

ING HERO.

Lad Saves Mother Child From Drowning.

Heroic work on the water, a 12-year-old lad, and babe from post... 25-foot yacht capsized yesterday afternoon...

MOVE.

Relations With Compensation.

The Marine Rondo monthly review in many navy departments... "compensate" disadvantages she revised treaty with a rapprochement...

SHOT.

at Diamond Bed.

Aug. 7.—Hugh B. accountant of the Belmont City, was in his room at 11... when he returned he lying beside Miss...

WEST.

Heavy rains have been reported from Seattle and Saskatoon... along with barometer continues to drop...

WED.

Another drowning yesterday afternoon... Der at 136 4th Street... perished while swimming...

FORCE.

Leon Porter, a school teacher, married to a girl... yesterday asked a divorce on grounds of incompatibility...

DOG.

Belonging to the Rockwell, biting a number of people in its path... George Corners, Mr. Corners, on game chase and succeeded in shooting it...

MARY.

At Mitchell... by the First Congregational of St. George Miller, of age accepted... on Friday... Dr. McCrae, Rev. J. R. Kippen, of the pastor...

Sweet Miss Margery

With a little laugh Vane put her hand on his lips and flitted away, while Stuart called to a gardener and ordered the pony-carriage to be brought round...

Vane was down again almost immediately, her face nearly as pale as her coat. It was not a few minutes before she recovered, yet to Stuart's surprise she seemed happy...

Stuart sat silent beside his cousin as they looked along the lane to the village, and Vane glanced now and again at his pale cousin, wondering when he knew the truth...

Margery was gone! But why—and whither? He turned and walked down the garden, his head drooping dejectedly on his breast...

"Good afternoon, squire. Hope I see you better." It was a stiff fall as you had. "Morris, sir? What? That's true enough."

"Oh, no, sir! He's taken Margery with him; and right sorry are we to part with her." Have you heard that Mr. Hubert and my lady ain't coming home after all, sir?

"Without a word she did as he wished, and in silence they sped along the lanes to the town. Vane was by no means comfortable during the drive...

Stuart did not notice his cousin; he realized only that Margery was gone, his greatest love vanished. The joy of life for him was dead, and the heart was heavy with its pain...

As they approached Chesterham, Vane began to tremble, and the hands grasping the reins shook with fear.

"Draw up for a few minutes, Vane," Stuart said; "here is Bright—perhaps he can tell us something. Andrew said it was through his instrumentality that Morris had gone."

"Australia? Why? But they can not have gone yet—they must be in London. It is one thing to say you will start on such a voyage, and another thing to do it."

"Thank you, sir. It's like you, Mr. Stuart, always to be kind; but it's not new, sir. Robert started last night; by this time they're out of the Channel."

"I've just seen your mother, sir," said Stuart, "and she has told me that you have left her here so long alone."

"I have sometimes," confessed Margery. "And you have thought him unkind. Ah, I will not have him judged wrongly."

"The light of the setting sun was gilding the branches of the low trees standing in the centre of the square garden."

"I am sorry to disturb your dreams, Margery," observed Lady Enid, gently, "but I should like to sit up for awhile and no one can help me like you can."

"Thank you," said Lady Enid, as she reclined against the well-padded upright back. "How good you are, Margery! What a lovely day you are having."

"You can not guess, Margery, how different my life has been since you came to me. Now don't shake your head! I can never say it often enough. Do you know, I had a presentiment that we should become friends the very instant Mrs. Fothergill mentioned your name?"

"You can not guess, Margery, how different my life has been since you came to me. Now don't shake your head! I can never say it often enough. Do you know, I had a presentiment that we should become friends the very instant Mrs. Fothergill mentioned your name?"

"I have given up all hope," Margery responded dreamily. "Then it is wrong of you, Lady Enid, said reprovingly, while she stroked Margery's soft curls caressingly."

"No case on record could be more successful than Geo. Warner's, of Wellesley street, Toronto. Catarrozone cured his deafness so he can hear a whisper across the room."

"The Germans in the Holy Land. Tourists who visit the Holy Land note the progress of its Germanization. On the roads to Nazareth most of the inns are kept by Germans."

"There are many imitations of Wilson's Fly Pad, but none compare with the genuine original article. Be sure you get Wilson's and avoid dissatisfaction."

"FISHING A LAKE FOR IRON. The bottoms of many Swedish lakes are covered to a thickness of six or eight inches with fragments of iron ore of the size of peas."

"AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS. Records of fires in buildings equipped with automatic sprinklers, kept by the National Fire Protection Association, show that out of 1,237 fires the protection was successful in 835 cases."

"A RICH FIELD FOR CUPID. In the sixty houses in the village of Newfield live twenty-one widows, nineteen old maids, twelve widowers and eight bachelors."

"I will not do so, for she never promised me that; and I was left in pain the rest of the night."

"Do not talk of my goodness," she answered lightly. "What are my little efforts, compared with all the kindness you have shown me?"

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WIT AND HUMOR

Miss Highgate—But it is time for the house to be put in order. Hostess—Yes, that's why I want you to sing.

THE QUESTION OF TO-DAY. (Judge) First Man (boastfully)—I haven't taken a drop in ten years. Second Man—Er—acropianist or prohibitionist?

WHY, CERTAINLY NOT. (Washington Star) Of course the enormous amount of attention that is now being paid to the fact that he is a wealthy American.

HIS MODERATE AMBITION. (New York Sun) Knicker—Wouldn't you like to walk your feet never tread before? Boeker—I'd be happy enough if my wife let me track mud in the kitchen.

FOR A RAINY DAY. (Washington Star) "We should all say by something for a rainy day," said the prudent woman. "I try not," replied Miss Cayenne. "But I must confess that I find silk history expensive."

NEVER. (Puck) Mr. Willis—But why don't you take your bank book to have it balanced? Mrs. Willis—I don't want that snooty-looking cashier to know how much I've got in there.

FORETHOUGHT. (Harper's Bazaar) Mrs. Clearcut—I have engaged two cooks, my dear. He—Two cooks? Mrs. Clearcut—Yes, one will come tomorrow and the other a week hence.

JUST IN TIME. (Harper's Bazaar) Bridget—Me misses discharged me to-day. Ned—Fur what? Bridget—Sure, because she knew to-morrow would be too late.

DEFINING HER POSITION. (Washington Star) "Is your husband in favor of the initiative and referendum?" "Yes," replied the woman in the sun-bonnet, "and the recall and local option are anything that'll enable him to go to the polls and miss a day's work."

WASTED TIME. (Cleveland Plain Dealer) Hercules had been driven to a taxicab and to the Augean stables and told to clean it up. "What's the use?" he bitterly muttered. "Just as soon as I get 'em cleaned up they'll be turned into a garage." Nevertheless, he fell to work.

A BAD START. (Detroit Free Press) "I don't believe she'll ever get married. Why not?" "Her friends have started telling what a good wife she'll make for some man some day."

HIS STATUS. (Boston Transcript) Lili (rejoicing)—Then you regard me merely as a summer lover, a convenient escort to excursions and picnics? She—That's about the case, George. I have looked upon you as a lover to the politician since only.

LOOKING FOR A WORD. (Washington Star) "When a man tells you things you can't believe about places he has never visited," said the foreigner, "what is it that you call him?" "Sometimes," replied Miss Cayenne, "we merely call him a popular astronomer."

WOULDN'T TELL HER THAT. (Boston Transcript) Heck—Did your wife enjoy her two weeks' vacation in the country? Peck—Yes, but not any more than I did.

GOT A TASTE OF IT. (Toledo Blade) Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion? Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.

NO CRITERION. (Judge) Tommy—I don't think aunty will stay. She didn't bring her trunk. Johnny—Huh! Look how long the baby has stayed, and he didn't bring anything.

FASHION NOTE. (Baltimore American.) Wife (tossing her new extreme model costume)—I wonder if the hobble skirt is ever going out? Hubbe (also tossing the same with decision)—Not with me.

THE RURAL CYNIC. (Washington Star) "So you don't care much for life in a large city?" "No," replied Farmer Corntossel. "The population of a large city is composed largely of folks that want there with money and had to stay 'cause they were broke."

A RICH FIELD FOR CUPID. (Lewiston Journal) In the sixty houses in the village of Newfield live twenty-one widows, nineteen old maids, twelve widowers and eight bachelors.

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MOST PERFECT MADE MAKES LIGHT WHOLESOME BREAD. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

TO KEEP OUT WITCHES!

Outwardly the Cornishman has become a mechanic, in place, but his thoughts and actions are still governed by the traditions of a dead past. A horse-shoe over stable door attracted my attention and of the stableman I asked: "What is that for?" "That's to keep out witches."

Why Do Women Suffer?

Such pain and endure the torture of nervous headache when 25c buys a sure cure like Nerviline. A few drops in sweetened water brings unfailing relief. You feel better at once, you're braced up, invigorated, headache goes away after one dose. The occasional use of Nerviline prevents indigestion and stomach disorders—keeps up health and strength. Every woman needs Nerviline and should use it too. In 25c bottles everywhere.

FOR APPLE MEN.

It seems, however, that the Canadian farmer will have all he can do, and that immediately, to preserve his market. Trees must be sprayed and pruned with even greater care. On many soils they must be cultivated and the ground annually enriched. Quality, not quantity, must be the motto. After the growing comes the packing. The time has passed when apples dumped into barrels and topped off will fetch a price. To-day they must be sorted into grades according to quality. Sorted again according to size, and then packed in boxes—so many to the row, so many to the tier—so they'll be labeled. It is by this means that the fine colored apple that tastes like a turnip and that comes from California, the distasteful Golden Wonder of the State of New York are being abandoned. By this means British Columbia is to-day shipping cars of British apples by rail across the continent to compete in England with apples from Nova Scotia.

LITTLE SURPRISES.

"Yes, I've been thinking lately that I ought to take out some life insurance. I'm glad you hunted me up, young man." "Mr. Chigierra, here's the cup of coffee maw borrowed from you the other day." "Mother, you're tired; let me do the dishes." "Thank you, just the same, sir, but the boss doesn't allow us to accept tips." "I congratulate you on your new, old chest; they're finer than anything I've got!" "I don't know how the story ends, Pa. I haven't looked at the last chapter."

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles." Mrs. L. A. CORNHAN, 1108 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass. Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dizzying dizziness, nervousness, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

