

[CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.]  
Rex and Gertrude had just entered, the girl radiantly lovely in soft silk and a picture hat.

'By Jove!' he muttered again, and watched her as if fascinated.

'He's a fit mate as far as looks go,' he growled; then: 'I'll go over and look at some of those pictures in the next room. While they're all flocking round the beauty!'

And as he strolled away to the inner room, which was empty, and though the portiere of which he could still see the groups in the studio.

The fair face of Gertrude seemed to have a kind of fascination for him, for he watched her unceasingly—watched her as she received the congratulations of her friends on her portrait, as she spoke with this one and that, as she glanced at her handsome betrothed, and was evidently well pleased at all the notice and the admiration she excited.

And Mr. Hargrave Tyrell stroked his chin, meditatively.

Then he seated himself on a lounge, and leaned back.

'Some of them will filter in here presently,' he said to himself, 'and others will go down to tea. Now, I wonder if the beauty will come in here?'

The 'beauty' was at that moment saying laughingly, to Sydney—

'Rex didn't give me anything, after all. Don't you think he was horrid?'

'But I suppose it was all made up?'

Sydney returned, not directly answering the question put to her.

'Oh, yes!' said Gertrude, laughing, 'he can't be angry with me for long. But come and show me what's in that other room—no one's there.'

She took the artist's arm as she spoke, and marched off to the inner room, where sat Tyrell on the lounge.

Coming into the apartment she had thought empty, Gertrude was startled out of measure by the appearance of someone unexpectedly rising as they entered.

She turned so pale and looked so frightened that Sydney's laughter at the little incident, died away in real concern.

But Gertrude rallied almost directly.

'How silly of me to be so nervous,' she said, with a half-hysterical little laugh. 'Really—how foolish! It was the unexpected, you see. I thought no one was here. I beg your pardon—as Mr. Tyrell began apologizing—it is my own fault for being so ridiculously nervous.'

'Come and sit down, Gertrude,' Sydney said. 'Let me introduce Mr. Tyrell. This Mr. Tyrell, is the original of the portrait.'

'So speaking a likeness it is impossible not to recognise,' said Tyrell, smiling, as Gertrude sank down upon the lounge, still looking rather shaken and Sydney said she would go and get some tea for her.

'Oh, no—no! don't trouble—don't go!' Gertrude exclaimed, starting up, and Sydney felt a little surprised at the earnestness of her appeal; but she had already moved some steps away, and naturally thought it best to get something to restore the girl's nerve.

'I will take care of Miss Brereton I assure you,' said Tyrell, and Sydney nodded and went swiftly away.

'I'm sorry I startled you so,' said Tyrell bending down to the girl when they were alone; there was a half-smile, which was not a pleasant one, on his lips.

'Why did you come?' was Gertrude's answer through her teeth.

'I assure you I didn't come with the least idea of seeing you; didn't even know you would be here. Of course, I recognised the portrait. What are you up to? I hear you are engaged.'

'You'd best not interfere with me!' said Gertrude, fiercely.

She spoke under her breath, but the tone was unmistakable.

'Oh, I mustn't, mustn't I? That's rather a large order, you know! Of course, I shall want to know why and what—a—well, you understand me!'

'I can't do anything till I'm married!' returned Gertrude.

'You had better come and tell me all about it,' said Tyrell, cheerfully. 'I passed you one day in the street with your fiancé—quite a well! I'm told he is extremely well off.'

'Don't worry me now,' returned Gertrude, sharply, 'and, for Heaven's sake, guard every look. He is sharp as a needle—so is Sydney. There she comes. Talk about something—anything!'

Tyrell took the tea from Sydney's hand when she came up, and then asked her if she expected to have anything exhibited at the Royal Academy this year.

'That exquisite portrait,' for instance, he said, giving the tea to Gertrude, who sipped it in silence.

'Oh, no; that is going to a Bond Street gallery—she named a small one—but I am sending a picture to the Academy also. Gertrude, when you are rested, won't you go down to the tea-room? Rex is asking for you. I must go and look after my guests.'

'Oh, I'll come with you,' said Gertrude, hastily; and Tyrell, bowing in answer to Sydney's invitation, declared he would accompany them.

But he allowed several people to drift between him and the girls when they got down to the tea-room; nor did he seek to be made known to Rex, contriving always to be in another part of the room when Rex was one of a group.

He managed to slip into Gertrude's hand a small piece of paper when he was leaving, which the girl thrust, without reading, into her pocket.

Only when she got home did she read on it: '34 Malpas Street, Bloomsbury.'

She drew in her breath, and tore the paper in half throwing the pieces on the fire.

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CHAPTER IV.  
'I'm not going to his house,' said Gertrude Brereton to herself, as she brushed out her golden hair that night. 'I shall not compromise myself for any consideration. I suppose he thinks there's no chance of Rex ever coming across such a treat as—what is it?—Malpas Street; but one never where these people who have artist friends drop down on one.'

Mr. Tyrell, therefore, wasted several days, expecting her to call.

But she did not come nor write, and he grew angry.

'Restive, eh!' he muttered; but she'll have to dance to my tune. I'll go and call on that painter girl. Perhaps I shall meet Gertrude there.'

He dropped in, one Sunday afternoon, accordingly, surprising Sydney not a little and not pleasing her very specially by his attention, for she did not feel drawn towards the gentleman, and did not much care about improving the acquaintance.

However, as he was a friend—or, at any rate, an acquaintance—of a man she liked and greatly esteemed, she received him with sufficient cordiality.

Two or three other callers come, and as luck would have it—from Tyrell's point of view—presently Gertrude appeared, and with her was Rex Dare.

Certainly, Gertrude was not best pleased to see this visitor and, for a moment, her face showed her feelings.

But she was too astute to make her displeasure apparent for long, and glanced quickly at Rex to see if he had observed her change of countenance.

He had, and her glance at gave him an odd feeling—he could not have told why.

It was not difficult for Tyrell to talk to Gertrude.

Rex was the least exacting of lovers, in public and where he loved he trusted and, therefore, did not look black if his fiancée talked to another man.

Under cover of looking at a book of photographs at a distant table, Tyrell said to Gertrude—

'You have not found your way yet.'

'Where?' she said, nonchalantly.

'You know. You haven't lost the address?'

'No. But I've nothing to say, and don't feel like compromising myself.'

'I have a good deal to say to you, however, and don't believe in appointments here, there, and everywhere. Do you suppose he is ever about that neighborhood?'

'You never know where people are whom you don't want to see you. If you didn't care, they would never be within miles,' said Gertrude.

'Don't be obstinate. You know I can put a spoke in your wheel,' Tyrell said, quietly, but there was a note of menace in his tone.

She answered, bending over a picture, with flushed face—

'You would kill your own chances then. Besides, I'm not sure that you could enforce your claims.'

'Not at all necessary,' returned the man, coolly. 'I have only to state circumstances and—'

'For pity's sake, hush!' the girl said, under her breath. 'Don't speak like that. Sydney is as sharp as a needle, as I've told you before.'

'All right; don't give me occasion. We can speak as we like elsewhere.'

'Oh, well—I'll see,' Gertrude answered, petulantly.

She turned to go, saying to Tyrell, speaking over shoulder, as she saw Sydney approaching—

'Most interesting; the photographs are lovely!'

She glanced keenly and covertly at the artist, but if that young person had observed or heard anything, she would know how to keep her own counsel, and her face would betray nothing.

To be Continued.

**MONKEY'S PICKING COTTON.**

They are Experts and Accomplish Some Great Feats.

The Cotton Planters' Journal gives an account of the training of monkeys to pick cotton, in the plantations of Mississippi an account which it would be hard to believe if it were not accompanied with names, dates, places and circumstances which put deception out of all probability.

The introducer of this novel kind of labor is Mr. W. W. Mangum, and the principal scene of its employment has been Mangum's plantation at Smedes, Sharkey county. The attempt was suggested first by Professor S. M. Tracey. He had seen the performances of some trained monkeys and assured Mr. Mangum that he thought they could be trained to pick cotton.

Mr. Mangum was so much impressed by the suggestion that in the summer of 1897 he hunted out the owner of the monkeys which Professor had seen at work, bought the whole lot, ten in number, and induced their trainer to come with them to the plantation. There, in September, 1897, their training as cotton pickers began, and was conducted to a successful issue.

Each monkey was provided with a bag which would hold about twenty-five pounds of seed cotton. This bag was hung over the monkey's shoulder. Baskets to hold the cotton were placed at the end of each row, and one man beside the trainer, was needed to take the cotton out of the sacks and put it into the baskets.

The female monkeys proved the best pickers, not only picking cleaner cotton than the males but picking more in a day. In less than a month after they were set at work, they could pick on an average one hundred and fifty pounds daily. They picked in weather in which negroes would

not pick, and picked cleaner cotton than the negroes. The first experiment was so successful that in June, 1898, Mr. Mangum sent to Africa for three hundred more monkeys of the same breed. They arrived at Smedes about the first of September, and their education under the superintendence of the old trainer began at once.

It was much more difficult to teach these than it had been to teach the others, as they were wild, and had not gone through the general civilizing process that the others had undergone. However, Mr. Mangum and his trainer persisted and before the season was over they had them well taught; although Mr. Mangum fears that they never could have succeeded but for the ten original monkeys, whose example was invaluable.

A staff correspondent of the 'Cotton Planter's Journal' visited Smedes in November last to see the monkeys at work. He writes:

'I must admit that it was a glorious sight to see, and one that did my heart great good. The rows were filled with monkeys, each with her little cotton sack around her neck, picking quietly, without any rush or confusion.'

'When they got their sacks full they would run to the end of the row, where a man was stationed to empty them into a cotton basket, when they would hurry back to their work. The monkeys seemed actually to enjoy picking.'

The cost of picking cotton with the aid of monkeys is only about one third as much as with negro labor, and the cotton brings a higher price, being cleaner. As cotton picking machines have been a failure in the South, there is great interest in the Smedes experiment.

**CRIMINALS AMONG WOLVES.**  
A Canadian who Knows Much About Wild Animals.

Mr. E. Seton Thompson, naturalist to the government of Manitoba, has, under the title of 'Wild Animals I have known,' given a series of observations on the cunning of beasts. That quality is in general the device of the weak, but the helplessness which it indicates may be of different grades. There is the cunning of wolves, which use their wits to rob man of his flocks and cattle, that of the domesticated creatures, which sometimes delight in criminal acts, and the cunning belonging to self-preservation among those animals on which others prey.

Mr. Thompson claims for certain animals, says the Scientific American, a share of the deference paid to depraved greatness. For example, there was the wolf which, in the fourteenth century, terrorized all Paris for ten years; a lame grizzly bear which in two years, ruined all the hog-raisers and drove half the farmers out of business, in the Sacramento Valley, and a certain wolf in New Mexico, which was reported to have killed a cow every day for five years.

This wolf grew to be so well known that an increasing price was set upon his scalp, until the sum reached a thousand dollars. Ordinary means of hunting or trapping failed completely. The wolf and his mate brought up their cubs among some rocky precipices, within a thousand yards of the farm, and killed cattle daily.

At this period, Mr. Thompson made the acquaintance of the vandal, and tried to kill him by scientific methods. He melted cheese mixed with fat of a heifer in a china dish, cut it into lumps with a bone knife, to avoid the taint of metal, and concealed in the lumps strychnine and cyanide, in odor-proof capsules. In doing this, he wore gloves steeped in cow's blood, and even avoided breathing on the bait.

One of these lumps, placed in a tempting position, disappeared. Mr. Thompson followed the track to the next lump, and the next, and noticed that those also were gone. At the fourth he found that the wolf

had laid all four together and scattered dirt over them.

The wolves now took to stampeding and killing sheep. Half a dozen goats are usually kept with each flock, as leaders, and they are not easily stampeded at night so when wolves are about, the sheep crowd about these leaders and remain there while the shepherds drive the wolves away. The object of the wolves is to stampede the sheep, and then pick them up, day by day, afterward.

One night they ran over the backs of the huddled flock, and killed all the goats in a few minutes. The sheep were then available for prey.

Traps to the number of a hundred and thirty were set in different parts of the big ranch. The trail of the pack was followed and it became apparent that the leader, warned by the scent, stopped all the rest, and advanced alone to the trap. He scratched until he laid bare a dozen buried chains and pickets. Then he entered an H-shaped series of traps, realized his danger, and slowly backed out, putting down each paw backward until he was off the dangerous ground.

Afterward he sprung as many traps as possible, by scratching clods and stones at them with his hind feet.

**PUMPED.**  
He was Anxious to Help but got Himself Into Trouble.

Writing of his varied experience in 'By Way of Cape Horn,' Mr. B. E. Stevenson tells of a time when, needing exercise, he volunteered to assist in pumping ship. A ship's pumps are worked by means of handle-bars attached to large, heavy fly-wheels, six feet in diameter; and the motion of pumping is similar to the old-fashioned way of lifting rock out of an excavation by man-power derricks.

I descended to the main-deck after supper and was smilingly welcomed by boat-swain and men. I grasped the handle-bar with reckless assurance of a man who knows not what he does, having opposite me a raw-boned, powerful Englishman, Coleman by name.

'Shake her up,' came from the second mate in another moment; and urged by the strong arms of the sailors the great wheels began slowly to revolve.

As moments passed with no indication of acceleration in the speed, I began to fear that I was not to find much exercise, when all at once there was an increase in the movement, and my breath came shorter and quicker.

Faster and yet faster flew the iron handles till we must have been doing sixty revolutions to the minute. I was nearly pitched off my feet at every turn, and my head began to swim.

Usually at the end of fifteen minutes a halt is called for a breathing spell; but now we went on and on with no signs of stopping.

Then I saw that the men were putting up a joke on me, and had no intention of resting until I should cry 'Enough,' which I resolved not to do.

The pace was frightful but I decided to faint on the deck rather than yield. Round went the relentless handles, carrying with them, while the boat-swain made facetious observations, at which the men smiled compassionately.

'Fine exercise this mister. How'd you like to do this when we're turnin' the corner with two feet of water on deck?'

A ghastly smile was the answer I could summon and in five minutes more I should certainly have succumbed to dizziness and want of breath. Then I heard the voice of the mate, strange and distant, 'That'll do the pumps.'

I let go the handles, summoted all my strength, tottered to the poop ladder, crawled up, fell into the deck chair, and for a few minutes endured the agony of a man thoroughly 'pumped.'

**The Barrack Menace.**

The political prophets who have been predicting the outbreak of revolution in France, have had their trouble for their pains. The republic has not been overthrown. There have been no barricades in the streets. There have been no scenes of mob violence in Paris.

An important fact has been overlooked in making these forecasts. A mob is no longer armed with the same resources for upsetting a government which were possessed by revolutionists in 1789 and 1858. Not only in Paris, but in every European capital as well—with the single exception of London,—there is a well-drilled army in readiness to suppress any sudden revolt against public authority. No street mobs can stand against the organized forces of European militarism.

The helplessness of revolutionary leaders was shown a year ago during the riots in Milan. There was a series of street battles in which the regulars had all the advantages of discipline, superior arms and overwhelming force. The insurgents were shot down like open enemies on a battle-field. What was done in Milan could be repeated in a sudden emergency in any large Continental city. Militarism has the power of enforcing respect for existing authority. It is merciless and does not falter. Its armies are operated like machines. Soldiers obey orders and attack a street mob as they would a foreign foe. The garrisons of the

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capitals can therefore be depended upon to maintain order, even at the risk of slaughtering citizens by hundreds or even thousands.

The shield has another side. While militarism overawes street mobs and stands ready to destroy them, it is conscious of its own power and may be converted into an engine of revolution. The people of this republic should note this menacing fact and remember it in future legislation. If the French army had a general with Napoleonic instincts and ambitions, it could bring about a revolution as easily as it could batter down a street barricade with its heavy guns.

**MORE PUCKER THAN POISON.**  
He was a Greek Scholar but Knew Little of Vegetables.

An amusing story once told of Professor Packard of the Theological Seminary of the Episcopal church in Virginia goes to prove that an intimate knowledge of Hebrew roots does not of necessity imply an acquaintance with the entire vegetable kingdom.

Professor Packard had gone to Virginia from New England, and naturally it had never been his fortune to see persimmons growing.

One day, as he was walking along, he noticed some most tempting fruit, of a beautiful light orange color. Its appearance was so much in its favor that Professor Packard picked and took a liberal taste of what was in reality an unripe persimmon.

The poor professor instantly jumped at the idea that he was poisoned. While his face was contorted with anguish and fear he was overtaken by two of his colleagues, who anxiously inquired what was the matter.

'Don't talk to me,' groaned the victim, 'but let me go home and die in the bosom of my family!'

As may be supposed, the professor soon discovered that he had not taken a fatal mouthful, in spite of his feelings; but the memory of his piteous request gave the faculty, including himself many a good laugh in later days.

**Why?**

The peculiar simplicity of the French peasant is illustrated by two incidents. A peasant went to his post office and offered for the mail a letter which was over the weight specified for a single stamp.

'This is too heavy,' said the postmaster. 'You will have to put another stamp on it.'

'Wh-wh-why,' said the peasant, with wide-open eyes, 'w-w-will another stamp make it any lighter?'

Another peasant, presiding over the municipal council of his village, gave the assembly a lecture on the lack of necessity for any more road-building.

'As for the roads which are now bad,' he said, 'it is of no use to repair them; and as for those which are good, why do anything to them until they get bad?'

**"A Man's a Man for a That."**

Even if he has horns on both feet. But he is a stronger, happier and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and gets rid of the unsightly corns, painlessly and at once.

**Recognised the Symptoms.**  
'Life is a failure,' said the tired-looking passenger in a grave and far away voice. 'Man is a fraud, woman a bore, happiness a delusion, friendship a humbug; love is a disease, beauty a deception, marriage a mistake, a wife a trial, a child a nuisance; good is merely hypocrisy, evil is detection. The whole system of existence—life, morality, society, humanity, and all that—is a hollow sham. Our boasted wisdom is egotism; generosity is imbecility. There is nothing of any importance but money. Money is everything; and, after all, what is everything? Nothing. Arr-r-r-r!'

'Glad to meet you, sir,' said the thin little man with the ginger hued whiskers, extending his hand cordially to the speaker. 'I have the dyspepsia pretty bad at times myself.'

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