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cases, and for Vest expertenced er in its history. concerned and already depleted oser as frod bearcin. Hay is he \$20 mark, and men who staved all surplus stock rough the winter sible number of were certain to to this \$18 mark lan cattle, 311 a e top price, and corn belt strin because of the r corn, and with it appears that spring will unich will send the \$20 peark. e corn belt, who depended entirefeeding steers. off before they ook their farms anadian steers, thing wearing a hand for almost arkets, and this g it would seem be even greater. for native owes h. lambs sold to: rket and epring The extreme h wise farmers their sheep, has into the game, ever had a sheep ands of farms in ch never mad a now have their g big profits on

Countryman.

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spoil our joy ags that should nd on the good the things that

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# BELA"

"Heard the news?" asked Big Jack gisneing around at his companions, promising them a bit of sport. int news?" asked Sam, warily.

"Your new girl has flew the coop. What do you mean?" demanded Sam, scowling.

"Wafted, Vamoosed, Fluffed out. Best it for the outside." Who are you talking about?" "Beattle's wife's meter."

"Miss Mackall?" "Went back with the bishop this morning."

Sam's face was a study in blank incredulity. "Dain't you know she was goin'?" asked Jack, with pretended concern.

He turned to his mates "Boys, this here's a serious matter. Looks like a segular lovers' quarrel. We ought to have broke it to him more gentle;" "Lydon't believe it!" said Sam, "But if it is true, she's got a right to

go when she likes without asking me." He made a move to drive on. "Hold on!" cried Big Jack, "I've got

another piece of news for you." "Spit it out," suspped Sam, scornful and unconcerned,

Your old girl's come to town. Ring out the new, ring in the old, as the song says. Lucky for you they didn't happen simultaneous."

This affected Sam more than the first ftem. In spite of him, a red tide surged up from his neck. He scowled angrily at having to betray himself before them. They laughed de-

"I suppose you mean Bela," he said, stiffly. "The settlement is free to her, I guess. She's no more mine than the

"Opened a resteraw in the shack below the company store." Big Jack went on. "We had our dinner there. Six bits a man. Better drop in to

"Not by a damu sight!" muttered Sam.

He took his reins, and drove on to the tune of their laughter.

His feelings were much mixed. He fest that he ought in decency to be chiefly concerned on Jennie Mackail's secount, but he could not drive Bela out of his head. He was both angry and terrifled at her coming. Just when he was beginning to feel free and easy she had to come and start up the old trouble in his breast. Just when men were beginning to forget the story which humiliated him, she

came along and gave it new point! Sam had to get mad at something, and like young persons generally, he | to better himself harder and harder to time he got into the settlement he all his troubles. had succeeded in working himself up

Reaching the company reservation, he drove boldly up the hill to ask for an explanation. Mrs. Beattle was on the porch sewing, as ever her bland, canable self.

"They tell me Miss Mackall gone away," said Sam, stiffly. "She was taken sick last night," repfied Mrs. Beattle. "We all thought it best for her to go when she had a good chance."

Sam nodded, undecided. Mrs. Beattle arose. "She left a note to bid you good-bye. I'll get it." This was what Sam read, written in a well-nigh illegible serawl:

Dear Boy:

I cannot stav here. I am sick. I can't explain further. Can searcely hold a pen. It's dreadful to have to go without seeing you. But don't try to follow me. I will write you from outside, when I can think more caimlv. Oh, it's horrible! Oh, be careful of yourself! Don't let yourself he deceived. I would say more if I dared. Tear this up instantly. Don't forget

Ever thine. Jennie.

Sam bowed stiffly to Mrs. Beattle, and turned away. The letter mysti-fled and exasperated him. The emotion it breathed found no response in his own breast. The phrasing sounded exaggerated and silly. Why on earth should be follow? He understood the veiled reference to Bela. Little need for Jennie to warn him against her!

At the same time Sam felt mean because he experienced no greater distress at Jennie's going. Finally, manlike, he swore under his breath, and resolved again to have no more to do with women. No suspicion of the real state of affairs crossed his mind.

Returning down hill in his wagon. he had to pass the little house where they had told him Bela was. Smoke was rising from the chimney. A great disquiet attacked him; he was not thinking of Jennie at all then. He heard sounds of activity from within the shack. Wild horses could not while Black Shaud Fraser packed up have dragged his head around to his and trekked over to the Spirit fook. Urging his horses, he got out of River. Later word came back that he sight as quick as he could. But out of had built himself a raft, and had gone

sight was not out of mind. "What's the matter with me?" he saked himself, irritably. "I'm my own master, I guess. Nobody can put anything over on me. What need I care if she opens a dozen restaurants? One would think I was afraid of the girl! Ridiculous! Lord! I wish she were at

the other side of the world!" There was no escaping her. During the days that followed. Bels was the principal topic of conversation around the settlement. Her place became a general rendezvous for all the white

Graves' young men saved the govfor horse-fleels riding around the bay to sup at Beis's. The policemen spent their hours off data and their hours off duty and wages there.
Stiffy and Mahooley fired their cook mad went with the rest.
The sheek desired them all, and graves could over a tent to be used.

Since Sam was the only white man road haif a dozen times a day while in staying away from Bela's. they forced him to listen to the details

genuine cow-butter from the mission. Green stuff from the mission garden. Roasted duck and prairie chicken; stewed rabbit and broiled fish fresh out of the lake! Pudding with raisins in it, and on Sunday an apricot pie!"

Bela, it seemed, brought everybody under contribution. They told how even Mrs. Beattle, the great lady of the place, was giving her cooking les-

It was not only the food that made Bela's place attractive. The men told how agreeably she welcomed them, making every man feel at home. She remembered their likes and dislikes; she watched to see that their plates were kept full.

When the table was cleared they were allowed to smoke and to play cards. Bela was good for a bit of fun, ton; nothing highty-tighty about her. She had a clever tongue in her head. But all fair and aboveboard, you understand. Lord! if any fellow got fresh he'd mighty soon be chucked out by the others. But nobody ever tried it on-there was something about her

A fine gir!!
That was how the panegvrics always ended: "A fine girl, sir!" Every man felt a particular gratitude to Bels. It was a place to go nights. It combined the advantages of a home and a folly club. Up north men were apt to grow rusty and glum for the

lack of a little amusement. All of which evidenced a new side to Beis's character. She was coming on. In such a favorable atmosphere, she might well develop. It seemed that she moved like a queen among her courtiers. They scrambled to do

her behests. Poor Sam, after listening to these tales, was obliged to drive past the house of entertainment eyes front, and cook his supper in solitude at Grier's Point. He could no longer count on even an occasional companion, for

nowadays everybody hurried to Bela's. The plain fact of the matter was. he suffered torments of lonesomeness. Lying in his blankets waiting for, perhans in a cold drizzle, in his mind's ear he could hear the sounds of merriment in the shack three miles away As his heart wakened he was obliged

One afternoon, returning from a great pitch of indignation against around the bay earlier than usual, in the Beattles, who, he told himself, had sent Jennie Mackall home to part the two trading posts; he saw her coming. No mistaking that alender, or less good-natured, greeted the newskirted figure, with a carriage as comer, proud and graceful as a blooded "Why

His heart set up a tremendous thumping. There was no way of avoiding a meeting, unless he turned tail and fled before her. That was not to be thought of. It was the first time they had come face to face since the uncomfortable morning in Johnny

Gagnou's shack. Sam storied himself, and commerced to whistle. He would show her! Exactly what he meant to show her he could not have told, but it necessitated a jaunty air and a retlicking whistle. It was his intention to hail her is a friendly, officend way like any of the men might-provided his

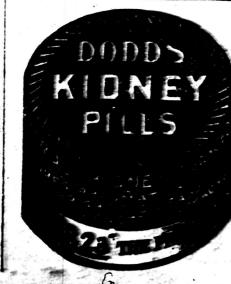
heart did not leap out of his breast before he reached her. It did not. But as they passed he received the shock of his life. Whatever it was he expected from hor, an angry scowi maybe, or an appealing look, or a scornfully averted head, he did not get it. She raised calm, smil-

ing cres to his and said provokingly: "Hello, Sam!" That was what he had meant to do. but it missed fire. He found himself gaping clownishly at her. For something had leaped out of her eyes into his something sweet and terrible and strange that threw him into a hopeless

confusion. He whipped up his horses and banged down the trail. All night he the discomfiture he privately felt. Sam tossed in his blankets, hungry and exasperated beyond bearing. Cursing her brought him no satisfaction at all. It.

rang hollowly. As the days passed, stories of another kind reached Sam's cars. It appeared that many of Bela's boarders desired to marry her, particularly the four settlers who had first arrived. They had offered themselves in due form, it was said, and, much to the satisfaction of the company in general. had been turned down in positive terms.

Whether or not this was precisely his outfit and went out on a york boat, down to Fort Ochre, the farthest point that white men had reached.



THE RESERVE TO THE

Jack Skinner philosophically autoland would not take his answer. He continued to besiege Bela, and the general opinion was that he would wear her out in the end. All of which

did not help smooth Sam's pillow. Another piece of news was that old Musq'oosis had gone to live with Bela and help her run her place. That night on his way back Sam saw that a teepee had been pitched beside the road near the stopping-house. In the end, as was who did not patronize the place, he inevitable, Sam began to argue with had to submit to be held up on the himself as to the wisdom of his course

"Every time they see me drive past of the last wonderful meal at Bela's. it revives the story in their minds," he "No bannock and sow-belly; no, told himself. "They'll think I'm afraid sir! Real raised outside bread and of her. She'll think I'm afraid of her. I've got to show them all. I'm just making a fool of myself staying away. It's only a public eating-house. My money's as good as anybody else's, I guess. I'll never make good with the gang until I can mix with them there as if nothing had happened."

Thus do a young man's secret desires beguile him. But even when he had persuaded himself that it would be the part of wisdom to eat at Bela's, Sam did not immediately act on it. A kind of nervous dread restrained him. One afternoon he was delayed across the bay, and as he approached the "resteraw" the fellows were already

gathering for supper. Sam listened to the jovial talk and laughter coming through the door with a sore and desirous heart. "Why can't I have a good time, too?" he asked himself, rebelliously.

But he did not pull up. A few yards beyond the shack he met Stiffy and Mahooley riding to supper. "Hey, Sam!" cried the latter, teas-

"Come on in to supper. I'll ingly. blow!" "Much obliged," said Sam, good

naturedly. "My horses' feed is down at the Point. I have to be getting on. "There's plenty feed here," said Mahooley. Sam shook his head.

"I believe you're afraid of the girl." scornfully and pulled his horses' heads around. "Gn, weil, since you put it that way I guess I will eat a meal off | not seen that.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sam tied his team to a tree and walked to the door of the shack. Within those twenty paces he experienced a complete revulsion of feeling. Having cast the die, he enjoyed that wonderful lightness of heart that follows on a period of painful indecision.

"What the deuce!" he thought.
"What a simpleton I am to worry myself blind! Whatever there is about Bela, she doesn't exactly hate me. Why shouldn't I jolly her along That's the best way to get square. Lord! I'm young. Why shouldn't I have my bit of fun?"

It was in this gay humor that he concentrated on a side issue. By the keep up his rage against the cause of a long oilcioth-covered table reaching across the room, with half a score of men sitting about it on boxes. "Hey, fellows! Look who's here!"

"Why, if it ain't Sammy, the stelen

"Can I believe my eyes!" "There's pluck for you, boys!"
"You bet! Talk about walking up to the cannon's mouth!" "Look out, Sam! The rope and the

ERE are ready!" "Don't be askeard, kid; I'll pertect You from violence!" Sam's new-found assurance was

proof against their laughter. "You follows think you're funny don't you?" he seturned, grinning. Believe me, your wit is second-

hand! Mahooley stuck his head out of the back door. "Hey, Bela!" he cried. "Come look at the new boarder I

brought you!" The erowd fell silent, and every pair of eyes turned toward the door, filled with strong curtosity to see the meeting between these two. Sam feit the tension and his heart began to beat. but he stiffened his back and kept on smiling. Bela came in wearing her most unconcerned air. They were not going to get any change out of her! "Hello, Bela!" cried Sam.

have some supper?" She looked him over coolly. "Sure," she said. "Sit down by Stiffy."

They roared with laughter at her manner. Sam laughed, too, to hide took his allotted place. The laughter of the crowd was perfectly goodnatured, except in the case of one man whom Sam marked.

Opposite him sat Joe Hagiand. Joe stared at Sam offensively, and continued to laugh after the others had done. Sam affected not to notice him. To himseif he said: "I've got to fight Joe, big as he is.

He stands in my way!" Outside in the canvas kitchen a little comedy was in progress all unknown to the bearders. Bela came back breathing quickly, and showing a red true, Husky Marr suddenly sold out spot in either ivery cheek. Forgetting the supper, she began to dig in her dunnage bag.

Getting out a lace collar, she flew to the mirror to put it on. Her hair dissatisfied her, and she made it fluff out a little under the rich braid which crowned her brow. Finally, she ruthlessly tore a rose from her new hat and pinned it to her girdle as she had seen Jennie Mackall do.

She turned around to find old Mary Otter staring at her open-mouthed, while the turnovers in the frying nan sent up a cloud of blue smoke. "The cakes are burning!" stormed

Bela. "What's the matter with you? "Somebody else crazy I think me. muttered the old woman, rescuing the

frying pan. Hela's boarders were not a very perspicacious lot, but when she came in among them because some of the change in her. The law collect and the rese in her last were shall con-

incly Market - the min iceptic—Stope Meed paleon ching. Ends pain and smoothing, etc. ice Best fin hills cooker. 50c. lon. All Directits and Slot

Before she had been merely the efficient hostess, friendly to all-but sexless. Now she was woman clear through; her eyes flashed with the consciousness of it, there was coquetry in every turn of her head, and a new grace in every movement of her body. The effect on the company was not a happy one. The men lowered jealousy on Sam. The atmosphere became highly charged. Only Sam's eyes

lighted with pleasure. Sam, Bela pointedly ignored. was on Joe that she bestowed all her smiles. No one present was deceived by her ruse excepting Joe himself, whose vanity was enormously inflated thereby. Sam's instinct told him that it was to himself her coquetry was addressed.

After the humiliations she had put upon him, it was deliciously flattering thus to see her in her own way suing for his favor. This made him feel like a men again. He was disposed to tease her.

"Hey. Bela!" he cried. kind of soup is this?" "No kind," she retorted "Just

soup." "The reason I asked, a fellow told me you made your soup out of muckrat-tails and goose-grass." "I put the goose-grass in for you,"

said Bela. Shouts of laughter here. Bela lowered her head and whispered in Joe's ear. Joe guffawed with an :\_wient stare across at Sam. Sam. The shaft went home. Sam laughed smiled undisturbed, for the provoking glance which had accompanied the whisper had been for him. Joe had

'What's next?" demanded Sam. "Wait and see," said Bela.

"They say your toasted bull-bats are out o' eight." "I save them for my regular boarders."

"Count me in!" cried Sam. "It was only the varns of the poisonous food that kept me away before. Now I'm inoculated I don't care!"

Sam proceeded to higher flights of wit. The other men stared. This was a new aspect of the stiff-necked young teamster they had known. They did not relish it overmuch. None of them dared talk back to Bela in just this strain.

Meanwhile Bela scorned Sam outrageously. Beneath it he perceived crossed the threshold. Within he saw subtle encouragement. She enjoyed the game at much as he did, and little he cared how the men were pleased. The choicest morsels found their way te Sam's plate.

Sam's eyes were giving away more than he know. "You are my mark!" they fixehed on Bela, while he teased her, and Bela's delighted, ecornful eyes amswered back: "Get me if you

(To be continued.)

Sewing Room Hints. If specie of different colored darning cottes are strung on a cord to hang on the back of a chair while mending a few moments of hunting

will be saved A three-arm towel rock fastened to the right-hand end of the sewing machine will be found convenient to hold pieces of work class at hand If small easters are placed on the

legs of the chair at the sewing machine it will be more easily moved, and the worker will be apt to sit in a more comfortable position . When punching eyelets, place the machine over a cake of white soap and there will be a firm edge that

cannot ravel, and is easily worked In sewing on hooks and eyes, buttonbole them on and they will never come eff, fewe stitches will be needed, moreover.

# LISTLESS, PEEVISH GIRLS

When a girl in her teens becomes peevish, listless and dull; when nothing seems to interest her and dainties de not tempt her appetite. yes may be certain that she needs more good blood than her system is provided with. Before long her pallid cheeks, frequent headaches, and breathlessness and heart palpitation will confirm that she is anaemic. Many mothers as the result of their own girlhood experience, can promptly detect the early signs of anaemia, and the wise mother does not wait for the trouble to develop further, but at once gives her daughter a course with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which renew

before it has obtained a hold upon the the late Peninsular war." And then Out of their own experience thousands of mothers know that anaemia morning, but remained there only unis the sure road to worse ilis. They til his carriage could be brought to know the difference that good red the shore and started for London scon blood makes in the development of after seven. "His Grace," he continwomaniy health. Every headache, used, "is expected to remain in Engevery gasp for breath that follows land about two men's; at least, it the slightest exertion by the anaemic is understood that he will stay till afgirl, every pain she suffers in her ter the ceremony of opening the Watback and limbs are reproaches if you erloo bridge, which, it is expected, have not taken the best steps to give will take place on the 18th June, the your weak girl new blood, and the anniversary of the memorable Battle only sure way to do so is through the of Waterloo. It is rumored that His use of Dr. Williams' Pink Fills. New, rich, red blood is infused in- ent in going over the bridge, and that

All that good grease! Do I pay you to the system by every doze of these these exalted personages will pay the to spoil good food? You gone crazy, pills. From this new rich blood first regular toll to be demanded from springs god health, an increased appethe period."
tita new energy, high spirits and per"Well, the rumor was evidently an fect wemanly development. Give your inspired rumor, for, some seven weeks daughter Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and later, it crystalized into fact, and take them yourself and note how John Rennie's great masterpiece, conpromptly their influence is felt in bet- sidered by Canova as the finest bridge ter health.

You can get these pills through Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. On the day rumored, and the Duke was men are the prettiert in the well, nearly every mather's a fee \$1.50 from The Dr. Williams' No mere detailing of measurements have told a lot of them—but and the prettiers of the second and the secon

Patren Sain

Wonderful Work of St. Geneview When Franks Beat the Huns.

Among the French with have had so many wonderful heroines among their women, Joan of Arc is perhaps most widely known, but the patron saint of Paris, Genevieve, is a no less beautiful character. Like Joan of Arc, she, too, was a peasant's daughter, but she lived nearly a thousand years before, when the world was far less civilized. But her death was a happy one, for the people she had helped were her friends, whereas, Joan of Arc met her death in the flames to which the English condemned her, friendless except for her own people far away.

St. Genevieve lived in the fifteenth century.In those days the Roman Empire had just about crumbled to pieces and the province was overrun by one horde of invaders after another. Among these was Attila, wno had killed thousands and set fire to many cities in the belief that he was appointed by God to punish the people of Europe. It was while he was bearing down on Paris, and the inhabitants, paralyzed with the fear of his terrible name, were getting ready to flee, that St. Genevieve bravely persuaded them to remain and send their soldiers out ot meet him. The result was that not only the soldiers. of Paris but of a large part of France and other countries met Attila the Hun at Chalons, and in one of the bloodiest battles of ancient times terribly defeated him. If it had been t a victory for Attila, Europe might

have had a far different history. Later, too, when the Franks, another invading nation, descended upon Paris and besieged it, St. Genevieve secured relief for her city by risking danger of her life, and implored peo-

starving Parisians. and dangers led to great respect for her by invading Franks, who thought her a supernatural character. Finally the Franks succeeded in capturing Paris. It was the real beginning of the present French nation, but then it seemed a terrible misfortune to the poor inhabitants. St. Genevieve was not in the city, and she was ordered shut out, but she made her way in and confronted the terrible chief of the Franks, who yielded to his fears of her as a woman of God, and did not slaughter or enslave the inhabitants of the city, as was customary in those days. When St. Genevieve died she was surrounded by the people of her city, whom she had befriended, and she was further made happy that the conquerors had been converted to

Christianity.—Exchange.

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WATERLOO BRIDGE

How the London "Observer" Told Story of the Coming Opening.

Just a hundred years ago there appeared in the issue of The Observer, what an lache is and the method of of London, then, as now, a Sunday paying him." naner, a descriptive little news item about the Duke of Wellington. Waterloo was then only two years past, and two packets, each of which contained the goings and comings of the Iron 250,000 francs. Duke was always good copy for the As Deutz neared the desk M. Didies

press in these days. The writer of the paragraph in question goes about the task in a leisure- the hands open to receive them. Not ly fashion. There is no thought a word was speken, and when the about placing the news first and mak- transfer was effected M. Didier pointing the embroidery as scanty as possible. Anything about the duke is good reading, and so he indulges himself in a discussion of His Grace's rapidity of movement, his vigor, and his wonderful "flow of spirits." which makes him "the delignt of the circle in which he moves." "The Duke of Wellington," he remarks to his readers, "is distinguished by as much personal activity and celerity of movement in this 'piping time of peace,' as the blood supply and banish anaemia during the most interesting period of he goes on to tell how His Grace landed at Dover about six on Sunday Grace will accompany the Prince Reg-

in all Europe, was opened by the

and recounting of costs would convey times. Springfield



more than to come to the city shop. There are so many his at-with such endless variety

Still there is just that little back about where to may.
Walker House solves that me It is a home for you while in the city, and you can have all your purchases sent direct these, where there are special facilities for boll-

ing after your parcels. Come to the city to shop and stay of

# The Walker House The House of Plenty

TORONTO, ONT. P.S.—Special attention given to ladies and children travelling with out gentlemen escorts.

any idea of what Waterloo bridge which carries the Waterloo road across the Thames between Westminster bridge and Blackfrians bridge, conveys to those who are familiar with its "granite immensity." Its very plainness and massive strength, the way it has of looming up gray through the mist of the early morning or cutting sharply across the sky as one goes westward towards it along the Embankment, of a summer evening, a journey down the Seine river, in and countless other "grateful settings" have an appeal to the Londoner ple in other cities to send food to the all their own, and have been a source of joy and enterprise to many artists. Her good fortune in avoiding traps Then there are the famous Waterloo steps, which, with their Aladdin's cave-in like approach, give access to the bridge above from the Embankment. And once on the bridge itself. there is always the view up the river towards St. Paul's and the Tower. Almost day in the year, some one may be seen enjoying the sight, or sketching it, from one or another of the great embrasures which mark the

tops of the piers. For over sixty years after it was thrown open to traffic by the Prince Regent, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, on that memorable June day, a century ago, pedestrians continued to pay the toll, of one-halfpenny, referred to by the writer of the paragraph in The Observer. In 1878, however, the bridge was acquired by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and since then ,Londoners, whether afoot RELIEF AT LAST or awheel, have passed back and forth acted. And they pass back and forth without question asked or charge exto some purpose, for, with London bridge, which lies farther down the river, beyond Blackfriars, Waterioe bridge is among the busiest thoroughares in London.-Christian Science Menitor.

## PAYING AN INFORMED

Alexandra Dumas contributed to the Curioux an ahecdote told him by Henri Didier, who was a deputy under

te second empire. Didiers father was secretary to the ministry of the interior at the time when the Duchesse de Berri was arrested at Nantes at the end of her attempt to raise the country against Louis Phillippe and in favor of her

son, the Count de Chambord. The traitor Deutz agreed to sell to the government the secret of her hiding place for 500,000 francs, and it was the elder Didier's duty to pay the scoundrel for his dirty work. He took his son Henri into the office and said: "Look well now at what passes and never forget it. You will learn

Deutz was then brought into the room where M. Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed

made a sign to him to stop. Then, taking a pair of tongs, he extended the packets, one after the other, into ed to the door.

# Best Time for Black Base

Early morning is the best for black hass on small streams, later part of the day till sundown very good. Clouds days midday good, especially if cool. For fly fishing for bass early morning hours and an hour before dark best time. If full moon even later get the big ones.-New York Sun.

THE CADDIES' PROFITS. (Boston Transcript) First Newsboy—Chiminie's got a job co-caddle for a golf club. Is dere much inoney in dat? Second Ditto—De salary ain't much, but

## NEW WAY TO REMOVE SORE. ACHING CORNS

dey makes a lot extra backing up fellers when dey lies about de scores des

Corn plasters be hanged, they always were troublesome and unself-factory. Try the nex method! Shrivel up the corn first, get its roots ated from the toe. This you can mighty quick by painting on Parish relief takes away the stine lifts the whole corn in a day or twee nam's will really, surely care to toughest of corns. Costs but a c in any drug store. Get it to day