

THE DETROIT.

Major... Manager Hays... the Belle Isle... Michigan Central of Third street.

POPULATION.

ment Issues a Statement.

S AND CITIES

h says The Cen-... having a popula-... upwards:

Table with 2 columns: Year, Population. Rows include 1901, 1891, 1881, 1871, 1861, 1851, 1841, 1831, 1821, 1811, 1801, 1791, 1781, 1771, 1761, 1751, 1741, 1731, 1721, 1711, 1701, 1691, 1681, 1671, 1661, 1651, 1641, 1631, 1621, 1611, 1601, 1591, 1581, 1571, 1561, 1551, 1541, 1531, 1521, 1511, 1501, 1491, 1481, 1471, 1461, 1451, 1441, 1431, 1421, 1411, 1401, 1391, 1381, 1371, 1361, 1351, 1341, 1331, 1321, 1311, 1301, 1291, 1281, 1271, 1261, 1251, 1241, 1231, 1221, 1211, 1201, 1191, 1181, 1171, 1161, 1151, 1141, 1131, 1121, 1111, 1101, 1091, 1081, 1071, 1061, 1051, 1041, 1031, 1021, 1011, 1001, 991, 981, 971, 961, 951, 941, 931, 921, 911, 901, 891, 881, 871, 861, 851, 841, 831, 821, 811, 801, 791, 781, 771, 761, 751, 741, 731, 721, 711, 701, 691, 681, 671, 661, 651, 641, 631, 621, 611, 601, 591, 581, 571, 561, 551, 541, 531, 521, 511, 501, 491, 481, 471, 461, 451, 441, 431, 421, 411, 401, 391, 381, 371, 361, 351, 341, 331, 321, 311, 301, 291, 281, 271, 261, 251, 241, 231, 221, 211, 201, 191, 181, 171, 161, 151, 141, 131, 121, 111, 101, 91, 81, 71, 61, 51, 41, 31, 21, 11, 01.

CRESPO.

Destroyed the... Feb. 17—(C... the Liberator... the road...

FROZEN.

Him and Placed... Samuel Guna... that place a... and rig... Portland, Ont... bad, and when... to the ditch and... to assist the... while thus en... on him, and... release himself... finally... farm house. He... badly frozen... brought to Brock... St. Vincent de... feared all his... of his feet will...

When you buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea you get the best in the market and remember there can only be one best.

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

"Oh, yes," Lady Damer says, coldly, "and my cousin Mountcashel has two sons; therefore Captain Lacy has four lives between him and the title. The earl is now only fifty, Mountcashel is fifty, and there are two sickly boys; all Mountcashel's children have died in infancy but those, and they will hardly reach manhood, you know. "I can't quite see how the title descends," Mintie remarks, coolly. "It must come through male heirs, I know."

"Not always," Lady Damer says, with suave rebuke. "There are peccesses in their own right, you know. My nephew succeeds, however, through his father, as Colonel Patrick Mountcashel Lacy was the son of a brother of my grandfather, the fifth Earl of Ferrard, who assumed the name of Lacy with the estates which he inherited from a maternal uncle. Therefore, my sister, the Lady Louise Mountcashel, married her cousin in the second degree, and Captain Patrick Bingham Lacy, her son, is cousin in second degree to the present earl."

"Oh, the baronet?" Lady Damer says, arching her brows. "That is in the Damer side, Mrs. Deane. It is my husband who is the next heir there. "And who will succeed him, then, Lady Damer?" persists Mintie, looking greatly interested. "Mr. Damer has no son, has he?" "The title goes to a distant branch of the Damer family," Mrs. Deane says slowly, "with distinct and deliberate enunciation, "as I have no son."

"They've titles as plentiful as birdsberries among them," muses Mintie, "and that girl Gillian don't seem to care one pin. It's queer enough, and it isn't one bit of good my lady making believe they're in love with one another." "The days pass on, and no enlightenment comes to Mintie, and no realization of her hopes, however faint, to Lady Damer. "Fate is against me," she tells herself bitterly. "It was always against me. For it seems as if her prolonged visit to town must come to an end very soon; and Mrs. Deane talks of going to Paris for Easter, and of taking her step-daughter with her. "Fate is against me," her ladyship declares to herself, in despair, at the very time when fate is working for her. One bleak March afternoon comes a telegram to her from Bingham Lacy from the little telegraph office at Darragh. "Sir James Damer died suddenly morning. Uncle Harry is greatly affected by the shock. I think it would be well if you were to return at once. Will write by this post."

think even your presence was not necessary, Aunt Jeannette. "Well?" she asks, sharply, wincing a little, "and now?" "He was getting much better," Bingham answers, "and the shock of Sir James' death—he dropped in a fit of apoplexy, and never spoke again—completely upset Uncle Harry, and brought back the delirium; but he is much better again this afternoon, both Coghlan and Meyrick say."

"Delirium!" exclaims Gillian, with innocent eyes of pity and distress. "He has had fever, then, Bingham? What sort of a fever?" "Oh, nothing infectious, Gillian, dear," he says, with a faint smile. "I should not have let aunt and you come near me in that case." "What do you mean that I was afraid?" Gillian says, eagerly. "Do you think I am so selfish and cowardly?" "No, I could never think either," he replies, gravely. "Uncle Harry has had an attack of inflammation of the brain."

"Who did you say you had as his doctors, Bingham?" Lady Damer asks, in a faint, stifled voice. "Coghlan and Meyrick. Meyrick is very clever, you know, aunt, but he pleases, with restless, nervous look, biting his lips, and hurriedly passing his white hand across his moustache, and Gillian hears his breath coming quick and short. "And who was the nurse?" Lady Damer asks, in the same sorrowful, half-stifled voice. "A person Coghlan recommended; she nursed Uncle Harry night and day. He always kept in bed, and she, white, nervous and nervous looking, with a certain irritation of her nerves remains, and she feels she would be pleased to find fault with something or somebody, as she enters the drawing-room, in spite of its bright, welcoming fire, a cosy, inviting chairs and couches, a round table near the hearth most daintily laid for dinner or high tea—always her favorite meal after a "horrible" day in the smoothly-rolled drive, the freshly-clipped shrubberies, the spotless doormats, the snowy, low-erect blinds, and gleams of well-draped crimson and embroidered curtains which meet her gaze."

"What have they got those blinds done for, Bingham, for mercy's sake?" she asks, sharply. "I am anxious to ensure that because my husband's illness is dead! It will be quite enough on the day of the funeral!" Lady Damer shakes violently. "This is the day of the funeral, aunt," she says in a low tone. "Poor Sir James was buried at 2 o'clock. I only went straight from the funeral to meet you." "Indeed? What a good thing Coghlan found such a good nurse," Lady Damer says, smiling, and she, at Lady Damer's side, she notices an enormous increase of expenses and heavy doctors' and nurse's bills, she thinks bitterly, "because my wretched husband celebrates his succession in her death by the funeral, when she trembles: How soon does the train leave? Pray let us get home as quickly as possible, Bingham," she says, irritably, the next moment, as unpleasant ideas rise in her mind, a succession in her mind. "I wish Lynch would have gone on a day before me. I suppose the house is in a horrible disorder, and everything irregular and uncomfortable." "A quick flash of sarcasm or vexation lights up Lacy's pale face and cold grey eyes. "The house certainly does not seem in horrible disorder," he says, deliberately, "and I do not think there is anything to find fault with in other respects. The train leaves in half an hour, Aunt Jeannette, if you wish to go now, but I ordered tea for you and Gillian first."

"Did you ever more than three of us then?" Lacy retorts, stooping down to stir the fire. "Uncle Harry was here, and Miss O'Neill." "So she was," Lady Damer assents, the edge of her teeth showing. "I hope she is not so well as Gillian. Poor thing! I wonder where she is? I hope she had a good situation somewhere?" "Lacy receives this aspiration with unfeigned serenity. "Did you ever more than three of us then?" Lacy retorts, stooping down to stir the fire. "Uncle Harry was here, and Miss O'Neill." "So she was," Lady Damer assents, the edge of her teeth showing. "I hope she is not so well as Gillian. Poor thing! I wonder where she is? I hope she had a good situation somewhere?" "Lacy receives this aspiration with unfeigned serenity. "Did you ever more than three of us then?" Lacy retorts, stooping down to stir the fire. "Uncle Harry was here, and Miss O'Neill." "So she was," Lady Damer assents, the edge of her teeth showing. "I hope she is not so well as Gillian. Poor thing! I wonder where she is? I hope she had a good situation somewhere?"

THE CARE OF BABIES.

A Great Responsibility Rests on All Mothers—Baby Should Always be Bright and Cheerful. Babies that are well, sleep well, eat well, act well and play well, exhibit a shining sense of humor and playful, needs immediate attention or the results may be serious. Prudent mothers should always keep ready at hand a safe yet effective remedy to administer in case of emergency. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets do not act as the so-called "soothing" medicines do. They do not have a deceiving or stupefying effect, but on the contrary go right to the seat of the trouble and by removing it cure the child and prevent a recurrence of the difficulty. All mothers who have used this medicine praise it. Mrs. G. Baines, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says: "The Baby's Own Tablets which I ordered came just in time. My baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, but I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses and he is now doing splendidly with just a Tablet now and then when a little restless. I am the mother of eight children, and I must say I have never had a medicine I thought as much of as Baby's Own Tablets, and I have tried all the old remedies. I think mothers ought always to keep them in the house in case of emergency. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of children, such as constipation, sour stomach, colic, diarrhoea, indigestion, and simple fever. They break up colds, and they soothe the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are for children of all ages, and dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent post paid on receipt of price, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

HINTS FOR GIRLS. How to Preserve Health and Good Color.

Pale, Sallow, or Anæmic Girls Restored to the Bright Freshness of Youth by Natural Means—Good Health Within the Reach of All. (From The Sun, Orangeville, Ont.) Miss Maggie Brownlee, of Orangeville, is a young lady well known to the residents of the town and greatly esteemed by all her acquaintances. Like thousands of other young girls throughout Canada, Miss Brownlee fell a victim to anæmia or watery blood, and for a time, as she says herself, feared she would never again enjoy robust health. Experiences like Miss Brownlee's cannot fail to be of benefit to other pale and anæmic girls, and for this reason she kindly consented to give a statement to the Sun for your delectation. "My illness," said Miss Brownlee, "came on very gradually, and at first it merely seemed as though it was a feeling of depression and tiredness. I kept getting worse, however, and finally had to give up a good position. I was at times troubled with a throbbing, racking headache, my appetite gave out, the least exertion tired me, and my heart would beat painfully. My limbs seemed to feel like weights, and at other times there was a sinking sensation which I can scarcely describe. I was treated by a good doctor and took a number of remedies, but without any improvement in my condition, and I began to fear that I was doomed to be an invalid. One day a friend who called to see me spoke very highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and what she said interested my mother so much that she bought a few boxes. I began taking them, and in the course of a few weeks there was no room to doubt that they were helping me. I continued taking the pills for a couple of months or more, when I felt as well and strong as ever I had been. It is about a year since I gave up taking the pills, and I have not since felt the need of any medicine. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a grand medicine, and should be taken by all pale and feeble girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood with every dose taken, thus restoring the bloom of health, and the brightness and freshness of youth to pale and sallow cheeks. Through their action on the blood they cure such diseases as anæmia, nervousness, headache, rheumatism, dyspepsia, St. Vitus' dance, heart troubles, diseases of the kidneys, etc. These pills also cure the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. Sold in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Can be procured from druggists, or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHO SETS THE CLOCK? The Sources of Standard Time in the United States. R. G. Aitken, of the Lick Observatory, corrects in Popular Astronomy some prevalent errors as to the sources from which the United States people get their standard time. He says: "The sources of time for the public generally are not as numerous as is usually supposed. In fact, they are very few. The clocks of the Naval Observatory, at Washington, furnish the time for the great majority of the people living east of Oregon, Utah, and El Paso, Texas. West of those points the people, whether they know it or not, depend mainly upon the clocks of the little observatory in the navy yard at Mare Island, Cal. At present only three other observatories—the Allegheny, the Goodspeed and the Lick—distribute time signals over any considerable territory. The Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburgh receive their time from the Allegheny Observatory, which sends continuous signals through the 24 hours of the day. This system covers the entire State of Pennsylvania, and also Eastern New York. The Goodspeed Observatory sends two time signals daily to the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Great Western and the "Soot" lines, amounting in all to about 13,000 miles. The noon signal from the Lick Observatory reaches all points on the Southern Pacific system as far east as Ogden. In addition to its regular time service, the Naval Observatory office has established several points on the coast a time-ball system, at branch hydrographic offices, for the purpose of assisting masters of vessels, as well as men-of-war, in regulating their chronometers. The time is indicated by the dropping of a ball at the hour of noon, or it may be obtained by application at the office."

Rules for Diet. 1. Eat when you are hungry. 2. Drink when you are thirsty. 3. Eat enough and then stop. 4. Eat what your appetite calls for. 5. Train your appetite and stomach by eating the greatest possible variety. You are not a shirk; why should you let your stomach become one? Many foods are not liked the first time they are tasted, such as oysters, hence, unless you try a thing several times, you do not know whether you like it or not. Hence, never say you dislike a thing till you have eaten of it three times. 6. Regulate the comparison of your food by the work you do, using strong food when you are doing hard work, lighter food when sedentary. 7. Don't let your doctor attempt to regulate your diet by his own stomach. 8. Beware of the diet crank. All beyond this is foolishness and vexation of the stomach.—Canadian House-keeper.

HUMORS OF THE SCHOOLS.

Last Christmas I was distributing the prizes at the Upper Kennington Lane Board School. I wound up with an exhortation to the boys to be good during the coming year. Said I: "Now, boys, see that when I come again next Christmas I shall hear an excellent account of you, and shall not have to be told that you have got into any trouble or mischief." "Same to you, sir," shouted the whole school with one accord. Whether this was quiet humor or a mechanical reply to the time-honored "Merry Christmas, boys," they had taken my first words to imply, I cannot say. But I am trying to live up to the injunction. But no doubt, unhappily, rests over the answer of the little chap who was being examined in mental arithmetic by an inspector of schools. "If I had the inspector, I had three glasses of beer on this table, and your father came in and drank one, how many would be left?" "None, sir," at once replied the youthful Babbeage. "But you don't understand my question," retorted the inspector, proceeding to repeat it. This he did several times, always receiving the same unwavering assurance. "None, sir." At last he said, "Ah, my boy, it is clear you don't know mental arithmetic." "But I know my father," answered the boy. "Who made the world?" snapped out a rather testy inspector years ago to a class of very small boys. No answer. Several times he repeated the question, getting louder and more incensed each time. At last a poor little fellow, kneading his eyes vigorously with his knuckles, blubbered out, "Please, sir, it waddn't a little child was saying her prayers aloud beside her mother's knee, and added a prayer on her own account: "Oh, please, dear God, make me pure—absolutely pure as snow—Two children being awakened one morning, and told that they had a new little brother, were keen, as children are, to know whence and how he had come. "It must have been the milkman," said the girl. "Why the milkman?" asked her little brother. "Because he says on his cart, Families Supplied," replied the sister. The little son of a Wesleyan minister once volunteered this startling information to a visitor. "Do you think that the swallows go away in winter, but the sparrows belong to this circuit?"—Dr. McManara.

Steps the Cough and Works the Cold. Laxative Broom-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Broom-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.