

patch: The Woodside... a Sugar Building on the Dartmouth side... totally destroyed by a fire with a loss of considerable dollars. The... will come measurably... mark, and there is not... what is interested... in a large wooden... waterfront, where... sugar were stored... and with... to the seven stories... by the railway tracks... proper. This was... the fire and... difficultly in escap... Many of the... rooms got out with... and one man, missing, is reported

ING THE... FLOCK

ne that a man... perfect harmony of... The wife, whose... is interested... which she may be... a little better than... husband may object... as no money to... he may even... and the grocery bill... with a flock of... and a great many... and of better poultry... to improve their... without putting... work. I will give... results may be ob-

the flock carefully... for signs of... and... all that have... birds with long... the keel is where... the body... wings, one, those... the feed... and... and... through the... the hen called... again, choosing... birds as a... pen. Take the... and the... with these and self-

itates a separate... house may be... if a run is... for lack of... the breeders... on alternate... the breeders... a pen of... pen as breeders... too closely... reason. If... but one or two... breed, furnish... yard, and put... a few hours

a the hens early... be put with... toward evening... females. Also... with hens... with small... Small breeding... unities for ex-... look is kept the... makes very... look for vigor... birds. A hen... constitution... producer; a... constitution will... producers. If... lacks constitu-... worthless... about the place... breeders of... constitution to... lying—put... buff, but in the

Underwood

RAIN.

destroying... Crpos.

Wet grain... is a serious... of thousands... exposed to... for want of... rain. Skak, in... covered with... Doukoborov... question," said... on the... city which has... cars of grain... Winnipeg have... The same prob-... must be in... days of wet... the value of... To-day I... 5,000 bushels, and... and the same... similar quan-... What is in... interests is

Sybil's Doom

But Colonel Trevanion did not answer. They were crossing some fields within a quarter of a mile of Monkwood, and the Indian officer was looking before him with, for a hero, rather a startled expression of face. Sybil followed his gaze, and turned pale; Gwendoline looked and uttered a shriek. For there, straight in their path, between them and the boundary wall, stood a huge white bull, with every hair and every horn bristling with fury. The scarlet feathers of Miss Chudleigh's pork-pie hat, and the scarlet sash she wore picturesquely over her shoulder and knotted under her arm, had caught his lordship's eyes and set his back up at once. The huge bull was lowered, the eye-balls glared, and a long, low ominous bellow warned them of the wrath to come.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, good gracious!" gasped Gwendoline, clutching Sybil's arm. "Oh, Colonel Trevanion! Oh—Oh!" Her ejaculations ended in a long, wild shriek of fright, for the bull, with a second terrific bellow, was making straight toward the red plume and scarf. And Colonel Trevanion, hero of a hundred Indian victories, invincible in Russian trenches and Baskavia heights, turned ignominiously and fled. Yes, fled! In half a dozen bounds he was over the stone wall and safe, and the girls were left in the middle of the field to face their doom alone.

But the guardian angels of the two heroines were surely on the lookout that day, for ere Taurus, foaming and enraged, could reach them, a wild halloo rang through the field—a man leaped the stone wall and planted himself full in his path—an impenetrable mator. The angry animal stopped, attracted by his new foe, who armed with a huge club, stood between him and the scarlet plume.

"For God's sake, fly! run for your life! Charley! Charley! take them away—Fly the bull!" called the hoarse breathless voice—the voice of Macgregor, the tenant of the Retreat. Stunned, bewildered, half blind, Sybil and Gwendoline wound themselves hurried along by Charlie, who appeared before them as if he, too, had arisen out of the bowels of the earth. They reached the boundary wall, they were over it, and the instant Miss Chudleigh found herself in safety, her first act was to go off into a dead faint.

But Sybil never looked at her. Pale, breathless, terrified, her sole thought was for the man who had saved her life. How he managed it she never could tell; but in two minutes he had leaped the wall, and stood in safety by her side.

"What work, ah, Charley?" with a slight laugh. "Good evening, Miss Trevanion," bowing with an easy courtesy as though the late skirmish had been a trifle with an excited turkey gobble. "I hope his angry lordship is not hurt. Ah, how'd it not frighten you very much? Sybil, here's this? Miss Chudleigh fainting!"

Health for Every Woman No More Headaches

Chemistry has shown that each from the same district may vary as greatly as each of men from the same local. That coal varies greatly in its composition (the elements that affect the value of steam coal) is shown by the enormous waste that many large users now require before purchase.



That sick women are made well by Dr. Hamilton's Pills is proved in the following letter: "For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried, without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them, and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's Pills very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once gripped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew, my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared, and to-day my skin is as clear and unruined as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

CHAPTER XIV. The pretty little widow who had come to "forget that fast young lady, Miss Gwendoline Chudleigh, made herself entirely at home at Chudleigh Chase. It was a very pleasant house—the rooms large, lightsome, elegant—Sir Rupert's French cook was an artist, and the dainty little widow was a gourmande in her way, and liked her sparkling Moselle, her hock, and her Claret. It was a very pleasant house, and the hospitable people entertained some very pleasant people; and if his daughter's governess and comely maid had been a duchess, he could hardly have treated her with more courtesy Grandisonian respect. It was every so much sicker than at Trevanion Park, with only fidgety Lady Lemox, and her high stepping prodigious daughter, and nothing better to flirt with than a flippant Eton boy. For Mrs. Ingram dearly loved flirting—the life brim, and as Miss Trevanion had said, "as to the picture, my dear stable lads, if no better house were to be had, but better game was to be had, Chudleigh Chase. First of all, the baronet himself, upon whom old point and floating draperies, and plump shoulders and perfumed tresses, and dainty eyes were never thrown away. And there were the officers of the life brigade, very heavy swells, indeed, from the colonel, who wrote his name high in the peerage, to the dashing young sub, with the green dog yet invariably lost their heads at the first view of the countess's magnates, ponderous young squires in top boots and pink coats, with moustaches and a dour look, like their old Durham cows, who stared at the brilliant little lady in speechless admiration, and uttered clumsy compliments in her pretty pink ear after dinner in the drawing-room. And lastly, there was Cyril Trevanion, hero and knight-errant—a modern corsair, as to his mysterious moodiness, who lived on his divine presence, and who glared fiercely upon everything masculine that dared approach her.

Sir Rupert Chudleigh had been one of the first to call upon the returned hero of Monkwood—his old friend's son—and his welcome him heartily back to England. But the hero and his old met the baronet's courteous advances with that silent sulkeness that appeared his normal state.

"Your cousin is very much changed, my dear Miss Trevanion." Sir Rupert had said to Sybil, stroking his beard thoughtfully; "changed out of all knowledge, and not for the better, I always gentlemen—through-bred; but as you cousin—I give you my word—he is as rude as the most uncouth boor in Sussex. And I remember him sixteen years ago, with the polished manners of a prince."

Nevertheless, Sir Rupert invited the ex-colonel, finding his Circe an inmate of the house, accepted at once, and haunted the mansion as a ghost. The elderly, elegant baronet frowned a little at these too assiduous attentions. "The fellow is a fool as well as a boor. He's after that little woman like a ferret after a rabbit, a terrier after a hare, or a hound after a fox. He'll want her to marry him next—the superhuman idiot, and he'll fetch her to Monkwood, and shut her up with the pink's ghost, and feed her on green and bacon, and shoot any man who so much as looks at her. And to think that that scowling, sulky, ill-mannered out-cast is a son, with the best blood of the kingdom in his veins! And yet why need I talk—there's Gwendoline—no milkmaid in the country was ever more rustic than she. It must be that she's old Miss Degenerates—more's the pity! I only hope Mrs. Ingram won't be a fool as to her."

IT PAYS TO ANALYZE COAL

CURED OF EPILEPSY

Chemistry has shown that each from the same district may vary as greatly as each of men from the same local. That coal varies greatly in its composition (the elements that affect the value of steam coal) is shown by the enormous waste that many large users now require before purchase.

The increase in consumption to keep up the required amount of steam was so great that the added labor brought in immediate complaints from the engine room. Firing had to be almost incessant and gates became clogged so rapidly that stopping was also close to a continuous operation and all the while the ash pile was growing into a mountain.

The storage of coal is also a considerable item. Frequent handling will greatly increase its cost. In one plant where an expert was called in to advise on this subject he discovered that the company was spending 83 cents a ton on the transportation of coal from the time it reached the siding until it went into the furnaces.

When he used Dodd's Kidney Pills for Rheumatism. Relief After Three Years of Suffering. Holbeck, Cask., Feb. 5.—(Special)—Among the many on the prairies who are shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills none speak with more enthusiasm than Mr. Matt. Syverson, a well-known resident of this place.

THE BEST WAY To Make Good Use of Old and New Things. Among the best uses to make of old tablecloths is to cut out worn pieces and out of the best parts left cut square or oblong doilies. These should be neatly hemmed. They serve excellently as doilies on which to lay fish, doughnuts, fried potatoes or croquettes; or to encase cookies, bread or cakes—placed in tin or other receptacles.

WHAT THE TENNESSEE CENTRAL TAPS. (From one of its folders.) Of all this beautiful, pendant globe, no fairer, richer realm unfolds itself to tempt the angels down. No mightier treasures houses of ore, coal and phosphate than this grand land here-ward in any land or one. No prettier unbroken forests of majestic hardwood ever blessed by beautiful golden grain fields, or heavy-laden fruit trees ever gladdened the heart and pocket of a hardworking husbandman with many-fold harvests. No greener pastures ever feasted the frolicsome mule cart, or fattened the festive gentleman calf.

WORLD OF SCIENCE

One of the newest musical instruments operated by electricity, reproduces the notes of forty-five different instruments. German postal authorities have determined to transport a small three-wheeled automobile for the use of the deaf-blind.

While the er capita consumption of tea in the United States is about stationary, in some parts of Mexico the natives hang the nests in their homes to trap flies and other small insects.

Japan's newest battleship also has become the speediest by American turbine engines as propelled.

THE HAND. The hand is described as the organ of the mind. The hand that is not constructive must be destructive; there is no intermediary.

Shiloh's Cure. STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS. 25 CENTS.

GROWING BETTER. (Philadelphia Record.) Our civilization is a little on the wane. Although there were more of us last than in 1910 we only found it necessary to brush. In 1910 we were brushing 75 million times.