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g for SHIN Mrs. Was nents

Home, sweet home; with delicious Monsoon on the table and a few friends to enjoy it, there is no place like home.

## The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

cally, a cold, slow weight beginning to settle down on her heart and

"Yes," he says again, in the same deblous way, and speaking rather huskily. "It is a thing I have been trying for, and hoping for, for a long time, a very long time. I told Mr. Damer about it some time ago, and, though he doesn't like the idea of my leaving him at all, still he would not stand in my way, he said, for a mo-

Then you are thinking of leaving Mr. Damer's agency for something better?" Gillian inquires, adylike interest and sympathy in she rises to her feet. her voice, whilst her very heart

seems to come naturally to me. you know," he says, hurriedly, with a careless laugh. "And I have written a few papers on various subjusts for the society-the Geologione of the members, a friend of mone who is getting men together for what they call an industrial expedition out to Manitoba and Colorado, to report on the land in its various aspects, you know, mineragricultural, and

understand," Gillian says, quietly, and he notices-he cannot but notice-the dull, faint, weary tone. "And if all be arranged satisfactorily to-morrow you will go?" "Yes, I hope so," he says, thoughtfolly. "The pay is not much, but it may lead to something better. In fact, Dalroy, my friend, said it was MITO to do so."

Yes, and you go soon?" There is agony in the swift despairing glance in George's composed face, and eyes gazing out into the

As soon as Mr. Damer can supply my place," he answers, readily, "and as I tell him I cannot see why he cannot get on for a time very well with Dick Mahon as his under steward. Nick is a sensible, shrewd fellow, and rather well educated for his rank in life."

There is another dead silence. Gillian does not ask any question about Dick Malion, or Mr. Damer or the industrial expedition. She does not care nor comprehend. What are those people or the wide world to her now? What is money, or youth, or even the girlish beauty she has begun to prize? What is her residence in Mount Ossory, her stay in Darragh | you would never go away very far Castle, her innocent schemes, her golden hopes, her sweet, precious dreams of that future which she thinks at moments she sees drawing the desert of her loveless, blighted

young life! It had been only a delirious dream, and the waking has covered her with shame and self-scorn.

She stands desolate, stricken, speechless, gazing out with aching, urseeing eyes at the dark shadows of the trees and shrubs planted at intervals around the hedge of the oldfashioned garden.

They look like gloomy spectres gathering around her; a blacker thadow than the black outline of Slieve-na-Mor against the orange thish of the evening sky has fallen over her spirit.

The vista of the wide valley below fevered fancy like a vista of that valley where the shadow of death

She gazes unseeing, she stands anhearing, though his voice speaking to her, the voice she soon will hear no more. Though his eyes are anxiously watching her-those dear, blue eyes which, it may be, after this night she will never see

At length he touches her arm. nervously pushing his own chair "Are you ill? Does anything all you?" he asks, hurriedly, in a low-

"No, I am not ill, thank you," she days slowly, in that same, quiet still, thank you," and the chair he puts beside her she feebly and

voice. "Yet, I feel rather weak wearly sinks into and her head sharply; "I never thought Anne was side the glowing red fire. Gillian likes proops on her breast. I am sure you are ill-I am She is a strange girl, and that is the large, old-fashioned grate they afraid you are ill," he repeats un- the truth. Thave known her these burn cheerily and with generous, brilsteadily, in a low, husky voice, and six years intimately, and I believe

then the drooping little figure with in my heart. I don't know her real the helpless arm, is so childlike nature now." and pitiful, the slim, soft form Tembles so timidly beneath his matter in the least what I thought | soft warm touch like a dove, nestles touch, as he stoops down to look into or didn't think." Gillian says hur- against his breast, poor George, after her face, that George, trembling al- riedly, with a troubled blush. most as much as herself, feeling that he is cruel to keep silence, and that knows but too well poor Anne's home and his loveless young manhe is dishonored if he speak, cannot secret. Poor, unloved Anne !-happy, for a moment quite control himself. | blissfully happy Gillian! He puts his arm around her and "It doesn't matter," she reiterates, draws the drooping little head with | with coaxing tenderness in her voice, ts ruffled, shining locks nearer to and the timid, modest caress of her him. A swift glance, like a flash of hand touching his lovingly. "Only I light, leaps into her eyes, wild with the sudden hope of desperation-an

"Indeed?" Gillian says, mechani- | And I must die for want of one bold word,"

And one fair, soft little hand-the dainty little hand with the ring of splendid pearls-steals out swiftly from amongst the warm white shawls and clasp George's big, muscular, sunburned hand with a passionate grasp.

"Must you go ?" she whispers, quite hoarsely, in her agony of shame and fear at her own desperate boldness. And George stooping nearer to her, and drawing her closer to him, whis- hotly. pers back, his own face white as hers in his own emotion:

"I won't if you tell me to stay!" The grasp of the little white hand with just the correct amount of tightens on the strong brown one as

"Yes, I flo. Do stay! Oh, do stay!" seems to be tearing in twain with she mutters, through burning blushes, and eyes blinded with great, bright "Yes," George says, speaking tears, and then, somehow, the little months, his only child, the heiress hears it, and stoops down with his frankly in reply to that cool, lady- white hand and the ring of milky like question; "I have studied min- pearls is round George's big, muscueralogy and petrology for years; lar neck, and George's arms are it is quite a favorite study of mine, locked around her, and his face is pressed to hers.

CHAPTER XIX.

He was going away from her-forever, perchance. Ah, that miserable heart is filled with the echo of those er, and step-brothers and sisters cal. I am a member, and I think I "was!" He is going to stay near her, words, "My sweetheart and my into the bargain, I dare say; and soft, autumn gloaming, as fair a pic- given. ture as the tender twilight ever saw. Trusting to his strength in her phys- would, I have some of my own, you exclaims, innocently. "How happy I ical weakness, trusting to his honor know- nearly twenty thousand should be !" love and trust of her heart.

piness, and perplexity; the girl in | that was enough." wordless rapture. And then George, bending down his head-she is only castically. "When a gentleman's en-

should know I was fond of you." "But I do know it now, don't I?" she whispers back, ruffling the soft, brown hair against George's velveteen coat. "You do care a little

"I cannot quite promise you that," George falters. "Of course now, even if I go away anywhere for awhile, I must come back to you, mustn't 1?" "If you care for me," Gillian says

with piteous, sweet humility her timid eyes-"if you care for me. -if-you care." "If I care!" he laughs, half-vex-

edly. "You know I do; unfortunately for myself and for you! I have no I am acting as treacherously and I have; and if I give it all to you, her day's work is done." dishonestly as a man can act in then you will have money and I shall such an affair!

-because of Anne?"

Her lips have grown quite white "My darling, I know you would with the fierce throbbing of her give me every shilling you owned on heart, as she waits without draw- earth, as freely as you would give ing a breath for his answer-wait- me your sweet self," he says, husking, dreading, expecting the an- ily. "I wish I only dare ask you for swer which will rend the trembling the last, and you might keep the

small, soft hand; "you denied it to | "We should! Oh, indeed we should!" me once, you know; but from what she says, with eyes as radiant as

"Deceive you? Heaven forbid I was and terraces, and lawns. You rememas bad as that!" George says, sim- | ber I said so the very first morning I ply and honestly. "I told you the saw the Castle and admired it. You plain truth-I never was Anne's remember that morning, don't you ?" lover-never had any idea of such "Yes, I remember," George says, a thing, though Anne is a good girl smiling rather sadly; "but I must and we are the best of friends. I! talk to you seriously, Gillian dearest; told you all this before. Why did let us sit down for a few minutes." you doubt my word?"

This a little sternly.

ing. perhaps." "What did she say?" George asks, one to jest at my expense before. the turf and oak logs for fuel, and in

"Well, it doesn't matter-it doesn't | waist, and her gentle head, with a

beg your pardon for doubting your

And the little head, with its silken, of a sapling.

"I don't know," George says, imto care for you, not to speak of do there will be an end of it." having forgotten myself enough to tell you so."

"Why?" she whispers; and the uninjured soft arm, in its white sleeve, creeps up timidly around the big masculine shoulders, and essays to em-

"Why?" George repeats, almost angrily. "Because it is a dishonorable thing of any man to speak of his love to a girl without speaking

of marriage to her; and how can I speak of marriage to you?" There is no answer to this query, only the white fingers on the velveteen coat-collar creep a little further, and the fair, drooping face so often."

hides itself in pressing a little closer "There is no equality of station or | with sarcastic indignation. position between us; you are rich and I am poor; the thing lies in a nutshell; any one in the world would wished so much to have a son. He and angrily, spurring himself on to be harshly decisive in his dealings with her, lest her gentleness, and tenderness, and sweet humility, utterly conquer him, and his pride, and self-esteem, and self-dependence. "You are a very young girl, little more than a child, seventeen or so, I suppose--"

"I am over nineteen-I am in my twentieth year!" Gillian exclaims,

She is, in fact, five weeks beyond her nineteenth birthday.

this tremendous announcement. dear?" "You are a young girl, under age, protection, visiting with people to nearly inaudible. whom he has confided you for a few of all his wealth, and-I, have neither lips on her velvety cheeks, to give family, fortune, position nor prospects! What do you think your | "Because I think, my darling," he

beside her all the days of their lives, future wife," and the tender little in that case matters may be very Ah, blissful present and future! to soul is thanking heaven in wordless much altered. Perhaps, in that case, them, standing by the window in the gratitude for the happiness it has the father 'who doesn't think very He, tail and strong and fair as a I hope," she falters; "but even if he will cherish you dearly as long as Viking; she, slender, fragile, dark- were-so angry that he would not he lives," haired, dark-eyed, timid and loving. give me all the money he said he

in her friendless innocence, trusting pounds, which my grandmother, to his love with all the unlimited papa's mother, bequeathed to me absolutely after dear mamma's death. eyes, she grows hot all over with They do not speak for some min- That is mine-quite my own-as soon a swift, shamed blush; she tries to utes, the man in mingled despair, hap- as I am twenty-one, if-if you thought | evade his gaze, but he persists.

"Enough!" George repeats, sar-'as high as his heart," of a surety- tire income reaches the magnificent "tell me the real honest truth-do essays his first lover's speech-rather sum of three hundred per annum, he you care for me very much?" There ought to consider three times that is a pause of deep passionate emo-"You know," he mutters, smiling amount enough! But, as your tion, and then she looks up in her and flushing, as he clasps the slim, grandmother and your father prob- lover's handsome face-her own soft, girlish form tenderly closer, "you ably, intended that that sum should blushing girlishness paling in solknow you have done for me now! defray the expenses of your ward- emn, unsmiling earnestness. I never meant-never! that you robe only exclusive of your jeweler's bills, or a few costlier luxuries"this with a glance at the pearl and emerald rings on the soft fair fingers on his shoulder-"they would not probably think it sufficient, bit for me, and you won't ever go even with my huge income in addition, to defray the cost of your entire establishment-'meat, drink, and clothing, board, lodging, and washing' as we say in Ireland-and they would very probably consider me a scoundrel if I thought so

either." The soft arm in the white sleeve creeps further around George's proud neck, and there is a piteous, murmuring voice, half-stifled against George's velveteen-clad breast.

have none!"

"Why? Why?" She draws herself | She looks up with a soft, sobbing a little away from him, but still laugh of delight at her own bright clasping his hand, still looking up idea, and George gives way for a to him with heseeching eyes, "is it moment. Mortal man can hardly blame him.

It does not need that new tender

appellation to persuade her to obey "I beg your pardon," Gillian says, him. What request or command of his humbly and earnestly. "I mistook | would she disobey who has elected something Anne said. She was jest- him king, lord, and governor of her life while that life shall last?

He draws her over to the sofa beliant warmth.

But when they are seated side by side, with his arm around hr slim a struggle with the fair temptation She thinks, innocent soul, that she that has come to him in his lonely hood, begins to wonder what he has left to say.

How can be sternly consider the rights and dges of others before her? How can he be prudent, and wise, and cold, and just, and thrust her out of his life, and bar up the door of utter separation between

warmth of her innocent

love? "You know, dearest," he begins, soft-curling locks of "bonny brown earnestly and sorrowfully, though hair," sinks back meekly against his he intends to be clear and calm and broad, solid shoulder, that feels her business-like, "there is not the leaning weight no more than that slightest likelihood of your father patiently and despairingly. "Any tempt me to act dishonestly, and as one may well doubt my word and I shall write and tell him of our honor after this! I have no right acquintance, you know that when I

"You mean that you will never see me again, or speak to me again, if papa is displeased?" she asks, with a forlorn wistfulness in her slow accents, and the gaze of the dark eyes full of innocent adoration as she looks on the bright bold face of the beloved lover she has but found to lose again. "If I told papa you would not mind having so much money if you might have me, and that I-that you cared for me, perhaps he would not mind so much. Papa doesn't think very much of me," Gillian adds. simply. "He was always so sorry I wasn't a boy. I have heard him say

"Oh! he doesn't think very much of you, doesn't he ?" George demands "No,"Gillian replies, quietly, with shake of her head. "Papa has always tell you so!" George says, excitedly has often said that he would be worth a million of money if he had had a son to inherit it. He says that he hasn't any heart to go into big money-making schemes, when there

> to come in for everything." Gillian laughs, as she speaks rather shamefacedly, but George frowns. "Rather an unfatherly speech. though," he mutters. "How old is your father, Gillian ?"

was no one but a little chit of a girl

"About fifty-six or seven; I think," Gillian answers, wonderingly. know from what dear mamma said of her own age and his. He was much and know your own mind. To can slight. The slightest symptom of "Well, nineteen or twenty," he older than she, but he does not look continues, sternly, unaltered even by an old man yet. Why do you ask,

A quiver runs through her at her absent from your father's house and own boldness, though the "dear" is

her his answer. father would say to me, and say de- says, gravely but tenderly, the servedly, Miss Deane, if he knew I had light in his eyes growing as radiant dared to look on his daughter as my as in her own, "that it is by no sweetheart and my future wife?" means impossible or unlikely that downcast eyelids, and not a sigh remuch of you,' will give you less 'My father will not be very angry, grudgingly to the poor fellow who

And then, as she sees her frank confession reflected in George's blue "Gillian," he says, drawing her closer to him, and locking his arms

around her slender, girlish waist-"I love you with all my heart-

since the first moment I met you," she says, and tears from the innermost depths of her soul flood the sweet gazing eyes, as she speaks words which are the marriage vow of her spirit. But a shudder follows, chilling her through and through, even in the warmth of the long close kiss which is his troth pledge to her. "Then, Gillian, listen to me," George says, slowly. "After that, I cannot give you up-unless you bid me. But I will write to your father at once, and tell him that you love me and you are willing to be my wife with his consent. What is that?" He starts to his feet staring at

the window and its outside frame of "Don't say such dreadful words. "Wait a moment, Gillian. Oh! it's lottetown, P. E. I., and greatly es- He led him intoo the parlor and variegated ivy and climbing roses. hear her like a vision of paradise? It to tell you of it. No right on earth, To even think that of you! You can-Who would dare say that of you? only Nelly gone out in the dew to and I know it, and know, too, that not help it if you haven't money and the old lady's, you must know, after

"What startled you, dear?" Gillian asks.

George says, very carelessly. turned to water, and I was very "Thought Nelly was spying or eaves- weak and pale; in fact, could not dropping in her ravenous curiosity to | undergo the least exertion. My apheart in sunder in tearing him out rest! I wish you were as poor as and doing. I wronged the old soul, headaches; if I stopped I would know what you and I are saying petite failed me; I suffered from myself, and that I might marry I see. She is only waddling about become dizzy, and frequently I suf-"Because you are Anne's lover, or you and bring you here-into this amongst her favorite flowers as fered from fainting spelrs. I tried the Castle Hill, half shrouded in you ought to be," she says, slowly, old barrack-castle, to share my usual. Gillyflowers and big red roses several kinds of medicine and docdrawing herself further back from poverty. I believe on my life I be- and layender blossoms, those are tors prescribed for me, but instead what Nelly likes. Thim have a grand of getting better I was gradually smell, Misther George,' she says." | growing weaker, and eventually Anne said the day of the picnic, ever were Eve's when Adam led her woman, and I should love to have About this time I read the testi-I suppose you meant to deceive me?" to her bower of roses in Eden. "We her for a servant," Gillian says monial of a girl whose condition

But George doesn't Men never do then decided to try these pills, and take all the feminine hints which have every reason to be gratified they might take.

self in deed and word, to be judicious, wish, and I shall always have a and wise, and calm, in order that good word to say for Dr. Williams' what? That there might be less bit. Pink Pills." ter sweet memories to crush out; Miss McLellan further stated that that there may be fewer gifts of mu. while she was not desirous of pubtual tenderness to bury in the grave licity in matters of this kind, she of dead hopes, that the clinging ten- nevertheless felt that her experidrils of her womanly love shall not ence, if known, might be the means have wrapped themselves so tightly of bringing health to some other around his heartstrings that he can- sufferer, and it is this very praise-

For, all unconsciously, the shadow publication. of the coming woe has fallen as coldly Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich. with on the spirit as on hers, and chills red blood, and give tone to the the two fond young hearts beating nerves. It is because of this that against each other.

I will write to your father have been weary, pale and listless what he meant by his reply. Perand tell him you and I and had begun to feel that life was haps he did not understand me-or love each other and wish to a burden. Pale and anaemic girls else didn't know what he was saymarry, with his consent, in the course everywhere should give these pills ing. At any rate, when I said I was She shivers again, nestling her head closer to him, but she does not

dare to speak.

## Sozodont considering me a suitable husband for you. And as nothing shall tempt me to act dishonestly, and as Tooth Powder 25°

## Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sezodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 750. At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c. HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL

"I must say that, Gillian," George says, firmly, "for now more than ever am I longing to make out a better career for myself, and see if I cannot succeed even a little in making a name and position for myself. This Industrial Expedition may lead me

to fortune." hands it to him, and lets him smoke, "Then"-her breath comes in convulsive gasp of dismay, and her throat seems closing with a choking pain-"then you mean to go

away, after all?" "For awhile-only for awhile," George says, cheerfully. He can speak cheerfully about it, Gillian thinks. "Only for a year or so. It will not be long in passing away, and then, you see, I shall perhaps have so much better prospects that your father marry then without anybody being able to say I took an unfair advantage of your youth and ignorance of the world. Don't you under-

"Yes, I understand," Gillian says, quietly. For deeper and colder over her spirit comes "the shadow pain" which ever follows close upon "that planet-crested shape" called "love." love in this man's heart like the love she bears to him, but she is very meek and calm, with modest closed lips and veals the poignant grief and disappointment of the heart within the frall and constant breast. (To be continued.)

Hopeless Cases.

"And this one?" we said, indicating a patient at the insane asy-

. "Hopeless case," was the reply. "Thinks he has discovered perpet- them to other mothers. Ask your ual motion."

"And the next one?" have solved the servant girl question."

Living in an Ancient House. The oldest inhabited house in England is on the River Ver, close to St. Alban's abbey. It is octagonal in shape and supposed to be eleven centuries old.

PALE YOUNG GIRLS.

How They May Gain Bright Eyes and Rosy Cheeks.

he Story of a Young Girl Who Suffered from Headaches, Dizziness door. and Fainting Spells-Her Health Became So Bad That She Was Forced to Give Up School.

throughout the land, Miss McLellan fell a victim to anaemia, or poorness of blood, and although several The "dear" is a little more deci- medicines were tried, she found sive this time, and Gillian is consid- nothing to help her until she began ering how delightful it sounds and using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for wondering in dreamy happiness, if Pale People. Miss McLellan tells the anything in the world, outside this story of her illness as follows: "I room, can be of much importance or am new 18 years of age, and for a considerable time suffered much nothing! Imagination!" from anaemia, My blood had almost The last words quiver half audi- could make this such a beautiful old softly, hoping George will take the was similar to mine, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I that I did so, as they have com-"But I was going to say, my little pletely restored my health. Every darling," George says, with a sudden one of the symptoms that had made passionate tenderness that surprises my life so miserable have disappeared, and I am now enjoying as good For he tries hard to restrain him- | health as any girl of my age could |

not tear them away when the time worthy motive that has induced her

they bring bright eyes, rosy cheeks restore health and strength. See fatherly tone, full of kindly sympathat the full name, "Dr. Williams' | thy: Pink Pills for Pale People," is on | "So? Vell, vell, you can't help dot." Stops the Cough
inspoken repetition of poor Elaine's
and Works Off the Cold.

Going? and we shall never see you
more,

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
large around every box. Sold
hands stretched out to him, and
turn his back forever on the sunshine
of her loving smiles, the sweet

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
large around every box. Sold
hands stretched out to him, and
turn his back forever on the sunshine
of her loving smiles, the sweet

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
large around every box. Sold
hands stretched out to him, and
turn his back forever on the sunshine
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure,
by addressing the Dr. Williams'
are so washed.—Much Ado About
Nothing, L. I.

Nothing, L. I.

Tobacco in Japan. Nearly all the men and women in Japan smoke tobacco. The ladies have pipes with longer stems them the men and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes a whiff,

FRAIL LITTLE ONES.

Their Hold Upon Life is Slight, and Mothers Have a Great Responsibility.

Every baby-every little one-requires constant care and watchfulness, and when a trace of illness is may be brought to give his consent, noticeable, the remedy should be or in any case, when we have wait- promptly applied. The little ones trouble should be met by the proper corrective medicine. Baby's Own Tablets have a record surpassing all other medicines for the cure of children's allments. They are purely vegetable and guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous drugs such as form the base of most so-called "soothing" medicines. For sour stomach, colic, simple fever, consti-There is no love nor knowledge of pation, all bowel troubles, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, sleeplessness and similar symptoms, these Tablets are without an equal. They act directly upon the organs which cause the troubles, and gently but effectively remove the cause and bring back the condition of perfect, hearty health Every mother who has used these Tablets for her little ones praises them, which is the best evidence of their great worth. Mrs. David Duffield, Ponsonby, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine. I think they saved my baby's life, and I greatly recommend druggist for Baby's Own Tablets. If he does not keep them, send 25 "Still more hopeless. Claims to cents direct to us and we will forward a box pre-paid. We have a valuable little booklet on the care of children and how to treat their minor ailments, which we will send free of charge to any mother who asks for it. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

> ( PROPERTOR PROPERTOR PROPERTOR STORIES BY AN OLD REPORTER DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY.

A New York reporter sent to Newark once, went to a house he should not have gone to, mistaking it for one farther up the street, where he was to interview, a man. The man of the house opened the

"I am a reporter," said the interviewer. The man pulled hinr in almost by main force. "For heaven's sake!" said he, "hosy do you reporters get

Miss Catherine McLellan is a teemed among her acquaintances. shut the door. "Now," said her "tell Like so many other young ladies me how you knew what I was going to do. I swear I have never

told a soul." The reporter, equally amazed, said he guessed there was a mistake; he was looking for so-and-so. That night the man horsewhipped another citizen for insulting his wife. He must have thought the reporter was a mind reader who had come to get the news ahead of

When I syns callow I was charged with the task of exposing to the public the overcrowding of the public schools. I reached the first school-house early in the morning. entered the assembly room of the girls' department and explained to the lady principal that I was a reporter, and desired to look through the building. To my horror, she turned to the pupils and said: "Young ladies, this gentleman is the editor of the --, who desires to address you this morning." There was no getting out of it.

It was fun, too-for the girls. Kirk Munro's experience must be told, also, even at the risk of its having a burr upon it. He was green at the business when he was sent to report a religious revival in young Dr. Tyng's church. The pastor happened to be moving from person to person in the congregation, and reached Munro just as that young man entered the door. "My dear brother," said Tyng, "are you a follower of Christ?"

"No," said Munro; "I'm a -- re-I got a new view of my calling once when the city editor, Mr. Boto give the above statement for other on the east side of town. I found my man and approached him

"Are you Mr. Feldsticker ?"

"Yah," he replied, "I was going to say, Gillian, that and light footsteps to girls who I. I've been trying ever since to think a fair trial, as they are certain to a reporter of the ---, he replied in a