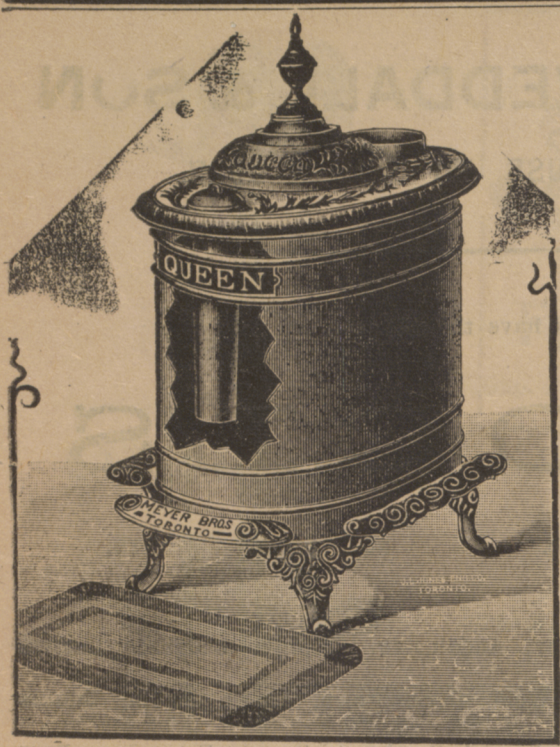




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The Lonely Life

The Tragic Confession of a Spinster, Who Realizes That No Fame or Wealth Can Compensate for the Solitude of Her Life.

In this article the author, whose name for obvious reasons we are not at liberty to disclose, drops for once the mask which she in common with other "Bachelor Maids," is accustomed to turn to the world.

Though no longer young, she frankly says she longs for the companionship of a husband and the care of children. The circumstances which have kept from her the happiness which these blessings bring are stated with the same directness which characterizes the whole article. It is the life-story of a "successful" woman, a drama of real life in which the last act is a tragedy.

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Is made from best grade Manitoba Wheat.

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F. H. EVERETT, Flour, Feed and Coal, Campbell St.

"MARRIED A MONTH."

A Dialogue That Might Be True.

"This fish is bad, Ethel," I said as I surveyed a piece of ancient-looking plate.

Ethel looked up from her plate with a start. "Bad?" she said. "I think you are mistaken, Jack."

"Not much room for a mistake here. The fish doth protest too much."

"You have had a bad day in the city," retorted Ethel, "and in consequence, are somewhat critical and bad-tempered."

"One doesn't need to be very critical to discover a fact that is so obvious."

"The fish isn't bad, and you have no right to say so. It's a reflection on me."

"Nothing of the sort. It's a reflection on the fishmonger."

"It's a reflection on my housekeeping. And I got three prizes for domestic economy at school, and I have studied the subject deeply ever since we were engaged. And here you are finding fault after we have only been married a month!" And Ethel burst into tears.

"Well there is no need to make such a fuss over a small matter."

"It's not a small matter to be found fault with by one's husband. And I—I thought you so different from other men!"

Here followed another rainstorm. And I thought you were a deal better and had more common sense than the average woman."

Ethel unconsciously put a rebellious curl into position at this remark.

"You married me simply because you wanted a housekeeper, didn't you?"

"The fish, but I can't order the weather." She moaned as she proceeded to drench a lace handkerchief.

I could not help but notice, with a certain amount of satisfaction, that she was one of the very few women who can cry without making their noses red.

"Don't behave like a spoilt child!" said. "Do try and be reasonable."

"Oh! you talk about being reasonable now. And it was only a few weeks before our marriage, when I suggested June as a nice month for the ceremony, and you refused to wait so long, that you said, 'Lovers were never reasonable,' I suppose now we are married we are no longer lovers!"

I grunted at this remark. I did not want to be betrayed into making any admissions.

"The law interferes when a man beats his wife!" continued Ethel, "but when he treats her with refined cruelty she has no remedy."

And the lace handkerchief came in to play again.

"I think I had better leave you to yourself for a short time," I said, "and then, perhaps, when I return you will be clothed in your right mind. I will look in at the club."

Ethel sat bolt upright at the mention of the odious word.

"Club!" she said, and her eyes blazed. "Yes, go to the club, stay at the club, live at the club! And may the club fall in upon all those heartless husbands who have deserted their heartbroken wives!"

"A nice pious wish for a four week old wife."

"It's a fate too good for such conduct."

"If, during my absence," I said, "you find time hang heavily on your hands you might read 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

"Thanks for the advice," retorted Ethel. "Men are not the indispensible creatures they appear to think. I shall have no difficulty in occupying my time. I, too, will look in at my club."

"Ethel," I said sternly, "I was not aware you belonged to a club!"

"That's quite likely," she replied, in an exasperating tone of voice. "Bella Dashwood belongs to the 'Doves,' and I will look her up this evening. It will be a good opportunity to have my name put down for membership. It is as well to have outside interests when one's husband is merely a lodger."

At this remark I stalked out of the room and closed the door with a deal of energy.

My conscience stifled my somewhat I stilled it as best I could, and determined to teach Ethel a salutary lesson.

On entering the club I met a fat, selfish bachelor. I am now of the opinion that all bachelors are selfish.

"Looking rather hippy, Carleton," he cried. "Doesn't double harness suit you?" I noticed all your newly married men slink back here after a few weeks of matrimonial life."

I refrained from kicking the animated barrel, and passed into the billiard room. After missing a couple of easy cannons and nearly shoving a piece of the cloth, I threw the whole business up in disgust and returned home. I wondered how Ethel was enjoying herself at her club. I thought I would just look in her room to make sure that she had gone. The door was open, and I entered. There was Ethel, and as she caught sight of me she immediately rushed a book, which I recognized as a learned treatise on cookery, under some cushions. Her eyes were very red, and I felt a brute.

"They keep very good hours at our club," I said.

"Oh, I didn't go after all; it was too much trouble to change my things. Did you enjoy yourself?" he asked with formal politeness.

"No, I didn't."

"I trust your capacity for enjoyment has not entirely deserted you."

"On the contrary, it has been greatly increased. But I prefer a mixed club."

"You might have saved me that remark," said Ethel. "Though you may not find satisfaction in the company of your own wife, you might at least refrain from boasting to her of your predilection for the company of other women."

I went over to Ethel and put my arms around her.

"I repeat, I prefer a mixed club. A club like this, where we can always meet the prettiest and most reasonable woman in the world—the woman I love."

"I, too, think I like this kind of club best," said Ethel, as she held her face up to be kissed.—H. T. Gribbin, in The London Daily Mail.

THE DILEMMA OF THE TORY M. P.'S.

Toronto Globe.—The Tory members of parliament who cut so large a figure in the investigation of trust funds investment and western land deals are quite welcome to take either horn of the dilemma with their newspaper defenders present to them.

Either they got "favours" from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the Canadian Pacific, and a "tip" from Mr. D. D. Mann of the Canadian Northern, and were honest in their oaths of secrecy and the booming of their deals, or they got no "favours" and no "tips," and all this demand for secrecy and pretence of ground floor opportunity was a deliberate deception. If they got the "favours" and the "tips," they were grafters; if not, they were fakirs. The letter from Mr. Fowler to "My Dear Lefurgey" is either true or false. If true, it records a promise of "nothing too good for us," from Mr. Shaughnessy, and a secret interview with Mr. Mann, with secret information as to the line of the Canadian Northern, both of which were of immense value to the Tory M. P. syndicate. When dealing with the C. P. R. for the large land grant not a word was said about the "tip" of Mr. Mann, as to the line of the C. N. R. The land commissioner of the C. P. R. would not deal with the syndicate for less than \$5 an acre, but an appeal to the president, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, secured the land to \$3.50, because as he had promised, "nothing was too good for them" this syndicate of Tory M. P.'s.

That is what the evidence shows. And the correspondence of the syndicate, the pledges of secrecy, and all known facts in connection with the negotiations confirm the statement that they had promised of "favours" and which were made good and also "tips" which were worth a monument to the man who secured them. And that, for members of parliament means "graft."

If that statement is not true, and if they got no favours, if it was no special concession for them to get enormous tracts of Canadian Pacific land at 93.10 for which other purchasers at that time were paying \$5, if they had no information about the location of the Canadian Northern Railway, which was worth keeping "secret" from all but the prospective members of the syndicate, then they were grafters in intention, and fakirs and falsifiers in fact. Either horn of the dilemma is the inevitable fate of the land speculating Tory M. P.'s.

STEEL KNIFE IN THE FLESH.

That's the sensation experienced by Robert Price of Hecaton, Ont. He knew it was scintilla and of course used "Nerviline." As usual it cured and he says: "No liniment can excel Polson's Nerviline. Severe pains made my side lame. It was like a steel knife running through the flesh. I rubbed in lots of Nerviline and completely cured." A regular snap for Nerviline to ease Sciatica and Rheumatism. It sinks into the core of the pain, cures it in short order. Large 25c. bottles at all dealers.

FOUR DAYS ON A PLANK.

Terrible Experience of a German Seaman.

New York, Oct. 27.—His mind still wandering because of terrible suffering while adrift four and a half days, lashed to a plank, off the Carolina shore, Ernest Hoeck, a seaman on the schooner Oliver S. Barrett, was

landed here yesterday by the steamship C. F. Tietgen, from Copenhagen. Hoeck, the only survivor of the Barrett, had been picked up by the steamship Texas, on a trip a month ago to a Danish port.

Although careful nursing has brought back to the sturdy young German his health, his sufferings for four days and nights have left their mark, and often in his sleep his cries in terror as he dreams of his experience.

How Hoeck was found by Captain Anderson of Texas has been the talk of Copenhagen since that liner steamed in with the survivor on October 10. According to the officers of the C. F. Tietgen, who were told the story, the man stretched out on a plank scarcely twelve feet long was sighted by the lookout on the Texas when that ship was 150 miles off Cape Fear. At once the course of the steamship was altered and as they drew alongside Hoeck he feebly waved his hands and collapsed.