ROM TRAIN

own 10-Foot Embankcapes Into Woods.

eh: While the North running south yesterexceeding 35 miles an risoner, Rose Rae, bein North Bay to the ory, escaped the enshe train.

in a party of five, all rom the same jail to g an insane girl who the bailiff's atten-

topped at a smail staspeed when the woer seat and, seeing the e piatform open, made the aisle. Mrs. Scott lmt she was a few in steps the prisoner if from the train. She ten foot embankment vert. She quickly rose holding her hand to ' into a dense bush. back work of the incial police are look

ROCESSION

on the Most Gorgeous en in Europe.

and Hurdred I s Strewn Along.

3. The Eucharieties tias been in session days, reached ite a great procession. 3.36 from the Church which monarcha are orsed the capital to eat pemp and splenitars and triumphal streets decked with tapestry, bunting nverted the city into ple. It was the most le ever seen in Maestimated that it was alf a million spec-

tons of flowers were route of the procesgarrison of Madrid, a field marshal and drone of Halberdiers ehbanop of Tolede. Host to the Daie. in the great care-20.000 children, 20;and women, seven pishops, 3,000 prieste, the Ministry and eputies, M. Grandes. idrid, the councillore, s, Knights of the ailors from trans-Atand King Alfonso State carriages. The d up with the Muntheir violet uniforme. ficent altar, hung pestnes and decked e vast Castelar Plaza, le blessed the people. all the churches in

e hung with tapestry. Court received the bore the Host at the o the palace. The Nocturnal Adoration with torches, amid wd. The scene was

behind the Guadara salute of 21 gune legate then gave the to the kneeling clergy and the multihe city was brilliant-

EXPLODED.

-It is officially stated charist pdocession was alle Mayer, one of the proughfares, yesterday. oded is a side street.

. CLIFFORD.

despatch: Rev. Dr. a. Eng., laid the corner Murray Street Baptist ng met at the station trip over the lift look uncheon at the Hotel Grand Opera House at d an address on the in Britain,"

IN STRIKE

3.—A strike of maoting of one man and re others, was settled ee years' contract. The terized by much disorunions. The strike be-

ED" MERGER.

3.—Papers declaring merger of all the eleoads of Chicago, opert, were signed vesterby Henry A. Blair, reads, and Fronk Vanng the underwriters' al involves 177 miles

ary, for dinner I statut. supplies with capier and caper in the first firs

Sweet Miss Margery

"Hurstley to me is the most beautiful place in the whole world," Stuart said involuntarily. "I love it."

"Ah, so do I!" cried the girl. "But then I am different." There was a slight pacese, and she went on thinking of what he had just told her. "Then I was wrong when I said you had not worked- why, you helped to save the ship that stormy night, Mr. Stuart!"

Stuart smiled as he moved nearer and held out his hand.

There is the mark of the cut, from one of the ropes. Now you will give me credit for some good, Margery!" The girl took the hand between her ewn two small brown ones. She bent her

head to look at the scar, while, at the touch of her fingers. Stuart felt whole being thrill and the last barrier that stood between himself and his love melt away.

"Yes-yes, I see," Margery said, gently. "Oh, Mr. Stuart, what pain you must have suffered!"

She raised her luminous eyes to him, their blue depths darkened almost to blackness at the thought of that terrible night at sea, and met the steady passionate gaze bent on her. Some new sense flooded her mind; in one second all her girlish innocence vanished; she knew that she was on the brink of a great wondrous event, though she could guess what it was. She dropped Stuart's hand, and rose hurriedly.

"It is getting late; we must go," sh declared. "Mother will want me. Stuart at once moved to her side. He took the sun-bonnet from her hand, and imprisoned the small fingers within his

the only one who wants you? Will you not stay with me? Ah, my darling," cried, bending to catch her other hand and seeing the trembling lips and great wondrous startled eyes, "I have frightened you! You do not know how could you? how much you have become to me. Margery, I did not mean to speak yet-I meant to wait, and let your love grow but your sweet face has urged me, and I can wait no longer. Margery my own darling, I love you! Do you love me!

Margery felt herself drawn into his acrong arms. She looked up at him for one instant, then said softly-"Love! What is love?"

"Love," cried Stuart, "is the greatest joy or the greatest pain. To love is to think, dream, live only for one person. to be happy when near them, lonely when away, ever longing to clasp their hand, listen to their voice, as I have done these past weeks, my own sweet dear

"Then"-the color came vividly into the cream-white cheeks, the eyelids drooped and the graceful head was bent -"then I do love you, Mr. Stuart; but

"But!" interrupted Stuart, gathering her to his arms. "There is no 'but,' my darling my very own! On, Margery, if you could know what happiness I feel! It is such peace after doubt and perplexity. See-just now you threw my hand away; I give it to you again, my darling, yours to defend and tend you when you are my wife."

"Your wife!" faltered Margery; and she trembled—the suddenness, the sweetness of this news seemed to have taken all strength from her. She lived in an indescribable dream of happiness; Stuart's arms were round her, his eves gazed into hers, his voice was whispering tenderly in her ear. She could not then grasp the full extent of her joy, she was dazed by the passion and depths of

"Yes, my wife, thank Heaven!" said Stuart, reverently raising one small hand

"Margery, each day that has gone has liaked me closer to you, try as I would, my love would turn to you. There may be storms in life before us," he went on harriedly, involuntarily drawing the siender form closer to him as he thought of his mother's anger-"there may be trials, battles to fight; but we will be firm and trust in each other. If we have

love, we shall be satisfied." "My love will never, never die," Mar gery murmured slowly, drawing herself of his arms. "But it is so strange - you to love And - ah, what will madame say, Mr. Stuart? I don't know why, bur I am sure she does not like me." "Margery"-and Stuart drew her back to him again and kissed the sweet lips -"we are pledged to each other, and none shall part us. Leave all to me.

and it will come right. And now I have a lesson to teach you-henceforth I am Stuart, and Stuart only; don's forget." "I will not." she promised. She was milent for an instant, then said softly: "How good you are! I will try to be

worthy of you. Something tells me. Stuart, that I am not a common village girl. You will know the truth perhaps some day, and then you will be proud of me.

"I shall never be prouder of you than I am now." eried the young man fervently. "I care not what you are—I love you: you shall be any wife."

Margery raised her lovelit eyes, elo-

quent in tenderness, to his and then "Our picnic is ended." she said. loosing herself from his hold and picking up

her ann-bonnet; "the dogs are tired of waiting: we must go." Stuart watched her pack her basket and tie on the simple headgear, his heart throbbing with pure passionate

love. Henceforth, let come what might, this girl belonged to him-she was his Very own. "Margery," he said, as they stood together before starting, this is the birth have been tended and cared for by two Mary Morris, and help to cheer her sad home at Beverly, Mass. She can have darling, that you are now my life, my

very soul. If clouds should gather, turn

CHAPTER VIII

They sun was growing ruddy in its glory, filling the heavens with a radiant beautiful light, Margery parted with Stuart at the Weald gate, and, urged by the wonder and fullness of her happiness, she turned back again to the spot henceforth engraved on her memory with a golden touch. She stood beneath the tree that had reared its branches over her unconscious head through the past hours, and her heart thrilled again and again at the thought of the marvellous treasure that had

come to her. Stuart Crosbie loved her -loved her-Margery Daw-a girl without even a name to call her own! She covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shield them from the memory of his passionate glances. What had she ever done to deserve this happiness? Had not her soul murmured often, fretted beneath the cloud of mystery that hung over her? Ah, how wrong she had been! Even while she murmured a gift was coming to her, a gift beside which all else faded away and vanished. A sudden impulse moved the girl. She was alone; save for the occasional notes of the birds, the faint flutter of the leaves, there was not a sound to break the silence. On the very spot where she had stood when Stuart uttered his earnest, fervent vows she knelt and sent up words of thankfulness. Then she sunk upon the ground, and, nestling close to the tree, let her fancy wander to the future. She felt at times as if she could not be the Margery of the morning-so far away now-and she almost doubted whether it was not all a dream, till a suden recollection of her lover's voice—the memory of his words—re-

turned ,and she knew it was a blissful The minutes slipped away, and it was not till the chiming of a distant clock She has a lady with her now, an officer's fell on her ear that Margery began to realize how long she had sat and how late it was: She rose hurriedly and made her way through the wood to the path. She had her secret to whisper to the poor sick mother at home, and the thought fent speed to her feet. What by she would bring to that tender heart! What happiness to share her new delights with such a one!

She ran down the hill, the ripple of the stream sounding in her ears like music, and approached the garden gate. A lady was seated in the cottage door way; and, as Margery was hurrying up the path. she rose and came to meet her. "Miss Lawson!" evclaimed Margery, in surprise.

"I have been waiting here nearly an hour," the governess returned; "your mother has been extremely unwell,

"Mother ill!" exclaimed Margery, with sudden pang. "Oh, let me go to her!" Miss Lawson put a detaining hand upon the girl's arm.

"You must not disturb her; she has just dropped off to sleep. Reuben has gone to fetch Doctor Metcalf, and Mrs. Carter is sitting in-doors to see to her."

Margery's face had grown very and. "What is it?" she asked, in a low voice. "She was weak when I left her to-

day, but not more than usual." "She had a severe fit of coughing, and it brought on an attack of the hemorrhage again; it has stopped now, but it has left her very weak. You can do nothing just now, Margery; and I came

purposely to talk to you." Miss Lawson was a small thin woman with a quiet determined face, which from long contact with the world had grown almost stern; but there were gleams of warmth and kindliness from the clear gray eyes and a touch even of tenderness about the mouth sometimes. Now, though she spoke in her keen dry way, there was an expression of kindness, almost affection, on her features as she looked at Margery. The girl turned back from the door at once.

"Shall I bring you a chair here, Miss Lawson?" she asked quietly -this news of her mother's illness had fallen as a doud on the brilliancy of her joy.

"No. Come outside and stroll part o the way home with me," said Miss Lawson. "I have something of importance to say to you-indeed I have wanted to speak to you for several days past; but I had nothing very definite in my mind at the time. To-day I have."

Margery followed the rectory governess down the path in silence. "Margery," began Miss Lawson, abruptly, "have you ever though about

your future? Have you ever thought what will become of you when Mary Morris dies?" The flush called up by the first sen-

tence died away quickly, and Margery's face paled. She put her hand suddenly to "Is she going to die so soon " she

murmured, involuntarily. "Oh, Miss Lawson, you do not think she will die soon?" "It is impossible to say," returned the older woman, quietly. "Mrs. Morris has been gradually sinking all this summer; she may linger for months, or she may pass away at any moment. It is not her present illness that has caused me to speak; as I tell you, I have intended doing so for days past. I have considered it my duty to put matters clearly before

She paused for an instant. Margery's face was pained and sad; her heart was know she will." heavy with sorrow and dread; all sunshine seemed suddenly to have gone from her life, and for the moment, Stuart, her | lover, was forgotten.

"Perhaps you will think me harsh," Miss Lawson went on, "when I say that I consider it time you began to plan for gery murmured, putting out her hand your future life. Remember, you are now | suddenly. about seventeen, and in another yearthe responsibilities of life. Hitherto you lavished the wealth of her whole heart | will."

"If I did not like you so much it's did not know the good in your nature— I should not speak so plainly. But you must review your position. You are grown now almost to womanhood; you are educated above the level of many a girl of wealthier station; you have natural gifts that will aid you; and I say distinctly, you should shake yourself free, not with ingratitude, but with a sense of duty and independence. Believe me, Margery, in the long run you will be

far happier." "Yes, you are right," the girl assent ed. She had followed each word and had grasped the meaning instantly. Her natural pride was roused in one moment, and she felt a thrill of desire to add no more to her heavy debt of kindness

"Understand me-you must not turn suddenly and be selfishly murmuring over the past," urged Miss Lawson, who had been closely watching the Whatever happens, be grateful, Mar

"I am-I am," cried Margery, "thankful to all, and to you, for you have done so much for me, and now you come to help me again?"

"As I shall always help you, I hope," returned the governess. "I knew you would understand me, Margery-I felt you would be true to your nature. waited only till I had some thing definite to propose before I spoke to you." She drew out a etter from her pocket as she finished You have heard me speak of my sister, Mrs. Fothergill. This is from her. She has married a doctor in London, a man who is fast becoming celebrated as a specialist. I have written many times about you, and, when we have met. I have chatted to her, till she thoroughly realizes what you are. This letter came only this morning, and it contains something that I thought would just suit

"Yes?" said Margery simply. Miss Lawson unfolded the letter.

"'You have often heard me mention Lady Enid Walsh," she read, "'the poor young creature whom John has been attending during the past year. I was sitting with her yesterday. She seems to have taken a fancy to me, and during our conversation she asked me to help her to find a companion. widow; but she is not a pleasant woman, and they are going to part. I feel so serry for Lady Enid-young, with beauty and rank, and a cripple for life! She leads such an isolated existence!for her aunt, Lady Merivale, at whose house she resides, is very old, and almost always confined to her room, and Lady Enid's only brother, the Earl of Court, is never in England. She welcomes me so warmly, and opens her heart to me! She told me that she would like a bright young girl for companion-if possible from the country. Lady Enid adores the country; but she is compelled to live in London to be near the doctors and under the so-called care of her aunt. Immediately she spoke of a country girl my thoughts flew to your nupil Margery Daw, From your accounts I feel sure she is the very person to suit the poor young invalid. Do you think this could be managed? She would have a luxurious home, a really magnificent salary, and I feel sure would soon grow to love Lady Enid—no one could help doing so. I half said I knew of some one, and adopted the idea eagerly; so I hasten

to write to you. "The question is whether would like the life. It would be dull, very dull; but Lady Enid is a most charming and intellectual companion, and very unselfish. I know you have been anxious about your pupil; and this seems such a wonderful chance that I can not help saving I shall be disappointed if it falls through. I suppose Lady Coningham would not object to her protege's becoming independent? Write by return, and let me know what you fortnight."

Miss Lawson folded the letter slowly. and put it back into her pocket. "That is all," she said quietly. "Now, Margery, it remains for you to express your feelings."

"It is so sudden," responded Margery faintly; her hands were clasped together, her face, hidden behind the flopping sun bonnet, was perplexed, pained and What must she do? How could she

leave Hurstley, where every tree and stone was precious to her, and where her heart was bound? Should she speak openly of her love at once, her future marriage with the young squire of Crosbie Castle? The words were on her lips and then she hesitated. Instinctively she felt that Miss Lawson would not approve of the engagement and she vividly recalled madame's unceasing dislike. No, she could not speak of it yet; it was so new, so strange; perhaps, after all, it might not be-and her hands pressed her heart closely. She would leave all to him; he must speak out, she could not. And what then must she say to this proposal? Could she leave Hurstley-go from the sun, which gave her being life, into a lonely, strange worldleave all that she knew and loved so well-the tiny cottage, the sweet-smelling woods and lanes, and the poor sick woman, a mother in all but truth? That last thought came as a golden gleam. "Mother!" she said hurriedly, "I can

not leave her." "Then you renounce all thought of ining the girl's face with something lil. . frown on her own.

"I do not," replied Margery firmly.
"I have listened to your advice, and I will take it; but I must first think of her. She will miss me, Miss Lawson-I

"Well," said Miss Lawson, after a pause, "that is true. It would be cruel to leave her now. I will write to my out an outburst, and the piece had to be sister and thank her in your name, and explain why you refuse." You are not cross with me?" Mar-

"Cross? No, my child. I wish it indeed, now should take upon yourself | might have been arranged; but you are night; it is your duty to stay with

very soul. If clouds should gather, turn to me and I will sweep them away."

Markey rated her hand for a me wou; but new when she is taken. "I will come to you." she said, simplered her hand for a me wou; but new when she is taken. "I will come to you." she said, simplered her hand for a me wou; but new when she is taken. "I will come to you." she said, simplered her hand for a me wou; but new when she is taken. "I will come to you." she said, simplered her hand to fall back upon; and, unless home. She felt weary, almost exhaust her spend, though a world shall be free. Don't think me unkind, the two women separated.

As you love me, dear, so I love you, long to be free. Don't think me unkind, the two women separated.

Margery hunned down the hill toward home. She felt weary, almost exhaust ed; the had been a day of extreme men tall the two women separated.

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Margery hunned down the hill toward home. She felt weary, almost exhaust ed; the home and the two women separated.

Margery hunned down the two women separated.

For Skin Health

A lifetime of disfigurement and suffering often results from improper treatment of the skin or neglect of simple skin affections. Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, affords the purest, sweetest and most economical method of caring for the complexion. preventing minor eruptions from becoming chronic, and speedily dispelling severe eczemas and other torturing humors, itchings and irritations. from infancy to age.

Outlearn Scap and Ointment are said by druggists overywhere. Potter Drug & Chem Corn., Sole Props., Buston, Mass. Mailed free, Cuttourn Book on the care of sain and emip.



the power of his love. Why should she have doubted him? Why not have spoken bravely of their love? Had he not said himself that storms might come, but he would face them all? To-morrow she would seek Miss Lawson, and strong in the knowledge of Stuart's great, honest heart, tell her all. Now she must hasten to the sick woman, and watch beside her with tender care and

Stuart Crosbie strode home to the castle, feeling that he imal left behind him everything that made life happy. slowly but surely during the past three menths that had elapsed since his return home. Her beauty bewitched and enthralled film, her freshness and sweetness linked him still more strongly, her daintiness and natural refinement appealed to him through all. He knew there would be trouble, that his mother would denounce his choice; but his mind was made up, his will, the will of which she was so proud herself, would be firm as iron. Let all the world rage, Margery should be his wife. Though she was nameless, a waif, a nobody, was she not think of my proposal; and, if you ap- a pure, sweet girl? Were these workly prove, try to arrange it as quickly as considerations stains on her fair characpossible, as the widow lady leaves in a ter? No; his heart was given, his mind made up, and nothing should move him. He raised his head proudly at this thought, a look of determination on his face. He was armed for the fray; but while he gloried in his own strength, there came the thought of Margery's weakness. Would she brave the storm as he could? Would not the bitterness. of his mother's anger wound and humiliate her? His face softened. He must shield his sweet love from the fierceness of the battle, tenderly protect her from the cruel wind of harshness and coldness that would most assuredly greet her at Crosbie Castle.

(To be Continued)

House flies are hatched in manure and revel in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diseases of the Bowels, etc. Every packet of W_son's Fly Pads will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper.

THEY WERE ALL "PILLS." (Musical World.)

One of the fashionable East Side churches recently witnessed a funny incldent at a choir rehearsal. They were preparing for the following Sunday morndependence," she observed coldly, wa ch- ing a beautiful selection, the first words ing a beautiful selection, the first words of which were 'I Am a Pilgrim." It so happened that the music divided the word "Pilgrim," and made a pause after the syllable. The effect was most amusing. The soprano sang in a high key, "T am a Pil—" and stopped. The tenor acknowledged that he was a "Pil—" and when the bass came thundering in with a like deciaration, "I am a Pil—" it was too much for the gravity of the singers, and they roared. No amount of practice in the property of the singers, and they roared. No amount of practice in the property of the singers, and they roared. No amount of practice in the property of the singers. and they roared. No amount of practice could get them past the fatal pause with

REVOLVING SUN-PARLOR.

A revolving sun parlor mounted on ball bearings and operated at the touch of a button by electric motors, is being built to carry out the inventive ideas of our happiness. Remember, my women Lady Coningham has opened her life. In the future, if ever you want sunshine or shade, and can have a landpurse generously, poor Mary Morris has help, come to me, and what I can do I scape, seascape or backyardscape to feast her eyes on at will.

> RATTLING THE SKELETON. (Helen Sanders, in Chicago Tribune,) There was a young man from Chicago Who asked, "Where did Harry K. Thaw go?" Have they tried him again? Is he still in the pen? In he still in the pen?
> And where did his pretty young square

HIS REAL REASON (Harper's Bazar.) Deniel entered the lion's den.
"Not that I care for the circum, myself," he explained, "it's just to take
Johnny."

HIS QUICK CONCLUSION. (Philadelphia Record.)
Sillicus—Bjones says his wife is an an-

Cynicus—Why I never knew Bjone BUT IT WON'T BE COMPULSORY. (St. Paul Pionerr-Press.) We will all be able to see the Corona tion as soon as the moving machine operators get home.

HIS PEEP AT ROYALTY. (Detroit Free Press.)

"Did you ever gaze on royalty?"
"Just once. It cost me \$2.75 and the chap who held it drew two cards, too." SOME PROGRESS MADE. (Chicago Record-Herald.)

In New York people are werrying over the propriety of wearing detachable cuffs. They seemed to have settled the celluloid

MAY HAVE LOST IT SO

(Toledo Blade.) "Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice.
"How do you make that out?"
"What if a fish had to cackle every time it laid an egg."

CONSISTENCY.

(Tatler.) Jones (filling in the census paper)—And what is your age, Mertha?
Martha—Well, sir, 'ow old did I say I was when I came 'ere?

ANSWERED.

(Puck.)
Teacher—And why should we begin at the foot of the ladder?
Willie—So if any of the guys at the top falls we'll be near enough to give 'em the laugh when they hit the bottom.

FACT AND FANCY

(Life.)
Howard—Do you intend cultivating garden? Coward—No. That would forever deprive me of the joy of reading and believing in these beautiful seed catalogues.

THE BRUTE

(Chicago Record-Herald.) "John, I listened to you for half an hour last night while you were talking

in your sleep."
"Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint." PROGRESS.

(The Throne.)

Lady—And did you make your congregation give up cannibalism?

Missionary (suppressing a grin)— Not quite: but after much trouble I persuaded them to use knives and forks.

PROBABLY.

(Judge.)

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."
"In what amount?" "Oh, in varying quantities."
"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."

HOW WILLIE WON. (Boston Transcript.)

Mrs. Winter's, and not ask the se

time for ple?
Willie—Yes, ma. I didn't have to ask
only once. I got the first place 'thout asking'. THE COOL PART.

(Houston Post.) "Do you think he would be cool in time of danger?"
"I think his feet would."

THE EGOTIST. (Harper's Bazar.) "Thinks he's in the same class with Abraham Lincoln, does he?" "Yes, and evidently expects a promo-

SOME SACRIFICE (Philadelphia Inquirer.) Jenny—Jack, you ought to make some sacrifice to prove that you love me. What will you give up when we are married?

Jack—I'll—I'll give up being a bache-

A FIXTURE

(Rarper's Bazar.) Mistress-Are you sure you'll stay with Cook (on her hundredth job) Faith an' I will. Don't yez suppose I know an alsy mark whin I see wan?

HER SACRIFICE.

(Life.) Madge-What is Dolly's ambition tr Marjorie—She hopes to marry a million aire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich.

RAPID PROGRESS (Chicago News.)

"Minnie," called the mother of a four-ear-old, who was dressing, "haven't you get your shoes on yet"
"Yes, mamma," answered Minnie, "all

THEY GO WITH THE FARM (Louisville Courier-Journal.) "What's the matter? Made an election bet to let your whiskers grow?"
"No; but I dassen't cut 'em till fall. It would be a big disappointment to the summer boarders not to have some whis-

kers on the place to make jokes about. WITH SAUCE.

(Boston Transcript.) Peck-Before we were married my wife wallowed everything I said. Peck-Now she often makes me

SOUNDED INVITING

(Boston Transcript. Editor-This is the most inviting man uscript Penley has ever sent us.
Assistant Editor—What is it?
Editor—A poem beginning, "Come and drink with me."

> RESEMBLANCES. (Washington Star.)

"We are but pawns in the game life," said the serious woman.
"Perhaps," replied Miss Cayenne. "But those of us who wear hobble skirts look more like cribbage pigs."

> AS USUAL. (Lippincott's Magazine.)

Jokeley—I got a batch of aeropiane jokes ready and sent them out last week.

Boggs—What luck did you have with them? Jokeley-Oh, they all came flying back.

DEMORALIZED.

(Washington Star.) "You disapprove of poetry ?"
"Yes sir," replied Farmer Corntons."
"Shan't any more of it come into my house. The hired man's been reading

Through Tonic Treatment With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

After all has been said about indigen-tion and stomach trouble, there is only one way to get a real cure. The stomach must be made strong enough to do its own work. Indigestion disappears when the stomach has been made strong enough to digest ordinary plain food. This strength can only be given the stocketh through the tonic treatment supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which carries the blood, strengthen the nerves and thus enables the stomach to perform the duties which nature intended it should. In every neighborhood you can find peo-ple who have been cured of indigestion or other atomach troubles after a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this is the best proof that they are the one remedy to successfully do this. Mr. D. R. McLean, Sterling, N. S., says: "For a couple of years I suffered very much from indigestion with most of the accompanying painful symptoms. As a result I became very much run down, and as the medicine I tried did not give meany relief I grew melancholy and unhappy, and felt as though my constitution was breaking down. Quite accidentally my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them, and I am happy to say that they effected a complete cure, and made my stomach as strong as ever it had been. I am glad to say a few words in praise of the medicine that cured me, and I hope my experience will benefit some other suf

Enrich the blood and you banish most of the every day ailments of humanity, and you can enrich it quickest and best by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 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.

THE CENSUS MAN.

(Toronto Star.) (Toronto Star.)
He asked me did I have a vote, and were
my children grown,
It was a green-eyed census man who
paused before my door,
And when I came he asked me things
I'd never been asked before.
And did I ever have the pip, and were
my teeth my own. my teeth my own.

And had I married more than once, and was I married yet,
was I married yet,
And was my wife a red-haired blonde
or was she a brunette;
And did I ever take a drink, and did I ever swear.

And had I pimples on my neck, and was my father fair.

And did I keep a Thoma scat and were

my boys all girls,

And did I ever wear a wig and were these real curis?

And then he touched on baseball lore, and asked was I a fan.

And had I seem Tim Jordan's leg, and did I like their plan.

And then religion caught his eye upon his length like his lengthy list, He asked was I a Protestant, or just a Methodist.

And had I ever been in tall, and if I hadn't, why

And if I used much squareface gin, or large beer and rye. take a bath. take a bath,

And sid I owe the landlord much, but here I rose in wrath,

And with a club I swatted him, and broke his blooming nock.

"Now you will bother no one else," I loudly said, "By heck!"

And if you in my garbage can should

cast a wary eye.

You'll see what census man's remains just where I let him lie. The female house fly lays from 120 to 150 eggs at a time, and these mature in two weeks. Under favorable conditions the descendants of a single pair will number millions in three months. Therefore all housekeepers should commence using Wilson's Tly Pads early in the season, and thus cut off a large proportion of the summer crop.

KING GEONGE'S DIFFICULT

TASK.

(N. Y. Journal of Commerce) (N. Y. Journal of Commerce,)

The occupant of the British throne has one of the most taying positions in the world. At his peril he must not overpass the fimits of constitutional sovereignty, and must constantly remember that his true function is to reign and not to govern. But neither must he fosset as ministers come and go and parties rise and fall that he is the only stable repassing the fall that he State. There is always a British policy, as distinguished from a Conservative or Liberal policy, and the depositary of the reasons for that policy, to which successful Cabinets bring their contribution, and from which some may widely diverse, is the wearer of the crown.

A Modern Plant

In the big conflagration which occurred in Toronto in April, 1904, several hundred concerns, some of them large, some medium and some small in size, were practically put out of business. In the former class E. W. Gillett Co. was numbered. A few months after the fire they moved into their fine up-todate factory, which, at that time, looked to be sufficiently large for a good many years. The demand, however, for this company's goods has been so great that they are now forced to either erect a new plant or enlarge their present one. The latter could have been done, as they owned adjoining vacant property, 50 feet frontage by 186 feet in depth, but even the additional space gained in this way would only likely be sufficient for the next four or five years. The management of the company decided to deal with the question in a large way, and placed their property on the market. Within a few days a sale had been made to the old reli able W. R. Brock concern. The Gillett Company are now dealing

with plans for a large, new plant, which will be located somewhere on a railway, and this plant will likely consist of several buildings. Besides manufacturing Magic aBking Pawder and their other well known specialties, it is the inten-tion to manufacture boxes, tin cans, paper boxes and everything of this kind, as well as to grind corn and other raw materials used in the business. The company calculate it will take about fifteen months to get their new plant