# Sweet Miss Margery

She leaned back languidly in her chair and somehow the thought struck Margery that she had never seen the little room look so small and shabby before. The delicate gleam of Vane's white garments contrasted strongly with her own dingy, dust-stained black dress, the placid beauty of Miss Charteris' face brought back the thrill of pain to her heart. How different they were! Who was she, to compete with such a woman. She roused herself from her thoughts as she met Vane's cold clear eyes watching her.

"I beg your pardon," she said quickly, yet with unspeakable grace. "You have had a long drive; may I give you a cup of tea—or perhaps you would prefer some milk?"

She moved toward an inner room; but Vane stopped her.

"Neither, thank you," she replied coldly—she was growing more and more annoyed every moment. She was being treated with every courtesy, with all regard for etiquette, as though her hostess were a duchess instead of a common village girl! It was insupportable; she must hasten to break down that calm exterior which irritated her beyond measure. "Neither, thank you," she repeated, "I shall not stay long. It is, as you say, a tedious drive; but my cousin, Stuart Crosbie, wished me to see you."

She bent her head to look at her flounce, but not before she had seen the girl's slight frame wince and her cheeks grow paler.

"That shot went home!" she told herself.

Margery stood immovable, her hand still grasping the chair. A few moments before she had thought it impossible to suffer greater mental pain than she had endured; now she was experiencing pangs still greater, for her wound was being probed. Weak, faint from want of food as she was, she determined to be brave, to stand firm before this woman—her rival.

"I scarcely know how to begin," continued Vane, with well-assumed kindness and concern. "It is a delicate subject; yet I could not well refuse Stuart." She hesitated for an instant, then held out her well-gloved hand. "Miss Daw," she said impulsively, "will you forgive me if anything I may say in the course of our conversation should vex you? I would not indeed willingly cause you any pain."

Margery's eyes were fixed on the golden-tinted trees beyond the garden: she did not notice the outstretched hand.

"Why should you cause me pain?" she asked, in reply. "There is nothing in common between you and me."

Vane let her hand drop to her side; den pain, and her whole frame shake this girl's control?

"I am glad you judge me rightly," she responded, "for I am and have been much distressed by my errand. Stuart has asked me, Miss Daw to express to you his sincere sympathy in the loss you have sustained by the death of Mrs. Morris. He begs me to tell you that he trusts you will apply at the castle now that you are left without a guardian. He has enlisted his mother's good-will on your behalf, and he sends you this small sum to assist toward anything you may require."

She held out a small packet as she finished, and had the satisfaction of seeing Margery's lips twitch as with sudden pain, and her whole frame shake with passion beneath the insult.

"It was his intention to write to you as far back as last Thursday," went on Vane, "but he had the misfortune to break his right arm, and writing was impossible; therefore, as he though you would require some explanation from him, he asked me to come."

"I thank you," fell from Margery's lips in cold strained tones.

"Then I may leave this?" Vane said interrogatively, rising and placing the packet on the table. "And you will promise to apply at the castle with respect to anything concerning your future? I believe, but I am not sure, that Mrs. Crosbie has already written to some lady about a situation for you as maid."

Margery made no answer, and Miss Charteris waited a few moments, and then moved to the door, feeling strangely uncomfortable, and by no means victorious. She looked back as she stood at the door.

"You have no reply?" she asked.

"Mr. Crosbie's explanation requires none," Margery answered, still in the same cold even tones.

"Then I will wish you good-afternoon."

"Stay!" cried Margery; and Vane turned toward her. "You have forgotten your packet," Margery added, pointing to the table.

Vane took it up without a word. Then a thought seemed to strike her, and she turned the money round and round in her hand hurriedly.

"Perhaps you will write to Stuart or to his mother?"

Margery's eyes met Vane's in an unflinching gaze.

"Write!" she repeated, with unutterable scorn and pride in the word. "There is indeed little in common between us. Such a question deserves no answer."

Vane's brows contracted. She turned and walked quickly to the carriage, and entering it drove swiftly away. Her musings were not altogether pleasant during the first mile or so of her return journey. She had succeeded and succeeded so well that she need never fear Margery Daw again; yet her spirit was vexed even at her victory, for, though she had forever separated Stuart and this girl, she had not lowered her rival to the dust, as she had intended.

This thought rankled for some time; then her mind wandered to the more important matter of dealing with Stuart. She had no settled plan; but, as he was still so unwell, there would be a day or two yet in which to arrange matters. For the present she must satisfy him with loving messages and explain that Margery was too distressed by her grief to accompany her back to the castle. She must see her aunt immediately, and get her to use her influence in some way to have the girl sent from the village. It would never do to risk a meeting between Stuart and Margery, for though she judged the girl to be so honest to say much, if indeed her pride would allow her to notice him at all, there would be sufficient to fire Stuart's anger and determination to learn the truth; and then—

Vane's face flushed at the thought of the humiliation she would undergo in in such a case; and she registered a vow that she would never permit it to happen, Margery must go and at once.

Margery remained standing at the door as Vane walked down the path. She did not move as, in a dim way, she saw Miss Charteris settle herself in the dainty carriage, nor did she stir as the ponies started briskly from the gate. But as the sound of their hoofs died away in the distance, she woke with a shuddering sigh to the grossness of the insults that had been offered her. Suddenly her strength failed, and, with a groan, she sunk back on her chair, burying her face in her hands. The thought of her loneliness had been bitter, her lover's false vows had rankled in her breast; but the weight of Vane's humiliating words crushed her. It was almost greater than she could bear.

She tried to banish all tender recollection of Stuart from her, to think of him only as the one man who had darkened the glory of life for her, as the man who had plucked the sweet blossom of her love only to trample it under foot; but she could not succeed. Her mind would go back to those happy walks, those brief moments of gladness when they met, till it wandered to that day in Weald Wood, when, with her hand clasped in his, she had sworn to love him always, no matter what came between them. Yes, she loved him—would love him to the end; though he had deceived and injured her, though he had treated her with such scant courtesy and degraded her shamefully, her love was still the same.

She shook back her wealth of red-gold curls and rose to her feet; she was growing calmer. She reflected that she had yet to plan her future. She pushed the chair to the door-way and sunk into it. The sun was sinking behind the woods; the air was soft and balmy—its touch seemed like a kiss upon her cheek. The musical note of a bird twittering its "good-night" amid the leaves, the babble of the distant brook, soothed her. She leaned her weary head against the door, and began to think.

One idea stood out clearly — she must leave Hurstley. She dared not even picture to herself a future in the village where her eyes would rest on Stuart smiling on that cold, cruel woman—where she must sit down beneath a repetition of insult that had already roused her spirit almost to madness. No, there was no other course open to her—she must go, and soon. Ah, if she could but rush away at once, and let the veil of darkness cover her humiliation! But whither and to whom could she go? Reuben could not take her with him. Mrs. Bright would welcome her for awhile; but she could not meet Robert—poor Robert!

Like a flash of light in darkness came the remembrance of Miss Lawson, and the letter from her sister. Would it be too late? It was not a week ago. This must be her chance. She rose hurriedly, her limbs trembling, and tied on her bonnet. She would go to Miss Lawson at once; the place might still be vacant; she might start perhaps in the morning! The thought lent her strength. She forced herself to eat some food, though every nerve in her body was quivering from excitement.

The simple viands, the glass of milk, seemed to put new life into her; she left a message for Reuben at the next cottage, and started in feverish haste for the rectory, losing all thought of fatigue in the rush of eager desire and hope that burned within her.

Miss Lawson was seated at her window, writing, when her eyes fell on Margery's figure coming rapidly up the path. The governess noted the girl's pale cheeks, her worn look of pain, and her heart thrilled with sympathy.

"Well, child?" she said, as the girl came in.

"Miss Lawson—" began Margery, and then her rapid walk told on her, and she had reeled to a chair.

The governess rose, untied her bonnet, and held a glass of water to her lips. She saw at a glance that something was wrong; but she asked no questions.

"You have walked too quickly, as usual, Margery," was all she observed as she turned away with the glass.

"I wanted to see you," murmured Margery, then, after a brief pause, she added slowly, "You remember what you said, Miss Lawson, that evening we parted—you would help me? I have come to claim that promise. I want—"

"Tell me what you want."

"I want what I refused that night—to leave Hurstley—go away altogether. Is it too late—oh, Miss Lawson, is it too late to go to that young lady?"

Miss Lawson looked at her keenly.

"No," she replied; "it is not too late. Strangely enough, I have heard from my sister again, urging me to persuade you. This letter I am writing to her. I can tear it up."

Margery felt the first thrill of pleasure she had experienced during during the long dreary day.

"And soon—I may go soon?" she asked.

"The sooner the better—in fact, to-morrow, if you can be ready."

"I could be ready to-night," Margery answered, with a weary smile, pushing aside her curls.

"Then I will telegraph to my sister in the morning, when you start. I will go with you to Chesterham and see you into the train, and I think you had better get yourself one or two things when there; you can repay me out of your first quarter's salary."

Margery bent her lips to Miss Lawson's hand.

"I can never thank you sufficiently," she whispered; "you are too good to me."

Miss Lawson pulled away her hand with a jerk; but her face bore no trace of anger.

Mrs. J. B. Renaud
Montreal

## Eczema on Leg for 25 Years

I have been treated by doctors for twenty-five years for a bad case of eczema on my leg. They did their best, but failed to cure it. My own doctor had advised me to have my leg cut off, but I said I would try the Cuticura Remedies first. He said, "try them if you like but I do not think they will do any good." At this time my leg was peeled from the knee down, my foot was like a piece of raw flesh and I had to walk on crutches. I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent. After the first two treatments the swelling went down and in two months' use of the Cuticura Remedies my leg was cured and the new skin grown on. The doctor could not believe his own eyes when he saw that Cuticura had cured me and said that he would use Cuticura for his own patients. But for the Cuticura Remedies I might have lost my life. I am truly grateful for the wonderful cure that Cuticura wrought. I have many grandchildren and they are frequent users of Cuticura and I always recommend it most highly as a sure and economical cure for skin troubles.

(Signed) Mme. J. B. Renaud,
277, Montana St., Montreal.

**Cuticura Soap and Ointment**

afford the speediest and most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp. A single tablet of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. Send for free 32-page Cuticura Book on treatment of skin diseases.


"Have you spoken to Reuben?" she asked.

"No; but I will at once. He leaves Hurstley himself at the end of the week."

"Well, I am heartily glad, child, you have decided on this. I think you will be happy."

"I shall be away from here, and that will be enough," was Margery's muttered thought.

"I will speak to Mrs. Carr to-night. She will spare me to-morrow, I know," continued Miss Lawson. "You must be ready about eight in the morning, Margery. Your luggage will not be much; perhaps you can arrange with Reuben to take it for you to the corner of the lane, and I will meet you there with the village fly."

"Thank you," said Margery again.

All was settled, and a feeling of peace stole into her breast. She would disappear—leave behind her everything that recalled her brief dream of bliss, her agony of grief. Stuart would be troubled no more with the sight of her sad face to dim his happiness. He had regarded her as a poor village girl, without heart, mind or pride—a toy with which to while away the long, dull hours; and, as as he had forgotten her—as she had gone from his memory—she would creep away in deed and in truth. She felt, as she sat in the twilight of the room that had seen her so often in her young, fresh content, that she would be satisfied if her name could be forgotten by Hurstley forever, if, with her departure, the veil of mystery that hung over her birth might envelop her in its folds, and she might be lost.

Miss Lawson, turning from her writing desk, saw the plaintive look on the girl's face.

"What is it, Margery?" she asked, abruptly.

Margery broke from her thoughts.

"I was wishing," she began, then hesitated, rose suddenly, and went and stood beside her governess, putting one little hand on the elder woman's. "You are so kind, so thoughtful," she said, gently. "You ask me no questions, do not examine me as to why I have come to-night. I must leave Hurstley, and at once; there is a reason, but I cannot tell you yet. Still, you will believe me and trust me, will you not? Yes, yes, I know you will. I have only you to help me now in the whole world, and you will not fail me."

"You wish me to do something more?"

"I want to be lost to Hurstley. I want no one but you to know where I have gone. I want you to keep my secret."

Miss Lawson drew the girl into the fast-fading light, and scrutinized her face earnestly, almost sternly. The weary sadness in the beautiful eyes, the trembling lips, the wistful expression, told their tale. Miss Lawson was satisfied.

"Yes," she promised, "I will do as you wish—your secret shall be safe."

### CHAPTER XIII.

Immediately on her return to the castle, Vane Charteris sought her aunt, and whispered to her the success of her mission. Mrs. Crosbie willingly agreed to drive over early the next morning, and see what could be done with respect to despatching Margery from the village; and Vane went up to her room, both satisfied and triumphant. Stuart's eagerness was fed by fictitious tender messages from Margery, which Vane uttered glibly and without the slightest effort; and so the first part of her plot proved most successful. She learned from her aunt that the mother and son had met, and that Mrs. Crosbie had carried out her part to the letter, thereby causing Stuart no little surprise and pleasure.

The news of Margery's disappearance came like a thunder-clap to Vane. She had never contemplated this denouement, and was a little puzzled how best to act, until Mrs. Crosbie in recounting the occurrences of her morning's drive, incidentally mentioned that she had met Mrs. Bright, who was in great distress about her son.

"What has happened to him, Aunt Constance?" asked Vane, with assumed indifference.

"I thought I said that he was in love with this girl—wished to marry her, in fact—and is so troubled at her refusal that he has determined to leave England."

"Ah!" ejaculated Vane, looking up suddenly, her cold blue eyes shining like stars. "Reuben Morris has gone to Australia, you say?"

"He starts at the end of the week; he left Hurstley for London this morning."

"And this girl is with him?" next queried Miss Charteris.

"She must be. The cottage is shut up, the key has been sent to the Weald, and the neighbors tell me they saw both the man and the girl leave early this morning."

"Could Mrs. Bright give you no clue as to where her son has gone or intends to go?"

"None. She gave me his note to read, in which he merely says he shall leave England for a while. This girl has bewitched him. A marriage with him would have been the best she could expect—indeed, much too good for her," remarked Mrs. Crosbie, coldly. "What do you propose to do now, Vane?" she added, rising.

"Nothing. I have finished. Aunt Constance, the game is ours. Do you not see that this young man has gone to Australia with them?"

Mrs. Crosbie removed her driving gloves slowly.

"I scarcely think that, Vane," she replied, "for Margery Daw has refused to become his wife. His mother is highly incensed and greatly troubled, poor creature, about it. No, I cannot think that, Vane."

"It will prove to be the truth, nevertheless," Miss Charteris said, quietly; adding, "and, as such, it is welcome as a full and complete solution to a difficult and disagreeable question. Poor Stuart—I am sorry for him!"

Mrs. Crosbie glanced at her niece, leaning languidly against the open window, almost frail-looking in her delicate white gown, and could scarcely reconcile the strong, cold, relentless spirit with so lovely an exterior. For an instant a feeling of disgust at this girl's calm trickery and deceit, and at her own share in the matter, passed over her. Then her pride came to the rescue, and she consoled herself with the thought that Stuart had been saved from dishonor and trouble, and that Vane had done well. She bent and kissed her niece's delicate cheek.

"Yes, you are right," she said, thoughtfully. "The problem is solved, and you have done it. I can not thank you enough, Vane."

"Do not thank me at all," the girl whispered. "You know why Idid it—it was my love for Stuart that prompted me. Some day he will thank me, perhaps. Yet for the present I fear he will suffer."

"With you near, Vane, that will not last," and with an affectionate glance, Mrs. Crosbie left the room.

The next day came, and Stuart still lived in his blissful dreams. Then with a rough hand they were ruthlessly shattered. Vane was reading in the colonnade that afternoon, when she heard hurried steps aproaching, and, on looking up, saw Stuart, his face as white as his tenis-coat, beside her.

"What is it, Stuart?" she asked hurriedly.

"Vane, something has happened so strange and yet so absurd that, were I not so confoundedly weak. I should laugh at it. My man Andrews has just told me that Morris has left Hurstley—left early yesterday morning —for Australia, and Margery has gone with him. He declares it is true."

"True!" repeated Vane. "It is too absurd to credit for one instant. Stuart, how can you believe it?"

"The man is so positive," Stuart went on, with a sigh, resting his left hand on a chair for support, "that it quite staggered me. Of course there is some mistake; but it haunts me, nevertheless. Vane, will you drive me to the village?" he asked abruptly. "I must make inquiries."

"Willingly;" and Vane at once put down her book.

"How good you are!" exclaimed Stuart trying to force a smile. "You are indeed a friend."

(To be Continued.)


## Fatal Catarrh.

### It Causes the Weak to Die Young and Invariably Leads to Incurable Consumption.

Catarrh has at least one fortunate feature—it can be cured by "Catarrhozone." In every case this remedy gives instant relief. Never was it known to fail in curing thoroughly.

Mr. Archibald Bass, of New Harbor, writes: "Catarrhozone proved a remarkable remedy in my case. I suffered terribly from catarrh in the throat and nose, and was so stuffed up every morning I could barely draw my breath. The mucous dropped back into my stomach, upset my digestion and kept me sick all the time. Catarrhozone relieved in a short time and cured perfectly. Surely your case isn't worse than this. Catarrhozone will cure if you give it the chance. The complete outfit lasts two months and costs $1; this size is guaranteed to cure. Sample size 25c., at all dealers. Get Catarrhozone to-day!


### HE IDENTIFIED HER.

(New York Sun.)

Three o'clock was the very earliest the man could get up to the store, so his wife asked him to meet her then.

"I don't know in what department I shall be at that time," she said, "but just before 3 I will telephone the clerk at the information bureau near the main entrance and if you will just step over and ask him where I am he will tell you."

At two minutes past three the man sought information as to the whereabouts of his wife.

"I have a message," said the clerk, from a woman who said her husband would inquire for her about 3 o'clock. Maybe it is for you. She said to tell you that she has gone over to Blank's store over on Sixth avenue to finish her shopping because the clerks in this store are impudent, the place is ill-ventilated and she couldn't find anything she wanted here anyhow and never has been able to find anything here and this is positively the last time she will ever try to find anything here. Of course, that might not have been your wife—"

"Oh, yes," said the man, "that was she, all right."

## WIT AND HUMOR

### FINE NEIGHBORS.

(Detroit Free Press)

"How do you like your new neighbors?"

"Very well. They never come to use our telephone during meal hours."

### HIS GRIEF.

(London Opinion)

"I 'ear your missus is dead, Bill."

"Yes—Pegged out on Derby day, unfortunately. Fust Derby I've missed for 13 years!"

### SHERLOCK IN SUMMER.

(New York Sun)

Knicker—Is the great detective's wife in the country?

Bocker—Yes, and he can't find any of his clothes in the bureau.

### EASY FOR THEM.

(Puck)

Mrs. Dorcas—Th's is a harder world for women than it is for men.

Dorcas—Don't you believe it. A woman can find relief any time by merely taking off her shoes and unlacing her corsets.

### A CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

(Chicago Daily News)

Property man— Did your company have a long run in Skidunk?

Comedian—They chased us only two miles out.

### VOLUNTARY.

(Washington "Herad")

"My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?"

"I got out," replie Weary Wombat with dignity. "I didn't hafter be thrown out."

### A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

(New York Sun.)

Miss Knicker—That young man never knows when to go home.

Mr. Knicker—No wonder; his father is a congressman.

### THIS SURELY MEANS WAR.

(Marion (O.) Star.)

Capt. Hobson's attention is called to the fact that the team of Jap ball-players has been observed inspecting the American batteries.

### HER REASON.

(Harper's Bazar.)

First Little Surburban Girl.—Why does your father go to town every day?

Second Little Surburban Girl—To make enough money to sleep out here at night.

### A WASTED EFFORT.

(Detroit Free Press)

"Help, help! I'm drowning!" cried the young woman at the seashore.

"We're all married men here!" shouted one of the crowd on the beach.

"Never mind, then," replied the young woman. "I'll get to shore myself."

### COMPARATIVE SPEEDS.

(The Tatler)

"Walter."

"Yes, sir?"

"Have you ever been to the Zoo?"

"No, sir, why do you ask?"

"I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit and watch the tortoises go whizzing by."

### THE REAL SORROW.

(Baltimore American.)

"Did your operation cost you much pain?"

"Yes, but I didn't mind that so much as the dollars it cost."

### GETTING BACK.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"On your way," shouted the lady of the house. "I ain't got no wood to chop. There ain't nuthin' you could do around here."

"But madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer, with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."

### APPROPRIATE.

(Boston Transcript)

Figg—What are you having carved on the photographer's tombstone

Fogg—Taken from life."

### CONSOLATION.

(New York Sun.)

Knicker—My wife is always praising the men she rejected for me.

Becker—Never mind; she will praise you to her second husband.

### SINGLENESS OF PURPOSE.

(Washington Star)

"A man should follow a determined course regardless of criticism," said the resolute idealist.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but so many of you are that way only when you waltz!"

### AT THE CLUB.

(Lippincott's Magazine)

Lady President—What book has helped you most?

New Member—My husband's check book.

### AT THE SEASHORE.

(Boston Transcript)

Ethel—The professor says that my bathing suit is exigious.

Alice—Is that a compliment?

Ethel—I don't know. There isn't a dictionary in the hotel.

### HIS FAILING.

(Puck)

Major Gore—The Colonel, I am sorry to say, hahdly evah knows when he has had enough.

Judge Bead—No, suh. When the Cunnel has had enough he doesn't know anything.

### WHERE PROPERTY IS GOING UP.

(London Opinion)

Prospective Tenant—I like the house, but I don't like that huge building in front. It's such a dreary outlook.

Agent—Oh, but that's only a gunpowder factory. It might explode any day.

A man naturally has his hair cut when he doesn't want it any longer.

### JOHN FISK ON IMMORALITY.

The faith in immortal life is the great poetic achievement of the human mind.

Belief in immortality is the one thing that makes this world habitable for beings constructed like ourselves.

The destruction of the sublime conception of immortality would be like depriving a planet of its atmosphere.

The crude primeval ghost world is always closedly associated with the ethical side of life; out of this association have grown some of the most colossal governing agencies by which the development of human society has been influenced.

The fact that primitive man misstated his relation to the Unseen World in no wise militates against the truth of his assumption that such a world exists. Primitive theorizing is sure to be faulty (a primitive instinct is likely to be true).

The belief in a future life is coevil with the beginnings of the human race, in the history of evolution.

The belief in a future life is one of the diferential attributes of humanity.

Man is not the only animal that possesses articulate speech and the power of reasoning; he is the only creature who expects to survive the event of physical death.

That wholesale takepticism which is directed against whatever exists or has existed in the shape of an ancient belief that violent outbreak of materialistic atheism of the eighteenth century, is surely one of the most mournful episodes in the history of human thought.

We yet sometimes are entertained by a belated eighteenth century naturalist who is fully persuaded that his denial of human immortality is an inevitable corollary from the foctrine of evolution.

The more we try to explain, the better we realine that we live in a world of unexampled resolution.

Those who seek to prove anything by the evidence of disembodied spirits who hold communication with certain mediums are not likely to make much impression upon minds trained to investigation.


### How to Cure Toothache.

Any aching tooth can be relieved instantly with Nerviline. Fill the cavity with batting dipped in Nerviline and rub the gums with Nerviline also. If the face is swollen and sore, bathe the painful parts with Nerviline and cover with a flannel. This can't fail because Nerviline kills the pain outright and prevents it from returning. Stronger, quicker, more satisfactory than any other liniment, Nerviline has been the largest seller for nearly fifty years; try it yourself. 25c per bottle.


### WILD STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries have improved very much in flavor since the fifteenth century. Until then the only strawberries eaten were wild strawberries of a kind which would never find a market nowadays. In 1480, however, they were beginning to be cultivated, for Hollnshet records under that date a particularly fine crop grown by the Bishop of Ely on the grounds of his palace, now covered by Hatton Garden.

He quotes the Duke of Gloucester as saying to the Bishop, "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holborn. I require you to let us have a mess of them." This speech was copied almost verbatim by Shakespears in "Richard III." Still, even the Biship's fruit would not appeal much to modern connoisseurs, for the garden strawberries at that period were only transplanted wildlings, the plants being sold at about 4d. a bushel.—London Chronicle.


**Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by practically all druggists, grocers and general stores throughout Canada. They kill many times more flies than any other article.**


### STREET MEETINGS.

(Montreal Witness)

We must have in Montreal one law for every form of religion and if the Jews want to hold a religious meeting they have as much right to as any other body, and must be protected in that right with the utmost power of the civic authority. The acting Mayor draws a distinction—a very reasonable one—between preachers like those of the Salvation Army, who never attack anybody, and those who hold meetings for no other purpose than denunciation. It is not easy, however, to act upon this distinction. Even if the addresses were always in language familiar to the police, the people would not be prepared to make police officers the judges of what may or may not be spoken. Nor can the judgment of neighbors be accounted a safe court of appeal.

### ALMOST AN ANGEL.

(Washington Star)

George Ade was talking at a June wedding in Chicago about matrimony.

"Matrimony is perhaps a little too much idealized," he said. "These June brides radiant under their white veils in a glitter of June sunshine, seem capable of changing earth into heaven, but as a matter of fact they are not capable of anything of the sort."

"I am in hearty sympathy with old Brown, to whom young Black said at a wedding:

"'A good wife can make a veritable angel of a man.'

"'Yes, that's so,' old Brown agreed 'My wife came near making one of me with her first batch of doughnuts.'"

### AN EXPERIMENT.

(New York Sun)

Nurse—What's the matter?

Johnny—The baby is a fake; I threw him on the floor and he didn't bounce a bit.