

Two Weeks
Jury.

Firemen From
Courts.

s Must be on
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Oct. 30. Four
only to temporary
use challenge for
qualification, and one
was uncompleted.

out of a venire
in the McNamara
case opened today.

statements have been
made, the re-
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tion conducted by

went into extrajurisdiction
leaving to counsel
out of the state of
after the trial
ten days ago.

in the case figured
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to get a jury. No
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torney Clarence S.

that the jury box
out two months.
John D. Fredericks
a prediction.

the week," he said,
make one."

jection, it seemed
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rooms whose names
service January 1.

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was still unsettled
that no man shall
name is not on
at roll.

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BURNED
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et. 30.—Apparently
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They were all in-
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doors and nailed
the house. Then,
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but it
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rescue of the
babies was im-

ER HIM
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Murder.

et. 30.—Charles
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Sweet Miss Margery

"Why, Margery," he said lightly, "what is the matter? Who has been frightening you?"

"I am nervous about you; you look so worn and ill. Nugent, you must put away those deeds and writings. They distress me."

"You shall not be distressed then, my darling; see—I have put them away at once. But you are mistaken, Margery; I am not ill, only a little tired."

"Tired?" she repeated, putting her hands on his. "Yes, yes, of course! How forgetful I am! I leave you all this tiresome business to do. I am very selfish."

"You are my dear, sweet Margery!" he said, lightly. "But what has caused you this sudden fear, my darling?"

"You have been looking ill for so long! The squire has just spoken to me, and it has frightened me; and, Nugent, I want to ask you something. Will you promise to do it?"

"What can I refuse you, Margery?"

"Then let us leave here and go back to the manor—the squire is longing to see our dear old home. You will come, dear?"

"Home!" repeated the earl drearily, as the word brought content. Then, with a sudden contraction of his brows, as if from pain, he added, "But it will be lonely for you, my dear one; you will not care for it."

"I wish it with all my heart," said Margery quietly, glad to see that this proposal brought a gleam of pleasure to his eyes.

"Then," returned her husband, looking with strange, sad steadfastness into her glorious eyes—"then we will go home, Margery."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Back at CHAPT Manor, Margery bashed for awhile the sad memory of her lost love. This spot was hallowed by the presence of Eud's spirit, and for that reason, apart from all others, was dear to her. The squire revelled in the picturesque surroundings of the estate.

"They may call Becham magnificent," he said, dreamily as he stood in the old-fashioned shadows and gazed round on the fragrant flowers, "but this is home."

"Comin' Sholto, you endorse my opinion. I love the manor!"

Margery, clad in a long robe of creamy white, with just a knot of black ribbons at her neck and in her broad-brimmed hat, glanced at her husband as she spoke and smiled at him.

The squire responded to his hostess by a poetical quotation:

"And primroses, pale gems of spring,
Lay on the green turf glistening;
Close by the violet, whose breath
Is so sweet, in a dewy wreath.
And, oh, that myrtle—how green it
grew,
With flowers as white as the pearls of
dew
That shone beside! And the glorious
rose
Lay like beauty in warm repose,
Blinking in slumber."

Margery listened dreamily. Her thoughts had flown to the springtime of her life, recalled by the breath of the flowers, the sweetness of the air.

The earl had wandered across the lawn; and, though he looked less grave and worn, the expression of his eyes as he turned from Margery was unexpressed.

Margery's reverie was disturbed by the squire, and she was soon deep in an interesting scientific discussion with him. Presently her husband returned, followed by one of the gardeners.

"I am going to the west part of the grounds, my darling," he said. "Marshall tells me the men are going to cut down that dead tree this morning. It was struck by lightning in the autumn."

"I will come with you, Court," broke in the squire. "In my young days I was rather good at that sort of thing."

"Come, by all means, Marshall, see that there are two extra axes ready."

"You are not going to help them, are you, Nugent?" Margery asked, quickly and nervously.

"Yes, my darling, but don't be afraid. I am a school boy would say, a big gun, at wood cutting—I am not, Marshall!"

"Indeed you are, my lord," the gardener replied, solemnly.

"May I come and watch you?" The earl hesitated.

"I should be afraid, darling, as the splinters fly about so rapidly; but perhaps I can place you in a safe corner. Run down to some strong stone; the ground is damp down at that corner. You have good ropes, Marshall?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I will follow you directly," said Margery; then, as they turned, urged by an uncontrollable impulse, she called, "Nugent!"

The earl came back at once.

"You are sure there is no danger?"

"Quite sure—as certain as any man can be."

Margery smiled, raised her lips to his, and he kissed her. A faint flush rose to his brow as the simple action; and then, with a swift tender look, he turned and walked rapidly away.

Margery went quickly to the house and changed her shoes for a stronger pair; then, seeing the look of eagerness on Pauline's face she good naturedly told the maid to put on a hat, and they started together.

The sound of voices and heavy boots led them to the exact spot, and Pauline in her excitement could not repress little shrieks and exclamations of astonishment. As they turned the corner the earl came toward them; he had removed his coat, and, with his strong right hand grasping the axe, his face flushed from the unwonted exercise, he looked almost handsome.

"Come here, my darling," he said, leading Margery to a safe spot.

"No, stand by my wife. We shall soon have it down, poor old tree! How well I remember it in my school days! You are frightened, Margery?"

"No," she answered, with a smile, though her heart thrilled with strange apprehensions.

The squire came to her, looking rather disappointed.

"You are not here, looking rather disappointed," she remarked, with

FARMER TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY

Whether Sick or Well, in Good Weather or in Stormy, He is Obligated to Work Always.

Market people complain about prices they have to pay for farm produce. They forget that rain or shine, warm or cold, the farmer must keep at it or else the narrow profit, his bare living, will be lost to him.

A well-known Hamilton farmer, Mr. J. P. Pelletier, writes: "For nearly three years I was in poor health. A drenching storm caught me in the fields and wet me to the skin. I got home only to find I was threatened with influenza of the bowels. I never got over it and felt weak and heavy and my system never worked quite right. But a farmer has to work—and I found myself going down hill with stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Failure seemed to follow everything. I remained wretched and sick until advised to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. It is not easy to describe the sorrows of feeling a sick man gets when he strikes the bed. I was in bed for a week, doing him a lot of good. I was overjoyed—Hamilton's Pills worked right into me and everything worked right. Since cured with Dr. Hamilton's Pills I haven't had a single symptom of stomach, liver or kidney trouble. I am free from headaches, languor and weakness, as strong, robust as a man could be. No better medicine for general family use than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, healthful and certain to cure. Sold in yellow 25c boxes, all dealers, or The Cataract Co., Kingston, Ont."

chill, and spring was come again; and during all that time Margery had lived weighed down by a burden of anguish and sorrow. Miss Lawson had gone to her at the beginning of her grief, and, discarding all other ties, had given herself up to the old pupil, who clung to her so pairingly; and it was the elder woman's one aim to drive the gloom and despondency from the girl's brow, and bring joy and happiness back to the youthful heart.

She knew Margery's secret now. Stuart and she were leagued together; but all through the year, though she had tried again and again, she could not bring the lovers and cousins together. Margery shrunk from meeting Stuart—shrunk with a heart full of remorse, pain and morbid gloom. Was it right that she should be glad, have happiness, when one who had loved her so truly and tenderly lay in the grave forgotten? Once, only once, had she spoken on this subject to Miss Lawson; and, like a wise woman, the governess said nothing, but decided to wait.

"It is but natural, after all. Margery's sensitive, generous spirit has received so terrible a shock, that it has shattered all joy in life at one blow."

So spoke Miss Lawson as she reasoned with Stuart, who hungered for a kind word, a sign, from his early love. He honored her for her fealty to the dead, but he was human, and his heart ached for peace after so much misery. He had been more than touched by the noble, generous thoughtfulness of the young man; for, after all was over and the will read, a letter was sent him, and, alone in his chamber, Stuart learned the wish and desire of Nugent, Earl of Court.

(To be Continued.)

Medical Relief by India Railways.

The Bengal railway companies have agreed to allow their station masters to be utilized as agents for the sale of quinine. Orders have been issued to supply them with the drug. The Lieutenant-Governor is of opinion that they will become very useful agents, especially in districts where there are no post offices.

A very interesting form of medical relief, by the way, has been inaugurated in Bengal. In twenty-one districts it is the practice to depute medical officers in charge of dispensaries to visit outlying markets and afford any medical aid which is required by the people who assemble there. Colonel Harris states that in this way a large amount of sickness is relieved, and further the dispensary itself becomes widely known. Another excellent plan of reaching the people to that of floating dispensaries. Every one knows that there are in Bengal many places which are practically only accessible by water. For their benefit floating dispensaries are obviously necessary. It appears there is one such dispensary in the Cuttack district which in three years treated no less than 17,500 patients. In the Burdwan district a floating dispensary works along the Bhagirathi and Khari rivers. One is disposed to agree with Colonel Harris that local funds could hardly be more profitably spent than upon the various forms of itinerant medical relief.—Calcutta Statesman.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Margery, the sea is beautiful today. Come out, child; it will do you good."

Miss Lawson spoke in her old abrupt, deep, hearty way; but she looked at the slight form in its heavy morning robe, and at the girl's beautiful face beneath the widow's cap.

Margery raised her eyes from her writing.

"I do not care for it, dear," she answered, gently; "and I must finish these letters for the post. Remember, Wave-mouth is not London; we do not go by steam down here."

"Your letters can wait," said Miss Lawson. "They are not of such consequence as your health."

"My health?" returned the girl, with a faint smile; "but if you wish it very much, I do wish it very much; indeed, I am rather dull, Margery."

The well-assumed pliancy of the older woman's last words was most successful.

"Dull!" repeated Margery, putting down her pen at once. "Oh, forgive me. How selfish I am, dear friend!"

"There, don't waste time in self-reproach! Go and put on your hat—not your heavy bonnet. The fresh air will do you more good than sentimentalizing."

Miss Lawson brushed away a tear as she glanced at the girl's face. A year had gone—she shuddered and tried to smile, a memory of golden splendor, and a cheerless misery, a winter of frost and

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF A LITTLE BLOOD

The Cause of Nearly All the Everyday Ailments of Life.

Too little blood that is what makes men and women look pale and sorrow and feel languid. That is what makes them drop along, always tired, never really hungry, unable to digest their food, breathless and palpitating at the heart after slight exertion, so that it is wasteful even to go upstairs. Doctors tell them that they are "anaemic"—the plain English being too little blood. If your face is pale or yellow, if your gums are pale instead of being scarlet; if you are easily tired and frequently despondent; if you do not relish your meals; and small matters irritate you, it is a sign that your blood is thin and watery and that you are on the verge of a complete breakdown.

More weak, anaemic people have been made strong, energetic and cheerful by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other means. They actually make new blood, which reaches every part of the body, braces the nerves and brings new health and new strength. The case of Miss Nellie Welch, Essex, Ont., in proof of the great curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Welch says: "A few years ago I was going into what my friends believed to be a hopeless decline. I was subject to severe headaches, had no appetite, was pale and grew distressingly weak. I tried several doctors, some of whom we counted the best in this part of the country, but they failed to help me. At last my heart grew so weak and I was so nervous and thin that I had to take to my bed and the doctor held out but little hope for my recovery. Like others I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and though the doctor opposed my taking them I determined to give them a trial, as I felt I might as well be dead as to be lying in the misery I was in. In a month after beginning to take the pills I was up and around again, and steadily growing stronger until I was again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Several years have since elapsed and my health has been the very best. It is, therefore, with great gratitude that I write you in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other sufferer.

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six a country for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AN ACCIDENT

(By Dr. George C. Hunt, Chief of Chicago Ambulance Service.)

Two emotions control the spectators of a street accident—curiosity and horror. The one or the other predominates in proportion to the magnitude of the accident and its details, though it is safe to say that in all cases people do not look on with indifference. They become greatly overhauled by horror.

Get the victim into comfortable position—not try to move him except to make him lie in a naturally comfortable position. At the same time keep every one away from him except two or three who are trying to do something.

Dr. George C. Hunt, Chief of the Chicago police Ambulance Service, offers the following suggestions:

"Give the victim plenty of air and plenty of room. Do not crowd around them. Stay away unless you can do something. The police immediately by telephone. If the accident is some distance from a telephone or police station or hospital, and you are not a physician, do not touch him, but if you are, do not touch him except to do something.

"If the victim is bleeding profusely from a wound in a limb and the flow of blood is bright red, and comes in jets or spurts, bind a handkerchief or cloth to the wound and twist it tight with a piece of lead pencil or knife. If the blood is dark colored, and the flow is not so profuse, do not touch him except to do something. Remember that the bright colored spurting blood is from an artery and is being pumped by the heart. The dark colored blood is from a vein and is from the vein on its way back to the heart and must be stopped on the side of the wound away from the heart.

"A clean cloth pressed against a body wound will help to check the flow of blood. Do not move the victim except to get him into a comfortable position unless you see that a limb is broken. Then straighten it, pulling slightly on it to keep the end there. The broken bone from rubbing together.

"Lay the victim on the ground, placing something between the head and to a flesh and the dirt to keep the wound as clean as possible.

"Do not give whiskey or brandy. A drink of cold water or the application of cold water to the head or back of the neck will reassure the victim. Do not touch him unless he is not unconscious. Loosen the clothing."

ON THE SHOOTING OF WHALES

The announcement that Theodore Roosevelt was going to Long Beach, California, to harpoon whales is contradicted. The fact is they do not harpoon whales at Long Beach, but shoot them with a gun. The shooting of finback whales, a species ignored by the New Bedford whaler, who pursues only the sperm and right whale, has lately become a pastime with yachtmen, and Frank Brown, who maintains the unique industry of manufacturing whaling implements for the whale hunters of the world, has sold a number of whaling guns lately to sportsmen. But shooting a boat on a whale is a very different thing from the professional whaling of Quezeng, who ate his steak "mostly raw," or of the wielder of the long lance, "now wildly elbowed," with which "Nathan Swan did kill fifteen whales between a sunrise and a sunset."

—New Bedford Mercury.

TERRIBLE BACK PAINS

They fairly agonize your life. Something powerful and penetrating is needed. Doctors know of nothing so swift to relieve as Nerviline, a strong, penetrating liniment, which relieves the pains as yours. Nerviline is very concentrated, about four times more powerful than ordinary liniments. In the worst cases Polson's Nerviline is extraordinarily good. All muscular pain lies before it. Nearly fifty years in use—a good recommendation, surely.

(Kingston Standard.)

Of some 600 or more pupils who have been examined in the public schools up to date the astonishing revelation is made that 20 of them have defective teeth. Surely this is not a matter to be passed over lightly; that parents should be so negligent of their children that they should allow the dental condition to grow. No clearer evidence could be offered than this of the importance of medical inspection in the schools.

You can't always measure the depth of a man's mind by his height.

SILLY HYMNS

(Rochester Herald.)

The "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" song is not the only offender against good taste. The churches, we are glad to learn, are wading out the doggerel from their hymn books. It is certainly those they did. Imagine men and women, presumably of average intelligence, singing a thing like "O To Be Nothing, Nothing." Why, we send our children to school, and train them in other ways, so that they may be something. And if they turn out to be nothing, after all, we do not thank the Almighty for it. And yet they sing silly tunes. Another hymn which folks used to sing, before it was stricken out of the hymnals, ran as follows:

"Lord, regard my earnest cry,
A posher of the earth;
Poor, sully worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth."

And there used to be another which began, if we remember rightly, "O what a wretched land is this, which yields us no supply." In the first hymn, the singers blasphemed against men; in the second the blasphemy against the earth and thefulness thereof. We are not sure that the singers did not also blaspheme against God, but we are sure that the dust, who does as well as he can under the conditions imposed upon him.

WOMEN AND VOTES

(Letter in Pittsburg Gazette-Times.)

Women are keeping entirely within their sphere when they ask a voice in the control of their own property, a voice in the running of our schools, and have a lasting impression, and have so much to do with the health and welfare of our children, a voice in the placing of men in the high offices of our country, men who are permitting economic conditions to exist which have raised the price of living to such an extent that the wife and mother has to make one dollar do the work of two. We want a voice in the placing of men, in our city government who permit vice and crime to ruin our boys and girls, who are allowing temptations to beset them on every hand, who permit such resorts as Leo Weil referred to in his recent revelations.

CANADA'S FIRE LOSS

During the last two years Canada has sustained a loss of over \$45,000,000 worth of property by fires.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

USED FROM BIRTH

Mrs. H. V. Ossinger, Tiverton, N. S., says: "We have used Baby's Own Tablets since our little boy was three months old, and know nothing to equal them. He is now twelve months old, and has always enjoyed perfect health. Baby takes the Tablets easily, and we always keep them in the house." Mrs. Ossinger's experience is that of thousands of other mothers. An occasional dose of the Tablets will keep the well child in excellent health, or if the baby is ill with any of the many ailments that afflict little ones, they will speedily restore him to health again and make him thrive and grow fat. Buy or order strong. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 5c a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ARMY OF DIAMOND CUTTERS

The Ameterdiam diamond trade is in the hands of ten firms employing 10,000 workmen.

IN THE COMPOSING ROOM

"What type would you suggest for the reports of the baseball games?" "Diamond, of course."

The world's largest coke oven is being built at Gary, Ind.