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directed his wife to buy footwear for herself and the children from another firm because factured by the same people. This proved he really tries. The lady of the house gen erally knows where she can get the most

W. WILLIAMS.

ning you-want in our line

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Overflowing with latest and richest proteins. Contains the endorsed biography of Her Majesty, with authentic listory of her remarkable reign; and full account of the Diamond Jobina. Colly \$1.50. Big Book, Tramon. she was, therefore, entitled to teleration, if not to exalted regard.

A KITCHEN FREE-FOR-ALL. The fork said the corkscrew was crooked; The remark made the flatiron sad; The steel knife at once lost fts temper, And called the tea holder a cad.

The kettle exhibited bile: The stove grow hot at the discussion, But the ice remained cool all the while The way that the cabbage and lettuce

The tablespoon stood on its mettle;

thyme, Got so mad it bolled over the are

And the cook gave the grease spot the

A. F. H. JONES.

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Summer

We have 25 Scotch and Canadian Tweed Summer Suitings, this season's goods, which we will sell at a discount of 25 per cent, for CASH ONLY.

Wall Papers

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WATERS BROS.

room for their Christ.

THE PICTURE GALLERY, GUELPH

Things Moving

A stupid fellow who guages the quality o

Yet one of this class they charged more for them, and "they must therefore be better." His better half bought several pair from us and several from the other house and showed her husband they were identical, being even manuconclusively how foolish a man can be when and the best for her money, and if you were to ask the ladies of Acton the question: Where can I get the best value in Boots and Shoes? The answer in nine cases out of ten would be "At W. Williams'." Our

Mill Street -Acton.

... Butcher

Poetry.

" Kept their heads was comothing sublime; The greens dared the soup to mix with them

And the latter, while it hadn't much Felt put out and started to cry; The oven then reasted the turkey,

The plate said the clock in the corner Transacted'its business on tick. And the plate, which for years had battered. The clock said was full of old nick. Tho salt said the cream should be whippe

-And its friend wasn't thought to be sage. Next, the popper, whose humor is spley, "I dare any fellow," did cry. "To caster reflection upon me!" The mirror took up the defi. Then the axe, with a wit sharp and outling, Declared that the rug had the floor;

The ciunamon laughed-in a rage,

The cream said the sait was too fresh,

While the key said the knob should be worsbirped, 'Cause it was the right thing to adore. The bell, ringing in, said the cook book Must be bashful, else wherefore so read? off the topmost tart. The stove brush, a thing of some polish, Looked down on the saucer and said t thought that the same was too shallow.

But admitted the cup was quite deep;

The coffee tried to climb on the tea leaves

But discovered the same were too steep.

You'd not think a thing that's so holey As the sleve would have mixed in the fuss But it did, for it said that the butter Was a slippery sort of a cuss. No one knows how the row would have Had not the cook, Maggie O'Dowd, (Her work being done) closed the kitchen.

And thusly shut up the whole crowd.

-Charles J. Colton in the New Orleans

Select Jamily Reading.

Caught by a Tartar. -

The queen of hearts, she made some tarts, All on a summer's day; The knave of hearts, he stole the tarts, And took them all away."

"There !" said Chrystal. With a sigh of satisfaction, she poised the last tart airily on the apex of the pastry pyramid and stepped back to view the effect. And, indeed, the effect was as artistic as appetizing. The oval dish of polished Beleek, creamy with age, dotted all over with prim little blue forgets menots and primmer little pink rosebuds would have delighted the heart of a china connoiseeur. And the tarts, round, orisp, flaky, goldenly brown, each inclosing a crimson lake of strawberry perserve, and

all towering up in regular and tempting

prodigality, quite rewarded the cook for "If those," considered Chrystal, as she carefully carried the delectable dainties into the buttery and laid the dish down on the shelf by the north window, "if these do not suit even Clarence's city friends, they are very hard to please. Very hard to please," she repeated, hyphenating her sentence with a series of convinced little nods. She went back to the kitchen and looked up at the clock. "Half past three and

everything is done, except to set the table. I think everything is done. The hem is sliced, the chicken jellied, the compote made, the cream whipped, and the tarts baked. Yes, I may go and dress, and perhaps have time for a bit of a read before I She tidied up the kitchen, closed the

buttery door, drew down the blinds, and went upstairs. old frame house standing on the outskirts of Ashland. Chrystal's parents swerp in the pleasant circumstances generally designated comfortable, and Clarence, her twin brother, held a confidential position in city grain firm. Yesterday, be had fearned two college friends of his were in town. He had called at their hotel, but failed to find them in, so he had left a note stating that he would call again, on this particular evening, and bring them out to supper at his father's house. The Bruntons happened to be without a girl at the time, but Clarence, with a young man's thoughtlessness, failed to consider that fact. Perhaps he knew Chrystal would prove more rell

able than a host of domestics. Her genius for housekeeping (for perfect bousekeeping does imply genius) had been proven. Fresh, breezy and blowy was the after-Delicious drifts of supshine and tantalizing shadows followed each other in bewildering repetition. Within the house there was no sound. The only inmates were Chrystal and her mother. The latter

was writing letters in her own room. "One I two ! three! four !" Chrystal counted the strokes, as she

lipped into her pretty Marguerite gown of ust-red Chius silk. "Now I'll just glance through those new magazines before supper," she decided, as she tied and patted the soft sash of her dress, deftly twisted the big bow back, and then turned her head over her shoulder to admire the result in the mirror. But, alas, for the vanity of human resolves! At

"Oh, dear ! Who can that be?" she exclaimed, with emphasis more provoked than flattering. Hastily she thurst a silver pin through | or into the hall. the deep fall of creamy lises at her throat

tucked away a couple of rebellious ourls

under the braided coil of her brown hair,

that moment the bell rang.

and went out of her room and down the She opened the door to a bold young breeze, to a chilly dezzle of sunshine, and fate. to Miss Stokes. To Miss Stokes of all women! Chrystal's heart sank. A spinster of an age decidedly beyond that known as uncertain was Miss Stokes. Her periodical visits were invariably long, invariably gossipy, invariable tiresome. The Buntons had known her many years. She was one of those formidable and familiar specters; "a friend of the family," and

Half-past four ! Five! A quarter past "Will she never go?" dejectedly marvel: at each other, as the tale proceeded. ed poor Chrystal, sitting there smiling, " "Let the see that sorap of paper, endeavoring to repress indications of Christie," Cistence said, in conclusion.

weariness, and striving to appear interest-

ed in the prosy talk of her visitor. And meanwhile two young men, both very hungry, both very tired, returning to delight. town after a day spent in duck-shooting outside the city limits, had taken a short cut through the Bruntons' orchard. They were obliged to pass quite close to the house, and one of them, a tall masculine young fellow, with pleasant black eyes, white teeth, and the sunniest of smiles, paused by a window which a great old-

cherry-tree shaded, a window that was low and open. "Look, Tom !" he said. Tom Hilton, insignificant of stature, but finically correct as to costume, turned his head in the direction indicated. He puck-

"Great Scott! Dick, can you resist Dick Bertrand, who had not removed his gaze from the Beleek dish and the strawberry tarts slowly shook his head. "Like the father of my country," he

"'Voracity,' you mean," corrected Hil-"As you like ! I can't resist one and-]

won't I" With the expression of which desperate decision, he deliberately thrust his handthrough the aperature and lightly picked

Hilton looked on enviously. "Is it good ?"

"Good? Don't talk !" He could not converse with ease himself, so full was his mouth of pastry and jam. He swallowed the sweet morsel, and boldly better." extracted another.

"Suppose some one were to come around the house, or-or open that door?" ven tured Tom, timidly. "This is a Christian country, where starving men are not refused food," declarthe man opened the book, "John F. Gul ed Bertrand, reaching for his third tart.

"if-if any one were to catch us-you, mean?" "I'd run," decided Dick, as he calmly purloined another tart.

"But w-what would you do?" stamer-

ed his friend, terrified by such rashness

Tom was fairly dancing.

ed Hilton.

"Stop! I say. That's your fourth!" "Proves how fine they are," responded Bertrand, brushing the crumbs off his mustache. "But you won't leave any for me !" wail-

His scruples were quite gone. Dick' enjoyment of the tarts lad been too much for him. Hunger had conquered conscience. He made an onslaught on the chrinking pyramid. He captured two tarts which he devoured in successively distributed and impartial bites. When five

minutes had passed, 'all' the prim little

forget-me-nots and primmer little resobuds

were visible on the oval dish. Comically, guiltily, the criminals looked at each other. Then as if moved by one impulse, they put their hands in their pockets. Dick laid a silver dollar on the plate and Hilton followed suit. Then Bertrand pulled out his note book and

"To the Queen of Hearts, who made some

tarts-with thanks and compliments." He tore out the page, laid it on the Beleek dish, and weighted it with the After which both conspirators took up their gons, and, shaking with laughter, ran across a vacant lot, around corner, jamped into their weiting baggy and drove rapidly into town. "It is after four," remarked Tom ; 'w

blessedly unconscious of the theft being perpetrated, sat and listoned to the chatter of Miss Stokes. It was a quarter to six before that victimizing visitor made her welcome adieux. "Gracious, how I will have to rush!" groaned Chrystal, as she closed the door

And all the time Chrystal Brunton,

must make haste."

behind the brown silk back of Maria Angeine-for that was her guest's novelistic Into the dining room flew Miss Brunton, pushed out the table, whisked off the velours covers, spread on the cloth of milkwhite damusk, took the solid silver from its chamols wrappings, and brought the company china from its seclusion under the sideboard. Then she put on a big nainsook apron, went into the kitchen, brightened the fire, hurried to the buttery,

carried the meat into the dining room, and

went back for the tarte. Where had they vangajehed? There was the dish. She stood still and rubbed her eyes. The face that was so sweet and youthful

and sunny souled, if not positively pretty grow soarlet from brow to chip. Oh. was too bad! After all her trouble; too! Who could have taken them? Probably those borrid littile Volmouth children The gleam of the dollars caught her eye She went forward, took up the sorap of paper, and read the lines thereon. She laughed in spite of herself. Assuredly the est's Magazine. Volmouth children were not the culprits. To be robbed and paid in this fashion What hungry and gentiemanly villian larked in the neighborhood?' Oh, it was

aggravating, and ridiculous, too ! "Well, I'm glad it was the tarts and not grandmother's Beleek dieh he fancied," she told herself, by way of consolation. Half an hour later, Clarence and his friends appeared. Mrs. Brunton emerged from her room, and the head of the family

able moment Chrystal beckoned her broth-"Well?" "The strawberry tarte !"

"Did they full?"

She nodded sadly ..

"By whom ?"

came up from the city. At the first favor-

His particular penchant was strawberry He was interested in their possible "Fail!" ludignantly. "They never fail with me. They," with much solomnity 'were stolen !"

"I don't know." And then she told him

of the note and the money left on the plate.

At anpper, he laughingly insisted on telling the whole story. Hilton and Bertrand, who had grov a painfully om barrasted when Clarer us Brunton had ointed out his home, stole startled glance

"By George !" he cried, in surprise and He sprang to his feet, and then eank back in his chair, with a rosr of laughter. "Clarence !" protested Chrystal. "If the writing isn't-" he gasped

Bertrand interrupted bim. "Mine!" be confessed. "Yes, yours!" And off he went another paroxysm of laughter. Chrystal'a eyes, blue as the forget-me-note on the Beleek dish, grew very wide, indeed. Was that handsome fellow the Kna ve of Hearts

who stole her tarts ? They, the thieves, attempted explanations and apologies. Hilton put the blame on ered bis lips. His emall blue eyes twin-Bertrand and Bertrand on Hillon. Then all joined in young Brunton's hearty and

contagious mirth. That was just a year ago. And there are those who avow that, before the April sunshine wakes all the world to beauty, Chrystal Brunton will be Chrystal Brunton no longer. For if not exactly a Queen of declared, "I am the soul of veracity- | Hearts, the is at least queen over one heart,

And that one is Dick Bertrand's. COUNTERING ON JOHN.

"Are you the marriage Incense clerk inquired a comely country damsel of th young man who dishes out that sort emotional pabulum to hungry victime. "I am Miss," responded the young man, with the soft suavity a prettygirl is always sure of bringing to the surface of a man

"Has there been a man in here to-day after a licepro?" of the products of abatioirs. All coraps

"Three or four, Miss. Times must ! "I mean a red-headed man," she ex claimed, ignoring the young man's allusio to the improved condition of the times. "Yes, Miss; the last one I gave out was to a red-headed man. Here it is," and

lion to Miss Mary M. Duster." "That's the man," she exclaimed "and that's mo. Now, I want one myself Make it out, quick, for Mary M. Dusterand Henry Hooker.

The clerk was quick about it. "How much is it ?" she asked as he hand ed it to her. "Two dollars, Miss."

"Did Gullion have to pay that much for his ?' she asked, laying down the amount called for. "Certainly. That's the legal price, "Well, I wish to goodness it was \$! John Gullion has been courting me for two years, and he is the stinglest man I ever

seen. That's the first money he ever spent

on me, and he wouldn't have spent that if

I hadn't been sharp enough to let him get

the licenso before I got one for me and Henry. Henry's now looking for a preacher, and I am to meet him at the hotel right away. Good-bye. .I a'm ever so much obliged to you," and she started out with a rush, but came back in a minute. "Oh," she said, "if John Gullon brings hat license back when he hears how I've

fooled him, please don't give him his dol-

lars again, will you?" and she looked so

pleading and so pleasing that the young

man swore John should never see his dol-

lars again. SINGULAR SIGNS Of unwittingly ludicrous or humorous signs there are plenty. A timemith near Exeter, England, has a sign which reads: 'Quart measures of all shapes and sizes old here." At a market town in Rutland. shire the following placard was a ffired to the shutters of a watchmaker who had decamped, leaving his oreditore mourning: "Wound up and the mainspring broke." Equally opposite was one in Thomaston Ga .. On one of the principal streets the

same room was occupied by a physician and a shoemaker -the disciple of Galen in front, while he of St. Crispin's trade worked in the rear. Over the door hung the "We repair both soul and body. On the windows of a London coffee room there appeared the notice: "This coffeeroom removed up stairs till repaired." The proprietor of the place was not an rishman, though the framer of the notice over a French burying ground, "Only the

dead who live in this parish are buried

here," must have been. One may see in the windows of a confectioner in Fourth avenue, New York. "Pies Open All Night." A Bowery placard reads : "Home-Made Dining-Rooms, Family Oystors," while a West Broadway restaurateur sells "Home-Made Pies Pastry and Oysters," and still another caterer, on East Broadway, retails "Fresh Salt Oysters and Lager Beer." "Boots Polished Inside," is a frequent sign in New York, and on Atlantic avenue. Brooklynthere is a "Stationary Library ;" and . the latter is really a circulating library. has a rigo reading, "Ho Made Plee!" and | plenty of searcom. The captain then told inscription on its window: "G. Washing.

ton Smith, tonsorial abattoir."- Demor-ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of Boasters are cousins to liars. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shoots at others and wounds he

Foolish fear doubles danger.

He has hard work who has nothing to do It costs more to revenge wrongs than to Knavery is the worst trade.

God teaches us good things by our own

himrelf. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Not to hear conscience is the way to One hour to-day is worth two to-mor-

Proud looks make foul work in fair

Learning makes a man fit company for

Quiet conscience is quiet sleep. Richest is he that wants least. Small faults indulged are little thiever that let in greater ones. The boughs that bear most hang lowest, Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and

Wise men make more opportunities than You never lose by doing a good sot. Zoul without knowledge is fire without

light .- Philadelphia Record.

She drew it from her pocket, and handed SCIENCE UTILIZES ALL THE OX. Every Particle Put to Use; Only Its

Dying Breath Lost In an article on the "Wonders of the World's Waste," William George Jerdau, in Ladies' Home Journal, details how science at the present day utilizes the ox. "Not many years ago," he says, "when an ox was slaughtered forty per cent. of the animal was wasted; at the present time "nothing is wasted but it's dying breath." As but one-third of the weight of the animal cosists of products that can be eaten, the question of utilizing the waste is a serious one The blood is used in refining sugar and in sizing paper, or manufactured into door knobs and buttons. The hide goes to be tanner; horns and. hoofs are transformed into combs and buttons; thigh-bones are worth eighty dollars per ton, are cut into handles for olothes-brushes; fore-leg bones sell for thirty dollars per ton for collar buttons, parasol bandles and jewolry; the water in which bones are boiled is reduced to glue : the dust from sawing the bones is food for cattle and poultry; the smallest bones are made into boneblack. Each foot yields a quarter of a pint of neat's foot oil ; the tail goes to the "coup"; while the brush of hair at the end of the tail is ro'd to the matress-maker. The choicer parts of the fat make the basis of butterine; the intestimes are used for sauenge casings or bought by gold beaters. The undigested ood in the stomach, which formerly cost the packers of Chicago thirty thousand dollars a year to remove and destroy, is now made into paper. These are but few

for farmers by acting as fertilizers.

GLIMPSES THROUGH LIFE'S WIN DOWS. There was at Baalbek ages since, a mag nificent Temple of the Sun, some of whose pillars are yet standing. Near by is the quarry, from which came the stones for the wonderful temple. In the quarry, almost detached from its rock, dressed and ready for its place in the temple, is an immense column, seventy feet in length. A vacant place in the temple is waiting for | shaking her like you did me. If I was her it, and for four thousand years this column | I'd--" has lain there in the quarry. It has never

unfit for any other use flud welcome in

the glue-pot, or they do missionary world

occupied the place for which it was de-There are many men like that useless monolith. Made for a noble destiny, with grand possibilities, they have missed it all for want of a lofty purpose and a worthy energy. They folded their talents away in their napkins of supposed humility, of salf-distrust, or of indolence and disobedience, and buried them in the earth. They will lie forever among the wastes and ruins of life, pale ghoste of glorious "might have beens," while the places in God's temple which they were meant to fill remain vacant. It is a glorious thought that each of our little lives is a plan of God, that God made us for something definite and particular. Let our highest aim be to become what he made us to be. Let us never shrink from any task or duty to which he calls us. Let us train oursolves to obey-every-call-of-God lost in our hesitancy or disobedience, we fail of the mission for which we were made, and meet

the doom of the useless, in God's universe.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS About a century ago the great French bemist, Lavoisier, learned that the wonderful gem knows as the diamond is really composed of the same material as charcoal, namely carbon. At once it was suggested out of cost. But most chemists seputed the idea -- the diamond was a natural mineral and nature's processes could not be duplicated in the laboratory. Recently, however, M. Motsson has taken up the subject, and has actually succeeded i making true diamonds in his forge. The ms thus manufactured are very small it is true, but the principle has been found, and who can doubt that its applicution will be extended until gems of any desired size are made at will ? It would be nothing surprising if within the next generation or two diamonds equal to the finest jewels were to be turned out from

cents an ounce, instead of so many dollars

factories by the ton and sold at so many

READING THE SIGNALS. The captain of one of the big schooners that bring ice from the Kennebec to Washton tells a story of an Irishman he shipped. Pat wanted to get from Washington to Norfolk and had no money. His story excited the sympathy of the shipmaster, who finally agreed to let him work his passage, Pat was willing, but densely ignorant o all things maritime, and no real sea duty and the word "stationary" adorns one win- | fell to him until the vessel was sailing down dow and "library" theother. Philadelphia | Chesapeake Bay with a fair wind and a barber's shop in the same city bears this | Pat to take a turn at lookout forward and instructed him to promptly report anything he might see. It was a clear night, and soon after the lookout took his position, he

> "Ab, captain." "Well, Pat." "There's something out here foreninst "What is it ?" said the captain to tost Pat's seafaring knowledge, the lights of ap approaching steamer being visible. "I rally couldn't say for shore, sur," says

Pat, "but I sushpect its a drug store.

There's a red and a grane light."-Wash-

sang out:

ngton Post.

SHE MISSED IT THAT TIME. Niece (showing the wedding presents to Uncle Tom) :- I wanted you to see them all, dear uncle Tom, so that you won't send | dissolve a package of dye in a quart of

Uncle Tom-H'm. What's this? Niece-That's papa's check for £500; isn's it lovely? Uncle Tom-Very. I intended to send you the same thing; but rather than annoy you with a duplicate present. I'll send

are very annoying, you know.

YOUR DUMB BEAST. He can't complain, but God's all-sceing eyo Beholds thy cruelty and hears his cry, He was designed thy friend and servant, not thy drudge,

And know that his Croator is thy Judgo. .

to strength of character, and both may be polson from the blood. You cannot begin had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE AUTOGRAPH BOOK OF BLUE

Tommy. And somothing nice and true." Stiffly and squarely he wrote a line

For his queen with the eyes of blue-Proudly, and signed it, "Tommy"-"Maggio, I love you true."

He looked at her true blue eyes. 'In the old, old book of blue. Of the folly of love, and signed it.

"Thomas Roginald Hugh." A man came from his labors. Learned in the school of years;

And he wrote and signed it, "Toniny"-"Maggle, I love you true."-- ;

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE A langhable but rather embarrasing case of mistaken identity occurred the other day in a large draper's shop. A gentleman who is a little too fond of joking entered the shop for the purpose of meeting his wife at a certain counter. Sure enough,

Her back was turned and no one was near hear, so he quickly approached, took her by the arm and said in a voice of stimulated severity: "Well, here you are, spending my money as usual, eh?" The face turned quickly toward him was not his wife's; It was that of an acir',

who attracted the attention of everybody in that part of the shop by saying in a loud, shril voice : "No. I ain't epending your money or no other man's money, and I'll-"

angry, keen eyed woman of about 50 years,

confused gentleman. "I supposed you were my wife and-" "Well, I just ain't your wife, nor no other man's wife, thank fortune, to he

amid the titters and sly chuckles of thore who had witnessed his confusion .- Tit-

HE GIVES AWAY BRIDES. "In addition to our business of letting our wedding dresses on hire," said a member of a well-known firm of costumers in

working girls who are far away from their relatives and who have always been too busy to cultivate many friends. Well, when these girls are about to marry young fellows who are similarly circumstanced, the question arises as to who shall give away the bride. "I can answer that question for them at once, for I have connected with my busi-

introduce him to the bride and bridegroom and he for a moderate fee gives the former "Sometimes he takes the whole arrangethat it might be possible to make diamonds' ments of a breakfast and so on upon him-

> He is always a welcome guest with there people afterward."-St. Louis Globe-BY THE CHILDREN.

Johnnie had been accused of crying. "I Edna wants a baby brother. "A baby carriage, Mamma. Dolls are slwaye getting broken when the carriage tips over."

"Paps," said Billy, tearfully, after a

playful romp with the good-natured but

rather rough St. Bernard puppy. "I don't

believe Bingo knows what kind of a dog he

is. He plays as if he thought he was a

little pug."

Your Rooms Look

Brighter and

Cleaner.

Thousands of women all over Canada will this season clean house and make rooms look brighter and more cheerful.

To make good Kalsomine, diesolve on fourth pound good glue to each ten pounds of whiting. Mix with sufficient water to give the required constituncy. To tint it a duplicate. Duplicate wedding presents | water, and add as much as necessary to give

how the thermometer stands. Isstands on

the mantel, just against the wall sir. The Empress of Russia is nearly two inches taller than her husband, and is just the kind of a figure to "carry off" a

The universal prevulence of scrofula is a fact well known to physicians. The only medicine that has hitherto proved a specific for this dreaded complaint is Ayer's Physical strength and energy contribute | sarsaparilla, which expels every drop of to use it too roop.

PRICE THREE CENTS

She gave bim her book to write in-Her autograph book of blue-

And she said: "Write it straight, now

A youth came from a college-A student grave and wise-He looked at the little old autograph book; And he scrawled, with cynical smiling,

Gazod at the little blue book, and dreamed And gazed, as he dreamled, through tears. Then he looked and saw her suiling, With toars in her oyes of blue.

-II. W. Jakeway, in Ladies' Home Journal.

there stood a lady dressed to his oye,

at least, just like the woman he was

"I beg your pardon, madam," oried the

jawed at every time I buy a yard of ribbon! I pity your wife if you go about The chagrined joker waited to hear ro more, but made his way out of the shep, ..

the west central district of London, "wo often perform our little services for the "You, of course, recognize the fact that in this great city there are scores of hard-

ness an ex-major in the army, s member of an ancient family, and a man, too, of unimpeachable character. He is poor, but he dresses well, has beautiful white hair and looks the kindly father to perfection.

gelf, and he is a fine speaker on coonston

with two t's. You must leave one of them out," "Yest, ma'am," replied Freddy; which one?" des I sin't." he maintained, gulping. "What are you doing, then?" questioned Uncle Henry. "Letting my eyes leak." would be so nice to wheel around in a

"Freddy," said the teacher to Freddy

"I know how we walk," said Willie We put one foot down and let it stay till it gole 'way behind and then do the same thing with the other, and keep doing it."-Chicago News. Do You Intend Making

It should be remembered that kalsomine can be beautifully tinted with the Diamond Dyes at a very trifling expense One-pack age of Diamond Dyo tinte ten to fifteen pounds handsome shades for walls. The favorite colors are yellow, orange, cardinal, slate, crimson, bismare, violet, green, light blue and pink.

When you bay dyes for tinting, be sure you ask your dealer for the Diamond Dyes, using any of the above mentioned shades Mary, go into the sitting room and see

the color desired.

\$200,000 coronation robe.