

Continued from page 3.  
They were not afraid of great-grandmother, nor did they want her money; and Margaret Louise knew, as she lay in her pretty bed, that she had said that she rubbed the kiss in because she was afraid to offend great-grandmother by saying she had rubbed it off.

The more Margaret Louise thought about this the meaner she felt, and then she began to feel very sorry for great-grandmother who had kind things said to her only because people were afraid to offend her on account of her money. So Margaret Louise began to cry softly, and the more she cried, the sorer she felt for great-grandmother and the meaner she felt about herself.

By and by she heard someone moving about in the room next her own. Then she heard Angelica say a gruff "good-night" and go away.

Great-grandmother was alone in her bedroom. Then after a while Margaret Louise got up, and, by the light of the reproofing white moon, she stole like a small maid to the next door and rapped gently.

"Come in," said a muffled voice, and in walked Margaret Louise, and right up to the big bed where great-grandmother lay with her poor pinched face resting upon the pillow.

"Well," she said sharply, as she saw the little figure, "what do you want?"

"I wanted to tell you"—the small girl gave a gulp, "I wanted to tell you that I—I was rubbing your kiss off, not in—I-I didn't want to make you angry because because father and mother are poor; but—but they never would have done anything so mean, nor would they have told a lie; and—and please I'm going to try to like just you—for I-I am so sorry about your money and how it makes people feel about you. And please, please, great grandmother, if I ever can love you, just for you, I'll rub the kiss in—but I'm not going to say so unless I can!"

Poor Margaret Louise was almost sobbing as she finished, and great-grandmother looked as if something wonderful had happened to her. Perhaps it was the moonshine—that does so bewitch folks, you know—perhaps it was a great hungry longing that had been lying out of sight for many long years, who can tell? But suddenly she sat up, and stretched her poor wrinkled hands out to Margaret Louise.

"Child," she said in a strange voice, "you shall have your chance to try and love me just for myself. If you learn to, you must tell me by kissing me, and that kiss I shall rub into my heart and soul!" Then she added sharply, "Get to bed you imprudent child. You'll catch your death. Off with you! How dare you come disturbing my night's rest?"

Off Margaret Louise scampered half frightened, and half-laughing.

At this point of the story Helen always had to ask, "But, grandmother, afterward, you know, afterward!"

And grandmother, with a softness in her eyes, continued:

"O, yes, afterward. Well, Margaret Louise loved great-grandmother next best to her father and mother. She forgot all about the ugly money, and under the crust of great-grandmother's manner she lovingly over great-grandmother

found a tender, brave heart that was only shrivelled because so little sincere, unselfish love had touched it.

Margaret Louise spent many happy days in the old gray house on the hill, and she carried much sunshine and happiness there, I am sure. And one night she bent after she had tucked her in bed like a dear baby, and she kissed her on both cheeks, and then on the quivering lips, and then on the tired eyes, and she said:

"Now, baby, go to sleep, and in the morning you must have my kiss ready!"

"I do not think," said grandmother, "that great-grandmother opened her eyes again. The kisses sank in and in, and they must have smoothed out all the tangles and worries; for the next morning she lay just as Margaret Louise had left her, and there was a wonderful look of joy on the old face that had grown while the kisses sank in. And that's all!"

"No!" cried Meg, "the will, grandmother, the will!"

"O! bother the will," grandmother replied; "but it was beautiful for her to say that Margaret Louise's brave heart and loving nature would teach her to spend the money as great-grandmother had never known how to do. It made Margaret Louise earnest to do her best for great-grandmother as well as for herself. In the end she made people love great-grandmother's memory, and that was the sacred thing of all; and Margaret Louise always said that she knew somewhere on beyond dear, beautiful great grandmother would be waiting to give her her morning kiss."

"Where," asked Helen, with the happy tears in her eyes, "where, grandmother, is Margaret Louise now?"

"O, she's travelling a long, long journey. She's having the best of times and enjoying herself immensely."

"Will she come back some day?" Meg never omitted asking that.

"Surely, and I am hoping, when you see her, that you will know her at once and try and love her for—great-grandmother's sake!"

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A touch of black is always in

place to give point to a white garment.

Some of the new trimming materials are embroidered with silks, beads and braid.

A simple suggestion, but one that can add materially to the safety of railroad travel, is to be credited to an engineer on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, Dennis Maguire by name. It is that inspectors be equipped with magnifying glasses, so that they may detect cracks and flaws on axles and other mechanism. The suggestion was at once adopted, and Maguire received his reward.

John H. Stringham has just received from Bundorra Docks, County Mayo, Ireland, an answer to a note which he enclosed in a bottle and set afloat July 6, 1912, from Carnarsie, N. Y. The bottle spent a year and seven months in crossing the Atlantic ocean.

### Express Train in Grip of Snowbank.

REDEANK, N. J., March 4.—One of the trains lost in the snowstorm has been stalled in a snowbank two miles south of here since Sunday night at 8 o'clock. It is the Lakewood Atlantic City express from New York. A wrecking crew, which has been working for two days to extricate the train, held out little hope for the 100 passengers before to-night or tomorrow.

Many of the passengers in the parlor cars are from New York and Brooklyn, who have been in ill-health and are on their way to Lakewood and Atlantic City to recuperate. Food in the dining car gave out Sunday night.

Monday morning, L. E. Stoddard, the polo player, braved the gale and obtained food from nearby dairymen and a country store. Last night, only canned goods were left, and this supply is not large.

NEW YORK, March 3.—New York began today to dig itself out of the snow. The weather is fair and the temperature rising with warmer days in prospect, according to weather bureau announcements, to aid the army of snow shovellers at work in the streets and on the railways in the storm area. With a foot of ice and snow packed hard upon the heavy coating of snow left by the two previous storms, the city to-day is assumed something like normal conditions after thirty-six hours of blizzard weather. The removal of snow from streets and sidewalks is the chief occupation of practically every person not otherwise employed. It is estimated that in New York and vicinity, including the employees of the railroads, 50,000 men are engaged in raising the snow embargo.

Street car and railroad traffic improved to-day. All trunk lines with terminals in New York, Jersey City, Hoboken and Weehawken began moving trains to distant points for the first time in two days, and hundreds of passengers marooned in stations resumed their journeys. Commuters, who were kept away from their business yesterday, were able to leave their homes to-day.

Mails that have accumulated began moving and local telephone service, which was interrupted and in some cases suspended, was almost normal. With the resumption of railway traffic, the threatened milk and meat famines passed. It was believed that the supply of coal would be sufficient to use of the warmer weather. Difficulty in moving coal resulted in much suffering during the past few days, especially among the poorer classes. Inability to make deliveries also created a shortage of beef. This condition was not expected to continue long today. The storm caused much trouble to shipping, the harbor being filled with ice, while the almost constant high winds menaced all vessels. Inbound liners, which had been waiting in the outer harbor, ventured into port yesterday and to-day. One fire Island yesterday, eight barges, laden with coal, were cast adrift by tugs towing them. Each barge has four men aboard, and it was feared that they would drag anchor and be dashed to pieces on the shoals. The tugs are standing by to pick up the barges as soon as the weather moderates sufficiently.

The loss in business, railroads and the

cost to the city and public, and private corporations and companies for snow removal will run into the millions.

Wire communication with points south and west, while far from normal, was improved to day.

While the city, railroads and private companies are seeking men to remove snow, there are nightly meetings by a small group of self termed unemployed, who assert their need of food and a place to sleep. Last night, at St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal church, 200 of these men were fed and offered work at 20 cents an hour shovelling snow. They refused to work at that price, demanding 30 cents an hour.

Representatives of labor unions and socialists and fraternal organizations held a meeting last night at which arrangements were made for a general conference to be held to-morrow night, when plans will be made to assist the unemployed. Arrangements also were made for a mass meeting of the unemployed at noon on Saturday in Union Square.

### FULFILMENT.

There is a sea—a quiet sea,  
Beyond the farthest line,  
Where all my ships that went astray,  
Where all my dreams of yesterday,  
And all things that were to be—  
Are mine!

There is a land—a quiet land,  
Beyond the setting sun,  
Where every task in which I quailed,  
And all wherein my courage failed,  
Where all the good my spirit planned  
Is done!

There is a hope—a quiet hope,  
Within my heart instilled,  
That if, undaunted, on I sail,  
This guiding star shall never pale,  
But shine within my labor's scope,  
Fulfilled!

And there's a tide—a quiet tide,  
Flowing toward a goal—  
That swept by every humble shore  
And at its fullest ebbs no more;  
And on that final swell shall ride—  
My soul!

—Robert Chalmers.

### More Murders by Mexican Rebels.

LONDON, March 5.—The policy of the United States toward Mexico today again occupies a leading place in the editorial columns of the English newspapers.

The Evening Standard discovers a marked change in the whole trend of American foreign policy. Instead of haughty isolation, based on the strict letter of the Monroe doctrine, the United States is now becoming anxious to stand well with the European powers. The government, at Washington is apprehensive lest if it became involved in Mexico, Japan might seize the occasion to carry her ambitious designs on the Philippines and Hawaii into effect, and believes that Europe, if so disposed, could lay an embargo on Japan's ambitions.

EL PASO, Texas, March 5.—Investigation into the execution by General Villa of William S. Benton and into the disappearance of Gustave Bauch was begun at Juarez to day by the Mexican commission appointed by General Carranza, chief of the Constitutionalists. The commission will endeavor to ascertain whether the arrest and conviction of Benton was made according to due form of law and justice. It is not expected that an examination will be made of Benton's body.

An attempt will be made by the Mexican commissioners to learn whether Bauch was executed or whether he is still alive. If alive an attempt will be made to learn his whereabouts. The Anglo American commission was still awaiting instructions from Washington. Headquarters of the Constitutional government was established to day across the river at Juarez. Seventy men, heads of departments clerks and secretaries, brought in with them a car load of official papers of the rebel government. General Carranza and members of his cabinet were expected to leave Nogales for Juarez some time to day.

### Wringing Up "Ritual Murder" Business.

BERLIN, March 5.—The ritual murder frenzy in Russia continues to be worked up. In Malin, Kieff, a Jew to-day, just managed to escape a pogrom that would have caused more excitement than the Beiliss case. Two Russian Anti-Semites, it is reported here, tried to throw a murdered Christian boy into a Jewish Rabbi's home. The body



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had thirteen wounds. The scheme fell through, however, for the conspirators were caught while carrying it out and arrested.

In Kayini, Dodz, a Jewish man, named Jacob Steinman, caught a young Russian thief who had tried to rob him. The boy yelled out that the Jew wanted to kill him for religious purposes, and the Christians in the town started a program against the Jewish inhabitants.

The King and Queen made an impromptu call at St. Thomas's Hospital, London, Sunday, when the King greatly amused the inmates of the children's ward by pretending to shoot them with a toy popgun. Noticing one young fellow hobbling along on crutches, the King inquired the reason, and was informed that he was a student who had a leg broken in a football match between Guys Hospital and St. Thomas's three years ago. "So hospitals have an occasional connection with maiming as well as with mending," smilingly remarked the King, and then he showed his sporting interest by remarking, "Which won the match?"

### AVALANCHE KILLED SEVENTEEN SOLDIERS.

Vienna, March 5.—Seventeen soldiers of the Emperor's Rifle Regiment were overwhelmed and killed to-day by a great avalanche, while they were engaged in manoeuvres on the Ortler Mountains in Tyrol.

Lawrence E. Dozier, forty-three years of age, Mayor of Leesburg, Fla., died at St. Luke's Hospital, Baltimore, Monday, from an attack of hiccoughs. About a week ago he was operated on for kidney trouble and his condition seemed much improved. About three days ago he was attacked by the hiccoughs and all the efforts of the physicians proved futile.

Crown Princess, Cecile, a spirited young woman, will accompany her husband on his journey to Africa. The trip is regarded as a temporary exile in punishment for the Crown Prince's recent transgressions against the iron found etiquette of the Berlin court. The imperial couple will leave on a warship in June or July, probably, and will visit the German African possessions and British territory.

"Major" Drummond said the suffragettes would strike directly at Mr. Hobhouse through the mail boxes and carry this plan to such an extent that the government would be obliged to find another job for him.

### The Skeptical Cop.

Judge (severely): "Didn't I tell you the last time you were here that I never wanted to see you again?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir, and I told the policeman so, but he wouldn't believe me."

—March Lippincott's