

10-Foot Embankment... escapes into Woods.

While the North... exceeding 35 miles an hour...

stopped at a small station... and did not get up...

ARTISTIC PROCESSION

on the Most Gorgeous... in Europe.

and Hundred... Strewn Along.

The Eucharistic... reached the... great procession...

EXPLODED. It is officially stated... explosion was... yesterday...

CLIFFORD.

despatch. Rev. Dr. E. Eng. laid the corner... Murray Street Baptist...

IN STRIKE.

A strike of mechanics... elevator... others, was settled...

ED MERGER.

Papers declaring merger of all the... of Chicago, operated...

Sweet Miss Margery

"Hurstley to me is the most beautiful... in the whole world," Stuart said...

"Ab, so do I!" cried the girl. "But then... I am different." There was a slight...

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

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

"Mother!" exclaimed Margery, with a sudden pang. "Oh, let me go to her!"

"No, come outside and stroll part of 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."

"I will not," she promised. She was silent for an instant, then said softly: "You good you are! I will try to be worthy of you."

"Our picnic is ended," she said, looking back from his hold and picking up her sun-bonnet; "the dogs are tired of waiting; we must go."

"Stuart," she said steadily. "I was a girl an hour ago—I am a woman now."

CHAPTER VIII.

The sun was growing ruddy in its glory, filling the heavens with a radiant beautiful light, Margery parted with Stuart at the Weald gate, and, happiness, she turned back again to the spot henceforth engraved on her memory...

"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." "I will always help you, I hope," returned the governess.

"You have often heard me mention Lady Edith 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."

"I have been waiting here nearly an hour," the governess returned. "Your mother has been extremely unwell, and—" "Mother!" exclaimed Margery, with a sudden pang.

"What is it?" she asked, in a low voice. "She was weak when I left her today, 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 she 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 kindness from the clear gray eyes and a touch even of tenderness about her mouth sometimes."

"I will not," she promised. She was silent for an instant, then said softly: "You good you are! I will try to be worthy of you."

"I shall never be prouder of you than I am now," cried the young man fervently. "I care not what you say—I love you, you shall be my wife!"

"Stuart," she said steadily. "I was a girl an hour ago—I am a woman now."

"If I did not like you so much—if I did not know the good in your nature—I should not speak so plainly. But you must review your position. You are always more 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 assented. 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 do no more to her heavy debt of kindness—to be freed for."

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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.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists everywhere. Foster Drug & Chem. Co., Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass. Mail Order, Cuticura Soap on the case of this soap.



the power of his love. Why should she have doubted his love? Why not have spoken bravely of their love? Had he not said himself that stumps 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 hope.

Stuart Crosbie strode home to the castle, feeling that he had left behind him everything that made life happy. His love for Margery had been growing slowly but surely during the past three months that he had stayed since his return home. Her beauty, sweet and gentle, enthralled him, her freshness and goodness 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 war, a nobody, was she not a pure, sweet girl, with no worldly considerations stain on her fair character? 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 fiercest winds, tenderly protect her from the cruel wind of hardness and coldness that would most assuredly greet her at Crosbie Castle.

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 Wilson'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 incident at a choir rehearsal. They were preparing for the following Sunday morning 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, "I am a Pil—" and stopped. The tenor acknowledged that he was a "Pil—" and sang the bass part, uttering in a low key, "I am a Pil—" and stopped. The organist, too much for the gravity of the singers, and they ceased. No amount of practice could get them past the fatal pause without an outburst, and the piece had to be given up.

REVOLVING SUN-PARLOR. A revolving sun-parlor mounted on ball bearings and operated at the touch of a button by electric motor, is being built to carry out the inventive ideas of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter at her summer home at Beverly, Mass. She can have sunshine or shade, and can have a landscape, seascap, or backwoodscape 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?" He tried him Harry! Is he still in the pen? And who—did his pretty young squaw get?

WIT AND HUMOR

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

HIS QUICK CONCLUSION. (Philadelphia Record.) Sillius—Jones says his wife is an angel. Cyclops—Why I never knew Jones was a widower.

BUT IT WON'T BE COMPULSORY. (St. Paul Pioneer-Press.) We will all be able to see the Coronation 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 \$25, and the chap who held it drew two cards, too."

SOME PROGRESS MADE. (Chicago Record-Herald.) In New York people are worrying over the propriety of wearing detachable cuffs. They seemed to have settled the celluloid collar problem there.

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. (Tattler.) Jones (filling in the census paper)—And what is your age, Martha? "Martha—Well, sir, how old did I say I was when I came here?"

ANSWERED. (Puck.) Teacher—And why should we begin at the foot of the ladder? "Because if we begin at the top, we'll be near enough to give 'em the laugh when they hit the bottom."

FACT AND FANCY. (Life.) Howard—Do you intend cultivating a garden? "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 iron." "In what amount?" "Oh, in varying quantities." "What makes that account for some girls making better matches than others?"

HOW WILLIE WON. (Boston Transcript.) Mother—Did you do as I told you to do this winter, and not ask the second time? "Willie—Yes, ma. I didn't have to ask only once. I got the first place 'most asking."

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

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 give up being a bachelor."

A FIXTURE. (Harper's Bazar.) Mistress—Are you sure you'll stay with us, Bridget? "I will. Don't you suppose I know an alky mark when I see 'em?"

HER SACRIFICE. (Life.) Madge—What is Dolly's ambition in life? "Marjorie—She hopes to marry a millionaire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich."

RAPID PROGRESS. (Chicago News.) "Minnie" called the mother of a four-year-old who was dressing. "Haven't you got your shoes on yet?" "Yes, mamma," answered Minnie, "all but one."

THEY GO WITH THE FARM. (Louisville Courier-Journal.) "What's the matter? Made an election bet that your whiskers grow?" "No; but I dissent 'em till fall. It would be a big disappointment to the summer boarders not to have some whiskers on the place to make jokes about."

WITH SAUCE. (Boston Transcript.) Peck—Before we were married my wife swallowed everything I said. "Eck—How is it now?" "Peck—Now she often makes me eat my own words."

SOUNDED INVITING. (Boston Transcript.) Editor—This is the most inviting man—script Penley has ever sent in. "Editor—A poem beginning 'Come and drink with me.'"

RESEMBLANCES. (Washington Star.) "We are but pawns in the game of life," said the serious woman. "Perhaps," replied Miss Cayenne. "But those of us who wear hobble skirts look more like crabs than pawns."

AS USUAL. (Lippincott's Magazine.) Jokeley—I got a batch of aeroplanes jokes ready and sent them out last week. "Eck—What luck did you have with them?" "Jokeley—Oh, they all came flying back."

Through Tonic Treatment With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

After all has been said about indigestion 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 stomach through the tonic treatment supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and thus enable the stomach to perform the duties which nature intended it should. In every neighborhood you can find people who have been cured of indigestion or other stomach troubles after a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this is the best proof that they are the only remedy to successfully do this. Dr. D. M. McLean, Starling, 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 me any 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 me 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 sufferer."

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.) He asked me did I have a vote, and were my children all girls. 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. And had I married more than once, and was I married yet. And was my wife a red-haired blonde and did I ever take a drink, and did I ever swear. And had I ever kissed my neck, and was my father fair. And did I keep a Thomas cat and were my boys all girls. And did I ever wear a wig and were those real curls? And then he asked me on baseball lore, and asked me I'm a fan. And had I seen Tim Jordan's leg, and did I like his plan. And then he asked me his eye upon his lengthy list. He asked was I a Protestant, or just a Catholic, and did I ever been in jail, and did I ever hadn't, why. And had I ever been a square jawed gin, or large bare and eye. And did I ever cut my curls, or ever had I any hair. And did I owe the landlord much, but here I rose in wrath. And did I ever kiss a girl, and did I ever break his blooming neck. "Now you will bother no one else," and did I like his plan. And if you in my garbage can should cast a wary eye. You'll see whom census man 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 Fly Pads early in the season, and thus cut off a large proportion of the summer crop.

KING GEORGE'S DIFFICULT TASK. (N. Y. Journal of Commerce.) The occupant of the British throne has one of the most trying positions in the world. At his birth he must not overstep the limits of constitutional sovereignty, and must constantly remember that his true function is to reign and not to govern. But he must be foremost a minister, come and go and parliee representative of the nation. There is always a British policy, a distinguished from a Conservative or Liberal policy, and the duty of the monarch is to preserve the policy, to contribute, and from which some may widely diverge, is the weaver 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-to-date 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 184 feet in depth, but even the additional space gained in this way would only have been 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 reliable 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 Blending Powder, their other well known application is in the intention 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 into operation.

Better have a look on both sides.