"JONES OF ASIA."

"Jones of Asia." When he gave out at how the young 'uns must be counting the mess one night that he was about to send days! To be really going home-was it in his papers on the strength of that new | true? To be one's own master, and able bonus just offered by a wily government, to snap one's fingers at General Orders!

To be loved and petted; to have the kids ally tried to laugh at their old C.O.'s jokes. round him, all together (he had never seen Later on, when the news spread through their heads and were sorry, or else they wrote and told him it wouldn't do, and got

sworn at for their pains. When the regiment had grasped the fact, and began to talk it over, they were all of one opinion. It wouldn't do. The dear old chap ought to stay in India, which was practically his home, and go on grumbling at Jack Sepoy, who was nearer him in reality than wife or child, till he came in for his "off-reckonings"-or dropped. Europe and "Europe manners" were not suited to Jones of Asia. But when one said anything, the old chap shut them up promptly by reminding them with a happy thrill in his voice that "the missus and kids" were in Europe waiting for him, and vaguely pathetic and embarrassing.

There was one man, however-a civilian -who was made of sterner stuff than to be balked of his duty where plain speaking was wanted; and this one bustled over to news. He never heard anything so mad in all his life; he was genuinely concerned.

whiskey-and-soda on the floor by his side, drawing-room tricks, I'm afraid to think." a broad, happy grin on his face.

"Don't do it, Jones. Be guided by me. I know what living is at home. The bonus isn't good enough. Education rising, and the rupee falling, and an expensive familyit's simply suicidal. You don't even know

out that he himself knew everything. Hadn't he spoilt many a little triumph, social and and retire tomorrow, if it was only to spite | smile that was so like a child's. this meddlesome ass. It was a second or two before Jones could trust himself to awhile, "I don't know, I'm sure. I sup-

"It's true, I don't know my own family.

by-and-bye for the boys?"

"Hang it, man! I haven't been home tation, isn't it?" for over thirty years, and it's ten since the missus took the last of them away!" he moustache and beard, and passed the ly, mopping his brow. coarse cotton handkerchief over his heated face. "Do you think they won't be glad hand over them just now, and—why—I shouldn't know my little maids it I met 'em in the street! They'll be pleased to have these matters. their old dad to go about with; and the missus won't mind, I'll be bound.

He sank back with a happy, noisy sigh and a smile in his eyes—an absurdly young and trustful smile

attempted the jovial-

"I don't care," replied Jones of Asia, with an air of defiance. "I tell you I'm dying to get home and see them all. I've sweated out here long enough. Let me go while there's some life in me, and, by made by the vessel itselt, as it glided be-Jove! the old horse has got a kick in him | tween the wide stretches of sand, was

It was useless. Bildad the Shuhite took up the parable again and again, but what were mere words to a man gripped by a mortal attack of home-sickness?

"How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words? And be it, indeed, that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myself," cried Jones, howbeit in homelier and more forcible lan-

He had been patient and uncomplaining through five and thirty years of exile and perpetual grind, till now that a door of escape was unexpectedly opened to him only a little—a very little—nearer than the main exit, and he was seized with a frenzied desire to get out and away.

But Bildad the Shuhite sat there and urged his taking a year's leave first. Maybe the bonus would not make the smaller pension sufficient for the needs of the family? It was just like Bildad, miserable in any public function, or excitement of did not shout aloud in his triumph, nor yet comforter that he had always been, to sug- any kind, led a cheer for the poor things

gest such a thing! When he had gone, Jones sat for awhile in thought. Was there some wisdom in his friend's words? Might it be betterthen he got up and shook himself, and ing up him to see the ships go by. shouted for his bath, and sang aloud in it, "Do they miss me at home; do they mis for the thing was decided.

that bonus whereby it should yield a golden tear in his eye while he put the children some later ones of little smug, yellow-faced loss of flesh, good appetite but unable to profit? He would not tell Bildad of his tenderly down, and gazed after the departplan nor any one. It should be a surprise for them all at home. He would see-he

would see! street. Kindly ones allowed themselves to be button holed, and permitted him to and promised a breathless night.

while the moon, like a great golden shield, seen, I hope that I had not intended to act altogether so selfishly as you imagined.

Yours sincerely, A. Routley, Tobacconal street, and promised a breathless night. be button holed, and permitted him to and promised a breathless night.

He was well known on the Madras side, "chortle" in his joy by the hour. Surely was old Colonel Jones, commonly called the voyage would never come to an end; them all together-they had been shipped off eyes when his service in this world was done-ah! God grant him some years yet

—so few English years go to a life . . . !

He was irrationally, pathetically happy.

Should he wire from Port-Said to tell them to have lamb and green peas, and goose-berry tart with cream? Fresh peas, mind you—not tinned. No? Well perhaps not. But it you only knew how often he had dreamt of the time when he should eat his first English dinner with all of them

Now there was one person on board who was not only a personal friend of Jones, but was well acquainted also with those whom the old man was pleased to call, in they had waited long enough. Doubtless singularly inappropriate language, "the they had; yet the remark was telt to be missus and kids." This one listened and looked on with grave misgivings.

"If only you could see the family into whose esthetic midst that dear old chap is going to bounce so gaily, you would pity him," he remarked one day as he and two Jones's bungalow as soon as he heard the or three others sat idly watching the ungainly form of Jones of Asia rolling up all his life; he was genuinely concerned. and down. "What they'll say when they The old Colonel was in his pyjamas, a see him, and he shows them some of his

"What are they like? I do hope they'll be good to him," remarked a kindly matron coming up at that moment, to whom the colonel had just been pouring out his

happy heart. The friend who knew the Jones family your own family, you don't know anything remained silent awhile, gazing sadly at the curious antics of the elephantine figure that a troop of children were at that mo-This was all strictly true; yet Jones that a troop of children were at that mo-hated to be told he didn't know anything ment pursuing. Its alpaca coat was withabout anything. This fool of a fellow out shape, and had evidently been submitwas always telling him that, and making ted to the "dhobee's" tender mercies many times. The pantaloons, whose material lacked substance, bagged and flapped in professional, by putting in his oar when it wasn't wanted? The old man owed him more than one grudge, and hated him with a very old and stained Terai hat, completthe concentrated intensity of a lazy nature ed the costume. A straggly growth of rarely roused. He was always so blessed coarse hair covered nearly all the broad superior, and so tond of coming the wet blanket over you. He'd take the bonus small blue eyes there lingered always the

pose the woman has got a heart somewh though I've never seen a sign of it. I hope Ten years is a long time, but I suppose | so. As for the girls, they are wrapped up they're my kids still, though they are get- metaphorically and literally in themselves ting on. The two eldest girls are nearly and their frocks. The boys are idle young out; only want masters now to finish 'em scamps. Poor old chap! I don't envy him that first dinner. I wouldn't be there for "My experience is," continued Job's anything-yet I should just like to see their comforter calmly, "that masters are simply faces. But not his, poor old chap! not ruination. And as for trocks, and things his. They'll let him know pretty soon how that come under the head of sundries- little he's wanted. Better if he'd stuck to whatever they are-they cost a mint of the life out there, and never come nome to money. Then what about 'crammers,' be disillusioned. A sad ending to five-and-by-and-bye for the boys?" thirty years of the treadmill and transpor-

It was June, and the ship was slipping smoothly through the Suez canal. Jones putting down the empty glass on the table his friend. "No more of this infernal clinear, while he wiped the moisture from mate for me, I hope," he chuckled, gleeful-

to have me with them at any price, even if it is rather a squeeze to make both ends meet at first. The lads wants a father's you, last time I saw her, she was dead on young faces, and a something akin to a your hanging on for your off-reckonings. Wives have a fancy for being consulted in

His big, red face clouded first, and then beamed all over.

"Don't come Bildad over me, old man. You know Bildad? All Madras knows him. The friend cast his eye round. He still whatever of military matters. Lord! how of loose rupees to start with, he had spent conceived it to be his cuty to protest. He | thankful I am to be out of reach of his | lavishly at the first. The girls were given "No more iced pegs and festive pipes of he means well, but he's managed to take be a drag upon them?—and he had kept a morning, old man," said he. "And the edge off every bit o' luck I've ever had. himself well in the background too, because good-bye to this attractive 'dizabill.' I hate the fellow. Well, I was going to he knew that they were not very proud of Where will you be without the faithful say, I have a plan. My wife doesn't know him, and there were other men to the fore. Abdool, and how on earth will you man- it; I wouldn't write. It's surprise I'm After all, he was well aware that he was a age to breathe in perpetual collars and keeping for 'em. We've got to see how it'll work; but bless you, it will be all right."

> How hot it was! The small breeze scorching. A stoker had died in the night of heat apoplexy. Wistful eyes searched the boundless desert on either side for a glimpse of the cool blue waters of the Mediterranean, and were met only by the eternal mirage-by those phantom ships make one's brain reel sickeningly, as they dance in the quivering haze. We shut our eyes and gasp, and wish the children were not quite so cheerful, nor old gentlemen so good-natured, while the thermometer

stands at 100 deg. in the shade. Will the long, long afternoon never pass? We ought to reach Port-Said at night-fall, and then-then shall we meet the cool breath from the west, or must we wait till

A little later on the ship pulled up at a station to let another pass, outward bound. Jones of Asia, who was always to the fore as they passed, going eastwards. He cheered and shouted louder than any one, though he couldn't wave his old hat because his hands were full of children climb-

"Do they miss me at home; do they miss me? It is an assurance most dear,"

ing exiles. As they neared Port Said, the heat seemed to grow, if anything, more terrific. So old Jones of Asia was soon in orders A gritty, moist closeness, apart from the for Europe, and went on his way rejoicing. sun heat, settled down round the ship. On board ship people laughed good-naturedly at the simple-hearted old chap. The dry, sandy plains stretched behind, and approaching them the low, wicked-lookand were very ready to drink his pegs, ing town of Port Said hove in sight. A wondering the while how the queer figure vague restlessness possessed everybody, and the whole get-up would look in Bond- while the moon, like a great golden shield,

Old Jones of Asia seemed as if he never would stop walking up and down and talk-better. Say good-bye to all for me." ing in aggressively strident, cheerful tones.

"Did anybody think there'd be any letters for anybody at Port Said?"

Ot course there would. The captain happened to pass, evidently in a great

"Oh, would the captain tell him when be aboard with the mails," shouted the captain impatiently, over his shoulder.

A man, who had been sleeping heavily

in the heat, started up. "Eb—what? What the deuce is all the row about? Oh, d—n Jones of Asia! Why can't he sit down a bit and hold his tongue?"

Half-an-hour or so later the friend took Jones down to the saloon to have an iced peg, while they read their letters. Jones had already opened his, and was looking a little dazed. There was something in the expression of his face that the friend didn't much like.

"No bad news, I hope!" said he, glan-

cing at the letter. "No," answered the old Colonel, vague-"No. It'll be all right, bless you! If it isn't—why—there's always a way out. You see," he went on with more spirit, "there's a little mistake. I ought to have got this letter before leaving Bombay, but it missed me, and came on with the mail that overtook and passed us in the Red Sea. She didn't know I was coming home for certain, you see; she can't help being glad, hang it! after ten years. Let me see." He fumbled at the sheets with shaking hands, and began to read with lips that trembled. . . "Tom and Dick must go to a 'crammer's' this next term. . .

Girls want a bit of the season in town Better, therefore, wait till next year, anyhow. Too many expenses just at present." He lifted appealing eyes to his

"It's too late to go back now, isn't it? Do you think they'll mind 9-the girls I mean; the little kids I love so. If I

thought-Then he rose, for his voice was husky, and pulled himself together, and with something between a grunt and a groan and a muttered remark that after all there was always a way out of it. and that perhaps old Bildad wasn't so far wrong, he disap-

peared into his cabin. He had a desperate tussle with the powers of darkness that time, poor old chap but he was a plucky old soldier, and, despite some lack of outward graces, was a gallant gentleman. Wherefore though this little shock almost cost him a fit of apoplexy, he pulled through, and came up smiling, with visibly renewed hope and the old courageous faith. So he hurried on from Brindisi to make acquaintance with his "kids," and unfold his cherished "plan"

And many wondered whether the "plan" would work, and what he meant by "the way out of it," in the event of its proving

So Jones of Asia got home, but he never told anyone of the meeting which was to wrote out to one or two friends that is was as well as in name. jolly to be in the old country once more. but that somehow he couldn't get the d--n heat or whatever it was out of his

He wandered up and down the streets of the seaside garrison town where his family had settled themselves almost always alone, roared, raising himself in his chair, and seated himself for a moment by the side of and people who had known him before missed something of the child-light from his eyes. Occasionally the girls were seen with him, but then he would be brushed up, "How did Mrs. Jones take the idea of and his tie would be tied, and his hat set your cutting the service, as they say you've straight. Only upon his simple countesorrowful contempt as he listened to their demands for money, and always money. Then when they left him, with purses filled, on some shopping expedition bound, the old man would sigh for a life and love laid by, and a hope fallen dead.

As men are apt to do on arriving from A fool of a civilian who knows nothing India, who generally have a few hundreds eternal whine and meddling tongue. Yes, their frisk in town-how could he bear to 'jungle-looking old cuss," and he couldn't afford to spend much money at his tailor's He got up and began to walk about again, with big dressmaker's bills coming. So he humming a gay little tune. He was too waited, and he spent his money on them, and he said to himself that after a little, when they had got accustomed to him, they would come to love him.

The months had passed, and still the old father waited and hungered for the hugs and kisses from young arms and lips that never came. The boys went to the "crammer's," and the family returned to the house at the seaside garrison town. Some dances were planned to come off in the and trees and lakes we know so well, that | winter, and Jones of Asia began to look somewhat anxiously at his bank-book. At last matters came to a crisis, and Jones girded his loins for the battle that he had

learnt by now was inevitable What happened is not precisely known, but to judge by after events, Mrs. Jones must have spoken with a trenchant sincerity untempered by any amiable weakness. She made the matter plain to her husband, at any rate. What on earth was we ride out at dawn upon European waters he good for but to grind out rupees, and keep his family in comfort and in the style to which his rank entitled him.

As once before, Jones of Asia now sat himself down to think. But this time he. curse Bildad the Shuhite for a fool and a

His tace worked while he turned over a few things in his despatch-box-his cheque book, a copy of his will, and the military fund regulations. Then he took out two or three old photographs. There was one of his wife in a crinoline and chignon, as Were there not good investments for he hummed, cheerfully; but there was a she had been years and years ago, and aversion for exertion of any kind, gradual children. These were his, his own, the satisfy it owing to the pain caused by so eyes grew soft, and he put them in his About two months ago I was induced to breast-pocket. He took up a pen and de- try your remedy K. D. C. and was sur-

liberately spread a sheet of paper-"You will not see me again," he wrote, want. If you would have let me speak, I ment and would prove useless like the rest, could have explained, and you would have but am more than pleased with the results.

Outside the girls were wrangling on the stairs over some ball gloves that one sister had stolen from the other. They were just off to a dance. They had not even thought to bid him "Good-night." The old man bent his head upon the table and upon the open letter, and dry sobs burst from his stricken heart. What was the use of livthe letters were likely to come on board?" stricken heart. What was the use of liv"As soon as the ship anchors the agents'll ing? Perhaps when he had gone, they would care a little.

> For some days the family, who them-selves hardly realised what had happened, kept the affair as dark as possible. The husband and father had gone, and it was clear he had made away with himself-but how? It was only when a body was found floating near the pier, and Mrs. Jones, who was as one demented, clamoured for a view of it, that the truth partly came out.
>
> But the poor swollen body was not that

> of Colonel Jones; and for some time longer the family, together with a large circle of pitying triends and a couple of local newspapers, were kept in suspense. It was a very sad and mysterious occurrence, people said, and the police ought to be informed of it. Several had felt sure that poor old Jones had been decidedly queer for some time past. It was too much India, and the sudden change and the happiness, said some who knew him and had heard.

> Meanwhile, the hot weather in Madras had set in, and the man surnamed Bildad the Shuhite sat sweltering over the threedays-stale daily paper with what interest he could, when suddenly he nearly jumped out of his skin.

> "Bildad, old fellow," said a voice he seemed to recognize, "how are you? You were right, you see! You were right, you see! I knew nothing about it. It wouldn't work, and I've come back."

> "God God, Jones! I thought you'd retired. What the devil—" Then, for he had looked into his friend's eyes, he paus-

Jones of Asia grasped his hand. "I took your advice, old chap, and only went in for a year's leave," he answered, quietly, and the voice was not as the voice of the old C. O. "I had a plan-for investing the bonus, and tarming, you know —but it fell through. Then I thought of -of-two or three ways out of it, but there was duty, don't you see, and all of them to think of; so I turned tail and came back. You were right, Bildad, my friend! On with the harness again, and fat remittances to Mrs. Jones and the family till the old beast drops !"-From Truth.

THINGS OF VALUE.

You can tell what kind of spirit there is n a man by the way he treats women.

Fellows Dyspepsia Bitters is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headache, Bili-The "praying wife" whose husband is

"not religious" is the hardest worked saint in the calendar.

The best remedy for Summer Complaints have been the crowning joy of his life. He | is Fellows Speedy Relief. Speedy in results

The girl who likes to be thought a "little fast" ought to know how dangerous that is on a down grade

It is at sea and at the mines that the full value of Kerr Evaporated Vegetables is shown. Delicious soup all seasons, 10

The girl who wishes she had been born a man is usually satisfied to be the half of a man-the better half. To overcome the marks of age, all who have gray beards should use Buckingham's

Dye for the Whiskers and test the cleanest dye made for coloring brown or black. The woman who can "twist her husband around her little finger," sometimes find

there are a good many "kinks" in him. You can get the Wilmot Belfast Ginger Ale, Spa Water and Lemonade at your grocers, Druggist's or Wine merchant and derive the same benefit as from its use at

the Springs. It is the characteristic of pleasure that we can never recognize it to be pleasure till after it is gone.—Alexander Smith.

Puttner's Emulsion contains neither Quinine, Strychnine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substances, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results.

You will usually find it the case that the man who has the most irons in the fire has a wife who has to furnish the kindling.

Extracts from letter from Hon. Atty. General Longley. have derived great satisfaction and benefit from the barrel of Wilmot Spa Water I now drink it every day of my life, and am only troubled to know how I am to get

The thing that is troubling the servant girl is, what is to become of private housekeeping if the supply of good mistresses continues to grow scarce?

You don't want soap or soda, or the common washing powder any more, when you use the "Lessive Phenix." Every woman who has used it-and their name is legion in France, England, and Canada -say it is the greatest household blessing. For it washes and cleans everything, from the costly dress goods to the common tinware dish. The misery of the wash is gone. No more chapped hands. Hard water becomes soft. Just think-Lessive Phenix is so comprehensive in its work that it not only makes all kinds of white clothing like snow, but it will make dirty zinc to shine again. Ask your grocer.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgetting it.

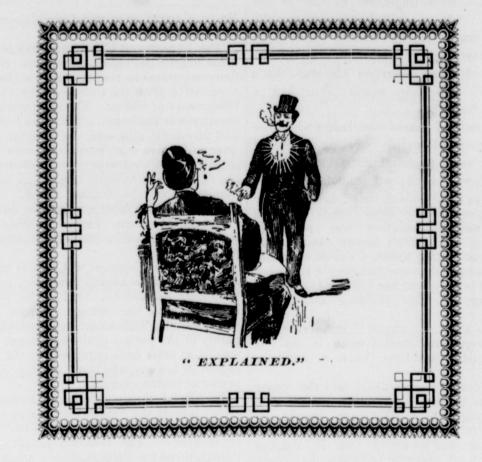
K.D.C.Co.—Dear Sir,—I suffered from dyspepsia for five years and during that time was hardly ever free from pain, depression of spirits, despondency, frettulness, 'missus and kids" that he knew. His doing, these were some of the symptoms. prised at the results. After the second dose I felt greatly relieved and am now 'and you will be happier without me. You | cured. I had tried several remedies preshall be well provided for, and so I shall do vious to this without effect and felt when my duty, and you will get all that you taking K. D. C. that it was only an experi-

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Cleans Everything. Your Grocer Sells It.



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Why, my dear boy, these are not diamonds you see; it's simply a well done up shirt front. Nothing the matter with it. is there! Ungar does them up for me and that's the way they

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Well, my wife lets him do it, and has for some time. You'd better try it-it's so simple, and the charge is very

BE SURE and send your laundry to Ungar's Steam Laundry, St. John (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, if done at

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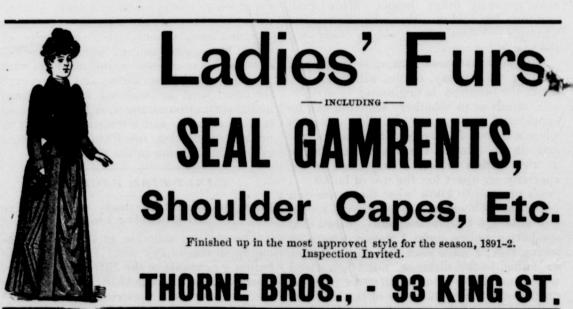
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