GAYNOR,
Who Died of
id-Ocean, on the

GONE

Was Worse
ported.

A steel safe,
ah, en route from
Savannah, Bruns-
sta, Ga., was en-
ern Jersey City
cash extracted.
nnah with seals
ey was missing.
the care of
Company and
ompany. The
the Adams Ex-
southern at Jer-
was made Mon-
by the Adams
the safe and its
that time. Fifty
total was des-
Bank & Trust
tendent of the
ency in Atlanta,
morning, and is
e investigation
there has not
clue to the iden-

Savannah yester-
Atlantic Coast
transferred at
he Southern Ex-
ade was opened,
ackages of cur-
greeted by an
loose packages
trong box.

RUCK

nsonia Was
p.

he Cunard Liner
engers aboard,
held up for sev-
last night, ow-
striking. The
ood among other
the removal of
was refused,
lors refused to
ortly afterwards
told off to serve
they refused to
for and a de-
angways to pre-
shore. A dele-
lors' Union who
stated that on
had complained
seen Cunard of-
to remedy the
finally agreed
steward, upon
to return.

H WIN

Outbid U.
ntractors.

A British
con
the newest
at a little
offered
odder.
136, was sub-
agents of the
orks, Sheffield,

the Navy De-
ontract abroad,
Roosevelt held
was justified by
between the
rices. The Shef
ayment of duty,
to the foreign
ies saves more

merican bidders,
mpany, $169,568,
Company, $169,
pany, the only
equipped to build
the contract.

ND DEAD.

atch: Thomas
horseman em-
h, of the same
es being exhib-
ead in a stable
omas Patterson,
and Adelaide
While in To-
ined of feeling
ing to London
by a physician.
cluded that an
y, as death was

PLOTS THAT FAILED

looked up with a flush and a start.

"Thank you, you are very kind to take so much trouble," she said.

"Will you mind, my dear, if I sit down and talk to you for a few moments?" asked madam, earnestly.

"If it is about the trousseau, I beg of you to spare your breath, madam," exclaimed the girl, impatiently. "You have carte blanche to do everything your own way, and as you like; why trouble me with it?" and as she spoke she turned her weary face to the window.

"It is not of your bridal finery that I wish to speak, my dear," murmured madam, softly, and as she uttered the words she held out the volume, continuing: "You left this behind you, as I have said, and—excuse me, my dear child—but it is of this, and this only, of which I would talk with you."

Bab was certainly astonished, and looked it. Then a puzzled expression came over her lovely, mobile face. She was asking herself how the practical French madam, who seemed to have no other thought than the trousseau, or something in that line, had come to her for the purpose of discussing poetry.

"I could not help opening it at the place you had marked, dear child," said Madam Larue, in a low, faltering voice, "and—oh, Miss Bab, it revealed to me a secret which you have kept carefully concealed from every other eye; and that secret is this, child: Beneath that cold, calm demeanor of yours your gentle, girlish heart is breaking. Bab, I knew your mother when you were a tiny babe; ay, and I knew her ere she was your father's bride. I made her wedding clothes, just as I am making yours, child; but, ah! she was not as you are now; she wedded for love, and her heart and soul were in her marriage. You are unhappy, little Bab; would to Heaven I could comfort you, as your poor mother would do if she were here.

"You take no interest in your approaching marriage; indeed, you are pitifully unhappy over it. All I can say to you is this: I would rather see you lying dead before me than to go to the altar an unwilling bride. No chains are so hard to wear as those forged at the altar; no cup of woe could be drained which is so bitter to the lips as a loveless marriage."

She was unprepared for the bitter cry which arose from Bab's white lips:

"Oh, madam, you are right!" she sobbed. "I am unhappy—surely the most unhappy girl in the whole wide world! Let me make a confidante of you, and tell you all. I must tell some one, or my heart will surely break. I am not what I seem—I am a living lie, madam. Listen to my terrible secret. Yes, I will tell you all.'

CHAPTER XLVI.

The secret which Bab was about to confide to Madam Larue, and which might have turned the current of two lives, was never uttered, for at that moment India peered in the doorway. No one could have told from the expression of her face that her sharp ears had heard all, and that she had hastened her steps to prevent Bab from making the disclosure.

"Bab, dear," she said, sweetly, "you have a visitor, who says she has only a few moments to spare, and hopes you will see her at once. She is an old friend of yours—a boarding-school chum, in fact.'

"Oh, it must be Lillian Harvey!" exclaimed Bab, springing suddenly to her feet, all forgetful of her sorrow of a few moments before.

"She hadn't a card," said India. "She did not expect to make any calls, but that was the name she gave. She is in the drawing-room."

"I will see her at once," exclaimed Bab, fairly flying from the room.

She reached the drawing-room with breathless haste. It nedn't but a glance to show her that the slim figure by the window was indeed her dearest chum of bygone days.

"Lillian!"

"Bab!"

And the next instant the two young girls were in each other's arms, laughing and crying hysterically in one breath.

"Oh, Lillian, when did you get back from Europe?" exclaimed Bab, holding her friend off at arm's length, and fairly devouring her lovely, dimpled face with her eyes.

"A little over six weeks ago, as I write you, Bab," exclaimed Lillian, "and I meant to run down to see you a dozen times since then, but something always happened to prevent. I was at the opera house on the night of the terrible fire, and I saw you there, but failed to attract your attention. Oh, my, wasn't it awful! But how perfectly lovely it was that your handsome betrothed saved you so heroically."

"Yes," said Bab, faintly, the thought flitting through her mind that she wished he had not, that death would have ben welcome to her.

"But you must tell me all about it," rattled on Lillian. "Did you forget our compact so entirely, that we were to be each other's confidante in our love affairs? You are not quite up to your word, Bab; instead of hearing it direct from you, I read it in the papers."

"Come and sit down, dear" said Bab, "and you shall hear all about it."

They sat down together, with their arms entwined, about each other, Lillian having removed her hat and mantle.

"Well, why don't you begin?" cried Lillian, excitedly, as Bab sat for a moment wrapped in silence, studying the lilies on the carpet with thoughtful eyes. "It must be wonderfully romantic," she went on, "for you always said when at school, if you ever loved anyone it would be some great hero. How did it all come about"

"It was romantic enough," declared Bab. "I first met Mr. Downing at my birthday party!"

"Yes, I remember when it was," declared Lillian. "I sent you a cablegram from London, expressing my regret that I could not be with you, and hoping that you might meet your Prince Charming on that delightful occasion."

"I met two young men on that day—one a young man whom my father was greatly in favor of, as I had heard, and which made me determined to detest him on sight; the other one was Mr. Downing. During the two weeks which followed, we saw considerable of them at Haven House, for the country seat of the Downings was at East Haven, too.

"One doy while I was driving Robin and Lady Albia over to the county fair, which was ten miles distant, the horses took fright, and I would have been killed by a locomotive which dashed down upon us, had it not been for the bravery of Mr. Downing; he risked his own life to save mine. Well, that led up to the betrothal, Lillian. I—I did not love him, but when he fell upon his knees before me, crying out how passionately he loved me, and that he could not live without me, I—I said 'yes,' although, as I have said before—despite his noble action in imperiling his own life to save mine—I did not feel one throb of love in my heart for him."

An exclamation of amazement broke brom Lillian's lips.

"I—I may as well tell you the truth," added Bab, with an effort, "it was because I—I could not help caring for—for his friend."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Lillian.

"It is the truth," said Bab, bursting into tears. "Oh, Lillian," she cried, "can you help me? Tell me what to do. I am going to marry him, but my whole heart is another's, though that other one does not care for me."

"Oh, Bab, Bab!" sobbed Lillian, "how dreadful!"

"Isn't it?" cried Bab, weeping afresh.

"And the wedding day so near at hand," said Lillian, ponderingly. "You have given me your word, and it has been published in all the papers, and I don't see how you could get out of it, unless—unless he were to release you of his own free will; but if he loves you so passionately as to risk his life to save you, you could hardly expect that he would be willing to give you up."

"I—I wish I dared say something else," said Bab, desperately. "Would—would you think less of me if I were to say something else?" she sobbed.

"Wh.. no, certainly not!" responded Lillian. "You know you are privileged to say anything you like to your dear old chum, you little goosie."

"Do you know," said Bab, after a moment's reflection, "I cannot get the thought out of my head that my wealth attracts my lover. If I were to become suddenly poor, I doubt very much whether he would want to marry me or not."

"Cas it be possible?" gasped Lillian. "Tell me, dear, what put such a strange idea into your head?"

"His interest in heiresses," returned Bab, grimly. "He knows just how much every rich girl in Boston is worth—almost to a penny. He once said: 'You head the list of heiresses in Boston, Bab. You are worth twice as much as any of them, being an only child.' The words struck me with a cold chill."

Lillian was looking at her long and earnestly.

"Knowing his hobby, why do you not test his love for you?" she suggested.

"I don't know," confessed Bab, dejectedly. "I wish I did."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," cried Lillian. "I'll think up some sort of scheme, and we will find out if money is his object, or Bab Haven's love."

"What could we do?" exclaimed Bab, catching her breath, excitedly.

"I don't know yet: I said I'd think it up. Leave it to me; within a day or two I will have thought up some scheme, and when I have the plan formulated, I will write you. Now I will tell you about myself," said Lillian, "for I haven't ten minutes to stay, as I am to meet papa at his office, and catch the outgoing train with him, and the horses at the door are impatient already.

"To begin with," she added, briskly, "I'm in love, Bab—really and truly in love!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" breathed Bab. "I congratulate you, dear. My only prayer is that he is worthy of you."

"You are a little too previous with your congratulations, my dear," said Lillian, with a grimace. "They are not in order, as yet, for the reason that mine is quite a one-sided love affair, as is yours. I am desperately in love with my handsome lover; but, do you know, he doesn't even dream of it, Bab. He hasn't the remotest idea of such a state of affairs—or, of my heart. I should say. It's a case of 'he came, I saw,' and my heart went out to him unasked."

Bab looked bewildered, Lillian laughed outright.

"It wasn't any of the noble lords, nor dukes, nor belted earls, that I met while abroad. He's only a poor young man, quite as poor as a church mouse, and who occupies the humble position of papa's secretary."

Bab's eyes grew bigger and rounder with surprise. Lillian had always had such an immense stock of pride, she had always believed that she would marry some prince at least; she could scarcely believe that she heard aright.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Yes, I am in love with a young man who does not reciprocate my affection, nor even dream of it," said Lillian Harvey. "How is he to suppose that any self-respecting young girl would give her love—unasked. I see in your eyes that you are anxious to know how it came about. Well, it was a question of saving my life, something after the fashion in which your hero saved yours. It was the very day we arrived home from Europe. I had cut across the fields on my way to the stable to look after my pets, which I had left two years ago. Among them my pretty heifer, Jumbo, and the little red bull calf, the clumsiest but most beautiful little creature you ever behelf. I had nearly reached the big gate that led out of the cornfield, when a sound struck my ears that sent a thrill of death to my heart—the crash of thundering hoofs, accompanied by the angry bellowing of an enraged bull. I turned quickly, and beheld the animal rushing toward me. I knew him instantly, but he failed to recognize me. It was my little bull calf of two years before, transformed into a huge, monstrous, ferocious beast now. He was making straight for me, and I realized dimly what that meant. Of what use to cry for help; before aid could reach me I should be lying lifeless, mangled, the prey of the infuriated beast.

"I think I must have shrieked, but in the next instant the sound died away on my lips. I seemed to live an eternity in the next moment that followed.

"But through the awful roar of the wild bellowing and crashing of hoofs, I heard a voice crying out: 'Courage, courage, help is at hand. Don't stop to reach the gate, make for the fence and scramble over it!' and directly before me the form of a man loomed up. He tore the red silk scarf which I wore loosely around my neck from me, and flaunting it in the face of the approaching bull, darted off in an opposite direction, waving the scarf as he ran. That was to attract the attention of the infuriated animal away from me, in which he succeeded most admirably, but at almost the cost of his own life, for the beast overtook him, and he would have paid the penalty from which he had rescued me, had not a shot from papa's gun laid the animal low, just as he struck him with his front hoofs. Well, to make a long story short, we nursed him through a severe illness, and during that time I spent many hours with the nurse at his bedside, and in those hours, as I watched the handsome face, I learned to love him—I could not help it.

"When he recovered, papa found that he was in search of a situation. He engaged him at once. He lives with us out in Brookline. That's about all there is to my love story, Bab. Of course, papa does not know of the existing state of affairs; if he were to hear of it he might discharge him, or do something of that kind. Now, Bab, can you give me a little advice? Tell me if you know how to win a diffident young man: what shall I do without appearing bold and unmaidenly to gain this young man's love. You see, such a possibility has never occurred to him, for he is modest concerning his own charming personality; he would not deem it possible that he could win his employer's daughter, even should we ever come to an agreement, there would be papa's consent to gain, which I fear we would never be able to obtain. He has such high notions concerning my marrying. Why, when a baron wanted to woo me over in Europe, he said: 'Nay, nay! I shall make my little girl a duchess, a princess, or nothing!' So, you see that papa's opposition would be a hard obstacle to surmount, grateful though he may be for saving his daughter's life.

"He would think nothing of making him rich for life, but when it comes to asking him for his daughter's hand—that would be quite another matter.

"Would you give him a hint, Bab, if you were I, that I am interested in him; and if so, how would you set about it?"

Bab looked at her helplessly.

"There are so many ways, Lillian, in which a clever girl can give a man a hint that she is interested in him, without committing herself," she declared. "Give him a flower that has a sentiment attached to it."

"I am quite sure that he knows nothing of the language of flowers," said Lillian, ruefully, "for he said only yesterday: 'Of all flowers the world holds, I love the violets best, because one whom I once knew was so fond of them.'

"'Was she your sweetheart?' I ventured. 'She never loved me,' he replied, almost coldly."

"How strange that violets and bluebells should be my favorite flowers," said Bab, and her thoughts flew quickly back to that morning she had met Clarence Neville by the brookside, and of the delightful hour they had passed together there, the hour in which she made the startling discovery that her heart had gone out to him—that life would never be the same to her unless it was passed by his side. And her thoughts travelled on in the same groove to that hour she had spent with him upon the beach, of that hasty wedding, and the strange manner in which fate had parted them in the first hour of their bridal; and the horror that had followed upon the heels of it, the sudden aversion he had evinced for the marriage, and how he had divorced her without giving her an opportunity to have anything to say in the matter. Her heart grew bitter as she thought of it. Then she recollected herself — her thoughts had glanced off—she had not been listening to what Lillian was saying.

It had been something about violets and bluebells, the last she had heard.

"So you see my attempt to communicate with him by the pretty means of the language of flowers is utterly futile," sighed Lillian. "He is not fond of poems, especially love poems," she went on. "There was a story in a magazine which I came across, of a girl who loved a young man with just such a hopeless love—I say hopeless, because she had no means of letting him know her interest in him. Well, I laid the magazine open at that place on the library table, supposing, of course, he would read it; and what do you think, he read everything in the entire book save that one article. When I referred to it, he looked up quickly, saying:

"'I cannot talk with you interestingly about it. The title did not interest me, so I passed it by.'

"What could I say?"

"Just there you missed your opportunity," said Bab. "You should have asked him to read it, and give you his opinion on it."

"Dear me, how stupid of me not to have thought of that!" cried Lillian. "Of course that is what I should have done. I missed an excellent chance."

"It is not too late yet," said Bab.

"That's just what I was concluding," said Lilian, rising. "My ten minutes is up," she added, consulting her little jeweled watch; "and we must kiss and say good-by, as the song goes. But before I forget it, let me ask, do you intend to come to the little affair I propose to give next week? If you do, you will behold my wonderful hero. I want your opinion — I want you to tell me just what you think of him. Despite the fact that he is only papa's secretary, he is a perfect gentleman; a young man of unusual refinement, quite a prince among men, and handsome. Well, I will let you be the judge of that, Bab."

"I think you will concur in my opinion that he is the handsomest young man you have ever beheld. He is tall and broad shouldered, with a brune complexion, through which the red comes and goes in his swarthy cheeks. His chestnut hair, I am sure, would be waving and abundant, if he did not keep it cropped quite close to his well-rounded head, and his eyes—oh, Bab, you should see his wondrous eyes; 'if he had only these to a claim of being handsome, he would still be the handsomest of men. Why, how pale you look, Bab; are you ill?" asked Lillian, stopping short in her description.

"No, no," exclaimed Bab, stifling her emotion by the greatest effort.

The description reminded her forcibly of the lover-husband whom she had worshipped so madly, and lost so cruelly.

"Go on, Lillian," she said. "I—I am all attention."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"I haven't time to say any more about him now, or papa will miss his train. It will keep until we meet again. By-by, Bab. I am going to try to think up some scheme to settle the terrible question whether your betrothed loves you for yourself or your fortune. Expect to hear from me inside of a week at the farthest."

After kissing each other rapturously, just as they used to do in the old school days, they tore themselves asunder, and Lillian tripped hurriedly down the marble steps to the carriage in waiting.

"Poor, dear Bab!" she soliloquized, as she settled herself among the cushions. "How dreadful she must feel not to be quite sure of the motives of the man whom fate has decreed that she shall marry. Were I in her position, I am sure I should pine away and die; but how in the world am I to help her, I wonder?"

(To be Continued.)

How My Hair Is Coming Out!

Prevent It With

Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Tonight rub your scalp lightly with Cuticura Ointment. In the morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap. No other emollients do so much for dry, thin and failing hair, dandruff and itching scalps, or do it so speedily, agreeably and economically. Full directions in every package.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 17D, Boston, U. S. A.

HOW TO TREAT ALL SKIN TROUBLE

Greasy Ointments No Use—Must Be Cured Through the Blood.

It is not a good thing for people with a tendency to have pimples and a blotchy complexion to smear themselves with greasy ointments. In fact they couldn't do anything worse, because the grease clogs the pores of the skin, making the disease worse. When there is an irritating rash a soothing boracic wash may help allay the pain or icling, but of course it doesn't cure the trouble. Skin complaints arise from an impure condition of the blood and will persist until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema and skin diseases because they make new, rich blood that drives out the impurities, clears the skin and imparts a glow of health. The following proof is offered. Mrs. Fred Tremble, Gunter, Ont., says: "For more than a year I was steadily afflicted with salt rheum or eczema. My hands were so sore that I could not put them in water without the skin cracking open. I tried all sorts of ointments recommended for the trouble, but they did not do me a particle of good. I was told Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure the trouble, and began taking them. I took the Pills steadily for six or eight weeks, and they completely cured the trouble. This was several years ago, and I have never been bothered with it since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ugliest Man.

Lupungu is a Congo chief who is rated as the ugliest man on earth. But it is said that he might have had to withdraw his claim to that distinction could he have met John James Heidegger, London court favorite and manager of the opera, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Delaney described him as "the ugliest man ever formed," and he was so proud of it that he challenged Lord Chesterfield to produce a more hideous face in London. A woman was found who ran him very close, but when Heidegger put on her headdress he was unanimously pronounced to be the winner.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

SUNKEN TREASURE.

Turkish-Egyptian Vessels in Navarino Bay.

One of the most romantic, and at the same time the most promising hunts for sunken treasure, will start shortly in the Bay of Navarino, on the west coast of Greece, where 63 Turkish and Egyptian fleets of England, France and Russia in 1827.

Of these 63 vessels, 43 have been located and buoyed; many of them are known to have gone down with specie and other treasure on board, and apart from this, the value of the actual material of the ships and their guns is estimated at an immense sum.

A company has been formed, under the title of the Navarino Bay Salvage Company, to recover the treasure and anything that may be of value, in the ships themselves. The secretary, Mr. E. W. Gage, told how the salvors will go to work, and what they expect to find.

"All the existing records that might throw any light on the size and armament of the sunken ships have been most carefully examined," he said, "and from the despatches of Admiral Codrington himself, and from other sources, we have been able to ascertain definitely the size and nature of practically every vessel that was sunk in the engagement.

"It is thus possible, for instance, to estimate at the bottom of the bay there are at least 300,000 tons of oak timbers, which, by the action of time and the sea have been turned to the color and hardness of ebony. At a moderate estimate this timber, which is an ideal material for making furniture, will be worth about £6 per ton.

"All these old ships were sheathed with almost pure copper, and it is estimated that there must be at least 3,000 tons of the metal in the hulls of the submerged ships.

"Then there are the guns. According to the records preserved at the British Admiralty, 2,106 guns went down in the Turkish and Egyptian ships. One thousand three hundred of these guns were made of bronze— which is worth from £50 to £60 per ton—and the average weight of each gun may safely be put at four tons."

The salvage of these materials alone should amply repay the venture; but there is also more than a possibility that the divers will find gold in specie and other forms.

Certain notes, written just before the engagement, and found among the papers of the Egyptian admiral, referred to the money in the possession of the two commanders of the fleet. Muharem Bey, the Egyptian admiral, had in his vessel two millions of dollars, twenty large bags of money, and ten thousand gold ducats; and the Turkish admiral, Ibrahim Pasha, stated in a note that his ship went down with gold and jewels worth not less than £4,800,000. It is more than likely that some of the other ships carried specie and other valuables, and a gold cup, of the shaps used in the Greek Church, has already been recovered by a diver.

LORD BALLYROT IN SLANGLAND

One forenoon after a constitutional stroll, old chap, I dropped into the office of a legal acquaintance. Imagine my embarrassment when I found him engrossed in his duties to such an extent that he was irrascible and unfriendly. Quite so! He did not entreat me to be seated but snarled instead:

"Nix cracking, Ballyrot! Not a chirp. Not a chirp! Can't you see I'm busier than a hen trying to scratch worms in an iron roof? Haul in your line of chatter, put the story of your life in brine, 'cause I gotta keep movin' like a tin rooster on a barn in a breeze. My time right now is worth a bale of mazoom and if I let you drop gems of thought in my left lung I'm set back ten bucks a minute. Avast, kid! Go ease your troubles to a cop, cause I've gotta stick on the job like the lid on a dry burg."

MY WORD!

In New York's new post office there are 165,000 cubic feet of granite, 18,000 tons of steel, 7,000,000 bricks and 200,000 square feet of glass in the building.

CAUGHT THE CAPTAIN.

He was Not on the Early Morning Job, But the Kaiser Was.

Some time ago the kaiser heard that a captain in one of the guards regiments at Potsdam had fixed the regulation hour of schooling for his men at 6 o'clock in the morning. The kaiser, though doubting the fitness of such an early hour for the lesson and the ability of the popular young officer to keep up to this rather exacting standard of early rising, said nothing, but one day walked into the barrack room at 6 o'clock.

The captain was not there, but the emperor showed neither annoyance nor surprise. He asked where the lesson was to be found in the books, and without more ado, to the mingled anxiety and delight of the men, he took the lesson in hand and explained the passage in history which was the subject of the day. It was nearly 7 o'clock when the captain showed himself. The kaiser returned his salute and made no allusion to his crestfallen countenance, but handed him the lesson book after pointing how far the class had got, and then left the room.

Nothing more was said or heard about the incident until a few days later, when the captain received a handsome alarm clock, evidently from the kaiser. What the officer wrote in his letter of thanks for the gift is not recorded.—Ireland's Own.

MEN WHO DON'T EXERCISE

Suffer From Indigestion, Headaches, Poor Appetite, Sleeplessness.

Nothing so Sure to "Set Up" a Man Make Him Feel Brisk and Vigorous, as Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Lack of exercise and overwork were the causes that combined to almost kill Samuel S. Stephens, Jr., one of the best-known citizens in Woodstock. In his convincing letter, Mr. Stephens says:

"A year ago I returned home after

a long trip, completely worn out. I was so badly affected by chronic biliousness, so much overcome by constant headaches, dizziness, that I despaired of ever getting well.

"It was a blessing that I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In one week I felt like a new man. The feeling of weight and nausea in my stomach disappeared. My eyes looked brighter, color grew better, and, best of all, I began to enjoy my meals. The dizziness, langour and feeling of depression passed away, and I fast regained my old-time vigor and spirits. To-day I am well—thanks to Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

For health, strength, comfort and good spirits there is no medicine like Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, five boxes for $1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or by mail from The Catarhozone Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

THE URIANKHAI.

An Asiatic Tribe That Has Had Hard Luck.

The Uriankai are a poor, semi-nomadic tribe, who have been driven into the recesses of one of the most difficult and remote regions of Asia by stronger advancing hordes of Tartars and Siberian Russians. They used to dwell in better lands on the Siberian side, but now they are all within the Chinese Empire in the peculiar mountain-locked basin around the sources of the Yenisei.

The existence of these pepole in this region is peculiar, says the Wide World Magazine. Long, long ago there was a race of people who inhabited the banks of the Yenisei in Siberia, who tilled the soil and worked metals. They made stone implements until they learned how to make bronze ones, and latter they attained to the knowing of iron. They covered the land with gigantic grave-mounds, the burial-places of their chiefs, they drew pictures on the rocks, and wrote their strange picture language thereby giving us a few to their identity and helping us to know something about them.

Hordes of men from the South, however, drove them out of this good land, and they retreated to the far North, where they still exist. They live there in a bleak land of tundra, within the Arctic Circle, and are called Samoyeds—primitive people who have returned almost to the status of the Stone Age. But a portion of the tribe remained for a time, and gradually retreated farther into the inaccessible forests to the South and East, where we now find the remnant in the remote corners of the Upper Yenisei basin. These are the Uriankhai, the forest-dwellers—or, as some call them, "the wild Urankut." Outside food, birch-bark and reindeer-skin are their sole necessities. Their is indeed the simple life.

PUNISHMENT FOR THE WHITE SLAVERS.

(Chatham News)

Society has no place for the human vulture, male or female, who preys upon the minds and bodies of the youth or even young manhood and womanhood of today and drastic action should be taken at once.

No punishment can be conceived, unless it be barbaric, which can be in the least too severe for the people engaged in such a practice whether it be for money or personal desire.

THE ILL-USED MIDDLEMAN.

(Detroit Free Press)

"Middlemen" have been savagely abused in recent years, and with a few exceptions undeservedly. They seldom acquire riches, a fact that should have forced itself on the attention of those who criticised them, for it was congent testimony to the reasonableness of their profits and refutations of the allegations made against them.