bmittee Plans to at in 1912.

#### of \$1,000 For the Church.

A million dollars educational work minimum stipend nister is the aim eneral Assembly's and Systematic

e necessity of inof Home Misre in augmented somewhat equal to the minimum ith the ever-inpulation to be y problem to be needs in each of was felt that \$1,est amount that reh to fuifil her

asked to assume .000, and allocate the Presbyteries Each Presbytery ate the amount resbytery among hin its bounds; will be urged to allocated in its make it a matter r to give at least gressive work of

no separate cam-Foreign Missione eut; but in each be one thoroughview to reaching the interest of ries holding themting the Church's

e decided to ask emmittee to retav from office of his Moderatorve himself wholly ing and inspiring rrying through of it. In company Grant, the new t of Home Misattend the great to be held durmber in the chief e to the Atlantic e Presbyteries of

#### PIRATES.

Vessel Routed by cific Mail.

10.-The story of h the pirates who the Pacific Mail recovery of much the by the steam. eached port from

Pacific Mail Line a small Chinese ement of soldiers. proached the re le pirates put out A volley from the d of the pirates, ended with the . They were purstolen silk and taken from the

#### CCIDENT.

Thile A. Aitchison f the large stone office, Elora, Conof Ottawa, was of a wagon. A the back, throwthe planks and into the sir. He er and the side of nd to have sufferbase of the skull, yet serious.

#### F SIR ELDON

Edward Grey, the the House of Com-announced that Sir Agent and Consul-ho is very ill, had raily rumored that unt Kitchener will tion. The Governtion. The Govern-ime been at a loss s distinguished sol-

CARS.

itch: The Sunday

### **Sweet Miss Margery**

dock, and walked through the courtyard just as the tower clock chimed a quarter to eight. He had but a few minutes to change his tennis suit for his dinner garb, and he ran hurriedly from the coach house round to the lawn, determined to make a rush to his room. He dismissed his dog with a word, sped fleetly across the grounds till he reached the colonnade, and entered it, when suddenly by some mischance his foot slipped. He made a vain effort to save himself; his head swam; he was consci-Your of a sudden sharp twinge of pain; and, falling heavily, he knew no more.

Sir Dougias Gerant, after a lengthened chat with his cousin, mounted to his room, and dressed himself with due regard for the exigencies of polite society. The hard, cynical look that had rested on his face during his conversation with Vane Charteris and in the political argument with the squire had now vanished. He looked worn and ill as he walked slowly up and down his room; his eyes were sad, his head drooped. He seemed to be thinking deeply at last, with deep-drawn sigh, he seated himself at the table and wrote a letter. It has a summons to his lawyer, bidding him to

draw up a will, and fixing a day for him to come to Crosbie Castle. This done, Sir Douglas leaned back in his chair and covered his eyes with his hand for several minutes. The entrance of his valet, a man who had been his faithful servant and companion for years, roused him: and, bidding the valet despatch the letter quickly. Sir Douglas left his room and descended the broad staircase. As he passed through the wide hall to the colonnade, its white pillars, gleaming against the background of green, tinged now with the ruddy gold of the setting sun, made a picture gratifying to his artistic eye. He sauntered on, determining to seek the grounds, when his eyes fell on Stuart's prostrate form and pale face. In an instant he was kneeling beside the young man, and his clear voice rang out to the butler, who happened to be passing to the dining-

The man hurried up with some brandy, and Sir Douglas, with almost professional dexterity, lifted Stuart's head and poured a few drops between the closed lips. He watched the color slowly return, and the eyes open, with a look of anxiety and tenderness on his face.
"That is light," he said, gently, as he

hot Stuart's gaze. "Are you hurt!"
"My arm!" murmured the young man I faintly, as the butler and Sir Dougias helped him to rise.
The baronet cast a keen giance at the

right hand, hanging limp and swollen.
"You have had an ugsy fall," he said, briefly. "Your arm is broken—how did

it happen?"

He pushed Stuart gently into a chair near at hand, and, while he spoke, he deftly out away the slight tennis-sleeve seissors taken from his pocket. "I can't quite remember." Stuart re-

plied, speaking with an effort, and pase-ing his left hand over his eyes. "I came an awful eropper, I know, and must have banged my head. Is the arm broken! If so, you had better send for Metcalf, and have it set."

The butler was moving away; but Sir Douglas stopped him.

"I'nere is no need to send to the vil lage-I can manage this. Go up to my room and send down my man; it is not the first time he has helped me in this sort of thing."

Stuart lay back in his chair: he was still feeling faint and weak. He caught Sir Douglae' eye, and smiled a little.
"I feel rather like what the boys

used to call a 'jolly duffer,'" he said, slowly. "I can't think what made me so stopid: I don't usually fall about in this way. I wender how long I was insensible and I have never thanked you for helping me." Stuart was gradually recovering himself, and woke to the fact that this was a stranger. "I beg your pardon."

"It is granted, Cousin Stuart." Stuart looked mystified, and then said

auddenly putting out his left hand: "You are Douglas Gerant; I am very glad to see you."

Sir Douglas grasped the hand. "Thanks my lad," he said, quietly; then, looking round: "Here is Murray, Now sit quiet, and don't speak, and we'll settle you in a trice."

Stuart watched his cousin curiously as he prepared the bandages and improvised some splints: he scarcely felt the long, white fingers as they moved over his wounded arm, and winced only as the bones clicked together. But he grew tainter as the bandages were wound round; and, as the operation was finished. Sir Douglas, without a word, held the brandy to his lips again and forced him to drink some.

"You have pluck, Stuart," he said, quietly. "You are of the stuff to make a man. Now, if you take my advice, you will go to your room and rest. I faney that arm will trouble you rather tonight; so try to get some sleep now."

My head feels rather queer, I con-\*se," Stuart responded, and he giadly Let his cousin draw his hand through his arm, and lead him through the hai!

to the stairs. Mrs. Crosbie was sailing down as they

approached. Stuart!" she exclaimed, in genuine dismay, "what is the matter?" "He has fallen and broken his arm."

Sir Douglas answered, quietly. "I am taking him to his room; it will be wiser to let him pass, Cousin Constance, as he has had a nasty touch on the head." "Arm broken!" eriod Mrs. Crosbie, in alarm. "But it must be set! I will send

for Doctor Metcalf at once!" "You can send for the doctor, if you like." Sir Douglas remarked, as he drew

Stuart up the stairs; "but his arm is already set. I have had considerable experience in such cases, and I can asoure von it is all right."

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him up the stairs, a

He chose the path through the pad- little annoyed, a little anxious, and, oddly enough, a little glad-annoyed because Sir Douglas had taken so much upon himself, anxious for her son, whom she loved better than anything on earth and glad, because she saw in this illness a chance of bringing about the marriage between Vane and Stuart which she so much desi

Sir Douglas left the mother and son ogether when he had esconsed his patient comfortably in a large chair: and Mrs. Crashie busied herself with many little offices about the room, quitting the apartment only when she saw Stuart's eyes close in slumber. She met Vane on the landing, and, with an affectionate glance, drew the girl's hand hrough her arm.

"He is resting, dear," she said; "so shall leave him for a while. We must nurse him together, and we shall soon get him well." Vane's face flushed.

"I will help you gladly," she returned, and she spoke honestly. Her first thought, like her aunt's, had been that that this would bring Stuart and her-self more together. She had another duty to perform, too; she must ingratiate herself with Sir Douglas Gerant. and try by every means in her power to wipe away the memory of her foolish mistake

Stuart slept for an hour or two, and dreamed of Margery, but when he awoke the pain in his arm was so great that even the sweet image was banished from his thoughts. His mother came in as night fell, but Stuart was too ill to broach the subject of his love. The blow on the head was more severe than he had imagined, and he grew feverish as the day declined. He heard the tower clock chime the night hours, and whenever he moved his head, his eyes rested on the figure of Sir Douglas reading by the window, and ready at any moment to tend him.

And at the small cottage by the Weald another being sat and watched by a sick bed, watched with a heart that was growing sadder and sadder as the moments passed. Margery, still in the white cotton gown that she wore when she plighted her troth, knelt by Mary Morris' coach, trying to alleviate the pain that was racking the 761 wasted frame. She was ignorant of her lover's illness, and she thought of him only with a sense of peace and happiness. What a long wonderful day it had been, she thought, as she sat beside the little window and watched the veil of night darken the sky-a day in which the golden glory of all earthly happiness dawned for her! She turned from the window to watch the sick woman. The paroxysm of pain seemed past, and she was asleep. The house, was quiet as a tomb. In another room the loving, faithful husband and companion was lost to trouble in slumber. Margery was atone: she moved softly to the window and drew back the curbathed in the silver radiance of the

She stood and gazed on at the dark blue heavens, the glittering myriads of jeweled stars, the mounlit earth, till a cloud seemed to obscure her vision; and, when she gazed again the stars were gone and a ruddy haze pierced by the sun's golden beams illumined the

the bed, then, with a sudden shudder, dropped on her knees beside it. While her eves had been closed in sleep, while the dawn had spread its roseate veil over the night, a spirit had flyn from | gle?" earth-Mary Morris was dead

#### CHAPTER IX.

The days passed away, and Stuart Crosbie gradually recovered from the effeets of his fall. Despite the assurance from Sir Douglas that her son was doing well, Mrs. Crosbie satisfied herself, and summoned the village doctor, together with a fashionable physician from town, only to receive the same opinion from them, coupled with the expression that Stuart could not have been better treated. The young man passed four days in his room; but, as the pain left his head, he insisted on donning his clothes and descending to the garden. some water for the dog? I introduced His mind was haunted by Margery's image and the thoughts of her sorrow; for the news of Mrs. Morris' death had reached him through his servant, and he longed to rush away and comfort his darling. He had seen little of his mother during the past four days; Sir Douglas had constituted himself head nurse, and Mrs. Crosbie, who was not quite at home in a sick room, gave way to him with a little annoyance and jealousy, though she would not let it be seen. Stuart had not been sufficiently well, during the short time she visited him. erly. to speak about Margery-indeed, he scarcely had strength to reply to her inquiries—the heat was still very great. and, although he had an excellent constitution, he was considerably weakened by the fever and pain. But, though support. he could not collect his ideas to speak of Margery, she was never absent from his thoughts. The vision of her sweet blue eyes, her wistful, lovely face, haunted his bedside. bringing a sense of peace and rest to his troubled dreams.

At last, after four days had passed, Stuart insisted on leaving his room and seeking the air, urged, in fact, by a strong desire to see his mother and tell her of his love. Sir Douglas offered no opposition to this move; the severer effects of the fall were now passed, and, with such health and vigor as Stuart possessed, his arm would soon heal. Nevertheless it was a rather shatte ed likeness of the handsome cousin that greeted Vane Charteris' eyes as she crossed the hall and saw him making slow progress down the stairs.

"Let me help you," she said, gently, moving forward at once, and putting out her hand. "Thanks. I am rather shaky," return-

do Cousin Vane? Thanks for all your wonr mother is proud."

Chair, she teen made him comfactable.

"Thank you," he said again; "you see very kind. Is my mother anywhere.

"She has gone to Chesterham on missionary business," replied Vans leaning back against one of the while pillars, and looking extremely pretty and graceful in her long soft pink gown. "I don't think she knew that you were coming down, or I am sure she w have gone."

Stuart sat silent, troubled and lisas-pointed. He had braced himself for his interview with his mother; he was long-ing to send some word or sign to Mar-gery. Four whole long days had passed since their picnic in the wood, and durnterview with his mother; he was l ing that time sorrow had come to hee, and he had not ministered to her comfort. He wondered whether she knyw of his illness, whether she realized that it was that illness alone that had kept him silent. He had determined, as he rose, to speak to his mother, and then drive over to the Weald cottage and bring Mary ery back in all dignity to the castle, as befitted his future wife; but now again fate was unkind, his mother was absent might be absent the whole day and he was too weak to crawl even to the carriage. What could be do? He must send some message of comfort, some word of love to Margery. His eyes fell on his maimed hand; and, with a half groan, he realized that he was helpless, utterly helpless to do as he wished.

Vane Charteris watched him carefully. She saw his brow contract and the look of trouble gather on his face. "Are you in pain?" she asked gently. Stuart woke from his musings.

"My arm is a little troublesome," he replied evasively, then, collecting his thoughts with an effort he said, "But I must not be selfish, Vane. You will find

it dull work sitting with an invalid. I feel so angry with myself for being so clumsy. Just fancy, Vane—this is first time I have been ill in my life! "Then we must do our best to cheer you. Cousin Stuart." Vane responded, faint color mounting to her cheeks at

the last words. What could they mean but that this illness kept him from her may be some mystery connected with side? "Come," she added brightly me amuse you, read to you or do some thing. I assure you, Cousin Stuart, I come, it is a pleasure. I would do anything it a pleasure. I would do anything in must confess," observed Miss Charteris, sider it a pleasure. I would do anything it is a pleasure. for you, believe me."

Stuart looked at her as she drew up sinking into her chair again; "but I another chair and sunk into it, giving shall prove my words. I am your friend him a frank affectionate glance. A sud—I will act as such. Yes; I will help den thought flashed into his mind, and you." then died away. 'You look upon me as useless," she

observed, with a smile. "I mean to unset that theory altogether." "Useless!" echoed Stuart.

Vane, you are quite wrong."
"Then let me help you."
Vane said suddenly. "I see plainly, Stuart, some thing is troubling you; it is not only the arm. Come— I shall begin to be jealous of Sir Douglas, to be afraid that you will trust in no one but him. Will you not let me be your friend as well as your cousin?"

sunk back aagin. "Yes, Vane, if you will all is going well, that you will be her be my friend

"Friendship is not an empty term with me," Miss Charteris observed slowly: "Since you will let me be your friend Stuart grasped her hand.

"I will," he said quietly; "for I am I

frankness and sympathy.

"Vane." he began slowly, "I came down this morning on purpose to talk to my mother on a subject that is more than life to me. I anticipate—I know— I shall have a hard struggle with her, though, despite all she may say, I shall never forget your kindness!" be firm. Will you help me in this strug-

Vane rose to her feet again; her breath was coming fast, and a presentiment of something disagreeable passed

through her mind. "Tell me what it is, Stuart," she said quietly, unfurling a large fan she carried, and holding it against the light, ostensibly to shield her face from the

"Yes," she answered. "Do vou remember a girl who was sitting in a corner and who brought me

her-Margery Daw." Vane caught Stuart's eager glance, and her heart seemed to cease beating. "Yes," she replied, a little coldly.

"Vane, that is my secret; that is the girl I love better than any one or any-

thing in the world-Margery Daw." Vane Charteris was silent for a minforced herself to be firm and calm. She dropped her fan and moved out of the sunlight; her face was very pale, but she smiled as Stuart looked at her eag-

"Well," she said, quietly, "and-and you want me to heip you-how?" "You will?" he asked, with gladness

on his face. Vane put one hand on her chair for

'Am I not your friend?" she smiled faintly.

pushed him back again. standing at his side, so that he could not

see her pallor and annoyance. "I want you to plead with me to my mother-not for myself-I am strong enough"-and Stuart drew himself up proudly-"I would face the whole world. I want vou to be a friend to Margery, as you would be to me. She may need vour help: a woman such as von. Vane. can do much-smooth many difficulties. You can see how angry my mother will

"Then you have not spoken to Aunt Constance yet?" Vane observed, very land can easily produce and market unquietly. "I am afraid you will have der reasonably good management. great trouble. You see, Stuart, youred Stuart, smiling faintly. "How do you your wife will be of low station, and

# FAVORITE BRAND



moving languilly from his side and

Stuart's face flushed, and he leaned forward and bent his lips to Vane's white hand.

claimed. "Vane, I can never thank you 'Tell me what I must do," returned Miss Charteris, unfurling her fan again. "Will you see Margery?" inquired Stuart, hurriedly.

"This is indeed good of you," he ex-

"To-day?" asked Vane. "Yes. Ah, Vane, think four days have gone, she has had a great sorrow, and I have been tied to my bed, not able to see her, not even to write a word! If you would go to her, tell her

friend, you will make me so happy."
"I will go, Stuart," Vane scaid quiet ly; "for your sake I will do all I can No: do not thank me. Remember what

may not like me?" "Not like you!" cried Stuart, qui urgent need of a friend, especially just by. "She can not help herseif provent death by being becoming Dear Vane, how good you are! steel walls or to keep from becoming the bear vane, how good you are! He stopped and looked at her; she You do not know what a load involved in whirring wheels and dyna-He stopped and looked at her; see wou have taken off my mind. I dread-was watching him with an expression of ed, I feared that my poor darling would have been without a friend. Now she is secure. My mother loves you, and will be led by you. I shall speak to her the instant she returns, and then Margery can come here. Vane, i shall never,

#### (To be Continued) SCOTLAND'S WOODS.

Its Cultivation May Give Mora Families Employment.

The "depopulation of Scotland," more properly the depopulation of the wild date. districts of the Highlands, has been sun, in reality to keep it hidden from her cousin.

"Vane, do you remember the fourth day of your visit here, when I took you to see Sir Charles?"

"Causing great concern in Great Britain lately. It was debated in the House of Commons a week or ten days ago, and a remedy is eagerly sought. One of the most promising in sight is that of recausing great concern in Great Britain foresting the country, providing employment for the people of arboriculture.

The Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society has just issued a report on the general subject, with a special detailed scheme for an experimental enterprise drawn up by Lord Lovat and Captain Stirling, of Keir, with the aid of experts. It covers the region of Glen Mor, through which the Caledonian Canal runs and which embraces 60,000 acres of land, of which only 900 acres are and jealousy would choke her; then she suitable for cultivation, so that only twenty-five families living on twenty acres apiece or ninety families existing miserably on ten acres can be supported in it. But if reforestation is resorted to instead of agriculture it is estimated that within twenty years 300 families can be settled there prosperousty, each established on 200 acres of forest land. In forty years 600 families ean be similarly supported.

Each family would have enough cultivarable land to keep itself in food and mill. From thirty to forty weeks of "Oh, thank you—thank you!" he cried, its time would be seent on forest work. rising from his chair; but Vane gently The rest yould be absorbew by the shooting lodges in the game season. "Tell me what you want," she urged, People of the "crofter" class should be selected for settlement, and to establish each crofs would cost about £40 a Vegr.

Lord Lovet and his associates propose the establishment of a central torest authority to conduct the system of sylviculture or woodlanding. National help would be provided at first, but ultimately the forests themselves should become very profitable. It seems to be be. I shall not care for her anger; but an open question whether the produc-Margery is so tender, so sweet, so proud tion of cellulose and wood pulp would -anger will humiliate and distress her; be remunerative, but full reliance is and, if you aid her, she will scarcely feel placed in the prospective values of the crops of "pitwood" and the timber value of the conifer forests that Scot-

#### LEST WE FORGET.

We do not know what Margery's Though it may be somewhat confused to was the stairs, across the hall to the calculate, and, pushing forward a large Ah, you do not know her, Cousin Vans, St. Louis Globe Democrat.

LUE OF A COUNTY One Dodges Machinery, Inhaba Goss lene and Chokes for Air.

The first impressions received on de scending into the hold of a submarine are those of discomfort and suffication teen seem about right for half a dozen. One is in too close proximity to whirring machinery too enjoy the sensation. On all eides are arranged electrical devices and machinery to operate the

craft and the torpedoes, says Harper's Weekly. A thin shell of steel separates the visitor from the torpedoes, and the outside water is so close that one can almost feel its moisture. When under way on the surface the

submarine hums and trembles. The fumes of gasolene are almost suffocating. There is no escaping from them. Some of the men contract what is called "gasolene heart." If under the water too long the fumes make one sick and

A novice cannot remain in a submarine under water for any great length of time without suffering excruciting torture. In time, however, one gets used to it and a trip may be one of en-

But it is when the submarine dives that the most unpleasant symptoms come. There are ten compressed air tanks supplied and these furnish sufficient air to keep the crew alive a good many hours. But did you ever live on compressed air? If not it will be a new sensation, especially if you are fifty feet below the surface of the water. There is a tingling sensation all over the body, a pounding of the ear drums and possiby a sense of nusea.

As the air is automatically regulated from the compressed air tanks one gets his share of the oxygen, but sometimes the supply may vary. It certainly does in different parts of the ship. One may be choking for lack of good air in one part and be exhilarated by a too abundant supply in another.

Sometimes when the engines are running to charge the batteries the fumes of the gasolene become so strong that men are rendered unconscious. They must be taken up on deck then to get a whiff of fresh air.

For this reason the batteries are only charged when above water. But in time of war it might be necessary to charge them while running below. Then indeed the man aboard the submarine might envy the aerial navigator flying above the sea with his abundance of air to breathe

Cooking under water is a pretty uncertain and disagreeable work. The only appliance for this purpose is a small electric heater. This is just about big enough to heat water to make a cup of coffee, and nothing else. The crew have their food cooked aboard the ten-

The submarine is built on the principle of economizing space in everything. There is no room for anything except the actual necessities. Every inch of space is given over to machinery. This is everywhere, compact and efficient, but multiplied so often that one wond-

ers what it is all for. There is machinery for running the boat, for guiding it under water, for I said just now-I would do anything controlling it when it dives, for com-I must act as such. See"—extending her for you. I will wait till it is a little pressing the air tanks, for operating the hand—"let us seal the contract—look us cooler, then borrow Aunt Constance's on me as your chum, your sister as well somes, and drive to the veillage." She power of vision above and below water. The power of vision above and below water. When caught in a storm in a submarine pail with all the publicity that usually life is really not worth living. It conprovent death by being battered against

#### SURE WAY.

(Puck.)

Willis-I wonder if there will ever be universal peace. Gillis-Sure. All they've got to do is to get the nations to agree that in case

of war the winner pays the pensions. ACCEPTS HYDRO OFFER.

has accepted the Hydro-Electric Commission's offer to supply the village with Ningara power, and has ordered a by-law " he submitted to the people at an early

## **DOCTORS** FAILED

#### Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Midgie Station, N. B. - One can hardly believe this as it is not natural, but it was my case. For ten menths I suffered from suppression. I had different doctors,



tried different medicines, but none helped me. My friends told me I would go into a decline. One day a lady friend told me what your medicine had done for her, so I wrote you for advice and received your reply

I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and at the second bottle showed improvement. Now I am regular and never was so well in my life, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine.

Please publish my letter for the benefit of others.—Mrs. Josian W. HICKS, Midgie Station, N. B.

Indian Head, Sask. - Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is indeed a boon to women who suffer from female ills. My health is better now than it has been in my five years of married life and I thank you for the good your advice and medicine have ne me. I had spent hundreds of dollars on doctors without receiving any benefit.—MRS. FRANK COOPER, Box 468, Indian Head, Saskatchewan. The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. of female complaints is Pinkham's Vegetable Comp

#### DEADLY ANAEMA

#### Casts a Shadow Over the Lives of Thousands of Women and Growing Girls.

"Not enough blood" is the simple meaning of the term ansemia, though it should scarcely need explaining, for, un-fortunately ansemia is one of the great-est evils in this country, afflicting we

men of all ages, including young girls. The eigns of bloodlessness are plain exough—pallid lips and cheeks and aching back, frequent headaches, with breathlessness, heart palpitation and great weakness. The only effective treatment is to strengthen and build up the blood, and it is just by this power of making new, rich blod that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured anaemia in more cases than it is possible to place on record. Among the hosts cured of this trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss C. N. Roberge, of Sorel, Gue., who had Seen in poor health for several years.

Miss Roberge says: "I believe that
if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my illness would have proved fat-al. The trouble came on so gradually that I can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin. The first noticeable symptom was loss of color and a feeling of lassitude. Then I began to lose my appetite, had frequent headaches, and spells of dizziness, and became unable to do any housework without being completely exhausted. Finally my trouble became agravated by a persistent cough. I took several kinds of medicine, but did not get any relief. At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to do so. After I had taken several boxes there was a noticeable improvement in my condition and I continued using the pills until I had taken nine boxes. The result in my opinion was marvellous. My appetite returned, my nerves were strengthened, weight increased, headaches disappeared, and I am enjoying the best health of my life. In gratitude

to some other sufferer." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all those troubles due to poor blood, such as anamia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the troubles which attack girls, budding into womanhood, and women of mature years. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have

done for me I give this statement in

the hope that it may bring new health

#### AN INEBRIATE FARM.

(Windsor Record.) What is required for all confirmed drunkards is isolation—a change of scene that will take them away from boon companions and handy barrooms. Jail confinement does not serve the purpose. Farm colonies for inebriates and dipsomaniacs appear to be a much bet-

ter solution of the problem.
"I'm no drunkard" is the claim made by a victim of the drink habit who fails to realize how far he has gone in tosing control of himself and indulging in

family of such an individual might apply to the magistrate to have him committed for an indefinite period. Hard labor on a farm would work wonders with these victims of intemperance. Besides, it is a more humane method of treatment than a jail sentence.

American and Canadian scientists tell us that the common house fly is the cause of more disease and death than any other agency. Wilson's Fly Pads kill all the flies and the disease germs, too.

LARGEST OF FLOWERS.

Immense Bloom Which is a Native of

Sumatra. The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Raffesia, a mative of Sumartra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense plant, says the Scientific American, is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the layer by a tin deposit of sand, and a second sandy deposit covers the third layer, which plainly shows relics of the

eleventh and twelfth centuries. At the bottom is a clayey deposit filled with fragments of pottery and bits of oak timber belonging to the Gallie

and Gallo-Roman periods. The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Raffesia, a native of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense plant, says the Scientific American, is composed of five round petals of a brisk-ish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the Raffesia is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like miniature cows' horns. The cup, when free from its contents, will hold about 12 pints. The flower weights about 15 pounds, and is very thick, the petals eing three quarters of an inch.

#### THE WRONG INTERPRETATION.

(New York Sun.)

Robert Henri, the well-known New York painter, was condemning a stu-"His interpretations are always

wrong," Mr. Henri said. "He always

misunderstands totally an artist's conception. He reminds me of the Cinnaminson woman before the Angelus. "When the Angelus was on exhibition at Earle's in Philadelphia, a Cinnaminson woman dropped in to see it. She gazed with lively interest at the two

asanta standing reverently in the sunset glow in the quist meadow. Then she

"'A courtin' couple, heyt Seem a bit