A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

Her lips quivered, but she did not speak, and the look of trouble, of doubt, did not leave her face. He waited, his eyes seeking hers, seeking them for some sign which might still the passion of fear and suspense with which he was battling, then he said in a low voice that thrilled with the tempest of emotion which raged under his forced calm:

"Will you not speak to me? Are you angry?"

She raised her hand and looked at him—a strange look from so young a girl. It was as if she were fighting against the subtle spell of his words, the demand for her love which shone in his eyes.

"No, I am not angry," she said at last; and her voice, though very low, was calm and unshaken.

He made a movement towards her, but she shrank back, only a little, but perceptibly, and he checked the movement, the desire to take her in his arms.

"You are not angry? Then—Ida—I may call you so?—you don't mind my loving you? Dearest, will you love me just a little in return? Wait!" for she had shrunk again, this time more plainly! "I know that I have startled you, that I ought not to have spoken so soon, while you only know so little of me—you'd naturally say 'no,' and send me away. But if you think you can like me—learn to love me——"

He took her hand, hanging so temptingly near his own; but she drew it away.

"No; don't touch me!" she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I want to think—to understand." She paused for a moment, her eyes still seeking the distant hills, as if in their mysterious heights she might find something that should explain this great mystery, this wonderful thing that had happened to her. At last, with a singular gesture, so girlish, so graceful that it made him long still more intensely to take her in his arms, she said in a low voice:

"I do not know— No! I do not want you to touch me, please!" His hand fell to his side. "I can't answer you. It is—so—sudden! No one has ever spoken to me as you have done——"

He laughed from mere excess of joy, for her pure innocense, her unlikeness, in her ignorance of love and all pertaining to it, to the women he knew, made the charm of her well-nigh maddening. To think that he should be the first man to speak of love to her!

"I am not angry—ought I to be? Yes, I suppose so. We are almost strangers—have seen so little of each other."

"They say that love, all true love, comes at first sight," he said. "I used to laugh at the idea; but now I know it is true. I loved you the first time I met you, Ida!"

Her lip quivered and her brows knit.

"It seems so wonderful," she said, musingly. "I do not understand it. The first time! We scarcely spoke—and I was almost angry with you for fishing in the Heron. And I did—did not think of you——"

He made a gesture, repudiating the mere idea.

"Is it likely? Why should you?" he said. "I was just an ordinary man, crossing your path for the first and perhaps the only time. Good heavens! there was no reason why you should give a thought to me, why I should linger in your mind for half a moment after I was out of your sight. But for me—— Haven't I told you how beautiful you are, Ida! You are the loveliest, the sweetest—— But even if you had not been—I mean it is not because you are so beautiful that I love you——"

She looked at him with a puzzled, troubled look.

"No! I can't explain. See, now, there's not a look of yours, not a feature that I don't know by heart as if I'd learnt it. When I am away from you I can see you—see the way your hair clusters in soft little curls at your forehead, the long lashes sweeping your cheek, the—the trick your eyes have of turning from grey to violent—oh, I know your face by heart, and I love it for its beauty; but if you were to lose it all, if you were not the lovelieat creature God had ever made, it would make no difference. You would still be you; and it is you I want. Ida—give yourself to me—trust me! Oh, dearest, you don't know what love it! Let me teach you!"

Once again he got hold of her hand; and she let it remain in his grasp; but her quiescence did not mean yielding, and he knew it.

"No," she said, with a deep breath. "It is true that I do not know. And I am—afraid." A wan little smile that was more piteous than tears curved her lips: for "afraid" seemed strange coming from her, the fearless child of the hills and dales. "If—if I said 'yes'—— Ah, but I do not!" she broke off as he made to draw her to him, and she shrank back. "I do not! I said 'if,' it would not be true; it would not be fair. For I do not know. I might be—sorry, after—after you had gone. And it would be too late then."

"You're right," he assented, grimly. "Once I got you, no power on earth should make me let you go again."

Her lips quivered and her eyes drooped before his. How strange a thing this love was, that it should change a man so!

"I don't want to force you to answer," he said, after a pause. "Yes, I do! I'd give half the remainder of my life to hear you say the one word, 'yes.' But I won't. It's too—too precious. Ah, don't you understand! I want your love, your love, Ida!"

"Yes, I understand," she murmured. "And—and I would say it if—if I were sure. But I—yes, I am all confused. It is like a dream. I want to think, to ask myself if—if I can do what you want." She put up her hand to her lips, as if to keep them from trembling. "I want to be alone to think of all—all you have told me."

Her gauntlet slipped from her hand, and he knelt on one knee and picked it up, and still kneeling, took both her hands in his. It did not occur to him to remember that the woman who hesitates is won; something in her girlish innocence, in her exquisitely sweet candor, filled him with awe.

"Dearest!" he said, in so low a voice that the note of the lark flying above them sounded loud and shrill by contrast. "Dearest!—for you are that to me!—I will not press you. I will be content to wait. God knows you are right to hesitate! Your love is too great, too precious a thing to be given to me without thought. I'm not worthy to touch you—but I love you! I will wait. You shall think of all I have said; and, let your answer be what it may, I won't complain. But—Ida—you must not forget that I love you with all my heart and soul!"

She looked down at his handsome face, the face over which her lips had hovered only a short time since, and her lips moved.

"You are good to me," she said, in a faintly troubled voice. "Yes, I know, I feel that. Perhaps I ought to say no!"

"Don't!" he said, almost fiercely. "Wait! Let me see you again—you scarcely know me. Ah, Ida, what can I do, how can I win your love?"

She drew her hands from his with a deep breath.

"I—I will go now," she said. "Will you let me go—alone?"

He rose and went towards the horses. His own raised its head and seemed inclined to start, but stood uncertain and eventually remained quiet beside the chestnut. Stafford brought them to where Ida stood, her eyes downcast, her face pale. With his own bridle over his arm he put her into the saddle, resisting even in that supreme moment the almost irresistible desire to take her in his arms.

She murmured a "Thank you," as she slowly put on her left gauntlet. He drew the other from her, and as she looked at him questioningly, he put it to his lips and thrust it under his waistcoat, over his heart. The color flooded her face, but the blush was followed by the former look of trouble and doubt. She held out her ungloved right hand and he took it and held it for a moment, then raised it to his lips; but he did not kiss it.

"No!" he said, with stern repression. "I will take nothing—until you give it me."

She inclined her head the very slightest, as she understood, as if she were grateful; then letting her eyes rest on his with an inscrutable look, she spoke softly to the horse and rode away, with Donald and Bess clamoring joyously after her, as if they had found the proceedings extremely trying.

Stafford flung his arm across his horse, and leaning against it, looked after her, his eyes fixed wistfully on the slight, graceful figure until it was out of sight; then he gazed round him as if he were suddenly returning from a new, mysterious region to the old familiar world. Passion's marvellous spell still held him, he was still throbbing with a half-painful ecstasy of her nearness, of the touch of her hand, the magic of her voice. For the first time he was in love. In love with the most exquisite, the most wonderful of God's divine creatures. He knew, as he had said, that her answer meant life or death to him, the life of infinite, nameless joy, the death of life in death.

Was he going to lose her?

The very question set him trembling. He held out his quivering hand and looked at it, and set his teeth. Heaven and earth, how strange it was! This girl had taken possession of him body and soul, every fibre of his being clamored for her. To be near her, just to be able to see her, hear her, meant happiness; to be torn from her——

The sweat broke out on his forehead and he laughed grimly.

"And this is love!" he said, between his teeth. "Yes—and it's the only love of my life. God help me if you say 'no,' dearest! But you must not—you must not!"

CHAPTER XV.

Quite an hour after Stafford had started to meet Ida, Miss Falconer made her appearance, coming slowly down the stairs in the daintiest of morning frocks, with her auburn hair shining like gold in the sunlight, and an expression of langor in her beautiful face which would have done credit to a hot-house lily.

She had slept the sleep of the just—the maid who had gone to wake her with her early cup of tea had been almost startled by the statuesqueness of her beauty, as she lay with her head pillowed on her snow-white arm and her wonderful hair streaming over the pillow—had suffered herself to be dressed with imperial patience, and looked—as Howard, who stood at the bottom of the stairs—said to himself, "like a queen of the Incas descending to her throne-room."

"Good morning, Miss Falconer," he greeted her. "It's a lovely morning; you'll find it nicely aired."

She smiled languidly.

"That means that I am late," she said, her eyes resting languidly on his cynically smiling face.

"Good heavens, no!" he responded. "You can't be late or early in this magic palace. Whenever you 'arrive' you will find things—'things' in the most comprehensive sense—ready for you. Breakfast at Brae Wood is the most movable of feasts. I've proved that, for I'm a late bird myself; and to my joy I have learned that this is the only house with which I am acquainted that you can get red-hot bacon and kidneys at any hour from eight to twelve; that lunch runs plenteously from one to three, and that you can get tea and toast—my great and only weakness, Miss Falconer—whenever you like to ring for it. You will find Lady Clansford presiding at the breakfast-table; I believe she has been sitting there—amiable martyr as she is—since the early dawn."

She smiled at him with languid approval, as if he were some paid jester, and went into the breakfast-room. There were others there beside Lady Clansford—most of them young people—it is, alas! only the young people who can sleep through the bright hours of a summer's morn—and a discussion on the programme of the day was being carried on with a babel of voices and much laughter.

"You shall decide for us, Miss Falconer!" exclaimed one of the young men, whose only name appeared to be Bertie, for he was always addressed as and spoken of by it. "It's a toss-up between a drive and a turn on the Lake in the electric launch. I proposed a sail, but there seemed to be a confirmed and general scepticism as to my yachting capabilities, and Lady Plaistow says she doesn't want to be drowned before the end of the season. What would you like to do?"

"Sit somewhere in the shade with a book," she replied, promptly but slowly.

There was a shout of laughter.

"That is just what Mr. Howard replied," said Bertie, complainingly.

"Oh, Mr. Howard! Everyone knows that he is the laziest man in the whole world," remarked Lady Clansford, plaintively. "What is Mr. Orme going to do? Where is he? Does anyone know?"

There was a general shaking of heads and a chorus of "No's."

"I had a swim with him this morning, but I've not seen him since," said Bertie. "It's no use waiting for Orme; he mightn't turn up till dinner time. Miss Falconer, if I promise not to drown you, will you make one for the yacht? The man told me it would be all ready."

She shook her head as she helped herself to a couple of strawberries.

"No, thanks," she said, with her musical drawl. "I know what that means. You drift into the middle of the lake or the river, the wind drops, and you sit in a scorching sun and get a headache. Please leave me out. I shall stick to my original proposal. Perhaps, if you don't drown anyone this time, I may venture with you another day."

She leant back and smiled at them under her lids, as the discussion flowed and ebbed round her, with an air of placid contempt and wonder at their excitement; and presently, murmuring something to Lady Clansford, who, as chaperone and deputy hostess was trying to coax them into some decision, she rose and went out to the terrace. There, lying back in a deck-chair, in a corner screened from any possible draught by the glass verandah, was Mr. Howard with one of Sir Stephen's priceless Havannas between his lips, a French novel in his hand, and a morning paper across his knees. He rose as she approached, and checking a sigh of resignation, offered her his chair.

"Oh, no," she said, with a smile which showed that she knew what the effort of politeness cost him. "You'd hate me if I took your chair. I know; and though, of course, I don't in the least care whether you hate me or not, I shouldn't like putting you to the trouble of so exhausting an emotion."

Howard smiled at her with frank admiration.

"Let's compromise it," he said. I'll drag that chair up here—it's out of the sun, you know—so, and arrange these cushions so, and put up the end for your feet so, and—how is that, Miss Falconer?"

"Thanks," she murmured, sinking into the soft nest he had made.

"Do you object to my cigar? Say so, if you do, and——"

"You'll go off to find some other nook," she put in. "No, I like it."

His eye shone with keen appreciation; this girl was not only a beauty—which is almost commonplace nowadays—but witty which is rare.

"Thanks! Would you like the paper? Don't hesitate if you would; I'm not reading it; I never do. I keep it there so that I can put it over my face if I feel like sleeping—which I generally do."

She declined the paper with a gesture of her white hand.

"No, I'd rather talk; which means that you are to talk and I'm to listen. Will it exhaust you too much to tell me where the rest of the people are? I left a party in the breakfast room squabbling over the problem how to kill time; but where are the others? My father, for instance?"

"He is in the library with Baron Wirsch, Mr. Griffenberg, and the other financiers. They are doubtless engaged in some mystic rites connected with the worship of the Golden Calf, rites in which the word 'shares,' 'stocks,' 'diamonds,' 'concessions,' appear at frequent intervals. I suppose your father, having joined them, is a member of the all-powerful sect of money-worshippers."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose so. And Mr. Orme—is he one of them?" she asked, with elaborate indifference.

Howard smiled cynically

"Stafford! No; all that he knows about money is the art of spending it; and what he doesn't know about that isn't worth knowing. It slips through his fingers like water through a sieve; and one of those mysteries which burden my existence is, how he always manages to have some for a friend up a tree."

"Is he so generous, then?" she asked, with a delicate yawn behind her hand.

Howard nodded, and was silent for a moment, then he said musingly:

"You've got on my favorite subject—Stafford—Miss Falconer. And I warn you that if I go on I shall bore you."

"Well, I can get up and go away," she said, languidly. "He is a friend of yours, I suppose? By the way, did you know that he stopped those ridiculous horses last night and probably saved my life?"

"For goodness' sake don't let him hear you say that, or even guess that you think it," he said, with an affectation of alarm. "Stafford would be inexpressibly annoyed. He hates a fuss even more than most Englishmen, and would take it very unkindly if you didn't let a little thing like that pass unnoticed. Oh, yes, I am his greatest friend. I don't think"—slowly and contemplatively—"that there is anything he wouldn't do for me, or anything I wouldn't do for him—excepting to get up early—go out in the rain— Oh, it isn't true! I'm only bragging," he broke off, with a groan. "I've done both and shall do them whenever he wants me to. I'm a poor creature, Miss Falconer."

"A martyr on the altar of friendship," she said. "Mr. Orme must be very irresistible."

"He is," he assented, with an air of profound melancholy. "Stafford has the extremely unpleasant knack of getting what he wants. It's very disgusting, but it's true. That is why he is so general a favorite. Why, if you walked into any drawing room and asked who was the most popular man in London, the immediate and unanimous reply would be 'Stafford Orme.'"

She settled the cushions a little more comfortably.

"You mean amongst men?" she said.

Howard smiled and eyed her questioningly.

"Well—I didn't," he replied drily.

She laughed a little scornfully.

"Oh, I know the sort of man he is," she said. "I've read and heard about them. The sort of man who falls in love with every woman he meets. 'A servant of dames'!"

Howard leant back and laughed with cynical enjoyment.

(To be continued.)

A NOTED BLACKFOOT SCOUT.

Eddie Spring-in-the-Crowd Is a Strange Character.

Wherever a North-West Mounted Police has patrol work on an Indian Reserve, he must have an Indian scout to assist him. This officer is employed by the Mounted Police, lives at the barracks, and wears a uniform provided for him by the department. He must be able to understand and speak English, for he is the medium between the Red Man and the officer of the law in the Indian territory.

Usually the scout becomes a very important personage among the Indians, and is not much loved by them. While they are not usually averse to police control, yet they cannot overcome the old idea that the Medicine Man and chief of the tribe should be the only Indian authority under which they must bend.

Eddie Spring-in-the-Crowd.

One of the most enlightened scouts in the employ of the force is Eddie Spring-in-the-Crowd, who, for short, is called plain "Eddie." What his father saw at the time of his birth to suggest such an uncommon name for his child is not known. Eddie is one of the few Indians of the Blood Reserve who gets mail at the local post-office. For some years Eddie has been a subscriber to a Canadian periodical, and while the police affirm that he does not read the literature, yet they believe the pleasure of having a magazine come addressed to himself more than offsets the small subscription he pays for it.

Eddie has no aversion to sitting for a photographer. The accompanying photograph shows him attired in a new serge with bright brass buttons. Eddie has also invested in a new pair of boots.

COLORS IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

London Tailors Introduce Over One Hundred Shades.

Don't be afraid if your tailor happens to say you would look well in a "mauve and black suit," or even if he suggests you would look well in a "dull blue and willow green."

These are two of the 115 shades of the new color-blended materials for men that the principal London tailors are trying to introduce to a wider public. The titles of some of the other shades are:

Gold brown and heather, amethyst and black, claret and blue, wine red and grass green, Damson purple, mulberry and sepia, mauve and chestnut, purple and brown.

These names read like mixed drinks, but quite 50 per cent. of the shades would not be particularly noticeable in a crowd if you did not tie a label to the suit, though all of them look much brighter than the ordinary suiting and have a distinctive note.

To be quite candid, there are really only a dozen colors which could only be worn by a blind man or super-nut. These include bright blues, "peacock," "purple," "pansy," and other vivid colors. The rest are carefully blended shades, which brighten up the room without offending the eye.

HOME

Cherry Dishes.

Cherries are among the summer fruits that are much improved by cooking. Somehow they lose none of their freshness and are rendered much juicier and more toothsome by slight cooking. Here are some receipts that make use of them:

Cherry Tapioca.—To make a delicious cherry pudding soak one small cupful of tapioca in water over night. In the morning add a pinch of salt and cook until clear. Then add butter the size of an egg and one cupful of stoned cherries (the sour cherries are preferable). Add to this a half cupful of cherry wine or a little lemon juice and sugar to taste. Flavor with vanilla and bake until bubbles appear on the top. Serve very cold with whipped cream.

Cherry Pie.—Line a pie plate with rich pastry. Stone the cherries and fill the pie dish. Then pour over them four tablespoonfuls of molasses and dust over all one tablespoonful of flour. Put on an upper crust and bake one half hour in a moderate oven. When cool dust the top with a generous sprinkling of powdered sugar.

Candied Cherries.—To make a delicious confection, wash, stem and pit one pound of large, firm cherries, putting a pound of sugar to one pound of the fruit. Boil the juice and the sugar to a very thick syrup. Put the cherries in this syrup and let them simmer—not boil—for ten minutes. Then set them away in the syrup until the next day. Then take the cherries out of the syrup and put them in a deep dish. Let the syrup boil up once and pour over the cherries. This operation should be repeated for three mornings. On the fourth morning, boil the syrup almost to the thickness of candy, dip the cherries in it and let them get thoroughly coated, then place them separately on flat dishes and dry.

Cherry Cordial.—Very ripe cherries make the best cordial. Bruise the fruit and mash through a colander, sweeten to taste and boil for ten minutes and then strain. Boil again until perfectly clear, skimming off occasionally. To every quart of the cherry juice add one gill of pure brandy. Seal the bottles tightly and keep in a cool dark place until ready to use.

German Cherry Pie.—Make a cherry pie, as usual, but omit the upper crust. When almost done, beat one egg until very light and add to it one scant half cupful of rich cream. Pour the mixture over the top of the pie. Put the pie back in the oven and bake until the custard is set. This makes a very attractive as well as an appetizing dish.

Cherry Salad.—Here is a delightful dish that calls for fresh cherries. For a course in a warm-weather luncheon it is very good. Either the large white or the red cherries may be used, and it is most effective to mix the two colors. The fruit should be stoned without breaking the fruit and in the place of each stone is placed a nut meat. Hazel nuts are the easiest to use, but any sort will do. The cherries should then be spread on lettuce leaves and used or they may be stewed with sugar, water and a little lemon juice.

Dried Cherries.—The housewife who has an eye to the demands of the following winter when fresh fruit is not to be had in abundance, will welcome this receipt for drying cherries. Select the most perfect fruit and cut the stems off close. Don't pull the stems, as this bruises the fruit and allows the juice to escape. Now spread and allow to dry slowly in a cool oven. When thoroughly dry pack away in boxes and have on hand for next winter. They may be used when soaked in almost any of the ways in which the fresh fruit is used, or they may be stewed with sugar, water and a little lemon juice.

Household Hints.

Silver spoons that are stained with egg should be rubbed with salt.

New patchwork designs show large pink tulips on a neutral ground.

Use a funnel in filling a hot water bottle if you would save the rubber.

The best way to mend linen is to stretch it smoothly over an embroidery frame.

A paper basket folded over the outer edge and top of ice in the refrigerator will save the iceman's bill.

Stained flour boards can be cleaned by scrubbing with chloride of lime, using a tablespoon to a pail of water.

If a little flour is sifted into hot fat, eggs may be dropped in without the objectionable sputtering and frying of hot fat.

If the hair is dry and brittle give it a good application of vaseline or pure olive oil on the scalp the night before shampooing.

The tea kettle should be washed clean every night and filled fresh every morning, if you would have good coffee and tea.

When there is a white deposit on the comb after shampooing, it is either from the towel or soap which has not been rinsed out.

It is a good idea to rinse muslin hangings, chidren's dresses and pinafores in alum water. It will render them non-inflammable.

Good flour adheres to the hand, and when pressed tightly, remains in shape and shows the imprint of the lines on the skin of the hand.

Tomatoes are delicious broiled. Cut them in thick slices and broil them over a hot fire; then they are done, butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

To strain soup, pour it, while hot, through a muslin cloth which has just been wrung out of ice water. When it has all been strained, heat again and serve.

A palatable way to serve cold boiled potatoes is to put them through the sieve. Season them well with butter and salt; form into cones and brown in the oven.

When pressing tucks in crepe de chine use a piece of tissue paper between the iron and the right side. The tucks can be seen and at the same time protected.

A baked apple is the most easily digested of any way of serving apples. If a bit of butter is placed on top of each apple before it is put in the oven, the flavor will be much improved.

When tomatoes are dear try buying one large one and slicing it very thin on lettuce leaves. You will find that it gives the necessary interest and flavor of a tomato salad, and is as satisfying as if you had used four tomatoes.

Asparagus when it comes from the market is bound to be a little wilted. If you cut about one inch off the bottom of the stalks and stand them in water about two inches deep, they will freshen and regain some of their natural sweetness.

Remember when sewing on dark material by artificial light to wear a light-colored apron, and spread a white cloth on the sewing table. These things will increase the light to an appreciable extent, and the strain on the eyes will not be so great.

FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in The Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Bristol City Council recommend the purchase of the tramways.

Hull Tramway Committee have inaugurated one cent fares on the corporation cars.

Large cracks have appeared in one of the buttresses of London Bridge, and repairers are now at work.

Staple Mill, near Sandwich, one of the few remaining windmills in Kent, has been destroyed by fire.

Willesden council has decided to proceed against dairymen selling milk from slot machines on half-holidays.

The new battleship "Marlborough" has been commissioned at Devenport as the flagship of the First Battle Squadron.

Nottingham corporation voted $355,000 in relief of the local rates from the profits of gas, tramways, and electricity.

Damage to the extent of $100,000 was caused by a fire that broke out in the New Era Joinery Company's Fulham Depot.

Walton-on-Thames district council has acquired a site for a public recreation ground, over six acres in extent, for $5,850.

In an amateur bands contest at Hayward's Heath the silver challenge shield in the first section was won by East Grinstead.

Owing to suffragette outrages the Royal Exchange has now been closed to ladies, as damage to the very valuable frescoes is feared.

Large quantities of cherries, nectarines and apricots are being landed daily at Folkstone Harbor from France for the London markets.

Over a dozen people had a narrow escape from being suffocated by escaping gas from a balloon which had descended in East Greenwich.

A young married woman named Short and her two children were burned to death at a fire that occurred at a shop at 101 Union street, Torquay.

A report by the medical officer of health for Westminster states that in his district only 15,999 out of 53,224 women aged from 15 to 45 are married.

A man named William Jeffery of Cardiff, aged seventy-three, died in a tramway car from shock on reading the news of the Empress of Ireland.

Without a single exception, 1,700 blankets lent to the poor of Southampton for the winter months, have been returned into stores in good condition.

Samuel Maddick, an electrical fitter in his fortieth year, employed in Portsmouth Dockyard, has been arrested at Portsmouth on a charge of espionage.

Damage estimated at $250,000 was caused by a fire in a large warehouse at Goswell road, London, E.C., occupied by Messrs. Hart and Sons, fancy goods manufacturers.

Six lives were lost on Whit Monday in a Sea Scout disaster on the Norfolk Broads, near Lowestoft, when a sailing boat suddenly capsized off Somerleyton.

Seven Liverpool boys crab fishing from the rocks at New Brighton were cut off from the mainland by the tide and were rescued by two policemen who waded to them, the water reaching to their necks.

London's latest dream, a garden suburb for dockland, seems like coming true. A number of houses are now being demolished at Silvertown and the port authorities have purchased a garden area of 35 acres to start.

A Skeptic.

Fred—What kind of a fellow is he?

Ned—If you should tell him that seeing was believing, he wouldn't look.

A quick way to get through a crowd is to go around it.

THE BANNER PROVINCE.

Ontario Produces 40 Per Cent. of Field Products of Canada.

So much has been heard of Canada's grain-growing prairies that it is but natural the impression should be held abroad that the countrie's energies are devoted almost entirely to farming, and that on the plains of the West. Ontario, with one-sixth of the Province's population of three million people, yearly produces forty per cent. of the total field products of Canada's nine provinces. It live stock and its dairy products are far in excess of those of the prairie and Pacific provinces. This Western country has built up such cities as Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Victoria and Vancouver.

The farm wealth of Canada is great but the mines of Canada stand high in the list of sources of income. In Ontario are mines that, during 1913, were responsible for a production of $55,000,000—over one-third of Canada's mineral output.

The two sources of national wealth, mining and agriculture, which reach their greatest development in the province contiguous and contributory to Toronto, are reinforced by a third—timber. Last year's cut of timber in Ontario was one-fourth of Canada's total of $195,000,000.

Great as these sources of wealth are, yet the greatest instrument for moneymaking, the greatest power toward national prosperity, is the machinery in the factories and mills of Canada. The table that follows may dissipate a popular impression fostered by those who have endeavored to bring only the agricultural possibilities of Canada into prominence.

Canada's Production, 1913.

Manufactured goods	$1,600,000,000
Farm products (grain, live stock, dairy, and all other farm products)	853,000,000
Forests	195,000,000
Mines	144,000,000
Fisheries	33,000,000
	$2,825,000,000

These figures indicate that manufacturing has a greater capital invested in it than any other form of national energy; that it must employ many more people than agriculture; that industrialism is the largest force in the wellbeing and prosperity of the country.

The railways of Canada, in which $2,500,000,000 has been invested, propose no restriction to the expansion demanded by the growing necessities of the country.

It is interesting to observe that four billions of dollars have been invested in the capital of companies promoting the manufacturing, financial and transportation interest of Canada, and that the aggregate export and import trade for the year 1913 was $1,147,648,243. The trade balance against Canada, which has been freely commented upon, was materially reduced, the exports being $474,413,664, as compared with $378,093,990 for the previous year, the imports being $673,234,578, as against $645,547,512 the year before. To the year's increase in Canadian exports manufactured goods contributed a gain of 29 per cent.

POPULATING THE SEAS.

Will Soon Be 40,000 Merchant Ships Afloat.

Never since the world began have there been so many merchant ships on the seas as now. There has been in shipbuilding a tremendous boom, which, though declining, still continues. By the end of 1914 it is estimated that the total number of merchant ships afloat upon the oceans of the world will exceed 40,000, and that their total tonnage will be more than 55,000,000. Three-fourths of these are steamers, and the rest are sailing craft. The tonnage of the latter, however, is only about one-seventh of the total. In the number and tonnage of its merchant ships Great Britain is far ahead of any other country. Nearly half the vessels afloat are British. According to the latest issue of Lloyd's Register the United States ranks next to Great Britain with a total gross tonnage of nearly 6,000,000, distributed among more than 3,500 ships. Then comes Germany within 500,000 of the United States total. Norway outranks France, and almost equals Germany in the number of her ships, but her boats are small in size. Germany and France, however, are building vessels faster than the United States. With the opening of the gates of Panama five new ocean routes will be created, one to the West Coast of South America, a second to Australia and New Zealand, a third to the Philippines and Oceania, a fourth to the East Indies and Southern Asia, and the last of all to China and Japan. Not even the most astute of the great commercial Sea Lords who scan the horizon of trade from their watch towers in London, New York, and Hamburg, can do more than hazard guesses as to the re-arrangements of trade and the shifting of fleets that the opening and expansion of commerce and old markets will bring about in the next five years. On only one point do they agree unanimously, that the world is on the threshold of a tremendous commercial boom, and that its stimulating cause is the opening of the great canal. The principal sufferer from the impending changes will probably be the Suez Canal.

CRANKS ABOUND IN LONDON.

Mania of One Is Inquests, Another Gives Nightly Salute to Police.

Punctually at 10 o'clock every night, as the men from one of the largest metropolitan police stations march out on night duty, a mysterious-looking man stands still and erect as a statue with his hand at the salute until the last blue-clad figure has passed. Then he goes home without speaking a word. He has carried out this strange programme for years minus a break.

When he was questioned all the satisfaction a representative could obtain was that he thought the metropolitan police the finest body of men in the world, and this was the manner he chose to show his admiration. His nightly vigil outside the police station is an obsession.

And in this he does not stand alone. For there are numerous instances which go to show that many other people are tarred with the brush of the crank.

What, for example, do you think of a man, who, having a bitter feeling against railways, had his season ticket photographed on postcards which he supplied wholesale to the collectors? Such a man does exist. He has a rooted objection to showing his season ticket.

Having found that according to English law that for which a man has paid cannot be taken away from him, another eccentric individual, who used the South-western Railway, refused to give up his ticket. Not only did he fight for his contention, but he proved it in a court of law. His victory resulted in a modification of the by-law.—Pearson's Weekly.

Important to Know.

Mrs. Lubberty — Here's some pills, Murty, thot Mrs. Hogan was afther sindin' over for yer. She says they'll aither kill or cure yer.

Lubberty (who is ill)—Begorra, did she say which they would do foorst?

The kicking horse injures himself most.

does make the bread and butter taste good!"

IT is when you spread it out on bread or pancakes, fruit or porridge, that you notice most the sweetness and perfect purity of REDPATH Extra Granulated Sugar. Buy it in the 2 and 5-lb. Sealed Cartons, or in the 10, 20, 50 or 100-lb. Cloth Bags, and you'll get the genuine Redpath, absolutely clean, just as it left the refinery.

83

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