alogue ee for asking ally should consult this fore order-

Spring and Garb. leaders in

e Art

ing Prepaid

our Door

lgomery, & Co. l College Ave. REAL, Que.

IGN?

by Rebels

z to decide if he esidency." oners are not sure 4 hours from the ng to him, which le afternoon, or 24 e had informed the e might be expert

is as yet been no swer of Diaz is to offices of the El pears to be no jubbe expected if the m its confidential were of a characpliance with the ecto president and

rthwest, west and than thirty six busy surrounding last Friday, when arrived.

ne of the federals de the city limits, busy inside prek. It is officially Gen. Antonio Ran Chihuahua with avalry to reinforce e federals say the the town if they

reach Baccalaurat Queen's.

Rev. Dr. Rose ach the baccalaur-'s University Sun-

ternoon the honorof laws will be

Adam Shortt of adian civil service y of Queen's, and matrong, Montreal, adian Medical Assor of clinical suror of divinity will

ev. Prof. Jackson y. Torento, and on Lachlan, of Smyren's graduate of doing splendid miscountry and who

E LASH.

Taste of His Own is Morning.

.-Wilfrid Gervais. sentenced to six t, and six lashes. d the whipping at ion. Ontario, man. m witnesses. At the e-tails Gervais wiltmercy, but in vain. n vigorously and he man's back. rted of having brusteen-year-old wife, killing her.

GETS MEDAL. nt., despatch 2875:

preson, on behalf mane Society, prertson with a gold meeting to-night of Jan, the four-Wilson, six months ragged the child tached to a runrisk of his own life.

IN GOTHAM. 24.—A well-known nan just returned an interesting story Beattie Nesbitt, the

whose testimony on matters is bady in the Hotel Astor of the Eastern holfin question has

Right at Last

as she was supposed to have done?" snarled the colone!. gallantly. "I shall just do as I like, and I'm not going to be dictated to in my own home.

But he went and wrote a note to Mr. Croddock in almost the identical words dictated by Julia. Which note old Craddock dutifully

handed over to Miss Mazurka. "All right," said that astute young lady. "Now you go down to Decreombe and get that Wold ready, and mind, not

a word to anyone!" Old Craddock, vowing obedience, went down to Deercombe and set a small army of charwomen and decorators to work, and in half an hour's time the news that the Wold was being got ready reached the colonel, and, all on the qui vive, down he came.

What's all this nonsense about my ward, Craddock?" he demanded, rushing into the hall, where the old man stood in the midst of the confusion.

'Nonsense, colonel? It's the truth!' said old Craddock, peering at him sideways. "There was a mistaken identity. That poor girl we saw wasn't Miss Chmsby at all. Thank Heaven, she's alive and well," and he cast up his eyes to the eeling in pious gratitude. "Oh, you've seen her. have you? Where

"Yes. I've seen her, colonel, and she's

among friends." "And is that all you're going to tell me?" demanded the colonel, wrathful- her arm round Emily's waist. ly. "Please to remember that I'm her

Old Craddock drew the colonel's letter from his pocket and showed his teeth in a gynn.

"You've renounced that guardianship, colonel," he said, leering up at him. "Best ask no questions and make no fuse. I've had my orders, and I mean to stick to them." he added, resolutely. "Miss Joan's come to life again, and you've washed your hands or her, and there's an end of it."

"Oh, is there? We'll see!" exclaimed the colonel, threateningly.

"Yes, I think you'll see," remarked old Craddock, significantly; "and if the sight don't open your eyes wide," he added, as the colonel bounced up and down 'my name isn't Craddock.'

"I don't know what you mean, and I don't care. As to washing my hands of her, I don't know much about that! But a girl who's disgraced herself as Joan Ormsby has can't be expected to he taken back into a respectable family. My daughters wouldn't stand it!" Very good. Colonel Oliver-very

good," said Craddock, grinning. "Pil tell Miss Ormsby what you say when I see

"So you may." snapped the colonel. "And so Lord Villiars is coming back,

say I said so," said Craddock, fearfully; down and see it, just to please Miss addition to the excitement there hung ecause I didn't."

demanded the colonel "I'm getting it ready for the owner," replied Craddock.

"And that's Lord Villiars," said the colonel. "Well, it's time he came back. I've get no quarrel with him."

"Although he ran away with your ward," slyly remarked the old man. "That's his business and her fault."

said the colonel, coloring.

"I daresay: anyway, it isn't mine," creaked Craddock. "I've got my orders, and I'm going to carry 'em out."

The colonel could get no more than this out of him ,and went away, fuming | position. and storming, to carry the news to the girla.

"Lord Villiars coming back!" they exclaimed in a breath and flushing with a wild hope. "He's coming to settle down for good now, papa, depend upon it."

The colonel succred. "He's going to be married to an actress-a Miss Mazurka," he said, signifi-

"Oh, that's newspaper rumor," said Julia, impatiently. "He's single at present anyhow; and, papa, we shall want a little money for new dresses."

Which remark sent the colonel grumbling and snarling back to his club

With the fear of Miss Mazurka before is eyes, old Craddock urged the workmen at the Wold in such good earnest that even they, who were supposed to be the slowest of Devonshire men, succreded in getting the old place into -mething like order. Fires were lit in all the rooms and

blazed in the huge hall, for the weather was still chilly, though the spring sun shope through the painted oriel window and lit up the splendor of the gilded carving and the tattered flags which depended from the vaulted roof.

Ail Deercombe was in a state of the greatest excitement and curiosity, the ladies piqued to fever heat by the absobute lack of information, for old Craddock had kept his counsel in a manner to win the approbation even of Miss Ma-

It was generally understood that Lord Villiars was coming down-for wifen else. Indeed, should these preparations be made? But was he coming down alone or with a party? Had he married, and was he going to bring his wife with him?

1 Old Craddock had engaged a small stail of servants, but to none of them did he vouchsafe any information.

They were to be in readiness to receive someone on Monday, and that was

Meanwhile Bertie and Miss Mazurka were earrying out their conspiracy with gave vent to her amazement and admirthe greatest pains.

On Saturday she went to Joan, and in her impulsive way, exclaimed: "How long will it take you to pack your wardrobe, Miss Ormsby?"

Joan smiled gravely. "ralf an hour. Why?" Breause we are going to take a jour-

A journey-where to?" asked Josu, while I mily stood open-mouthed

"Go where?-go and drown yourselves | Mazurku. "Now, don't start and look like that!" for Joan had flushed and turned her head aside. "You know you have promised to be guided by me, now haven't you? Me and Lord Bertie." "Yes," said Joan, gently. "And does

he wish me to go there?" "Of ecurse he does," responded Miss Mazurka. "He and I are working hand! in hand in this business. He sent me here to-day. Why shouldn't you go one slip and you are lost!" down to the Wold?-it's your own place!"

Joan shook her head. "Not yet," she said. "It still belongs

to-Lord Villiars." "No it doesn't," said Miss Mazurka, sharply. "He relinquishes his claim to He's seen the lawyers, and he is

perfectly satisfied-" "That-that I am Joan Armsby, Lord Arowfield's granddaughter?" "No," said Miss Mazurka, slowly. "He thinks it is Miss Ida Trevelyan; he

Joan Ormsby." Joan went to the window.

"I will do as you wish; I don't understand what it is you are doing-"
"But you will on Monday!" said Miss Mazurka, coaxingly. "I'll explain old man who has seen the error of his everything on Monday, not that it will want much explaining. And you will go | your wishes, miss?" he pleaded. down by the mail train to-morrow night?

"I and Emily," said Joan, putting "Emily, of course," said Miss Maz-

urka. "And I'll come too, if I may?" "Certainly!" said Joan, with a smile. "We should not know what to do without our directress!"

"Very well, then," said Miss Mazurka. "Pack up your things and leave the matter to me. Don't ask any questions and you'll hear no stories; for if you did ask questions I should cortainly tell all sorts of fibs." Joan smiled rather sadly.

"I will not ask anything, and I will eyed and open-mouthed. do as you and Lord Bertie wish till Monday; after that-" and she paus-

"You shall be your own mistress and do as you like," said Miss Mazu-ka; "that's a bargain," and off she went. Emily clapped her hands and struck

It's better than a play," she exclaimed. "Oh, Ida, fancy me going down to your ancestral home! How delightful it must be! I've never even seen such a place as the Wold must be-off the stage; and now I'm going there as the friend of the owner. I hope I hall behave myself. They say the servants at these grand places are awfully sharp and rude if you are not quite the gentle-

folk. "I don't expect there will be any ser-"I didn't say so. Now don't go and vants there," said Joan. "We shall go sharp or rude to my Emily, or they leading up to? will meet with more than their match!" The three girls went down by the

mail train. Joan was very thoughtful during the

journey. She was going back to Decreombeto Deercombe, in which she had spent so many sad, and a few-very few -

happy days. What would the Olivers say when they saw her and heard the news? Her brain grew confused and bewild-

ered as she tried to realize her altered She who had been the drudge and the dependent of the Olivers, she who had fled from their tyrauny, was returning as the mistress of the Wold,

and the owner of all the Arrowfield pro-But she thought little of this; every mile that lessened the distance between

her and the place drew her thoughts towards Stuart Villiars. It seemed at one moment an age since she had walked on the cliffs with him

and listened to his impassioned plead-At the next it was as if only a week or two had passed and all that had oc-

curred since their parting was the baseless fabric of a dream. Where was he now, she wondered, and should she ever see him again?

They reached the station in the entir morning, and found a closed carriage awaiting them. So secretly had Miss Mazurka matured

her plans that not a soul in the place is it possible that Lord Villiars is marknew that the visitors for whom the Wold had been prepared had actually arrived; and as the young lady, as she passed from the platform to the carriage, were a thick veil, the porters did not recognize Miss Joan Ormsby.

In silence and suppressed excitement the three were driven up the stately avenue, and the carriage stopped at the great door.

Old Craddock came out and, with timid look at Miss Mazurka, received them with fawning serv "ity. No servants were drawn up, but

footman and a maid conducted the 'adtes to the drawing-room. Joan lifted her veil and looked very proud, with a sense of unreality and de

The place was alight with the morn ing sun, fires burned in the huge grates, the steps and voices of servants could be heard in the hall and cornding, the Wold had awakened from its long sleep. At last Emily, who had been staring

course is just what I should have extion in an awed tone: pected from you." "Oh! and-and this is really yours,

about her with eyes as wide as saucera.

dear ?" "Yes, it is really hers!" said Miss Mazurks.

"Oh, it's beautiful, lovely! Oh, grander than anything they put on the stage, even," said Emily, in a hushed whisper. Why, I'm afraid to speak above my breath! And this all belongs to Ida-Joan, I mean! It's like a dream! Oh, rious. Joan, can't we go and look it over—or "Te Decreombe Wold," replied Miss do you think the servants will mind?"

LEARKED FRO HER LITTLE CHR

Dame Bouchard found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured Her Daughter's Kidney Disease and She Tried Them Herself, With the Result That Her Backache and Heart Trouble Are

Jonquieres, Chicoutimi Co., Que., April 24. - (Special.) - Encouraged by the fact that they completely cured her little girl of Kidney Disease, Dame Jos. Bouchard, of this village, is satisfied she has "I hope so-for your take," said Miss at last found permanent relief from the troubled her for so long.

"Yes," Dame Bouchard says, in an in-"I'm aware of that,' croaked the old terview, "f am happy to tell you Dodd's man; 'and I'm careful; you'll find me a Kidney Pills have made me well. They completely cured my little girl, twelve years old, of kidney disease, so I made suspicion of Miss Ormsby's real posiup my mind to try them for my backache and heart trouble. I have taken twelve boxes and feel sure that they

Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing a great work in this neighborhood. They have yet to find a case of kidney disease they cannot cure. Whether the disease takes your little game, I beg your pardon, the form of Backache, Lumbago, Rheuamtism, Urinary Trouble or Bright's Disease, it is all the same to Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure it.

"Very well, miss. Trust me. This is

there was general surprise at the amount of eGrman capital which was shown to be invested in foreign paper. But the Secretary of the Interior, Dr Dedbrucek, stated that the people of Germany are saving every year about \$1,000,000.000. and that necessarily a large part of this amount must go

abroad to find profitable investment. shall never get it out of my head-1 These savings go into other avenues besides the mere purchase of securities. In 1905, according to a writer in Moody's Magazine, German investments in foreign countries, outside of holdings Joan smiled rather sadly: she did not of securities, amounted to about 9,225 appear to take very much pleasure in the millions of marks (2.201.6 millions of grand old place, and with a little sigh dollars), in which the United States and Canada were represented by at least

2.750 millions of marks (\$656,300,000) The holdings of foreign scentities were estimated at more than sixteen billious of marks, or some millions less than four sillions of dollars. The real aggregate of all investments, however, is higher still than these figures express as not all German participation in commercial or financial enterprises in foreign countries

could be taken into account. "What are you making all this fuss Vernon Crescent. But if there are any expectancy.

Scarcely anywhere in the world is a servants there I don't think they will be What was Miss Mazurka's scheme large issue brought out without the Corman controlled to any terman capitalists being invited to participate. Only a short time ago a large An hour afterward a fly drove up to Hungarian loan was placed in Germany the hall door, and Emily ran to the winand over-subscribed for several times. A Turkish bond issue of large amount was willingly taken, and just when "the emigration of German expital," as they used to call it over there, was being discussed in connection with the proposed listing of St. Paul shares on the Berlin ex-Joan moved up to the window, then change, papers reminded the banks that they had to be in readiness for the Chilean loan soon to be expected.

'Tom' Fools S.P.C.A.

them first. You come when I send for of the New York Hippodrome this season. In a certain act a lame



hoose was needed. "Tom" was trained to limp in a most distressing manner. An officer of the society for prevention of cruety to Animals demanded that Tom" be removed from the When the officer started to lead the horse away his foot suddenly well; and, just to cake-walk and a two-step in the pres-

ence of the surprised official.

Reeded in Every Family

"It isn't possible," said Miss Mazur-When you have been exposed to well and cold, and your muscles are full of Lord Villiars, and I asked you to call pain, nerves are jumping with neuralgia. that I might tell you of a change in his then you should have ready at hand a /tria. circumstances which I thought would bottle of Nerviline. It robs pain of its terrors, gives relief to all suffering. brings ease and comfort wherever used. secure for Nerviline the purest and best "You are an old friend of Lord Vilmaterials. It is prepared with a single liars," continued Miss Mazurka. "I beaim to restore the sick to health. This cannot be said of the preparation that an unscrupulous dealer may ask you to scept instead of Nerviline, so we warn you it is the extra profit on inferior goods that tempts the substitutor. Of him beware. Get Nerviline when you ask for it, then you are sure of a remedy "Yes er a. I regret to say young that will cure all aches, strains, swellings and the pairs of rheumatism, neuthat I have been compelled to disown ralgia and lumbago. Large bottles cost twenty-five ceuls.

WASTED ENERGY.

"I give you my word," said the milk toast philosopher, "that when I discovered that the clock I had been careful The colonel bowed and smiled with to wind every night for ten years was an eight-day clock I was inclined to be petulant."-Browning's Magazine.

"He shall speak for himself," said Miss

We can always greet disappointment

her sick She suffered from fatty degeneration of the bank acount She had been everywhers, she had seen everything, she and done everything.

There was nowhere she couldn't go there was nothing she couldn't do-ex cept be happy.

It bored her to ride and to drive; it I' bored her to ride and to drive; it bored her to stand up, and it bored her to sit down. It bored her to eat and to drink, and to sleep.
So she sent for the doctor—Dr. Black. He gave her pills. She grew worse. So she sent for a second doctor—Dr. Greene. He gave her powders. She still grew worse.
So she sent for a third doctor — Dr. White. Dr. White was a modern doctor, a very modern doctor, an ultramodern doctor.
'What is the trouble with you? said Dr. White. "Everything! said Mrs. Darey.

Darcy.

'You have a beautiful home!' said
Dr. White. 'I'm tired of it,' said Mrs. Darcy.
'You have beautiful jewels,' said Dr.
White. 'I'm tired of them,' said Mrs.

Darcy.
'You have a beautiful face,' said Dr.
White. 'I'm tired of it,' said Mrs.

The chemist looked at the scrap of paper, and read what was written on it, appeared very much surprised, and then hended it back to the page. This is no tfor me, said the chemist. 'It is

for—Mrs. Darcy.
So the page took the prescription back

Pills. They always cure it.

So the page tool' the prescription back to the stage, and which made both wince rather uncomfortably.

"Ahem!—you expect him, I suppose? I shall be—my daughters and I shall be—delighted to welcome him to—ahem!—his ancestral home!"

(To be Continued.)

GERMAN SAVINGS.

People of the Fatherland Put By One

Billion Dollars a Year.

When the German Reichstag a few weeks ago discussed the introduction of American securities in that country there was general surprise at the amount of eGrman equital which was shown of the stage tool' the prescription back to the sage tool' the prescription back to the sage tool' the prescription back to the stage tool' the prescription back to the stage tool' the butler. The butler gave it back to the maid. The maid gave it back to the sacretary. And the secretary gave it back to Mrs. Darcy. 'He says it is tor you.'

For me! said Mrs. Darcy. 'What a nuisance! I am so bored. I am so weak. I am too tired to read it. You must read it for me. What does it say?'

The secretary looked at the scrap of tager. 'Why don't you read it to me?'!—I don't understand it! If it is for me—I will understand it. What does it say?'

'It says,' said the secretary. 'Prescription for Mrs. Darcy, with Dr. White's compliments. Do something for somebody!''

'What does that mean?'. cried Mrs. Darcy. 'I told you that I didn't understand it. Mrs. Darcy with Inc. Darcy. 'I told you that I didn't understand it. Mrs. Darcy with Dr. What does that mean?'. cried Mrs. Darcy. 'I—I told you that I didn't understand it. Mrs. Darcy!' said the secretary was general surprise at the am-ount of eGrman capital which was shown

Darcy. 'I-I told you that I didn't understand it. Mrs. Darcy!' said the secretary. 'Well, why don't you understand?' cried Mrs. Darcy.

And Mrs. Darcy worked herself into wisland hystography. violent hysteries. But all the rest of the day and all through the night Mrs. Darcy heard the words ringing in her ears, saw the words dancing before her eves—'Do something for somebody!' She almost wondered if there was any-thing in this advice in this strange adthing in this advice, in this strange advice, this peculiar prescription.'
But then her old doctors came with their old ramedies. Dr. Black with his pills, and Dr. Greene with his powders, and she soon forgot the new doctor with the new notions and his impertingness.

is new notions and his impertinences and his insults.
Do something for somebody!
The idea! When she was too sick even to do anything for herself!—Harold Susmer, in 'Smart Set.'

In Three Accidents It would seem that Zam-Buk, the famhealing balm we hear so highly spoken of everywhere, is particularly useful in the family circle. A report

sent by Mrs. E. Davey, 786 Ellice avenue, Winnipeg, will illustrate this. She says: "My little boy, of three, while playing. fell from a high verandah to the ground, cutting his forehead badly. Instead of ealling a doctor who would undoubtedly have put in a number of stitches. I bathed the wound well, and applied Zam-Buk. The little fellow, although suffering keenly, soon had relief from his pain. In the course of three weeks, by applying Zam-Buk daily, the wound was nicely hentad

"Since then I have also used Zam-Buk for a boil which came on my cheek, and which proved very painful and looked unsightly. Zam Buk soon drew the boil to a head and it then quickly banished it.

"Another time my baby was scalded on her left thigh and calf of leg with boiling water. Directly it was done 1 thought to use Zam-Buk, and spreading some on lint. I wrapped up the baby's limb. Next morning she rested much easier, and I applied a fresh bandage with Zam-Buk. I kept this treatment up daily, and was rewarded by seeing a great improvement each time I dressed the wound. In a very short space of time the scalds were all nicely bealed.

"I cannot recommend this wonderful healing preparation too highly for family use, and I have such great faith in its healing powers that my house is never without a box."

For all skin injuries and diseases, piles, eczema, salt rheum and face sores, became | Dies, eczenia, sait Indum. | Dies, eczenia, sait Indum. | Zam-Buk is absolutely unequalled. | 50c. show that he wasn't hox, all druggists and stores, or post lame "Tom" did a free from Zam-Buk Co. Toronto free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for nrice. Try Zam-Buk Soap, too! Only 25c. tabler.

IN THE FAR EAST.

Traific is suspended on the Pekin-Mngden Railway in Manchuria owing to dangers from the plague. Serum is being freely sent from Germany and Aus-

This fiscal year over \$4,000,000 is being expended by the Philippine Bureau No care or expense has been spared to of Public Works. The work includes some irrigation and ninety-seven barrio school buildings.

On December 31, 1910, Australia had a population of 4,474,000, an increase in ten years of about 700,000. The greatest gain, 305,000, was in New South Wales, followed by Victoria with 127,000.

This season the Mauritius output of cane sugar will be 200,000 tons, with enormous stocks still on the docks. Prices will probably decline. A Japanese glassworks in Manchuria

is on the cards to compete against German and Belgian window glass in Manchuria, Corea and China, as far as the Yangtse River, German engineers and factory overseers will be employed at first. The real founder of the undertaking is the president of the Japanese South Manchurian Railway. At present Japan is importing \$1,500,000 worth of foreign glass a year, says our Consul at Coburg, Germany. In the neighborhood of Tientsin, China, are five glass factories, two of which are in Japanese hands. Another is to be built and will employ over 1,000 workers. Chinese coolies are employed, who work for still

smaller wages than the Japanese.

Siam has about 6,000 acres under to-

HE DARGE APPENDICE A GOOD MEDICAL FOR THE SPRING

Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick - but not feeling That's the way most people feel in the spring. Encily tired, appetite tfickle, sometimes head-aches and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the akin, or there may be twinges of rheamstism or neuralgia. Any of these indi-cate that the blood is out of order: that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily de-

velop into more serious trouble.

Don't dose yourself with purgatives as so many people do in the hope that yo ucan put your blood right. Purga-tives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What Parcy.

'Can you help me?' said Mrs. Darcy.

'Can try,' said Dr. White.

Mrs. Darcy gave the prescription to her geeretary. The secretary gave it to the putter. The butter gave it to the butter.

The butter gave it to the page. And the lift, safely and surely. Every dose of the page of the page of the page of the page of the page. you need in the spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the this medicine helps to make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite, and makes tired, depressed men. women and children bright, active and strong. Mr. B. Martin, Deux Rivieres, Que., savs: "About a year age I was all run down. I was pale, weak, and had but little appetite. I also suffered from a severe pain in the back, and though I tried several medicines nothing helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these soon fully restored my health. I can strongly recommend these pills to every weak person." 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.

Husbands and Wives.

Prof. William James, Harvard's brilliant psychologist (just died), often illustrated a truth with a story.

"The most ghactly superstition," Pro-

fresor James said recently, "has often te base in a ludierous fact. It is like the case of Jones. "'Jones,' said a man, 'tells me that

his wooden leg pained him horribly last night.' "'Nonsense!' was the reply. 'How could his wooden leg pain him?

"His wife,' the man explained, 'hit him over the head with it." "What's the meaning of the Guv-nor giving you his good cigars to smoke?" asked one office boy of another, who was smoking while on duty. "Oh," answered the second youth," "his wife is coming down to touch him for some cash before she goes shopping, and he wants her to think he is out."-London

"What do you think of the weather, Colonel?"

"Oh, horrible! horrible!"

"And how is your wife?" "Oh, much about the same, thank Mrs. Quackenness-Am yo' daughtah

happily married, Sistah Sagy? Mrs. Sagg-She sho' is! Bress goodexected to death of her! She-Before we were marired you said I was the light of your eyes.

He-Did I? Well, I see now that I was only dazzled.-Boston Transcript. Singleton-Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure?

marires he has no leisure. Mrs. Youngwed (nervously) -What do you think of my biscuits, dear? Hubby-I never give an off-hand opinion on weighty subjects, my love.

Wedderly-No, I don't. After a man

"You never have an argument with vour wife?" 'Never," replied Mr. Meekton,

"How do you avoid it?" "I start right in by admitting that I am wholly in the wrong." Mrs. Goodwun-l wish to select a cirthday present for my husband, and I

can't think of anything. He doesn't smoke or drink nor go out nights nor play cards."

The Salesperson-Is he food of fancy work? Mrs. Benham-Do you remember that it was a bright moonlight night when you proposed to me?

Benham-The night might have been bright, but I wasn't .- Pathfinder.

THE INNUITS. In the Northland, miles and miles away the winters are long and cold, and oftentimes the sun does not shine for months at a time. The land is covered with snow, and the sea with ice. The frost king reigns supreme. He watches over a people who calls themselves inntits, but we term them Eskimes, How short and fat they look in their fur ntils, but we term them Eskimes. How short and fat they look in their fur clothes! Their faces are dark and oily, they have small black eyes and straight black hair. They can neither read nor write, but they can do many things that we cannot; for they build their homes, make their garments, obtain all their food, construct tools, weapons, in fact, aimost everything an Eskimo uses has to be mads with his own hands. The inmuit is a patient worker.

amost everything an Eskimo uses has to be mads with his own hands. The Innuit is a patient worker.

His home! The children of this country would think it an ideal playhouse—but it is a reaf home. It is made of snow, not high enough for a persen to stand upright. Carefully and patiently the Eskimo cuts out the blocks of snow and puts them together, forming a foundation, and then more blocks until it looks like a hut. Only one small room, no windows, walls and floors of snow. They crawl in the doorway, which is closed with the skin of an animal. At one side of the room is a bed—a bank of snow piled solid against the wall. Over it is thrown the skin of a bear, a fox, or a musk ox, and at pight the children fall fast asleep in the warm furs, dreaming, perhaps, of the days when they will grow big like father, and be hunters strong and bold.—Exchange.

HIS SIMPLE WAY.

Mrs. Given-"Will you remove the snow for a dollar?" Weary Wille-"Yes'm. Me method is to pray for rain."-Harper's Bazar.

Blobbs Bjones is a terrible ego tist. Slobbs —But he has an impediment in his speech. Blobbs— Yes, but not his I's.

Joan smiled rather sadly as she put er arm round the little wa "The servants won't mind, Emily," she said. "Yes, we will go and look over it."

Mr. Craddock entered, bowing and

"Breakfast is served, Miss Ormsby," he seid. "Very well," said Joan, quietly, as if she had been used to such state and horvage all her life, as Emily inwardly noted. "We will come directly. Let us

go and look over the house. Emily." "I've done everything right. I've carried out your instructions to the letter. Miss Mazurka!" said cle Craddock. rub bing his hands nervously and looking up at her from his small, ferrety eyes. hope you will find everything satisfac-

Mazurka, sharply. "Yes, so far you heart trouble and backache that have have done your duty. But mind, make troubled her for so long

most frustworthy---' "And these Olivers-thev have no

"Not the faintest," said Craddock. They think it is Lord Villiars who is will completely cure me." coming down. The colonel was here the other day trying to pump me, but"with a grin-"I'm a dry well when I like, Miss Mazurka. Oh, I understand doesn't know that the heiress is called | your admirable scheme, and I'm as silent as the grave"

> "Or a prison cell on the silent system," said Miss Mazurka. The old man winced. "You're not going to be hard on an

ways and is doing his best to carry out "No, I won't be hard, but I'm not quite soft either," retorted Miss Mazurka. "Now, you send up to ('olone! Oliver and those two girls and tell them to come down here in an hour's time. No, don't send, the servant will chatter and let something out. Go yourself!"

a part of the job I like," and he went off with a sinister grin. Then the three girls went round the house escorted by a neat maid, who informed Joan that she had been engaged. Emily's powers of expressing admiration were now exhausted, and she clung

to Joan's arm, staring about her open-

"It's all too wonderful!" she exclaimed, at last, with a little sigh. "I thought only kings and princes lived in a palace like this. And it all belongs to you! I shall dream of it for weeks! Oh, if Mr. Ciffard could only see it, what a scene he'd be able to make!

she said: "Let us go down to breakfast now." Here again Emily was overwhelmed by the sight of the rich plate and old cut glass, which nearly outshone the sil-

It was almost impossible to eat in the state of excitement which had to be carefully suppressed before the stately butler and the grave footmen, and in Mazurka, and come back straight to over all there a feeling of suspense and

> "Ch. Joan, dear, who are these?" she exclaimed. "There's such an elegant, swellish old gentleman with an eyeglass and two old-young girls got up to kill

at sight."

"It's Colonel Oliver, my guardian, and his daughters," she murmured, and her breath came in little pants. "All right, my dear," said Miss Mazurka, rising and nodding confidently; "I sent for them. I'll just go and see

drew back and turned pale.

The Olivers had been shown into the library, the two girls all in a flutter of excitement and beaming with smiles at receiving an invitation to call so quickly after Lord Villiars' supposed arrival; and the colonel, stiff as a poker in his stays and with his extra-varnished man-

ner full on, advanced, as the door slowly opened, with extended hand. He stopped short and stared at seeing a handsome young lady, with big black eyes, instead of Stuart Villiars, and, sticking his eyeglass in his eye, turned for an explanation to Craddock, who, with his hands behind his back,

stood surveying the group sardonically. "Colonel Oliver, I believe?" said Miss Mazurka, composedly. "Yes, madam, I am he," said the col onel. "And you are-good heavens!

"My name is Mazurka. You may have heard of me. I am a friend of interest vou." The colonel bowed, the two girls ;aped curiously and suspiciously.

lieve that there was a slight suspension of your friendship." "Yes-ahem! - most unfortunate ahem!--but actually owing to the conduct of a-er!-a ward of mine." "A Miss Ormsby?" said Miss Mazur-

ka, sweetly.

Mazurka.

person who has so misconducted herself! her." explained the colonel, eagerly. "So I have heard," said Miss Mazurka, still amiably; "and from what I have heard of you I must say that such a

gratification. "You do me honor, madam. I-ertrust that my friend-very old friend, Lord Villiars-also endorses your opin-

"Is he here?" asked the girls, eagerly. "Not at present," said Miss Mazurka, evering them with that calm, cold fixity with a smile, if it happens to be some of scrutiny which she had sequired on other fellow's disappointment.