

"Shall I Ask Aim to Marry Me?"



Green Victoria shortly before her marriage.



Baroness Burdett-Coutts



Maria Gay, the singer who crossed the ocean to capture Jig Zentello



Holland's Jeez also offered her hand



Miss Betty Sharpe, who proposed to a Wagoner, Illinois



Mrs. Alberta Herrick, a Cleveland woman who proposed.

It was in Wayne county, Michigan, in January of this tender, loving leap year.

Labele Lohbush had led to the official altar of the marriage license clerk the man of her heart, Alphonse Vanenoo. There, on the very eve of the wedding to which he had given his shy consent, the groom balked.

"No," he told her, shaking a suddenly reluctant head, "I can't do it now. I must think it over."

Gabrielle—whom Wayne county admiration classes as distinctly worthy of a dozen better men than her chosen Alphonse—declared indignantly:

"If you won't do it now you'll never get another chance."

But Alphonse, still dubious, still reluctant, went his unmarried way, homeward.

Was he foolish or was he wise? Should a man accept a leap-year proposal?

What, in the courageous average of the marriages made on earth, by those angels from heaven—women, to give the chances for happiness? What if he has a cautious eye on his future bliss, and on hers, should a man do to whom the woman proposes?

Alphonse, in Michigan, is not the only man this year who has fled, in the eager, tender arms of a woman who would draw him to her yearning bosom.

In St. Louis a newspaper friend of Frank B. Hanna, the good-looking city comptroller, framed up a joke on him—one of those happy inspirations of humor that leave a man aching to commit homicide.

He took the comptroller at his laughing word, and published an article telling of Mr. Hanna's professed willingness to marry the first presentable girl who should propose to him.

And he was careful to give the comptroller's age—forty-one years—and to tell how presentable he was on his own account.

The man who has been in St. Louis knows how many pretty girls are there; the man who has not has a joy awaiting him. But it happened that just then the inevitable pulchritude of St. Louis was enhanced by the presence of Miss Betty Sharpe, whose mass of dark hair, rounded cheeks, cupid bow mouth, daintily retouched nose, deep, dark eyes and adorable figure gave to St. Louis' feminine charm the brilliancy, the grace, the provoking archness and the seductive glamour of unrivaled Norfolk, in old Virginia.

The residence on Virginia avenue, in St. Louis, held her and half a dozen of her prettiest St. Louis friends when the little joke on Comptroller Hanna came to their attention.

The admirable seven took honest stock of their individual attractions, and there was not one who could find in her conscience to say that any of the others failed to fulfil Mr. Hanna's reasonable requirements. Nor was there one whom his qualifications failed to content.

They drew straws for him, Miss Sharpe won him. She is only twenty-one; but she is wealthy and educated, and clever enough to write a proposal that filled the St. Louis girls with despairing envy.

What happened? The strangest thing—the most natural thing, as one happens to know or not to know the St. Louis city comptroller.

He simply paid no attention to her letter. When time passed, until every evidence seemed to prove he was no better than a hymenal four-flusher, the dark-eyed belle from Norfolk, resigned her love westward under the

chaperonage of her mother, for she had stopped over in St. Louis only to visit friends on her way to California.

And then, only then, did another friend of Mr. Hanna's procure a photograph of sprightly Miss Betty of Norfolk, and fill him with regretful, vain chagrin, over his ungallant neglect.

But she's going back next summer.

To date, these are the only men so far as known, who have had the hardihood to refuse the love of an attractive woman this year—and one of them might have done so refusing at all if he had known how very attractive the woman was. The other side is more chivalrous—to contemplate.

Miss Elizabeth Sohm is a woman editor—the editor of the Storm Lake Vindicator, in Iowa. She bid for the county printing and the supervisors rejected her bid, she thought, because she was merely a woman.

"What the editor needs," she remarked in a pungent editorial worthy of the finest traditions of western journalism, "is a man to swear for her when things go wrong. We need a good printer to do our fighting and swearing for us. Any one who thinks himself qualified is at liberty to regard this as a leap-year proposal."

The editor of the Lytton Star, G.



The Women of Bernna Always Propose

means it. He can be expected to be refused and come again, and his first rejection is properly only the prelude to his second proposal.

But with a woman, as typified in the futile Michigan match, it is usually now or never. Yet, even here, there are exceptions, Philadelphia furnished one.

Shortly before the first of the year Louisa Hahn went to board with Mrs. Eleanor Widdis, the mother of her friend, Mary. Mary had a beau, Horace Laus, it was the real, old-fashioned love affair, because Horace had known Mary from the time she was the littlest sort of a girl in the shortest kind of short dresses—and he had loved all the way through her growing up.

On New Year's Day Mary was ill with the grippe. She had been sick in bed since Christmas, when her friend Louisa met Horace for the first time, and, in her absence, entertained him in the parlor. New Year's Day Mary was well enough to have visitors, and Horace and Louisa were talking with her in her sick-room.

"It's a leap year, Horace," said Louisa. "Are you ready to marry me?"

"I'll think about it," he responded. "I don't seem to be any one's steady company yet."

"Nor was he, for that ennobling stage of lovehood was something he had never attained in all his attention to Mary."

Mrs. Widdis reproved her boarder for frivolity afterward.

"But I mean it," declared Louisa, calmly. "I like Horace, and if he'll marry me, I'm willing."

Only a few hours passed when Horace returned and secured permission to see Mary, in the sick room.

"I thought you would propose to me, Mary," he told her, "I was only waiting for that."

But Mary did not believe in leap year, even when the proposing was practically done for her.

"I should think you would wait until I am well," she remarked, "before you would talk about marriage."

"Well, I'll have to take Louisa," he said, "as he went downstairs."

Take Louisa he did, and take him, most vigorously, Louisa did; for he had no sooner told her, before some visitors in the parlor, that he was willing to marry her, than she caught up a Bible that lay near and asked him to repeat:

"Before God, I promise to take you as my lawful wife."

Horace promised, in just those words, amid the laughter of the party. Mrs. Widdis disapproved, very much. It was not mere frivolity this time; it was almost sacrilege.

"Well," Louisa told her, "I can't see anything wrong about it. It was a solemn promise, and I am going to keep it, and so is he. I love him, and I'm going to marry him."

A solemn promise it proved to be, within a week, for they were married by Rev. J. F. Crouch in Mount Pleasant Methodist Episcopal church on January 7th, and they are now living as happily as other newly-wedded couples at 219 East Horter street, with Horace's family.

It has happened likewise in Baltimore. Miss Eleanor Reeves exercised her leap-year privilege at a postal clerk's ball to propose to Edward L. McLean, of Roxbury, Mass. He accepted on the spot, and the wedding was agreed upon for the following week. The record of speed in love-making and proposal surpassed the Philadelphia match, and the date for the wedding was as early.

East and west, this year, the record has been maintained. As far as Wentichee, in Washington, the telephone girls have the proposal habit, in spring is a tonic, and the one always reliable tonic and blood builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish spring ills, but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anemia, nervous debility, rheumatism, indigestion and kidney trouble. Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes new red blood which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body. This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the favorite spring medicine with thousands, and thousands throughout Canada. Try this medicine this spring and you will have energy and strength to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mrs. James Haskel, Port Maitland, N.S. says: "I was troubled with headache, had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue was coated and I was easily tired and suffered from a feeling of depression. I got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was not long before they began to help me and I was soon feeling as well as ever I had been." You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 20c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Choosing The Time.

"I suppose you must find it hard to please all your constituents all the time, don't you, senator?" asked the beautiful widow. "Oh, it's impossible," replied the statesman, "and besides it would be foolish to do so if one could. All that's necessary is to think of some way to please them just before it is necessary to get elected again."

Articular Rheumatism Cured.

Articular rheumatism is that severe variety that affects the membranes of the joints and causes severe swelling and enlargements. This is the most stubborn and chronic type and is of ten pronounced incurable.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure has cured hundreds of such cases, many of them of many years' standing. A remedy that will do this can of course be depended upon to cure the less severe cases. Those who have a rheumatic trouble of any kind should test this certain remedy without delay. Ten days' treatment. Price 50c, at Wade's Drug Store.

In German tobacco shops each purchase entitles the patron to one telephone call.

Sleeping Sickness in Africa Still Destroying Thousands.

Science has found it well nigh impossible to counteract the ravages of the African Sleeping Sickness. It is a painless sickness, like you feel when all tired out. In Canada people don't die of the "tired feeling," but that is no reason why they shouldn't try to overcome it. For instance take your own case, there may be no special ache or pain—yet you are pale, nervous, colorless and weak in the muscles. Your system is crying for nourishment, clamoring for purer, richer blood. Your nerves are starving for the support that only a healthy body can give, and its small wonder you feel so fatigued, so utterly run down and helpless to work as you would like to.

There is a very simple way to get strong. All you have to do is take Ferro-China at meal time. It contains iron making, tissue forming material, contains nourishment that will rebuild and vitalize your blood. Under the stimulating tonic effect digestion improves—sleep comes readily and brings rest for body and mind alike. For the man who toils hard, Ferro-China is a boon—for the boy at school it does wonders—for the maiden budding into womanhood it does untold good, just as it does for the aged, the matron and the mother.

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Men should look for this Tag on Chewing Tobacco. It guarantees the high quality of Black Watch

The Big Black Flag.

FARMERS' WIVES. Help Them and You Promote Civilization.

Rochester Post Express.

The most essential ingredient of successful farming is a good wife. Everything which can be done to help her should be done. It is matter for satisfaction, therefore, that New York state, following the lead of Canada—there are a few things which they do better in Canada—is trying to do something really substantial in the way of carrying social, utilitarian ideas and helpful methods into the rural home.

The idea, of course, is to help the whole family; but the farmer's wife is the medium. It is a recognized part of the work of the state department of agriculture to see to it that the most up-to-date ideas of agriculture—most up-to-date research and practical experience can suggest—shall be brought to the notice of the agriculturalist. Some bright person asked why there should not be institutes for the farmer's wives as well. Science is taking a more intimate interest in the home every day. Sanitation, good food, and the like are not for cattle only. Human beings are directly interested and children are as liable to catch typhoid from drinking impure water or to grow up stunted from bad food as sheep and oxen. Hon. F. E. Dawley, of Fayetteville, determined to have institutes for farmers' wives. So much earnestness did they bring to the legislature voted \$5,000 for the work, and during the past year institutes for farmers' wives have been held in many parts of the state. They have been very successful, and the housewives have driven many miles to be present.

The superior person may think it paternalism to teach women how to cook. If it be paternalism, then it is about the best argument for that much maligned term that can be adduced. What is the use of teaching a child the rules of grammar if he has not started the day with a good meal, properly prepared? A good meal does not necessarily mean an expensive one, but it does mean that the food shall be made the best use of. But many women have never had the opportunity to learn how to do this. How, then, can they hope to rear a family of hardy, self-reliant, independent American citizens.

A Bad Bargain.

A story is told of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, that one day when coming back from shooting, with an empty bag, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, while near by a man was leaning on a fence watching them. Sheridan asked:

"What will you take for a shot at the ducks?"

"Well," said the man, thoughtfully, "I'll take half a sovereign."

"Done," said Sheridan, and he fired into the middle of the flock, killing a dozen or more. "I'm afraid you made a bad bargain," said Sheridan, laughing.

"I don't know about that," the man replied. "They're not my ducks."

Taken At His Word.

Quincy Courier-Journal.

"I overreached myself yesterday." "How was that?" "Made a bluff at reaching for the luncheon check, and the other fellow let me get it."