IN PRISON

nst McNamara mite Case.

tory Regarding Alleged Plans.

Nov. 4. That J. J. he has been connentin prison in Calin plotting to "get" ns and Walter Drew Erectors' Association. ce of testimony given. v Edward J. Brennan, agent, at the "dynatrial. Brennan testited he (Hockin) had a in San Quentin this loNamara had said: "I

them "get" Burns and was going to the stato Indianapolis Tveit-Lewis and Yoell ac-Johannsen saying on meaning McNamara) iem to get Drew and sen than added to you return to Indianman will appear on the now han when he says, ot Darrow. When he to you, you will know

eturn to Indianapolis," "and " short time laton the telephone by a I am Arrow, not Darmet the stranger and devergt on of him. The ackage, which he left as ' head marters.

later Walter Davis, a at som vækers' union viving "Take down id of it. Davis then took the check to Million Later Fred. in were who is or district for the check. eturned and said. 'Say nire a liar and a grook. and not lost the check. f, who testified that 1 to having "tipped of the Los Angeles s. was cross-examine!

ot tell me how. I told of for allowing Burns to

thought he might plend ve me to understand he He said be thought all him was 18 months or

OUS CHARGE

Against Girl Alin Port Hope.

Nov. 4. -A sensation ed here by the arrest of tterson, coal merchant, and councilor of Port. with an offence against girl in the case is an household of Robert e is under 14 years of e from the Barnerde

arrest followed investidetective, who has been he case in conjunction rown Attorney Kerr, of e accused appeared be-Magistrate White here and was remanded unext, the Crown not being eed. Patterson was Hb-, two sureties of \$1,000 applied by J. S. Brown unders.

Wood, ex.M.P., has been the accused as count

DIES IN FIRE

Badly Burned in moted Rescue.

mant de Mrs. Crules chele near Chatsworth in an attempt some vesterday had lain s condition. Mrs. Keibitt constructed daughter in ern in her absence a fire saw fames issuing from gt to get her child, but I about the face, arms and ouse burned down and the the baby were completely Mrs. Tebbitt's recovery is

CE GERMAN FOOD.

rmany, Nov. 4 .- Scores o were elaughtered to-day and old to the public in the city ere was a rush to obtain the ks" and "chops" as if they

t delicacy. uthorities ordered the bute animals, which had been or the past month. It is combat the meat famine with dmals, and the pussies of the ent go for "rabbit pia".



Winsome Winnie

"My dear Miss Caerlyon, stop a min- | eap of white and violet crape, ute, please," he said, haughtily. "You are laboring under a mistake, Mr. Pascoe. You cannot be very long in the mine office in Tolgooth, sir, or you would have known me," he added, suppressing an explosion of quarter-deck wrath for the sake of the young girl by his side. "My name is Stephen Tredennick, of Tregarthen, sir; and, as I said just now, when you interrupted me, I overtook Miss Caerlyon on the road as she was returning from my aunt, Madam Vivian's house, where met her yesterday evening."

"Oh, indeed -Captain Tredennick of Tregarthen! Indeed, sir, I did not know, am sure," said Mr. Pascoe, resuming his refined accent with an effort, and emiling and rubbing the palms of his hands with an air of sudden fawning politeness. "I know ye by report, very well indeed, sir-have heard tell of ye very often; Captain Tredennick. Long returned from your last voyage, sir?'

"No, sir-not long," vouchsafed Stephen Tredennick, shortly; "but I think In any case you need not have been afraid that this young lady was in improper company."

"Well, no, indeed, sir," said Mr. Pas coe, smiling again; "but I did not know -could not bring to my mind at all. sir-but that 'e were a stranger; and a young maid like Miss Winnie Caerlyou can not be too particular, sir, ye

He had edged himself up to Captain Tredennick's side, and was beginning to chat fluently, with an evident intention of constituting himself a third in the party. If he calculated on the sailor's sasy good-fellowship and pleasant condescension, he was fated to be instantly Tredennick? You only saw her stand-

toor, halting abruptly, and surveying Mr. Pascoe with the hauteur of the proud Trendennicks of Tregarthen, and a fresh accession of the haughty quarter-deck politeness of a presuming inferior, "I will take care of the young lady for the rest of the way, and will

wish you a very good morning." Mr. Pascoe muttered a response rather confusedly and sullenly, and stood watching the pair as they went down Tregarthen Hill.

Ye saucy young madam! I'll make o' hear of et agen!" he exclaimed vindectively-and resolutions of this kind Mr. Pascoe was not wont to forget, as that personage's numerous enemies were well aware.

Down Tregarthen Hill, up by the Head, where the road skirted the ocean eliffs, past Tolgooth Mine, and down by the little land-locked bay, where the Coastguard station, with its small, white, clean, bare-looking habitations, and the larger, whiter, cleaner, habitation of the officer in command, with the flagstaff and fluttering Union Jack before the door, were all perched high up on the sloping brow of a low cliff overlooking the deep water and blue-peb-bled shore of the little beach below. Winnie's escort never quitted her until the colored bunting fluttered above their heads, and from the white twostoreyed house at hand .with dormer windows in its seaward gable, came the echoes of the voices of crying children.

"Good-bye, sir; thank you very much." Her timid hand just touched his, and the downcast, pained girlish face, that had not been raised since the encounter at Tregarthen gates, was upturned just for a very few moments, gazing anxiously into his sered, "but I fear you would not be comfortable. I hear the children crying, and---

"Oh, no, thank you," said he, hastily "I shall have much pleasure in calling on your father some afternoon. Goodbye-good-bye, Winnie."

He thought he might take the liberty of addressing her thus; they were not strangers now, he and this anxious. timid, gentle, passionate little woman. Surely he might speak to her as to a dear little girl friend! Who could misunderstand him, except one like that underbred fellow, who said-said they were "sweethearting!" Captain Tredennick went over the absurd phrase several times, and laughed each time, as he walked home-laughed as if the absurd idea were not utterly displeasing. CHAPTER IV.

"Good-morning, Tredennick, I hope won have not waited for breakfast un- knows that what she requires in marri-MI now?"

The French pendulc-an animated give her a home of her own, with food group of gilded nymphs and centaurs, to eat and clothes to wear-and very in wild conflict apparently for posses- thankful she ought to be to get one." sion of the dial-plate-had fust struck mine "tirgs' on its musical little bell, as | red on Stephen Tredennick-jarred very Ma iam entered the prettily-furnished considerably, although it was in only breakfast-room. all polished maple a poor little stranger-maiden's interest. wood and soft dove colored hangings and carpets, relieved with touches of sarcastically, in manner very like Macerimson here and there. Madam Vivian am's own, "if marriage-which poets, had no notion of breakfasting in an and novelists, and artists, and those spartment, the shades of the upholsterv | kind of fools rave about as 'wedded of which might destroy the effect of bliss, as 'crowning the leve and honor her favorite morning robe of silk-em of a life, and so forth—be after all a

"Waited, dear aunt? Of course I

"Without a cup of coffee or chocolate or anything after your long walk!" exclaimed Madam, sitting down before her silver breakfast equipage. "For I understand from Trewhella, my maid, that you have actually been out of the house since daybreak.'

"Yes, I have," said Captain Tredennick-mentally adding, "I wonder how Trewhella knew!"

"Where did you walk?" inquired Madam. "Give me some of that Straspurg pate, please, Stephen. Did you go to Tregarthen ""

"No, I did not," replied Stephen Trodennick, without adding that he had never thought of it until he had returned to the door of Roseworthy Hall. By the way, aunt, I saw your little friend going home this morning."

"Indeed, Stephen," said Madam, and a rather amused malicious smile curved her lips. Where did you meet her?" "Oh, on the road by the Head," answered her nephew, silently resuming his roll and Strasburg pate.

"And you escorted her safely home. I hope, with your usual thoughtful consideration? "Yes, of course. That is a wild, lone-

ly road for a girl like her to travel; of course I went along with her until I saw her safe." "She has travelled it a good many times these last three years," said Madam, carelessly, but with her keen, smiling eves fixed on her nephew's face. "But how did you managed to scrape

girl had gone home again through the ed it.

rain and the wind, and then—last "Men are all the same, full of sly dou-

modest, sensible little creature." very candidly and carnestly, er smiling Then, with something like a pang of gaze becoming more penetrating-"a alarm or annoyance, she told herself, nice little creature. Poor Winnie! she will make Mr. Pascoe an excellent little wife."

"Pascoe! That ill-tempered, vulgar some excitement, which cooled rather suddenly when Madam again queried-"I was not aware that you knew Mr. Pascoe, Stepheni'

"Oh, ay-I do, though, aunt," he said, somewhat briefly; "and I do not like him. He is a disagreeable, presuming sort of fellow, I think."

"He is a very worthy, honest person." rejoined Madam, reprovingly, "and much attached to Winnie. I shall be quite glad to see her settled so comfortably. poor child. Pascoe has a fair salary for mine-purser, and a neat little house. thought it is on the works.".

His wife! That underbred, insolent, fox-faced man's wife! To live in the bare, equare-built. two-storey house, | your arms!" with its few small windows and smartly painted hall door, and its beautiful. soul-inspiring surroundings of dull-huel piles of rubbish and broken ore-stone. hideous wooden tarred sheds, slime-pits, and creaking, grouning, shricking, crashing machinery! Pascoc, the pur--that pale, pure-faced, serrowful little | which so many British matrons affect maiden, with her passionate gray eyes, when in the shelter of their householdand her wealth of beautiful sitken from an upper window in the Constguard tresses—the wedded wife of Thomas officer's house, for the benefit of Winnie

Stephen Tredcunick glanced at his velled space in frant, and for the beneather to discover if she was in earnest, and then a sudden impulse of at hand. something like passionate anger filled to listen to Mrs. Caerlyon's the pitched,

wife--never! He was very near saying so aloud, but

restrained himself to say instead, very quietly-"And what does Miss Winnie herself

think of the prospect?" Think? Oh, I'don't believe she admires him much—he is not an ideal lover, I grant-but what matters that?" said Madam, lightly and scoffingly. "Winnie has no right to indulge in any of that girlish, romantic tolly; she age is an honest kind husband, who will The tone, words and manner all jar-

"Well, aunt," he returned, coldly and

broidered purple cachemire and morning meer dry, worldly matter of exchange

and barter, still one ought to make the best exchange, and barter as equally as possible. Looking at the matter from a commercial point of view, a pretty young girl, with a fair share of brains and social attractions, and of decent family, might barter herself for something better than mere clothes and food given to her by a very ill-favored lubber of a fellow whom she detests." A ringing, sarcastic laugh came from

Madam Vivian as he concluded. "Bravissimo, Stephen! I begin to have some hope of you! You are growing romantic!" Then, quite suddenly, looking into the coffee urn as she spoke, Madam asked her third searching question: "How do you know that she de-

tests him. Stephen?" "Because-have you not just said that she does not admire him? 1 am sure no girl could!"

This was an evasion with a vengeance. and Captain Tredennick felt ashamed of it, and coughed two or three times, and resolved to tell Madam the whole story of the morning. It was odd the disinclination that came over him to deliver that short recital in the cold, clear morning sunlight, with Madam Vivian's ceen eyes watching his face about his invitation, and Winnie's refusal to go into Tregarthen House-about the tangled tress of hair, his request for a keepsake, Pascoe's coarse taunt, and all -ending with poor Winnie's one passionate allusion, as they went down the ill together, to the scene of which his delicate sympathy for her mortification would not suffer him to make any mention. "You must wonder at me and my friends, sir." she had said, bitterly; "it is my misfortune that that man can claim my relatives as his, though he is neither relative nor friend of mine. I hate him. Captain Tredennick! They want me to like him, and that makes me hate him the more!" Her words were rather unintelligible at the moment, but they were clear enough now. Madam herself changed the subject,

"Do you really consider the girl pretty?" she asked, with a smile of compassion for his utter ignorance of the requisites of beauty. "Poor little Winnie! Why the child has not a single good feature in her face; certainly her eyes are nice and bright, but so are most young persons'."

"Nice and bright!" those pleading, ead, true, deep dark eves, with a world of feeling in their light and shadow! He did not understand them thus far, perhaps, but he felt, as a noble intelligent nature would, the power and worth and truth of the soud which shone through them and had not noted in themwhich Madam Vivian doubtless never had—the fire of passion and glow of beauty created by that soul's strong-

est emotions. "She has beautiful hair, though," Mad am added, presently.

Stephen Tfredennick, by a method best known to himself, by this time had arrived at the conclusion that he had better leave the beauty of Winnie's beautiful bair alore. "Has she?" said he, coolly buttering some toast.

A flash of mingled amusement, vexaacquaintance with my little protege, tion and contempt crossed Madam Vivian's handsome, haughty face. Through ing in the doorway for a minute last the medium of Miss Trewhella's glib most entirely fallen into Winnie's lot to Tablets for their little ones will always the medium of Miss Trewhella's gilb nurse and care for by day and night, be found using them as long as there is "Oh, yes, I did," explained Captain before he had both openly and warmly Tredennick, laughing in spite if himself expressed his admiration of Winnie Caer-"I went down to the 'lower regions' to livon's one gift of undeniable loveliness: inquire of the servants if the poor little and now he pretended not to have notic-

night, I mean-I saw her in the house ble-dealing and petty falseness, where keeper's room. She appears a nice, women are concerned," thought the fair habituee of ball-rooms during five-and-"Yes, indeewd," said Madam, agreeing twenty years, with a carl of her-lip. "He says nothing, because he admires it so much -admires her, too!" Immediately she recollected herself, smoothed her brow, and laughed at her own folly. - began Stephen Tredennick, in "I am too absurd," she said, mentally. "I think I have been dreaming."

CHAPTER V.

"Winnie, are the children on the rocks?" cried a sharp feminine voice. "They are, mamma." "Can you see them all there?" ques-

tioned the first speaker, doubtingly. "I can, mamma." "Where's baby?" was the ready inter-

rogatory.

"She is here, mamma, erreping about." "Take her up, then. I won't have her second frock dirtied to-day. Take her children down there so long by themup and walk about with her. Letting seives! And mind you don't let them the child make herself in a mtss like that, just for laziness to take her up in

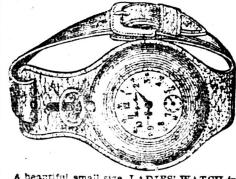
"She was crying so, mamma, when I carried her alout, and she is quite quiet

"I don't care whether she is quiet or not. You take the child up and walk about with her and amuse her." All this was screamed in that sooth | will you! I never saw such a heedless ser's wife—there to spend her existence | ingly delightful, sitili, rasping voice | maid!"

Pascoe his to have and to gold, for Cherlyon, as she bant ever the little whitewashed wall that enclosed the gra-

tuneless voice, as she scream I forth her mandates. Lut the white a gulls, to whom perhaps she unconsclusly im-

WRIST WATCH FREE



A beautiful small size LADIES' WATCH in handsome LEATHER BRACELET given FREE for selling only \$4.50 worth of the loveliest Christmas and New Year Cards and Folding Booklets at 3 for 5c. These are the very latest and most exclusive designs. Embossed and ithegraphed in all the natural colors. Appropriate mottoes and verses

Need New, Rich Blood to Restore Them to Healthy Condition

Actually in need of food to nourish the body and yet afraid to eat because of the racking pains that low. That is the condition of the sufferer from indigestion -a choice lasted but a moment "My father is up between starvation or merciless tor-

everybody whose organs of digestion have become unfit to perform their important duty, is for stronger stamachs than can extract nourishment from food. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give weak stomachs just the strength they need by enriching the blood supply, thus givand its nerves, and enabling it to do the work nature intended it to do. Thousands of cases of indigestion have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, of which the following is but one instance. Miss L. A. Brown, Port Albert, Ont., says: "For a number of years I was a terrible sufferer from indigestion, and as a result I became completely run down, and suffered from backaches and nervous troubles as well. I had to force myself to eat, but never enjoyed a meal owing to the awful pains that followed eating. Life was becoming a burden, and as medicine after medicine failed to help me I felt I was doomed to go through life a constant sufferer. Finally a married sister strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have reason to be thankful that I followed her advice, as they have fully restored my health, and I can now enjoy all kinds of food without the least discomfort, and my friends say I am looking better than I have done for years. At all events I know I feel like a new person .so shall always praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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

parted lessons in vocal music, as they ceaselessly swooped, and dived, and soared, and shricked around the craggy

Winnie, aroused from her lounge by the low white breastwork that hemmed in the little yard or terrace before the house, where she had been mechanically watching the seabirds' flight, the tossing of the green, froth-crested waves in the cold March sunlight, and the flitting lights and cloud shadows out on the great rippling expanse of ocean before her-Winnie's only relaxation, amusement, or pleasure in this world, but one -that one her tri-weekly visit to Roseworthy-took up the baby obediently, who resisted, as she did so, with loud, peevish cries; but perseverance in kisses and careases, and showing the gulls, and the "pretty, pretty sea," and the "beautiful little ships," stilled baby's lamentations at length, and she sat up in her sister's arms, in her little blue hood MOTHERS RECOMMEND and cloak, like "a beautiful little dearie," as Winnie said.

This calld, the youngest and frailest and sickliest of it the seven, it had alfrom her stepmother's prolonged indis- a baby in the home. The Tablets are acposition at her birth and other causes. Winnie had "got the way" of managing, feeding and soothing the little one better than anyone else; hence, washing, dressing, nursing and putting to sleep were all left entirely to the patient loving hands that never shook or slapped the wailing, fretful little creature—as its mother did in a fit of temper sometimes -that were always ready by day or night to "take baby."

The young girl's rest, leisure, amusements, were all curtailed or cut off on account of "baby"-poor little fifteenmonths-old Louie-who turned her piteous little face and out-stretched arms away from every one to "Eenie." Sister "Eenie" sacrificed herself ceaselessly and patiently, because of the love, the strong, tender, incipient mother-love. that rose above all self-consideration in her true womanly nature, for the helpless babe dependent on her.

"Winifred! Winifred, I say!" She hastened back from her wearisome parade, with the baby in her arms, to the upper window, and it sereamed man-

dates a second time. "Take the baby down on the rocks with the rest. You shouldn't leave those wet their feet!" "Yes, mamma."

"Has Sarah Matilda got her brown jacket on "

"Yes, mamma."
"Well, mind you don't let Tom go near the water-his throat's as sore as possible. And, Winifred-Winifred, I say!-wait until I have done speaking,

"I wasn't going, mamma," "Mind you don't let Caroline touch that nasty sea-weed, or those shellfish she's always eating-tell her she shall have Gregory's provider if she does, and I'll engage shoul let 'em be fast enough!"

"Yes, mamma." Winifred hurried away as she spoke, and though shotheard a renewed scream of "Winifred-Winifred, I say!" when she was half-way down the cliff-path. she only descended the faster, until she reached the pebbly shore, panting. flushed and nervous .

"I could not go back then," she said

in excuse to herself for her slight disobecience, if such it were. "It was better to come down and leave baby safely here. I couldn't turn just then -mamma knows that; but I can't go up now. Oh, I can't -I can't! He heard her-I am sure he did! I saw his hat just as she was shouting about Tom! Oh, I wish she hadn't! What matter though-what matter? How stunid I am! He has only come to see father. He said he would vesterday morningand I have my old frock on-it's not very bad, though-and this shabby old snawl! But what am I talking of? He's not come to see me-he won's see mehe shan't see me-there!" and Winnie laid her face down on the baby's blue hood, in a momentary quiver of disappointment, with a long sigh, and "Oh. dear, dear!" wrung from the keennees

ithographed in all the natural colors. Appropriate mottoes and verses.

You just show them and take the money.
Many of our agents sell a dozen packages in one house. Don't miss this wonderful chance.
Write to day. You may not see this advertise ment again. COBALT GOLD PEN CO.

Dept 200, Toronto, Cos.

Burprise, fear and pleasure combined.

WEAK STOMACHS The "hat" she had seen on the berrand above, and fled from, was within a yard of her, having followed in her foot-

"I never knew a mermaid could run down steep rocky paths -carrying a baby too so fast before."

"Oh, Captain Tredennick, you fright-ened me so!" she said, her heart beatfol- ing tumultuously, although the slight shock of his unexpected presence had on the cliffs near the look-out. I think. she continued , confusedly; "perhaps you The urgent need of all dyspepties, of thought he was down here?"

(To be Continued.)

FRUIT GROWING IN CANDAA.

A year ago the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, through the Branch ing tone and strength to the stomach of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner, undertook an investigation of the fruit growing conditions throughout Canada. The enquiry was intrusted to Mr. William H. Bunting, an extensive fruit grower at St. Catharines, Ont., who secured as much information as possible on the following points:

1. The possibilities of an extension of the fruit growing industry of Canada in the different localities visited.

2. The tendencies in the matters of the planting and growing of different kinds of fruit, and with regard to apples, the varieties which are being most exensively planted in the different districts.

3. The difficulties which are likely to be encountered in the further development of the fruit growing industry. 4. Methods of production and orchard nanagement which have been most successful in the different districts, and the

probabilities of over-production. 5. The conditions under which British Columbia, Ontario and Maritime Province fruit is marketed in the Prairie Provinces as well as the character and

effect of American competition. The enquiry was concluded in due time and the report has been printed for general distribution. It contains a large amount of detailed information gathered in every province, making it an invalu- the thunder you are safe. Modern able guide to persons who desire to take up fruit growing as an industry.

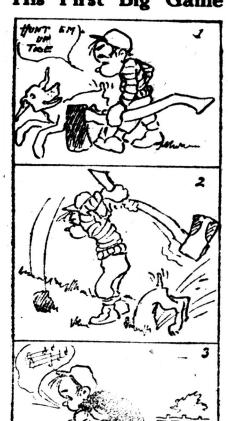
In his general conclusions Mr. Buntng points out that while the growing of energy, patience and perseverance, there is perhaps no phase of agricultural closely studied, and in which a wider range of information is more desirable and necessary. The future of the industry, he states, was never brighter a mile in five seconds. In order to than it is to-day, the prospects never more attractive nor the field of extensive effort in all fruit growing provinces more inviting.

The report which contains eighty-four printed pages and many illustrations is available to all who apply for it to at the number of seconds you want the Publications Branch of the Depart- to time. With a little practice with ment of Agriculaure, Ottawa, Ont.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

knowledged by thousands of mothers as being their best friend in keeping the little ones well. Whether it be constipation, colic, indigestion or worms; wheel paper at the recent Congress of Hygiene ther baby is suffering from cold or has in which he said: simple fever, or whether his teething is difficult, the Tablets are the one safe remedy which will speedily cure him, lodgings. They are guaranteed by a government analyst to contain not one particle of harmful drug and may be given with benefit to the new-born babe or growing child. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

His First Big Game





HIGH COST OF LIVING. (Toronto Star)

The high cost of living will begin to

A WONDERFUL CASE

Three Months in Hospital and Can Out Uncured.

Zam-Buk Cured Him in Few Weeks

Mr. Fred. Mason, the well-known upholsterer and mattress manufacturer, of St. Andrews, N. B., says:

"I had eczema on my knee, which caused me terrible pain and inconvenience. The sore parts would itch and burn and tingle, and then when rubbed or scratched, would become very painful. When the knee got warm, it burned worse, and the itching and burning and smarting were almost unbearable. I tried various remedies, but got no better, so I decided to go to Montreal and take special treatment. I received treatment at the Montreal General Hospital for thirteen weeks, but at the end of that time was not cured, and almost gave in. A friend advised me to give Zam-Buk a

"Almost as soon as applied Zam-Buk stopped the itching and the irritation. I persevered with the balm, and it was soon evident that it would do me good. Each day the pain was reduced, the gore spots began to heal, and by the time I had used a few boxes of Zam-Buk I was quite cured.

"Since then Zam-Buk has cured blood poison in my finger, and at a time when my finger was in such a terrible condition that I feared it would have to

be amputated." For eczema, blood poisoning, piles, ulcers, sores, abscesses, varicose ulcers, bad leg; cold sores, chapped hands, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin injuries and diseases, Zam-Buk is without

equal. 50c. box all druggists and stores or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. for price. Refuse imitations.

TELLING DISTANCE BY SOUND.

There is an old saying that if you can count five between the flash and science tells us that if you can see the flash at all you are safe, because if it struck you you would have no of fruit offers ample reward to the man time to see it. The speed of lightning

is about 180 times that of sight. The old idea was that if you endeavor which requires to be more could count five the storm was a mile away, which was considered a safe distance. Sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet a second, or about count seconds accurately many photographers start by saying to themselves: "No one thousand, one one thousand, two one thousand, three one thousand," etc. This gives about the right space between each count of one, two, three, etc., if you stop a watch beside you this is accurate up to half a minute or more.

If you see a steam whistle blowing and note the instant it stops you can count the seconds until you lose the sound, and by allowing a fifth of a mile for each second you can judge Mothers having once used Baby's Own the distance. The same is true of guns, or an explos hammering or any loud sounds.

> Principles About Small Dwellings Dr. Weyl, of Berlin, Germany, read a

I All dwellings must have a cellar. 2. Cellars should not be used as

3. No window, even in part, should be below the street level. 4. No room should exceed a depth of

18 feet. 5. The kitchen should not be used for sleeping purposes.

8. Each family should have its own

6. Front and back stairs should not be placed in the same shaft. Wooden stairs should be permitted only in two-storey houses.

toilet room. 9. One bathroom is necessary for about every 20 families. 10. One laundry is necessary for about every 20 families.

11. Each water feeder should have a drain. 12. Laundry should not be washed or dried in the bedroom or in the nursery. 13. One bed should not be placed over another.

14. Each dwelling should have its own pantry, should receive direct light and should not be located in the cellar.

THE TRUE SOCIALISM.

Mr. A. C. Benson, in an article on "Real Life" in Public Opinion (a paper which enters its fifty-second year this week) says:-

"The plain duty of the man who desires to help on the life of his time is to have an ideal that is both simple and disinterested; he must not claim too large a share of comfort, and he must above all things desire to impart as well as to participate: That, I take it, is the true Socialism, the constructive Socialism not based on confiscation but on participation. The tendency to isolate oneself, to feel superior, to be very conscious of one's rigiats, to wish to avoid one's duties - that is the individualiem with which no terms must be

"It is on these lines that I believe our new Democracy is shaping itself; and I rejoice with all my heart to think that it is not a mere vague ideal, but a belief which is amply justified by the signs of the times."

NO GOOD IN THE NORTH.

(Nigara Falls, N .Y., Gazette) A protective league of housescepers, with a central employment bureau, is the plan of Georgia women to solve the the plan of Georgia women to solve the servant girl problem. A blacklist for incompetent, lazy, dishonest or impudent help is the feature of the enterprise. Such an organization ought to work well in the South, where domestic help, mainly negro, abounds, both good and bad. In northern cities, where this class of labor, of any kind, good bad or indifferent, is scarce, the women might find it a difficult proposition. A lengua of house wives with a blacklist might soon run up against a union of servant city.

THE LOVE OF MONEY. (Boston Timescript)

"Her fiances was worth a million but she threw him over for another."
"Married for love, did she?" "Not in the sense you mean. The other man had ten mil'tons."