

CHARGE

ined in Dunn- chard

That he did mal- property of Frederik pending against farmer here, as a Provincial Inspector. Toronto. The off- the Department of investigate the in- four fruit trees, peeled off with a now charged with formation was had W. Brown, who until Monday next, about 65 years old, was officers to have nation recently by John Miller.

IGRATION

ber of Immi- g This Year.

oreign Labor U. S. Needs

Herbert Franzen the ebb and flow Review of Reviews that little atten- fact that in the which is just closing urred in the move- to this country. 1 and September 50,670 persons land- of the third-class Atlantic lines. While onist might assert ough, yet it was the number who same class in the pending period of off was 8274,124, or

"The immigration Canada for the first States was greater pending period of b was only 18.12 p.c. will be recalled, is the average for the however, was 6 per cent for the correspond-

the ebb and flow accepted as a sign of the labor market or, or has it been re- to the law of sup- We now realize that ped a supply of lab- automatic in the action of its current of a land subject to requirements as is our

IR CAUSE

ey on Militant gettes.

Edward Grey has the Earl of Leston, supporter of woman protesting against the restrictions of the act and says in debate colleagues in the Chamber of woman suffrage is not only re- is a sheer waste support this cause continue. The speakers, includ- and Walter the Conciliation Bill, right to vote under the party who favor abandonment the cause. Government promises Bill will inevitably in suffrage, to which

HURT

truck by Train son, N. J.

Dec. 4.—A trolley struck by train struck here early to re train and two- injured, twelve of e injured were hurt struggle of men and turned ear to escape. He was at its wild- actor and brakeman berately the trolley der a hole through

reak the Bank Carlo.

It is reported from in an effort to Appleton is said to Anglo-American six- suite at one of the ere and between his e puts his system with a roulette wheel

Sybil's Doom

"You won't send me to the Old Bailey, and you won't hang me. I'm not afraid of you, Major Powerscourt, or of Captain Hawksley, either. You may surprise what you please; you can grove nothing. As for your young friend, Treva- tion," with a disdainful sneer, "I re- spect my folly in marrying him quite as much as he can do, and I am perfectly ready and willing to give him back his liberty at any moment. I married the heir of Monkwood and Treva- tion, not a penniless, discarded son, doomed to subsist on a lieutenant's pitiful pay. I will resign Lieutenant Cyril Treva- tion's name, provided Lieutenant Cyril Treva- tion does the handsome thing by me, and pensions me off as he ought to do."

"What a mercenary little scoundrel you are, Rose!" the big major said, half indignant, half amused. "Your candor is absolutely refreshing, and your cheekiness in making terms at all, the best joke I have heard lately. Cyril, my lad, let us go back to the hotel; we can arrange matters here; and for Heaven's sake, dear boy, don't wear that corpse-like front! This horrible little De- wish is not worth an honest man's heart-pang. You perceive your candor is contagious, Mrs. Dawson. Take my arm, if you please. I want to turn the key upon you presently."

He drew her hand resolutely within his arm, and Rose obeyed not unwillingly. She saw one of those women ready to be your abject slave or your merciless tyrant, according as your master of the situation, and the fatal little strew, respected him accordingly. They reached the hotel, passing Cap- tain Hawksley on the parade. The cap- tain removed his cigar and touched his hat in sarcastic homage to the late Miss Adair, and Rose's black eyes flashed their angry lightning upon him as she swept by. Major Powerscourt led her to her own door, saw her enter, turned the key and put it in his pocket. "Now then, Treva- tion," he said kindly, "we'll go to your apartment, dear old boy, and settle this nasty little affair at once. Come, cheer up, man! It's an ugly mistake, but by no means irreparable. We'll divorce you from Rose Dawson in the next twelve hours, without the aid of Sir Crosswell Cress- well."

"Wait!" Lieutenant Treva- tion said in the same hoarse, breathless way he had spoken before. "Wait; give me time. Leave me alone for a little. I can't talk, I can't think. I feel as though I were going mad."

"He looks like it, by Jove!" exclaimed the major, in alarm. "Curse that little yellow-haired Jabez! Remain here one instant, Cyril. I'll fetch you a glass of brandy."

Cyril Treva- tion leaned heavily against the wall, his breath coming in suffocating gasps, his face now lividly pale, now flashing fiery red with the surging blood in his brain. He stood literally stunned, everything swim- ming before him in a hot, red mist. The major reappeared with a glass of brandy. "Drink it," he exclaimed impetuously, "and get out of this stupor if you can. Be a man, Cyril Treva- tion. Few know of your folly; few need ever know. In twelve months you will be ready to laugh with me at the whole thing, and snap your fingers in her face. Drink this and go to your room, if you will. In an hour I will join you."

The young man drained the fiery fluid and handed back the glass. "I will go to my room," he said, the red light flashing back into his white face. "I may thank you later, Powers- court, for what you have done to-day. I cannot now."

He swung the major's hand and strode away. The Indian officer heard him enter his room, close and lock the door after him. "An ugly business," Powerscourt said, with a sombre shake of the head—"a confoundedly ugly piece of business, Great Heaven! What fools young men are, and what an abandoned little field that fair-haired enchantress upstairs must be! I hope that boy will do nothing rash. He would not be the first Treva- tion who has blown out his brains for fess. I'll have a talk with Hawks- ley. Rose must march before the sun."

He found his friend taking a consti- tutional on the piazza, still solacing himself with his cigar, and watching the cold, white November moon with dreamy eyes. "Well," he said, taking his friend's arm, "and how have you settled it? Poor devil! I pity him with all my soul. I can imagine no greater torture, here or hereafter, than being tried for life to that fair-haired enchantress!"

THE DARK EYES WITH PALE CHEEKS

But Major Powerscourt had come straight from the bedside of his sick friend, struck down as by lightning through this amber-tinted cinema's parody, and he was a little moved by all that anonymous splendor or beauty and coloring as heather-bent St. Simon Stylites on his hoary pillar might have been after twenty centuries years.

"Will you sit down, Major Powers- court?" the little beauty said, wearing one richly ringed hand, gently toward a chair. "You have a great deal to say to me. I dare say, and it will be much more comfortable to say it sitting than standing. How is Lieutenant Treva- tion now? Poor fellow! I am really very sorry for him. Since you are heartless enough to part man and wife, Major Powerscourt, it would be so much nicer to part amicably. He has returned to consciousness, I hope? What does the doctor say?"

"That is the turn of a straw whether he ever survives. That if he does survive, it is ten chances to one but he will be an idiot for life!" The little lady lifted her plump white shoulders. "How very unpleasant! Boys of nineteen take things terribly in earnest. And you won't sit down, Major Powers- court? Then, as it makes one slightly sick to see you standing there so brightly grim and stern, will you be good enough to say what you have come to say, and go on? Only please don't scold—it never does any good, and I dislike to be scolded."

"Do you, indeed?" said the Indian of- ficer, grimly. In spite of himself, the insolent audacity of the frail little midjet before him amused him. She looked so pretty, so tiny, so childish, so helpless, that, wick- ed little sinner as he knew her to be, the harsh words he ought to utter died upon his lips. The contest between the strong, stalwart man and the stender sylphide seemed so terribly unequal.

"Do you, indeed, Mrs. Dawson?" he said, eyeing her steadily. "I wonder how, cycling in the old Bailey, a diet of bread and water, a prison barber to shave off all those lovely ringlets, and a prison garb to exchange for that glistening silken robe, would suit you? I have the strongest mind to try it I ever had to try anything."

"Don't be disagreeable," Rose said, petulantly; "you know you haven't. You would be ashamed of yourself all your life long if you did anything half so un- manly. I'm only a poor little woman, Major Powerscourt, and if I try to bet- ter myself, who can blame me?"

"Ah, you are going to do the pathetic! Well, don't waste your eloquence, Rose. I'll let you off just this time, to bet- ter yourself once more. I wonder who you'll victimize next, Mrs. Dawson?"

"Don't call me Mrs. Dawson," Rose burst out, angrily. "I hate the name! And I am Cyril Treva- tion's wife, and have a right to his name. I am Mrs. Treva- tion as fast as Church and State can make me."

"Church and State, in this case, standing for Gretna Green," said the major, with the immortal Blacksmith who tied the nuptial knot, wasn't it? But we waste time talking. Here are my terms: I will give you one hundred pounds, and you will leave England as swiftly as steam can carry you, and bet- ter yourself in France or anywhere else, if you choose. You may beguile the Emperor of the French or the Sultan of Turkey into marrying you, for all I will ever interfere. I resign them utterly to the worst of all match-makers, the brilliant November moonlight, weaving slyly her dark plot, the little advent- uress sped on her way to London. (To be Continued.)

THE FOOD QUESTION

Collier's (Canadian edition) of August 26th contains an article entitled "West- field—a Pure Food Town," which is sure to be interesting to all housekeepers. The people of Westfield, Mass., woke up to the fact that they were not getting pure food or pure material for use in food. They do not want, and now will not have, fruits, jams, etc., in which cer- tain preservatives are used, peanuts that have been varnished to make them look nice, etc. Of the groceries tested in the laboratory one of the most frequently adulterated is baking powder. A de- lightful concoction known as a tart proved to be puff-paste made with alum, with a jelly-colored dye with coal tar. The article goes on to say: "So little baking powder is used in some homes that this product would seem compar- atively unimportant. But a great deal of baking powder, however, is used in the bought cake and biscuits, and a great deal of this is adulterated. The adulteration may be by ammonia, which is fraudulent, but not injurious; or by alum, which is decidedly injurious, as it hardens the tissues of the mucous mem- branes. As a precaution look at label and see if ingredients are stated. Better refuse it if alum or something that looks like alum (such as alumina) is one of them, or if the ingredients are not stated by the manufacturer it will be well to select some other brand."

Jama, jellies, catnaps, gelatins, gelatine, dessert powders, flavoring ex- tracts are often colored with coal-tar dyes. These dyes are sometimes harm- less, but very frequently injurious, de- pending on the particular combination. There is one bottle of Creme de Menthe at the Normal School which contains a coal-tar dye sufficiently poisonous to have killed two people. The bottle is marked with a skull and crossbones, and the small amount used caused the death of a man and his wife, and then the product was sent for analysis. Extracts are also adulterated with wood alcohol and with turmeric, a fraudulent adulterant.

No doubt many cities and towns will profit by Westfield's experience and fol- low its example.—Canadian Home Jour- nal.

OVER THE CRADLE. A little lad is sleeping In a little trundle bed, He curls his toes about him With dream for his curly head; The little face is tear-stained, His eyes are closed and dead, Are visions of a pathway That wanders up the skies.

His feet among the roses Go dancing in wild glee, He runs among the daisies, He looks so bright and free; The stars are for his pillow In golden glory spread, His wings are singing to him— The little curly-head.

A woman bends above him And breathes a fragrant prayer That leaves a holy beauty, Adult with a halo there. "O little lad, sweet pathways Are luring where thou art; But never such a haven As in my mother-heart."

"O little child from dreaming Run home again to me, Here is the love that needs you, And here your rest shall be. My arms grow lonely, empty, Creep back into your nest, And let my soul grow peaceful."

WINDOWS IN MANILA. Perhaps in no other country in the world are conchas used as a substitute for window glass. These shells are flat, hard, and have four corners, and reports prepared by the committee on parks the municipal board has not only converted the most of the conchas of the city, into splendid parks and playgrounds, but has been acquiring them in large quantities in a country where the glass trade is in a state of depression. To obtain the shells are of course transported rather than transported, and the result is a soft, opalescent light, very agreeable in a country where the glass trade is in a state of depression. To obtain the shells are of course transported rather than transported, and the result is a soft, opalescent light, very agreeable in a country where the glass trade is in a state of depression.

BREAKFAST CONVENIENCES. A breakfast convenience is a silver toast and egg rack. There are hollows to hold four eggs and racks for six slices of toast, with space for milk and pepper pots in the centre. "Chompah"—I gave her an opal, "Wigwag"—But opals are so unwhimsy! "Chompah"—I know it. This was an imitation.



The first step towards relief is to flush out all wastes and unhealthy matter. Loosen the bowels—stimulate the liver—stimulate the kidneys. Once this is done, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly manifest their health-resorting qualities.

"The best way to correct impaired digestion, to cure constipation, head- ache, liver trouble, and other ailments of the stomach and bowels," writes Mrs. Uriah A. Demsey, from Woodstock, "is by the frequent use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I don't know what I was to enjoy a good meal for months. My stomach was sour, I belched gas, was thin, tired, pale, and nervous. I simply have cleaned my system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and have been robust and vigorous ever since."

To keep the machinery of the body in active working order, no remedy is so efficient, so mild, so drastic as Dr. Hamilton's Pills—for men, women and children, 25c. per box, at all dealers or the Catarrhose Co., Kingston, Ont.

with malicious audacity, "that it is a thousand pities I did not marry you in stead of that milkop downstairs. To dupe such a man as you would be something to be proud of to the last day of one's life. Good-bye, Major Powerscourt. If we ever meet again, don't be too hard on poor little Rose."

She actually held out her hand, and Major Powerscourt, in spite of herself, took it. The next instant he was gone, indignant at his own weakness and fol- lowy, and Rose Treva- tion, alone in her room, laughed a silver peal of triumph. "I can win the best of them, and the sternest of them around my little fin- ger," she said, exultingly. "General Treva- tion is a widower. Who knows, then? I may reign queen of Monkwood yet, in spite of the discarded son and little Sybil Demox."

Within the hour he had given her, Rose Treva- tion left the hotel. She carried a large morocco bag in her hand, containing her jewels and that myster- ous copper box, which she would not intrust to the keeping of her trunk. By the forty-first train, flying through the brilliant November moonlight, weaving slyly her dark plots, the little advent- uress sped on her way to London. (To be Continued.)

IF YOUR BABY IS SICK GIVE BABY'S OWN TABLETS The little ills of babyhood and child- hood should be treated promptly, or they may prove serious. An occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will regulate the stomach and bowels and keep your little ones well. Or they will promptly restore health if sickness comes unex- pectedly. Mrs. Lenora M. Thompson, OH Spring, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl when al- ways required, and have found them al- ways of the greatest help. No mother, in my opinion, should be without the Tablets." Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MANILA'S PARKS. Five years ago the areas recognized as public parks were confined to the Luneta and half a dozen comparatively small plazas. In accordance with plans and reports prepared by the committee on parks the municipal board has not only converted the most of the conchas of the city, into splendid parks and playgrounds, but has been acquiring them in large quantities in a country where the glass trade is in a state of depression. To obtain the shells are of course transported rather than transported, and the result is a soft, opalescent light, very agreeable in a country where the glass trade is in a state of depression.

Quebec Postmaster Was Confined to Bed When He Started to Use Dadd's Kidney Pills—They Cured Him.

Timothy, Postmaster, Que. Post. Dep. (Special)—Postmaster T. Timothee of this place, who for three years has been more or less of an invalid, and who for some time was confined to his bed, by and around again, a healthy and happy man. Dadd's Kidney Pills cured him.

After recovering from an attack of Grippes, from which he says he is free, he says the story of his cure. "I took a pain in my back and I suffered for nearly three years, finally getting so bad that I was confined to my bed. "One day I told my wife to go and get me some Dadd's Kidney Pills, so that would be the last medicine I would try." After using about half the box I began to feel better, so I kept on taking them. When I had taken ten boxes I was able to get up, and ten boxes cured me completely."

The principal danger of Grippes is the after effects. The way to guard against this is strengthen the Kidneys so they can strain all the drags of the disease out of the blood. Dadd's Kidney Pills are always the last medicine anyone takes for Kidney Disease. It always cures and no other medicine is needed.

HOLLAND'S ARMY. Although Holland has jumped in the space of ten years from an appropriation of 5,000,000 florins, or about \$10,000,000, to 100,000,000 florins, or about \$200,000,000, the second chamber of the States General has been discussing for some weeks past a bill proposed by the Ministry for the remodeling of the active military system. It proposes to increase the number of men drawn annually by lot for service in the army from 17,500 to 23,500.

In order to minimize the burden on the industrial population it is proposed to reduce the period of liability for active service, from thirty to twenty years, the annual levy will be called to arms in two parts, the first section consisting of the remainder. The first section will be called to arms in two parts, the first section consisting of the remainder. The first section will be called to arms in two parts, the first section consisting of the remainder.

"A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM." It was in Boston. They were having a "difference." "After careful cogitation," said he, "I am firmly convinced that I displayed a deplorable lack of discernment in choosing you as the partner of my joys and sorrows."

"You are correct," said he, "and I am sure that I must have been suffering under some delusion, but I have given you an affirmative answer to your im- passioned pleading." "I have realized," said Bartholomew, the four-year-old progeny, as he stepped from the nursery—"I have realized for several years that my parental affilia- tions were ungenial. I might almost say distasteful. But I have deemed it my duty to continue as the tie that binds. Now I must insist that unless you show to each other the courtesies due my immediate ancestors I shall be forced to repudiate my relationship."

NECESSARY. (Chicago Tribune). "Why should we be a theatrical troupe, but since she has grown fat she's just an ordinary actress."

Shiloh's Cure STOPS CURE HEALS THE THINGS STOPS CURE HEALS THE THINGS STOPS CURE HEALS THE THINGS