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A Fair Invalid

Then I shall not be compelled to remain here: she interrogated.

"I am sure Miss Vane will be pleased to show you all hospitality until Lord. Wynton has quite roovred. Pray do not think of leaving him." Again came that strange laugh. "Does he know that I am here?"

asked. "I cannot tell you, Lady Wynton. I

do not know. "Did he ask if I was living or dead?" the inquired. I felt confused; for the whole world I could not tell why. His indifference about her had not angered

me as did hers about him.

"You do not answer me-you do not like to tell me the truth, that he forgot all shout me-never cared to know whe ther I had been killed or saved. We are certainly model man and wife. I must be more considerate. Pray, how is Lord Wynton? My heart is not one of the easily broken kind-do not hesitate to tell me." There was a mocking smile on her lips, a mocking light in her eyes in her entire manner derision and

"Lord Wynton's life was despaired of at first," I replied, curtly; "but he has recovered consciousness, and is in a fair way toward recovery.'

'I thought he would escape,' said: and to me it seemed that there was real regret in her voice. 'I have not asked to whom I have

the pleasure of speaking," she said, af-"I am a friend of Miss Vane's; my

name is Mrs. Neville.' "Will you ask Miss Vane if she will see me? I cannot think of remaining here unless I can see the mistress of the house.' "I will ask Miss Vane."

"There are one or two other things should like to mention. I cannot take the tea that woman brings; I prefer French chocolate: I like, too, a little claret at breakfast-time, with fruit, not your English compounds-they are horrible. And have you no French novels in the house. How am I to pass my time?" Feeling too angry for words, I left her. I cannot well describe Lady Wynton. I did not think she was an Englishwoman, although she spoke with a tolerable accent. She was beautiful, but it Paris. I assure you that it was by comstruck me that her fair beauty was of a make-up kind-all glitter. Her wealth of hair was artistically arranged, her eyes were large and blue, with a steely glitter, her lips red, her teeth gleaming white; but there was a touch of Parisian art about her face and figure. She was ways in the south of France. I enjoy than graceful. One thing was quite plain to me-she was not a lady; no matter what her tastes or position, she lacke dthe refinement and good breed- was tonsparent and delicate. "You will ing of a gentlewoman. Still I was bound understand now," she said, "why I am to comply with her wishes. Going to in such a hurry to get away. This coid, Miss Vane's room, I found her sitting at foggy England kills me. I want the ndow. She did not look round as I entered; on her face were traces of Miss Vane that I am much indebted to is desirous of seeing you, Miss Vane,"

needful for her comfort." She turned her head quickly enough then-such contempt, such unutterable scorne, such anger, I never saw evinced in any face before. "I decline to see Lady Wynton," she returned, curtly. "So I told her; but she persisted in

I said. 'She would like to thank you,

and to mention several little things

sending the message." "I persist also in sending refusal," she

declared. "Anything that she requires for her comfort let her have; but for Heaven's sake keep her out of my sight. "She wants French cholocate and French novels," I said, laughing. "Oh! give them to her. Only keep

her away from me," was the contemptuous response. After a short time she obtained a little stool and sat down at my feet, laying her head on my knee; it was the first time she had used that caressing manner with me. "Mrs. Neville," she said, slowly, "I want to ask you a question. Tell me, what do you think of Lady Wynton?" She asked the question with curious shyness. My reply was abrupt. "I do not like her at all, Miss Vane."

"Do you not? She is beautiful, I sup-"After the fashion of a Parisian act-

ress nothing more."

For a time she seemed buried in thought, and then, with a soft blush on it, she raised her fair face to mine. "Do not think me vain, Mrs. Neville, but you have seen us both-should you imagine Lady Wynton to be a woman whom a gentleman a man of refinement and taste-would prefer to me-who would be better loved than I could be?"

"No; there is as much difference beween Lady Wynton and yourself as beween a scarlet poppy and a maiden hush-rose. But have you seen Lady Wynton, Miss Vane?"



"Yes, I saw her once, but under strange circumstances; I could not judge of what she was really like; and then she continued, shyly: "Does she, do you think, love Lord Wynton very much." "I do not think she does, Miss Vane;

should imagine that all the love and nterest she feels are centred in herself." "Poor Clive!" I heard her say; and then she asked me if I knew where they

were going when the accident happened. I told her to Paris. "Mrs. Neville," she said, "I have one great wish, one intense longing—it is to ee them together-husband and wife. shall never, in all human probability. see either of them again, and I wish, before they go, to see them together. Can

it be managed?"
"I will think about it, and tell you later on," I replied, determined that she should be gratified, if it were possible. CHAPTER X.

"Mrs. Neville." said the shrill, clear voice of Lady Wynton, "it is hardly needful for me to remain here any onger. The house is very duil and quiet, and there is not a novel in the place fit o read—in very truth, I am bored to teath, and should like to go." "You will like to remain until Lord

Wynton goes," I said, surprised. She ooked at me in real unaffected aston-

"Lord Wynton!" she exclaimed. "Why. what has his going or staying to do with "I believe the movements of a husband

generally concern his wife," I replied.
"We are an exception," said Lady Wynton, laughing. I do not live with Lord Wynton; we do not share the same house, home, or even country. While Lord Wynton kills time after his own fashion at the Park, I hold a little court of my own in la belle France."

"I see!" she continued, with a mocking laugh. "Because we were travelling in one carriage you fancied we were devoted-of the Darby-and-Joan type. Nothing of the kind. My business relations with Lord Wynton were not satisfactory-indeed, he did not allow me sufficient to live upon. I wrote, asking him to meet me at his lawyer's, and he consented. We came to a satisfactory arrangement, and bade each other goodby. I was returning to Fland Lord Wynton, it appears, was going to plete accident that we were put into the same carriage. I did not feel pleased-1 am sure Lord Wynton did not!'

"Look at me. Mrs. Neville. You must see that I am not strong-that. I am even consumptive, that is why I live altall, well formed, and elegant rather my life so much that I do not care to

Looking at her, I saw that her eves were very bright, that her complexion warm sun of fair France. Will you tell bitter, pasionate tears. "Lady Wynton her for her kindness, but am compelled to leave River House? I suppose, too, that I must sacrifice to the proprieties, and bid farewell to my liege lord. Will it be convenient for me to see him this afternoon? I thought of leaving about

"It will be convenient; but I hope you will not agitate him," I said. "I do not think that is in my power," she said, laughing. "I will see him this afternoon, Mrs. Neville, and I am sure that I may trust to your kindness to make all arrangements for my depar-

I went to tell Miss Vane. "You wished to see them together," I said. "Lady Wynton will bid her husband farewell this afternoon."

"I must see them," she said. "It would set the doubts and fears and wonder of long years at rest if I could see them gated, eagerly. together.

"It will be very easy," I observed. You have nothing to do but disguise yourself as you did before, and remain in the room. I will dress you you shall friends. gratify the desire and longing of your heart-you shall see them together.' When the disguise was complete we

went into the invalid's room together. Lord Wynton was lying wide awake. He watched Miss Vane as she went to the rogated.

"No," I replied; "she was here when you were very ill." And then I bent "Lord Wynton," I said, over him. gently, "Lady Wynton is anxious to get away as soon as possible, and would like to say good-bye to you this afternoon." "Very well," he assented, listlesslywhenever she wishes."

He had barely uttered the words when footstep was heard outside, and, without any rapping or announcement, Lady Wynton entered the room. She went up to him smiling, cold, hard, polished, without the faintest expression of sympathy. The accident was a terrible one," she said: "we had a very narrow escape."

She made no remark about his appearance, nor did she congratulate him on his escape. Thinking my presence a restraint, I turned to leave the room, Lord Wynton stopped me with outstretched hand. "Do not go, Mrs. Neville!" he cried, in a quick, faint voice.

Lady Wynton turned to me with a glittering smile. "We have no secrets, Mrs. Neville," she said. "I merely wisheed to bid Lord Wynton good bye." Neither of them noticed the silent figure bending over the open drawer. "For your own shake," she continued. coldly, "I should advise you to get out of this terrible house as soon as you can; the silence of it is enough to make one melancholy for life."

"I like it," he opposed, abruptly, "Well, all to the taste-I think it horrible. Good-bye, Lord Wynton; I hope you will soon be all right." Without another word she went away. "Goodbve," he responded.

When the door has closed behind her he turned his face to the wall. "Great Heaven! what have I been saved for?" he moaned. He lay silent for some time: we heard deep sighs come from his lips, and then he asked for some lemonade.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

Miss Vane hastened to give it to him. I saw him look up into her face with a smile. There was not the faintest gleam of recognition. Then he looked at the white hands that held the glass looked at them long and steadily.

There was a great commotion 5 o'elock came, and Lady Wynton was ready to depart. "Good-bye, Mrs. Nev-ille," she said. "You have been very kind to me, and I thank you. I am not to see Miss Vane, I suppose?" "She is really not well enough to re-

ceive visitors," I explained. "I expect the truth is she is terrible, cross old maid," she said, laughingly. "Well, you will say all this is civil for me. Good-bye." That was the last I ever saw of Lady Wynton. After her departure I went to Miss Vane's

"Oh, Mrs. Neville!" she cried, "what a dreadful woman! Why, she has no heart! She does not love him-she does not care for him!"

"I think it is a case of mutual indif-Perence, Miss Vane. She is entirely void of feeling or affection. Lord Wynton has heart enough, but I do not not think he has ever given any of it to her."

"It is strange," she mused to herself "very strange; he must have loved her once," and then she checked herself, and looked at me with eager eyes. "You do not think she has the least suspicion?

she interrogated.
"Of you? No. I think she has a very poor opinion of you-imagines you to be a cross, eccentric, disagreeable old maid." "I can bear that," she declared, with a smile. "And, Lord Wynton—you feel sure that he has no suspicion?' "Not the faintest," I replied. "But

saw him looking intently at your hands -those white, beautiful hands of yours." "Did he? Ah !well. I shall not see him again! It will not matter; my hands have ministered their last to him.'

She never went near his room after that: but there was searcely a limit to her care of him. He had the choicest wines, the rarest fruits, the daintiest dishes. She sent for every book or paper she thought might interest him- she superintended personally everything that went into his room-she gathered the fairest flowers and seemed to know by instinct what flowers he leved best. He said to me one day: "The lady of the house-Miss Vane, you call hermust have a very kind heart. It is a sad thing that she is so great an in-

valid." "Yes, she has a most generous nature," I acknowledged. "What is her ailment?" he asked. "Le she old or young? Is she a confirmed invalid, or does she suffer from a recent

illness?' "She is a confirmed invalid." I replied. "As for her age, sometimes she looks much older than at others."

"I should like to see her," he said: 'her great kindness has made a deep impression on me. By the way, Mrs. Neville, who is the old nurse who was in my room vesterday? What strangely beautiful hands she has!"

the beauty of them." "They remind me," he said, with a bitter sigh, "of hands that I used to see years ago, and loved very dearly.'

CHAPTER XI. After a few weeks more, Lord Wynton was pronounced well enough to leave River House. I ventured one day to say that I hoped at some future time our

paths in life would cross again. "Mine is not a happy life, Mrs. Neville," he said. "I never go into the great world. I live at Lyndmere Park and I try to forget a very great sorrow in the strict fulfilment of duty. The sins of our youth always find us out

I committed a great folly in mine." "You may have committed a folly, I observed-"but a sin, a mean, deliberate sin, you have never committed. I am sure.

"You have faith in me?" he interro-

Yes unbounded faith." "Thank you. It is a long time since s woman's voice spoke of faith or trust in me, Mrs. Neville. We shall be

"I hope so, Lord Wyton," I respond-

"The friendship of a good and true woman would be invaluable to me," he said, musingly; and then he continued: "Doctor Fletcher advises me to leave drawers and busied herself in arranging England for a time. I shall obey him. something. "A new nurse " he inter- I shall be absent some months-a year, perhaps; but when I return, may I come to Neville's Cross to see you?"

> ton," I replied. "I want to ask one question more. You know Miss Vane and understand her. Do you mink she would allow me

> to see her? I am so deeply grateful to her that I must express my thanks." "I think if you were to write to her, Lord Wynton, it would be better. She sees no one, and your presence would

distress her, I am sure.' "I would not distress her for be world," he said. "I will write to ber; I must express my gratitude in a 'et

He was to leave us in three days, and quite understood why Huldah Vane

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diseases of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold these 4 boxes of pills, send us the money \$1 and the size of the ring desired and we will send you, your theire of one of those handsome Rings, plain engraved or set with precious stones. Send your name and address immediately and we will send you nest-naid the Pills and fancy will send you nest-naid the Pills and fancy. will send you, post-paid, the Pills and fancy pins which are to give away to purchasers of the pills. We do not ask any money before the pills are sold and we take back what you

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CORNS CURES shut herself up in her room during that time, for Lord Wynton was much better, and had asked permission to look through the grounds. "It must be a great privation," he said to me, 'for the mistress of this beautiful place to ve an invalid, Mrs. Neville. Do you know that I shall never rest until I have in some measure repaid my great obligation to Miss Vane? I shall send her some thing that she would like. When I toturn to England she will be the first person that I shall visit. I feel that, under Heaven, I owe my life to you and to her.'

The day came when he was to leave us. It did not surprise me that Miss Vane refused to see anyone on that day. As for myself, I made no effort to hide my regret. He asked me to accept a very beautiful opal ring, and to the servants he made handsome presents. For Miss Vane he left the letter, which I promised to deliver when he should be gone. I stood in the porch until the carriage disappeared, and then I was not at all ashamed of the tears which filled my eyes. I did not take the letter to Miss Vane on that day.

On the morrow she was downstairs before me. Her eves were full of tender light, her lips sweet with smiles. I had never beheld a face so wondrously fair. She held out her hand to me in allent greeting. "He is gone," I said. went vesterday.'

'I know," she returned; "I saw him go. Heaven has been very good to me. I have seen him, and have forgiven him. Life will never be quite so empty or dreary for me again.

I gave her the letter. "Do not go away," she said; "I'can read it in your presence as well as though I were alone." It was a long letter. She read it attentively, her lips quivering, her

eyes filling.
"He had not the least idea who I am," she said. "Poor Cleve! I should like you to- read that letter, Mrs. Neville." She gave it to me and I read it attentively. It was the letter of a well-bred gentleman, thanking his hostess both earnestly and heartily, making much of her kindness, and showing how deeply he had felt it.

"It is a charming letter," I said: "and I admire Lord Wynton more than any one I have met of late years."

(To be continued.)

TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION

Remedies That Digest the Food Will Not Cure the Trouble— The Stomach Must be Fitted to do Nature's Werk.

The tonic treatment for indigestion. dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach and gastritis is having remarkable success in curing obstinate cases, and deserves atcention from every sufferer.

Its principal is that remedies for ndigestion that digest the food for the tomach give relief for only a short ime. Ultimately they unfit the stomach to do its own proper work, because they make its already weak powers still weaker by disuse, while the remedy that ter in April last.—The Popular Science strengthens the stomach makes it capable of digesting the food for itself, and this benefit is lasting. A remedy that is not only a tonic for the stomach, but for the blood and nerves as well, in vigorates the entire system and makes recovery from the painful, weakening effects of indigestion rapid and thorough. Every sufferer from indigestion will find in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills just the tonic needed, as they enrich the blood, tone the stomach and thus enable it to do the work nature intended it should do. This has been proved in thousands of cases, and it is worth the while of every sufferer from stomach trouble to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Mr. Edward Chatterton. Campbellton, N. B., says: "I have been a great sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble, and although I had treatment from several doctors, I did not find a cure until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can hardly describe how much I suffered at times. Every meal brought with it more or less agony, and I seemed to have a complete distaste for food. I had admost begun to think my case incurable when I came across a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. I am very thankful that I did so, for I had not been taking the Pills long before I found them helping me, and in six weeks every symptom of the trouble had vanished I can now eat heartily almost any kind of food, and no longer experience pain "Yes; I shall be delighted, Lord Wyn- and discomfort after eating."

It is because Dr. Williams Pink Pills make new, rich blood that they cure such troubles as indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches and backaches, St. Vitus' dance, and other forms of nerve troubles. They cure the irregularities of girlhood and womanhood. and bring ease, comfort and health to sufferers. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Lest We Forget.

Those who were in Peking during the Boxer rising, and who visit the foreign settlement to-day, see many changes. The Legation walls show no soigns of warfare save one corner of the British compound, near the gate opposite the Forbidden City. Here the bullet holes remain, and the broken bricks lie just as they were when the allied forces relieved the garrison. To preserve the memory of those trying days and nights, Sir Claude Macdonald, then in command of the British post, had the words, "Lest We Forget," painted at the spot where the attacks were fiercest. This is the only real mark to-day in Peking of the great trouble of 1900. The words are far-reaching, and they bring back to mind the scenes of treachery and strife which were enacted near by, and the many anxious hours spent, by those who had friends and relations within the walls of the British Legation during the siege.-From the November Wide

YEARS OF ILL HEALTH CURED.

"Like many another woman," writes Mrs. J. H. Hilliard, of Ashland, N. Y., "continued weakness caused by poor lack of knowledge in regard to exact stomach and constipation led me to believe I would always be sick. It was ties is impossible, says the Review of Mrs. Ryan, my neighbor, who advised Reviews, but the figures would no doubt me to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills and it be startling. was the means of teaching me 'It is never too late to mend.' I am rather a small woman, always pale, except when my skin became a muddy yellow. I never had much of an appetite because my digestion was never very good and still worse my system was seldom regular. Mrs. Ryan had become healthy and well with Dr. Hamilton's Pills and kept telling me that they would fix my system so it would work well, too. Certainly Dr. Hamilton's Pills must have made right all that was wrong, because I weigh ten pounds more than ever before and feel fine. If you could see my rosy color, and watch how quickly I do my housework, I am sure you would think just as much of Dr. Hamilton's Pills as I do. They are a real fine mediciae for woman and like as not would do

man just as much good, too.

There is no remedy for general use in the home to make you well when sick, to keep you from getting sick-no medicine with half the merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills see you get nothing else, sold in 25c yellow boxes, all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston,

HALLEY'S COMET.

The Celestial Visitor of 1835 Appreaching Us Again.

Outside the circle of astronomers, Hal-

ey's name is known because it is at-

ached to a comet whose orbit he calcu-

lated and whose return he predicted. This was in 1682, when Halley computed its parabolic orbit, and comparing this with the imperfect observations of comets which have appeared in 1456, 1531 and 1607, concluded that each was the same body returning from the outer region of the solar system beyond the furthest known planet. He wrote Wherefore, if it should return accord ing to our predictions about the year 1758, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." This was not only a great advance in astronomy and important in its relation to the theory of gravitation, but was a forward movement in the conception of the orderliness of the universe. Comets had been portents of war, pestilence and famine. It was indeed Halley's comet which appeared in 1066 at the time of the invasion of William the Conqueorr and again in 1456 when Constantinople was besieged by the Turks and the cresent-shaped tail was a mighty omen. Halley's comet duly appeared in 1759, somewhat retarded by the attraction of Jupiter and Saturn, its perturbations having been accurately calculated by the French astronomer, Clairaut. It appeared again 1835 and is now once more rapidly approaching the earth and the sun, having passed the orbit of Jupi-

Ionthly for November. NEW DRESS COAT.

To Distinguish Gentlemen From Waiters on Dress Occasions.

A new dress-coat model on view at the Tailor and Cutter exhibition of tailormade garments seems likely to remove the complaint that a man's evening dress is identical with that of a waiter.

The latest dress-coat is no more than an Eton jacket with tails attached, that portion of the skirt technically known as the "strap," which used to come round to the front edge of the coat, being now

Another new type of garment is the Jodhpore breeches," which are a curious hybrid of riding breeches and trousers. As far as the knee they are cut like ordinary riding breeches. Below there is an extension like a narrow trouser-leg fitting closely to the calf, with a "turnup" at the end. It is claimed that this type of breeches is the most comfortable for hot climates, since it obviates the necessity of enclosing the lower part of the leg in a tight puttee or a stiff leg-

"The King." says the Tailor and Cutter, "is this season wearing a doublebreasted Chesterfield of dark grey overcoating having a rather rough service.

"It fastens across the front with a moderate overlap, and has three buttons up each side. The lapels are rather nar row. The length extends to the knees. and the edges ar stitched wide down the front, and round to about three inches from the edge. The collar is covered with velvet. There are horizontal flap pockets on the hips, and a neat welt breast pocket on the left side. The sleeves are finished with a turn-back

cuff two inches deep."

Grey is to be the winter color for men's clothes—not a silver grey, such as was popular during the summer, but a

TOLD HOW TO LEAVE CARS. School Children Given Practical

Pointers by Principals. The principals in practically all the public schools in the city yesterday deivered short lectures to the pupils cautioning them as to the proper way to board and leave trolley cars, the dangers of stealing rides and playing on the trolley tracks. These lectures were delivered in response to a circular letter addressed to the principals by President Charles O. Kruger, of the Rapid Transit Company, which was cordially in-dorsed by Superintendent Brumbaugh, and they were but one step in the general plan being followed out by the company in an effort to cut down the accident claim account by educating the public to look out for itself where trollev cars are concerned. his damage account has heretofore constituted one of the heavy drains on the company's gross earnings, and an earnest effort is being made to minimize it in order to achieve the longed-for point of placing the company on a sound financial basis.

—Philadelphia Record.

PARTIERS NEED TO LEAKE.

Agriculture Becoming More and More on Exact Science.

Anything like an accurate estimate of the loss to American farmers through lack of knowledge in regard to exact

Aside from knowing the absolute effect of soil, correct soil usage requires that the grower take into acc climati cenvironment—the effect of lati-tude, altitude, etc. The soil, for example, that produces a high-grade Suma tra cigar wrapper in Florida and south west Georgia will not produce this type nearly as well in Eastern North Carolina, but does produce an excellent quality of the bright tobacco used in the manufacture of cigarettes and gran-

ulated smoking tobacco.

The delicious Albemarle pippin apple of Virginia succeeds best only on a black loam soil in sheltered mountain coves, between 1,000 and 2,000 feet ele vation. In the lower celvations of the North Carolina fruit belt the coves on the north side of mountain slopes are best suited to fruit, while the coves with Southern exposure require a higher altitude to give the required climatic

environment. Peaches do well on the Eastern Shore and in the mountains of Western Maryland, but are generally unsuccessful on the intervening Piedmont Plateau, where frosts are apt to kill the early fruit buds.

LIGHTNING RODS.

To be Useful They Must be Well Grounded.

The facts are as follows: A long, vertical spike erected on the top of house, as we often see on the continent, unless it has a proper continuation down to an earth-plate sunk at some depth in the ground, is worse than useless; it invites the lightning to strike

A conductor formed either of "stranded" galvanized iron or of strip copper (which is no better, and is dearer), if connected well and metallically with an earth-plate" buried in moist earth (or, tter still, to a water main), is of use. If not so connected it is worse than useless. The conductor (of proper thickness and substance) should be carried up to the highest part of the house, but need not project more than a foot above, nor even so much. If the house has wings with several gables or turrets, the conductor, or branches of it, should be conducted along the roof-ridge to each turret or gable. Any metalic spouting or coping or water-ledges along the eaves should be metallically bonded to the conductor. If the house be a large mansion it would, be an additional safeguard to have a separate conductor carried up each (external) corner of the building and joined up to the conductor along the roof-ridge. But each such separate vertical conductor should be properly "earthed" to an "earth-plate" in moist soil or to a water-main. Any telephone wire (or other such wire) entering the house ought to be protected at the point o fentrance by few shillings), which is itself connected to "earth" or to some part of the con-

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trust you with the pens, sell
them and return the money
and win this little Beauty
Cold Finished Wateh and
also a lovely Ten Set Free
BORALTGOLDFEMCODept in Toronto, Out.

OH. ABUSED WOMAN!

If you have ceased to be in love, they call you moonstant. If you don't know whom you leve, or

whether you love at all, they call you If you don't choose to love at all, they call you indifferent.

If you love anyone else but the one

they want you to love, they call you false, and only when you give yourself to him whom they think you ought to love are you called loyal. Yours is a hard lot indeed, oh, wo-

It is not necessary nowadays for a

brainy woman to advertise her cleverness by wearing her belt badly. Above everything else in the world a woman admires moral courage in a man, but her knowledge of anatomy is so hazy that she thinks broad shoulders or big biceps may be the seat of the moral

When a woman turns over the leaves of the book of love she never places a bookmark in it, but rather enjoys begin-

ning anew each time. A woman can manage to keep her love secret, but never her hate.

Nothing is more painful to a woman than when she reaches the conclusion that she is no longer dangerous. Men continually study women, and know nothing about them; women never study men, and know them all. San-

tanello, in November Smart Set. Importance of the Cache.

Men whose business takes them into the wilds have to be very careful about their supplies. It is of vital necessity that they should be able to obtain provisions when required, and that these should not be too far away. The Canadian Government surveyors, who were running the fourteenth base line, located a "cache" on the McLeod River, a tributary of the Athabasca. The supplies were taken in during the winter, when the swamps were frozen, and placed on a platform solidly built of logs, about ten feet from the ground, so as to be out of the reach of bears and other animals. The depredations of hungry animals who have destroyed "caches" which their unfortunate makers thought secure have resulted in more than one terrible tragedy by starvation in these trackless wilds .- November Wide World Maga-