For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Cont'd)

When the morning light broke Little Gay was in a high, delirious fever.

The professor and his good wife stood by her couch with anxious faces. And then the cruelest blow that fate could have dealt poor, hapless Little Gay happened her.

In the senseless raving babblings that fell from her feverish lips she uttered the name of Harold Tremaine.

The professor leaped to his feet with an exultant face.

"A clew at last, my dear," he cried cheerily. "She has mentioned the name of a man I know. I will send for Tremaine at once; luckily I know his address—he can tell us who this young girl is, of course, and where her folks are to be found."

He immediately put the plan into execution. Hardly an hour had elapsed ere Tremaine presented himself at the professor's residence.

"Some girl repeating my name over and over in her delirium," he mutiered angrily as he stood there on the marble steps.

And he idly wondered which one of his sins had found him out now.

He was dressed in faultless attire, from his polished boots to the immaculate shirt-front on which a magnificent diamond blazed; yet when he was presented to the professor's wife, she formed a dislike to the dark, handsome face and smiling mouth under the drooping mustache, that she could never wholly account for.

Tremaine's intense amazement and joy knew no bounds when they led him to the couch to identify the lovely stranger and his eyes fell upon Little Gay. He could scarcely repress the cry of exultation that sprung to his lips; and like a flash a diabolical plot swept through his brain, and he carried it out on the spot.

He turned to them with a well-simulated gasp of dismay and the most intense joy.

"My God!" he exclaimed in a well-feigned excitement; "how came she here? This is my wife!"

While they explained the situation—which they did—he knew he should have time to think.

Reluctantly the professor admitted the true situation in a few words, begging Tremaine would not betray the medical fraternity in this affair, as it was necessary to obtain bodies in the cause of science, whenever and whatever way they could.

They readily believed Tremaine's story of his great grief over the supposed death of his young wife, and that, in one instance, at least, grave robbers could be blessed for the saving of a human life.

"If you think my wife able to be removed, I will take her away at once," he went on eagerly; but to this neither the doctor nor his wife would agree.

"You must wait a week until she is a little stronger," they both declared, and despite his chagrin, he was forced to submit with a good grace.

On the fourth day, Gay's great, dark, velvety eyes opened to consciousness, and the first person on whom they rested was Harold Tremaine, leaning tenderly over her couch.

Two or three other persons were in the room, but his eyes met and held her own with a warning light in them; but only for a moment, however. The next instant, a thrilling, hysterical cry rang through the room:

"Save me from him!—save me!"

Tremaine drew back with a muttered curse, ground out savagely between his white teeth, which no one save Gay heard.

He turned to the doctor's wife with an injured expression on his darkly-handsome face.

"My darling does not know me; she imagines me some mortal foe," he said sadly.

And his grief was apparently so real that she felt sorry for him, believing her judgment of him had been too hasty.

Gay grew so alarmingly worse, as he stood by the couch, that he was obliged to leave the room.

"Your husband, who as a physician of experience must have had many similar cases, will tell you in cases like my young wife's, they often imagine that the one who is nearest and dearest to them is their cruelest foe; you must pay no attention to her ravings; I shall take her away this evening. I shall be more than gratefully indebted to you if you will see that she is ready to accompany me within an hour, my dear lady."

Little dreaming of the cruel plot against poor Little Gay, which she was unconsciously lending herself to, she consented.

When Gay found herself alone with the kindly-faced, motherly lady, she held out her white arms to her with a piteous, trembling cry:

"You must not believe what he has told you—that I am his wife; he is my cruelest foe. I am the adopted daughter of Allen Remington, the banker of No. — Gramercy Park. I was decoyed away by the foulest plot that was ever—"

"There, there, my dear," interrupted the good lady, soothingly, as she placed her hand gently but firmly over the girl's quivering red mouth, "you are not to talk now. You shall tell me all about it after awhile; in the meantime you are to dress. Your folks know all about your being here, and they are to send a carriage for you pretty soon to take you home."

Gay would have put a thousand eager questions to her, but she refused to listen.

She had wondered vaguely whether or not the pretty stranger whom Harold Tremaine called by the very uncommon name of Gay, was really out of her head or not.

"Dear me," she thought to herself, "the idea of her imagining herself the adopted daughter of the great banker of Gramercy Park—that settles it; of course she's out of her head, poor, pretty young thing!"

As the motherly woman would neither listen nor reply to her questions, Gay was forced to relapse into silence, while the garments Tremaine had provided were donned.

How her heart throbbed at the thought! She was going home! She would tell them of Harold Tremaine's audacious report, and they would punish him for it.

She longed to know how they had found her out, but it was quite useless to ask questions, she saw.

At length a carriage drew up before the door. Tremaine, in a carefully disguised voice, inquired if she were ready, and for answer the doctor's wife drew Gay gently down the porch to the vehicle in waiting.

Some one was seated within. Gay sprung into the coach with a fluttering cry.

"Papa, dear papa!" she sobbed joyously, "it is you who have come for me, to take me home, I know."

The coach door closed with a bang, and it whirled rapidly down the street, but it was not the banker's cheery voice that answered her.

"Make no outcry," hissed a voice close to her ear. "If you do, by all the powers above, I'll chloroform you and put a gag in your mouth. You are at my mercy at last, my girl. I mean to take a double vengeance upon you for giving me the slip from the old house by the river road, and for forcing me back from the bridge that night down into the water. You shall pay dearly for it."

Gay uttered a piercing cry for help.

"Attempt that again at your peril!" cried Tremaine hoarsely, with a terrible oath."

The sentence was drowned in a shower of crashing glass.

In terror and desperation Gay had sprung suddenly forward, dashing her little hands through the plate glass window of the vehicle, shivering it to atoms, and before Tremaine could prevent her, again that shrill, piercing cry rang out on the night air.

It almost electrified two gentlemen who had stepped out of the telegraph office, waiting on the corner of Broadway to hail a passing cab.

They were Mr. Lennox, the detective, and Percy Granville.

"Some woman in danger!" cried the detective excitedly. "I must follow that coach. Good-bye, Granville," he said, wringing his friend's hand, as he signaled a cab and jumped into it.

"If you want to make a five-dollar note, catch that coach a block ahead!" he exclaimed hurriedly to the driver.

The man whipped up his horses and the terrible chase began.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I have the fleetest team in the city, sir," replied the driver, eagerly, as he whipped up his horses. "I can run down the cab ahead of us if any one can."

It was not long before Tremaine observed that he was hotly pursued, and curses loud and deep broke from his lips.

"If I can but reach the river first," he muttered, under his breath, "I defy the fool who is mad enough to follow me—to track me down."

"I shall pay your for this," he hissed in Gay's terrified ear. "If I had taken the precaution to chloroform you this infernal business would not have happened."

The terrific crashing of the wheels as they fled over the paved streets, drowned his angry voice.

It was a ride never to be forgotten; both drivers lashed and urged their horses to do their utmost, and the speed with which each vehicle turned corner after corner was tremendous.

Poor Gay expected each moment would be her last.

Slowly but surely the detective's cab was gaining on Tremaine's, and, at last, they were within hailing distance of each other.

"I command you to halt!" thundered the detective, leaning far out of his carriage window, his clarion tones rising above the noise of hoofs and wheels.

A derisive laugh from Tremaine floated back to him.

The detective placed his whistle to his lips, and blew a shrill blast, to call to his aid the blue-coated preservers of the peace; but, as usual, when they are wanted, they are not to be found.

The detective's blood was up; he was determined since the affair had gone so far, he would see it through to the end if it cost him his head.

He saw the cab was making for the river-bank, and more than one clever trail he had lost in this way.

"I'll double the sum I offered you if you overtake the cab ahead," he called out sharply to the driver, and again the man applied the lash, which gave a fresh impetus to the foaming, panting beasts.

One terrific cut of the whip, and the two cabs were abreast at last, and both came to a dead stop simultaneously.

"Now, then, halt!" thundered the detective again, "and explain the mysterious cries for help—in a woman's voice—that issued from this vehicle."

For answer, Harold Tremaine whipped out his revolver, and taking aim in a twinkling at the detective's head, fired; but the ball missed its mark, and before he could repeat his action, the weapon was dashed from his grasp by the bound hands of brave Little Gay.

"Foiled!" he exclaimed, with a terrible imprecation, springing forward in a daring attempt to regain his weapon; but Mr. Lennox was too quick for him.

In a trice both were on the pavement, grappling with each other in a desperate struggle for supremacy.

Tremaine's driver would have sprung to his rescue, but the other driver held him back.

"He is in the hands of the great detective, Lennox; you must not interfere," he said.

It seemed as though the famous detective had at last found his match, for Tremaine fought with the courage of an enraged demon.

He had recognized his assailant, and he determined not to be taken, for he knew he was wanted for more crimes than one in the great metropolis.

Gay, still bound and gagged, had crept from the coach, gazing at the fearful combat in mortal terror. It came to an end at last; the detective, with a clever movement, had succeeded in slipping a pair of handcuffs over Tremaine's white hands, and he was rendered powerless.

"Now then," exclaimed the detective angrily, dragging him by main force toward the carriage-lamps, "we will take a look at you and see who you are, and at the same time find out who it is you were about to kidnap."

Tremaine threw up his dark, handsome head proudly—defiant to the last, a mocking, sneering smile on his white face.

"I am captured, but not conquered," he exclaimed bitterly; "you shall soon find that out."

At that instant the light of the lamps fell full on his face, and the detective exclaimed, in the keenest amazement:

"By all the powers that's wonderful—the very man I have been searching the city and the whole country through for long months to find—Harold Tremaine!"

"Now that you have me, what do you want of me?" exclaimed Tremaine, turning a shade paler.

"First and foremost, to answer for the part you took in spiriting away Little Gay—Percy Granville's bride—from Passaic some months ago, and secondly, for a bone the government has to pick with you," returned the detective grimly.

"May I ask who informed against me in the latter offense I am charged with?" asked Tremaine, hoarsely.

"A girl whom you discarded, I believe," replied Lennox. "Lydia Moore, who was your sweetheart—she lived in the old house by the river road, to which you brought Granville's bride—she made a clean breast of all she knew concerning you."

Tremaine ground his white teeth in impotent fury.

"Curse her!" he muttered savagely, "the woman has ruined me at last, as I always thought she would when I broke with her."

The detective had not waited an instant to bandy words with him, but, placing him in charge of a patrolman who had appeared on the thrilling scene, was hurriedly examining the interior of the coach Tremaine had occupied.

Was his senses playing him some horrible trick? Where was the woman whose piercing cries had first attracted him? The coach was empty!

His amazement knew no bounds, but it was only momentary, however; for, upon glancing about him he observed the slender figure of a young girl lying at his feet.

Little Gay had fallen in a dead faint when she had crept from the coach and beheld the terrible combat in which Tremaine and her would-be rescuer were engaged.

Mr. Lennox raised her in his arms; and as he did so caught a good view of the face, framed in its sheen of golden hair.

"Good Heavens!" he ejaculated, in intense excitement; "I really believe in tracking this villain down, I have found Little Gay, Percy Granville's lost bride, and Banker Remington's adopted daughter."

He tore the bandage from the little red mouth, and unloosed the little white hands, hastily applying restoratives, which he always carried about him.

By this time another officer had found his way to the spot, and the two were dispatched to the Tombs with their handsome, aristocratic, defiant prisoner, with the written message to the chief that he was to be detained in close custody until Detective Lennox arrived.

Just as the latter placed Gay in the coach with instructions to drive as fast as the condition of the tired-out horse would permit to Banker Remington's residence, Gay opened her eyes.

A cry of most intense gratitude and joy broke from her lips as she saw the kindly face of her rescuer opposite her instead of the dark, treacherous face of Harold Tremaine.

The detective bent forward eagerly. "Do not be afraid, my dear," he said, taking one of the little chill-cold hands in his, "you are quite safe, I am taking you to your friends. I sincerely hope I am not mistaken. You are Mr. Remington's adopted daughter—the bride of Percy Granville, are you not? Surely I cannot be mistaken."

"You are right," sobbed Gay; "I am indeed that most unfortunate person. Oh, tell me, sir, are you friend or foe? I have been deceived so much lately I do not know whom to trust. I am fearful of everyone playing me false whom I meet. Are you really taking me home to my dear adopted parents? If you are, I could fall down on my knees and bless you."

"I am indeed taking you to them," he answered cheerily, "and to one, too, who has been wearing his very life out searching for you—to your young husband, my dear."

The cry of joy Gay uttered brought tears to his eyes.

"It seems almost too good to be true," she sobbed. "Oh, sir, if anything should come between us now, when meeting him seems so certain, the blow would kill me. I—I love him so."

"Nothing but death can prevent you from seeing him ere the day dawns," he replied reassuringly; "so prepare yourself for a joyful meeting. As soon as I place you within the safe portals of your own home I will dispatch a messenger to the hotel, with these words: 'Gay has been found; she is at home with the Remington's. Rest assured that will fetch him to your side without an instant's delay."

Gay's heart was too full for utterance; she could only sob out brokenly:

"Oh, Percy, are we really to be united at last?"

Suddenly she sprung to her feet with a wild cry of horror.

"Oh, you are deceiving me!" she cried. "They told me he was to be wedded on the 20th to Evelyn St. Claire. To-day is the 20th. Oh—I—"

Soothingly Mr. Lennox took the two cold, white hands that were beating the air on mortal terror, and at length succeeded in making her understand just how matters were, telling her all of Percy's story, which the reader already knows.

He told her, too, how her disappearance had been traced to the door of her beautiful, cruel rival; and how Evelyn St. Claire had acknowledged that she, and she alone, could unravel the mystery of her disappearance, but that she would die before she would speak the words that would enable Percy Granville to find his lost love.

"The vengeance of a just Heaven soon overtook her, however, continued Mr. Lennox, "for, in attempting to escape from my custody, in which she had been placed, she leaped from a vehicle and was picked up from the pavement in an unconscious condition; she was conveyed back to the Remington mansion, and the doctors say the guilty girl's death is but the question of a few short hours," he said gravely.

"Poor Evelyn—dying," sobbed Gay. "Oh, can nothing be done to save her? She was not kind to me, but I forgive and pity her," said Gay, in deep distress.

"You are little less than an angel to feel so kindly disposed toward one who came so near wrecking your whole life," exclaimed the detective, admiringly; "still, your pity and forgiveness cannot save her; she cannot survive."

To describe the great joy of the banker and his wife when Mr. Lennox led Little Gay into the drawing-room where they were seated, is beyond the power of the pen. They laughed and cried over her by turns, declaring she was as one brought back to them from the grave.

In another part of the grand mansion, where Evelyn St. Claire lay dying, they heard the great commotion.

"What is it?—have they found her?" she gasped.

"Yes," replied the joyful attendant, who had recognized the sweet young voice in the corridor below, "they have found Little Gay at last, God bless her!"

Evelyn St. Claire fell back on her pillow with a bitter groan.

All the plotting and planning—her cruel crimes—had all been in vain—Heaven had foiled her—Percy and his lost darling would find each other at last; they would be happy, while she was called to atone for her terrible sin.

While Gay was relating her pitiful experiences of all she had undergone since the day she was decoyed away, the detective hurried away to the nearest station and sent a telephone message flying over the wires to Percy Granville.

A message that almost took Percy's breath away in his intense joy.

"Little Gay, my bride, found at last!" he cried. "Can it be really true?"

(To be continued.)

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MUST WEAR GLASSES.

For Stone-Cutters and Others Whose Eyes Are Endangered.

"I believe," said Mr. Myles Standish in his lecture at the Harvard Medical School, "that it is a crime to have pointed scissors about in any household in which there are children under six years of age. Children will invariably play with scissors; they frequently fall on the points and puncture the eye, and often the wound, while it will cause blindness, is too small to be noticed by the mother.

"Next in point of danger to the eyesight is the pounding of steel on steel, which throwing out slivers, eventually destroys the sight. Machinists and stonecutters meet with similar accidents, and now that the public is paying for these injuries through insurance, workmen, who are subjected to such dangers, should be compelled to wear glasses of some sort to protect their eyes.

"I have known of quarrymen going on strike because their employer tried to force them to wear glasses, and I have seen a quarryman who has lost an eye through a premature explosion of dynamite go back to the same work and lose the other eye."

QUITE CORRECT.

Teacher—"Now, tell me what is memory?"

Pupil—"The thing what you forget with!"

HOME

Seasonable Recipes.

Asparagus Rolls.—Cook half bundle of green asparagus tips or finely sliced sprue (asparagus) in salted water, and drain on a sieve. Put them in a stew-pan with a few mushrooms and two slices of ham or tongue, also cut into fine shreds. Blend well and mix with bechamel or veloute sauce, season with salt, pepper and a grate of nutmeg and keep hot. Cut three-fourths very small dinner rolls in half, scoop out the crumbly part of each half and dry them crisp in the oven. Fill each roll with the above mixture, coat the top with white sauce, besprinkle with bread crumbs and grated cheese. Place a small piece of butter in the centre, and put in a hot oven long enough to brown the surface. Dish up on a folded napkin, and send to table hot.

Asparagus Pudding. — Scrape, clean, wash and drain a bundle of green asparagus, tie it up and cook in salted water until tender. When cooked drain the asparagus and rub the tender parts through a fine sieve. Melt about two ounces of butter in a stewpan, stir in three ounces of flour (sifted), cook a little without browning, and add by degrees about three-fourths of a pint of hot milk, in which a bay leaf and a piece of mace have been boiled. Stir over the fire for several minutes, then let cool a little and work in one by one four yolks of eggs, season with salt and pepper and a pinch of red pepper. Whisk the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, and incorporate lightly with the mixture alternately with the asparagus puree. Three parts fill one or two well-buttered pudding molds, cover well with buttered paper, and put them in a saute-pan containing a little hot water. Steam thus in a fairly hot oven for about an hour. Unmold the pudding onto a hot dish, pour over a well prepared lemon sauce made partly from the asparagus water, and serve.

Tomatoes a la Chasseur. — Take six large, ripe but firm, even-sized tomatoes, six or eight preserved mushrooms, chopped parsley, a little cream, six small eggs, six tartlet crusts (baked) to serve tomatoes on. Wipe the tomatoes, remove the stems, make an incision on the stem side by means of a plain one and three-fourths inch paste cutter, and carefully remove the pulp without breaking the skins of the tomatoes. Chop the mushrooms and sprinkle these with chopped parsley at the bottom of each hollowed out tomato. Place them into the tartlet crusts, which should be made to well fit the tomatoes. Break a small fresh egg into each tomato; upon this put a dessertspoonful of cream and tomato pulp (the batter being rubbed through a sieve, mixed with the cream and suitably seasoned with salt and pepper). Sprinkle a few drops of dissolved butter in top of each tomato and bake in a gentle oven from five to six minutes, just long enough to poach or set the eggs. Serve hot as a supper dish or vegetable savory.

Green Peas a la Paysanne.—Shell and cook one quart of green peas in salted water and drain them. Peel and chop finely half a small onion, fry it in an ounce of butter a pale golden color; to this add two ounces of cooked lean ham, cut into dice. Dredge with a little flour (say a teaspoonful), stir over the fire for a few seconds, and add a quart of cooked green peas. Season with a pinch of sugar, grated nutmeg, salt and pepper; moisten with two tablespoonfuls of good stock, simmer gently for ten minutes, stirring occasionally. Dish up and serve hot.

Stuffed Tomatoes in Aspic—Take six even-sized, ripe and firm tomatoes, four filleted Gorgona anchovies, one hard-cooked yolk of egg, about one pint of aspic jelly, one dessertspoonful capers, mayonnaise, two cabbage lettuces. Wipe the tomatoes, carefully scoop out the centre by means of a vegetable cutter or a teaspoon. Chop the capers, yolk of egg and anchovy fillets, mix with a gill of mayonnaise and a gill of aspic, stir over the ice until nearly set, then fill the cavities of the tomatoes, cover with a spring of parsley, and put on the ice to set thoroughly. Coat each tomato several times with half-set aspic, or line some little molds with aspic and set the tomatoes in the same. Have ready the lettuces, washed and divided into small pieces, season with salt and pepper, dress with mayonnaise, and put in the centre of a dish. Arrange the prepared tomatoes round the salad, garnish with sprigs of parsley and blocks of aspic jelly. Some lobster or any other kind of cooked fish may be used for the stuffing in place of the anchovies.

Green Peas with Ham.—Boil and drain a quart of young peas; shred finely two rashers of raw ham, and fry them for a few minutes with a small piece of butter. Add two small, green onions, finely chopped, and the peas; moisten with three tablespoonfuls of bechamel sauce, two of cream and season with salt, pepper and a pinch of sugar. Let all simmer for a few minutes longer, turn out on to a hot dish, garnish with fried bread croutons, and serve hot.

Useful Hints.

Potato parings, baked in an oven, will light more quickly than wood when used to kindle a fire.

To keep the light of oil lamps clear, the burners should be boiled every month in water with a lump of soda in it.

Always cover newly baked bread with a clean cloth—preferably an old table cloth—to keep it free from germs and dust.

The white of an egg, whipped stiff, with a ripe banana makes a delicious cream to be eaten on a simple gelatine pudding.

Apples can be stewed with a little left-over canned fruit, such as blackberries, and the result will be a pleasant change.

Wear a sewing apron while ironing, and you will often find it possible to do a bit of mending while waiting for the iron to heat.

Sash curtains of Swiss muslin hemmed by hand are less likely to pucker when washed than when hung up on the machine.

It pays the housekeeper to get the best bedsprings and mattresses in the market, even if she has to economize somewhere else.

Test potatoes by cutting in two and rubbing the cut surfaces together. Then press the two parts together. If they stick the potatoes are good.

When nailing down a carpet after the floor has been washed be certain that the floor is quite dry, or the nails will rust and injure the carpet.

Any one troubled with rats or mice can get rid of them very quickly if they will sprinkle pepper on a cloth and stuff this into the hole where they appear.

All the strips of fat left from a steak should be left in a dish and tried out in the oven. They will make excellent fat for frying.

Large patterns in tablecloths are less economical than small ones, for the simple reason that the long threads break sooner than the short ones.

To preserve the appearance of wooden utensils wash them directly after they are used, because if grease and dirt are allowed to soak in it may be impossible to remove them.

In pressing silk or satin, do not use a very hot iron nor dampen them. Lay some clean, dry muslin over the seams and press with a warm iron.

To overcome the odor of mould, which sometimes rises in a library in damp weather in spite of the best of care, scatter a few drops of oil of lavender on the shelves, and the odor will disappear.

Eating too quickly is a common fault among children who are hungry, and the habit should be checked from the first, as indigestion will result from "bolting" the food, and when once the seeds of this miserable ailment are sown there is scarcely ever a complete cure. Even at the expense of a little inconvenience and trouble it is well to watch the children at meal times, and to teach them to eat slowly.

Sometimes during the spring cleaning operations a good piece of furniture is bruised. If the injury is severe a cabinetmaker should be consulted, but where the wood is only dented, and not broken, the mark can generally be removed by home treatment. First wet that part with warm water, then double a piece of brown paper several times and place it over the bruise; now press with a heavy warm iron, leaving it on the paper until the moisture has evaporated. If one application is not successful it must be repeated.

Character.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed, of denial, of self-sacrifice, of kindly acts, of love and duty. The backbone of character is laid at home, and whether the constitutional tendencies be good or bad, home influences will, as a rule, fan them into activity. Kindness begets kindness, and truth and trust will bear a rich harvest of truth and trust. There are many trival acts of kindness which teach us more about a man's character than many vague phrases.

He—That woman I see you with so often looks very sad. Is she unhappily married? She—No; unhappily unmarried.

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MAKE THE PENALTY FIT.

What a Parsi Would Do to the Indian Bomb Throwers.

Apropos the recent attempt on Lord Hardinge, the British viceroy in India, many writers to the correspondence columns of the Indian newspapers are evidently of the opinion that hanging is too good for the bomb throwers. It has been left for the Times of India to receive the most picturesque of this class of letter. It comes from a "Parsi," whose suggestions in detail are:

First—That he (the anarchist) should be daily rolled down at least one hour a day, packed in ordinary wood cask fixed with sharp-pointed nails on all sides of the cask.

Second—At least six severe stripes daily should be given early in the morning, and salt water spread on the spot of stripes given.

Third—For the rest of the day the coward should be bent down with his devil black face on the ground and heavy load should be laid on his shoulders from morning till evening.

Fourth—Sleep should be given in very dark room, and the room must be full of harrassing small living creatures.

Fifth—Food and water of very inferior quality should be offered to the coward once a day only.

This treatment, we are told, should be continued for one year, after which the anarchist is to be "brutally hanged."

HOW HE LIVED TO BE 102.

England's Oldest Barrister Recommends Physical Exercise.

The oldest barrister in England, Mr. W. A. Gordon Hake, of Brighton, who is a cousin of the famous General Gordon, celebrated his 102nd birthday recently. For fifty years Mr. Hake has lived at No. 3, Old Steine, Brighton, one of the four houses built in the reign of George III., which, with its cobblestone front and old-fashioned windows, is an object of much interest in the town. Furnished in the early Victorian style, it never reveals after sunset a light of any sort.

Such is Mr. Hake's vitality that he has recovered from a serious attack of bronchitis. He is the second resident of Brighton within a few years to attain the great age of 102. He attributes his long life to plenty of physical exercise and abstemious habits.

Here is a little sidelight on Mr. Hake's fondness for long walks:—

"I was a great stickler for the etiquette of my profession," he says. "It was the law of existence. By the rules of our profession we were not allowed to ride in a public conveyance. Not being able to afford a postchaise unless three or four joined me, I have often walked thirty miles rather than break through the rules."

Due Warning.

Germany is being blamed for the story of a factory notice now going the rounds. Prominently displayed near all the live wires, it reads:

"To touch these wires means instant death. Anyone failing to respect this warning will be prosecuted and fined."

No one has, up to the present, had to be prosecuted.

Too Busy to Brag.

"Is he making good?"

"He must be. He never seems to have time to stop and tell anybody about it."

Some of us think we are entitled to a lot of credit for performing a duty, and we are!

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MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION

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The Canada Cement you buy for a garden walk is the same cement that is sold by the trainload for great dams, elevators and bridges. The engineers in charge of these great works have ample facilities for testing the quality of cement.

Canada Cement

comes up to their most rigid requirements.

The farmer has not these facilities for testing the quality of cement. He must buy a product upon which he can depend for a grade that is *always of highest quality*, and that therefore does not *need* to be tested.

You can place absolute reliance upon the quality of Canada Cement.

It's always the same and always the best. The large output—which enables us to *keep the price down*, enables us also to maintain the factory equipment and organization that *keeps the quality up*.

A Canada Cement label appears on every bag and barrel of genuine Canada Cement. See that it's on the bags and barrels of cement that you buy.

WRITE for our free book "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." It has told a hundred thousand Canadian farmers of the money-saving and profit-making possibilities of concrete.

Address Farmers' Information Department—

Canada Cement Company Limited, Montreal

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