our friend and Savior; if he frowns, he is our judge, and the sun has gone down

Small Foothold.

The moving-picture lecturer mounted the platform and waved his mega-

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," he announced in stentorian tones, 'you see the dark, angry waves surging higher and higher. Even the small pinnacle that the beautiful heroine was standing on has been swept away. Now---"Hold on, Bill!" whispered the as-

sistant. "De goil can't stand on nothing. What is she standing on any-For a moment the smoothtongued lecturer was nonplussed. Then quietly recovering his composure he con-

"Ah, yes, ladies and gentlemen, the beautiful heroine is now standing on her dignity."-Chicago News.