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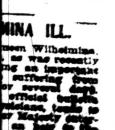
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A THE REPORT OF THE PROPERTY O Winsome Winnie

tike in the cold, grey morning light, towards the storm-beaten headland; "I am going home-I must be home by 7 o'clock.'

"Going home!" he repeated, remonstratingly. "Surely you will wait to breakfast with us or have you breakfasted already?"

"Oh, no!" she said, hurriedly, and blushing again at the avown! "I don't mind in the least-I always go home early when I stay at Roseworthy for the night, unless madame has asked me to stay; father and mamma and all of them expect me." She drew the faded wooden shawl over her thin cloth jacket and shivered violently as the keen sea breeze blew her wrapper about. "The morning is very cold, is it not, sin?" she said, trying to keep her teeth from chattering, while her very lips grew pinched and blue. "I ran off without letting Mrs. Grose znow-she would have insisted on keeping me until she had some breakfast ready.'

"My dear child," said Captain Tredennick, feeling quite fatherly in his earnestness, "you should not have come out this bleak morning fasting—after the wetting and fatigue of last night, too. Pray, come back to the house, and we will hurry the servants up to get you a cup of cuffee at lenst.'

"Oh, dear, no, sir—thank you," returned Winnie, with gravely-astonished rebuke at his dreaming of such a pro-posal to her; "I shall be home soon. I shall run very fast down the slope beyoud the Head. Good-morning, Captain seventh infant. Tredennick."

poor little knitted woollen glove; it safely within his arm.

"If you are going to run, I shall run too," said he, smiling protectingly, "until I see you run safe in at your father's

But Winnie colored deeply, looked frightened, apologized, and refused. Well, you will allow me to walk beside you as far as Tregarthen Head, if nick, feeling rather mortified, and feeling less like Winnie's grandfather than the sailor in the presence of another sailor's daughter, which he had considered himself the evening before—and a saflor's daughter who had repulsed his proffered kindness very decidedly. 'A strange, distant, shy little thing"

he said, mentally. And then he looked again at the small, earnest features, the anxious, lined brow, the gentle, pleading look in the dark, deep-set eyes, and little, frail womanly figure looking so lonely and foriorn on that desolate road. the thin fluttering garments sprinkled by the salt spray and mist from the thundering billows crashing against the face of the diffs, and the tender, passionate pity that is ever in the warm. strong heart of a true man for feminine defenceleseness and bodily weakness rose within him, throbbing to his very lips. "Oh, no, sir," she said, hurriedly, in answer to his half-provoked query; "you are exceedingly kind, but I could not think of troubling you; and-besides-"

"Besides what?" asked he, laughing. "I am not such a gay young spark that you should object to my escort, Mies Winnie; and I am delighted to have some company along this bare bit of road. I took it into my head, as soon as I woke this morning, to go and look over that old place of mine at Tre-garthen; so off I started. I hope I shall find the old couple awake and

"The Truscotts?" questioned Winnie. "Oh, yes, you will, Captain Tredennick, for there is Tolgooth mine bell ringing for six o'clock, and they are always up at six. you know."

"You know them, then a worthy old pair they are!" said Captain Tredennick, turning abruptly off the main road. "Come down Mennacarthen Lane, then, Miss Caerlyon; it will not take you a quarter of a mile out of your road, and you will stop at Tregarthen a few minutes. I am getting hungry, if you are not, and mean to ask old Mother Truscott for a cup of tea."

But Winnie hesitated, colored, and looked distressed again. "Come along," said he, gayly, offering his pilot cloth covered arm for her acceptance a second time. Plainly Captain Trendennick's "jolly sailer" exist-ence on board the Chittoor—educated gentleman though he was had rendered him pleasantly forgetful or regard-· less of nice conventionalities. "Unless you are in a terrible hurry to get home, or are afraid that I am going to

est you," he added, banteringly.

"No, sir," she said, turning her small, I helpful to your mother," remarked-Cappale face, looking quite wan and child- | tain Tredennick, approvingly, falling into the fatherly style again as he and Winnie walked slowly along the rough muddy lane. But no ray of glad filial pleasure and gratitude sparkled in the girl's grave face.

"It is my duty, of course, to do all that I can to help them when help is required," she said seriously. "And there is a great deal to be done in a house like ours."

"Ah, plenty of little brothers and sisters?" queried Captain Tredennick, smil-"Yes, sir," replied Winnie, gravely;

"The new baby?" echoed Captain-Tredennick. "And the new baby is the most

troublesome of the lot, I'll engage." "Oh, no, no, sir," said Winnie, looking up into his face, rather puzzled to "she is a dear, gentle, patient little girl a nice useful present? Ah, sixteen to Captain Tredennick. and thirty-three; well—well! "Good morning, Mr.

"Dear me," broke out Captain Treyou dear, patient, gentle little creacall to mind the paragon of an honest, cast, thin little face. brave, strong, tender-hearted fellow to take charge of the future comfort and ting last night, I hope?" he began. "This little woman who spoke so lovingly of want a tremendous lot of wraps if you a frown.

and Captain Tredennick, feeling himself and shrubbery around Tregarthen House his sails by Winnie's quiet rejoinder. s grandfather at least, took it and drew | -neglected and over-hanging now, bearing traces of absence and decay, as did all things else the barred-up broken as this." windows, the grass grown door step, the weedy paths, the rank, tangled evergreens, the lichen-covered gate pillars. and green, shiny, massive iron bars.

"You won't come in, then, for a minute, or two, and have a cup of hot tea, or warm yourself at the fire?" he said, you will not accept my arm, Miss disappointedly; and then some dim re-Caerlyon?" requested Captain Treden. membrance of the conventionalities membrance of the conventionalities glided across his mind, and he acquisced unwillingly in her decision. "Well, good bye, then," he added, pressing the little woollen gloved hand, "since you want to get rid of me." He looked so pleasant, so kind, so

captain of the East India merchantman Chittoor, nephew of the wealthy aristocratic lady who bore her foreign-sounding title of "Madam," as all the wives of the heirs of Roseworthy had done for generations, so grandly that "Madam Vivian," or "Madam of Roseworthy" became a standard in the minds of the humble one of the earth, miners and their wives, her village proteges and favorite poor, women, by which to measure the comparative merits and greatness of other aristrocats he, a learned gentleman, a brave sailor, grand and great in his years, his strength, his handsome face, his moneyed independence he so kind and courteous to her -to her, poor, plain-looking, ill-clad Winnie Caerlyon, whom her shrewish misfortune to require new boots-worn out, perhaps, all the sooner by her long walks to Roseworthy, which, in its luxury, elegance and quiet, was poor Winnie's Paradise Regained on earth.

"I do not indeed, Captain Tredennick." was poor Winnie's childish reply; and the great tears started to her sad, earnest gray eyes. "Please don't think me

She was so awkward, so unpolished, so ignorant, she thought. Her step-mother often said so, broadly and directly; Madam Vivian often hinted it in ladylike language of rebuke or advice.

Winnie had very good and sufficient reasons for speaking and acting as she did, apart from all ideas of mere etiquette; and it was that knowledge, and the shy, proud fear of its being discovered, that made her brows knit so nervously and her pale face flush beneath the

sailor's glance. "My dear child," said he, very gently, "I think nothing but that you are a

good, sensible, thoughtful wirl." The words were but kindly paternal in tone and purport, and, as he uttered them, he laid one hand reassuringly on her shoulder, whilst the other clasped her little, miserably cold, woollen-gloved fingers in farewell; but Winnie shrank beneath that gentle touch and the smile of those clear blue eyes, and the nervous twitching of her brow and lips grew

His words seemed to strike an unpleasant chord in the girl's mind; she did not accept his arm, but she quitted to high road and turned down the lane to Tregarthen beside him.

"I am never afraid except when I am doing wrong," she returned, firmly and quistly; "and I only want to be home in time to get breakfast ready, dir."

That is very good of you to be so twice in the strike and lips grew and lips grew more distressful.

There was no magleal wishing-stone by these moss-grown great pillars, no wishing-well bubbled forth its fateful waters beneath the clustering masses of evergreens, trailing ivy, gleaming laurel, and dark, prickly carnelian-jewelled holly which grew dank and close in the negative designs. Embossed and inhouse exclusive designs. 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. Ont.

foliage lown to shelter th epair who stood beneath; but Stephen Tredennick wished, as he stood there, as he had never wished before. Something-he knew not what-had touched his heart because of this poor little maiden's girlish loneliness and poverty. Truth to tell, he had hitherto known very little, and cared to know less, of small girls or big gils, old maids or young ones. This new sensation was therefore as strange and unaccountable as his wishing that Winnie Caerlyon lived in a comfortable, handsome house, that she had no work to do, that she were indulged and petted, and made pretty presents to, like other happy girls: that she were Madam Vivian's daughter and his little cousin, or sister, or relative in some way; that she had not to trudge off to Tolgooth Bay, this bitterly cold wild March morning, and that she had a warmer and better packet on. She looked so thinly clad and so cold, poor little creature! One of those rich, handsome, satin-lined fur things, now, that young ladies wore in the Park or in Regent street, would be just the very thing for her. Oh, how he wished there were a fur-shop within walking distance. that he might go in

Stephen Tredennick's one great luxury and extravagance was to make the most acceptable and delightful presents to people that it was possible for them to receive-from marvellous, wildly-longedfor buckhorn-handled, six-bladed pocketknives to youngsters at school, to robes or cobweb musiin spangled with beetles' wings from Oriental climes for their sisters. He would get one for her as soon character. as ever he went back to London-the very softest and richest and warmest of the satin-lined fur jackets which the I see!" young lady in the fur shop could show get Madam to give it for him, and say quite correct-those droll landsmen's notions!-to give presents of rich clothes

and buy one for her!

to strange young ladies. Young lady? Why, was he not almost Well, no. not quite. She was about six- and as well, or as ill, as it did with the teen, perhaps, and he was nearly thirty- face and figure which had suddenly conthree-more than double her age, but not quite old enough to be her father. "there are six of them, and the new Well, Madam could give the jacket, with his kind regards, to Miss Winnie Caerly- truder must have sprung out of the on, and say that he hoped she would wear it for his sake-would that do? No; say—say, Wear it if she pleased for a keepsake. Sixteen and thirty-three in the cunning twinkling red-brown eyes, quite a child to him! Surely an hon-

Perhaps he might saw something about said, coldly and distantly; "I am not dennick, laughing, "I never knew before please her-young girls were fond of eay you know very well, but am returnnow that that was a fatal symptom in pretty clothes, poor little things—it was ing home from Madam Vivian's." a child!" "I hope it isn't so with you, | nearly all the pleasure they had in life, except when they had a sweetheart. She ture!" he added mentally, the wish re-curring strongly to him that he could and it would brighten up the wan, lownwould be pleased, perhaps, if he told her, pertinent smile of disbelief, and shook

"You caught no cold from your wethappiness of the patient, kind-hearted is a very sharp morning, too. You would of his teeth, and the smile changing into that ailing baby-her step-mother's took many such morning walks as this."

She stretched out her little hand in ing again," said Winnie, as they passed tion—as he strove to steer for the right at the entrance gate to the area of lawn | port, the wind was taken clean out of

sir, and the mornings are seldom as cold liarity.

But the wild March morning, in re- tain Tredennick, hotly. morse, perhaps, for its severity to the poor little maid, was kindly propitious to the Tolgooth Mines, and a relation of Captain Tredennick's generous wishes; my step-mother's, sir," replied Winnie, and, sending a sudden whirling blast, it a flame of angry defiance in her cheeks blew a long, long tress of curling and eyes, as she partly turned her back brown hair from beneath the silk on that individual. net into which its luxuriance was thrust, and wafted it right across to Captain Tredennick's shoulder, twisting full of the petty malice of a mean, littleit around one of his anchor buttons in a highly ingenious manner.

"You might give me that long soft pretty curl as a keepsake, Miss Caerlyon," said he, laughing, as he carefully handsome, smiling sunnily down on her unwound the errant tress; "it wanted from the light of his true, clear blue to come to me evidently. Let me have eyes he, Tredennick of Tregarthen, it, and I'll send you home something instead of it, will you?"

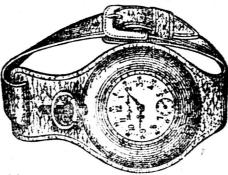
"Send me home something first, sir," responded Winnie, shyly, but laughing also, as she tried to fasten the hair be-

hind her little white ear. "Is that a bargain?" said he, eagerly. "I will keep you to it, Miss Winnie. No, Pascoe! You are always tormenting me; you can't fasten it; your little fingers and I had rather never see one sight of are too cold. Let me"; and the captain | you or hear your voice—now!" of the Chittoor, with a smile playing over his lips and in his sunny blue yes, commenced adjusting Winnie's tumbled brown curls. "Mind, as soon as ever I send my keepsake, you must send yours," he went on, looking earnestly down into the pure girlish little face upturned to deep into his coat pockets; "ye might his own, as she muranured bashful speak civilly, like a well-behaved maid, thanks, and deeper unuttered thanks for I think. Are'e goin' to stand here any step-mother called "a great, awkward, gad-about of a maid." when she has the strong, brave, handsome captain of the East Indiaman Chittoor! - shone from the dark depths of her lustrous grey

nifred," he said with brotherly pleas- me! antry, keeping hold of her -she being but sixteen to his great seniority of thirty-three- "perhaps I had better ing Mr. Pascoe a look of terrible quarmake sure of my keepsake now! What ter-deck politeness, "I will see Miss is the matter?"

The sudden ejaculation was not unreasonable, for Winnie in an instant had sprung from his side and the earessing touch of his hand, her lice flaming and his genteel accent falling away from crimson and then fading deally white, and the dark grey eyes, which ad glowed with such girlish enthusiasm of gratitude

WRIST WATCH FREE





upon him, dilating for a moment with a sort of terror, and then blazing with a proud defiant anger that startled her companion as a new revelation of her

You can take early strolls fast enough, The strange voice had the peculiar nim! And send it to her? No; he must disagreeable quality of being a naturally

"Good morning to you, Miss Winnie!

vulgar one, with a strong provincial acsomething kind to pass it off; it was not cent, and likewise, being such, was tarnished over, so to speak, with a far more vulgar assumption of genteel tone and pronunciation, which assorted as well with it as the genteel affectation old enough to be the poor child's father? did with the provyincial form of dislect, fronted Winnie.

It seemed to Captain Tredennick, in his angry, startled surprise, as if the inearth—this spare, sinewy, undersized man, with a shrewd, foxlike, narrow face, discover if he were in jest or earnest; est plain sailor might make a little as he darted a quick glance from Winnie "Good morning, Mr. Pascoe," the girl

> it now, and prepare the way; it might taking an early stioll, though, as I dare The man addressed merely lifted his eyebrows in a most disagreeably im-

his head slightly. "Going home from Madam Vivian's by Mennacarthen lane and into Tregarthen House?" said he, showing the edge

"I was not going into Tregarthen "And now, sir, I will say good mornHere—to use his own mental declarathe color rushing back to her palitid I was all caked in on a dance-hall jade,
but she shock me in the and. cheeks, and her eves flashing. "Weren't you? H'm! It looked very

like it, Miss Winnie," he replied, with "I have plenty of wraps, thank you, an insolent assumption of easy famil-

"Who is this person?" demanded Cap-"Mr. Thomas Pasone the nurser of

He perceived the action of girlish disdain, and the crafty underbred face grew

minded man's revenge for a woman's slight. "No need for ye to be so angry, miss," said he, with a sneering laugh; "I never tell on ye to your father or mother! That is all the thanks I get

and stand your friend in many a way "I don't want your friendship!" cried Winnie, furiously in a sudden childish rage that shook Captain Tredennick's belief in the patience of his gentle little maid very cansiderably. "I don't-I don't like you and you know it, Mr.

She burst into a passionate fit of crying, and Captain Tredennick stood in confounded silence for a moment.

"Ye're kickin' up a pretty rigs about it, sure enough," said Mr. Pascoe, with an evil look, and thrusting his hands longer ,or are e going to come home

to your father's house?"
"I am not going with you," replied Winnie, choking down her sobs; "and I will go home when I like, and stay out as long as I like, independently of "You haven't promised yet, Miss Win- you, sir, You have no authority over

"Sir," said Ciptain Tredennick, raising his hat an inch or two, and deal-Caerlyon home, if you please. I overtook her on the road and-"

"Ye will, will 'e?" rejoined Mr. Thomas Pascoe, turning bully on the spot, with a strange spark of a fellow! She'd pay dear for her sweethearting of they did, I can tell 'e!"

Winnie never uttered word or cray in answer to the coarse taunt. but she shrank as if a mortal blow had struck her. Tightening her little faded shawl convulsively around her, she extended her hand to Captain Tredennick, without daring to lift her eyes. "Good-bye, sir-oh, good-bye! Thank you for coming so far. Please don't

mind him," she muttered, her very

brows burning in an agony of skame.

(To be Continued.) APPLE SOLID.

Simmer 1 1-2 pounds of lump sugar with s pounds of sliced apples and juice and crated rind of 3 lemons until it is thick.

Then pour into a damp mould until it is cool. Turn out and serve with cream.

"I feel like a fish out of water," re-

THE PARSON'S SON.

(From "The Songs or a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service, published by request.)

This is the song of a parson's son, as he squats in his shack alone.

On the wild, weird nights when the northern lights shoot up from the northern zone.

And it's sixty below, and crouched in but the victim can realize the borture

an old-time pioneer; came with the first-Oh, God! how

I've sweated athirst in its summer heat; I've frozen and starved in its cold; I've followed my dreams by a thousand racking pain. It has been proved over

And that gruesome scar on my left the bone. Each one a brand of this devil's land,

where I've played and I've lost the broken wreck, with a craze for "hooch" and never a cent to my

This mining is only a gamble, the worst is as good as the best: was in the bunch and I might have

have come out right on top with the

With Cormack, Ladue and MacDonald-Oh, God, but it's Hell to think Of the thousands and thousands I've squandered on cards and women and

the wealth that lay underground. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

I've often slept under the shade Of that lone birch tree on Bonanza cure yourself to-day by the use of Dr. where the first big find was made. Williams' Pink Pills, which will assur-

and every man had hie squaw, And we lived such a wild, free, fearless post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes life beyond the pale of the law, Till sudden there came a whisper, and it | cine Co., Brockville, Ont.

maddened us every man, And I got in on Bonanza before the big rush first began.

Oh, those Dawson days, and the sin and the blaze and the town all open wide (If God made me His likeness, sure He

let the Devil inside.) But we were mad, both the good and the bad, and as for the women, well-No spot on the map in so short a space

has hustled more souls to Hell. Money was just like dirt there—easy to

It put me queer and for near a year I never drew sober breath, Till I found myself in the bughouse ward, with a claim staked out on

Twenty years in the Yukon, struggling Toledo Blade. along its creeks, Roaming its giant valleys, scaling its

God-like peaks, Bathed in its fiery sunsets, fighting its fiendish cold. Twenty years in the Yukon-twenty

years, and I'm old Old and weak, but no matter, there's suit at last." "Settled it!" chied the "hooch" in the bottle etill.

I'll hitch up the dogs to-morrow and mush down the trail to Bill; It's so long dark and I'm lonesome-PII just lay down on the bed-

To-morrow I'll go-to-morrow-I guess I'll play on the red.

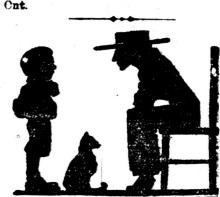
waiting, dear, in the court Minnie, you devil, I'll kill you if you skip with that flosey sport . . . How much does it go to the pan the game Our Father, which art in Heaven,

hallowed be Thy name This was the song of the parson's son as he lay in his bunk alone;

Ere the fire went out and the cold crept in and his blue lips ceased to moan, And the hunger-maddened malamutes had torn him flesh from bone.

WHEN BABY IS ILL

When baby is ill-when he is troubled with constipation, colic, worms or cold; when his teeth are bothering him or when he is restless and cross and does not sleep well, give him Baby's Own Tablets. They are the mother's greatest aid in keeping her little ones weil-thousands of mothers give their babics no other, medicine because they know the Tablets to be absolutely safe. They are guaranteed by a government specialist to be free his Cornish dialect like thin stucco on from opiates and other harmful drugs a plaster facade. "Then I think 'e had | found in so-called "soothing" mixtures. better not let the Leftenant nor hes The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers wife see their daughter walkin' home or by mail at 25 cents a box from The across the fields at the break of day Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Cnt.



"Willie, do you always brush your teeth?" "Nope. There ain't no hair on

"Do you dye whiskers?" "Yes," asswered the barber. "Do they fool anymarked the old bachelor when he real- body:" "Seem to fool the man that Dept 200, Toronto Ont. ized that a summer girl had landed him. wears them."—Washington Herald.

'em."

TAKEN HOME

ON A MATTRESS

How a Sufferer From Sciatica Found Permanent Relief.

Fierce, darting pains, pains like red

hot needles being driven through the flesh in the thigh, perhaps down the legs to the ankles—that's sciatics. None the snow, the hungry huskies mean. of this trouble, and many suffer from it hopelessly in the belief that it cannot I'm one of the Arctic brotherhood, I'm be cured. This is a mistake; sciatica is a nerve trouble, and if the starved nerves are properly nourished with rich. I've cursed this Yukon-but still I'm red blood the trouble will soon disapnear. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make just the new, pure blood needed to feed the sciatica nerve and drive out the streams, I've toiled and moiled for and over again that they can do this and we now offer the following additional piece of evidence. Mr. E. H. Pas-Look at my eyes—been snow-blind torious, Harrow, Ont., says: "Some twice! Look where my foot's half years ago I was terribly afflicted with. sciatica, starting just in my hip and then extending through the leg to the cheek, where the frost fiend bit to foot. At the time I was attacked I was away from home and had to be brought home on a mattress in a spring wagon, and the agony of the trip was almost more than I could endure. Reaching home I was not able to sit up and remained in bed for six weeks. The doctor did not help me and I tried a number of medicines recommended by neighbors. I paid \$5.00 a bottle for one preparation, but it was no better than the rest, and I began to think there was no cure for me. While suffering this untold misery Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended, and my wife got me a supply. In the course of a few weeks I began to feel better and could get around with the aid of a cane. I kept on taking the Pills until all the pain disappeared and I felt as well as ever I did. I have never had an attack In the early days we were just a few, of the trouble since, and although I am and we hunted and fished around, now 65 years of age I feel as vigorous Nor dreamt by our lonely camp fires of as I did at 40, all of which I ascribe to

We traded in skins and whiskey, and If you are suffering from sciatics or any nerve or blood trouble, begin to edly do for you what they have done We were just like a great big family, for others, if you give them a fair trial. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medi-

WITH THE WITS.

"What is the use of this article?" asked a shopper. "I really don't know," replied the clerk; "I think it is intended to be sold for a Christmas present."-Harper's Magazine. She Kind words can never die He

Maybe not, but a whole lot of them seem laid up, and not working. -Boston Transcript. "Hello hello, central; Givo me my

husband." "What number?" "Oh, the fourth, if you must know, you impertin ent thing!"-Judge. "Mrs. Meddle makes so much trouble

in this neighborhood." "Yes, she has such a fine sense of humor!"-Life. "There's a fool born every minute." "Sometimes two fools." "Huh!" "You have a twin brother, haven't vou?"-Newedd-I hope these eggs are as

fresh as the ones we got last week. Mrs. Newedd-Oh, yes, dear. I telephoned the grocer to be sure and send me some of the same lot.—Boston Transcript. "Hurrah! hurrah!" cried a young lawyer, who had succeeded in his father's practice, "I've settled that old chancery

astonished parent; "why I gave you that as an annuity for your life."—Life. He If I should kiss you, what would happen! She-I should call father. He Then I won't do it. She-But father's

in Europe.—Lippincott's. Mary-Are you going to ask Ida to your bridge? She has been home from Europe six weeks. Alice-Why, yes, "Come Kit, your pony is saddled, I'm I'll ask her. She must have stopped telling her foreign experietness by now.

-Harper's Bazar. Chinaman—You tellee me where road depot? Citizen-What's matter, Bill? . . . play up, School, and play John? Lost? Chinaman-No! me here Depot lost .- Ladies' Home Journal. "I tell you I must have more money." roared the King of Maritania, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody must cough up some." "Alas!" sighed

> ormerly the court jester, "all our colfers are empty."-Lippincott's. Briggs-I see that Wanderspoke has bought a farm in New England. Grigge -What does he expect to raise? Briggs Theories. - Life.

the guardian of the treasury, who was

"Your nephew is a college graduate, isn't he?" "Yes," confessed Honest Farmer Hornbeak; "but, in justice to the college, I'll own up that he had no sense beforehand."-Woman's Home Companion. The Wife-I do believe I would fall

some evening. The Brute-You will have to offer a bigger bribe than that. -Indianapolis Press. "Why did you make such a fuse when Percy Billion kissed you last night? Were you calling for help?" "Gracious,

dead if you were to come home early

WOMAN SUFFRAGE A RIGHT.

no! For witnesses."-Judge.

(Ottawa Citizen) Let it not be forgotten that woman suffrage is not a matter of utility. It is not a matter to be judged by its probable effects. It is not a privilege to be granted as a courtesy to the weaker sex. It is a right possessed by every citizen, male or female, that can be withheld in a democracy only at the cost of injustice and wrong. It is the inalienable right of the governed to have a voice in the making of the laws that govern theme. There is no argument for many that does not are the state of the suffrage that does not apply with equal force to woman suffrage also.

DADDY'S WHACKY-WHACK.

On the occasion of her last visit to a certain Baltimore household a young matron of that city found a little friend What's the matter with little Marior she asked, endeavoring to console weeping child.

"Daddy has just given me whack" the youngster replied between

"Thoughtless daddy!" exclaimed the young woman, repressing a smile. "And where did he whacky-whack little Marier" on the back of my tummy," was the -New York Press.