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Sweet Miss Margery

On the night after Sir Douglas Ger- did not last, and as soon as we were toant's death, in the seclusion of his room gether the expression changed.

Stuart had broken the covering of the One evening I was leaving the club, packet intrusted to his care, and read the contents. The funeral was over now, and the will read: Beechair Park was left to Stuart, with the proviso that he fulfilled certain conditions contained in a letter already placed in his

The writing was close and crabbed but it was distinct, and Stuart read it

"When I first decided upon making you my heir, Stuart, I determined to coupled that decision with another that would perhaps prove as irksome to you se it has been sorrowful and disappointing to me. But a new influence has since come into my life-hope, sweet, bright, glorious hope, with peace and gifidness behind it. Let me tell you my

Douglas Gerant as a scamp, a profligate, a disgrace. I was wild, perhaps foolish and hot headed; but, Stuart, I stand suspense: never dishenered my name or my father's memory. My brother Eustace and I were never on good terms. He hated me for my wild spirits, my good looks and my success with women; and I on my side had little sympathy with his narrow cramped life and niggardly ways; so one day we agreed to part and never meet except when absolutely necessary. I left him in his dull home at Beecham Park, where his one idea of enjoyment was to scan rigidly the accounts of the estate and curtail the expenses, and went to London.

5"From my mother I inherited a small income, which proved about sufficient for my extravagances, and I passed my days with a crowd of boon companions travelling when and whither I pleased, fust as the mood seized me. Among my acquaintances was one whom I held dearer than all: we were bound together by the firmest bond-true friendship. Conway was a handsome fellow, with a reckless, dare-devil style that suited my wild nature, and an honest heart; we were inseparable. And next to him in my friendship was a man called Everest, a strong-willed being with a plain face, but having the manners of a Crichton, together with a fund of common sense. Everest was a barrier to Conway's and my wildness, and to him we owed many lucky escapes. We were with one accord railers at matrimony, and a very bad time of it any poor fellow had who deserted our ranks to take unto himself a wife. I laughed and bantered like the others, deeming myself invulnerable; yet, when I laugh ed the loudest, I felt wounded. My railery was over, my whole nature changed. The laughter and jokes of my companions jarred on me; my soul revolted from the lazy, useless life I was leading. I grew earnest and grave-I had fallen in love. I had seen a woman who sud-

denly changed the current of my life. "Gladys, my angel, my sweet star! was still early, and I determined to go and cared for. She was the niece of one of my mother's old friends. I rarely visited any of the old set, but one day the mood seized me to pay a visit to a Lady Leverick, with whom as a boy I used to be a great favorite; and at her house I met my durling. What need to tell you ail that followed? I haunted the house, unconscious that Lady Leverick grew colder and colder, heedless o fall but Gladys' eweet face and glorious eyes.

"At last the dream was dispelled: her aunt spoke to me. Gladye was an orphan under her charge; she was penniless, dependent on her charity, and she would not have so wild, so dissolute a man even propose for the girl's hand, I was mad, I think, for I answered angrily; but in the midst of the storm came a gleam of golden light. Gladys entered the room, and, in response to her sunt's commands to retire. put out her fair white hands to me, and, leaning her head on my breast, whispered that she loved me, and that nothing should separate us, "We were married Lady Leverick re-

fised to see, or even receive a letter you. from my darling; and my brother Eustace, in lieu of a wedding present, sent a curt note informing me that I was a madman. A madman I was, but my mania was full of joy. Could heaven be fuller of bliss than was my life in those first three months? My income was all we had, but Gladys had had little luxury, and we laughed together over our poverty, resolutely determining to be strictly economical. We took a small house in St. John's Wood; and then began my first real experience. I sighed over the money I had wasted: best Gladys never let me sigh twice, and always declared that she would manage everything. Out of all my old friends I

way and Hugh Everest; but very happy little reunions we had. We were quite alone; and though Gladys tried over and over again to reinstate herself with her aunt, from demning words of Conway's note. I can affectionate desire only, she failed. Lady Leverick would not see her or own her and my darling had only me in the wide

"How happy I was then; Through Everest's influence I obtained the secretaryship of a good club, and the addition to our income was most welcome

and belpful. The months slipped by with incredfile swiftness and sweetness till a year was gone and our baby born. All this time Conway and Everest were our heloved and most inmiate friends, and Gladys seemed to like them both. We christened the child Margery; but she was to me no earthly being-her beauty and delicacy seemed scarcely mortal.e She was like her mother, and both were marvels of loveliness, so much so that Conway, who was a bit of an artist, in-

Conway, who was a bit of an artist, instated on painting them in angel forms.

"Have you ever seen a storm gather
in a summer sky and in one moment
darken the brightness of the sunshine
with gray heavy clouds? Yes? Then you
can conceive how my life was changed
by a swift fell stroke that almost crushed my nunhood. I was much occupied at
the dub, and was away from home many
boars, constinues it struck me, when I
referred at night, that my wife's face
was disturbed and sad; but the feeling
me like a mother, with his grave face

and, in passing out of the door to enter the cab-I could afford that luxury now-I felt myself touched on the arm, and, turning found myself face to face with Hugh Everest. I welcomed him warmly, yet something in his manner sent a chill to my heart.

"'Dismiss your cab, and walk a little way with me; I want to speak to you,' he said. I turned to the cabman and did as my friend wished.

"Now what is your important business, Everet?" "'Have you seen Conway to-day?' he

asked, abruptly. "'Conway? Yes. He came to say goodbye; he starts for Monte Carlo to-night. Nothing wrong with him, I hope!"

"I turned and looked at Everest; he You will have heard of your cousin was deadly pale and greatly agitated. "If you have anything to tell me,' I said firmly, 'do so at once. I can not

'Then prepare for the worst. Conway has gone to Monte Carlo alone; but he will be joined in Paris by a woman to-morrow night. That woman is your

"My hand flew to his throat, but he was prepared, and pushed me with almost superhuman strength against some railings close by. We were at the corner of Pall Mail, and, suddenly putting his arm through mine, he dragged me toward the steps of St. James' Park.

"'You are a coward and a villain!" I exclaimed. 'Your words maddened me at first, but I am sane now. Great heavens, that you should have dared to utter such a lie and be alive!"

"He grasped my hand with his. "'Keep your head cool,' he said. 'If I had not proof, do you think I should speak as I have done?'

'Proof!' "I staggered to the steps and sunk down, burying my face in my hands. "This afternoon,' he went on quickly, 'I called at your house. Your wife was in, the maid said, and I entered the drawing room. I waited several minutes, and then the maid returned, saying that her mistress was not at home after all; and, leaving a message for her, I took my departure. At the gate I picked up this note in Conway's hand; you can see it by the light of this lamp.

It says, "Come to my studio at once for final arrangements.

To-morrow, I trust, will see the end of all your trouble, suspense and anxiety. Then will come my reward; for you will trust in me henceforth forever, will you not?" I was stunned when I read it,"
Everest went on. My first impulse was to tear it into shreds to to cast it from

to Conway's studio and reason with him. -demand an explanation. I went.' "Everet's voice grew husky for a moment, Stuart, while every word he uttered went to my heart like a knife; my youth died in that moment of su-

preme agony. "'I went,' he continued, 'and asked to see Conway: he came to me for a second, looking strangely agitated. I suggested staying with him till he started that evening, but he refused to let me, and hurried away. I took my denarture, ill at east; for, despite his repeated asservations that he had much to do, I felt he had a visitor; and my suspicions were only too well grounded, for, on turning my head when I reached the road. I saw your wife standing with him in the studio talking earnestly. Then 1 came to you.'

"To crush my happiness!' I exclaimed. recklessly. 'It was thoughtful!' 'You judge me as I feared,' he an-

swered, sadly. 'Well, I have done what I considered my duty; the rest is for "The rest will be forgotten,' I an-

swered. ".What-will you submit to dishonor you will stand deceit! You will receive her kisses to-night remembering her lover's this afternoon! You are no longer

a man, Gerant!' "His words fanned the flame of my jealous passion to madness. Hitherto 1 had spoken mechanically, remembering avoided him if I could—he told me my wife's purity and sweetness; but at there were several letters awaiting me his taunts the blood in my veins became

like fire. I wanted nothing but revenge. "Everest tried to calm me, but it was useless; he had set the match to a train that would not be extinguished.

"The remainder of that night is like a invited only two to our home, Guy Con- hideous nightmare to me. I can see myself now hurrying him from the steps to the street and into a cab. I can remember how sharp was the pain at my heart when I repeated the vague, yet self-consee again the houses seeming to fly past us as we dashed homeward. I can feel again the agony I endured when, in answer to my hoarse inquiry, the maid said my wife was not at home. Again I can feel the agony of suspense, rage, madness I suffered as I strode up and down the road before the house, with Everest standing a little way off, watching me with a calm anxious face, till the sound of light feet came to our ears, and I

stood before Gladys. "I can see her paie startled face, her shrinking form, as in a suppressed voice I demanded to know where she had been. She did not answer at once, and her hesitation maddened me. I lost all manliness. Stuart. It haunts me nowthe misery of her face, the pleading of her lips. But I would listen to nothing.

and strange carnest eyes. I was waiting only for the morning; then I started for Paris—for Conway and revenge!

"Gladys I would never see again. left my money and the settlement of my affairs in Everest's hands in case of my death, and he promised me to look after Gladys; for, though I deemed her disconored, I could not let her starve. He was anxious to stay in England, but I kept him beside me and refused to let

"I crossed to Paris the next day, and sought everywhere for Conway, but could not find him. Everest grew impatient, but still I would not release him: and two days passed without incident. On the third day I learned that Conway had never left England, that he was seized with sudden and severe illness at Dover; and, when I reached that place, he was dead.

"Robbed of my revenge, I sunk into gloomy despondency. Everest went to London to look after my wife. My body seemed paralyzed; I seemed no longer a My friend was away a week, man. and then returned suddenly and told me, with a strange pale face, that Gladys was gone had disappeared with

her child, and could not be found. "My misery was so great, I scarcely realized the horror of this. My brain was dulled by intense pain. As in a dream, I listened to him, hardly heeding him, and conscious only of a vague relief as he left me to go abroad, to shake off, he said, the anxiety he had suf-

"I stayed on another week or so at Dover, still in the same condition. Then my brain suddenly cleared; but my misery returned in greater force. I was mad once more with an agony of pain. I left Dover; it was hateful to me. I travelled to London. A longing, a craving seized me to see Gladys, to look on her once more, though she was dead to me forever. I drove to the house; and the memory of Everest's words came back to me then-that she was gone. Here it was quiet. I loosed myself from Pale and faint with anxiety, I alighted at the well known gate, and I saw at a glance that the house was deserted.

"What had become of Gladys? How had she managed? Was she starvinglost in London, with not a friend in the world? In an instant my rage was quenched. I saw her only in her sweetness, her beauty, and I leaned against the gate, overwhelmed with the flood. of miserable thoughts that crowded up-

"But it was not a time for dreams. I felt I must act. So I hurried to the house agents, feeling sure that they could tell me something. From them I gleaned the barest information. My wife had visited them early in the morning following that dreadful night, paid them the rent to the end of the quarter, and left the key. I questioned them closely and eagerly, but could gather nothing more, and then I went away, feeling like a man whose life was almost ended. Over and over again I whispered to myself, with a twinge of remorse, that Gladys was innocent, and would have explained all if I had only let her. Then the memory of Everest's words, the damning evidence of Conway's note, returned, and I knew not what to think; but on one point I was certain-henceforth life held no duty for

"I began a search—a search, Stuart, that has lasted all my life. By good hap at this time a distant cousin, dying, bequeathed me his property, which, though not large, came like a godsend at the moment, for every available penny I had had been expended in my search. I was haunted by my wife's pale, horror-stricken face gleaming in the moonlight, by the memory of my baby-child, whose prattle had sounded like music in my ears. I knew too well the miseries, the horrors. of London, and I could not bear to think that the woman I had held so near and-heaven help me!-still treasured in my heart, was thrown into its terrible jaws and left to perish without a helping hand.

"I pray heaven, Stuart, you may never know the darkness of those days, the unspeakable anguish, the depth of despair! Weeks passed. I could find no trace, and when I was tortured with the conflicting emotions which surged within me an event occurred that put the last stroke to my misery, added the ghastly weight of a wrong to my burden, a wrong which I could never wipe

"I had resigned my post at the club. and, in my eager restlessness, wandering about the London streets, either alone or with one of my detectives, I was lost even to the remembrance of the frequenters of my old haunts. One day, however, I met a man who had been very friendly with me, and in the course of conversation-i would gladly have

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ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING TONGE AND QUEEN STS. TORONTO P.M. WHITE - MAN

Baby Dreadful Sufferer. Could Not Keep Him from Scratching. Every Joint Affected. Used Guticura Soap and Cintment and He is Well.

"Enclosed find my son's photo and I feel by writing these few lines to you I am only doing my duty, as my son was a dreadful sufferer from eczema. At

the age of two weeks he began to get covered with red spots on his legs and groins, which mother thought was red gum or thrush; but day by day it grew worse until every joint and crevice were affected and baby started

joint and crevice were affected and baby started screaming for hours day and night, such a thing as sleep was out of the question. I took him to two of Sydney's leading doctors; one said it was one of the worst cases he had seen, the other did not think it so serious; one ordered ointment for rubbing in, the other a dusting powder. I followed their prescriptions for over four months and still baby kept getting worse. I could not keep him from scratching so great was his agony.

"When he was five months old I tried the Cuticum Remedies and I am very thankful to say my baby is to-day free from all his suffering. His groins were bleeding when I started and other parts affected were the lower parts of his body, under the knees, arms, in arm joints, eyebrows and neck; but after twice using Cuticum. Ointment I began to see a difference and by the time I find used one tin, along with the bathing with Cuticum. Soap, baby was nearly cured. I still kept on using the Cuticuma Soap and Ointment, and now, thank goodness, he is quite well and, although he is now ten months old, has not had any further return of the trouble." (Signed) Mrs. G. Martin, 2 Knight St., Erskineville, Sydney, N.S.W., Mar. 31, 1911. Cutteura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, but a liberal sample of each, with a 32-page book on the care and trestment of the skin and hair will be sent free on application to Potter Drug & Chem., Corp., 60 Columbus Aye., Boston, U.S.A.

at the club. None knew where to send

"I went for the letters, urged by a wild hope that Gladys might have written. She had. It was a letter that is graven on my heart in characters of blood. Heaven give me strength to tell you; for even now, after so many years, I grow faint when I think of it! It was a long, hurriedly written letterthe letter of a distraught woman. I will not give it to you here; there were no reproaches, but there was a clear statement of facts given by a broken heart. In my anxiety I could scarcely read the first lines, but some words further on caught my eyes, and held them as by magnetic power. They spoke, Stuart, of the persecution she had endured for weeks from Hugh Everest. Again and again, Gladys wrote, she felt urged to speak to me, but she knew valued him as a friend, and she trusted that his honor, his manliness, would overcome his baser feelings, and that he would go away. Of Guy Conway she spoke tenderly and earnestly. The letter I had brought forward as a proof of their guilt was indeed written by him; but it referred to a painting he me till Gladys was found. Though the child, which she had intended leaving at to tear it into shreds to to cast it from me till triadys was found. I thought of you, Douglas, and golden dream of our joy was ended, her aunt's house, hoping that the sight of the baby's angel-face would break down the icy barrier which caused her such pain. This had been a little plan of his, suggested when he saw how the estrangement troubled her. She was at Conway's studio, but only for the purpose of discussing the delivery of picture; and, catching sight of Hugh Everest, in a moment of agitation and dislike she openly expressed a wish not to see him. Conway at once undertook to prevent their meeting, with what terrible result you know. My wife ended her letter by stating that she was gone from my life forever with her child. The shock of my suspicions had destroyed all joy or happiness evermore for her; but, though separated, she would live as become my wife and the mother of my child, for whose sake alone she could

now endure life. This ended it: there was no sign, no clue no werd to lead me to her "I was not a man, Stuart, when I had read that letter; I was a brute-a savage animal. Had Hugh Everest been near me. I should have torn his cruel heart from his body, and his tongue from his false, lying lips. A fury seized me to find him-find him ,though I searched the world round; face to face with him, I could breathe out the passion, remorse, revenge, scoren and agony of my bursting heart. But I could not leave England till I knew where my darling was, my sweet, wronged angel —till I had knelt in the dust at her feet, and bowed my head in shame; and

so my search went on. "Years passed, but only a slight clue turned up now and then, always with the same ending. I have wandered -led by these disheartening clues from one country to another; and at last the men I employed grew weary, and I had to work alone. But I was kept alive by my love and my desire for revenge. Everest never came to England-coward and villain-but the day came, a day came, a day not long past, when we met and on his dying bed I forced him to confess his wrong and own his deceit. Then, when he was gone, the misery of my wasted life returned, and I sunk for while beneath my load of care. (To be Continued.)

WHERE BABY CUT HIS TEETH.

(New York Sun.) "We are called upon to repair all

kinds of damage," said a furniture dealer the other day. "But the most puzzling defacement - I ever saw was that which appeared on a beautiful mahogany table brought in for re-finishing. All around its margin were rows of scratches and small indentations which were hard to explain, as the table was otherwise uninjured.

"What happened to it?" I asked when the owner came in. "Well,' she replied, 'the baby insisted on cutting his teeth around the edge of it. Of course, it was rather expensive, but we both think there is nothing too

THEN HE SLUNK AWAY. (Toledo Binde.) "You are false!" he hissed. "You are the artificial product of the artificial age. Even your figure is not your own." "Line!" she cried triumphantly. "I paid the last instalment on it this morn-ing."

good for the baby."



(New York Tribune) Where there's a will there's a way to

WISE PROSECUTION.

Mr. Homebody—I see you keep copies of all the letters you write to your wife. Do you do it to avoid repeating your-self? Mr. Faraway-No. To avoid contra-

(Chicago News)

EITHER FOR HIM.

(Philadelphia Record.) Blobbs-Poor old Guzzier is begining to nave pipe dreams.
Slobbs—He ought to see a doctor.
Blobbs—Yes, or a plumber.

THE ART OF WALKING (Rochester Post Express.)

Just at this time Edward Payson Weston might have found more kindred spirits in town if he were on a horse-back tour. Pedestrianism seems to be neglected just at present in Rochester.

SMACK DAR

(Philadelphia Record.) Buggins-My rather is over 80 years old and has never used glasses. Guzzler—Always drinks from the bet-

THE MODERATION OF JAEL. (New York Sun.) Jae! justified herself.
'I only used the nail on my husband,'
she cried. "I didn't go around with a
hatpin spiking Tom, Dick and Harry."

COMBINATION. (New York Sun.) Stella-Do you believe in monopoly or

competition?

Beila—Well, I think the men should compete and I should monopolize them. SOUNDS REASONABLE.

"What should be done in case of drowning?" asked the timid man, who

(Puck.)

was learning to swim.
"Well," replied the instructor, 'I should think the natural thing would be to have a funeral."

AND FOREVER AFTERWARD. (Boston Transcript.)

Marks—Owens isn't a bad sort. I believe he'd let you have his last dollar without a thought of repayment. Parks—Couldn't say as to that; but I know that's about his mental attitude when he borrows yours."

WILLING TO HELP.

(New York Sun.)

Knicker-We must reduce expenses during hard times.

Mrs. Knicker—Why not go to Europe to live like the returning emigrants

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT. (Harper's Bazar.) Adam was discussing his rib.
"It is the only operation I can talk about as yet," he apologized.
Herewith he anxiously awaited the advent of appropriate the advent of appropriate the second of the second o

vent of appendicitis.

THE IMPORTANT POINT, (Cnicago News.)

First Doctor—I advised Jones to submit to an operation a year ago; and now it's too late. Second Doctor—What! Is he dead? First Doctor—No; lost his money.

THE INFERENCE.

Hokus—Miss Caustique says she is very fond of young Saphedde. Pokus—Why, I thought she was a man

hater.

Hokus—So she is. I suppose that's why she likes Saphedde.

THE PROPER PLACE. (Woman's Home Companion.) "I understand that the leading lady and he prima donna had a violent quarrel."

"How did they settle it?"

"Oh, they went to their dressing rooms and made up."

BERTILLION FOILED. (New York Sun.) Little Jack Horner stuck in his thumb and drew out a plumb.

"And I won't leave any print, either,"
he beasted.

Yet later he wondered how they had found it out.

SOMETHING CHEAP. (Pathfinder.) Lady-I wish to get a birthday present for my husband. Clerk—How long married?"

Lady—Ten years.
Clerk—Bargain counter to the right. SELF-EVIDENT. (Chicago News.)

Lucy-Papa, whenever I dream of Arthur ne appears as a prince.

Papa—Isn't he a ribbon clerk in the Lucy—Yes, papa.

Papa—Then he must be leading a dual

> CAN'T NOW. (Roseleaf.)

"You used to send me candy and flow-ers," said Mr. Meekton's wife. "Yes, Henricca, but you know in those days I could do what I liked with my sal-

TIME WAS UP.

(The Smart Set.) "Yes, I was once engaged to a duke."
"And what cruel obstacles came between two loving hearts?"
"Oh, nothing in particular. We just let the option expire."

REFERENCE TO AGE RILED HER (Boston Transcript.)

Mr. Wibbles—What fine, dark hair you have. Miss Knox. My wife, who is younger than you are, has her hair quite gray.

Miss Knox—Yes, and if I'd been your wife, no doubt my hair would have been quite gray, too.

WAS EXTRAVAGANT.

(Stray Stories.) "Yes," said the young wife, proudly, "father always gives something expensive "Tather always gives something expensive when he makes presents."
"So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband,

Throw Medicines To The Dogs!

At best they are unpleasant, often useless. You have some disease of the nose, throat or lungs. Doctors would call it bronchitis, asthma or catarrh. The common root of these diseases is gorm or microbic irritation Catarrhogene not only destroys disease germs, it does more, it heals diseased and inflamed tissue. The disease is not only cured, but its neturn is forever prevented by using Catarrhozone, which is splendid elso for member you inhale Catarrhozona Na-



That when you put a salve onto your child's skin. it passes through the pores and enters the blood, just as antely as if you put it into the child's stomach?

OYou would not put a coarse mass of animal fat, colored by various mineral poisons (such as many crude salves are) into your child's blood by way of the stomach? Then why do so by way of the pores?

Take no risk. Use always the pure herbal essences provided in Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk contains no trace of any animal oil or fat. and no poisonous mineral color-ing matter. From start to finish it is purely herbal.

It will heaf sores, ulcots, abscesers, eruptions, variouse ulcers, cuts, burns and bruises more quickly than any other known preparation. It is antisophic, quickly stops the amarting of a sore or cut, cures piles, inflamed sores and blood-poisoning. It is a combination of healing powerand scientific putity. Ask those who have proved it.

All druggists and stores 50s box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.



JAPANESE KITE FIGHTS.

Clever Mangeuvres That Bring Rival Fliers to Grief.

In Japan there is an annual feast day for boys, when each house having male children hangs out strings of paper carp, which inflated by the breeze become life-

which inflated by the breeze become life-like monster fish.

"It was on this feast day," says a writer in the Wide World, "that we left Yckohama for Kamakura, once the east-ern capital of Japan, now merely a quiet little seaside village.

"As it was such an important occasion, the whole world made holiday, some families hurried to the seashore to fly their enormous humming kites, from which the parents appeared to derive quite as much enjoyment as the chil-dren. The loud hum emitted by the soar-ing kite is caused by a piece of thin ing kite is caused by a piece of thin bamboo, which is stretched tightly across

bamboo, which is stretched tightly across from shoulder to shoulder.

"This taut bamboo fillment not only acts as an acolian harp, but bends the whole kite, so that its surface is concave instead of being, as in our kites, a plane. The noise when some threecsore or so of these monsters are in the air of the seam time is desfaning. or so of these monsters are in the air at the same time is deafening.
"The Japanese kite has no tail, but is furnished with numerous long streamers. Great competitions are held by the owners of the kites, and occasionally a mimic battle will be fought in the air, the rival factions endeavoring by means of powdered glass, which has been previously worked into a definite length of the kite strings to saw through a rival's string, and so bring the vanquished kite tumbling ignominously to the ground."

Strained Back and Side.

"While working in a sawmill," writes C. E. Kenney, from Ottawa, "1 strained my back and side so severely I had to go to bed. Every movement caused me torture. I tried different oils and limimnts, but wasn't helped till I used Nerviline. Even the first application gave considerable relief. In three days I was again at work. Other men in the mill use Nerviline with tremendous benefit, too." An honest record of nearly fifty years has established the value of Polson's Nerviline.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



PRESIDENT M. MAUVEL OF PORTUGAL The National Republic assembly of Portugal has elected the first president of the new republic. He s M. Mauvel of Arriega, an exper-

ienced politician and a man of much He will need all his ability to 'get away with" his job, as Portugal is stirred up and the royalists are busy trying to restore Manuel to

WHICH WAS IT?

(Puck) Mrs. Flint (severely)-De you ever drink intoxicanta?

upt av suit. 5 N til bmmbb Spoiled Spooner (at th doo)-Betore replying, madam, permit me to ask you if dat is an invitation or merely an inquiry?

tarrhozone, which is splendid also for colds, coughs and firstable throat. He member you inhale Catarrhozone Natures own cure use no other but the Si. Si. Dew tell. His The porter on the alseping car didn't leave nothin' for 'enter git.—Toledo Blade.