THE DETROIT.

les May Arrive at an

Feb. 17. - Mayor nces upon the auth-Manager Hays, of k, that if the comin the grade separthe east side could eation for a bridge it River, the matear a settlement. ntral people want e west side, in the eenth street, where able land, while the int it to span the the Belle Isle midated. The project . Hays involves the millions of dollars, andonment of the cks on Dequindre epot at the foot of the possible aban-Michigan Central

POPULATION.

of Third street.

ment Issues a Statement.

S AND CITIES

h says: The Censued another buiives the cities and having a populaupwards:

1901. 1891. 6,130 5,273 .. 6,499 6,678 ... 6,159 ... 26,133 13,709 ... 20,816 16,811

.. 5,380 3,778 ... 42,340 25,639 4,868 7,117 6,502 .. 9,026 8,762

.. 40,711 24,184 .. 4,963 3,781 .. 4,806 6,252 ... 6,945 .. 40,832 38,495 . 4,447 3,776 ... 4,646 . 5,178 4,813

5,993 5,102 . 9,900 2,427 . 6,430 6,080 4,152 3,341 5,949 5,550 9,117 9,916 9.747 7.425 16,619 12,753 8,940 4,059 4,435 9,052

9,068 4,239 4,829 5,755 4,939 6,704 6,805 7.866 7.535 4,158 3,839 11,496 10,537 52,634 48,959 4,150 2,042 4.573 4.191 17.901 19,263 7.003 6.081 37,981 31,977 4.244 3,349

4,752 4.907 4,394 4.066 59,928 44,154 8.776 7,497 5,156 4,401 9.717 4.135 4.357 4.188 5.042 1.806 9.946 9.170 11,485 10,866 8.176 6.692

7,169 2,414 5.155 3.864 9,959 9,500 208,040 181,215 6.091 4.217 4.363 12.153 10.322 8.833 8.612

12.080 11.373 68,840 63,090 CRESPO.

Destroyed the unboat.

a, Feb. 17.-Carleard here since direction of the t is believed the the Libertador, ith another Venformer President

tehed this Island n the Libertador the Libertador surgents on the veral days ago. ssion of the vilienr La Vela de

gunboat General to prevent the pen and bandly bertador. The Her shaft broker ink in the road-

and the Libern gunboat Boliese waters. The this Island.

ew of the Crespo

FROZEN.

iilm and Pinned

.- Samuel Gunn, that place a horse and rig. Portland, Ont. bad, and when ugh the darkto the ditch and d to assist the d while thus enell on him, and release himself ore. He finally arm house. His e badly frozen, rought to Brock-St. Vincent de feared all his f his feet will When you buy Blue flibbon beylow Jea 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, cold- visit to Paris instead of ly, "and my cousin Mountcashel has two sons; therefore Captain Lacy has four lives between him and the title. The earl is seventy-five, Mountcashel is fifty, there are two sickly boys; all Mountcashel's children have died in infancy but those, and they will hardly reach manhood, I fear." "I can't quite see how the title descends," Mintie remarks, coolly. "It | she went on!" must come through male heirs, I

know."

"Not always," Lady Damer says, with suave rebuke. "There are peeresses in their own right, you know, twice-that day of the picnic, and My nephew succeeds, however, the day-the evening-the last dinthrough his father, as Colonel Pat- ner party at Mount Ossory." rick Mounteashel Lacy was the son of a brother of my grandfather, the says, sighing. fifth Earl of Ferrard, who assumed "We little thought ! Those plea- Harry, but she and the dectors pulled the name of Lacy with the estates sant days of last summer! Poor, him through, and they said there was aunt," he says in a low tone. "Poor wishes, dearest!" Lacy says, with very highly of Dr. Williams' Pink which he inherited from a maternal dear Sir James! But, thank good- no immediate necessity to alarm Sir James was baried at 2 o'clock. I tender reproach, as Anne turns back Pills, and what she said interested uncle. Therefore, my sister, the Lady ness," is her mental addition, "the you." Louise Mountcashel, married her cou- poor apoplectic creature's death "Indeed? What a good thing Coghsin in the second degree, and Captain | has done me a better turn than he | lan found such a good nurse," Lady Patrick Blugham Lacy, their son, is ever did me in his life!" cousin in second degree to the pres- She is more grateful to poor dead at Lacy's enthusiastic praises. "An ejaculates, "the third after death! sults. You know that I told you I they were helping me. I continued

then ?"

ing greatly interested. "Mr. Damer | sory. has no sor, has he?"

of the Damer family," her ladyship joy in her heart and smiles on her lips, regular and uncomfortable." says slowly, with distinct and de- through her decorous veil of regret liberate enunciation, "as I have no for poor Sir James Damer, her hus-

blackberries among them," muses the carriage waiting, and Bingham Mintie, "and that girl Gillian don't | Lacy waiting also. seem to care one pin. It's queer en- ! ough, and it isn't one bit of good handsomer or more attractive than my lady making believe they're in love with one another." But the days pass on, and no en-

faint, to Lady Damer. "Fate is against me," she tells herself bitterly. "I was always unlucky." visit to town must come to an end; with a fresh throb of satisfaction and For it seems as if her prolonged! 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

One bleak, March afternoon comes a telegram to her from Bingham Lacy from the little telegraph office at

"Sir James Damer died suddenly morning. Uncle Harry is greatly affected by the shock. I think it would eyes are glowing, and his very be well if you were to return at once. Will write by this post."

"Something good will come out of this, I feel sure!" Lady Damer says, springing up in hopeful anticipation and relief, with scarcely a thought of regret for the life so suddenly passed to call him to tease Louise. We away. "The title and the paltry in- Mountcashel girls 'pleased our eyes come-scarcely enough to pay for and plagued our hearts.' I think, in new liveries-are not worth thinking she mutters, excitedly, "but I feel now as if a fortunate turn of both got wretched matches for events had come, and that events will draw to a close.'

And then her ladyship assumes a fresh role, perhaps one of her cleverest, considering how difficult its assumption must be.

She hastily changes her gown for chair for Gillian by the fire. a black one, drapes herself in soft, dense black laces, and a few jet orna- | fire in the very same room where ments, and goes down to the draw- | she had first met George Archer!

tie exclaims, starting violently in alarm, and nearly upsetting the teatable where she and Gi lian are cozily chatting in the lirelight, as the state- | she whispers, swiftly, with a ly, black-draped form glides into the room with sorrow-stricken mien, and at the very thought of meeting playful, needs immediate attention or slow, noiseless tread.

erican lady's vulgar impulsiveness in her. A crimson, shamed blush burns consideration of her appreciation of over his face up to the whiteness of her dramatic appearance.

Lady Damer says, selemnly, dropping | answer: into poetry like Silas Wegg; death of a dear friend." "Who is it?" Gillian asks, huskily, time." her heart pausing for the reply.

dear Cousin James!" Lady , Damer | mentary confidence with well pleased says, with her snowy handkerchief, eyes, "how is your uncle Harry ! daintily black embroidered, flutter- Upset, of course, as you told me, by ing near her eyes; "and poor Sir this sudden shock, but not ill-noth-Harry, my husband, feels it so deeply | ing serious, I hope?" and is in such distress. They were like brothers, you know."

She has not omitted to give her husband his day-old title in the midst of her grief, Mintie notices instantly. flushing oddly, and staring at her, says, mentally. "I guess that hand- the carpet in a flurried, troubled kerchief isn't very wet."

"And so I must go back at once," all in such trouble, you see. My husband and poor, dear Bingham, who has everything on his shoulders, as he says Sir Harry is quite overcome with the shock-a very sudden death, Mrs. Deane, sad to say, and four poor, dear orphan girls! One must fully, with her dainty handkerchief think of them. Will you come back fluttering about her face, but some with me, Gillian, love, or is it ask touch of real reproach pained her as ing too much? I know that you with a pin-prick through her satin have the pleasant alternative of a corset and the steel armor of her

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

house of mourning - but you will be such a comfort to me, darling!" I shall feel so desolate and miserable going

"Gracious!" Mintie says to her husband afterward, in flippant incredulity, "one would think her ladyship had lost her 'sisters, her cousins, and her aunts,' to hear how

"I will, indeed, Lady Damer!" Gillian says, impulsively, with quickcoming tears, "Poor Sir James! am so sorry, though I only saw him

"Oh," Mintie says, feeling just a lit- ing, when she steps into the Pull- heavy doctors' and nurse's bills," she is to bury so soon! I wish you hadn't meant to, whether she would hear months or more, when I felt as tle bit impressed by this genealogical man car of the London & North- thinks bitterly, "because my wretch- told me, Bingham!" lesson. "And who is Sir James Damer, western line, gracefully attired in ed husband celebrates his succession | She shivers again, sinking down in | wife; surely her insults have no It is about a year since I gave up fresh, elegant mourning, sent ex- to his baronetcy by a fit of delirium her chair by the fire. "Oh, the baronet?" Lady Damer press from Regent street at eight tremens! How soon does the train "I wish Lynch had come! I don't she is, or ought to be, so deeply insays, arching her brows. "That is on | that morning, and sees Gillian, gen- leave? Pray let us get home as quick- feel at all well-I don't feel able to go | debted!" the Damer side, Mrs. Deane. It is my the and thoughtful for her as a ly as possible, Bingham," she says, ir- up to my own rooms," she mutters husband who is the next heir there." | daughter could be, seated opposite | ritably, the next moment, as un- peevishly. "No, no, Gillian ! What | questioned right of their new re-"And who will succeed him, then, to her, returning with her for an pleasant ideas rise in quick suc- are you thinking of, child?" as Gil- lations, and both her hands are Lady Damer?" persists Mintie, look- infinitely long visit to Mount Os- cession in her mind. "I wish Lynch lian picks up the bonnet and gloves clapsed on his shoulder, where her

"The title goes to a distant branch smooth and swiftly, she thinks, with band's cousin, as they reach Bally- gray eyes. "They've titles as plentiful as ford on the following day, and find

She never recollects him looking he looks to-day, she thinks, though he is deadly pale, and his manner is embarrassed, as he presses Gillian's you and Gillian first." lightenment comes to Mintie, and no hand, and a faint flush rises in the realization of her hopes, however girl's face as she meets his eyes. "I believe in my heart they are really secretly delighted to meet

each other!" Lady Damer thinks, a slightly pious feeling coming over her that Providence has, on the whole, been telerably good to her. "We can go up to Dublin in a week or two, and get the wedding quietly the very time when fate is working over," she decides, delightedly. "Not for her. too much. I believe they really are growing very fond of each other. Any one could see there is something exciting Bingham's placid coul," she smiles to herself, as they go up the steps of the Imperial Hotel. "His lips are trembling with emotion! Poor fellow, he looks like his father, Patrick Lacy, when he married Louise! I remember him well, though it is more than thirty years ago! 'Gallant Pat!' we used with a quick, resentful sigh. "We handsome girls of our station. though poor Lacy was the best of husbands, Louise always declared. And then, with a recollection of the fitness of things, she turns to Bingham who is placing an easy

The very same easy chair by the She wonders if Bingham Lacy re-"Oh, my! What's pappened?" Min- members it, and there is a piteous nrute inquiry in the wistful eyes

upturned to his. "He hasn't come back, has he?" again the beloved, cruel face which And her ladyship forgives the Am- had even scorned to look kindly on her fair maidenly brow, and Lacy,

"No, dear, he has gone to America. I'll tell you more another

"Bingham, dear," her ladyship says, "Sir James, my dear child. Poor. | in a leisurely way, noticing the mo-"Uncle Harry has been very ill-he

is better now. Aunt Jeanuette-a great deal better-that is-he is growing better-" he stammers, "Hum!" that shrewd young lady and out of the window, and down on fashion. "He-he has been ill for some time-for a week or two-but dearest," Lady Damer says, quietly nothing very serious, you know, Aunt and sorrowfully to Gillian; "they are Jeannette-nothing we needed to bring you home for; and we managed and nursed him all right."

"Was he as bad as that? Very ill for a week or two, and you never wrote to me I' she exclaims, reproach-

says, dryly, "but as he had excellent or sent post paid on receipt of price, Pray wait one moment, Lady Da-Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. Full and tender nursing, I ventured to cine Co., Brockville, Ont. medical attendance, and most care- by addressing the Dr. Williams Medi- mer," she says tremulously, ventur- Laxative Brome-Quinine Tablets cure a cold

think even your presence was not ossary, Aunt Jeannette."

a little, "and now?" "He was getting much better," Bingham answers, "and the shock of true to its one guiding-star of deep, Sir James' death-he dropped in a fit true love, looks back at the gray. is the implacable reply to her pleadof apoplexy, and never spoke again- faded old city by the waterside, with | ing. "He is nothing to me any more completely upset Uncle Harry, and its Danish tower and its old-world than you are, from this hour hencebrought back the-the delirium; but history, as a sorrowful pilgrim to the forth. Stand aside and let me pass!" he is much better again this after- sacred shrine he leaves.

dear," he says, with a faint smile. "I Then it was sweet summer-time his face once more," she says, come near me in that case." am so selfish and cowardly?" "No; I could never think either," of promise to be seen.

What sort of a fever?"

doctors, Bingham?" Lady Damer spotless doorsteps, the snowy, lowasks, in a faint, stifled voice. very clever, you know, aunt," he re- tains which meet her gaze. biting his lips, and hurriedly passing

quick and short. balf-stifled voice.

she nursed Uncle Harry night and left his room for more than five minsoothe him and control him when nobody else could. Meyrick and Coghlan "Alas, yes, my dear!" Lady Damer of the night, when we thought things | funeral!" were going wrong with poor Uncle

Damer says coldly, almost scornfully,

lights up Lacy's pale face and cold to speak to her." anything to find fault with in other | Aunt Jeannette." respects. The train leaves in half an He leaves the room for a minute, but my own happiness when you

malicious impulse, and regrets it as friend of mine." gay, forced smile. "When we three pense,

met here one evening before?" was here, and Miss O'Neil."

tion somewhere!"

unruffled serenity. never replace poor Miss O'Neil in any | mility.

dame de compagnie," surprise at him.

THE CARE OF BABIES.

A Great Responsibility Rests on Al! Mothers-Baby Should Always be Bright and Cheerful.

well, act well and play well. A child shrinking sense of pain and dread that is not lively, rosy-cheeked and the results may be serious. Prudent mothers should always keep ready at hand a safe yet effective remedy to administer to their little ones as emergency arises. Such a medicine is "What happens to all of us, one coloring a little himself, stoops Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets day or another, dear Mrs. Deane," down to her in a swift whispered do not act as the so-called "soothing" medicines do. They do not have a deadening or stupefying effect, but on the contrary go right to the seat of the trouble and by removing it core the child and prevent a recur- in that passionate impulse, with ago to a class of very small boys. rence of the difficulty. All mothers who have used this medicine praise it and always keep it in the house. Mrs. G. Baines, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says: "The Baby's Own Tablets happy to say the Tablets relieved a hurried kiss. him after a few doses and he is now and I must say I have never had a as she suddenly remembers all, and Baby's Own Tablets, and I have tried | treaty. all the old remedies. I think mothers | For Lady Damer has slowly risen how he had come. "It must have house in case of emergency."

tion, sour stomach, colic, diarrhoea, the cutting of teeth. They are for | moves toward the door. children of all ages, and dissolved in But Anne snatches her hand from water can be given with absolute her husband's arm and hurries after safety to the youngest infant. Sold her, eagerly, humbly even, beseech-"Yes, he was very ill," Bingham by all druggists at 25 cents a box, ing her to stay.

He is speaking of the woman whom | haughty woman's path. "Only for his he confessed to Gillian he had loved | sake! Not for mine! Wait one mo-"Well?" she asks, sharply, wincing once most passionately.

Ballyford; the faithful little heart, Bingham's sake !"

noon, both Coghlan and Meyrick say." Two hours later they are driving in | the most to blame; I love him, and I "Delirium!" exclaims Gillian, with through the entrance gates of Mount | was selfish. Blame me!" Anne says innocent eyes of pity and distress. Ossory, and Gillian, sadly gazing from | wildly. "I loved him so much that I "He has had fever, then, Bingham? the carriage windows, sees that could not live without him, I could white gate in the shrubbery yonder not keep quiet away from him, I "Oh, nothing infectious, Gillian, with a fast-beating heart.

should not have let aunt and you over the land, amid the sunshine and the green leaves, and the song came to Ireland only to see him once "I didn't mean that I was afraid," of birds. Now it is, as it should be, more and bid him good-bye, as I Gillian says, angrily. "Do you think in the cold, gray, dead time of the early year, when there is not a bud

he replies, gravely. "Uncle Harry has | Even Lady Damer's keen, disconhad an attack of inflammation of the tented eyes can detect no "horrible disorder" in the smoothly-rolled drive, "Who did you say you had as his the freshly-clipped shrubberies, the ered blinds, and gleams of well-"Coghlan and Meyrick. Meyrick is draped crimson and embroidered cur-

his white hand across his moustache, would be pleased to find fault with always ambitious and designing, and be of benefit to other pale and and Gillian hears his breath coming something or somebody, as she en- you had an easy prey in a weak, self- anaemic girls, and for this reason "And who was the nurse?" Lady Its bright, welcoming fire, its cozy, as my own son. He has had power | ment to the Sun for publication. "My Damer asks, in the same sorrowful, inviting chairs and couches, a to wound me to the heart by his in- illness," said Miss Brownlee, "came "A person Coghlan recommended; daintily laid for dinner or high tea | both insulted me and outwitted me! -always her favorite meal after a Much good may it do you both!" day," Bingham says, slowly, and the Journey-nay, even the few vases of There is malediction in the vengewhite, nervous hand clinches itself on exquisitely-arranged, fragrant flow- ful, sibilant tones of her clear, dethe back of Gillian's chair, "She never | ers-the last touch of an elegant | liberate voice as she glances at the womanly taste in any apartment- wedded lovers with a baleful smile utes, night or day, for a week. And cannot even soothe the nervous, in- of bitter contempt, and the blood

is laboring. "What have they got those blinds enid she did a great deal more than down for, Bingham, for mercy's they did for him, she was so brave sake?" she asks, sharply. "I am not fate for life. and unwearied, and so ceaselessly going to endure that because my watchful; I had a telegram written husband's cousin is dead! It will be from, as if she cannot endure the watchful; I had a telegram written husband's cousin is dead! It will be sight, and up the stairs to her own any improvement in my condition,

Lacy heritates a moment. "This is the day of the funeral, to meet you."

Lady Damer shakes violently.

could have gone on a day be- she has tossed aside. "We must wait head is resting. Fate is working for her, werking fore me. I suppose the house is in a moment! Send somebody to us, horrible disorder, and everything ir- Bingham, please, the upper housemaid, lovely Gillian, looking at them with or the new nurse or anybody 'Tell | sad smiling eyes of sympathy. A quick flash of sarcasm or vexation | the nurse to come, if she can, I want

> "The house certainly does not seem he falters, and Gillian sees Lacy's face | designing, for I yearned and longin horrible disorder," he says, delib- grow deadly pale again, while his ed, and prayed, and hoped for what erately, "and I do not think there is eyes burn like stars. "Very well, I have got! I was selfish and trea-

> hour, Aunt Jeannette, if you wish and then returns, and crosses in front said you meant to marry me; that to go now, but I ordered tea for of his aunt's chair.

"Aunt," he says quietly, in a "Did you?" she says, with a forced curiously low, clear voice. "I have smile, for she is angry and nervous, something more to tell you. and ed me for your wife! I thought of box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by adand not quite free from self-re- though it will surprise you, I proach. "Pray, let us have it, then! entreat of you not to be angry Gillian, do you remember being in with me! I entreat you to this room before? On the first even- forgive me if I have displeased you! ing you came to Ireland, dear?" | Uncle Harry's norse is an old friend She asks the question out of a of ours. An old and-very dear

soon as she has spoken, when she | "Who is it?" Lady Damer says, sees the startled look in the girl's her thin fingers tightening in each eyes, and the quick, troubled blush, other. "Who is it, I say?" though "Don't you, Bingham?' Lady Da- the imperious voice dies away in a mer amends, hurriedly, with another hoarse whisper of rage and sus-

A mist gathers before her eyes, "Yes; there were more than three | there is a rushing, thundering surge of us then," Lacy retorts, stooping of throbbing pulses in her ears; her down to stir the fire. "Uncle Harry senses seem forsaking her in that bitter moment of absolute defeat at the prizes at the Upper Kennington "So she was," Lady Damer assents, the zenith of her foolish hope. She the edge of her teeth show- sees Gillian start to her feet with ing, "She came from London to escort | an eager, radiant look of glad sur Gillian. Poor thing! I wonder where prise, and she sees the door open. good during the coming year. Said the Naval Observatory, at Wash-

bered figure enter. Lacy receives this aspiration with | But the proud eyes are very wistful now, and very soft, and dark. excellent account of you, and shall Texas. West of those points the "I hope she has," he says, cordially. and pleading as they look on her, not have to be told that you have people, whether they know it or "She was a very clever creature, the haughty mien is quieter, the got into any trouble or mischief." not, depend mainly upon the clocks wonderfully clever," Lady Damer cays | hard, self-controlled look is gone inplacidly, drinking the tea which the to the shadow of a great tenderness, waiter has just brought in. "I shall a deep, mute gladness, a sweet hu- whole school with one accord. Whe-

She comes over to Lacy's side, "No. I don't think you will," Lacy dressed in her long, graceful trailagrees, calmly, and Gillian cannot ing gown of black cashmere and velquite restrain a glance of disdainful vet, with Medici ruffles of black they had taken my first words to lace high about the stately throat, | imply, I cannot say. But I am trying and one pendant of jet and diamonds to live up to the injunction. flashing on her breast; a stately, right royal-looking woman; this girl who had been her hardly-used the answer of the little chap who

dependent for years. been married for two weeks!"

CHAPTER XL.

thankfulness thrills through Gillian's proceeding to repeat it. This he did breast as Captain Lacy speaks, for several times, always receiving the in the first passion of selfish glad- same unwavering assurance, "None, ness she can think of nothing else | sir." At last he said, "Ah, my boy, than that George is free still- it is clear you don't know mental George's life is not utterly sundered arithmetic." "But I know my father," from her life yet, though the wide answered the boy.

world lies between them! smiles on her sweet, wet eyes, and No answer. Several times he reon her tremulous, red lips, as she peated the question, getting louder may be obtained by application at stretches out her hands to Anne in and more incensed each time. At last | the office. eager greeting, and then her loving a poor little fellow, kneading his eyes arms clasp the tall, stately figure vigorously with his knuckles, blubwhich I ordered came just in time. in an embrace of sisterly tenderness. bered out, "Please, sir, it waddn' My baby was very ill with indiges- Anne resists for a moment and then me." tion and bowel trouble, but I am yields, and stoops for an instant in

"Thank you, dear !" she whispers, and added a prayer on her own acdoing splendidly, with just a Tablet fervently; and then they both count: "Oh, please, dear God, make now and then when a little restless. simultaneously look at Lady Damer- me pure-absolutely pure as ---I am the mother of eight children, Gillian timidly and apprehensively, cocoa." Two children being awakened medicine I thought as much of as Anne with proud yet earnest en a new little brother, were keen, as

ought always to keep them in the to her feet, a tall, terrible figure, been the milkman," said the girl. with her dense black trailing drap-These tablets cure all the minor all- eries, and her chalk-white face, and ments of children, such as constipa- those glittering eyes alight with flercest anger and scorn. They just indigestion, and simple fever. They glance over Lacy and his wife with break up colds, prevent croup, and a flash like a blight, and then, withallay the irritation accompanying out uttering a word, Lady Damer

ing in desperation to stand in the in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 26 cents |ceeper.

ment, until he tells you everything: Half an hour later they leave I will leave the room. Only wait for

> "No, not if it were to save his life!" "Blame me if you must! I was couldn't keep from longing to see piteously, with tears in her voice. "I meant to go to America! Idid, indeed, Lady Damer: I meant to go: I was on my way to Queenstown; I had even paid the deposit on my cabin passage, and then when I met him again, I could not leave him. I

was most to blame.' "Not at all," Lady Damer says, ters the drawing-room, in spite of indulgent man. He has been to me | she kindly consented to give a state-

when he was at the worst, she could tangible annoyance under which she flushes darkly back into her white face as she looks at her nephew and the girl to whom he has linked his

She hurries swiftly out of the rooms, where she locks herself in, and no one dares to follow her.

"Anne, you have disregarded my only went straight from the funeral hopelessly from the door, and the my mother so much that she bought "The day of the funeral!" she pose yourself to her anger and in- there was no room to doubt that Sir James than ever, the next morn- enormous increase of expenses and What a barbarous Irish fashion that | wished to speak to her first, and I taking the pills for a couple of

His arm is round her in the un-

They have quite forgotten gentie, "Yes, they wound me, for I deserved some of them!" Anne says, "The nurse? Un le Harry s nurse?' stifling a sob. "I was ambitious and cherous, for I thought of nothing you meant to look for me and mar- Pink Pills for Pale People, Can be ry me, and that you had told Miss Deane how you loved me, and wishnothing or nobody then, in the dressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine greedy selfishness of my happiness; after those weary years-four years

> nearly since I met you first-oh, Patrick, my darling!" (To be Continued.)

DECEMBER CEREBREERE HUMORS OF THE SCHOOLS.

SOUTH CONTRACTOR STATE OF THE S Last Christmas I was distributing Lane Board School. I wound up with an exhortation to the boys to be sher is ? I hope she had a good situa- and the tall, graceful, well-remem- 1: "Now, boys, see that when I come again next Christmas I shall hear an east of Ogden, Utah, and El Paso, 'Same to you, sir," shouted the ther this was quiet humor or a mechanical reply to the time-honored "Merry Christmas, boys," which

But no doubt, unhappily, rests over was being examined in mental arith-"My wife, Aunt Jeannette," Lacy metic by an inspector of schools. says, composedly, drawing the white " If." said the inspector, "I had three hand within his arm. "Anne O'Neil glasses of beer on this table, and Babies that are well, sleep well, eat | is my beloved wife now, and we have | your father came in and drank one, how many would be left?" "None, sir," at once replied the youthful Babbage. "But you don't understand A wild evanescent throb of joy and my question," retorted the inspector,

"Who made the world?" snapped "Oh, Anne, I am so glad," she cries, out a rather testy inspector years

A little child was saying her prayers aloud beside her mother's knee, one morning, and told that they had children are, to know whence and "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 know that the swallows go away in winter,. but the sparrows belong to this circuit ?"-Dr. McNamara.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. HINTS FOR GIRLS.

How to Preserve Health and Good Color.

Pale, Sallow, or Annemic 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 anaemia or watery icily, drawing her skirts aside. "You blood, and for a time, as she says only acted according to your in- herself, feared she would never again plies, with a restless, nervous look, Yet a certain irritation of her stincts, naturally enough seeking to enjoy robust health. Experiences nerves remains, and she feels she raise yourself in the world. You were like Miss Brownlee's cannot fail to round table near the hearth most gratitude and treachery. You have 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 posttion. 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 and I began to fear that I was doomed to be an invalid. One day a friend who called to see me spoke tears she has tried to restrain fall a few boxes. I began taking them, test now. "You had no right to ex- and in the course of a few weeks me or not! Don't cry, my darling | well and strong as ever I had been. power to wound you-you to whom 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 anaemia, 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

WHO SETS THE CLOCK.?

hoxes, the wrapper around which

bears the full name-Dr. Williams'

procured from druggists, or will be

sent by mail, post paid, at 50c a

Co., Brockville, Ont.

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 ington, furnish the time for the great majority of the people living of the little observatory in the

navy yard at Mare Island, Cal. At present only three other observatories-the Alleghany, the Goodsell and the Lick - distribute time signals over any considerable territory. The Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburg 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 Goodsell Observatory sends two time signals daily to the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Great Western and the "Soo" lines, amounting in all to about 13,000 miles. The noon sighal from the Lick Observatory reaches all points on the Southern Pacific system as far east as Og-

In addition to its regular time service, the Naval Observatory office has established at 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

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

5. Train your appetite and stomach by eating the greatest possible varlety. 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

8. Beware of the diet crank. All beyond this is foolishness and vexation of the stomach.—Canadian House-