

THAT HATBOX.

Very nearly a quarter of a century ago I was on terms of considerable intimacy with an officer of the English police, who at this hour fills a position of high trust at Scotland Yard.

In the year 1871, and long before and after, a manufacturing jeweler, in a large way of business, kept shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the right hand side as you go westward.

In the year 1870, while the sergeant and I, unwittingly of this gentleman's existence, were hanging on the skirts of Russian forgers, the commercial traveller had submitted a scheme to his employer.

Both trays were made. The real thing went into the show case, and the bogus article went on tour. The new designs became a fashion, and the clever little Hebrew gentleman made so good a thing of his liberal commission that he was more than paid for all his trouble.

The traveller made four journeys a year, covering the three kingdoms on each expedition. He had started on the third round since the completion of the two trays, when the jeweler by a chance examination of his treasure discovered that he was in possession of the imitations, and that his servant had, by some queer blunder, walked off with the real thing.

The police accepted this view of the case with courteous incredulity, and planned and labored on their own lines. They net-worked the country through the telegraph; they woke up every port in Great Britain, and had every passenger list examined; they haunted wayside stations and shadowed the great termini; they sent the news tinging to every country in Europe and the United States.

Then, as his own lucky star ordained, the sergeant was sent to London on professional affairs. He called at Scotland Yard to pay a visit of respect to an old provincial superior of his own. The late provincial superior was affable, to the extent of a glass of whisky and a cigar; and at their parting, he confided to the sergeant's charge a packet of handbills, which set forth a portrait of the missing gentleman, a full description of his person and an inventory of the lost jewels.

The day was warm and heavy, the sergeant had been seeing "life" in the capital at the expense of his nightly rest, and ensconcing himself at one corner of a second class smoking compartment, five minutes before the train's departure he fell asleep. At Chalk Farm he was dimly aware that somebody got into the carriage, and then he slept again.

seemed to awake to a sudden interest in a hat box which was bestowed in the light luggage netting overhead, and at such moments he would screw himself round and look upward, as if he had half feared to find it spirited away.

"Now," said the sergeant in telling me the story, "it's a curious thing, but this is what set me thinking. When I was a kid, and right on to when I left home, my old mother never let me go to bed without reading a chapter out of the Bible at me. I hadn't thought of the words for the best part of fifteen years, but when that chap had looked at that hat box maybe a dozen times they came into my head as plain as if a person had spoke 'em in my ear.

It occurred to the sergeant to cross to the other end of the compartment for a better view of the landscape on that side. He ventured to remark that it was a pretty country and that the young wheat was looking well. Then he sauntered back to his own corner and made believe to doze again.

The sergeant went to the manager. A Jewish gentleman with a black mustache had taken such and such a number? Yes. "That," said the sergeant, producing his hand bill, is the man."

"It was a common lock to the hat box," said the sergeant concluding his story in great excitement. "I begged a hairpin from a chambermaid—one of them thick, strong hair pins, and the trick was done in a minute.

"That's his nibs' portrait; that there big colored photograph over the mantle shelf. His nibs sold up the little house at Brixton and I bought that at the sale for a reminder of him.—David Christie Murray.

What the Doctor Did.

"You'd better ask the doctor for his bill next time he comes," said a poor, sick minister to his wife. "I don't know when we can pay it, I'm sure. He's made a good many visits, but I hope he won't have to come many times more."

The old doctor was a grim looking person, who said as little as possible, and spoke in the style of tones; but he had kept his eyes, and was not half as unfeeling as he appeared.

At this next visit the minister's wife followed him out of the sick room and timidly preferred her request.

"Your bill?" said the doctor, glancing round the kitchen, then down at his boots. "Yes, sir," said the woman. "Mr. Ames wanted me to ask you for it, though we can't pay it just now. We'll pay it as soon as—"

"Well, here it is," said the doctor. And he took out his pocket-book and handed the astonished woman a ten-dollar green-back, and was out-of-doors before she could say thank you.

Rules for Sunshiny Girls.

When she was quite a little girl she wrote them out one New Year's day on a clear white slate and hung it on her dressing-case where it could always be seen, writes Ruth Ashmore in a very delightful description of "A Sunshiny Girl," in the Ladies' Home Journal. She had found them in an old book. John Wesley had laid these rules out for his life, and though she felt she might never keep them all, she

tried to live up to them as far as possible. And when she made that resolve half the battle was fought. Written out in rather a shaky hand were these rules: "Do all the good you can; by all the means you can; in all the ways you can; in all the places you can; at all the times you can, to all the people you can; as long as ever you can."

READY-MADE SHOES.

Many Sizes Nowadays but Poor Shapes and Heels for Women and Children.

Sliding ready-made shoes is a very different thing now from what it used to be, when many thousands who now buy them had their foot wear made to order. Sizes in ready-made shoes have been greatly multiplied. Not only do men's shoes run up to No. 13 in length, but they vary in width from AA, the narrowest, to EE, the widest.

Before all these varieties of shading were invented, the matter of fitting ready-made shoes to a customer's feet was a very simple one. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there was no such thing as a fit in ready-made shoes save for persons of normal and average feet.

Women have from time immemorial been abominably ill shod, and most of them are so still. The makers of ready-made shoes unhesitatingly cater to fashion, and it is difficult for us men to find a ready-made shoe with a low heel and a roomy toe.

The man that wears any 11½ AA is a most unwelcome visitor at any shoe shop, though in all the large concerns salesmen manfully struggle to fit such customers. On very busy days the man or woman of abnormal feet meets with an early intimation that there is no fit to be had.

The man or woman of normal and average feet is always welcome in the ready-made shoe shops, because such persons can usually be fitted in less than ten minutes. It would hardly be possible to carry on business were there not comparatively few feet of abnormal size or shape, for a man or woman with such feet consumes from half an hour to an hour of a salesman's time, and often goes away without buying.

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FOX RAISING IN ALASKA.

Hopeful of Realizing Large Profits From the Sale of Many Pelts.

Fox farming in Alaska, which has assumed immense proportions, was originated by a Pittsburger. In 1879 George Wardman was travelling about the coast in the steamer Rash. He saw a valuable black fox skin sold for \$200, and conceived the notion that farming the fox would be profitable.

Morgan suggested as a place for the experiment the Semedies group of seventy rocky islets, sixty miles west of Kodiak, which produce nothing but sea birds and sea lions and are uninhabited. At the seal islands of the Pribyloff group the Alaska Commercial Company catch from 1,000 to 1,600 blue foxes every winter.

During the winter of 1880 arrangements were made with an agent at Kodiak to get some black fox cubs. He secured half a dozen, and while he was away on business the natives killed the cubs by kindness and by overfeeding them. No more of the cubs could be found, and no further effort to carry out the scheme was made until the summer of 1884, when about twenty blue fox cubs were caught. They were taken in a steamer to Unalaska and thence in a

chartered schooner, with a quantity of seal meat, to the Semedies Islands, where they were released.

The foxes eat eggs and catch birds in the summer. They are also adepts at killing sea lions, which serve them for food. They are very intelligent. They take the eggs in summer and hide them in the thick moss, which is like mattresses, and leave them until they get hungry in winter and can find nothing else to eat.

The blue fox pelt is valued at \$15 and as seals become scarcer it becomes more valuable. All attempts to catch black foxes have proved failures, as they are so scarce. Natives are hired to live on the island and watch the foxes. The latter are trapped in certain seasons, killed, and skinned. The carcasses are valued, and the Indians, who will eat almost anything, will not touch the fox meat.

When the captain of a ship orders so he hands aloft to furl the main royal the men jump to obey, as a matter of course. A sailor can climb up on a yard without having a shilling ashore or a penny in his pocket. In fact, Jack seldom signs articles until he has used up both cash and credit.

But when a doctor—who is a sort of captain when one is laid up in the dry-dock of illness—orders a patient to go abroad for the benefit of his health it is quite another thing. A trip and sojourn away from home is an expensive prescription, and most of us can't afford it.

Here is a case that is pat to the purpose. It concerns Mr. Arthur Whiddon Melhuish of 3 Regent's Terrace, Palace Road, Exeter, and for the details we are indebted to a letter written by him dated March 7th, 1895. He mentions that, in obedience to the orders of his doctors, he went to Cannes, in the South of France, in November, 1890, and spent the winter there.

It appears that this gentleman had been weak and ailing nearly all his life; not exactly ill, not wholly well—a condition that calls for constant caution. In March, 1890, he had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Now I want the reader to honour me with his best attention, as I must say in a few words what ought properly to be said. Shoot an arrow into the air—take straight up as you can. You can't tell where it will fall. It may fall on a neighbour's head, on your own, or on a child's, or on the pavement.

Now, wait a bit: It follows that all the various so-called diseases above named are not diseases at all in and of themselves, but merely symptoms of one only disease—namely, that disease which produces the poison! Good. We will get on to the end of the story.

After the attack of lung inflammation Mr. Melhuish suffered from loss of appetite, pain in the chest, sides, and stomach, and dangerous constipation. He could eat only liquid food and had to take to his bed. For weeks he was so feeble that he could not rise in bed. He consulted one physician after another, obtaining no more than temporary relief from medicine. Then he was ordered abroad as we have related.

His letter concludes in these words: "Whilst at Cannes I consulted a doctor, who said my ailment was weak digestion, and that I need not trouble about my lungs. But I never gained any real ground until November, 1891 when I began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. They helped me in one week, and by continuing with it I got stronger and stronger, and am now in fair good health. This, after my relatives thought I never should recover." (Signed) Arthur Whiddon Melhuish.

To sum up: This gentleman's real ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia, from which the blood poison comes that causes nearly all disorders and pains. The air of Southern France helped him temporarily, because it is milder than ours; it did not remove the poison. By care and the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup he would have done better at home, as the result shows.

So we see that it isn't the climate that kills or saves; it is the condition of the digestion. If therefore your doctor orders you abroad for your health, tell him you will first try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP

and use it, or have it used on

wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes

them. How little hard work there

is about the wash. How white

and smooth it

leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE

The Shoes that Slaters' Build.



These are the shoes with the price on the sole, put there to protect the purchaser so that no dealer can sell them for more than the makers intend. The shoes won't wear any better for having the price stamped on them, but the value won't be any the less for it—you can rely upon that. It's a proof that the manufacturers of

The Slater Shoes

have confidence in the wearing quality, workmanship and value of them, when they brand each pair with their name. Made of best imported calfskin, Goodyear Welt system. Six shapes—all sizes—many widths.

Three Grades—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

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ALWAYS ASK FOR 'D.C.L.' SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

For Sale by Street & Co.

Illustration of a man and woman at a table with various bottles. Text includes 'Give me Progress please' and 'Progress Her Health'.