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ive feet from l my: "U you you." Morin nd was then pportunity to t he had seen the tragetly. Dougal stood The dog was angle to the If McDougai e would power

the victim, Daniel Brano preceding the He said bo ike the texil on," and bis a a minute ? es, then took t the animal

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Right at Last

Mordaunt Royce succred.

"Thrests, idle threats!" he said. coenfully. "I fear your physical violesse as little as I do your legal acumen, Lord Dewsbury.'

Then he got his hat and walked to wards the door, but there he paused and turned upon them, his glance falling on Miss Masurka, with a sardonic twinkle. "Miss Masurka," he said, "honestly

I cannot congratulate you. In the thea-

trical order of things virture, as represeated by you, should be triumphant, and vice, as represented by me, should be discomfited. But alas! in real life the order is too often reversed. I fear that it is you who are discomfited. You were too eager to obtain a reputation. for eleverness, Miss Masurka. Amateur detectives seldom succeed. If you had placed the matter in the hands of one of the gentlemen in Scotland Yard, instead of undertaking 'the role' yourself, you might have saved your friend's fortune. As it is, 'the role' was too difficult for you. Miss Trevalvan may be Joan Ormsby, Lord Arrowfield's granddaughter, but the will which would have placed her in possession of the estate where is it? You have lost it, Miss Mazurka, and I fear that the savings of all your life will not compensate Miss Ormeby for the loss of two millions," and he pointed with a smile to the ashes in

the grate. "He's clever! He's clever, is Royce! I taught him!" croaked Craddock, with tearful admiration. "He's done you all now! Oh, elever, clever!"

Mordaunt Royce laughed harshly, then he bowed.

"Lord Dewsbury, good evening! If you are inclined for a little ecarte tonight, you will find me at the club.
Mise Mazurka. I wish you a good evening. Keep to burlesque; melodrama is beyond you, believe me. Miss Emily, I am sorry that your pretty bridesmaid's dress should be wasted. Don't think too unkindly of me! We were very good friends, were we not?"

Then his eyes turned on Joan, and he opened his lips as if about to address some taunt to her, but his voice fattered, and he said only the word: 'Good-by !"

Joan met his gaze steadily, sadly; then she turned her face away and covered her eyes with her hand. "Raised from the gutter!" muttered old Craddock, raising his hands in ad-

miration. I" Yes, from the gutter!" said Mor- evening!" daunt Royce. "The lad that sold matches and trod the London pavement with and went out. bare feet has proved too much, even in his hand upon the door.

ly and amiably: One moment before you go,

Royce please!"
He turned to her with a smile.

"Not satisfied yet?" he said. ed, still with the same suspicious ami-"Let him go, for Heaven's sake!"

of him nearly drives me mad!" "Oh, lot him wait a minute, please," said Miss Mazurka. "Mr. Royce, you name.

were kind enough to taunt me just now with my stupidity-"

"We shall see," said Miss Mazurks. it true?" "Now, we have heard to-night from your accomplice, that hoary-headed old villain, that you are very clever; that, in fact, you are a prodigy picked up in the gutter. And how have you proved your eleverness? First by swindling gentlemen at cards, who ought to have been junction with a sharp young lawyer, more wide-awake than to take such rogue for an honest man," and she witting that-Mr. Mordaunt Royce, and glauced at Bertie, who compressed 'his getting possession of the will, but she line and nodded remorsefully. "Then has proved your identity as Lord Ar-

you happen to find out something about | towfield's granddaughter." this will and try to get possession of Miss Ormsby-and to do that all the more safely, you play off a little trick, daughter of an earl!" as common on the stage as it is in real life, and pass off some poor unknown girl who drowned herself as the heiress. Your mother-" you find the will in Lord Dewsbury's Joan, the tears welling up into her chambers, and persuade him that he eyes. "She died when I was a baby. My had burned it; that was rather clever! father I remember slightly. He died

Then you come to the end of your little when I was a child, and consigned me game, and narrowly miss winning the to the care of Colonel Oliver. He-the prize. You are within an ace of marry- colonel-did not know who it was that ing this young lady, and securing all my father had married. I never heard the money that the will left her; that | the name of Lord Arrowfield in connecwas elever, too; but when you are found | tion with that of my parents." out and tracked down, all by stupid me, you do the cleverest thing of all, Bertie. "Your mother was the daugh-and revenge yourself by burning ter of the earl's wife, from whom he had the will and robbing her of her prop- parted, from no fault of hers, poor erty! Now, that was very clever-if you

had done it!"

indeed?" he said, with a bow:

"Wait a minute, please. I said it would have been clever if you had done it: but you haven't:"

Lord Bertie started; old Craddock moved forward a little, the two girls, that there must have been always in dinging together at the end of the room, his mind an intention to do you justurned their pale faces towards her: het Mordaunt Royce remained motionless, with the same sinister smile.

"Indeed!" he said, and pointed to the heap of ashes in the fireplace. "Yes, I know, I see," said Miss Mazurka. "I saw you draw the paper from

your pocket and throw it on the fire. But I don't think it was the stolen will, Mr. Royce!" "Oh!" he said, with a sneer. "Indeed! If not-I admit nothing but, if all that | will. At any rate, he put it with the remains of the will is not there, where

All eyes were turned upon Miss Maurka as she drew from her pocket a carefully folded paper.

His lips twitched, and he shook his by to her estates."

am elever enough at any rate to doubt that!" he said. Tou are a fool!" said Miss Mazurka.

with sublime simplicity. "Is this not the will? Take it. Lord Bertie." Lord Bertie took it and opened it in silent amazement.

"This-this is the will I found!" he said bewildered.

"If you've any doubts, compare the piece of paper clever Mr. Royce tore off in your chambers with the torn part of the will itself!" she said.

Bertie took from his pocketbook the corner of the will which Mordaunt Royce had so carefully prepared, and compared

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "you are ight! It is the will!" Mordaunt Royce took a step forward, his face white as ashes, his lips burn-

Let me-see!" he panted.

"Let him see, by all means," said Miss Muzurka: "but if he offers to lay a finger on it-kill him!" and she sprang to her feet, her face flushed, her self possessed smile vanished for the first time. "Ah! Mr. Royce; where is your boasted cleverness now? I was a simpleton, was I?-an amateur detective. I'd got toe difficult a task, had I? What? Did you think I was idiot enough to leave the precious documents in your possession. Mr. Royce? Not ex-How did I get it?" she added, aetly! quickly turning to Bertie, who stood regarding her in a state of confused bewilderment and admiration. "Why, easilv enough! I saw through my chink in his ceiling that he always carried it in his breast pocket; I saw what it was like, and I made up a 'property'-a dummy will-like it, and one night, when the gentleman was sleeping the sleep of the innocent and the just, I took the liberty of exchanging my dummy for the real will, and it is the dummy that he burned in his eleverness—the will is

there! Now. Mr. Rovce!" Mordaunt Royce leant against the door and looked at her: and if a look could kill. Miss Mazurka would have been stretched at his feet. Bertie started from one to the other:

it seemed too good to be true. Mordaunt Royce, white to the line. stood for a moment in stony silence, then he raised his eyes.

"You have beaten me," he said, and his voice was hoarse and husky; "do von wish to keep me any longer?" "No," said Miss Mazurka. "You may

go now. Mr. Royce: but, just as a parting bit of advice, don't be too quick in calling people stupid, that's all. Good He passed his hand across his brow

Old Craddock paused a moment to his ruin, for all of you!" and he laid stare around at the rest in a bewildered, ewlish kind of way, then, shaking his As he did so Miss Mazurka said, soft- head dolefully and croaking inarticu-

lately, followed his protege. CHAPTER XLI. There was a short silence after they had departed, for onch of these who remained was wondering what would be-

Then Bertie went up to Joan, who ability. "You are so clever a gentleman had sunk into a chair and was sitting haven't got such a heap of good acthat we are really loath to lose you-" with downcast eyes and knitted brows. "I am afraid you scarcely realize what broke in Bertie, impatiently. "The sight all of this means to you, Miss Ormsby,"

he said, gently. Joan started at the sound of her real

"I don't," she said, with a little eigh "Oh, pardon me! It was rude, I ad- like a dream. I know that I am Joan mit, but I'm afraid it is true!" he re- Ormsby, but I did not know that I was torted, returning her smile with a sneer. | related to the Earl of Arrowfield. Is

"It is quite true," said Bertie, gravely. "Thanks to Miss Mazurka, who has worked out her plot like the first-class strategist she is, we are in possession of full particulars. Miss Mazurka has been working for weeks past, in conand she has not only succeeded in out-

"It is strange-strange," said Joan. thoughtfully, sadly. "I am the grand-

"Yes," said Bertie. "Look back. Try and remember as far back as you can.

Well, that was rather clever! Then "I don't remember my mother," said

"But that is easily explained," said lady. I think that your mother was in fgnorance of her relationship to the His sardonic face showed a sinister Arrowfields. Perhaps your father did not know it, but if he did he was too "Praise from Miss Mazurka is praise proud to claim kin with the wicked old earl who had cast off and deserted his wife. But the earl knew of your birth; he must have kept himself informed of your mother's marriage and your father's whereabouts, and it seems to me tice. At any rate, he did you justice al-

most at the last moment." "Why did he hide the will?" asked Joan, gazing at the fateful piece of na-

"Who can say? He was an eccentric man, and old men never show their eccentricity more palpably than where a will is concerned. Perhaps he mistrusted old Craddock and wished to hide the one thing he held in highest estimation,

his wife a portrait." "And it was you who found it?" murmured Josu.

"Yes," he said, with a smile: "it was "Here!" she said, sweetly, and held I who was, by accident, instrumental in restoring the Honorable Miss Orms-

> There was silence for a moment. "I-I shall be very rich?" said Joan.

presently.

"Immensely," he said , with a smile.

"Almost the richest commoner in Eng-

land. Certainly the richest lady—always excepting one. I do not suppose that

"Lord Villiars! Ah, yes," she mur-

mured, almost inaudibly. "I had almost forgotten. It is all his."

"It was," corrected Bertie, signifi-

cantly. "It is still, until you make good

your claim. But I do not think, I am

"And-and-if he gives up the prop-

erty he will be poor again. He was poor

"I believe so," said Bertie. "But you

must not consider that. This immense

wealth is yours by right, by every right. You are the descendant of the

late earl. It is to you he makes the re-

paration which was due to his dead

en so much trouble, and gone to so much

Bertie could have replied, "For love

of Lord Villiars, who loves you!" but

the time had not come tor the whole

"She has a good heart!" he replied,

"You have been kind to me, Miss Ma-

zurka," she said, falteringly.
"Oh, don't mention it!" said Miss Ma-

zurka, brightly. "It wasn't all disinter-

"Don't speak of him," she said, very

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Mazur-

ka, almost meekly. "I didn't mean to,

"Think!" said Joan, fervently.

"Show me then!" murmured Joan.

tresses that we can afford to lose 'em.

Anybody can be a grand lady, but it

takes a Miss Ida Trevelyan to be a

great actress. But you wanted to know

"I did and do indeed," said Joan,

Yes, indeed I will, and gratefully."

"I will leave everything to you," she

continued; "indeed. I should not know

what to do, I am so confused and be-

"All right!" said Miss Mazurka, cheer-

fully. 'Then that's a bargain, isn't it? Lord Bertie and I are to play this

nothing without consulting us? It is a

"It is not too much!" said Joan, fer-

"All right," said Miss Mazurka: "then

good deal to ask, Miss Ormsby."

vently; "and I promise."

and pressed it gratefully.

her forehead.

whisnered.

Mazurka.

turned pale.

said, dryly.

were la alone.

on which Joan had dropped wearily.

are you so ready to think ill of me?"

you!" said Joan. "Why do you call me

Miss Ormsby, and look at me like that?

Oh, Emily, do you think all this that

has happened will make any difference between us? she said, reproselifully.

tears, and her lips quivered.

mean Miss Ormsby?"

how you could thank me, didn't you?"

ka. "I can show you the way."

Joan put her hand in his with

"It is so plain," he assented.

Joan was silent for a moment.

Lord Villiars has spent much over the income, and if he has, you can compel

him to restore it to you!"

sure, he won't dispute it.'

wife. May I wish you joy?"

"It is so plain?"

before, was he not?"

risk for me?"

evasively.

painfully.

asked.

out her hand.

statement of the case.

to pay off on Mr. Royce."

thank you enough!"

interrupting her.

lady----'

earnestly.

eagerly.

with a slight shudder.

wildered-"

to Mordaunt Rovce for life!

Joan smiled.

Joan winced and colored.

Great Work done by Dodd's Kidney Pills in one Quebec Family

Thomas Lauriault Had Kidney Disease and Mis Wife Bright's Disease, and Dedd's Kidney Pills Made They Both Well.

Lac Cayamont, Que., April 10 .- (Special.)—There is a world interest in the simple story of Madame Thomas Lauriault, of this city. In her own words, it is as follows:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills cured my husband of Kidney Disease and myself of Bright's Disease. We recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who suffer from Kidney or Bright's Disease."

This is a splendid example of the grand work Dodd's Kidney Pills are troubled look in her eyes, and she sigh-"I don't know. Joy? Is there such a doing among the plain people of Canthing in the world?" Then she glane-ed across at Miss Mažurka, who ada. Kidney Disease is the commonest of all ailments among those who have was talking to Emily. "I must not forto work hard, because the kidneys are the first part of the body to feel the get to thank her," she said, in a low wear and tear of the heavy work. voice. "Why has she done all this, tak-

When the kidneys go wrong the blood goes wrong, and the whole body goes wrong. Rheumatism, Dropsy, Diabetes and Bright's Disease are the usual results. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure these by simply curing the kidneys.

Emily colored, and eyed her sideways, eagerly, wistfully. "She has," said Joan, and she went "Weli, of course, it must make a dif slowly over to Miss Mazurka and held

ference. I'm only a burlesque actress, as Miss Mazurka said, and you-"Just Ida Trevelyan, of the Coronet, and you, dear sister, now and always!" said Joan, putting out her beautiful arms and drawing the mite on to the ested. I had a little score of my own sofa beside her. "What! You think that I am so mean and cold-blooded as to give up all my friends because of thisthis hateful money! Oh, how little, how little you know me after all!" and for the first time the beautiful proud eves

shed tears. the name slipped out. No, you don't "Oh, forgive me, forgive me, Ida, want to hear him spoken of, neither do dear!" said Emily, clasping her round I. He is a bad, wicked villain!" and I. He is a bad, wacked villain!" and her eyes flashed. "You—we have had a narrow escape, Miss Trevelyan—I better new deer! I though I know SPRING SKIN TROUBLES mean Miss Ormsby! And you think I you better now, dear! Don't cry! Forhave been of some service to you?" she give me, and I'll never mistrust you again! No, not even if you should "I prove to be the Quee not England!" And the two shed those tears which

cannot realize all you have done for me are the merciful vent to a woman's feelyet, but I can guess. I can-can never The next morning Stuart Villiars sat in his room at Meurice's Hotel.

"Oh, yes, you can," said Miss Mazur-He had come to London at the command of Miss Mazurka, but why she had "You think I'm going to ask you to so commanded him he was in total iget me be your friend," said Miss Mazurka, shrewdly; "but I know my place He was so indebted to her that he better. I'm only a poor burlesque ac-

would have started to Patagonia if she tress, and you are the Honorable Miss had desired him, and he sat smoking Ormsby, the granddaughter of an earl his cigar in quiet, contemplative resignation. "An actress like vourself," said Joan,

Since the duel he and Bertie had beome fast friends. "Like myself." laughed Miss Mazurka. Without explaining the reasons why

I never was and never shall be fit to he had wanted to put a bullet into hold a candle to you! You were an Stnart Villiars, Bertie had offered him actress, but that's all past and gone. an apology, and, though firmly and You will leave the stage and be a grand emphatically declining to clear up the mysterious cause of the quarrel, had -"And it's almost a nity that you done and said everything else that was natches, at night, and wash with Zamshould," went on Miss Mazurka. "We

(To be Continued.)

FACTS ABOUT COFFEE. It's native to Abyssinia and Arabia. Trees grow 15 to 25 feet high.

Leaves are evergreen and leathery; flowers white; percies, dark-scarlet. It does not retard the action of the lowels, as does strong tea.

"Then I'll tell you. Leave yourself in The grounds are nutritious; Asiatic my and Lord Bertie's hands for a little people eat them. longer. Will you do that?" she asked,

Americans consume over nine pounds year per capita. A cup of coffee contains 98 per cent. Joan replied. "It would be only just to water and 2 per cent, nutritive mater-

do so, seeing that but for you-She stopped and turned her head away Reasted coffee beans contain 1 per cent. water and 14 per cent. fat; cereal But for her she would have been tied substitutes about 6 per cent. water and

31 fat. Trees yield first crop in third year and yield about 40 years. Leenhard Rauwolf, German physician,

introduced caffee into Europe. Substitutes and adulterants for coffee are roasted chicory root, dandelion root, seeds of the vellow iris, and sweet potatoes.

hand out, as he'd put it, and you trust yourself to us. That is, you will do Coffee allays hunger, exhilarates and refreshes, and possibly diminishes the amount of wear and tear of the animal

Just What Your Children Nead

think we'd better go now, my lord. Miss Ormsby must be worn out; she's Little children can't be expected to had a trying time of it. But she's in romp, day in and day out, without some good hands; Miss Emily will look after time coming to grief. Some of their amusement games are rough and tumble, They came up to Joan to say good cause undue fatigue, and often, indeed, night, and Joan held Lord Bertie's hand bruises, strains and swellings. When the children come in tired and sore, see they Then she extended both to Miss Maare rubbbed well with Nerviline; it does zurka, and obeying an impulse, she wonders in relieving fatigue and reducdrew her towards her and gently kissed ing pain. If a cough, cold or sore throat has developed, if there are signs of "I wish you every happiness," she croup, nothing is more effective than a hot dose of Nerviline. Perhaps there is "What do you mean?" demanded Miss bowel ache, indigestion or stomach trouble. This is where Nerviline proves its "I mean when you are married to merit very quickly. Have it ready for Lord Villiars," murmured Joan, steadbruises, strains, pains of every kind. It has a wonderful list of uses, and old Miss Mazurka flushed hotly, then folks wil find it splendid for rheumatism, earache, toothache, and grippe. Wher-"Oh, thank you; yes, I see. I hope I ever there is pain or sickness, Nerviline shall be happy when I marry him," she should be close by. Pleasant to take, certain in effect, Polson's Nerviline is Then the two went, Bertie taking the far the best of household remedies. will with him, and Emily and Joan

WEAVING GOLD CLOTH.

"And you are a great lady after all!" Upon a hand loom in the silk works at said Emily, standing beside the sofa up-Braintree, England, a start has been made weaving the cloth of gold from always knew it would come somehowwhich will be made the Coronation robes more than a plain Miss Trevelyan. And for the King and Queen. The honor of vou are an Honorable, and with all this weaving the costly fabric has fallen to money! Well, I am very glad." and she Tromas Wheeler, an experienced weaver, tried to smile, but her eyes filled with who finished his first day's work with two inches of woven gold and eilk show-"You don't look very glad," said Joan, ing upon the front of his foom. The prowith a curious smile. "Oh, Emily, Emily, cess is very slow, because of the care needed in the manufacture, and this two "'Ill?" What do you mean, dear-I inches will be about the daily average.— Chicago News. "There, your words have answered

Shiloh's Cure

WOMEN AS DOCTORS Women as doctors is not, a Paris con temperary observes, a product of modern "feminisme" It seems that in the

eigl.teenth century there was a lady student at Florence. She came from Malta under the patronage of the Krights of Malta. The administrator o ithe Majeur Hospital was somewhat embarrassed with his new pupil, but he found a means out of the difficulty.

The chief of the Order of the Knights of Malta in introducing his lady pro-tege to the professors of the Florence School of Medicina wrote: "It seems to me that the matter could be arranged without any great inconvenience if the young lady were boarded during the period she was studying at your medical school with the nuns in a neighboring convent, for which we would pay five crowns a week. In regard to her instructions, she should assist in operations at the women's hospital, notably those performed by Prof. Mannoni. He should also give her some private lessons at the convent, for it appears to me that she should not be present in classes with young men."

The council of the hospital, being well disposed to the Knights, adopted the suggestion. More than a century elapsed before another lady was enrolled in the schools of Florence. She was a Russian and was admitted to the schools of Maria Nuova.--London Globe.

Army Introduced Vigarettes Into England.

One sees a retributive justice in the fact that the excessive consumption of scrap heap. A friend who had great eigarettes by our soldiers is causing faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills gave anxiety to the army authorities, for the military are generally supposed to have been responsible for the introduction of got a further supply, and it was not the cigarette into England, when at many weeks until I was again enjoying the close of the Crimean war our officers brought back the habit they had Williams' Pink Pills a boon to every picked up from the Russians. Laurence Oliphant, who had been through the war as a correspondent, was the first notable streets of London, and he, with Carlo Pelegrini, "Ape" of "Vanity Fair," did much to popularize the new fashion .- | MANY USES FOR OLD NEWS-London Chroniele.

Pimples, Eruptions, and "Spotty Complexions."

At this season, scores of people-girl and young women especially-find their faces disfigu. d by pimples, dark spots, eruptions, etc. The skin needs attention -needs renovating after the trying time it has passed through during the winter Just think what it has gone through You have been out in rain and sleet and snow. You have been at one moment perspiring from skating, or some other exertion. Then you have stood to "cool

off." You have spent hours of the day indoors at a temperature equal to summer heat. Then you have covered up your skin-except your face-and gone out into a temperature away below zero! No wonder that, with all these changes, the skin of the face and neck shows signs of needing attention.

Zam-Buk and Zam-Buk Soap are the remedies. Smear Zam-Buk lightly over the epots, the eruptions, the sallow Buk Soap (only 25c. per tablet) each day. Then notice how quickly your appearance improves. As the rich, refined, herbal essences sink deep into the tissue, the hard, seurfy-like patches are removed. Better color results. The cells of the skin become transparent. The blood beneath is able to impart its proper coloring to the tissue, and the delicate bloom of health replaces the sallowness

and pallor of disease. Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin injuries and diseases. Eèzema, ulcers. ringworm, yield to its use. For cuts, burns, bruises, children's rashes, etc., it is unequalled, and for piles. Mothers will find Zam-Buk Soap best for baby's bath! All druggists and stores at 50c. box for Zam-Buk and 25c. tablet (or 3 for 70e.) for the Soap. If you have any difficulty in obtaining, order from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and send price.

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM. The little boy smiled in his sleep that

night.

As he wandered to Twilight Town;

And his face lit up with a heavenly Through the shadows that drifted

Eut he woke next morning with tearstained eye. In the light of the gray dawn's gleam, And out from the stillness we heard him

"I've lost my dream—my dream." And he told us then in his childish way Of the wonderul dream he'd known; He had wandered away from the land of

play
To the distant land of the Grown;
He had won his share of the fame and ngnt In the struggle and toil of men :

And he sobbed and sighed in the break ing light.
"I want my dream again." As the years pass by the little boy grew Till he came to the land of the Grown And the dream of his early youth came

true.
The dream that he thought had flown;
Yet once again he smiled in his sleep—
When those near by might have heard

him weep,
"I want my dream, my dream!" For he dreamed of the Yesterday's of

Youth,
And the smile on his father's face:
A hearth of old-time faith and wuth
In the light of an old home place;
He had won his share of the fame and

In the struggle and toil of mensobbed and sighed in the breaking light.
"I want my dream again!"
—Grantland Rice in the Columbian Maga-

MODERN FINANCE.

Bartley J. Doyle, whose office is at 623 Society for Savings Building, says that he met a beggar on the street the other day. The man wanted five cents for a bed, says the Washington Herald.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked Mr. Doyle. "Boss, I've tried in a hundred places, and I can't find no job," asserted the panhandler. "What kin I do?"

"Well," grinned Doyle, his mind on a proposition of his own, "you might sell-stock." "Stock." —wot's dat?" asked the man, suspecting that he was being kidded.
"Why, stock in some big company. It's easy to sell. Don't you know what stock is?"
"Sure: I worked for P. D. Armour stock is?"

"Sure: I worked for P. D. Armour once. But I never enrued the price of a runty steer. How kin I sell stock when I ain't got it?"

"Many do," mused Mr. Doyle: "many do."

In the apring the system needs ton-

ing up. To be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap to renow their vi-tality. Nature demands it, and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid—you may have twinges of rheu-matism or the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disfiguring pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has lessened your vitality. What is needed to put you right is a tonic, and in all the world of medicine there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood-your greatest need in the spring. This new blood drives out disease, clears the skin and makes weak, easily tired men, women and children, bright, active and strong. You can prove this by your neighbors for there is not a nock or corner in this great land where some weak, ailing man or woman has not been made well and strong by this great medicine. Mr. H. Wilson, Stonewall, Man., says: "Some years ago I was run down, languid and depressed and felt as though I was only fitted for life's me a box. Before they were all used I felt some better, and thus encouraged my former good health. I think Br. weak person."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or person to display a cigarette in the six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PAPERS.

(By Ruth Andrews.)

"I could never be without my stack of old newspapers, right within easy reach in the pantry," remarked a housekeeper recently, who can boast of a few short cut methods not commonly in use among the average. "They come handiest in the kitchen when I do my cooking. Two double breadth pages spread out on the kitchen table the surface of which is covered with white oil cloth, receives all the waste when I cull fruit, pare vegetables or prepare meat for the even. When I am ready to clear away all rubbish all I do is fold over the corners of the newspaper and then it is only step to the rear porch and the garb age can, and the large splint basket

which receives all the waste paper. "This you see entirely obviates the need of an extra waste pan or a slushy dishrag, and my kitchen table is left Isolutely clean. Dripping pans and dishrags sometimes make a lot of extra work, and without them I can save my hands, my feet, and, of course, my

WHERE INVENTION IS NECESSARY. In an un to date kitchen where one h an abundance of utensils and conveniences this short ent does not always suggest itself. It is in kitchenettte housekeeping, where necessity is often the mother of invention, that one might learn to save old newspapers for future conveniences.

On wash day they make a good temporary rug to protect the floor from splashes and stains. When the range is in full blast with a kettle of lard on it, on a frying pan full of doughnuts they are indespensable as floor and wall protectors. On ironing day you need something on which to test your irons-and the newspapers always comes first to mind. When you r supply runs out you don't look pleasant.

Dry newspapers make good polishers for windows and mirrors as well as stoves. Wet newspapers when torn into shreds and scattered over carpet and rugs will help to settle and eliminate dust by attracting it. When staining furniture an old newspaper is first aid in laying out your brushes and sampling your stain or pigments. When retouching the woodwork in your living rooms a thick newspaper rug comes handy.

USED TO CATCH THE DUST.

Many housekeepers use it beneath carpet and ruge to catch the dust that sifts through and to add resilence, and again between bed and springs and matress to protect the latter from rust. They are the next best thing to tar paper and eloth rags in protecting young shrubs against the severities of snowless winters or the ravages of rabbits. With heavy binder twine drawn tightly they may be wadded securely around the base of young trees and other garden growth that needs protection over win-Certainly the housekeeper can find so

them becomes almost as necessary as a bread box or wood box. Shiloh's Cure

many uses for old newspapers that she

ought no longer plug up the furnace

with them for the mere sake of getting

them out of eight. A handy box for

THE KINDLY POST-CARD. It seemed to me that Uncle Eben's place

at Barker's Flat Was not the handsomest estate that I was ever at :
A few old screegy bushes, a tumbledown old shed.

A house that needed painting, a barn that once was red.

B sakes the colored post-cards do

show that place up fine. The bushes are a vivid green, the house iust seems to shine.
And distance lends enchantment to the shed and barn behind.
And underneath the picture, this paragraph I find :

graph I find:
"The picturesque ancestral home of Ebenezer Platt.
One of the many charming spots in lovely Barker's Flat."

-Grace McKinstry, in Woman's Home Companien. STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Without wishing to asinust augthing it may be said that my od many bashini men get married. Ale'i an (1) be.