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IN GOTHAM.
24.—A well-known
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e Beattie Nesbitt,
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Right at Last

"Go where?—go and drown yourselves as she was supposed to have done!" started the colonel, 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. Craddock 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 Deercombe and get that Wold ready, and mind, not a word to anyone."

Old Craddock, showing 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 quiet, 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 at Miss Ormsby's all. Thank Heaven, she's alive and well, and he cast up his eyes to the ceiling in pious gratitude.

"Oh, you've seen her, have you? Where is she?"

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

"And is that all you're going to tell me?" demanded the colonel, wrathfully. "Please to remember that I'm her guardian."

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

"You've renounced that guardianship, colonel," he said, leering up at him. "Best ask no questions and make no fuss. 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 of 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 hunched 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 be taken back into a respectable family. My daughters wouldn't stand it!"

"Very good, Colonel Oliver—very good," said Craddock, grinning. "I'll tell Miss Ormsby what you say when I see her."

"So you may," snapped the colonel. "And so Lord Villiers is coming back, is he?"

"I didn't say so. Now don't go and say I said so," said Craddock, fearfully; "because I didn't."

"What are you making all this fuss and getting the place ready for, then?" demanded the colonel.

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

"And that's Lord Villiers," said the colonel. "Well, it's time he came back. He's got 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," croaked 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 and storming, to carry the news to the girls.

"Lord Villiers 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 sneered.

"He's going to be married to an actress—a Miss Mazurka," he said, significantly.

"Oh, that's newspaper rumor," said Julia, impatiently. "His singlet 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 again.

With the fear of Miss Mazurka before his 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, succeeded in getting the old place into something like order.

Fires were lit in all the rooms and blazes in the huge hall, for the weather was still chilly, though the spring sun shone through the painted oriel window and lit up the splendor of the gilded ceiling and the tattered flags which depended from the vaulted roof.

Old Deercombe was in a state of the greatest excitement and curiosity, the ladies picked to fever heat by the absolute lack of information, for old Craddock had kept his counsel in a manner to win the approbation even of Miss Mazurka.

It was generally understood that Lord Villiers was coming down for whom 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?

Old Craddock had engaged a small party 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 all.

Meanwhile Bertie and Miss Mazurka were carrying out their conspiracy with the 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.

"Half an hour, why?"

"Because we are going to take a journey,"

"A journey—where to?" asked Joan, while Emily stood open-mouthed and awestruck.

"To Deercombe Wold," replied Miss

Mazurka. "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?" Joan, gently. "And does he wish me to go there?"

"Of course 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 down to the Wold?—it's your own place!"

Joan shook her head. "Not yet," she said. "It still belongs to—Lord Villiers."

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

"That—that I am Joan Ormsby, Lord Villiers's granddaughter?"

"No," said Miss Mazurka, slowly. "He thinks it is Miss Ida Trevelyan; he doesn't know that the heiress is called 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 everything on Monday, not that it will want much explaining. And you will go down by the mail train to-morrow night?"

"I and Emily," said Joan, putting her arm round Emily's waist.

"Emily, of course," said Miss Mazurka. "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 no matter to me. Don't ask any questions and you'll hear no stories; for if you did ask questions I should certainly tell all sorts of fibs."

Joan smiled rather sadly. "I will not ask anything, and I will do as you and Lord Bertie wish till Monday; after that—"

and she paused.

"You shall be your own mistress and do as you like," said Miss Mazurka; "that's a bargain," and off she went.

Emily clapped her hands and struck an attitude.

"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 shall be able to manage it."

They say the servants at these grand places are awfully sharp and rude if you are not quite the gentleman."

"I don't expect there will be any servants there," said Joan. "We shall go down and see it, just to please Miss Mazurka, and come back straight to Vernon Crescent. But if there are any servants there I don't think they will be sharp or rude to my Emily, or they 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 Deercombe—to Deercombe, in which she had spent so many sad, and a few—very few—happy days.

What would the Oliviers say when they saw her and heard the news? Her brain grew confused and bewildered as she tried to realize her altered position.

She who had been the drudge and the dependant of the Oliviers, who had fled from their tyranny, was returning as the mistress of the Wold, and the owner of all the Arrowfield property.

But she thought little of this; every mile that lessened the distance between her and the place drew her thoughts towards Stuart Villiers.

It seemed at one moment as age since she had walked on the cliffs with him and listened to his impassioned pleadings.

At the next it was as if only a week or two had passed and all that had occurred 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 early morning, and found a closed carriage awaiting them.

So secretly had Miss Mazurka matured her plans that not a soul in the place knew 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, wore 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 a timid look at Miss Mazurka, received them with fawning servility.

No servants were drawn up, but a footman and a maid conducted the ladies to the drawing-room.

Joan lifted her veil and looked, very proud, with a sense of unalloyed satisfaction.

The place was slight with the morning sun, fires burned in the huge grates, the steps and voices of servants could be heard in the hall and corridors, the Wold had awakened from its long sleep.

At last Emily, who had been staring about her with eyes as wide as saucers, gave vent to her amazement and admiration in an awed tone:

"Oh! and—and this is really yours, den?"

"Yes, it is really hers!" said Miss Mazurka.

"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 level, and this all belongs to Ida—Joan, I mean. It's like a dream! Oh, Joan, can't we go and look it over—"

"To Deercombe Wold," replied Miss

Joan smiled rather sadly as she put her arm round the little wist.

"The servants won't mind, Emily," she said. "Yes, we will go and look over it." Mr. Craddock entered, bowing and scraping.

"Breakfast is served, Miss Ormsby," he said.

"Very well," said Joan, quietly, as if she had been used to such state and homage 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 old Craddock, rubbing his hands nervously and looking up at her from his small, ferrety eyes. "I hope you will find everything satisfactory."

"I hope so—for your sake," said Miss Mazurka, sharply. "Yes, so far you have done your duty. But mind, make one slip and you are lost!"

"I'm aware of that," croaked the old man; "and I'm careful; you'll find me a most trustworthy—"

"And these Oliviers—they have no suspicion of Miss Ormsby's real position?"

"Not the faintest," said Craddock. "They think it is Lord Villiers who is coming down. The colonel was here the other day trying to pump me, but—"

with a grin he said, "I understand you like Miss Mazurka. Oh, I understand your little game, I beg your pardon, 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 old man who has seen the error of his ways and is doing his best to carry out your wishes, miss?" he pleaded.

"No, I won't be hard, but I'm not quite soft either," retorted Miss Mazurka. "Now, you send up to Colonel 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!"

"Very well, miss. Trust me. This is a part of the job I like," and he went off with a sinister grin.

With 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 oppressed and open-mouthed.

"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 never get it out of my head—I shall dream of it for weeks! Oh, if Mr. Giffard could only see it, what a scene he'd be able to make!"

Joan smiled rather sadly; she did not appear to take very much pleasure in the grand old place, and with a little sigh 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 silver.

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 addition to the excitement there hung over all there a feeling of suspense and expectancy.

What was Miss Mazurka's scheme leading up to?

An hour afterward a fly drove up to the hall door, and Emily ran to the window.

"Oh, Joan, dear, who are these?" she exclaimed. "There's such an elegant, swishish old gentleman with an eyeglass and two old young girls got up to kill at sight!"

Joan moved up to the window, then drew back and turned pale.

"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 them first. You come when I send for you."

The Oliviers 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 Villiers' supposed arrival; and the colonel, stiff as a poker in his stays and with his extra-varnished manner 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 Villiers, 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 colonel. "And you are—good heavens! it is possible that Lord Villiers is married?"

"It isn't possible," said Miss Mazurka. "My name is Mazurka. You may have heard of me. I am a friend of Lord Villiers, and I asked you to call that I might tell you of a change in his circumstances which I thought would interest you."

The colonel bowed, the two girls gaped curiously and suspiciously.

"You are an old friend of Lord Villiers," continued Miss Mazurka. "I believe 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 Mazurka, sweetly.

"Yes—er—, I regret to say—young person who has so misconducted herself that I have been compelled to disown 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 course is just what I should have expected from you."

The colonel bowed and smiled with gratification.

"You do me honor, madam. I—er—trust that my friend—very old friend, Lord Villiers—also endorses your opinion."

"He shall speak for himself," said Miss Mazurka.

"Is he here?" asked the girls, eagerly.

"Not at present," said Miss Mazurka, eyeing them with that calm, cold fixity of scrutiny which she had acquired on

SHE LEARNED FROM HER LITTLE GIRL

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 Gone.

Jonquiere, Chicoutimi Co., Que., April 24.—(Special.)—Encouraged by the fact that they completely cured her little girl of Kidney Disease, Dame Joa Bouchard, of this village, is satisfied she has found permanent relief from the heart trouble and backache that have troubled her for so long.

"Yes," Dame Bouchard says, in an interview, "I am happy to tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills have made me well. They completely cured my little girl, twelve years old, of kidney disease, so I made up my mind to try them for my backache and heart trouble. I have taken twelve boxes and feel sure that they will completely cure me."

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 the form of Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Urinary Trouble or Bright's Disease, it is all the same to Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure it.

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 the country there was general surprise at the amount of German capital which was shown to be invested in foreign paper.

But the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Dedering, 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.

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 of securities, amounted to about 9,225 millions of marks (2,291,625,000).

The holdings of foreign securities were estimated at more than sixteen billion marks, or some millions less than four billions 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.

Scarcely anywhere in the world is a large sum brought out without the German capitalists being invited to participate. Only a short time ago a large Hungarian loan was placed in Germany and over-subscribed for several times. A Turkish loan, and just when "the end" of German capital," as they used to call it over there, was being discussed in connection with the proposed sinking of St. Paul shares on the Berlin exchange, papers reminded the banks that they had to be in readiness for the Hungarian loan soon to be expected.

In Three Accidents

It would seem that Zam-Buk, the famous healing balm we hear so lightly spoken of everywhere, is particularly useful in the family circle. A report sent by Mrs. E. Davey, 756 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, will illustrate this. She says:

"My little boy, of three, while playing, fell from a high veranda to the ground, cutting his forehead badly. Instead of calling 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 healed."

"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."

"Another time my baby was scalded on her left thigh and calf of leg with boiling water. Directly it was done I 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 healed."

"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, Zam-Buk is absolutely unequalled. 50c. box, all drugists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Try Zam-Buk Soap, too! Only 25c. a box.

Tom' Fools S.P.C.A.

This is "Tom," one of the features of the New York Hippodrome this season. In a certain act a lame horse was needed.

"Tom" was trained to limp in a most distressing manner. When the officer started to lead the horse away his foot suddenly became swollen and just to show that he wasn't lame "Tom" did a cack-walk and a two-step in the presence of the surprised official.

Needed in Every Family

When you have been exposed to wet and cold, and your muscles are full of pain, nerves are jumping with neuralgia, then you should have ready at hand a bottle of Nervine. It relieves the pain of its terrors, gives relief to all suffering, brings ease and comfort wherever used. No care or expense has been spared to secure for Nervine the purest and best materials. It is prepared with a single aim to restore the sick to health. It cannot be said of the preparation that an unscrupulous dealer may ask you to accept instead of Nervine, so we warn you it is the extra profit on inferior goods that tempts the substitutor. Of him beware. Get Nervine when you ask for it, then you are sure of a remedy that will cure all aches, strains, swellings and the pains of rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago. Large bottles cost twenty-five cents.

WASTED ENERGY.

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

Shilo's Cure

Shilo's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, breaks the throat and relieves all 25 cents.

We can always greet disappointment with a smile, if it happens to be some other fellow's disappointment.

DAVEY'S AFFAIRS.

Mrs. Davey was rich. She was very rich indeed. In fact she was so rich that it made her sick. She suffered from fatty degeneration of the brain.

She had been ever since she had seen everything, she had done everything. There was nowhere she couldn't go; there was nothing she couldn't do—except to be happy.

It 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.

She sent for a second doctor—Dr. Greene. He gave her powders. She still grew worse.

She sent for a third doctor—Dr. White. Dr. White was a modern doctor, a very modern doctor, an ultramodern doctor.

"What's the trouble with you?" said Dr. White. "Everything," said Mrs. Davey.

"You have a beautiful home," said Dr. White. "I'm tired of it," said Mrs. Davey.

"You have beautiful jewels," said Dr. White. "I'm tired of them," said Mrs. Davey.

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

"Can you help me?" said Mrs. Davey. "Can't you read it?" said Mrs. Davey.

Mrs. Davey gave the prescription to her secretary. The secretary gave it to the maid. The maid gave it to the scullery maid. The scullery maid gave it to the butler. The butler gave it to the page. And the page took it to the chemist.

The chemist looked at the scrap of paper, and read what was written on it. It appeared very much surprised, and then handed it back to the page. This is for me," said the chemist. "Is it for Mrs. Davey?"

So the page took the prescription back to the butler. The butler gave it back to the maid. The maid gave it back to the scullery maid. The scullery maid gave it back to the page. The page gave it back to the secretary. The secretary said this is not for him," said the secretary. "It is for you."

"For me?" said Mrs. Davey. "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 paper and became very red in the face. "What does it say?" demanded Mrs. Davey.

"I don't understand it," said the secretary. "Well, it is not necessary for you to understand it," said Mrs. Davey. "If it is for me, you are not supposed to understand it. If it is for me—I will understand it.