this has been

short time ben shortly after cannot be deverlooked. The with plenty of

animals must ure water, and be kept clean. ed so that the with their feet. them from betened. To this ne person feed New York con-

of milk, 361,d 83,160 gallons one month. The gallons of milk, , and 1,480 galo the farmer to

him. It is a loss tened. To run s throwing money way worried will w that is made a y for its owner.

not sown thickly ss. Three bushels used. Orchard s than timothy, ystem; but if a expected it must

AT UP.

Morgue Coffin e Sleep."

e to Man With urrent.

July 5. Forty Remillard, aged 40. d been pronounced the city hospital, ue coffin and re-

I have had! overcome by the he hospital, where ver him until he . He was put into being wheeled into ffin used for that dgar L. Drew, the of the hospital, or. He pulled back fully at the face of ted his belief that life not being ex-

eled into the X-ray Dr. Drew worked. Dr. Drew was ine incredulous looks ns and insisted on er current and all ne officially dead emor of the man's tors eagerly surwhich the man rered and contractand a sigh broke room. Remillard's color stole into the

ter Remillard was hospital, he was ay room to a ward is name being takead and placed on

QUICKLY.

Competitors at D. atches.

the conditions for Association compekliffe Rifle Ranges 28 were announced dwhistle. A new coting is provided. hich each competit has been placed er to provide more me of the matches so as to represent gs, such as grass,

match for school and for individuals. ust be 16 years of the age limit for 18 years. Eliot, of Harvard. president emeritus.

THE WOOING OF ERNA

and the head groom led the way into the stables, where the marquis kept his choice horses. He no longer rode, himself, but it was a matter of pride with him to keep the best of stock. And the stables were kept like a lady's parlor.

"Why, you have some good horses, and keep them well, don't you?" ejaculated Erna, approvingly.
"We do our best," said the gratified

groom. Erna stopped suddenly behind a noblelooking animal—a bright bay, who stood,

even in the stable, as if on parade. "There's a beauty!" she cried, and started to go in by his side in the stall. "I beg your pardon, miss!" exclaimed the man, in alarm, "but it might be dangerous. That horse is strange, and I

don't know his ways." Erna smiled, as one will who has no fear of horses, and pushed him aside while she boldly went into the stall. The horse worked his ears and showed the whites of his eyes, much to the terror of the groom; but Erna went calmly to his head and began to pat him on his glossy neck. Then suddenly she stopped and scrutinized the animal closely.

Then she stood erect, and with a pale face turned to the groom' and cried out: "Where did this norse come from? It is Selim."

"Lord Aubrey's horse, miss. "What is he doing here?"

"Sent by his lordsnip, for his use." "But Lord Aubrey is not here."

"Beggin' your pardon, miss, he came last night, late." Erna turned her face away and com-

menced patting the horse, which seemed to recognize her now, and to enjoy being petted by her. She was silent so long that the groom ventured to say:

"He's a good horse, they do say." "The best I ever saw," she said. rode him only once, but it was a most

'You rode him, miss!" exclaimed the man. "Then you must be a good one, beggin' your pardon for the liberty! I'm told he's a hard one to manage."

"Yes," she said, and her face flushed. "but he and I got along very well together. Ah! if you only had such another for me this morning!"

"Dandy's as good, if I do say it," the groom declared, with quick pride. "Let me see Dandy!"

He led her to a glossy chestnut, who certainly looked as lordly as Selim; but he betrayed none of the mischief of that

"Ah! he is a beauty!" she joyously de-clared. "Let me have him! There is no reason why I should not ride him, is there? The marquis would not object?" You were to have whatever you wanted, miss," said the groom.

castle. She said nothing, however, but waited for Dandy to be saddled and taken out, when she mounted him and reassured the groom of her ability to manage him, if he had been in any doubt, by the quiet way she controlled him.

She knew she must have a groom to go with her, and she made no protest against it; though it would have suited her mood better to have gone alone so that she might gallop some calm into her soul. A sudden thought made her turn as she was riding out of the court. "Are there any other guests that came last night?" she asked of the

"Lord and Lady Moreham and Lady Gertrude, I believe, miss," was the en-

Erna wheeled Dandy about and touched him sharply with the whip so that he leaped high and started off at a sharp pace past the castle, the noise of his clattering hoofs falling on the ears of more than one dozing guest.

Down through a noble avenue of trees, out into the park and so on out to the main road Erna dashed, letting Dandy have pretty nearly his own way, and leaving the groom well in the rear. Then it occurred to her that while it might be very pleasant for her to be dashing at this rate, it was anything but good for Dandy to be breathed right from the stable.

So she checked him by a slight pressure, feeling better already, and let him dance along in his own way, much to the relief of the groom, who did not relish being left so far in the rear. There was a sense of freedom in this

lonely ride in the fresh morning air that she had not felt since the days when she was happy at Aubrey, before the earl, with his hateful ways, had come to make her miserable. Yes, she realized it fully; she had been perfectly happy until he came, and she had been miserable most of the time since. She leaned over and patted Dandy's arched neck.

"Good boy-" she murmured, caressingly. "Ah, I might have you for my own if I would say the word! Ugh! don't let me think of it! Sell myself to that old man! And yet it is expected of me. As if I did not know why I was invited here! As if I did not know everything is being done for my pleasure! And Lady Gertrude will have

The thought stung her. She had been going leisurely along for nearly half an hour, and Dandy was prancing with a desire to stretch his sinewy limbs. She flapped the reins on his neck and he shook his head and leaped into a long, free gallop. Behind her sounded the

beat of another horse's hoofs. "The groom is doing better." thought. "Why, he is coming up to me.

Go on, Dandy." Dandy understood. Besides, he, too, heard the hoof-beats behind him, and he was unwilling to be caught. He stretched his neck and flew swiftly on. But the clattering behind came nearer, and Erna turned her head with some indignation, as well as with some surprise that the horse the groom rode should be able to overtake Dandy. Her face paled and flushed.

"Lord Aubrey!" she muttered. "I beg your pardon," he said, urging uneasily on all the while, and were now ought to utterly condemn any young uneasily on all the while, and were now ought to utterly condemn any young make the seed in such a place that to make the jump woman who would fly into such a pastale. The seed "What evil spirit possessed you to introduce arable ground."

The men exchanged amused glances, | you had gone out, and when I saw you ahead of me. I knew who it was." "You do no tneed to apologize." answered coldly. "You are surely at liberty to ride where you will."

"I apologize for intruding on you." he "That need not trouble you," she said brusquely. "I shall return to the castle in a few minutes."

"I hope you will not let me drive you home," he said.

"I let no one drive me," she answered. "You said you would be friends with me," he said, a pained look mingling with the eager admiration with which he had been regarding her.

She turned with flashing eyes. "You do not need to apologize," she torted. "I said distinctly that I could not force my liking."

"Yes, you did say so. I did not mean to misquote you. I was thinking more of my hopes than of what you did actually say. Won't you be friends? I have done everything you demanded, and I will do anything more to win your kind regard. Why are you so cold to me?"

"Why should I be anything else?" she demanded.

"For no reason excepting that I ask very earnestly for your good-will. I know that I have offended you, and that I acted like a self-sufficient fellow when we first met. Won't you accept my apology?"

She turned and looked into his eyes, her face betraying more emotion than he had suspected.

"Why should it matter to you whether I am friendly or not?" she asked, her voice quavering a little.

"I don't know," he replied. "It does not matter. I keep wondering all the time how I can convince you that I value your good-will. I often think of the day on the cliff when you offered me your hearty good-will and fellowship. and I am aghast at myself for acting as I did. Won't you believe that I thought I was doing what was best for you?" "I suppose," said Erna reflectively, "that you thought yourself a very su-

perior being." He smiled gravely. "That is one way of stating it," he said; "I think I was at that time almost dead to all human emotion. If

you only knew what I had gone through you might find it easier to forgive me.' "I forgive you, she said, suddenly, putting her hand out in her old frank He took the little hand eagerly, think-

ing within himself that she certainly had a charming way of coming around. "It is very good of you," he said. gratefully. "No, it is not," she replied. "I want

to be friends, or I would not be." Erna flushed, noting the words and manner of the man as indicating that than she would have liked to own; and his large eyes standing out of his galthey move the food on still undigested. he thought he had never seen anything as beautiful as she looked at that moment. "I am glad I followed you." he said, in-

cautiously.
"Followed me!" she repeated.

He looked dismayed for a moment, and then laughed, and said, frankly: "It is the truth. I heard you gallop

by my window. I jumped up to see who it was, fearing it might be Lady Gertrude, who had begged me to bring Selim here for her to try. When I saw it was you, I hurried down and came in pursuit. You are not offended?" "Oh, no," she answered, with a cold-

ness in marked contrast with her previous joyousness. "Why should I be ofwould take so much trouble. There is a very pretty wall, with water the other side. They said at the stable that this horse was as good as Selim. Here is a chance to make a test; I know what

Selim can do." She gathered up the reins, to put Dandy at the wall; but Aubrey, after a hasty glance at the jump, put his hand out and caught her bridle.

"It would be madness! It is an impossible jump. It is worse than the wall." "Let go," she said, her face pale and

set. "I am going to try." "I canno permit it," he replied, his blue eyes fived on her with determina-

tion written in them. "It seems to me," she said, in that fierce tone of hers, which betrayed such a war of passion within her, "that you are assuming a great deal. By what right do you dare to tell me what you

will or will not permit?" "The right of one human being to prevent an act of criminal recklessness in another. Please, Erna, be reasonable!"

"Release the rein!" she cried, in a tifled voice. "I will not until you promise not to

make the mad attempt. Even to keep your friendship, which I so value, I will not do it." She laughed with bitter scorn. Her

brown eyes were black with anger. "Release the rein!" she panted. She raised her Ading whip threaten- part of the time."

"I will strike you!" she cried. furi-CHAPTER XXIII. There were pain and distress in the steady blue eyes that looked into the furious brown ones, but not an eyelash quivered under the expected blow from

the uplifted whip.

For a moment they remained thus, the darkness deepening in Erna's eyes, and then fading out. The whip slowly sank, and Erna's bosom rose and fell like a

ed voice. "Which way do you go?" she demand-

"You are angry with me," he said, regretfully. "I hate you!" she cried. "I came out to be alone, and you thrust yourself up scornfully. "Wait until it is announced. on me. The least you can do is to leave I wish he were engaged to her. But me. You cannot expect to remain here to think of bringing them here! Marforever holding my rein. Do you find quis, I would as lief have thrown a

me it is ridiculous! There' the groom is coming. I shait appeal to him." The restive horses had kept moving was well aware of the fact that he uneasily on all the while, and were now ought to utterly condemn any young land diocese chuckles as he unfolds the

around, which would have enabled the vite the Earl of Auorey here?" she daearl to intercept her. He released the manded, with considerable asperity. rein, saving, in a troubled tone:

"Why is it my fortune to anger you?" "I do not care to guess your riddles," a kinsman of Erna? she angrily retorted. "I wish to continue my ride. Will you be good enough to choose your way, and let me go mine?" He bowed low, his face pale and trou- reputation! think of his good looks, his bled, and without a word turned Selim toward the direction of the Castle and rode away. Erna, with head erect and not have here. You certainly seemed to eyes burning, touched Dandy with her whip and darted forward at a swift pace. and on she went for a mile and more; then she checked Dandy and put him at a low fence. Then she tried a ferred to Captain Merriwether." water jump, and after that a wall.

Her face was pale and set, and her eyes were dark and flashing. She had turned back when the groom came up with her. He dropped behind her, wondering at her blazing eyes, but setting them down to the exhilaration of rid "I'll do it if I break my neck." muttered. Then she rode on, twisting and bending the pliable reins in her

nervous fingers. "He brought Selim here for her. It is true, then, that he intends to make her his countess. He followed me to trifle with me. Would he dare? would he dare? Oh, I will make him suffer for it, and her too. But I will make the jump if it kills me."

She knew it was a reckless thing to do, but she was so furious with the earl and still more furious with herself, that she would not have been dissuaded by any argument that could have been ad-

But she did not wish to fail if she could help it. So when she reached the jump on her return, she rode up to it and examined it. It was a terrible jump, with death or broken bones lurking on the other side. But Erna's was a temper so furious that the danger was an added attraction.

"That's the envy of the country, miss," said the groom, touching his cap. "Why," she curtly demanded.

"It looks tempting, but nobody dares try it." "Ah," ejaculated Erna, closing her white teeth.

"Surely, mies-" began the groom 'Heaven's mercy! she'll be killed!' He could not move to overtake her Besides, it would have been useless, and he could only sit there and stare in horror at the fool-hard attempt.

Erna had brought the warp down on Dandy's flank, and he had sprung forward as if projected from a gun. He knew what he was expected to do as well as if he had understood what had been said. For a moment he seemed disposed to shirk it; but, as the groom noted with horror-stricken admiration, Erna steadied him, slowed him a trifle, and got him into his stride.

It was an ugly wall, with a bad takeofi and a worse landing. But Erna had studied all that and had unerringly picked out the best spot to make the attempt. On flew Dandy, steady now, and determined to do honor to the courage of Indigestion and Similar Troubles

"Hi!" she cried, and lifted her whip. Dandy planted his feet fairly on the take-off selected, and with a mighty effort, rose in the air, his magnificent muscles standing out in his thighs like ridges of iron.

lant head, and seeming to almost buoy himself in the air. The wall and water stretched beneath him. Erna sat him as if a part with him, now leaning forward, and sore. It is a cause of indigestion now swaying backward. There was a dread instant of uncertainty, and then the noble animal was

safe on the other side. Over! She had defied Lord Aubrey; she had made the jump in spite of him; and she would go home triumphant. Dandy quivered in every muscle, but he took the smaller his rider. The groom was dumb with astonish

ment and admiration. Thenceforward the fended? I ought to be proud that you be Miss March; and at that moment the worst he wished her was that she would marry the marquis, his master, and that he would die within a month of the sorb the good from the food when it is wedding.

when Erna returned to the castle, and she shut herself in her apartments and remained there until late in the morning, when Violet came to seek her, crying out the moment she was admitted. "Why, Erna! what have you been do-

"Well, what have I been doing?" inquired Erna, quietly.

"Why, everybody is talking about you. They say you went out this morning to ride, and took a jump nobody has ever dared to take before."

"They are making a great fuss over very little," said Erna. That sounds well from you, my dear, but nobody else would say it. But what

do you think?-who do you think is "Lord Aubrey and the Morehams." said Erna, composedly.
"Oh, you knew it. Well, do come and

show yourself. They are all crazy to see you. I wonder why the marquis asked the earl and Lady Gertrude here. He gestion." must have known you were not good

friends." "You are mistaken," replied Erns; we are the best of friends. The earl was out riding with me this morning,

Violet shrugged her shoulders, like one who feels that she may be treading on

unsafe greund.
"Well, do come down," she said. "Gertrude is just green with envy at your performance of this morning; but I don't believe she intends trying it, too."

About the same time Lady Romley was talking privately with the marquis. "Well, it's too late now," said the marchioness. "All we can do is to watch and wait. Erna may treat him horribly. She did the last time they stormy sea. Then she spoke in a strangl. met, and may again. For your sake, my dear marquis, I hope she will." The marquis was in despair.

"But," he protested, "Aubrey is as good as engaged to Lady Gertrude, they "They say!" repeated Lady Romiey,

something heroic in your attitude? To match into a powder magazine." Lord Aubrey, in the meantime, was having a very wretched time of it. He

"Why-why-" stammered the marquis, taken aback by the tone, "isn't he

"Isn't he a fascinating man?" retorted the marchioness, inwardly thinking men the stupidest of creation. "Think of his wealth, his youth! I thought you know he was the very man of men you should speak that way when you conferred with me at Romley."

"Aubrey!" cried the marquis. "Did you mean Aubrey? I thought you resion as Erna had that morning. But, in fact, the more he thought of Erna, the more he dwelt on the astonishing beauty she had displayed in her fury.

"What a termagant!" he said: and then he thought: "Where is the other girl who would have dared to 20 that

"What I can't comprehend," he is flected, "is why she should so suddenly become angry with me, just at the very moment when I was rejoicing in the friendship I had been longing for. For a few moments there I was as happy as a boy. She is a strangely fascinating creature. I suppose now she will not look at me again."

When Erna came down she was surrounded, according to custom, and was soon busy answering questions, and laughingly protested that she would never have taken the jump if she had known so much fame was to be acquired by it. Then, when she saw the opportunity, she exclaimed: 'Is not that Lady Gertrude I see over there by the Earl of Aubrey? I saw the

earl this morning. He, too, was out rid-(To be continued.)

DIFFERENCE IN THEM.

The head of a big firm of contractors was walking around the premises and stopped to converse with old George, a stableman.

'Well, George, how goes it?" he said. "Fair to middlin', sir," George answered. "Fair to middlin'." And he continued to rub down a bay hoss, while the other looked on in silence. "Me and this 'ere hoss," George said, suddenly, "has worked for you sixteen year." "Well, well," said the boss, thinking a little guiltily of George's very low wage. "And I suppose you are pretty highly valued, George, eh?" "H'm!" said George. "Both of us was took ill last week, and they got a doctor

ONLY ONE CURE FOR A BAD STOMACH

for the hoss, but they just docked my

Must be Treated Through the Blood.

Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can be cured in only one way-through the blood. Purgatives That weakens the whole system, uses up the natural juices of the body and leaves the stomach and bowels parched not a cure. Others try predigested foods and peptonized drugs. But drugs which digest the food for the stomach really weaken its power. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it for themselves. Nothing can give the stomach that power but the new, rich jump lower down in gallant style and red blood so abundantly supplied by Dr. seemed to delight in the praise of Williams' Pink Pills. So the reason for their success is plain. The health of the stomach depends upon the blood in its delicate veins. If the blood is weak medel of womankind, in his eyes, would and watery the gastric glands haven't the strength to secrete the juices which alone can digest the food. If the blood is loaded with impurities it cannot abdigested. Nothing can stimulate the None of the guests were yet stirring glands, and nothing can absorb the nourishment but pure, red blood. And nothing can give that pure, red blood but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Alfred Gallant, Mill River, P. E. I., says: "For several years, previous and up to two years ago, I suffered continually from indigestion. I could not eat enough to keep my strength, and what little did eat, no matter what kind of food, caused great pains, so that I became much reduced in flesh, strength and energy. I consulted several doctors and took medicine from them, but without any benefit whatever. On the advice of a friend I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and soon good results were noticed. I could slightly increase the amount of food day after day, and suffered no inconvenience, until after taking ten boxes I could eat any kind of food, and in a short time got back to my normal state of health, and feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have surely cured me of a most stubborn case of indi-

You can get these Pills from anv dealer in medicine or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SEED HAD FALLEN ON ARABLE GROUND.

A well-known prelate of the Cleveland diocese recently preached a series of sermons, his general theme being "Humility." In the course of his sermons he necessarily dwelt upon the nothingness of man without the help of grace. His auditors were the gentle nuns of the Villa Convent, and the convent school pupils made up of many young ladies,

girls and small boys.

At the conclusion of the sermons, says the Leader, the prelate, while divesting himself of the garments of the altar service, turned to the sanctuary boys, lads of 10 or 11 years. "What are you?" inquired the venerable priest of one of the two boys. Quick as a flash came back the answer, "I'm an Irishman, and I'm proud of it." "And what are you?" he asked the other lad. Crossing his little hands upon his breast, he quietly rejoined, "Father, I have been listening.

I am nothing." The aged administrator of the Clevetale. The seed had evidently fallen on

"Only Six Weaks to Live"

Constigation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Rheumatism.

A Dying Women Rescued Through the timely use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"My doctor told me I had only six weeks to live-that nothing human could help me, but to-day I am hearty and well, because I took a long treatment with Dr. Hamilton's Pills- they saved my life."

Continuing her declaration, Mrs. Jamieson says: "I had from childhood been a sufferer from biliousness, and liver complaint. I suffered excessively from wind and could not eat my food without feeling ill afterwards. Sometimes I was so bad I couldn't stand up straight for the pain. The wind settled in my stomach, chest and sides, and always caused blinding headaches. At times I seemed one mass of aches and pains—a became rheumatic because my blood was so poor.

The benefit I received from the first box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills encouraged me and I continued their use, three to five pills a week, for several months and was brought to the most perfect condition of health."

If you suffer from constipation, flatulence, indigestion, palpitation, anaemia headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness, depression, general debility, loss of appetite, liver and kidney troubles, acute and chronic dyspepsia, or any form of stomach and digestive weakness, you may look with certain hope for a complete cure by the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Safe, mild and sure to cure. Price, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00 at all dealers or The Catarrhozone Company, Kings-

MATCHLESS MISERY. I'm disappointed, pained and sad: My heart down at my feet, My case is bad, and very bad, My misery complete!

I seem to have no comfort left! The world is black and blue: I feel so hopelessly bereft I know not what to do.

Indeed, were I a coward fool.

And able still to win it.

With nothing in my sconce,

I'd take a halter and a stool, And end the thing at once! It isn't that the bank is broke, And all I had lot in it; I have more cash than many folk.

Nor is it that the looks are cold. That were so warm and tender; She's true as steel; she's good as gold And may all good attend her!

Or seen a good position end Before I got another. I haven't traded off my horse, And got a spavined cripple; Nor am I eaten with remorse

O no! I haven't lost a friend,

A sister or a brother:

After a heavy tipple.

It isn't grippe; it isn't gout: Nor any pain or ache;
My sight is good, my limbs are stout My hearing wide awake.

And yet, I never felt so bad. So downcast and forlorn; So helpless, miserable, sad-No, not since I was born! Toothache or headache; grippe or goat,

Well-I should call them bliss! Not one is mine of all the batch: And yet my woe is ripe; I find I haven't got a match.

Is noght, compared with this!

The miseries men talk about-

And cannot light my pipe!

I Never Knew. I never knew how much she was to me. I never knew how patient she could be; I never realized until she went away, How much a woman helps a man each

And, O, I never knew how thoughtless I Had been at times, until I saw her die. I never knew the crosses that she bore

With smiling patience, or the griefs that wore Upon her heart strings, as she toiled away. I only saw her smiles and thought her

I took for granted joys that were not I might have helped her then, but didn't

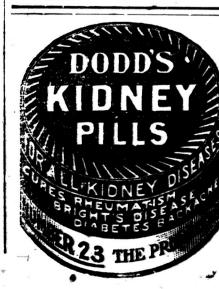
know. I thought she worried needlessly, and I see her life was bounded by regret;

I might have done much more for her.

had I But known her sorrows, or had thought But now that I'm alone at last, I see How much of pain her smiling hid from

I never knew how much I leaned upon That little woman, till I found her gone. How much her patience, gentleness and cheers

Had meant to me through all those early years. How many little things she used to do To smooth my path. Alas, I never knew'



MOTION PICTURES.

Harrowing Scenes That Seem to Please the Audiences.

If the proprietors of the moving pieture shows rightly judge their audience the latter come not to be amused so much as to be instructed, and most of all to be horrified. Tragedy takes a higher place than comedy in some of the bills, and seemingly the audience enjoys it, specially those of the afternoon, four-

fifths of whom are women.

An hour in one of the better grade of these places of amusement left a first visitor in a depressed state. The show was in a theatre once the home of highplass plays, the attendants were neatly uniformed, the place was well kept and the seats were filled with prosperous appearing women.

The first shock was when the screen announced "Saved by a Waif," and the whirring of the picture machine introduced us to a happy home, obviously French, with a chidl, a doll, and the proper number of parents. The next scene called out the handkerchiefs. The child is in bed sick, the doctor is summoned, He examines her, shakes his head solemnly, and then with a horrible struggle the little girl dies and the mother faints. As if that were not enough we are next introduced to a mother turned maniac with grief and laughing idiotically ever the doll of her dead chidl. The doctor is equally hopeless over this case.

The rest of the plot is brief. The physician finds in the street a stray child who bears a remarkable resemblance to the dead girl, brings her to the house, dresses her in the clothes last worn by the other, and presents her to the crazy mother, who in some way not quite clear is at once cured, while the waif is returned to her povertystricken parents with a large bunch of paper money.

The ending of the piece is cheerful enough, but its early progress was punctuated by sobs, while the death struggle of the child made most of the women

As if this were not enough the audience a few minutes later was treated to another domestic tragedy beginning with a happy home also of father, mother and little girl. This time the home is humble but still French. From this abode of poverty but good

cheer the child falls from the window

and is brought in lifeless and inspected

by a dector, apparently the same who

turned up in the other pictures and whose sad fate it is to be perpetually shaking his head to indicate that there is no hope.
In this series the father takes to drink, beats his wife and is about to leave her. In packing up they find their dead daughter's belongings and can't agree as to their division. He weeps, begs his wife's forgiveness, throws the bottle out of the window and presumably never

fault with the moral, but it hardly seems as light hearted an amusement as the weary shopper would wish. Not content with being mournful and moral, the moving picture of to-day is also instructive. Whole series are devoted to reproducing methods of manufacture or famous scenes of history. Sprinkle in a reasonable amount of frivolous matter and what more could be ex-

takes another drink. No one can find

ected for five cents or even ten!—Ne York Sun. After making a most careful study of the matter, U.S. Government scientists state definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Wilson's Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germs.

SUBSTITUTION. "Good morning, madam!" voiced the

"Good morning!" echoed the quietlooking matron, "have you something very choice in Irish lace?" "Well-er-no; but here's something just as good as seventy-five cents

too.

yard.'

cheery salesman.

"Yes, yes; in fact, confidentially, superior to the real article. How much do you wish, please?" "Just a yard," sweetly. "Here's your

"Just as good?" doubtingly.

mone v." "But, madam!"—in confusion, "you've made a mistake—this isn't money."

"No?" agreeably. "Why, no; it's a matinee ticket." "So it is!" sweetly. "But it represents seventy-five cents, and, while it isn't actual money, it's just as good. Adios." The clerk fainted.-From the July

Bohemian.

WHY HE CAME. "I dined with Somerset Maugham at Ritz in London," said a poet. "Maugham, who now grinds out a million-dollar comedy every month or two, began by writing tragedies in German.

"From tragedies in German to Mrs. Dot!"" I cried. 'How did you come to it, Somerset? "He peeled the silver wrapping from

a great black cigar.

'My German tragedies,' he said, 'had few hearers, and these hearers were sympathetic. I, in those days, was like the science professor who found one night that his audience consisted of but

a single person. "The amphitheatre was very large. The audience, a little man, sat high up and far back on the last bench. 'My friend,' said the professor, gen-

ially. "why don't you come nearer? You would hear much better on the front "Ah, rats!' said the audience, "I didn't come in to listen to you. I came to get warm."

Greater Freedom for Press in Mexico. The Chamber of Deputies will discuss the proposed new press law, or the Batalla bill, as it is known, during its present period of sessions, according to

Congressman Diodoro Batalla. For some time several members of the chamber have been considering the advisability of introducing radical reforms in the present law on publications with the view of enlarging the liberties of journalists and publishers in expressing thoughts and opinions, the present law being considered as too strict. Congressman Batalla feels confident that it will be passed.—Mexican Herald.