el Boys Shouted na Maria."

ery Bit a Queen. did Picture

ng after the enrge and Queen Mary ory interesting inthe great throng recalled by those more cleriy the The Queen was a nd most attractive rel. She wore quanbout her neck and er head.

noticeably nervous bbey and the boys hool, high in the the Abbey with na Maria." During rowning of the t and afterwards her handkerchief eless she appeared and made a spiener own coronation er head and the and her dress of in of red velvet behind, she kneit

vet the cap of state recalled the old es. When he pass-es and the Duke hanged bows with passed the Queen, de deep obeisance,

one and then ris-

beside, but below

Meanwhile

of His Majesty Canterbury, the homage, kneeling on the left cheek. of the late King and, grasping his affectionately. for the sight of

an all-night vigil. ted a tired and surrounded by they had brought early breakfasts. retired to the few required the oulance corps.

the line kept up sem waving flags, music hall songs, which was "Every sung with much troops marched it the occasion if to be sailors. sion of carriages

of the coronation ather, which causes to be closed. ingent was out in nd gave the Aushenever an Aus-

and others of the recognized by the ith familiar calls heir botel to the

cadets erossing ert in their natty hearty cheers. y followed by a the Westminster w with their af-in the pocket and he arm of a com-

as Grand Master re and there and ger to see that ont according to orders personally

is robe dragging urried dash from to another, much e onlookers, and na was an object oming impatient of carriages, he iskly to the Ab-I and stately fig-

the service in the and in the whole nothing tawdry. as intensely dracal. The secors dignity. Altopicture in a sup-

that the actual rould take place but the preliminwith such pree rapid progress crown was plac-12.33 o'clock. lance men were

tively few calls TVICE T AMOY. Ceremonies y were held to-

onation of King orning a memor-rial of their maand Queen Mary. mbjects of Chinnd presented to nt," was naveil-

ces in the afat the Presbyal luncheon was se J. Sundius. Amoy following including tennis

CLARK.

a pickpoeket re-Endeavor move read stated yes among the offi-th is boiling its

## Sweet Miss Margery

"I devoutly hope so!" exclaimed Mr. Crosbie. "May I ask, Margery, what your basket contains?"

"That sounds solid, Margery." "Don't you like cakes and apples?" "Do you!" he asked.

if they take us up for trespassing -ch,

What would they do to us?" she

eplied, with a laugh, as he mounted the narrow wall. "How would you like that, Margery?" he added.

all your life? Give me your hand; there -that is right. The dogs will clear it."

Margery jumped lightly from the wall to the soft turf, and then watched the

stooping to pat them. But you have not answered me. Do you intend to live here all your life?"

shade of the trees.

wrong to wish it?" "Wrong?" he repeated. "No, Margery, of course net."

thoughtfully. "Mother lives here, and Reuben, and Lady Coningham, though I can not remember her well—still I love the village." "No one eise?" queried Mr. Crosbie,

fixing his eyes on her face. "Yes-you, Mr. Stuart," Margery an-

swreed, softly. "You are here, too." "But suppose that all these friends were to go away-suppose you were left alone-would you care for Hurstley

mered. "Oh, I could not stay then; it

Stuart opened his lips as if to speak, then closed them firmly again, and for a while there was silence between them as they walked. At last the young squire spoke. They had reached a clump of trees, a cooler, shadier spot, and here he

"Let us unpack that gigantic basket here, Margery," he said, lightly. "This is the very nook for a pienic."

on the soft grass, feasted his eyes on her this girl was slipping from him, and that for him happiness was found only when in her presence.

thinking this, heedless of the beauty of the picture that stretched before her, when her eyes fell on a man's figure strolling leisurely on the lawn-a strange, odd-looking man, who seemed not quite at home in his surroundings. Miss Charteris, roused from her languor, watched him intently, and at once determined that the intruder was a tramp-

her room, picking up her sunshade ass he went. Her aunt was out at a gardenparty, which she had vainly tried to induce Miss Charteris to attend, her mother was enjoying a siesta, and her uncle no one about, and the eastle seemed quite deserted as Vane walked across the hall to the back grounds. The man was standing as she had seen him list,

"What are you doing here?" she asked, charply. "Do you know you are trespassing?"

The man turned at her first word; he looked at her keenly from a pair of earnest gray eyes, then slowly, and with unmistakable courtesy, removed his

slouched felt hat. "Trespassing?" he repeated, in a cool tone. "Do they prosecute at Crosbie Castle if a man is found gazing only?"

"You are insolent," Miss Charteris responded, frigidly; "and, if you do not leave at once, I shall send some of the

ious expression on his Jace.

"Pray save yourself that trouble," he said dryly. "I am going; but may I ask if I have the honor of speaking to Mrs. Prosbie !"

"No," she repeated, again,
"Indeed" Then, madaine, by what

right do you eject me?"
"I am Mrs. Crosbie's nices, and in her absence, do what I know she would de-

"Mrs. Crosbie's niere," repeated the To Mrs. Croshie rules the eastlet "I had begun to think you would never the squire!"

Miss Charteris moved away a little. she said, quietly. "I must 1 Plest you

tered the stranger, as if to himself.

ary, and not pleasant. said, with marked irritation; "but you have heard what I said, and you take "I do not know who you are," she no notice of my words. It now remains

"Softly, softly, my young lady!" said the man, putting his hand on her arm. You are much too hasty, and, like all intemperate spirits, judge by appearances only. How do you know whether have business heer or not-whether my visit may not be that of a friend?" "Friend!" echoed Miss Charteris, sarestically, at the same time hurriedly

"I see." continued the stranger, half closing his eyes, and fixing her with a look that annoyed and fidgeted her, "1 see you count Squire Crosbie's friends by the cut of their coats. Stay: let mo convince you that people are not always what they seem."

At that moment a footman was passing along the colonnade; and, calling in a loud voice, the stranger attracted his

"Is your master in?" was the ques tion, put easily and naturally. The footman besitated for an instant; but the presence of Miss Charteris reas-

sured him. "Yes, sir." "Kindly inform him that I am here." "What name, sir?" the man asked.

mattered not which. Never had she been in so disagreeable a position. Sir Douglas came to her rescue.

hand, which seemed strangely at variance with his rough, fil-cut clothes. "It is I who ask that," she replied. Of course, had I known-

"Naturally, naturally," interrupted Si Douglas. "Let us say no more about it. So my cousin Constance is out? Well, 1 hope she will forgive me for taking her by storm in this way. And where is her

you like him?" Miss Charteris besitated.

"Yes," she replied, slowly, "I like Stuart very much. You will see him this evening."

"Hum!" abserved Sir Douglas again; end at that instant; the squire's tall thin figure appeared, a took of undisguised pleasure on his face.

"My dear Douglas!"

The two men clasped hands; no words of stronger welcome were spoken, but their eyes looked all they would say; the hand-grip testified more plainly than words. What memories filled the mind of each as they stood thus face to face—the traces of the world's buffets in their worn lineaments—memories of two young forms with hope and vigor shining in their glowing eyes, determination and ambition strong in their hearts. "Welcome a thousand times welcome!" said the squire, after a moment's silence. "I received your letter this

"Yes I thought so: but I am not an orthodox person at all. I break through all rules and regulations. I lilk like a tramp. Ask this young lady if she does

not think so," he added abruptly. Vane's face flushed—she was inward ly much annoyed; but Sir Douglas continued, speaking easily, and her confu-

started off almost as soon as I had dispatched my letter. I have had a great wish to see you for the last month." "I am heartily glad to meet you once more," the squire responded; and his

"On foot," returned Sir Douglas, calmly, "My man will arrive with my traps in about an hour's time."

"On foot from Chesterham! You must be tired out. Come to my study. What volumes of anecdotes we could write, Douglas, of our respective lives! Vane, my dear, will you come with us.""

"No," replied Miss Charteris, with a forced smile. "I will go and tell mamma . She moved away gracefully as

spoke; Sir Douglas looked after her. "That is George Charteris' girl?" he

"Yes. She is very beautiful, is she not?" returned the squire dreamily.
"Hum!" observed Sir Douglas to him-

self. "She may be: but-"

ed, as he entered the great hall. "I the work and you pienic, Mr. seem to have stepped back into my bothood again. Sholto. Ah, we don't "I know I am," confessed t fellow! Only a few short years, and we are both wrecks of what we were!"

They had entered a smaller apart-ment at the back of the building, one used by the squire as his study and own special sanctum. Books and pamphlets were carelessly strewn about; and the room, in its plain appointments, told clearly and distinctly the character of

The squire pushed forward a large chair to the window, and Sir Douglas, throwing off his hat, seated himself in it, whilst the squire settled himself at the table.

"Did my letter startle you?" asked Sir Douglas stationly.
"You it clid," was the candid answer.

you have judged me as the world has judged me, an ill-conditioned fellow who leved all nations and people above his own! But you have wronged me-the world his wronged me. I am as capable of strong domestic feeling as

any man living. I am what I am through trickery and deceit." The squire gazed earnestly at his cousin's face, the thin features illuminated by a sudden rush of color. Sir Douglas turned, and, as his eyes met that earnest gaze, he sunk back slowly in his chair, and the old cynical look came

"I must not bore you with my hidden griefs, Sholto," he said dryly; "they are musty and gray now with age." "You mistake if you think they bore

me. I have never judged you hardly, Douglas. Your nature was not a common one. To me your life has fitted your nature."
"My life," echoed the guest a little

"What a weary turmoil it seems looking back at it now, what ceaseless restlessness! Ah, cousin, you have had the best of it. after all!" The squire made no reply.

present, Sholto. I wrote to you with one idea and thought prominent in my mind. In another month or so I shall leave England again, perhaps this time never to return; but, before I go, I want to leave my old inheritance an heir, and must find him here."

"Here!" repeated the squire. "You forget, Douglas, I am seven years your senior, and in all probability—" "I do not mean you. You have a

"Stuart?" exclaimed the squire. "Yes. You have never seen him, Douglas. He is the best in the world."

"I do not need your word to tell me that. I have heard of this son. The world is very small, and my ears are always sharp. He was in Calcutta last year. Yes, and I was there too." "Then you know him?"

Sir Douglas shook his head. "I never saw him; but I heard of his good, warm, generous nature, and, judging him as your son, my heart went out

"It is a noble offer." the squire said in his quiet, simple way. "But is there no one whom you would sare to select outside the family? Stuart will inherit the castle, remember."

"There is not a soul." Sir Douglas replied, in low tones. "Don't cross me in this, Sholto; to your son I would willingly give all I possess. Heaven grant he may derive greater happines from it than I have done!" There was a silence btween the two

men; then the squire said gently: "You look worn and tired, Douglas, Must you leave England again so soon? "Yes," Sir Douglas returned briefly. "My search is not ended; if nothing else will support me, revenge will." paused for an instant, then went on quickly, "Sholto, old fellow, don't think me mad or wild; there is a spot in my

past which even you can never see. Only thus much I will tell you, that, though I am a cynical, dry, hard creature now, there was a time, a brief heavenly time, when my life was mil of juy and vigor as your sen's is now. The memory of that dead joy, the memory of my terrible wrongfor I was wronged-has destroyed by life's happiness. I live only for two ! things—to be revenged and to be satis-

He rose from his chair as he spoke, and strode rapidly up and down the room, while the squire watched him totderly and sorrowfully. He read the depth of trouble in the grief-distorted face; but he did not seek to know this or learn in any way the truth of his cousin's strange earger. Sie Dinglas suddenly stopped in his hurried walk.

"I am not myself to-day, Sholto," he said, relapsing into his dry manner, "My return to your old home, where everything speaks of the past, has worked badly on me; but the weakness is gone. and lon't be alarmed -it will not come

again." The squire said nothing, but stretched out his hand and grasped his cousin's in silence. Sir Donglas turned away as their fingers unloosened and threw bim-

self into his chair again. "I shall stay with you for a week or two, Sholto," he went on presently. "1 want to make triends with Stuart-and then I shall disappear. I trust your wife will not be alarmed at my rough appearance; I believe I have some decent costs among my things-I must look them out."

"Constance will welcome you warmly, though he shifted his papers nervously

about as he spoke. "More especially when she knows what has brought me," was Sir Douglas's muttered thought. Then he turned the conversation on

other things; and the two men were soon lost in an argument, talking as easily and haturally as though fifteen days. ont years, had elapsed slace their last

Meanwhile, away in the Weslift grounds, the pienie was progressing well Margery had spread her snow-white cioth on the turf and placed the dain'y cakes and, apples upon it; and despit Stuart's grumbling, he ate heartily of the simple repast.

"I call this heavenly!" he exclaimed, is he lay on the grass, leaning on his dow, and watched Margery feed the dogs. "It is nice," she agreed, turning her great sapphire eyes on him: "but I do al! the work and you pienie, Mr. Stuart. I

"I know I am," confessed the young wear as well as bricks and mortar, old | man; "but you forget how hard I have always worked, Margery," he added. Margery shook her wealth of red-gold hair, and laughed a sweet, musical laugh that rang through the summer silence. "Worked!" she repeated-"you work-

ed! I don't believe you really know what work means." "I do seem to have led a purposeless life when I think of it." Stuart observed refrectively. "The hardest day I ever had was when I went tiger-shooting." "Tiger-shooting!" repeated the girl.

paling. "Oh, Mr. Stuart, it sounds so dreadful!" "You are a little coward, Margery," Stuart langlied. "By Jove, though, how you would have enjoyed some of the things I did! I am sure you would be

# OTHERS ALL FARED

And Dodd's Kidney Pills cured the Postmaster.

F. Tipgine Had Suffered for Years and Spent Hundreds on Dectors and Medicines, But Found the Real Cure at Last

Tippins P. O., Que., June 26.—(Spe-ial.)—if Dodds' Kidney Pills have a more estàusiastic friend anywhere in anuda than Mr. F. Tippins, Postmaster here, we would like to hear from him. And Mr. Tippins is siways ready to tell why he praises the great Kidney Rem-

After recovering from an attack of Grippe, the postmaster says, "I took a pain in my back. I suffered for nearly three years and it kept growing worse all the time. I was attended by all the doctors around, but got no relief, and I got so bad I had to keep to my bed. After spending about \$200 on doctors and medicines I gave up all hope.

One day I told my wife to go and get me a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and that would be the last medicine I would "Let us bury by gones—they leave a that would be the last medicine I would bitter taste behind. I will come to the try. After using about half the box I began to feel better, so I kept on taking them. When I had taken two boxes I was able to get up, and ten boxes cured Dodd's Kidney Pills cure where all

other medicines fail

like to be out at sea and not a speck of land in sight?"

"I have read of the sea: but I have never seen it," Margery said, simply. "But I think I should like it; there must be such a grandeur and beauty in rolling waves and great moving waters. I wish you yould tell me something about

Stuart moved into a sitting position and leaned his back against the trunk

of a giant tree. "I shall have to write a book about ny travels, and dedicate it to you," he

said, lightly. Margery smiled, and then put her arm round the colly's neck, and drew the dog's head on to her knees. The retriever had retired to a shady spot, and was stretched out fast asleep. Stuart launched at once into anecdotes of the sea; he knew just where to put a telling touch and wake the interest; and Margery listened eagerly, drinking in the wonders with pretty incredulity and making Stuart break into hearty fits of laughter at her ignorant nautical remarks.

The afternoon passed quickly: the

sun had moved round: and cust slanting rays of golden light into the green nook. It touched Margery's head, seeming to rest on the soft, silky curls with delight. She looked so sweet in her plain white gown — a very flower of purity and beauty that Stuart's eyes, resting on her, would make him hesitate in his story and his heart thrill with a strong wave of unspeakable pleasure. To Margery the moments slipped away too quickly; she revoled in these tales of strange countries in the adventures and hair-breadth escapes that had filled those two years of bit.

"How beautiful and how strange it must have been, Mr. Stuart!" she said, drawing a deep breath, after awhile. "You must find Hurstley dull." (To be Continued )

TO-DAY! This little strip of light, Twint night and night, Let me keep bright To-day!

And let no fumes of yesterday Nor shadows of to-morrow Bedim with sorrow To-day!

teeth than he has in the bank.

I take this gift of heaven
As simply as 'tis given;
And if to-morrow shall be sail.
Or never comes at all, I've had
'At least to-day! Many a man has more gold in his

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

would not be alive. For five months I had painful and irregular periods and inflammation of

ation, because I had a tumor. I went back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise."—Mrs. EMMA CHATEL, Valleyfield, Eelleriver, Quebec.

Another Operation Avoided. Poughkeepsie, N.Y.-I run a sewing all women who suffer should write to

tion. "Please be kind enough to find our when Miss McLaughlin will be able to speak."

He held the receiver to his ear this time and heard a wrangling after off, a clicking of instruments and a murmur of indistinct voices. At last the answer came. It was:

"Two years!"

Meanwhile, as Mr. Stiliwell found out later, his son-in-law had been having a terrible time. There was enough going on in that house in Milwaukee anyway that morning, and when the phone bell rang the head of the household wasn't any too gentle about the way he growled. "Well, what is it?" Then he heard that New York was calling by long distance and thinking that his wife's family had chosen this way of sending congratulations he calmed down a little. But when the operator said that Miss McLaughlin, was wanted lie hit the ceiling again.

"You mean Mrs. McLaughlin," and he. "Well, she can't come to the phone just now, but this is Mr. McLaughlin, and well, I guess somebody else will have to do since there isn't any Miss McLaughlin, and well, I guess somebody else will have to do since there a minute, of course there is a Miss McLaughlin," as a light dawned upon him.

"I guess the party in New York knew West as he has the East.

a Miss McLaughim.

"I guess the party in New York knew who he was calling," said the operator. "Get Miss McLaughlift to the phone and don't waste any time. The party is

father. "Now don't get fresh," snapped the "Now don't get fresh," snapped the operator. "There's a man waiting to get a sensible answer in New York and I am't going to give hi many such fool remark as that. Are you going to get Miss McLaughlin to the phone?"

"I certainly am not," said the son-in-

It's hard to love this brother. And he's a diplomat at that. He is altogether smooth and suave. No, he isn't going to be any bother at

He just wants to change the wires a

THE TELEPHONE MAN.

keeps his word. But even at that he manages to set off a window shade so that one tears Oh, these people who aren't any trou-

It is an undisputed fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of house flies. Fortunately no such quantity can ever be found in a well kept house, but whether they be few or many Wilson's Fly Pads

will kill them all. PLEASE DON'T KEEP "LITTLE BROTHER" DRESSED UP ALL

THE TIME. An Editorial for Mothers of Little Boys

and Girls. Are you worrying about Little Brother's clothes, and how you'll manage to keep him dressed up and dainty this summer, so he may sit on the porch and look mose and allow you to be proud of

look mee and allow you to se proud of him?

Dor't! Please don't!

Little brother does not want to be dressed up. At least he doesn't if he is a real sure enough boy, and that you undoubtedly want him to be. Small boys would much rather have some corduroy or khaki "nickers," a little cotton shirt just like daddy wears to go fishing, some clumpy little shoes and a slouch hat or even a little bit of a polka dot of a cap stuck on the back or side of his head, than to be dressed up like a picture.

Of course, all small boys must be dressed up occasionally, when there is company to dinner, maybe, and for Sunday school; but not all day long on hot Sunday in the hot summer time. That is too much; it makes an average small boy just about hate Sunday to know

day in the bot summer time. That is too much; it makes an average small boy just about hate Sunday to know that all day long on that awful day he must be dressed up and keep clean and look nice, and sit still.

"My little boy," said a mother to me, "who is just past eight, has several little Peter Thompson suits in white duck, blue rep, and natural linen, that he wears when he must. What he likes to wear is a pair of brown corduroy gnickerbockers, a little brown khaki shirt that cost 50 esnts, a real little four-in-hand tie, and a little bit of a cap. He is not arraid of getting dirty, hhaki shirts and corduroy trousers do not tear easily, and they make a boy feel just right. He is learning to play baseball, he rides a bicycle, he goes fishing, and sits on the river bank watching for a 'bite' just like a real fisherman, whenever he has a chance to ge fishing with a 'grownup,' for I do not believe in small boys and large rivers in too close proximity.

"My little-boy," said a mother to me, "who is just past eight, has several little Peter Thompson suits in white duck, blue rep, and natural linen, that he wears when he must. What he likes to wear is a pair of brown cordurory gnickerbockers, a little brown khaki shirt that cost 50 esnts, a real little four-in-hand tie, and a little bit of a cap. He is not afraid of getting dirty, hhaki shirts and cordurory trousers do not tear easily, and they make a boy feel just right. He is learning to play baseball, he rides a bicycle, he goes fishing and sits on the river bank watching for a 'bite' just like a real fisherman, whenever he has a chance to ge fishing with a 'grownup,' for I do not believe in small boys and large rivers in too close proximity.

"My boy's room is just as sensible and of getting dirty, hhaki shirts and cordurory trousers do not tear easily, and they make a boy feel just right. He is learning to play baseball, he rides a bicycle, he goes fishing for a 'bite' just like a real fisherman, whenever he has a chance to one, is a chest covered with the mus

water. "His bed, a sanitary couch, is made up

"His bed, a sanitary couch, is made up always in the usual way, after a good alring, with a clean white bedspread and everything that can go into the wash often nand unharmed. Over it all I have a spread of brown linen crash, so if he kicks his little muddy feet on the bed, or sits there or romps there fresh from the muddy river bank, no harm is done.

"Just outside his window this summer a robin has built a nest, snuggled up in the edge of the roof, and small boy adores the edge of the roof, and small boy adores lying on his back on his little brown bed, still as a mouse and watching the robin No, little one, the gambler is not the

These probably he was the sum here to blook suffrage of the sum that here to the other day when they get through handling a call per in by a man who lives to do unusuals things. Mit. Stillwell, he he mire be called, white upon the merining in New York to find a tellogram from his son-in-law's name may be given as McLaughillin.

Mr. Stillwell went to the telephone and asked for long distance.

"I want to get in a call for Milwaukae," is and for long distance.

"I want to get in a call for Milwaukae," it want to get to he first man early to get the person called.

"I want to speak to Mils McLaughillin at 222.— street."

The operator repeated the name and address and then asked for the first man and the profits. He held the land nine years and in that time had air tenants, the profits. He held the land nine years get, I don't want to speak to any one but Miss McLaughillin. He hung up the receiver and went to apeak to any one but Miss McLaughillin. He hung up the receiver and went to apeak to any one but Miss McLaughillin. He hung up the receiver and went to apeak to any one but Miss McLaughillin. He hung up the receiver and went to apeak to any one but Miss McLaughillin. He hung up the receiver and went to apeak to any one but Miss McLaughillin. He hung up the receiver and went to apeak to any one but Miss McLaughillin. He hung up the receiver and went to apeak to his breakfast.

The after minutes the bell whirred and Mr. Stillwell went to the phone in noine excitement.

"M'ss McLaughillin can't speak," was

"Miss McLaughlin can't speak" was der the mortgage. As near as he could the message that came from the operator. "I can get Mr. McLaughlin if he the nine years was about \$4,000, from will do."

"No, he won't do at all," said Mr. Stillwell with every evidence of examples
tion. "Please be kind enough to find
our when Miss McLaughlin will be able

about \$1,290. This left him a net income

West as he has the East.

The tenant farmer, President Waters says, is the ruination of the country and waiting."
"Tell that party in New York," said the son-in-law, who was enjoying himself by this time, "that Miss McLaughin can't speak." Then he sat down beside the phone and waited. The next time the beil rang the operator repeated Mr. Stillwell's query on the subject of how soon Miss McLaughlin would be able to speak.
"Tell him two years," said the young father. the menace of the city. He has left in forced the price of productive land to an abnormal height, and sent droves of sturdy young farmers beyond our bor-

ders to the north. President Waters has been investigating the tenant farmer for a long time, and he knows his subject, but nothing 'Why not?"

"Recause my dear young lady," was the deliberate answer, "Miss McLaughlin is exactly three hours old!"

The operator's only tetort was a crack in the receiver that nearly broke his and he knows his subject, but nothing good of him. He speaks now of the tenant is exactly three hours old!"

the soil, not the real tenant former—the ameli ten per cent. or so of hustling, ambitious young men. long on industry ambitious young men, long on industry they have saved enough to buy a farm of their own. He speaks of the other ninety per cent., the migratory agricuttural vagabonds who follow in the wake of the homeseeker and the homemaker, leaving blight and desolation wherever they tarry. From "Agricultural High-waymen."—July Technical World Maga-

### COOL SUBSTITUTES FOR MEAT IN HOT WEATHER-MILK.

Expert in charge of nutrition experi ments, U. S. Department of Agricul-

It is difficult to suggest more rational dishes than old-fashloned pread and milk, the much and milk of the early American settiers, and the oatmest and make of the Scoton. In recent times the many agned to be eaten with finite have to a large extent taken the place of the old-fessioned dishes and have approximately the same nutritive value. Seen combinations are rational, because the cereal, which supplies a lair amount of protein, is also specially rich in starch and supplies the fuel elements which milk lacks

pites the ruel elements which milk lanks to make it a perfect food.

For young entidren, eggs, bread, and other cereat foods, are generally regarded as staple foods, and most persons agree that they are better suited to the child than are heavy meat dishes.

Though thuid outside the body, milk becomes solid, i. e., coagulated or curdied almost as soon as it enters the stomach. Its water content is high, unadulterated while milk containing about 37 per cent. of this constituent, and 1-2 per cent. solids, of which about one-fourth is proteid compounds (casein being the most abundant), one-third fats (butter fat), and the remainder carbohydrates and a small

remainder carbohydrates and a small amount of mineral matter. The value of milk as food is not generamount of mineral matter.

The value of milk as food is not generally realized, for very many persons think of it, for adults at least, as a beverage rather than as a food, and do not realize that A GLASS OF MILK ADDS AS MUCH NUTRITIVE MATERIAL TO A MEAL AS ONE-FOURTH OF A LOAF OF BREAD OR A SLICE OF COOKED BEEF. On the whole, milk is to be regarded as a reasonably nutritious animal food, and, furthermore, it is very thoroughly assimilated, as has been shown by many experiments.

Milk can be used in the preparation of a great variety of dishes which are palatable, wholesome, and generally relished, and while the milk and foods containing milk do not bear any great resemblance in appearance and favor to meat yet on the basis of composition and digestibility they may be used as reasonable substitutes for it.

The importance of skim milk, which is whole milk, minus part of its fat, should not be overlooked, for it may be used in place of whole milk in the preparation of a great many dishes. Since it costs only about one-half as much as whole milk, it furnishes protein much more cheaply than beef. The fat which skim milk lacks may be readily supplied if needed by using butter or less expensive fats.

### **Nova Scotian Tortured** Tells How His Own Life Was

Saved by Catarrhozone. Six Mile Brook, N.S., June 26. Such suffering as Munro Gun had endured from asthma is seidom witnessed. "For six years," he says, "I suffered torture. Doctors said I couldn't get well, but after using three bottles of 'Catarrhozine' I was cured and never felt better in my life than I do to-day. Catarrhozone is certain to cure asthma." For bronchitis and catarrh it is equally sure. Don't use double remedies when cure is swift and permanent from Catarrhozone. Sold by all dealers. Two months' treatment, \$1; sample size, 25c. Be sure you use Catarrhozone.

AN ADVANTAGE. You prefer a ball game played by don't

mutes T'
"Yes." replied the man who laves
strife. "When the players get into a strife. "When the players get into a wrangle with the umpire you can take a field giass and see exactly what is being

only one who takes a chance. Look at the married man. Montgomery Jour-

"Cakes and apples," she answered promptly.
"Hum!" observéd Stuart meditatively.

"Very much." "Then I do too. Now let us get into the woods. By the bye is Reuben about?" No. I believe he has gone to some of Sir Hubert's farms. He started very early this morning; but he will be home to dinner. Did you want him, Mr. Stuart?" "No, not particularly. But what a lark

Margery laughed heartily at the idea.

"Transport us for life perhaps, "Stuart "Would that mean going away from

Stuart nodded. "I should not like it at all then," she

easy way in which the colly and retriever scaled the wall. "How elever they are!" she cried

said Stuart, as they strolled in the cool Margery looked at him quickly.
"I have never thought about it,
Stuart," she replied. "Would it be

"I love Hurstley," the girl went on her; then there are Miss Lawson and all

"I never thought of that," she murwould be terrible!"

the young man, stretched at full length radiant beauty, feeling that with every look his determination to see less of

CHAPTER VII. Vane Charteris found the day pass very slowly, with no one but her aunt

to amuse her. She sat listlessly beside Mrs. Crosbie during the long drive, feeling bored and wearied, and yawned through the afternoon in her room, finding no pleasure in her mother's society and less in her own. The thought that had come to her suddenly in the morning grew stronger as the hours passed. As Stuart Crosbie's wife, she would taste once more the awaetness of her lost She was leaning by her open window.

perhaps one of a gang of thieves. She rose quickly, and made her way from was absorbed in his books. There was

his hands in his pockets, his hat pulled that Sir Dougits has arrived." low over his brows. She went toward him at once.

servants to you." The man replaced his hat, with a cur-

Vane's face flushed. "No," she said, colliy.
"Ah! Mies Crosbie, perhaps?"

"I shall answer no more amations,"

to go away at once." "There spoke George Charteris!" mut-Vane started; she could hardly believe her ears. This shabby man to mention her father's name! It was extraordin-

for the servants to see if they will be

more successful."

drawing her arm from his touch.

attention

"Sir Douglas Gerant." The footman bowed and turned away, while Vane felt that she wished the ground would open and swallow up this queer, dried, cynical cousin or herseff-

"Will you forgive me?" he said, quiet-y extending his hand, a long thin white

"Stuart has gone to Chesterham." "Hum! And is he a nice fellow? Do

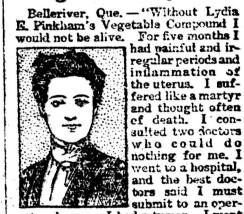
morning. We expected you to-morrow." Bir Douglas laughed.

sion was unnoticed. 'I was eager to see you, Shoito, and I

face looked brighter than usual. "But how have you come, Douglas."

The sentence was left unfinished, and the strange guest followed the squire into the house. "How unchanged it all is!" he remark-

return to England, that you would die a good sailor. Margery, how would you



went to a hospital, submit to an oper-

machine in a large factory and got all run down. I had to give up work for I could not stand the pains in my back. The doctor said I needed an operation for womb trouble but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did more for me than the doctors did. I have gained five pounds. I hope that everyone who is suffering from female trouble, nervousness and backache will take the Compound. I owe my thanks to Mrs. Pinkham. She is the working girl's friend for health, and her and take her advice. - MISS TILLIE PLENZIG, 3Jay St., Pourhkeepsie, N. Y.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to sure