

ANTED. ENDED DINING... WANTED.

ENTS WANTED... R SALE.

UNDER MORT... FRUITED...

AY LOAM: IN... TATE.

WRITE US AT... IN THE CENTRE

MAKERS-PRE... ENTS.

SAFETY-INVEST... MOOSE LAW, SASK

RECEIVING... AT YOUR HOME.

lete Course... HAND Hamilton

Need Care... ESE SHOE

AGE MARTYR... Lumberman's

AYS. Record.

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THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

The Haldens will give a wine party tonight. Come around awhile, as the Halden says you are giving her the cut dead.

Your Coz. Weston Home. Lord Reginald took a rapid glance at his watch and found that he was barely in time for the ball.

Lady Emily sat there, growing nervous and watching every entrance. She evidently was expecting his lordship every moment.

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Cured of Shingles and Eczema



By Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Chest Raw, Bleeding and Itchy.

"I just want to say a good word for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In November, 1900, I had what the doctors call shingles and eczema.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the best relief and most certain treatment of itching, burning, scaly and bleeding skin and scalp humors, by using Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"Do you know, dear, that I was exceedingly anxious to have my nephew fall in love with you?" said Lady Emily.

"With me?" asked Miss Staunton, raising her pretty eyebrows.

"I admire Lord Wedderburn," stammered Miss Staunton, utterly confused.

"I will be candid, Lady Emily. Sir Philip Marsden has done me the honor to offer me marriage, but I do not know what to do."

"The intelligence of the fox is often shown by the way he refuses to be headed when he has made up his mind as to the safe course to take."

"Only the other night a crowd estimated at fifty thousand people thronged round one band and insisted on its playing the 'Marseilles'."

"How SHOULD WOMEN SALUTE?" A fervent discussion is going on as to how the women of France should salute the Tricolor when it passes.

"Don't trouble, aunt—only stopped a moment to say that I would call Miss Staunton's attention to the fact that a dutiful nephew when I tell you that I have decided to settle my fate at once."

"Then you think Sir Philip has proposed and been accepted?" asked Lord Wedderburn.

"That he has not proposed I am sure; that he has not had an answer, I am equally sure, but I wish Lord Wedderburn to be certain of his position."

"I was going to the Haldens' again," he answered. "By the way, the very horror of that woman and her set attracts me. Only going for a short time—come and go too, can't you?"

"I only intend a short stay. We can leave early and go to the Carleton Club."

"The two men went once again to the home of the actress. They never knew to laugh."

her maid. Her visit was wholly unexpected to Lady Emily—but Lady Halden's face was radiant with pleasure.

There was a scene of revelry at the Haldens, wine flowed freely and in the face of every man there could plainly be seen drunkenness.

"I am surprised since your most fervent engagement with my daughter but for such a length of time, and I am constrained to believe you would have kept your engagement with my daughter but for illness. Hoping to see you soon, etc. Believe me most aff."

Lord Wedderburn had not been to his own rooms for several days. He had gone, in a state of intoxication, to the rooms of his friend, Captain H—

"What does this mean?" he asked, handing him the note, which the captain read.

"I am sure I can't say, unless Madame regards you as a prospective son-in-law, and means to hold you to drunken words."

"Tell me all that passed there?" asked Lord Wedderburn.

"I was so beastly drunk myself that I haven't the least idea, Hume, save I have heard the boys say and talked some not and nonsense, and Madame proposes to hold you to it."

"No 19, Lincoln's Inn Fields. London S. W., Sept. 12th, 18— To the Hon. Reginald Home, Lord Wedderburn."

We are requested by our client, Mrs. Geraldine Halden, to write to ascertain your intentions concerning the proposed marriage with her daughter, since we await your reply that we may know how to proceed in this matter.

Yours, etc., etc. Messrs. Catchem & Holden. (To be Continued)

INTELLIGENCE OF THE FOX. The intelligence of the fox is often shown by the way he refuses to be headed when he has made up his mind as to the safe course to take.

Every Saturday night the bands of the regiments stationed in the gay city escorted by detachments of troops with their regimental tri-colors, march through the streets, playing the stirring marches of the French army.

"OH, LISTEN TO THE BANDE!" And the enthusiasm with which the Parisians greet them is something superb.

Crowds of people—men, women and children, bankers and bricklayers, clerks and coal-heavers, throng round them, march along with them shoulder to shoulder, singing and whistling, and tumble their play, cheering to the crash of the drums, shouldering walking sticks as if they were rifles, following the band for miles.

Only the other night a crowd estimated at fifty thousand people thronged round one band and insisted on its playing the "Marseilles."

HOW SHOULD WOMEN SALUTE? A fervent discussion is going on as to how the women of France should salute the Tricolor when it passes.

A famous lady novelist suggests that they should give the military salute. A popular actress insists that they should raise the right hand above the head as the Scandinavians women do.

THE NEW NAPOLEON. Prince Victor Napoleon is a descendant of Prince Jerome, younger brother of the great Napoleon. He is head of the present generation of the Bonapartes.

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE MOST PERFECT MADE

IS FRANCE TIRED OF THE REPUBLIC?

Will Another King Reign Over the Frenchmen? The Prince of Wales' Visit to Paris and Royalty.

Great Wave of Patriotism Passing Over Nation. (From London Home Chat.)

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Paris has fallen at what looks rather like an auspicious time.

For those who know say that our friends the French are hovering on the verge of having a royal family of their own again, of throwing their Republic overboard and going in for a king or an emperor once more.

There is a new spirit on the rampage in France just now. There is a violent anti-patriotism and anti-militarism. The people, they say, are discontented with the way the Republican form of Government is working over there—ser sick of mess and muddle and mismanagement. They want someone to rule them.

THE NEW SPIRIT. There is a thrilling revival of patriotism. We over here have not known anything quite like it since the Boer War.

The present Minister of War has revived the "tattoos" through the streets of Paris which previously had not been held for thirty years.

In every other garrison town in France they are held regularly, to keep up patriotic feeling and an interest in the army. But in Paris, for some reason or other, they were allowed to drop, and have never been revived till now.

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