

# "Old Ready."

John won his odd title when he was a small patient in the children's ward of the Samaritan Hospital. His broken arm was not yet out of the sling before he was helping Nurse Romaine care for the other children, and the children straightway hit upon this name that fitted him so perfectly, "Old Ready." That was ten years ago, and he was still in the hospital. The broken arm got well speedily, but before that happened it was found that the willing worker could not be spared.

First he was put on the rolls as errand boy, but he soon outworked those narrow limits and was promoted to higher responsibilities. Step by step he had come up and up since then; the position he held now it would be hard to define exactly, for he found work to do, and plenty of it, in every department of his reach. That had been the case all along; the thing that needed doing was the thing he took in hand, asking no questions, waiting for no bidding. He was still Old Ready to all in the hospital, from Dr. Ellis, the chief surgeon, down.

Promotion is a pleasant thing for boy or man; all the pleasant for John because his mother, hard at work in the mill, and his sister Katy, the busy little housekeeper, had such pride and delight in his advancement. He had a hope of making them prouder still; a day, not on the calendar yet, shone away off in the future; the day that should advance him to the pinnacle of his ambition, the position of assistant steward. He was studying hard to fit himself for that.

In the fury of a winter storm, when the bitterest night of half a century was settling upon the world, John was shut up in his room, studying as hard as he had worked all day. Unless specially summoned, he need not open his door again that night. He heard the ambulance arriving with a new case, and he heard the bearers carry the litter into the children's ward.

"Poor little son!" he muttered. "I hope it isn't a case of freezing." A glow of thankfulness warmed him; Katy, snug and warm at home, was in no danger of freezing. "Right sort of night for that, though." It was indeed the right sort of night for that. The air was thick with a driving white mist; the ambulance was like a snow-drift on wheels; the litter-bearers, and the troubled mother beside them, plunged through deep snow as they came up the steps. In a moment the men were out again and the ambulance was driven away; already there had been another call. John, seeing nothing of all this, only knowing of it by the sounds, went on with his studying. Doctor Steel and Nurse Romaine could deal with a case of freezing without his help.

True, but this was not a case of freezing, and they could not deal with it; the little form on the cot before them had been cruelly torn by machinery.

"I was working late, and she had just come from the house, bringing me my supper," the poor mother explained, wringing her hands. "I was telling her she shouldn't have done that in all the storm, though it's but round the corner, and while I was saying it, and while she was laughing and making light of the storm—she's always so brave and good!—the belt caught her somehow, and—oh dear! oh dear! You can save her to me, can't you, doctor? You must save her to me!"

"Only one man in the state can do that," said Doctor Steele, after a swift examination. "Ellis can, if we can get him here. We must get him, for the case is beyond me."

He hurried out into the hall, John, in his room, heard him giving a sharp order to Negley, the night messenger, then he heard Negley, as usual, piling up difficulties in the way of what he was told to do.

"I'm willin' enough to start out and try it, doc. If you can tell me where to go, I'll go, but you say yourself there ain't no clue to follow. And to go wadin' round through all this snow on a wild-goose chase why—"

"Stop your grumbling and go!" With that fierce growl the doctor strode back into the ward.

John needed no more calling than this; in two minutes he was out in the hall, looking like an Arctic explorer. Negley was taking his comfort, with no notion of going out except under stronger pressure. He grinned derisively at sight of the high boots and the fur cap, but a fellow who would volunteer to go out in such a storm as this was worth seeing under the circumstances.

"Good for you? This lets me out!" he remarked, and instantly he slipped off to a warm corner, quite out of everybody's way.

Just in time, for Doctor Steel had bounced out again to put spurs to his lagging messenger. He saw John, laughed in huge relief, took everything for granted at once, and forthwith gave his orders. "Ready, I want you to find Doctor Ellis. I don't know where he is, and nobody at his house knows, but find him. Tell him to come here without losing a minute, to save life. Tell him that—to save life."

"All right, sir."

On his way out, John saw Nurse Romaine knocking at the door of his room. She saw him at the same, and hurried to him.

"I was after you to come into the ward," she said, "but if you are going after Doctor Ellis that will be better. You will say so yourself when—afterward. Much better, for you will find him." She opened the door for him, and the blast swept him out.

She shut the door and went back to the ward. "It is a cruel thing, all round," she said to herself, "but this is the kindest part of it all. No pocket can hold the wage of the willing worker, and I pray it may be paid to him in full!"

What a storm this was that John had

come out to battle with! He was full of life, and he loved a sharp tussle with the weather, but there was something too much of this. The intense cold found him out through all his warm clothing, and the wind knocked him this way and that in spite of all resistance. Those were trifles that did not count; he could fight the wind and the fight would keep him warm; the snow was the only thing he really feared, it hindered him so. Of course he could master the worst of the deepening drifts, if he had time, but there was the trouble; time was a precious thing when Doctor Ellis was sent for to save life.

In front of the Albermarle hotel, half a square from the hospital, he got footing on a car; it carried him a few rods; then it stopped in a hopeless drift and he got off, and that was the last car he saw that night. Well, even that short ride had almost frozen him; floundering on foot would keep his blood stirring, at any rate. Even so, his fingers and toes ached with the cold, his nose and ears smarted, his face tingled painfully under the lashing of the frozen snow.

In spite of his best efforts, he was a long time in getting to the Brotherhood Hospital, and that was really only the starting-place he had set for himself; Doctor Ellis came here every evening and here the clue must be picked up. In two minutes John was out in the storm again the clue in hand the doctor had been there and had gone off to one of his many "poor cases," in Prince Street. That was all right, and John could get there only on foot. No matter, the clue led there, and he followed the clue with a light heart and perfect confidence.

He followed the trail to Beppo's house in Prince Street; then to Sullivan's house in Rose Street; then here, there and everywhere. Doctor Ellis, great surgeon and physician as he was at the call of who-soever had need of him, night or day. So for half the night as it seemed to him, the weary messenger pursued the chase through the hindering drifts, never losing the trail of the man he tracked, but never coming nearer to him.

The storm grew worse, if that were possible. Even on wind-swept spaces the snow was more than ankle deep; in other places the boy must labor through drifts that swallowed him to the waist. Everywhere he must fight his own way; not a car was moving, and no vehicle or horse was to be had. He tried to whistle as he plunged onward but the wind outmatched him at that and drove the whistle down his throat. That was just as well, for his whistling had but little spirit in it. He acknowledged to himself that the fight had become rather weary. In truth it was cruelly hard, and the long fierce struggle was telling fearfully at last even on his sturdy young strength. He was cold now, terribly cold, and he never in his life had been so tired. He would not confess it, but by this time all of him was exhausted except his courage and his will.

Then the crushing climax came, the stunning hopeless word was spoken. Another messenger, coming in a sleigh with horses enough to drag it through drifts house high, had found Doctor Ellis first, and had carried him quite out of reach. Carried him where? To the Albermarle Hotel—to within half a square of poor John's starting place.

What to do now? Even John confessed that he could not possibly conquer again those terrible drifts; his feet might as well have been lead for all the life or feeling that there was in them, and he was tired beyond words. The Albermarle had telephone connection! Off to the nearest telephone station, then. If the wires were not working, then indeed he must give up; but he would not give up till he had tried his last chance. After that he might rest.

He must rest before that. He had hardly started in his new course when for the first time, he fell down. He got his frozen feet under him and struggled up again, but only to fall back helpless into smothering drift. He had twisted his ankle so that he could not stand on it, and there was nothing to do but stay where he was until help came. That meant the end of everything, for no help could be hoped for; it seemed that only he, of all the city, was abroad in the storm. Well, it was good to rest, at any rate, he was so tired and sleepy. He would be snowed under like the child they had brought to the hospital, but—That reminded him. He wrenched himself broad awake. Somebody must help him to the telephone station!

A sound, more welcome than any he had ever heard, reached him. Not far away an ambulance bell was clanging. He shouted again and again, lustily as in his best days. Men answered him, and presently the Brotherhood ambulance was there beside him. Another minute, and he was in the ambulance, with warm blankets about him.

"Wouldn't bother you, only for the kink in my leg." He croaked the words feebly enough, but with all his old cheery pluck. "Off with you now, quick as you can! Must telephone—Doctor Ellis—save—life—Oh, keep me awake!"

The flash of energy had died out already and the fatal drowsiness beset him again with a power he could not resist. His rescuers knew the full meaning of those words, "To save life," and desperate as his own case might be, they must help him do his errand. With merciful cruelty they shook and scolded him till he found himself in the warmth and light of the telephone station.

"Give me Albermarle Hotel."

Rallying all his forces, he waited for the test call. He looked up at the clock and was sure it had stopped. From the story it told he had been away from the hospital not much more than two hours. For a wonder the wires were working and the call was answered. Then, with all the voice he could muster, he himself called for Doctor Ellis. Doctor Ellis spoke back to him.

"It's Ready, doctor, with a message from Doctor Steel. He says you must come to the Samaritan Hospital without losing a minute, to save life. To save life, doctor!"

Do you hear that? I've lost a lot of time hunting for you. You must hurry!"

"I hear, Ready, and I'll go. This instant, Ready."

That was all. John had done what was given him to do, and now he could rest. When he came to himself, hours afterward, he was in the Brotherhood Hospital. Doctors and nurses were busy with him, and every part of him that could feel was in pain. They put him to sleep, and he got through the night in some way. The next day doctor Ellis himself was there, looking him over and tenderly putting him to rights.

"You'll do," the doctor said, at last. "The leg will be as good as new pretty soon, and the hands and feet will be ready for use by the time the leg is."

"Yes, but did you get there in time last night doctor? That's what I want to know."

"In good time, Ready." The doctor's face lighted up in a way pleasant to see. "There would have been a different story to tell if you hadn't got to the telephone, though. She will come through all right, and be none the worse for the accident, I can promise you that. Now go to sleep."

The doctor stood thinking for a little, then whispered in John's ear. "Get ready for duty as soon as you can—assistant steward! Oh yes, that's what it is, dating from last night! Good-by."

John forgot all the pain. Assistant steward! The great dream of the future had come true in a night! To his great surprise he dropped off to sleep thinking about it.

Later Nurse Romaine was there, crying over him and kissing his swollen and blistered face. "Your mother would have come, dear," she explained, wiping her eyes, "but she is at our hospital with—her. O John! It was hard to send you out away from her, and she so dreadfully hurt, and calling for you all the time, but what could we do? That was the only chance of saving her. Only Doctor Ellis could do what had to be done, and only you could be trusted to find him. Your mother agreed that it would be best not to excite you and worry you before you started. Besides, your heart would have been half broken to leave her. You two did save her, and that is the great thing, isn't it?"

"But—who?" John whispered, in troubled perplexity. "Not—it couldn't have been Katy!"

Nurse Romaine put her face tenderly against his. "Katy, yes, dear. You earned her life last night, my willing worker. She will live and be well, but she would have died only for you, John."

So the wage of the willing worker was paid in full to John, as Miss Romaine had prayed. All the promises of hope were made good to him, and the assistant steward of the Samaritan Hospital is as happy as he is busy, which is saving much.

## KING EDWARD'S BEST CROWN.

It is a Jewelry Shop All by Itself, and Its Cost Was \$1,800,000.

At the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra four crowns will be used. The chief one, known as Queen Victoria's crown, will be the one actually used in the ceremony of crowning the king the second one will be used in crowning the queen consort, and the other two will be worn by their majesties during the services following the actual crowning.

These, together with the sword of state, the sceptres and coronation ring, all taken from the tower by order of the Earl Mar-shal of England, are in the custody of the Dean of Westminster during the coronation services.

The Queen Victoria crown, also called the state crown, is a dazzling mass of precious stones, 3,093 in all, and many of them have interesting histories. There is a magnificent sapphire which is said to have come from the ring of Edward the Confessor. Then there are sixteen small sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, of which one belonged to the Black Prince; four drop-shaped pearls, 273 other pearls, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 147 table diamonds and 1,274 rose diamonds.

With all this mass of jewels the whole crown weighs only thirty nine ounces. It was made in 1838 for Queen Victoria's coronation from jewels taken from old crowns, and is valued at \$1,800,000. The cap is of crimson velvet lined with white silk, and has an ermine border.

It is not the most costly royal crown in Europe; that distinction is asserted for the crown belonging to Portugal, which is valued at \$8,000,000. The crown which represents the smallest outlay is that of Roumania. It is made out of a bit of old cannon captured at Plevna.

The most beautiful crown is that of the King of Denmark. It is simple in design but of artistic workmanship, the leaves by which the circlet is surmounted being curved and veined by precious stones, and each leaf ornamented by a magnificent jewel.

The oldest crown in Europe, which is also the smallest, measuring only six inches in diameter, is the iron crown of Lombardy.

The one crown which is distinguished as the sacred crown is that of Hungary. It is revered by the people, being regarded as a palladium. Two nobles of ancient lineage and a troop of halberdiers guard it night and day in the Castle of Buda, where it is kept.

In olden times no king could reign in Hungary unless the sacred crown had

rested on his brow, and if he died before he had been crowned his name was stricken from the record of kings. Even a pretender acquired a quasi title to the kingdom if by force of stratagem he could possess himself of it.

Twice the crown has disappeared, but how or where it was found the first time is unknown to this day. The last time it was found buried in the ground. A magnificent sapphire is its bright particular ornament. This is surmounted by four beautiful green stones of some unknown kind, lapidaries disagreeing as to what the gems are. A sapphire of matchless beauty also adorns the imperial crown of Austria.

The crown most decorated with emblems is that of the German Emperor. It has the figure of an eagle, four diamond crosses, four hoops supporting a globe and this surmounted by another cross.

The potentate who possesses most crowns is the Pope, eight at least being stored at the Vatican. Many of them are simply gifts and have no special significance. Napoleon I. was the donor of one to Pius VII. This is the handsomest one of all, having a beautiful emerald. A Queen of Spain was the donor of another. The principal papal crown is a triple one.

In Spain and Belgium the crown does not figure in the coronation services. The feature of the ceremony in both countries consists in the King's swearing to preserve the Constitution and laws of the country. Nor is it a matter of course that a Czar should be crowned, though Nicholas and his consort were crowned with great pomp at Moscow. The Czar being a religious as well as a temporal lord, the crown in shape is modelled after a bishop's mitre. Again, in this case, a sapphire is the most beautiful stone in the crown. There are five diamonds resting on a magnificent ruby, which form the cross surmounting the crown.

Outside of Europe the crown becomes a rarity. The Sultan, for example, possesses no crown, coronation being unknown in Turkey. In place of this is substituted the investiture of the monarch with the sword of Osman. The sabre is girt around the Sultan with the words: "Take it with faith for ye have received it from God."

The Shah of Persia has a crown, if such it can be called, which is variously described as resembling a flower pot and a bonnet. The small end is open, the other closed. It is made of cloth of gold, with strings of hanging precious stones, with here and there tufts of feathers, ornamented by diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls. At the top is set what is perhaps the greatest ruby in the world, an uncut absolutely flawless stone as large as a hen's egg.

LOSS OF APPETITE AND GENERAL DEBILITY are quickly overcome by the use of a few bottles of "The D. & L." Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

## BORN.

Halifax, to the wife J F Day, a son.  
Halifax, Mar 11, to the wife of F J Carew, a son.  
Bishopville, Feb 4, to the wife of James Eyr, a son.  
Pembroke, Mar 1, to the wife of L W Lantz, a son.  
Halifax, Feb 27, to the wife of L Doyle, a daughter.  
Halifax, Mar 2, to the wife of C A Evans, a daughter.  
Halifax, Mar 6, to the wife of Dr T J F Murphy, a son.  
St John, Feb 27, to the wife of Dennis O'Neill, a son.  
Maliland, Feb 24, to the wife of James Tacker, a son.  
Kempt, Feb 18, to the wife of Alex McDougall, a son.  
West Head, Feb 15, to the wife of Irving Newell, a son.  
Lunenburg, Feb 25, to the wife of Geo Moody, a son.  
Litchfield, Feb 27, to the wife of Wilbur Hamilton, a son.  
New Glasgow, Mar 5, to the wife of Y C Campbell, a son.  
Halifax, Mar 1, to the wife of Wm C Bauld, a daughter.  
Parissboro, Mar 1, to the wife of Nelson Phinney, a daughter.  
Halifax, Mar 7, to the wife of Capt J A Willett, a daughter.  
Lawrence, Mass, Feb 28, to the wife of D M Spence, a daughter.  
Halifax, Mar 7, to the wife of Capt J A Willett, a daughter.  
St John, Mar 8, to the wife of Geo Thompson, a daughter.  
Hantsport, Feb 28, to the wife of Fred Salter, a daughter.  
Windsor, Mar 8, to the wife of Milledge Eason, a daughter.  
Guinea, Feb 22, to the wife of John O'Brien, a daughter.  
Leek's Lake, Feb 19, to the wife of Charles Morley, a son.  
Clark's Harbor, Feb 15, to the wife of John Brannen, a son.  
Parissboro, Feb 25, to the wife of George McLellan, a daughter.  
New Glasgow, Mar 1, to the wife of Frank McGregor, a son.  
Port Hawkesbury, Mar 4, to the wife of Freeman Eubank, a son.  
Vancouver, B C Mar 4, to the wife of Wellsley Davidson, a son.  
Dartmouth, Mar 3, to the wife of Ronald MacDonald, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Hantsport, Feb 28, J F Dalton to Alice Smith.  
Lunenburg, March 6, W T Ernst, to Ida Kaulbach.  
Truro, Feb 27, Thos Cameron to Mrs Mary Brown.  
Truro, Feb 27, John Heson to Eliza Ann Chisholm.  
Yarmouth, March 4, Mark Kenney, to Etta Kenney.  
Woodstock, Feb 27, Todd Ritchie, to Betta Grant.  
Kent, N B, March 5, John Sayles, to Nettie Millen.  
Annapolis, Feb 27, Fred Durland to Maad Berry.  
Truro, Feb 28, Theodore Cosman, to Sarah C Robinson.

Cumberland, March 5, Gilbert W. Dryden, to Clara Fride.  
Digby, Feb 27, Charles Morton to Carrie Morehouse.  
Lunenburg, Feb 27, Norman Osbourne to Susan J. Dunn.  
Annapolis, Feb 27, Fred H Durland, to Maude C Berry.  
Pictou, Feb 27, Rev. Lanchlan MacLean to Sarah Munro.  
Fredericton, March 6, Joseph Brownell, to Dora Parent.  
Yarmouth, March 5, Aaron Durkie, to Amy L. Crosby.  
Annapolis, Feb 20, Rupert McWhinnie, to Ella Hudson.  
Upper South River, Russell Crook to Bessie Phillips.  
Truro, March 4, Harvey J Johnson, to Minnie E Vincent.  
Bath, C. Co., Feb 23, Edward Mahany to Della H. Cookson.  
Maple View, March 6, Wm. Sadler to Annie O. Flinders.  
Clark's Harbor, Feb 27 George Swim to Maggie Crowell.  
Centreville, N B., March 5, Wm C. Boyer to Gussie Wallace.  
Hantsport, Feb 28, Fred Frizzle, to Eunice A. Zwicker.  
Amherst, March 6, Wm. McMillan, to Martha Mitchell.  
Goldenville, N. S., Feb 27, Rufus Sweet to Carrie Williams.  
Dorchester, Mass, Jan 31, W. G. Holland to Belle Whitman.  
Havana, Cuba, Jan. 30, Charles Converse, to Lily McCurdy.  
River Herbert, Feb 21, Charles Roberts, to Mary Rockwell.  
Yarmouth, Feb 19, Reubin Fitzgerald to Georgina Fitzgerald.

## DIED.

Boston, Percy A Goudey, 4.  
Pictou, Feb 21, Wm Fraser, 48.  
Sydney, Feb 12, Hugh Ross, 65.  
Pictou, Feb 17, Mrs John Hatch.  
Digby, Feb 28, Charles Merritt, 13.  
Halifax, Feb 28, Alex Adams, 29.  
St John, Bessie Victoria Green, 14.  
Guysboro, Feb 14, Robt Cameron.  
Ardroise, Jan 21, Wm McCarthy 60.  
Halifax, Mar 8, Walter Obrien, 75.  
Craiton, Feb 27, Henry Porter, 70.  
Carleton, N. S., Susan R Durkee, 61.  
Halifax, Mar 11, Chas. Macdonald.  
Halifax, Mar 10, John B Scanlan, 28.  
Windsor, Mar 6 Ephraim Thurlow.  
Pictou, Feb 12, Mrs R Chisholm, 74.  
Boston, Feb 22, Enos K Kendrick, 70.  
California, May 31, Chas Huestis, 65.  
Kentville, Feb 22, Alex McInnes, 80.  
Yarmouth, Mar 2, Richard Foote, 80.  
Parissboro, Mar 3, Lawson Forbes, 27.  
Eureka, Feb 20, Janie McDonald, 49.  
Pictou, Feb 18, Mrs David Perrin, 64.  
Annapolis, Mrs Margaret Minchin, 78.  
Yarmouth, Mar 6, Joseph Vitzky, 7.  
Needham, Mass Feb 23, Arthur Bennett.  
Dartmouth, Mar 8, Matthew Brennan, 65.  
Hackett's Cove, Mar 13, Dr T E Chase.  
Merigomish, Mar 1, Mrs John Forbes, 70.  
Morristown, Mar 1, Levi Alzerens Fox, 1.  
New Ross, Mar 3 Mrs Henry Windrow, 70.  
Burlington, Kings, Mar 4, David Penco, 92.  
Greenwood, Mass, Feb 29, F Fitchell, 35.  
Ardroise, Hants, Feb 23, Mrs R J Davis, 55.  
Mill Road, Colchester, Jan 12, Letta Root.  
San Francisco, Feb 22, James G Hunter, 66.  
Somerville, Mass, Feb 26, Edward Clarke 61.  
Memramcook, N B, Silas Crane Chartera, 85.  
Merigomish, Mar 5, Miss Elizabeth Fraser, 70.  
St John, March 10, Mrs Patrick McGoldrick, 70.  
Dorchester, Mass, Feb 10, Thomas J Allen, 52.  
Newtonville, Mass, Jan 23, Lydia Morrison, 17.  
New Glasgow, Mar 1, Mary Ann McPherson, 11.  
New Glasgow, Mar 6, Capt Robt McIntosh, 67.  
Dorchester, Mass, Feb 21, Percy infant of Mr and Mrs C O Goudey.  
Summersville, Hants, Mar 18, Jennie, infant of Mr and Mrs Embert Cowell.

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On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.00  
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15  
Express for Sussex.....16.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00  
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax.  
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....8.30  
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16.00  
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....19.15  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....24.45  
\*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,  
Gen. Manager.

Moncton, N. B., March 5, 1901.  
CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
7 King Street St. John, N. B.