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## PLOTS THAT FAILED

TARAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKA

"if I were equal to the trip, but to tell you the truth, India, the very eight of a locomotive just now would send me into hysteries, I believe."

She watched India depart, little dreaming what her mission was. She did not notice, however, that she took the path that led over the hills, quite in an opposite direction from the depot. An India passed the Downing mansion she etopped short at the entrance gate, noting with considerable satisfaction that Clarence Neville eat on the porch. She could see that he was house-bound, because his injured foot was wrapped up in a shawl and rested upon a has-

He greeted her eagerly, anxious beyond words to hear how Bab was, and believing that she had come with some message from her. His first words caused India's heart to beat fiercely. "Tell me, how is little Bah?" he eried "I-I-have not been able to sleep or

rest, warrying over her." "She is getting along splendidly and recovering from the effects of her terrible fright," she murmured; "and, oh!" the added, her voice sinking into a whisper, "I want to tell von how she, and, in fact, we all, thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your rescue

of our darling." He tried to epeak, but his voice was too husky; but at length he answered: "I would have risked a hundred lives if I had them, to save her, and given as many more to have her sweet young

There is one thing which Barbara bids me sav to vou." said India, raising her dark, wondrously beautiful false eyes to his face, "and that is that you will refrain from ever mentioning one word | Clarence Neville's as her rescuer. connected with that terrible scene to her, or, in fact, to any one, for the reason that she could not endure to be reminded of it, as it would make her live over again all that she suffered in that terrible moment. We are all bound to the same promise, never to mention one word concerning it in her presence. nd indeed, if she should forget her reolve herself, so quickly change the sub-

"She has only to command me." said Clarence Neville, with a low bow "She may rest assured I shall never refer to it, for I feel quite the same as she does in the matter."

D."It must seem strange to von that she should delegate me to thank you for saving her life, instead of speaking of it herself to you; but you know Bab is a strange girl and takes odd caprices. and this is perhaps the oddest of them." "It is certainly not to be wondered

at in this instance." returned Neville;

and rest assured the subject shall never be broached to her by me." "You are so good," murmured India: "so thoughtful, so considerate, and I thank you for Bab. She will appreciate of it so much. She does not know that tention of calling upon you if you were

down at the injured foot. of you," he rejoined. "I shall respect your wishes." she

said: "but let me extend my sympathy, and tell you in my own poor way how deeply sorry I am for you." "It is nothing. Miss India." he return-

ed, smiling at her earnestness: "only a slight twinge in my ankle which prerents welling about for a day or two. Please believe that I shall call at Haven House upon Miss Bab and yourself quite as soon as I am able to walk that far." Expressing her hope that he would

certainly do so, India took her leave. He looked after the lithe graceful form with a thoughtful expression on his face.

"What a tender-hearted, sympathetic young girl she is!" he mused, adding to himself: "If I had not seen Barbara. I almost believe I should have taken a fancy to her.'

Meanwhile India turned her steps in the direction of the depot. and, as chance would have it, the first person whom she saw on the train, taking a hasty run to the eity, was the very one of whom she was thinking-Rupert Downing.

"I am so glad to find you here." she aid, eagerly, taking a seat by his side. "And I am surprised to find von here rejoined here, wondering curious-Iv what in the world took her down to

go with me to the hotel to see Mr. Haven, and tell him the story, which Bab will corroborate, of how you saved her life. That will establish you in his tavor instantly-av, and in his heart, and when you come to ask for Bab's hand in marriage he would find it hard to refuse von. I have sealed Clarence Nev-Ille's lips on that subject for all time to come," and in a few words she related the conversation which had taken place so lately between them, and the promise she had exacted from him, representing it as Bab's arnest wish.

"By Jove! you're a trump. India!" eried Rupert Downing. "It takes a clever woman like you to bring any

scheme to a finish." They talked long and earnestly, and by the time they reached Boston they had perfected their plans for the scheme in which poor little Bab was to be trapped without loss of time into an immediate marriage. The bargain was that the hour in which it was consummated India should receive a handsome sum of money for her share in the work.

CHAPTER XXI. When India reached Boston and arrived at the hotel indicated in the telegram she found Mr. Haven in quite the condition that the old housekeeper had described. He had had a severe case of indigestion-indeed, so severe as to couse him serious apprehension, as his physician had warned him that he would that way, sooner of later.

when India put in an appearance. "Oh, uncle, you frightened us!" she political business.

eried, gliding forward and flinging her Rupert Downing's answer almost took arms about his neck caressingly.

"I was quite sorry for sending the "The 200n I craye at your hands is

"I would go with you," said Barbara, he declared. "I hope my little Bab does

not know." "No," murmured India; "we thought it best to take your advice, and not tell

her, especially in her condition." Mr. Haven leaned excitedly to his feet for the moment forgetting his indisposi-

tion. "Bab's condition!" he repeated, breathlessly, turning very white. "What can you mean . Surely nothing has happened to my little girl, whom I left so well and happy but a little while since- Is she ill? Speak quickly my dear child. I-I cannot bear suspense in my nervone state. I-I-see by your face, India that something has occurred. What is

'Oh, uncle, how can I ever forgive myself for that blundering slip of the tongue! I had intended to carefully keep it from you for the present; but now that you know that something has happened, I must end your keen suspense by telling you all about it. Let me preface my story, however, by saying in advance that our darling Bab is well entirely well and happy-but for a trifl-

ing nervousness." The father heaved a deep sigh of relief as he sank back into his seat again. He could stand anything, now that he was thus assured that Bab, his treasure, was well and happy. It could not be anything of a very serious nature which

ad happened. He leaned back upon the cushioned seat and nodded for India to proceed which she did, telling him the whole story of Bab's narrow escape from a fearful death under the ponderous wheels of the eastern-bound express. substituting Rupert Downing's name for

Mr. Haven's emotion as he listened was pitiful to beold.

'May heaven bless the noble young hero for that brave act!" he cried, bury-

ing his face in his shaking hands. His lips moved, but India did not know that he was asking heaven to pardon him in judging Rupert Downing so wrongfully, so unjustly, and wondering how he could ever atone for it.

India was watching him narrowly from under her long lashes, endeavoring to read his thoughts, at which she made a rather shrewd, accurate guess.

After a moment's pause, she continued: "Mr. Downing came down on the same train with me, and is stopping at this hotel.' The effect of this announcement upon

Mr. Haven was wonderful. "Mr. Downing, the rescuer of my child, edly. "Touch that bell for me, India. I

must see him at once. "I think you have little need to send for him," murmured India, "for when he heard how ill you were and that you were stopping here, he signified his invon were injured ever so slightly," she able to receive him, quite as, soon as "Then pray do not mention it. I beg to do in the course of an hour or so." She had scarcely ceased speaking ere

Mr. Downing was announced. "I will see him at once." said Mr. Haven. "Show him up to my room." The meeting between the false, spurious hero and Bab's father was a scene

which India never forgot. Mr. Haven was overcome with emotion, and as he grasped the young man's hand he broke down completely, and cried as strong men seldom cry in a lifetime. It reminded India of a strong oak which she had once beheld nearly bowed to the earth by a terrific gale which threatened to wrench it asunder.

Mr. Haven was too agitated to notice the face of his companion, or he would have been shocked to behold a sneering smile flicker for a moment at the corner of Rupert Down's mouth as his eves met India's for an instant.

"How ean I ever thank you, by word or deed, for what you have done for me and mine!" cried Mr. Haven, brokenly. "Expressions fail me. I can only say I thank you from the bottom of my heart -av, from the depths of my very soul! If my rist arm were the price of showing you my intense gratitude, how

cheerfully I would give it!" "Pray do not think of it, Mr. Haven," cried the other, with well-assumed modesty. "Believe me, I would have leaped Boston, but it was not long ere she informed him.

"I have a plan," she added, "You shall with me to the hotel to see Mr. Ha-

"I ank you, thank you," murmured Mr. Haven, a great lump rising in his throat. "I do not know what else to say to you than this: lek any favor in the world from me that I have the power of granting, all through your life, and believe me, it will be granted." "The occasion is now ripe," murmured India,' it so low a voice that only Rupert L' vning's sharp ears caught the

while the iron is not." Again Rupert Downing acted on the shrewd French girl's counsel.
"Do you really mean that, sir?" he asked, gazing fixedly into the other man's face.

"I do, indeed," replied Mr. Haven, quite carried away by the excitement of the moment. "I will prove the sincerity of my words to you at any time. or in any way in which you may elect." "You have it in your power to make me the happiest man on earth, sir," murmured Rupert Downing. I scarcely know how to ask at your hand the favor I erave so ardently."

"Whatever it is, consider it granted beforehand," said Mr. Haven, warmiy. He remembered dimly that he had once heard that the young man aspired to some political position which eluded him, not because of lack of wealth, but because of the influence of influential If it were this, he should have the highest position which his ambition past Ha craved, for he could do much for him see her. in that way. Mr. Haven was a power in

He was improving very favorably his locality—ay, and in his State. His present visit to Boston was on some

telegram as soon as it was fairly gone, your daughter Barbara, eir. It was a



#### MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCREASED NUTRITI-OUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL NOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY EN-TITLED.

HOME BREAD BAKING RE-DUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUP-PLY THE NECESSARY NOUR-ISHMENT TO THE BODY.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

case of love at first sight with both of us, sir. I had not intended letting her know of my feelings toward her for long years yet, and then only after having a long, earnest talk with you on the subject; but, alas! for the best laid plans ever made by man! I was surprised into breatning out to her my great love for her in the moment I saved her life. And, oh, sir, how can I picture to you my wild delight to find that the lovely girl whom I had faced a horrible death to save loved me in return? You will forgive me for letting her know of it without gaining your approval firet; but the circumstance which brought that confession about was no ordinary one. There are few men who could have restrained themselves from uttering the words that would come to their lips in a crisis of that kind."

"You are right," replied Mr. Haven huskily. "With a man's intuition; I can well understand how you were surprised into telling my Bab the state of your feelings; but what staggers me beyond all words is the intelligence you here in this hotel!" he exclaimed, excit- bring me that my Barbara, who is scarcely more than a child, loves you. The very thought bewilders me-seems to fairly benumb my brain," and as Mr. Haven uttered the words he staggered back, covering his face with his trem- came by their name. bling hands.

"You have no answer for me, sir," said Rupert Downing slowly.

added, sighing deeply, as she looked he had concluded the business which "Forgive me if my agitation conquered when she is old enough she may marry will.

Rupert Downing started violently. He did not relish the latter clause, for he had had little enough to do with the forts to reach the land he was borne divine power during his eventful .unenviable career, and he knew that he was entitled to little money or favor from that source. But he smiled and thanked Barbara's father most gracefully, murmuring with a two-faced exression of

delight: "You have made my happiness for all time to come, as well as your darling danghter's"

Mr. Haven tried to force a happy laugh to his lipe, and as he did so, he thought of the lines: "You think that laughter must betoken mirth?

And yet I laughed to-day, When the greatest pain in all the earth Held my poor heart a prey.

"My laugh was feigned! And yet it rang out true. And he that heard the sound Could see no cause to doubt the laughter who

No cause for doubt had found. 'I felt my grief was blazoned on my

I could not hide it there. Though men may laugh, yet grief will trace The telltale lines of care.

"Ah! let me but this truth impart From one of human race; There's aught as false as the human

heart. Except the human face."

Irit had been young Clarence Neville. words. Would advise you to strike the son of his honored old friend, how different he would have felt about giving as consent to his marriage with the daughter whom he loved better than his life; but he put the thought quickly from him, chiding himself severely for his lack of gratitude toward the man who had saved Bab's life.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

For some moments after India had left him Clarence Neville sat on the vine-covered porch of his friend's home lost in deep thought. He was thankful beyond words to learn that Bab was recovering so nicely from her terrible fright. She had sent word by India how grateful she was; still, he felt that she ought to have written him at least one little line.

He sighed heavily and tried to divert his thoughts into another channel, but it was useless; he could think only of Bab. He wondered, if he should walk past Haven House, whether he would

The doctor had emphatically forbidden him to walk, for ever so short a distance, but his desire to see Bab was so great, he threw advice and prudence to the winds. The ankle was painful. but he was so brave and strong that he scarcely heeded it—he walked as far as the brook, but outraged nature in the end will not work in vain.

shape of a sharp twinge warned him he must rest then for a while.

The threw himself down in a nest of blindells and gave himself up to the sweetest and rosiest of daydreams, all of which began and ended with Barbara

Haven.

Suddenly he was aroused by a voice, and the very person he was thinking of, Bab herself, and aweet as the day, appeared before him.

He would have sprung to his feet had not his ankle warned him that he was on the invalid list, so to speak. He said to himself: "Of course Barbara must know of it, for India had surely told her of his mishap." But she did not even refer to it.

He held out his hand to her eagerly. looking longingly into the beautiful blue eyes, bluer than the larkspurs and bluebells about him-and the forget-menots that fringed the banks of the babbling brook.

The word was on the end of his tongue: "Oh, Bab, Bab, how thankful I am to God that I was enabled to save your precious life"; then he suddenly remembered that she had asked as a special favor that he should not mention it in any way in her presence, or even elsewhere the memory of that scene

was so abhorrent to her. He stopped short, and smiled, even though he sighed.

"Of course he has heard of my terrible accident, and how near I came to losing my life," thought Bab-and she wondered why he did not congratulate her upon escaping uninjured from what seemed certain death.

Will you sit down, Miss Barbara. and talk to me?" he said wistfully; "and pardon my not rising-I have a very unkind master, you see, in my sprained ankle, which sadly interferes with gallantry."

Bab's blue eves opened in wonder. but she made no comment, other than to say that it was certainly too bad. The sun was warm, and she had been walking a considerable distance, and she was very glad to avail herself of his invitation to sit down in the long,

green, cool grass. Bab felt piqued that during the following half hour he made no mention of her accident, and she was determined that she would not speak of it. What did they talk of? They could scarcely have told themselves; they seemed to realize that life had just begun for

them from that hour. They talked of the poets-he quoted sweet, passionate words from them that she had never read—he murmured some of the very passages that Rupert Downing had read to her, but ah, how different they sounded on his lips every word seemed to thrill with a newer, sweeter, tenderer meaning. This was something like romance-sitting under the spreading shade of green trees, listening to the singing of the little brook, with this handsome, fair-haired young man by her side, with his dreamy eves, so full of unspoken love, riveted upon her face.

He knew all the pretty legends of the flowers. Gathering a tuft of blue forget-me nots that grew at her feet, he

"Let me tell you how these flowers, which so resemble your pretty eyes,

"It is said that a knight and a lady were walking by the side of the Danhe had concluded the business which brought him to Boston, which ne expects to do in the course of an hour or so."

She had scarcely ceased speaking are my darling loves you and you had scarcely ceased speaking are my darling loves you and you had been sometimed affection, when the young girl saw, on the other side of the stream, the bright blue flowers of the my solis, and the nage extinct buffalo of Scuth Africa, whose horns used the other side of the stream, the bright blue flowers of the my solis, and the nage extinct buffalo of Scuth Africa, whose horns used the other side of the stream, the bright blue flowers of the my solis, and the nage extinct buffalo of Scuth Africa, whose horns used the other side of the stream. my darling loves you and you love her, expressed a desire for them. The knight, eager to gratify the every wish you. You may win and cherish the of his sweetheart, plunged into the heart you have saved if it is God's river, and, reaching the opposite bank, gathered a burch of the flowers. On his return, however, the current proved too strong for him, and, after many ef-

(To be Continued.)

#### THE DANGER OF ANAEMIA

#### **Consumption May Follow Unless** Its Ravages Are Checked.

There is danger to every girl and every woman who falls a victim to anaemia-that is bloodlessness. They become listless, feel too weak, too wretched and to hopeless to take prompt steps to stop the trouble. Too often. through neglect, they drift into a worse condition, forgetting that anaemia frequently leads on to consumption. If you are anaemic in the least degree you should lose no time in beginning treatment, to increase and enrich the blood supply. To do this there is no other medicine so good as Dr. Williams' Pink | sent a representative collection of the Pills. Every dose helps make rich, red blood, which drives out disease and brings again the bloom of health to pale and sallow cheeks. There are thousands of women and growing girls in Canada who owe their present good health to the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among those who have been restored to health by this great medicine is Miss Rose Neville. Mount Forest, Ont. who says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pille performed almost a miracle in my case. was a victim of anaemia, in what my friends considered a dangerous form. was very pale, always felt tired out, suffered from severe headaches, and had no appetite. I was taking doctor's medicine, for a long time in fact, I tried two doctors-but instead of improving I seemed to be growing worse. My parents were as a loss to know what to do for me and thought I would not recover. Then a friend advised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I had only taken them a few weeks when I began to feel better. This greatly encouraged me and I continued taking the Pills for some time longer, and found my health again as good as ever it had been. In fact. I am stronger than ever I was before. I have advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other girls who have found the results equally Sold by all medicine dealers or by

beneficial." mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine

#### A GOOD TIME COMING.

Co., Brockville, Ont.

(London Advertiser.)

No one nation can bring about general peace by disarmament. The leading civilized nations must act together. That they will do so in time is a matter of little doubt. It may be slow in coming. but the time "when the common-sense
of most shall keep the fretful realms in
awe" is sure to come. And the societies and indviduals who work for that

White Blisters Spread All Over Head. Scratched Until Mass of Sores. Hard Crusts Left Raw Flesh. Had to Cut Hair Away. Healed by Guticura Soap and Ointment. Hair Growing Thick.

139 Romaine St., Peterboro, Ontario.-"My little girl's head was in a terrible state. It started with little white blisters, which would break until it spread all over her head. The burning and itching

were dreadful, especially

at night when she would scratch it until it was one mass of sores all over her head and the pillow would be covered with blood. She could get no rest at all with the pain. She would beg of me to put something on to cool the burning and irritation. Hard crusts would form on her

head which when she scratched it would leave the raw flesh underneath, and her hair came off with it or would be in such a dreadful state that I would be obliged to cut the hair away. "I tried several remedies but none of them seemed to do any good. I then cut her hair quite close, washed it with Cuticura

Soap and bandaged it using Cuticura Ointment. It is now quite healed without a mark on the skin. Her hair is growing nice and thick again." (Signed) Mrs. M. Saunders, Feb. 13, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 36D, Boston, U. S. A.

#### AN ANCIENT RACE.

Excavations in South Africa Reveal Relics.

A most interesting discovery has lately been made showing the existence of a primitive race of men in South Africa. Dr. Broom, of Germiston, whose archaeological and geological researches have made his name familiar to scientists in Europe and America, told of a specially interesting discovery recently made of a hot spring thirty in les north of Bloemfontein, in the course of operations designed to open up the eye of the of the spring. To do this it was neceseary to tunnel into a sand hill, and in the course of operations the workmen came across a large quantity of mammalian bones associated with human implements and a quantity of charred wood.

The significance of the discovery was not realized by the first finders, but, fortunately, a Dutch woman in the district suspected they had scientific value, and prevented the finds from being dispersed. Dr Broom went down and examined them. He found that the bones were chieftly those of hippopocaror, eland, the huge extinct bufdale in size; an extinct variety of wild beasts, the wart hog, and a number of small buck, not yet identified.

Previous discoveries had caused scientists to believe that man had lived in South Africa contemuporaneously with the extinct giant buffalo, but the proofs available were inconclusive. Dr Broom regards this discovery as proving their co-existence beyond doubt The find further proves that extinct animals were killed, and their bones broken, and indicates that their flesh was cooked by some primitive race of human beings. The implements found included stone knives and large spear heads, but no evidences were found of the presence of what are regarded as

typical bushman stones. At present there is some doubt as to the race to which the human beings who hunted these giant buffalo belonged. In this connection it has been noted that the borres of the extinct buffalo and horse possibly identical with those discovered in South Africa have been found in Algeria. It is thought possible therefore that the tribe which hunted them migrated south along with these extinct animals during the last ice age. It is further thought that these ancient people were probably white and of European stock. Dr. Broom has

#### MALINGERERS

bones to Cape Town.

#### And the Tricks Used to Convict

Them. The treatment of malignerers is somewhat rare incident in the work of a civil medical man. In the army this branch of medical diagnosis has always beeen wel Ito the front. The soldier, weary of field days, "fed up" with some insalubrious tropical station, or under orders for toreign service, has always proved a certain source of trouble to the army medical officer.

Take the case of the professed deaf and dumb man. Of course, under ordinary circumstances, writes a surgeonmajor in the London Globe, a soldier does not become deaf and dumb. To be aware of this fact, however, does not, of necessity, mean that the crime can be proved against the man in a moment. In the case of the man under consideration the potient, when asked a question. would stare straight to his front in stony silence. Upon his diet sheet each morning was written a tempting array of hospital comforts such T. Atkins loves -rice pudding, bacon, eggs and even beer. This list of luxuries could be studied by all who eared to read.

Day after day the medical orderly brought nothing to the poor patient but plain milk. Each morning, in sympathetic voice, the officer inquired of the orderly, in front of the patient, whether each and every article of diet had been religiously provided. The orderly, with truth written upon every lineament of his features, glibly answered, "Yes, sir." At first the poor deaf and dumb man's face would redden, but never a word could be hear or speak. There is, however, a limit to all endurance. And it Union.

was for that limit that the officer w

Fully convinced that the orderly had been bagging the comforts for himself, the patient could stand it no longer. "He's a line, siri" gasped he at last, "I've had nothing but milk for a week."
Result: Immediate discharge from hospital and a court-martial.

Then there is the deaf man who cannot wiffistand the temptation to turn his head when a coin is suddenly drop-ped upon the floor behind him. Sham-ming lunacy is, perhaps, the commonest form of attempt to obtain a discharge from the army on medical grounds. This often succeeds. There was a case in India the writer recalls with amusement. Each morning the guard over "the insane" would rush in and hold the dangerous man while the medical officer visited him. The struggle that ensued was inveriably fierce.

One morning a more than usually justy officer took charge of the case. The door was opened. The chard, as usual, prepared for bettle. "Ifold!" commanded the officer. "Leave him alone!" Walking boldly into the cell, he approached the patient unattended. "Now, then, my man, what are you going to do?" asked he. "Please, sir." replied the patient, grinning, "I wouldn't touch you for any-

Pains in the back are generally suprosed to puzzle the army surgeon most. But there are also wiser men who try more subtle ailments. A soldier with an incurable headache is none too easy an individual to tackle. I have in my memory such a case. The soldier concerned slept well, ate exceedingly well and never showed any rise of temperature. Yet he complained of excessive headrche, which apparently no drugs could alleviate. He was passed on from ne medical officer to another

Each one was convinced that he had no headache. How to prove it was the difficulty. At last the man was brought to a court-martial. The opinion (for what it was worth) of a strong combination of medical officers was considered by the court to be sufficient. The malignerer received three months' imprisonment. He served his time. The headache was heard of no more.

One medical officer with whom I was associated had a habit of confiding in a suspected malignerer in this wise: "Look here, my man, I don't believe there is anything the matter with you whatever. I cannot, however, be quite certain vet. If you are playing the fool, my advice to you is to recever miraculously by tomorrow morning. I give you until then to think it over." A

#### Our Precise Artist



#### AMUSING EXPERIMENTS.

Glass can be cut with scissors just as easily as cardboard, if you know how, and it is so simple that everyone ought to know how to do it.

Use a large, strong pair of seissors, Take the glass which you wish to cut. hold it and the scissors entirely under water, and you may cut the glass in straight or curved linese, without break or crock, for the water deadens the vibration of the seissors and the sheet of class. Try this the next time you want to frame some pictures.

Ornamented candles are very pretty. but far more expensive than the unornamented. A very pretty, artistic effect, however, may be obtained by the following easy operation: Take some pictures, preferably of plain outlines, and roll them tightly around wax candles. The design must not be larger than the circumference of the candle. Now pass a lighted match of taper very rapidly over the back of the paper that is rolled on the candle and the work is done. Unroll the paper, and you will see the design has been faithfully reproduced in gravish colors. The designs chosen for reproduction ought to be printed as dark as possible, and the shadings between the lines ought not to be too close, for they are enlarged in the process or reproduction.

#### ---WHEN JIM WAS DEAD.

When Jim was dead, "Hit sarved him right," the nabors sed,
An' bused him fer the life he led,
An' him a-laying than at rest With not a rose upon his breast! Ah! menny cruel words they sed When Jim was dead.

"Jess' killed hisself," "Too mean too live."
They didn't have one word ter give Of comfort, as they hovered near An' gazed on Jim a-lying there! "Thar ain't no use to talk," they sed,
"He's better, dead!"

But suddenly the room growed still. While God's white sunshine seemed to fill
The dark place with a gleam of life. An' o'er the dead she bent—lim's wife— An' with her lips close—close to his, As the he knew an' felt the kiss
She sobbed—a touchin' sight to seel—

"Ah! Jim was always good ter me I tell you when that sum to light It kinder set the dead man right; An' round the weepin' woman they Throwed kindly arms of love that day, And mingled with their own they shed.

The tenderest tears when Jim was dead.

-F. L. Stanton.

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Tell the average man to take his own part and he will want to grab the whole thing.

God's love and a mother's love the two best things in life.-Florida Times