

Camp.

Colonel Sam... splendid sub... also a happy... entertained... of the forty... expected to... cadet train... Canada next... believes that... utilized in the... and in ip... and the... profitably... which mischie... cantons is... the Muns... He divides the... picture mach... films at the... and next year... found feasible... all the mili... can be im... and this "fire... tedly prove... of camp life. Ef... secure films of... dealing with... also with Cana... in all the Pr... British, German... vring, reproduc... events, and tra... The scene... by the Muns... it will be mak... ing camps and... type of young... been brought... to make the... camp a little... in the officers'... ined to secure...

BRIEF

... Conference... president... five waterways... countries were... of Elgin, re... County Council... velling expenses... ven against the... bureau supplies... Frank Gould... of the Cana... on which H... Connaught was... from Quebec when... received a... Royal High... care they ex... Austria to win... a Fran Vyk... an elected to the... thonian. It is... can constitution... her seat.

ARMONS

... Efforts are being... people to have... from Salt Lake... docks of Mon... in the habit... emigrants from... antagonism be... benaries here and... a head when a... Rev. J. Chisholm... to use force if... attempts to get... onto to go to... The Mormone... elected from a... police prevent... aid a com... Association.

CUP

... for New York... ceman.

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

"It's only me, Dorothy," she said. "Dorothy Wynter, from Lenthill," exclaimed the housekeeper. "Bless my eyes, what a shock I have had!" She took the bundle from Dorothy, but in a moment Dorothy took it from her. In her confusion she had taken the wrong one. She had taken the precious coat. After she had taken the right one, and paid her the few pennies, Dorothy turned to go, and met Lord Wedderburn. She hurried to him and gave him the coat, and without a word, save "I thank you," she walked down the path homeward. Lord Wedderburn had not time to recover himself until the housekeeper was near. He adjusted his glass and looked after the retreating figure bewildered. The housekeeper was an old one at the castle, having been the only one there for many years. "How that child did shock me!" she exclaimed. "Bless my eyes, what a fright. If she stepped from that old picture frame in the north garret, I shouldn't have been more surprised." "What on earth does she mean by that get-up?" asked Lord Wedderburn. "Simply this. All her life that child has had about as much care as a bundle of rags, not a hundredth part as much as your lordship's horses and dogs. There must be something amiss at Lenthill, or old Dame Wynter would never have sent her here. It's a downright shame and nothing more. With all that outrageous outfit on she looked like a fine old Vandyke, and I mark it now, she is the living image of that old mysterious portrait of Sir George's in the north garret, and they do say Dorothy is not akin to Dame Wynter at all." The happily unconscious Dorothy was tripping along towards the village, the snowy white of her ankles scarcely hid. She had now reached a small stream of water whose depths lay still and serene as a mirror. Dorothy peered over into the calm depths and all in a moment she knew why the castle people had acted so strangely towards her. In a moment she was bitterly humiliated and crestfallen. Raising her head, she would be home before she was missed. When he reached Lenthill he was at once taken to the bedside of the dying woman, Dorothy and John Boughman remained outside. What passed, no living person knew. save Lord Wedderburn and the dame who was dying. Lord Wedderburn went outside and sat on the stone steps. On his face there was a most peculiar expression. It was doubtful and quizzical by turns. He heard voices distinctly, but he could not move. "Does Dorothy know this, and is she willing to do this?" he asked time and again, but could find no reply. The world is the same all over. There is the deceit, the scheming, and all, only under different garbs. There was Dorothy, as unacquainted as a flower and as seemingly innocent and a mere child, too! "I cannot do this, Granny—I cannot do this!" came in sobs through the windows. The lower voice he could not hear, but the words of the other were clear. "Don't ask me, Granny. I cannot do this, and I want to please you. Don't you know he don't want me, Granny? He that grand and high, and me like a weed in his path!" Lord Wedderburn was convinced Dorothy was an unwilling victim. This very thought gave him a sense of relief and pleasure. He did not listen for more. Dorothy was still sobbing, and he had wronged her. Why not marry Dorothy? She was only a child, it was true, but she at least was free of debt and worldliness. If the train should fly the track and he be killed, there was not one left but the Weston Homes. It would kill his mother to give up Castle Royal. He could do this much to make amends for all his past. This poor child would be thrown on the world a friendless pauper. Why not do some good with his vast riches? He had intended helping Dorothy, anyway. He had sat there some time, thinking over it all, until some one touched his shoulder. He arose and followed him into the dying woman's room. John Boughman was attending the dying woman, and Lord Wedderburn went after Dorothy. A fire blazed on the hearth and shed a flickering light over the room. There sat Dorothy on the floor, crying. Her golden head was buried in her lap, and she had not heard him enter the room. He gazed on her. She was clad in a satin gown that represented ages ago. It had originally been white, but was now yellowed with age. There were those same faded satin slippers. Her golden hair was pushed back from her face, and her eyes were started from weeping. Lord Wedderburn went up to her. "Come, Dorothy!" was all he said, but she arose instantly and obeyed him. There under the flickering candle-light, they were married by John Boughman, minister, in the presence of the dying woman. "How like her mother!" the dying woman whispered. Then calling Dorothy to her, handed her the box of keys with their different-colored strings—whispered something about papers and boxes. Then calling Dorothy to her, kissed her tenderly many times. Then, made signs for them to kneel at her bedside, which they did. "Some time you will know, Dorothy. I would atone, but it's too late, too late." "God bless you both!" They both knelt there, and ere they arose death claimed Dame Wynter. They removed the lifeless hands from their heads tenderly. There was no more time to be done for life. Its tragedy was ended, but that of death was just beginning. Lord Wedderburn was as mut as the pale face beside him. She must be suffered deeply, yet no word escaped her. There was no sign save the death-like pallor. Lord Wedderburn looked at his watch. What must he do? He had telegraphed his coming. It seemed a shame to desert Dorothy in her great trouble, yet to stay meant explanations he dared not

Wynter's. A brother she had not seen for years, since she was a young girl, when he had left for Australia, being a young minister. Dorothy left them alone and ran again to the village. She had company now and must do the honors alone. She ran over the path and was soon at the village show. Here she bought her slender stock of provisions and returned before they missed her. She prepared the tea, and altogether it was an inviting repast. John Boughman was in close conversation with the dame, but Dorothy knew herself to be the subject of their conversation. She put aside the remnants of the evening meal at last, and went out for more wood. She did not have to go so far, for the lord had said he would be offended if she did. She had not hurried, and found she was wanted. John Boughman was greatly excited. "Go at once to the castle, and bring Lord Wedderburn. Say that Dame Wynter lies dying and wants him." Dorothy bounded over the path with the fleetness of a deer. There was only one light shining. That came from a large library on the ground floor. The window was open and there sat Lord Wedderburn, reading. Dorothy hesitated one moment—should she ring the great bell? No, she would just step through the open window and tell him. She was almost breathless, and when she reached him she fell on the floor at his feet. Poor Dorothy! Lord Wedderburn picked her up tenderly in his arms. She could barely make him understand. She took his hand and drew him after her. When he did understand he quickened his speed. "How fortunate I had not gone. I was preparing to leave for London on the midnight train—having telegraphed my coming." He had plenty of time to go to both places. If he had only thought to have told Marsten to pack his portmanteau. As it was he had left his lamp burning, and merely locked the window. He would be home before he was missed. 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KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR



CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

No other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails. They do even more for skintortured and disfigured infants.

make yet. Yes, he must go for a few days, then he would come back and arrange matters conveniently. He called Dorothy aside and explained that he must go for a few days. Then he would come back and arrange matters for her. If Dorothy heard his words she made no sign. He took out his watch and saw that he had yet time to catch the train. He called John Boughman to the door and talked to him for a few minutes. Then he drew out his cheque-book and wrote a cheque for a large amount, which he handed to the minister, John Boughman. Whatever explanation he made seemed all right, for Boughman followed him to the doorway. "Yes, yes, my Lord, I will attend to everything. I have your Lordship's permission to carry out the wishes of my sister as far as possible. I will communicate with your Lordship as soon as possible." As he bade him good-bye, Lord Wedderburn pressed a roll of bank notes in his hand "for immediate expenses," he said. He had not forgotten Dorothy, but she was nowhere to be seen, so he started off. There before him was Dorothy. "I want to tell you, my Lord, that it was not my fault that I am forced on you. I did not want to do it." Her words were full of agony, as well as her face. He took both her hands in his own, pressed them gently and rushed down the path. He had only a few minutes to catch the train. He entered the room where the lamp was still burning. The fire on the hearth had almost smouldered out. He rang the bell for Marsten, his man. "We are late for that train. Can you pack my portmanteau in time?" Marsten left the room hurriedly. They reached the station just as the train rolled up. "Business which demanded my personal attention," he replied. "Of what use are your agents, pray, if you are put to such inconvenience? I have kept Miss Staunton here, waiting all this time, until their visit to Scotland is really spoiled, but I have recompense for all this trouble; let me whisper to you what it is: You are safe, now, she loves you." Lord Wedderburn turned cold as marble. What evil fate had befallen him. He was speechless. All the pleasure died out of Lady Emily's face. "Of a mortal you are certainly the strangest!" Here I have been paying your way for you and when I have ended with you in excess and tell you you are as cold as one of those statues and about as blank." Lady Emily was indeed angry. Perhaps this was all right. Perhaps she had broken it too abruptly to him, and he had not expected such good fortune. She found excuse after excuse for him for she loved him dearly. "To-night we are to go to Marlborough House; to-morrow night to the Duke of Westmoreland's, and—" There was no sign that Lord Wedderburn was listening. He was staring straight before him, and as impassive as stone. "Have you been ill?" asked Lady Marchmont. "No, not exactly ill, but rather depressed," he replied. She eyed him narrowly. He was trying to conceal it from her. He had been ill, she felt sure. She had almost given him up in despair when a thought came to her. "I will go up and send Miss Staunton down. She will wish to see you." "Not yet, aunt. Do not ask her to come now. I will feel better later. I need rest awhile." There was the soft pleading in his voice that always touched her heart. This one person was her idol. She greatly feared he had taken the wrong course. Perhaps it would have been better if she had given him no hint of these things. It were bad policy to thrust success in the face of the young. They loved daring uncertainty. He was going. "Then you go with us to-night to Marlborough?" she asked.

For the life of him he could not refuse. All his bravery banished like a flash and left him powerless to utter one word. "Yes, I will come," he said, and then left. He was ill and tired, and he hastened to his rooms. Think as hard as he could he could find no way out of his difficulties. They had arisen like mountains on all sides and left him powerless. Fate had worked all this, and she must find a way out. He gave it up in despair. Night came and found him in the same state. He got through his toilet somehow and went through it all like a puppet worked by the will of another. When he arrived at Lady Marchmont's Miss Staunton greeted him cordially. "Shall I tell you, my lord, how glad we are to see you?" she asked archly. Her face was radiant with happiness. How beautiful she was! He had never before realized what a bright, beautiful woman she was. She was clad in pure white. Her dress fell in graceful folds and was a mass of exquisite old lace. Her gilet was equally perfect. The white dress recalled another to him—an old dress soiled and bedraggled and time-worn—the one worn by Dorothy. He turned sick and faint. "You are kind to think of me," he said. He had not thought how icy was his reply, but for the life of him he could say nothing else. Miss Staunton eyed him strangely. There was that icy chill on his face, and she saw it. What had she done to discomfit him? Perhaps she had been too unserved to have spoken to him that way. She drew herself up proudly and played with the tassels of her cloak. Fortunately, Lady Emily came in and relieved the awkward silence; but a look at each did not reassure her. "If they are not a handful, I wonder where I will find one!" she thought, and smiled. "We must be off," she said, and they started at once. This was certainly a strange drive. The conversation flagged most unmercifully, and there was many an awkward silence. He mechanically went through one or two dances, then strolled into the conservatory alone, and remained a considerable time until several of his friends came in. "In the dumps, Wedderburn?" asked one. He answered icily, "No." "I should not think you would court solitude, having brought the handsomest young lady in the room. You ought to thank me for my generosity, Wedderburn, when you know I brought Lady Alice Harborough." "I do, certainly," he replied, with a smile, but it was only a ghost of a smile after all. He rejoined the dancers, and seated himself beside the Marchioness Ely. Here he was safe for a time at least. The marchioness had no daughters of her own to marry off, hence, was honest and straightforward in a remarkable degree. "Lovely girl, that," she remarked. "Which one?" asked Lord Wedderburn. "The one in white, Miss Staunton, and an American, too! Who would have thought she could be so utterly at home among us? Such a sweet face, too!" Lord Wedderburn felt angry, but he felt perfectly well acquainted with the marchioness and knew her kind heart. "What a lovely wife she will make some of our marriageable boys, Sir Philip Marden is a devoted admirer, but—shall I tell you what report says?" she asked. "It says that Lord Wedderburn is to marry the lively American heiress." "Report has paid me great honor, but for once it is mistaken." There was a respectful and honest ring in his voice. The marchioness eyed him suspiciously. He was certainly honest in what he did. Then there was some one in the way. Some Betty milk-maid or some rural beauty had stolen his heart. (To be Continued.)

Are You Droopy, Tired, Worn Out? HERE IS GOOD ADVICE TO ALL WHO FEEL AS IF THEIR VIGOR AND LIFE HAD ALL OZZED AWAY. This Condition Can be Quickly Cured by a Good Cleansing Medicine. Your experience is probably somewhat familiar to that described by Mr. J. T. Fleming in the following letter from his home in Lebanon: "I think I must have the most sluggish sort of a liver. In the morning my mouth was bitter and that foul, soft feeling that tells you, 'No breakfast needed here this morning.' A cup of coffee would sort of brace me up, but in two hours I was disposed to quit work, all energy having oozed out of me. Supper was only my good meal, but I guess I didn't digest very well, for I dreamt to beat the band. A friend put me wise to Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I think they must have taken hold on my liver, perhaps my stomach, too, because the very start they made things go right. Look at me now—not sleepy in the night, and getting fun out of life every minute. That's what Dr. Hamilton's Pills have done for me—they have rebuilt and rejuvenated my entire system." To keep free from headaches, to feel young and bright, to enjoy your meals, to sleep sound and look your best, nothing can help like Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from The Cataractine Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada. TRUTH WILL OUT. Being called to his feet unexpectedly at the gathering and asked to respond informally to the toast, 'The Ladies,' Mr. Gilfers hemmed and hawed, and began: 'My friends, all that I am, all that I have in the world, I owe to a woman—my wife.' Here he was interrupted by that lady herself, who arose and said: 'I told you when you put the property in my name you'd give it away the first time you opened your mouth.'—Judge's Library. My business is not to remake myself, but to make the absolute best of what God made.—Browning.

GILLET'S PERFUMES. Confirms to the highest standard of Gillett's goods. Useful for five hundred purposes. Made in Canada.

THE MOVIES. Lizzie hurries home from work. From the store where she is clerk. And she eats her humble dinner in a hurry. And her mother says: "Now, Liz, Unkne haste unseemly is; Are you going out to-night, and what's your hurry?" "To the movies, mother dear." She replies: "now never fear; That's where the melodrammer's cheap, For a nickel you may weep And may laugh until you're sore; There are smiles and sighs galore At the movies. "I'll see handsome Claude de Vere Win his sweetheart, Maybelle dear, In spite of every villain's machinations. I'll see cowboys, very pretty, Yes, they pose in Jersey City; Oh, I can't resist the movies' fascinations. "To the movies, mother dear, Willie's with me, never fear; That's where true love always wins, Where the bad repent their sins, Hope they have a comic film, With a chase scene—pleases WIRUM At the movies.

THE LITTLE DUTCH PRINCESS. Her Small Playmates—Audience With the Prime Minister. To-day the Princess Juliana, heiress to the Dutch throne, attains the age of 3 and her birthday will be the occasion of many festivities throughout Holland. The Queen of Holland lives the greater part of the year at her country seat of the Loo, near Apeldoorn, in Gelderland. There the Princess spends the whole day in the royal park, where she has her little baby house, her poultry yard with the fowls she feeds with her own hands, her dog, two ponies and a deer. Every day at the Loo as well as at the Hague some children are invited to play with her in order to mitigate as much as possible the double loneliness of her position as the future queen and an only child. The Queen likes to invite various children by turns, so that the Princess may learn at any early age and not to show too great a preference for a chosen few. These little three-year-olds are quite free in their games, and often treat their royal hostess with scant respect. One of them, proud of her dainty patent leather shoes, said to the Princess: "I think my shoes much prettier than yours." Whereupon little Juliana looked ruefully at her strong laced up boots, saying, "And yet these are my very best." A few days before the court left the Hague the Princess was taken for a walk in the Scheeveningen woods. It had rained during the night, and for the first time it dawned upon her young mind how delightful it is to walk in the puddles, and especially to stamp one's foot in them till the drops fly about. This performance was witnessed by some admiring juvenile subjects, whose parents will no longer be able to admonish them with the saying so common in Dutch nurseries: "Juliana never does this" or "Juliana always does that." Their paragon has proved to be only human after all. During an audience which the Prime Minister, Mr. Heenickerk, had with the Queen a few days ago the Princess was sent for. When the nurse came to take her out for a drive the Queen said: "Now say 'Good-by, your excellency.'" She could not be made to repeat those words, but as soon as the footman had opened the door so that her retreat was safe, she cried out: "Good-by, curly hair," which allusion to Mr. Heenickerk's flowing mane was much appreciated by those present.—From the London Daily Mail.

SWAT THAT FLY. Now summer's here, 'Cast up your eye, And strike to death The roosting fly; When'er you find Him spare him not, But join the clans With swat, swat, swat. If twenty times As big he'd be Wiped out as man's Worst enemy, Because he's small, We let him go To fill our graves With swat, swat, swat. A million germs He freely brings As on our food he Crawls and sings; This time we learned Our foolish lot, And saved our lives With swat, swat, swat. Pray, say no more Of man's advance Until he leaves Much less to chance. No longer will I Praise exo sick, But get you up And swat the fly.

WHY MONEY IS CHEAP. (Judge's Library.) "I want you to tell me what this paper means when it says in its market report that money is cheap," says Mrs. McFee to her husband, who like all husbands, is supposed to be encyclopedic. "McFee laid down the sporting sheet. "It's simply putting in a brief for the statement that money talks," he replied, "and that talk is cheap."

Zain Buk. The best remedy known for sunburn, heat, rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and bites. A skin food!