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felt keenly the effects of a financial crisis of the time, and was not yet out from under the business cloud.

'Well,' he said, thoughtfully, 'I'll take you into the office for awhile, until you can do better, anyway. We will see how western methods work in the east. If they spruce up the business and set it going at the old pace, or better, we will call it a permanent arrangement if you like.' He laughed as he made the offer. He did not, in one least, need another office assistant; Paul knew that instantly. It was only to keep the young man out of mischief until he could find something real to do; and the young man knew that as well as the older one. He flushed as he thanked his uncle sincerely and accepted his offer.

'If you were a capitalist, now, you would be just the man I need,' said John Randolph suddenly. 'A little capital infused into the business just now would do it a lot of good,' and he laughed again, but with less enjoyment than before.

'I should be very glad indeed to help you out, Uncle John,' answered Paul as heartily, if as laughingly, as the other had spoken. 'But we will have to wait until I have drawn a week's salary, at least.' They went on in more serious vein to talk of the business, and the older man explained the situation to his nephew in detail believing that he would take more interest in what he fully understood.

Those first few weeks of probation turned out very well. Paul took hold of the office work entrusted to him with a vigor that pleased his uncle very much. Once or twice he made suggestions on certain points that proved of real value in the transactions to which they referred. He drew his small salary, paid his mother's board bill and was a model young man in every way.

Robert was delighted with his tales of western life and of the many things he had seen in his absence from the quiet little town. In only one regard was his uncle disappointed in him. He seemed to take it for granted that he could stay in the office as a regular assistant, and seemed to be making no effort to find another position. It bothered John Randolph more than a little, for while he shrank from urging him to find another employer who really needed him and could better afford to employ him, he felt that something should be done soon.

Something was done soon—something so utterly unexpected that it took him some time to realize it. He had been out of the office all the morning on business, and on his return he threw himself into his chair at his desk with something so near a groan that Paul looked up quickly from his own desk in fear that he was ill.

'I'm sick at heart,' said the older man in the nearest approach to despairing tones that Paul had ever heard him use. 'I heard of a chance to make a deal that would set me on my feet—if I could make it. But it is a cash proposition—and I haven't it, and dare not borrow—I've borrowed all I am going to already.'

'Tell me all about it,' said Paul, wheeling about to face him. It was some slight relief to talk, and John Randolph told the story fully. Paul listened, and at its end he looked into the face of the other with a smile so unfathomable that it was irritating under the circumstances.

'Suppose you admit me to partnership on this deal at least, and let me put up the money,' he suggested. To the incredulous, almost reproachful stare of the other he suddenly threw

back his handsome head and laughed aloud.

'Ch, you good Samaritan,' he said at last; 'you thought I was blind, deaf and dumb—and poor. I've seen enough heard enough, understood enough of the charity that has accepted me unquestioningly, sight unseen, as we used to say, and determined to make a man of me if I needed making—and now it is my turn.'

The rest of the story certainly proved that it was his turn. Uncle John Randolph listened to it like one in a pleasant dream, from which he dreaded to awake.

'I told you I was with a real estate firm out there. So I was. I was the head of a bustling young firm that did more business—well, that could take all the business of this little place and hold it in one hand, with all the fingers shut over it.' He laughed aloud again joyously.

'I worked pretty steadily, too, as I said. I gained a lot of experience, and enough money—well, uncle John, I'll have enough left to pay my board until our next big deal, after pulling this one through. Now then,' and he entered into details and plans through which he need not follow him.

Sufficient for us that the senior and junior partners went home that night with smiles and gladness and announced the new partnership and the new infusion of life into the business with as much delight as the rest heard it.

'Yes, I ran away from this place five years ago,' Paul said that night in giving them his confidence, withheld until he had found them worthy of it.

'I had no parents to care for me, or for me to care for. I got in with a lot of fellows who were not the kind to help me up. I knew it—the few kind words you said to me on more than one occasion fell upon good ground, in spite of appearances; and I ran away—from the gang who would not let me alone while I stayed here. I hunted up a different sort where I went—I was bound to make a man of myself and come back and show you what kind of job I had made of it. I have tried hard—and I've been helped by God and His people. I'll let you judge of the results after I've been here awhile. I'll not be a disgrace to the Randolph name, I hope,' and he laughed, even while his eyes were bright with deep feeling.

—The "Wellspring."

## H C of L Embarrasses The King's Equerries

LONDON, April 12.—Now that the army crisis is over, King George has to face another that has been pending for some time and that lately was the subject of a good deal of talk and comment about the court. Several equerries are in financial difficulties and some weeks ago there were rumors in the Royal entourage of several resignations. Then came the army crisis, when the resignation of any equerries would have been specially unpleasant at such a moment to His Majesty. King George prevented this by coming to the financial aid of three equerries who were practically embarrassed, one indeed being in bankruptcy, and advanced them sums that in all did not fall much short of \$100,000, but this was only a temporary expedient for getting over the difficulty that was bound before long to recur. The fact is a number of equerries and Lords-in-waiting are quite unable to bear the expense which their position in the Royal household entails. Their pay ranges from 500 lbs to 800 lbs per annum, but no married member of the household could possibly live on such a salary, and the majority of equerries are married and with few exceptions are comparatively poor men.

This crisis is the direct outcome of reforms introduced by Queen Mary. In King Edward's time members of the Royal household used to add to their incomes by taking commissions from tradespeople and in some other ways which, though never officially recognized, were regarded in the late reign as legitimate perquisites of the poorer members of the household.

King George might have been disposed to allow this sort of thing to continue without asking any questions, but Queen Mary was always determined to put a stop to it. She had some difficulty in doing so, but ultimately succeeded in cutting off every perquisite from members of the household, with the result that equerries and Lords-in-waiting who had not much private means soon began to find themselves in embarrassed circumstances. They might, of course,

have resigned, but it was neither an easy nor pleasant thing for an official to retire from the Royal household, especially if he was married.

## Sir Edward Carson Grows More Bitter.

Londonderry, April 17.—Sir Edward Carson's rally at Limavady was like a huge country fair. A clergyman and his wife sold pamphlets a few yards from a roulette wheel. Many nationalists attended the review, and there was the best of good feeling. While the other reviews were society affairs Limavady's was a popular demonstration, where four thousand spectators watched four thousand volunteers. The great gathering was not nearly so significant politically as the nightly drills which are quietly conducted. Thursday's crowds obviously were out for a good time. The best temper was displayed by both sides, and the effect of discipline was apparent among the volunteers.

Sixteen hundred from Derry marched to 5 o'clock and not one left the ranks to drink. At night as usual there was holiday drunkenness and one man sustained a broken arm, but very few volunteers imbibed. Carson was closely guarded from Garvagh to Limavady by thirty armed despatch riders. His speeches were largely repetition, but grew bitter each time. Thursday's addresses were taken to mean no compromise is in sight. The Union Jacks at Limavady were simply countless, and the decorations included many mottoes, as "we prepare for defence, not defiance," "for alters and hearths," "remember 1688" "death before dishonor." The usual efforts were made to replenish the unionist war chest by penny subscriptions, admission charge to the hall and selling pamphlets.

The campaign undoubtedly is a tremendous drain on the country.

The close alliance between church organizations and volunteers was again apparent. An aged clergyman marched into the grounds beside the troops, another drilled with a pouch added to his ministerial garb. Both in speeches and fact the unionists continue to wave the flag diligently. The latest is in silk jacket handkerchief from which the ladies wave or wear on their hats.

The drill was a repetition of that seen in previous reviews with the usual percentage of boy ineffectives.

Carson described the home rule bill as a betrayal and said scandal, shame to the government which dares this dirty work, you being sacrificed for men who tried to prevent enlistment in the King's army, who cheered His Majesty's enemies, who have been your traditional enemies.' He declared England should not try to satisfy its enemies by sacrificing its friends. 'The empire governed on those lines must become a decadent and failing country.'

Despite Thursday's good feeling, North Ulster is the real powder magazine of the situation, for her division is strictly on religious lines, while in Belfast there are many Protestant nationalists in Londonderry great concern not only closed for the day but encouraged their employes to go to Limavady. The result was indescribable congestion of the tram traffic. Many intending excursions could not get accommodation, and hundreds were unable to get back to Londonderry until late on Friday night.

## Teachers Turn Down Suffrage

London, April 17.—The National Congress of Teachers, which is meeting at Lowestoff today, declined to pass a resolution expressing sympathy with woman suffrage, but adopted an amendment, by a vote of 45, 123 to 28,674, declaring that the suffrage question was outside the scope of the union. This is the third time the teachers have turned down suffragetism.

Discovery of a new \$10 counterfeit national banknote on the Crocker National Bank of San Francisco was announced by the secret service Tuesday. The counterfeit is of the series of 1902-1908 and is printed from photoetched plates and the back of the note is very blotchy.

A severe engagement was recently fought between the Italian forces and 2,000 rebels near Gedebia, Africa. The Italians routed the enemy after hard fighting, killing 154 of them and wounding many. The Italians' loss slight.

The mineral oil supplies discovered in Somaliland are pronounced by a government expert, the Daily Express says, to indicate a sufficient quantity to warrant the expenditure of \$100,000 for experimental borings.

## Bomb Destroys English Theatre.

GREAT YARMOUTH, Eng., April 17.—The theatre on the Great Recreation here was burned to-day, the fire being caused by the explosion of a bomb left under a seat by a militant suffragette. At 4 o'clock a m. a violent explosion woke the inhabitants of Great Yarmouth, and a few moments later the theatre at the end of the pier burst into flames. It was recently rebuilt at a cost of \$160,000. The usual suffrage literature was found strewn along the pier and on the beach.

KEMPTON PARK, Eng., April 17.—A mysterious incendiary fire, attributed to suffragettes, broke out to-day in the big grand stand at Kempton Park race course. Hundreds of volunteers joined the firemen in fighting the flames.

LONDON, April 17.—An unsuccessful attempt was made by the militant arson squad to burn the Empire Theatre at Kingston suburb to-day. The fire was extinguished after \$15,000 damage had been done. All the scenery, stage fixtures and many costumes were destroyed.

## Cost of Shipping Grain Will Not Be Increased.

MONTREAL, April 17.—The cost of shipping grain from Montreal will not be increased by the fact that the steamers Calgarian and Alsatian cannot use Montreal as a port because of the depth of water in the channel. Perishable goods requiring transshipment may cost more to export, however. It is believed that exports will not be affected. Any increased cost will fall on the steamship companies it is said.

## The Little Empty House.

'You needn't wait for Jennie, she won't come today,' Minnie said.

'Why not?' asked the girls.

'I called for her, and they told me her little brother Earl had just died; he's been sick only three days.'

'Oh, it's too bad!'

'I'm so sorry!'

'Poor Jennie—she loved him so!'

'It will almost kill her, I think.'

Then little Rosalie, the youngest of them all—her face white with fear and pain—asked: 'Will little Earl have to be put in a casket and shut up close and covered up in the dark ground?'

'Of course, after the funeral he'll be buried up,' said Minnie.

Rosalie began to cry pitifully. Then Hilda spoke, very gently: 'Rosa, dear, it is not true; you do not understand.'

'Now, Hilda, it is wicked for you to tell Rosalie that; you know it is true,' said Ada.

'I would not tell dear Rosalie anything but the truth,' replied Hilda. 'Little Earl has gone to God; only his body is dead.'

'Hilda Hastings, how do you know that is true?' squeaked Catharine.

'Hush!' said Ada, don't you know she is the minister's daughter, and her father knows more about those things than we do?'

'Listen Rosalie,' Hilda said, and the girls stood quietly as she talked to the weeping child. 'God wanted Baby Earl to go to him. He will not need the little body he has lived in, so he left it when he went away; it is only a little empty house with nothing in it. Do you remember the little blue eggshells we found last spring in the robin's nest? The birds had gone flying away in the sunshine, not caring anything about those broken shells they had left, and just the same, little Earl does not think any more about his empty house that will be put away under the soft grass and flowers.'

'But Jennie's brother has died, hasn't he?' asked Ada.

Hilda answered: 'Papa says that life does not die—it comes from God and goes to God again, and is a part of His life.'

'Then I am not going to be afraid of dying any more,' said Minnie. 'I have lain awake nights in the dark and thought about it and felt awfully.'

'So have I Catharine said. 'I'm glad you told Rosalie about it and I'm glad we heard you.'

Rosalie slipped her small hand into Hilda's, and asked: 'Won't you tell poor, sorry Jenny about it, so she won't be so sad?'—Mary A. Wood, in 'Zion's Herald.'

## THE RIVER OF TIME.

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought into sight than it is swept by and another takes its place and this, too, will be swept away.—Marcus Antoninus.

## The Border Lights.

A little more tired at close of day,  
A little less anxious to have our way,  
A little less ready to scold and blame,  
A little more care for a brother's name,  
And so we are nearing the journey's end,  
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold,  
A little more zest in the days of old,  
A braver view and a saner mind,  
Aed a little more love for all mankind;  
And so we are faring a down the way  
That leads to the gates of a better day

A little more love for the friends of youth,

A little less zeal for established truth,  
A little more charity in our views,  
A little less thirst for the daily news;  
And so we are folding our tents away  
and passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,  
A little more real the things unseen,  
A little nearer to those ahead,  
With visions of those long loved and dead;

And so we are going where all must go  
To the place the living may never know.

## Navigation On The Great Lakes.

Chicago, April 17.—The 1914 navigation season of the Great Lakes was opened officially yesterday, when the Government Weather Bureau stations along the lakes resumed the storm signal service for the benefit of shipping. But few steamers were reported to have taken advantage of the early opening.

The Straits of Mackinac were reported to be still clogged with ice. The ice is said to be soft and it is believed it would be gone within two or three days.

Hard Lines.—Envious Youth.—'You're a richt, Billy, being 'prenticed tae a pastry baker. I suppose ye're eating cakes a' day lang!' Apprentice—'Nae chance o' that. The boss keeps his e'es open an' coonts a' the buns. It's as muckle as I can dae tae lick them.'

Dull times often make sharp appreciations.

A doctor who was spending a rare and somewhat dull night at his own fireside, received the following message from three fellow practitioners: 'Please step over to the club and join us at a rubber of bridge.'

'Jane, dear,' he said to his wife, 'I am called away again. It appears to be a difficult case—there are three other doctors on the spot already.'

The auditors who have been investigating the affairs of the Dale private bank which closed its doors at Madoc, Ont., recently, have discovered a shortage of upwards \$400,000. The books indicate that nearly \$100,000 was invested in western lands.

A medical journal has an article on "How to Lie When Asleep." Of more value would be an article on how to induce people to tell the truth when awake.

Mr. Gray—"What did she say when you told her I first met my husband in a big shop?"

Mrs. White—"She remarked it was wonderful what a lot of cheap articles were to be picked up in some of those places."

## Mi-o-na

### An Excellent Stomach Remedy

Mrs. J. R. Whyte, Killarney, Manitoba, who says: "I have found great comfort and relief from Mi-o-na. I had been greatly troubled for months with heartburn and a heavy burning feeling in my stomach. A fair meal would disturb me so much that I would have to sit up at night—the food would sour in my stomach and form a gas which would cause belching and dizzy spells. These distressing troubles disappeared after using Mi-o-na and I shall always speak highly of this excellent stomach remedy."

Mi-o-na is the best prescription for stomach trouble ever written. It gives quick relief and cures permanently. Mi-o-na is put up in tablet form and is small and easy to swallow. Sold by leading druggists everywhere. 50 cents, with a guarantee to cure or refund your money. Or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. You will search the world over and not find a stomach remedy half so good as Mi-o-na. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.