A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

"You never were further out," he said. "He flirts—oh, my aunt, how he flirts!—but as to falling in love—Did you ever see an iceberg, Miss Falconer?"

She shook her head.

"Well, it's one of the biggest, the most beautiful frauds in the world. When you meet one sailing along in the Atlantic, you think it one of the nicest, sweetest things you ever saw: it's so dazzlingly bright, with its thousand-and-one colors glittering in the sunlight. You fall quite in love with it, and it looks so harmless, so enticing, that you're tempted to get quite close to it; which no doubt is amusing to the iceberg, but it slightly embarrassing for you; for the iceberg is on you before you know it, and—and there isn't enough left of you for a decent funeral. That's Stafford all the way. He's so pleasant, so frank, so lovable, that you think him quite harmless; but while you're admiring his confounded ingratiating ways, his engaging tricks—he's the best rider, the best dancer, the best shot—oh, but you must have heard of him!—he is bearing down upon you: your heart goes under, and he—ah, well, he just sails over you smiling, quite unconscious of having brought you to everlasting smash."

"You are indeed a friend," she said, with languid irony.

"Oh, you think I'm giving him away?" he said. "My dear Miss Falconer, everybody knows him. Every ball room, every tennis court, is strewed with his wrecks. And all the time he doesn't know it; but goes his way crowned with a modesty which is the marvel and the wonder of this most marvellous of ages."

"It sounds like a hero out of one of Ouida's' novels," she remarked, as listlessly as before.

But behind her lowered lids her eyes were shining with a singular brightness.

Howard turned to her delightedly.

"My dear Miss Falconer, if you were a man I should ask to shake hands with you. It so exactly describes him. That's just what he is. Frank as a boy, as gentle as a woman, as staunch as a bulldog, as brave—he would have stopped a drayman's team just as readily as yours last night—and as invulnerable as that marble statue."

He pointed to a statue which stood whitely on the edge of the lawn, and she raised her eyes and looked at it dreamily.

"I could break that thing if I had a big hammer," she said.

"I daresay," he said. "But you can't break Stafford. Honestly"—he looked at her—"I wish you could!"

"Why?" she asked, turning her eyes on him for the first time.

Howard was silent for a moment, then he looked at her with a curious gravity.

"Because it would be good for him: because I am afraid for him."

"Afraid!" she echoed.

"Yes," he said, with a nod. "Some day he will run against something that will bring him to smash. Some woman—But I beg your pardon. Do you know, Miss Falconer, that you have a dangerous way of leading one to speak the truth—which one should never—or very rarely—do? Why on earth am I telling you all this about Stafford Orme?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You were saying 'some woman,'" she said.

He gave a sigh of resignation.

"You are irresistible! Some woman who will be quite unworthy of him. It's always the case. The block of ice you cannot smash with your biggest hammer is broken into smithereens by a needle. That's the peril before Stafford—but let us hope he will prove the exception to the rule and escape. He's safe at present, at any rate."

She thought of the scene she had witnessed, the girl sitting sideways on Stafford Orme's horse, and her face flushed for an instant.

"Are you sure?" she said.

"Quite!" he responded, confidently. "I know all Stafford's flirtations, great and small: if there was anything serious he would tell me; and as he hasn't—there isn't."

She laughed; the slow, soft laugh which made Howard think suddenly, strangely, of a sleepy tigress he had once watched in a rajah's zoo, as she lay basking in the sun: a thing of softness and beauty and—death.

"We've had a most amusing conversation, Mr. Howard," she said. "I don't know when I've been so interested—or so tempted."

"Tempted?" He looked at her with a slow, expectant smile.

"Oh, yes!" she murmured, turning her eyes upon him with a half-mocking light in them. "You have forgotten that you have been talking to a woman."

"I don't deny it," he said. "It's the finest compliment I could pay you. But—after that—"

"And that to a woman your account of your hero-friend is—a challenge."

He nodded and paused, with his cigar half-way to his lips.

"You greatly tempted to accept it, do you know?" she said.

He laughed.

"Don't you'll be vanquished. Is that too candid, too brutal?" he said.

"No—that I will accept it," she said, "that ring of yours a favorite."

"I've had it ever since I can remember. It was my mother's" he said, rather gravely.

She held out her hand, upon which the costly gems glittered in the sunlight.

"Choose one to set against it," she said quietly.

Howard, roused for once from his sleepy cynicism, met her gaze with something like astonishment.

"You mean——?" he said, in a low voice.

"I mean that I am going to try to meet your iceberg. You will play fair, Mr. Howard? You will stand and look on and—be silent?"

He smiled and leant back as if he had considered her strange, audacious proposal, and felt confident.

"On my honor," he said, with a laugh, "you shall have fair play."

She laughed softly.

"You have not chosen my stake," she said, meaningly.

"Ah, no. Pardon! Let me see." He took her hand and examined the rings. "This—I think it's the most valuable."

"It does not matter," she said. "You will not win it. May I look at yours?"

He extended his hand with an amused laugh; but witnout a smile, she said:

"Yes, it is a quaint ring; I like quaint things. I shall wear it on my little finger."

She dropped his hand quickly, for at that moment Stafford rode round the bend of the drive. His face was grave and almost stern in its pre-occupation, but he caught sight of them, and raised his hat, then turned his horse and rode up to the terrace.

"Good morning, Stafford," called Howard. "Where have you been? Hallo! Anything happened? You're coated all over with mud: had a fall?"

He nodded carelessly as he turned to the beautiful girl, lying back now and looking up at his handsome face with an air of languid indifference.

"What a lovely day, Miss Falconer! Where are all the others? Are you not going for a drive, on the lake, somewhere?"

"I have just been asking Mr. Howard to take me for a row," she said, "but he has refused."

Stafford laughed and glanced at his watch.

"I can quite believe it: he's the laziest wretch in existence. If you'll transfer the offer to me, we'll go after lunch. By George, there's the bell!"

"Thanks!" she murmured, and she rose with her slow grace. "I'd better get into an appropriate costume. Mr. Howard, what will you bet me that it never bet, you tell me!"

"Not unless I am sure of winning, Miss Falconer," he said, significantly.

She looked after Stafford as he rode away to the stable.

"Nor I," she retorted, with a smile. "As you will see."

CHAPTER XVI.

When Stafford and Maude Falconer went down to the lake after luncheon, they found a party from the Villa just embarking on board one of the launches; the air was filled with laughter and chatter, and the little quay was bright with the white flannels of the men and the gay frocks of the women. The party greeted the two with exuberant welcome, and Bertie called out to ask them if they were coming on board.

"Perhaps you would rather go on the launch, Miss Falconer?" said Stafford; but she shook her head.

"No, thanks," she said, languidly. "I hate crowds of that kind. I'd rather stick to our original proposition; it will bore me less. But perhaps you'd rather join them?"

"Is it likely?" said Stafford, with a smile, as he signed to the man to bring up a skiff. "Now, let me make you as comfortable as I can. We ought to have a gondola," he added, and he handed her to the seat in the stern.

She leant back with the sunshade over her shoulder, and Stafford, as he rowed out towards the centre of the lake, looked at her with unconscious admiration. She was simply, perfectly dressed in a yachting costume of white and pale-blue, which set off to the fullest advantage her exquisite complexion and her red-gold hair. But it was admiration of the coldest kind, for even at that moment he was thinking of the girl in the well-worn habit, the girl he loved with a passion that made his slightest thought of her a psalm of worship.

And Maude, though she appeared half asleep, like a beautiful wild animal basking in the warmth of the sun, glanced at him now and again. She had made her wager with Howard on the spur of the moment, prompted by the vanity of a woman piqued by the story of Stafford's indifference to her sex; but as she looked at him she wondered how a woman would feel if she fell in love with him. But she had no fears for herself: there was a coldness in her nature which had hitherto guarded her from the fever which men call love, and she thought herself quite secure. There would be amusement, triumph, in making him love her, in winning her wager with that cynical Mr Howard, who boasted of his friend's invulnerability; and when she had conquered, and gratified her vanity—— Ah, well, it would be easy to step aside and bring the curtain down upon her triumph and Stafford's discomfiture She would wear that cynical Mr. Howard's ring, and every time she looked at it, it should remind her of her conquest.

Stafford rowed in silence for some minutes. His beautiful companion did not seem to want him to talk; and certainly showed no desire to talk herself; so he gave himself up to thinking of Ida—and wishing that it was she who was sitting opposite him there instead of this girl with the face of a Grecian goddess, with the lustrous hair of a houri. At last, feeling that he ought to say something, he remarked, as he gazed at the marvellous view,

"Very beautiful, isn't it?"

She raised her eyes and let them wander from the glittering water to the glorious hills.

"Yes, I suppose it is. I'm afraid I don't appreciate scenery as much as other people do. Perhaps it is because one is always expected to fall into raptures over it. Does that shock you? I'm afraid I shock most people. The fact is, I have been brought up in a circle which has taught me to loathe sentiment. They were always gushing about their feelings, but the only thing they cared for was money!"

"That ought to have made you loathe money," said Stafford, with a smile, and a certain kind of interest; indeed, it was difficult not to feel interested in this beautiful girl, with the face and form of a goddess, and, apparently, as small capacity for emotion.

"Oh, no," she said, languidly; "on the contrary, it showed me the value of money. I saw that if I had not been rich, the daughter of a rich man, I should have been of no account in their eyes. They were always professing to love me, but I was quite aware that it was only because I was rich enough to be able to buy pleasure for them."

"Unpleasant kind of people," remarked Stafford.

"No; just the average," she said, coolly. "Nearly all men and women are alike—worldly, selfish, self-seeking. Look at my father," she went on, as coolly as before. "He thinks of nothing but money; he has spent his life fighting, scrambling, struggling for it; and look at yours——"

"Oh, hold on!" said Stafford, laughing, but reddening a little. "You're very much mistaken if you think my father is that kind of man."

She smiled.

"Why, everybody has some story of his—what shall I call it?—acuteness, sharpness; and of the wonderful way in which he has always got what he wanted. I don't want to be offensive, Mr. Orme, but I'm afraid both our fathers are in the same category. And that both would sacrifice anything or anyone to gain their ends."

Stafford laughed again.

"You are altogether wrong, Miss Falconer," he said. "I happen to know that my governor is one of the most generous and tender-hearted of men and that whatever he has gained it is by fair means, and by no sacrifice of others."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I envy your faith in him. But then you are a very enviable man, I'm told."

"As how?" asked Stafford. "Pretty here, isn't it? Here's one one of those beastly steamers coming: they spoil the lake, but they're very convenient, I suppose."

She glanced at the big steamer puffing towards them obtrusively and sending a trail of smoke across the green and violet of the hills.

"Oh, I'm told you are the most popular man in London: that you have the world at your feet, that you are only waiting to see which duchess you prefer to throw your handkerchief to——"

Stafford colored.

"What rot!—I beg your pardon, Miss Falconer. Of course I know you are only chaffing me."

"Isn't it true—about the duchess, I mean?" she asked, so coolly, so indifferently, that Stafford was compelled to take her seriously.

"Nary a word," he said, brightly; then, with a sudden gravity: "If you happen to hear such nonsense again, Miss Falconer, you can, if you care to, contradict it flatly. I am not in the least likely to marry a duchess; indeed, I wouldn't marry the highest and greatest of them, if she'd have me, which is highly improbable."

"Do you mean to say that you have no ambition, that you would marry for—love?" she asked.

Stafford stopped rowing for a moment and looked at her grimly.

"What on earth else should I marry for?" he asked. "Wouldn't you?"

Before she could answer, the steamer came abreast of them, and so close that the swell from its screw set the slight, narrow skiff dancing and plunging on the waves.

Maude uttered a faint cry and leant forward, and Stafford, fearing she was going to rise, stretched out his hand, and touching her knee, forced her into her seat again, and kept her there until the swell had subsided. The color flooded her face at the pressure of his strong hand, which was like a steel weight, and she caught her breath. Then, as he took his hand away and resumed rowing, he said:

"I beg your pardon! I was afraid you were going to get up—a girl I once had in a boat did so and we upset."

"The boat is very small," she said, in a low voice, almost one of apology.

"Oh, it's all right, so long as you sit still, and keep your head," he said. "It could ride over twice as big a swell as this."

She looked at him from under her lowered lids with a new expression in her face, a faint tremor on her lips; and, as if she could not meet his eyes, she glanced back with an affectation of interest at the steamer. As she did so, something dropped from it into the lake.

"What was that?" she said. "Something fell overboard."

"Eh? A man, do you mean?" he asked, stopping.

"Oh, no; something small."

"A parcel, somebody's lunch, perhaps," he said; and he rowed on.

She leant back, her eyes downcast; she still seemed to feel that strong irresistible pressure of his hand under which she had been unable to move.

"There ought to be an echo somewhere here," he said, as they came opposite one of the hills, and he gave the Australian "coo-ee!" in a clear, ringing voice, which the echo sent back in a musical imitation.

"How true it was!" she said!" and she opened her lips and sang a bar or two of the "Elate" song.

Stafford listened to the echo, which was almost as soft and sweet as the girl's notes.

"What a wonderful voice you have!" he said, almost unconsciously. "I never heard a sweeter. What was that you sang?"

"That thing of Wagner's," she replied; and quite naturally she began the air and sang it through.

Stafford let the boat drift and leant upon the oars, his eyes fixed on her face, a rapt and very eloquent admiration in his own.

"Ah—beautiful!" he said in a low voice. "What a delight it must be to you to be able to sing like that! I am understand a whole theatre crying over that song, sung as you sing it!""

She glanced at him with an affectation of languid amusement, but she was watching him intently.

"That's not the best in the opera," she said. "I like this better;" and she sang the "Swan" song; sang it so low that he leaned forward to catch the notes which flowed like silver from her soft, red lips; and when she finished it he drew a long breath and still leant forward looking at her.

"Thank you, thank you!" he said, with so much admiration and gratitude in his voice that, as if to apologise for it, he said: "I'm fond of music. But I'm forgetting your tea. Shall we pull back to the 'Ferry Hotel' and get some?"

"I'm in your hands," she replied, languidly.

He turned the boat and pulled back along the centre of the Lake in silence. Suddeniy she bent forward.

(To be continued.)

SIR J. A. M. AIKINS, K.B.

New Knight Spent Most of His Life in Manitoba.

Sir James A. M. Aikins, M.P., who was the recipient of a knight bachelorhood this week, is the Hon. Clifford Sifton's successor in the representation of Brandon. He is a son of the late Hon. James Cox Aikins, who was appointed a Senator by Royal Proclamation at Confederation, and who, from 1882 until 1886, was Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Mr. Aikins, while born in Ontario and educated at Upper Canada College and Toronto University, has spent the best part of his life in Manitoba, where he has successfully practiced law in the City of Winnipeg. At the present time he is the senior barrister at the Manitoba Bar and was in 1912 president of the Bar Association. From 1879 until 1896 he was Manitoba Counsel for the Department of Justice, and in 1880 he was one of the Royal Commissioners to investigate and report on the administration of justice in the North-West Territories. He has been counsel for the Government of Manitoba since 1900, so that his remarks on the boundary question in the House were regarded as an expression of the views of that Government. Sir James, who was appointed Q.C. in 1884, long before most of the pre-

Sir J. A. M. Aikins, K.B.

sent members of the Manitoba Bar had been admitted to practice ,was solicited in Winnipeg of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from the organization of the company until he withdrew to contest the Brandon constituency at the last general elections.

The new knight is a man of wide general knowledge, and it is not surprising to hear that he takes a great interest in educational matters, being honorary bursar and a member of the council of Manitoba University, and a director of the Manitoba Agricultural College. Sir James is popularly known among his numerous friends as "Jam," by reason of the initials of his names. His oratory is of the perfervid Bennet type. Some have called him a "wind-jammer."

AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS.

Eighteen Thousand Miles in Operation There.

In Australia, a country of "great distances," one of the principal factors in the settlement of people on the fertile lands is the provision of railway facilities, so that the new settler may have his supplies brought to him cheaply and his products taken promptly to the markets. The railways in Australia are therefore playing an increasingly important part. Over £170,000,000 have been spent on the 18,000 miles of railway in operation there. Practically the whole of these lines are owned and controlled by the people, and will remain State property for all time. Recognizing the importance of the railway facilities, most of the States are carrying out active construction policies, and as rapidly as the land is taken up the trains are run into the vicinity. South Australia has recently constructed lines which are to tap the irrigation areas of that State, and has invited tenders for a line which, with those just completed, will serve an area of over three million acres. In the earlier days of settlement in Australia the new-comer naturally hesitated before going to places many miles from the railways and out of touch with the settled parts. The obstacles which that isolation presented are now, happily, being overcome, and in very many parts there are large areas of fertile land available within reach of the railway service, while in others it is only necessary for the settlers to take up the land, when the Government will push a railway into the district.

Nothing is doing more to change the appearance of Australia than this railway construction policy. The great transcontinental railways will traverse portions hitherto shown as blanks on the map and regarded as deserts; and will make accessible immense areas now beyond the reach of the settler or prospector. They will prove that these portions have been left blank, not because the soil is barren and worthless, not because they are desert lands, but because the facilities have not been provided for reaching and using the land. There have been available more conveniently-situated areas nearer the coast, but the time is coming when the great districts now being tapped by railways in Australia will be among the most productive in the Commonwealth.

HOME

Seasonable Recipes.

Cherries.—Canned with a thin syrup with the stones, or preserved in a thick syrup if pitted, are two ways of putting up cherries. Canned cherries are undoubtedly best if steam cooked, but a good deal depends upon the cherry, which is best if put up shortly after it leaves the tree. It is quite commonly believed that the flavor of the seed gives a richness to the preserved cherry that it needs, and various ways are used to secure this flavor, even when the cherry is pitted. One way is to wash and remove the stems of the cherries, then put them in an earthenware baking dish in the oven till hot. This is the method used to get the flavor of the seeds when they are to be removed and the cherries used for making pies or tarts. When prepared this way for the later service no water is needed other than the juice, some of which is pressed out in seeding them.

Syrups.—There are three grades of syrup properly, but many variations from these—the light, the medium, the heavy. The light syrup is for canning, and when the steam method is used, it may be thinner than when the fruit is simply cooked in the cans. For the heavier fruits four cups of water to two cups of sugar, cooked to syrup stage and cooled before it is poured over the uncooked fruit packed in the cans, is one which will keep perfectly if the cans are well sterilized. People who use one syrup for all fruits generally use a smaller number of cups of water than sugar, four cups of water to six of sugar sometimes, and have the water boiling. The less sugar there is in summer preserves the better they will be relished. A heavy syrup has four parts of sugar to one of water.

Jars should be thoroughly sterilized by boiling for at least fifteen minutes before the fruit is packed in them, even if it is to be cooked in the jars. The sterilization must be unquestionably thorough if fruit is to keep for any length of time. Heat is the sterilizer, and it must be applied in sufficient amounts and at the beginning of the process of canning. It will usually require less heat to sterilize fruit than it will glass jars that have been used several times over. Most of the smaller fruits need no more than five minutes of boiling, and the jars need much more than this. A washboiler with a false bottom, a towel, or even paper over that, then the glasses filled with cold water, set in and surrounded with cold water to their necks, brought slowly to a boil, and boiled for fifteen minutes, these are the requirements. But boiler, glasses, etc., should be as clean as possible to start with, and it is anything but desirable to put a dish cloth on the false bottom of the boiler, as some women have been known to do. It may contain germs that it would take an hour of boiling to kill. A circumstance like this may be the explanation of spoiled preserves.

The length of time to cook depends upon the kind and ripeness of the fruit. If a fruit stews up quickly, about the same time as it requires to cook in the open pan should be given to it when in the jars. Gooseberries require but five minutes, while cherries not stoned might well be given twenty minutes.

Jelly Bases.—Before the apple comes rhubarb juice may be used with strawberries, peaches, and other fruits for jellies. The spring rhubarb makes the best jellies, but it may be used well into the summer if one learns how to cook it. The thing to keep in mind is that the juice is rather mucilaginous, so that when it appears thick it may not be sufficiently cooked so that it will jelly. A few drops of lemon juice will help it to jelly.

Currant and Raspberry Jelly. — There is considerable difference of opinion as to what is the best way to extract the juice from the currant. A good jelly may be made by covering them, in the cluster, with cold water and cooking. Or a few of the currants are pressed and broken in the bottom of the kettle and the others put in whole.

Ice Cream Recipes.

Orange Mousse.—Take one and one half cupfuls of the juice of sweet oranges and one fourth of a cupful of lemon juice. Mix with two cupfuls of sugar. Whip one pint of heavy cream until it is firm. Add the fruit juice and the sugar, and one cupful of English walnut meats that have been chopped fine. Fill a mould and pack it in ice and salt. Leave it for four hours.

Chocolate Ice Cream with Cinnamon Sauce. — Those who have never combined the flavors of cinnamon and chocolate have a treat in store. Make a syrup of one pint of granulated sugar and one half cupful of water. When all the sugar is dissolved, boil the syrup gently for perhaps a minute, then add one-fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon extract. Serve the same cold with chocolate ice cream.

Tortoni.—Boil together an even half-cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of cold water until it slightly strings from the spoon. Beat three eggs thoroughly, add the boiling sugar slowly, beating all the while (about twenty minutes). Mix one-half pint of cream, and one cupful of milk, and whip the mass stiff. Mix all the ingredients together, and one teaspoonful of vanilla and ten dry maccaroons, powdered fine. Put the mixture in a mould, and pack it in ice and salt for six hours or longer.

Sugared Ice Cream.—Make caramel sugar by placing granulated sugar in an aluminum pan over a slow fire. When the sugar is liquid and a golden brown, remove from the fire and cool. Roll or pound the sugar to a powder. When serving plain vanilla ice cream, powder with the prepared sugar the inside of the cooled glass in which the individual service is to be placed; fill the glass with ice cream, and powder with the sugar. If desired, blanched almonds may be added to the sugar just before removing from the fire.

Frozen Cherry Custard.—Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of six eggs, add one cupful of sugar, and continue beating until smooth. Stir the eggs and sugar slowly into the hot milk, and continue cooking until the mixture thickens sufficiently to coat the spoon. Remove at once from the fire. Add one pint of cream and one tablespoonful of vanilla, and continue stirring until partly cool. When cold, begin to freeze, and when the mixture is half frozen add one cupful of candied cherries cut into small pieces, and finish freezing.

Household Hints.

Cherries or strawberries combined with bits of pineapple is a new combination for tarts.

Turpentine has the same whitening, cleansing effect that kerosene has on a boilerful of clothes.

Whitening dissolved in warm water will easily clean white enamel furniture and help to keep it a good color.

A biscuit top over blueberries, peaches, apples or strawberries, the whole steamed and served with hard sauce makes a delicious pudding.

The best foods to choose for cooking in the fireless cooker are those which take a long while to prepare—soups, pot roasts, beans, etc.

Leather covered furniture should be wiped over with a clean cloth wrung out of warm, soapy water, and when dry rubbed over with white of egg.

Tapestry-covered chairs can be cleaned by means of a mixture of dry bran and calcined magnesia. It should be rubbed in and left some time before being brushed away.

Save all the lemon hulls, drop them into the vessel in which you boil your tea towels, and it will whiten them wonderfully, and there will be a clean freshners about them that is very desirable.

Sew the skirt binding on the hem of your skirt before you press it. Pressing the goods flattens it, and it becomes difficult to tell the braid on a thin fabric without stitching through.

If half a bottle of olives has been used and you wish to keep the rest, add a pinch of salt to the brine, pour a teaspoonful of olive oil into the liquid and replace the cork.

To dampen sheer muslin waists of infants' dresses in a hurry, dip a cloth in water, wring thoroughly, place the piece to be ironed on it and roll tightly. In 15 or 20 minuptes it will be ready to iron.

To clean willow furniture or straw matting scrub each piece well with a coarse brush and water that is strongly saturated with salt, then dry with a soft cloth. The salt not only cleans but prevents the straw from turning yellow.

Wise is the woman who prepares simple syrups of fresh fruits in their season and stores them away for future use; for she realizes that with these same syrups as a basis a great variety of healthful summer drinks can be easily and quickly prepared.

Fats, our most highly concentrated foods, come in cheese, cream, butter, meats, corn, beans and oils. The most valuable pure fats are olive oil and nut oils; starved nerves, thin blood, and wasted flesh thrive upon them, they are purifying and healing, and in summer salads afford an ideal way of obtaining them.

A lad being quizzed about his father's lack of accomplishments was asked—"What does your father know?" There was no hesitation in the answer—"I don't believe he knows anything except his own business; but he knows that—and minds it."

There are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls only to the lot of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practised by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.

"Why, look here," said the merchant who was in need of a boy, "aren't you the same boy who was in here a week ago?" "Yes, sir," said the applicant. "I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?" "Yes, sir. That's why I'm back. I'm older now."

INDIA'S POPULATION.

Census Over an Area of 1,803,657 Square Miles Taken in Night.

At a cost of only $675,000, and by means of a staff numbering about two million persons, a general census of India was taken on the night of March 10, 1911, the results of which are embodied in a large volume just issued by the India Office in London as a blue book.

The difficulties of taking a census of a population numbering about 300,000,000, over an area of 1,803,657 square miles, were enormous. They were especially great owing, as the report puts it, "to the long lines of railway, the big rivers on which boats travel sometimes for days without coming to the bank, the forests to whom woodcutters resort, often for weeks at a time, and the numerous sacred places, which, on occasion, attract many thousands of pilgrims. People had to be enumerated wherever they were caught. In the case of railways, for instance, all persons travelling by rail who took tickets after 7 p.m. on the night of the census were enumerated either on the platforms or in the trains. The latter were all stopped at 6 o'clock on the following morning, in order to include any travellers who up till then had escaped notice.

In spite of this, and owing to the vast work done preliminary, the results for the whole of India were received complete on March 19, and were issued in print the next day. This rapidity, as the report mentions with justifiable pride, "is not approached even in the smallest European states."

The summary tables show that the total population of India (including the native states) on the night mentioned was 315,156,396 (as against 294,361,056 ten yeas previously) ,of whom 217,586,892 were Hindus, 666,-647,299 were Moslems, 10,721,453 were Buddhists, and 3,876,293 were Christians. The literates numbered only 18,539,578 persons, and agriculture claimed the labor of 224,-695,909 persons, as against 35,323,-041 persons engaged in industry.

The Good Witness.

The lawyer's idea of a good witness is one who can remember what to forget.

Worth Remembering.

We always remember those who have done us a favor—when we want another favor done.

Insomnia.

Wife—If you can't sleep why don't you see a doctor? Husband (grouchily)—And then have a bill to keep me awake!

Question.

Gibbs—I tell you no one can fool my wife. Dibbs—Then how did you get her?

Employee—"I would like a rise, sir. I am going to get married." Employer—"Sorry, but I'll have to reduce your salary. I am going to get married myself."

Suspicious Mamma—Ethel, what detained you at the door just now when Mr. Spooner went away? Ethel (smoothing her rumpled hair) —Nothing to speak of, mamma.

Patient—"But you promised that when I recovered you would be my wife." Nurse—"Oh, I know. It's my duty to keep my patients cheerful. Why I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs.

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar

is put up at the Refinery in

10 Pound,
20 Pound,
50 Pound
and
100 Pound
Cloth Bags,
and in
2 Pound
and 5 Pound
Sealed Cartons

When you buy Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar in any of these original packages you are sure of getting the genuine Redpath, Canada's finest sugar, pure and clean as when it left the Refinery.

It's worth while to insist on the Original Packages.

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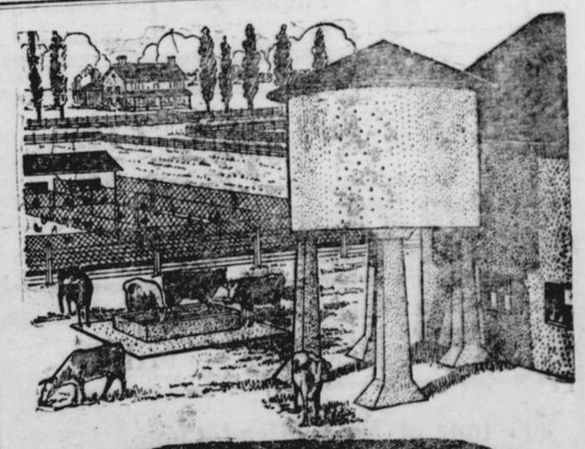

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