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Saved From the Sea

"She doesn't like cards, though," said Addison; "but she said, I remember, that she had to learn when she was travelling so much with those foreign ladies; some of whom, we know, are rare hands at le jeu."
"Hm! yes, indeed like Madame Racconie," Falcouer laughed, and told Mrs. Errington that she was an adept.
"And he is a very good judge," said Addison, with a laugh. "I never knew any fellow more expert. No one could teach him anything, by Jove! Practice makes perfect; but I should be very sorry to play as high, or as much, as he does; he is so awfully reckless. By the bye, I wonder which of the Ascot critics he has backed!"
"None, I think, Frank, for Mrs. Errington asked him last night if he was going to Ascot, and he laughed and said, 'No; and he hadn't even backed a single horse for it.'"
"Glad to hear it," said Addison, taking out his pocketbook and tossing a paper to his wife. "Here's your flimsy, Nell; pay Falcouer, and take care it doesn't happen again. It isn't the money nor St. Maur I mind, but—well, you see dear, when one gets excited, and stakes run high, it's very like gambling."
Helen came over to him with tears in her bright eyes, and putting her arms round his shoulders, kissed him.
"You are just the dearest old Frank!" she whispered. "I'll never be so stupidly tempted again, if you'll forgive this time."
Frank drew her down, and fondly kissed the tears away.
"Kiss and forgive, eh, darling?" said he, smiling. "Flirt with handsome Falcouer as much as you please, but don't let him teach you to play high."
"It wasn't he, dear fellow, though he only laughed; it was Madame Racconie and Darnley; and the moment Mrs. Errington checked the play (as only such a woman could) Falcouer he suggested that the stakes were too high. Oh, no, Frank, don't blame poor Falcouer."
"All right, dear. I'll warrant his own sins are enough for his shoulders, like the rest of us. Now, what about guests for Nest Hill, Nell? We ought to be securing the favorites even now, I think."
"Yes, well, of course, St. Maur."
"Certainly. Only you must not spoil the brat too much—Effie especially."
"I'll take him in hand," laughed Helen. "Archer, then, Captain Darnley, and I do hope the Cliffords—perhaps a few more later."
"Very well, dear. Then ask those at soon as you like."
"I'll call in Hyde Park Gardens to-day with Falcouer St. Maur. I shall see him on the Row—told him to meet me about four."
"Upon my word—an assignation!" laughed Addison. "You're coming on, you two. I'm afraid I'll end in pistols for two, coffee for one." There, now, let me read my paper in peace, instead of telling me to my face of shocking assignations with handsome young men."
"That's better than not telling you, isn't it?" retorted his wife, merrily, quite happy again.
"Go and pick the dead leaves of your flowers," said Frank, contentedly.

CHAPTER XX.

Helen Addison's account of the party at Madame Racconie's was perfectly correct. The hostess had, some three weeks before, met Mrs. Errington at Monte Carlo, while the latter was travelling-companion to a Neapolitan princess—remarkable, even for a Neapolitan, for her inveterate gambling wherever she went. Meeting Christine one day at Mrs. Addison's, the French lady had delightedly claimed acquaintance, and invited to her evening "at home." Christine accepted, because she knew her husband went to the Racconie house, and once or twice, when she could be spared, had dropped in.
But Helen had seen but the surface of the deep waters. She heard the careless question, "And which horse have you backed for the Ascot cup, Mr. St. Maur?" and the answer, with a laugh as nonchalant, "None, my dear Mrs. Errington. I am not going to honor Ascot at all!" but Helen had not seen the covert look exchanged, the anxious pleading in the wife's eyes, the tender smile in the man's that answered it; "For your sake I have trodden under the temptation, this time, at least."
Still, each knew that the turf was not his greatest temptation. Gambling, in the more usual acceptance of the grim word, was the form in which the passion held him in its strongest, most subtle and insidious grasp, and it was there the battle would be the hardest to fight out, there where there must be, many a time, one step forward and two backward before a firm foothold was gained.
At the possibility of final defeat the gambler's wife refused to look. Years ago her attempt had failed, but then, what a difference in the weapons! His

"BABY SAVING COURSE" ADDED TO THREE R'S IN PHILADELPHIA.



Expert giving lesson in proper treatment of babies to schoolgirls.

Philadelphia.—The scientific care of babies has been added to the subjects taught to the girls of the Philadelphia public schools. Medical instructors, assisted by trained nurses, are showing the girls how to dress a baby, how to prepare its food and bottle, and how the wee mite of humanity should be washed.
It is called "the baby saving course" and it is doing a lot for the babies of the tenements where little Susie and Annie have to mind the baby while tired mother finishes the daily grind of housework. In many cases Susie Knows more about what is best for the little one than does her mother, and baby can thank the new school course for it.
Originally the course was started to fit the girls for the future life of motherhood, but as many of the girls are the real little mothers of the home, the training they receive in school is of great present value at the same time.
Philadelphians. It's safer when they have no serious meaning."
Blanche reddened with anger as she retorted:
"It's quite your own assumption that Mr. St. Maur has no intention of marrying at some time. I suppose you're not exactly in his secrets?"
"Jealous of me, are you?" thought the wife, smiling.
"Are you, then, Blanche? Let me warn you to guard your tongue outside, at least, if you do not at home, or Mrs. Addison may retort to such innuendoes by saying that Miss Leroy is a jealous, scandal-mongering flirt."
Blanche got up angrily and flounced out of the room; but the home-thrust frightened her, and resolving to reserve her powers for use in the country, when under the same roof with St. Maur, she was more careful when she met him in society.
So the few weeks slipped by, and Falcouer St. Maur, quickly missed from Ascot, and chaffed thereat, was, in the weeks that followed, missed sometimes for nights together from the Fawley or other such haunts of reckless play. Then he would "turn up" again, sometimes gambling as wildly as ever, with varying fortune, when the demon, resisted for days, seized him with redoubled force.
Sometimes, whether he were winner or loser, he would leave the gaming tables an hour earlier than his wont, declaring he had had enough, and either look on or go off, utterly regardless of chaff or sneers.
For the first he had always some witty repartee, for the second a laugh, or cutting sarcasm. What it cost him to gain eve no little—to put even so slight and evanescent a curb on the indulged vice of years—he best knew.
Then he was tortured by remorse, and despair—he was a hopeless gambler—it was no use; the old jealousy of Clifford, because, to a great extent, he held the jewel that was Falcouer's; and he grew just more chafed and restive under the separation—though, yet apart—forced upon him.
In this temper the tide of passion swept over him and drove him back—back at the last. In this temper the thirty-first of July came, and he and Rahmee, with his four-footed Arab favorite in the horse box, left London for Nest Hill, in—shirre, and perforce for the time left gambling and lost behind—and he had lost lately rather heavily.
He had not seen his wife for a fortnight before leaving town, but he had not gone to Goodwood.
CHAPTER XXI.
Nest Hill House was a fine old country mansion, standing in a good sized park, and having immediately about it beautiful gardens and lawns. The country in—shirre was pretty, with two or three places of sufficient interest for rides, picnics and so forth.
In the park there was a shooting-range at the end of a picturesque glen, only three-quarters of a mile from the house, and there was good shooting in the various seasons for those who were sportsmen; so, with the addition of a delightful host and hostess, a month at Nest Hill bid fair to be a very enjoyable time.
St. Maur was the last arrival, reach-

singing various trios, quartettes, and part songs, unaccompanied, which are perhaps more in their place so than in a concert-room.
It was some time after dark before they went in, and then music in good earnest and of a very different stamp was inaugurated by Helen asking Mrs. Errington to give them one or two of Chopin's lovely nocturnes.
"Now for a real treat," said St. Maur, sinking into a seat beside Blanche. "What a touch Mrs. Errington has! how she brings out the rich tone of that grand!"
"Yes; she likes Broadwood's best," said Blanche, not relishing praises of the woman of whom she was fast getting jealous, but happy to find Falcouer at her side.
"I should know that by the tone, if I were blind," St. Maur said.
"Could you? I wish I were as clever as you!" she whispered, coquettishly.
He lifted a finger, and Blanche dared not chatter, lest he should move away.
His "Thank you, Mrs. Errington," was a thousand times more to the pianist than all the applause of the others.
"By the way, St. Maur," said Dr. Clifford, turning to him, "have you heard any more from Mr. Orde about his threatened bother with the miners?"
"Well, doctor, so far I have heard from him, only last week, that matters were getting 'all worse and no better,' as the nigger said to his wife. There have been some little semi-secret, unofficial meetings held, and my uncle and manager are daily expecting some absurd demand to be made."
"Oh, dear, how dreadful!" cried Blanche. "What will he do?"
"Refuse them, of course," said Falcouer.
"Oh, these people get violent, don't they and shoot their masters, don't they, these miners?"
"They may if we give them the chance."
"Oh, you won't go, I hope, Mr. St. Maur?"
He laughed.
"I shall be the very one to go directly, you may be sure, Miss Leroy; it will be my simple duty, and certainly my wish, too."
"You think, then," remarked Clifford, "that there will be a strike?"
"Unquestionably, and soon. If, as expected, they demand an advance of eight per cent, they will be flatly refused; then they may strike."
"Perhaps Mr. Orde may offer a compromise," suggested the doctor.
"H'm! he may," Falcouer looked doubtful. "But they won't accept it, I expect."
"It seems," said Clifford, "that this place is not more than twenty miles from Mr. Orde's neighborhood, so Addison says."
"Quite right, doctor; that is about the distance from Gray's Rowden."
Up came Helen.
"Now, then, please, my first tender, you are wanted. Please to sing; Mrs. Errington will kindly accompany you."
"I am torn between two pleasures," said St. Maur. "Miss Leroy."
"From spot to spot they hurry me—And think that I forget."
Pardon my flight to the piano."
(To be continued.)

House flies are hatched in manure and revel in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, dysentery and infantile diseases of the bowels. For the welfare of your own family and in the interests of the public health, you should therefore use Wilson's Fly Pads, the best of all fly killers, and keep your house free from these dangerous and disgusting pests.

A West Indian "Wife-Catcher."
As is customary with Indians the world over, the Caribs are expert basket weavers, and many strong and handsome baskets are to be bought in Boscawen at reasonable prices, if one finds the right shops. A peculiar instrument, made of basket straw and woven closely together so as to form a hollow tube ending in a thong of twisted ends, and commonly called a "wife-catcher," is also made and sold by the Caribs. By slipping the hollow end over a man's finger above the joint and pulling on the twisted end, the catcher will tighten around the finger, and the end will be unable to release his hand. It is claimed that the Indians formerly employed this device as a handcuff for prisoners, using several for each hand, and leading the captives by the fingers. Few tourists are permitted to leave Boscawen without a wife-catcher, for which a sixpence is willingly exchanged—Leslie's Weekly.

AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK
We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Hamilton & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of loss, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Demington, Karn, Cambridge, Godrich, an Dell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars.—Hamilton & Co., 71 King Street East, Hamilton.

RIGHT WAY TO WATER A LAWN.
(Suburban Life.)
Lawns are frequently damaged by the droughts of summer, and they are also badly injured by the periods of wetting they so frequently receive. There is only one way to water a lawn. That is to soak it so that the soil will be moistened for a foot, or more deep, and watering will not be needed for a week. Most people water a lawn every night, whether the ground needs it or not, but they give only enough water to wet the surface. This practice results in the plants producing their working roots near the surface, and when the family goes away for the customary two weeks' vacation, in the summer, the lawn burns up brown.

If you are not offended by a little extra courtesy.

PANGS AND TORTURES OF A WEAK STOMACH

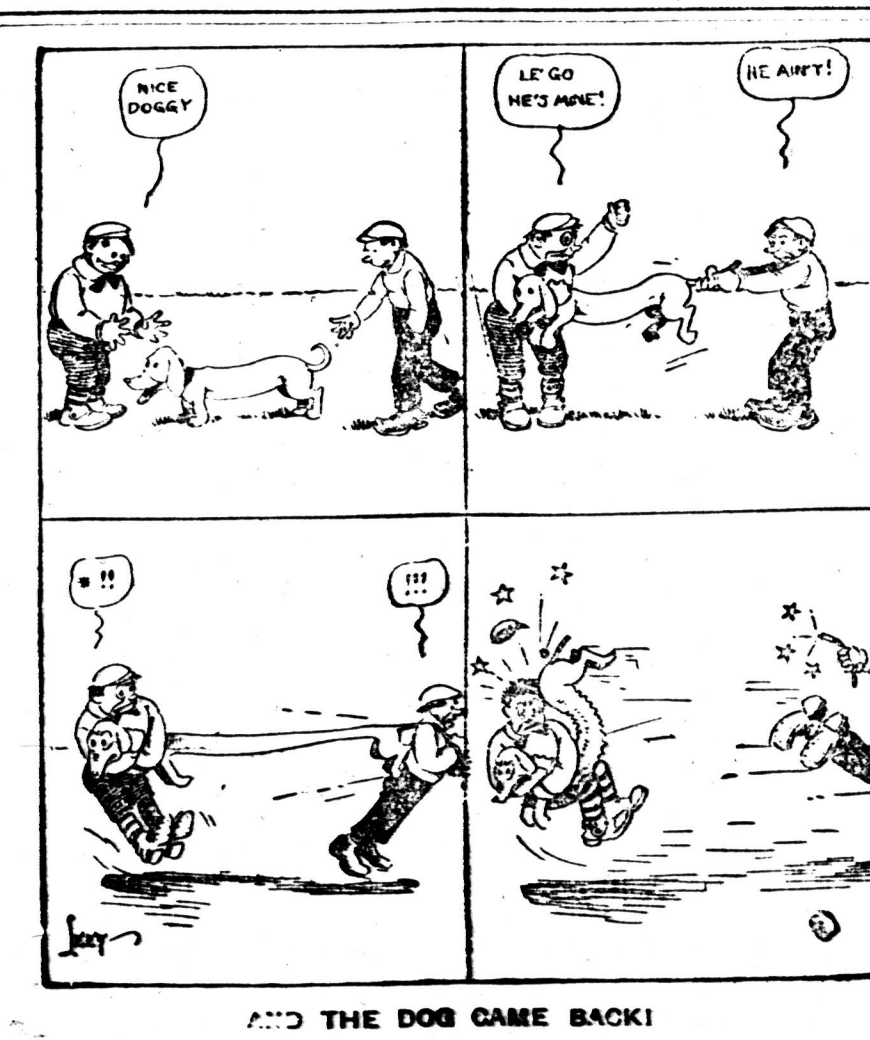
Prompt Relief and Cure Can be Obtained Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Indigestion is a condition in which the stomach is more or less unable to digest the food. Even a light case of indigestion means much misery, but when the trouble is at its worst the life of the sufferer is one of constant and acute misery. Indigestion is recognized by a burning sensation in the stomach, bloating, an oppressive feeling of weight, peevish wind, pains in the region of the heart, often vomiting and nausea, and a dread of food for the misery it causes. Dieting and the use of pre-digested food may give some relief, but will never cure indigestion. The work of indigestion depends upon the blood and the nerves, and the only way to cure indigestion is to so tone up the stomach that it will do the work that nature intended it should do. The very best way to cure a weak stomach is through a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These renew the blood, strengthen the nerves and thus give tone to the stomach, and enable it to do its work with ease and comfort. No one suffering from indigestion in even the slightest form should neglect the trouble for an instant; to do so means that it obtains a firmer hold, and daily the misery and suffering is increased, and the cure made more difficult. At the first approach of the trouble take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and it will speedily disappear. These pills will cure even the most obstinate case of indigestion, but naturally it takes longer to do so. Mr. Philip LaFleur, St. Jerome, Que., says: "After I left college, when I had studied hard for four years, I suffered so much from indigestion that I found it difficult to earn my living. I was troubled with terrible pains, a bloating feeling, and a sourness in the stomach. This led to a loss of appetite, and I began to show signs of a nervous breakdown. I tried several different treatments without finding any apparent relief, and my nervous system had grown so shattered that I could not work. A priest who was interested in me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I followed his advice. It was not long before they began to bring me back to health, and in the course of a couple of months my stomach was as sound as ever; my nervous system strong and vigorous, and I have since enjoyed the best of health. I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for which I shall always feel grateful."

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.

PLAYTIME STORIES. PRINCE CHARLIE.

Of all unlucky princes who have had to go without their kingdom Bonnie Prince Charlie Stuart of Scotland was one of the best loved. He was a happy youth, fair to look upon and fond of adventure, of which he had a great deal.
Scottish people were angry because their parliament had been united with that of England. Now, when the English and French were fighting, it seemed a good time to gain their liberty. Accordingly this brave prince set out to overthrow powerful King George II.
He landed in Scotland with few followers, but soon won the Highland chiefs for his friends. For a while he lived in his ancestral palace of Holyrood. But, as the English were advancing, he had to call his army together. Then came a great battle at Culloden moor, when Prince Charles was defeated.
The English offered a large reward



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