HE A DAUGHTER ?

Looks Like a Marriage Was in View.

. 27.—I want a young man, a Christian, an Irishman if l looking, with dark hair es." This is the partial one of a help received at l Colonization Bureau yes- tor Southworth said to a r that he did not receive tions in which the religi- sical requirements of the red man were so clearly le there has been an in- per cent. in the wages of ring the three years that as undertaken to supply re are still a number of tario who offer very low these the reply invari- igher pay must be offer- or instance, one man, a that may excuse him in —sent in an application w compensation of $100 oom and board for a man tter to do the housework. ail another applicant of- ear for a married couple, l a nice furnished room. ly large number of farm iring help for the year f only for eight months nerally the case, because s to keep suitable help- constantly having new l ones. There is also a er who offer married ttages free of rent on n.

f applicants who prefer stonishingly large, but ch farm laborers are so ir own country and are of steady employment ot many coming to Can- the farmers find are learn and adopt Cana- an those of any other

y impossible, Mr. South- find positions for farm not speak English.

IS PLEASED.

r Von Buelow for His Making Services.

—Emperor William has g telegraph autograph or von Buelow: t von Buelow: learned through your at the constitutional Reichstag for the new s has been given, my to express my warm- ns to you upon this er of treaty work, I d, that the treaties r to Germany economic ne. Long it friendly en the German em- ntries friendly to us ed themselves willing rade relations with us ched through a careful tual interests. Cheer- I recognize the fact owing to your states- our clear-headed lead- negotiations have re- utiful success, not- posing difficulties. To re in the first in- ble, I express hereby, rt, and at the same ndly accept my bust will soon be sent to

f your faithful ser- ful Emperor and "WILLIAM I. R., 22nd Feb., 1905."

has also rewarded adowsky-Wehner for on the treaties with der, Herr von Pod- Minister of Agricul- Forests, has receiv- s of the Red eagle, ary Baron von Rich- noted to membership the Prussian State

undschau says that von Buelow's personal eror William has not princely rank.

MMIGRATION.

From Europe to Can- Expected.

27.—Mr. Robert Kerr, Manager of the Can- way, said to-day that e Glasgow navigation a thousand who un- ckets in Britain for ies plying in all wat- did business on a and the C. P. R. had rded Hunter the us- t last June, when he had departed from company's represen- cut all connection

gration prospects in said the next few great boom in immi- from Great Britain, ers of Europe. The tatives abroad had ging reports on this European nation largely represented with the Scandina- e second'

STRIKE.

ing—Soldiers Failed Engines.

—No trailins are run- on to-day on the he management at- ilers as firemen, but plugged the water lt that the amateur locomotives. The l a number of cars. an eight-hour day ages. The directors of wages to some nt a nine-hour day, used. A manifesto s strikers say they solidarity to other ant juncture of the because the man- and exploited the of the Government lked out to-day. the Victula and St. ously expected.

Wanted!

Some one who has tried our tea and does not like it.

Blue Ribbon Tea

The Unknown Bridegroom.

"Go, sir!" Monica repeated in a low, imperative tone; "you know that I never miss fire, and you may be very sure I shall not in this instance, if you come near me. I shall never submit to you again, Carl King; and the first money that came into my hands after escaping from Dr. Flint's power, I spent for this weapon, to defend myself, in case you and I should ever meet again. I am never without it, and I warn you that it will not be safe for you to attempt to lay hands upon me now or hereafter. Florence, please open the door for him, as he seems unable to act for himself," she calmly and rather scornfully concluded, but without removing her eye from her foe or lowering her weapon.

A cold sweat had started out upon the man. He was a rank coward at heart, as all bullies are, and had always been strangely afraid of firearms, rough miner though he was.

He now backed away from that slight but resolute figure, but with a face almost convulsed with baffled hate and fury.

"You shall pay dearly for this, miss," he hissed.

"Go, go!" she reiterated, slowly advancing upon him.

With a look of abject fear in his eyes, he backed out of the room, when, turning quickly, he made very good time in getting out of the house.

A moment later the two girls heard a dogcart driving rapidly down the avenue.

"Oh, Monica, would you have shot him?" gasped Florence, as she sank weakly upon a chair, as the wretch disappeared, and turned a look of mingled wonder and horror upon her cousin.

"Yes," replied the girl resolutely, but with pale lips, "if he had dared to touch me. Papa taught me how to use a revolver when I was a little girl; you have no idea of the rough people one is liable to encounter in a mining district; and he used to tell me if I was ever rudely accosted and found myself in a tight place, to take true aim and shoot quick. I have never yet had occasion to follow his advice, and I hope I may continue to be spared such an experience; but it will never be safe for Carl King to lay hands upon me, unless he takes me unawares," she concluded, in a tone which assured her cousin that she was in earnest.

She carefully returned her revolver to her pocket while she spoke, and then, fondly linking her arm within Florence's, who was still trembling from nervousness, they went upstairs together, both feeling very thankful that none of the guests of the house had been about to witness the recent somewhat tragic incident.

Mrs. Seaver was greatly excited when she learned what had occurred, and continued to be very nervous until her husband returned, which he did just as the family arose from dinner. The lawyer was also somewhat disturbed when he was told of the exciting interview in the reception room.

He believed that Carl King was a desperate man, and would resort to desperate measures to sweep Monica from his path, and he most heartily wished that he had insisted upon having him arrested that very night instead of waiting until the following morning.

But, as matters stood he was forced to act the part he had planned, and, Jamie, being safely asleep in his place of concealment, said it would be best for them all to join the company in the drawing-room as usual.

He took occasion to remark, however, in the hearing of Sir Walter, that he had found his business of so important a nature, he would be obliged to shorten his stay at the Towers and return to London, with his family, on the morrow.

The young man looked a trifle startled as he heard this; then he darted a quick, searching glance at Florence, who, catching it, returned it with one of cold defiance; whereupon a malicious smile curled the baronet's lips for a moment, and presently he slipped from the room.

Ten minutes later a groom was on his way to Worthing, with a couple of messages, which were to be wired to London with all possible despatch.

At the hour appointed, Mr. Seaver quietly betook himself to the pergola, where he found August Castaldi awaiting him.

The young man appeared to quite nervous, and informed the lawyer that Carl King had returned from a drive that afternoon in a terrible fury, that the man whom they had seen the previous night had come to him later, and the two had conferred together for more than an hour; more than this, Mr. King and his daughter had arranged to leave Brighton on the noon train on the following day, and August said he believed that some deep plot against Monica was on the verge of being perpetrated.

"I haven't a doubt of it, my young friend," Mr. Seaver returned when he concluded; "but do not allow yourself to be disturbed, for it will be nipped in the bud—there will be no opportunity for it to mature. Mr. King and his daughter will unquestionably leave on the noon train to-morrow, but they will be attended by an efficient escort, for a couple of officers will take them into custody previous to their departure, and lock them a very secure resting place when they reach London."

He then gave his companion an account of his errand to the metropolis that day, and what he had discovered regarding Mr. Carrol's protege and the present baronet's criminal schemes, and the measures that had been adopted to summarily cut short his career.

Then he closed by relating what had occurred in connection with Carl King's visit to Monica that afternoon, and August Castaldi had stood as he listened to the recital of Monica's dauntless courage and the humiliating defeat of her bitter enemy.

"Aha! that was true grit," he exclaimed with an exultant chuckle, as, in imagination, he saw the delicate, beautiful girl confronting and subduing the coarse, burly miner; "she would always best him in an open fight, but, give him the chance, and he would strike her down in the dark like the coward he is. Now I understand why he was so furious when he returned to-day."

"But he won't get the chance, my young friend—after nine o'clock to-morrow morning it will be out of his power to do any one any harm," Mr. Seaver dryly observed, then inquired; "I suppose you have closed with him?"

"Yes, he settled with me to-night, and—I am free!" replied August, drawing a long breath of relief. "Henceforth, I shall work, heart and hand, with you in the fight for Monica."

"That is well," returned his companion. "We shall leave the Towers to-morrow afternoon, or as soon after Sir Walter's arrest as we can get away—probably on the three-thirty train."

"Then I will meet you at the station and accompany you to London," August rejoined.

"I am sure that will be agreeable to us all, and especially so to Monica," the lawyer cordially observed.

Then, after discussing their plans for a few moments longer they parted, Mr. Seaver returning to the Towers, while his companion hurried to the spot where he had left his horse.

As he was in the act of mounting he was sure that he saw a tall figure skulking among the trees near him; but as he turned to investigate, it quickly vanished, and he saw it no more.

"Oh, if to-morrow were only here," he sighed, as he rode away.

The night passed quietly and peacefully to the inmates of the Towers; at least to all save Sir Walter, who was in such an anxious state of mind over the disappearance of Jamie that he could not sleep, but tossed and tumbled the whole night through, and swore in impotent wrath over his hard luck.

Besides this, he had planned a grand coup de grace for the morrow, and his head was full of that.

He understood—or thought he did—why Robert Seaver had made a trip to London that day; and he had also understood Florence's glance of defiance that evening when mention was made of their intended departure the following day.

He believed that the lawyer, after learning Florence's story, had gone at once to town to engage rooms for the accommodation of his family, and that doubtless the shrewd lawyer would give him a thorough raking over before his departure.

"But I will spring my trap upon them before he has a chance," he mused; "I will show that obstinate girl that she made a fatal mistake in defying me, and that, if I cannot win her a willing bride, I can at least make it impossible for any one else to marry her. Merrill tells me that she fell in love with Carrol, and he with her, during the voyage over. Ha! Ha! what irony of fate!" he chuckled, maliciously. "But with that important paper in my possession, and my three witnesses to swear to that marriage, I need have no fears of a rival, and Miss Florence will find herself cruelly hampered for life."

And with his mind full of these malicious thoughts and plans for revenge, he finally dropped into an uneasy slumber as his clock chimed the hour of three.

The morning broke clear and brilliant—a perfect day, with not a sign to indicate anything of the exciting events that were drawing on apace.

Down at Brighton, in a private breakfast-room adjoining their apartments in one of the swell hotels, Carl King and his daughter were partaking of their morning meal.

It was about nine o'clock, and both were in traveling attire, while their trunks were packed, strapped and labeled, waiting to be conveyed to the station in season for them to take the noon train.

Neither father or daughter appeared to be in a very amiable frame of mind, for Carl King was still chafing wrathfully over his defeat of yesterday, while Inez was deeply chagrined and disappointed over not having once seen Sir Walter Leighton, except at a distance, during her sojourn at the resort.

She had seen him, day after day, start out with his yachting parties; she had seen him driving over the beach with his guests; in the Brighton papers she had read of the gay doings at the Towers; but although the baronet knew she was there, he had never sought her out—he had not sent her an invitation to share in the gayeties of his home, and she was furious over the slight.

The clock on the mantel struck the quarter past the hour when the attention of the occupants of the breakfast-room was attracted to a slight disturbance outside the door.

The next moment it was thrown open, and two officers entered the apartment, one of whom went straight up to Mr. King, with the startling announcement;

"I arrest you, sir, in the name of her majesty, the queen."

The man sprang to his feet with a furious oath.

"What's the charge?" he fiercely demanded.

"Obtaining money under false pretenses, for one and some other charges equally serious," briefly returned the man of the law.

Mr. King raved and swore; Inez pleaded and berated the officers by turns; but all to no purpose; they were closely guarded until nearly twelve, when they were conducted to the station, put aboard the noon train, and taken to London, where Carl King was locked up for the night—bail being refused him—to await an examination later on. Inez, however, was allowed to go to a hotel, but was warned that she was under surveillance, and must not attempt to leave London.

* * * * * *

At half-past twelve of this same eventful day, lunch was served in the large dining-room at Worthing Towers, and as Florence passed to her seat at the table, she started slightly and lost some of her color as she observed that two new guests were present, and that one of them was Addison T. Merrill.

She did not deign the man a second glance, however, although he had looked steadily at her as she passed him—a slight which had caused him to color angrily.

She told him, during their last interview, that their acquaintance was at an end, and this calm ignoring of his presence proved that she literally meant what she had said.

But she was not as calm inwardly as she appeared to be.

She was asking herself why he was there, and who was the other stranger beside him—suspicion suggesting it might be the man Hayden.

Something in the atmosphere made her heart sink and her pulse throb with a secret dread and fear.

But nearly everyone else appeared in the best of spirits, and an animated conversation was maintained throughout the meal, and after it was over the ladies repaired, as usual, to the drawing-room.

Along the number, for they wished to make some quiet adieus before leaving at three, as they had planned.

They were, however, very shortly followed by the gentlemen, Sir Walter leading the procession.

He walked directly up to Florence, and stationed himself behind her in a way that drew the attention of every one of them.

"I suppose you all know," he began in a voice that could be distinctly heard in the farthest corner of the room, and with a cruel smile on his lips, "that our friends, the Seavers, propose to leave us this afternoon. We regret their departure, and shall miss them; but there is an old saying that there is no loss without some gain, and our gain will be in the fact that they will leave behind them a fair mistress for the Towers. My friends, allow me to surprise and introduce you to my wife, Lady Florence Leighton!"

Before Florence realized his intention, he had seized her hand and, carrying it to his lips, left a slight salute upon it.

She attempted to snatch it from him, but he held it firmly, while her face grew first crimson, then deadly pale, as she caught the looks of astonishment and curiosity that were bent upon her from every quarter.

"This is, of course, a great surprise to you all," the man continued, before any one could speak, although Mr. Seaver had started angrily from his chair, "but you will be even more amazed to learn that the lady has been my wife for more than a year—"

"It is false!" Florence here burst forth, and, making a violent effort, she wrenched her hand from his and sprang toward her guardian.

"Leighton, have done with this nonsense!" thundered the lawyer in his stern accents.

"It is not nonsense," retorted the baronet, confronting him with a malicious smile, "and you know it; you know that I can prove my statements, and I have simply made this announcement at this time to explain to my guests why the lady, who has hitherto been known as your ward, will not leave the Towers with you, as has been stated. As my wife, her place is here, and here she will remain. Miss Richardson and I," he resumed, turning from Mr. Seaver to the other guests, "were secretly married a year ago this month. Her guardian had objected to our union; but we, believing that our future happiness depended upon it, took matters into our own hands, and were quietly married one evening in the presence of three witnesses, besides the clergyman. I have here the certificate,"—drawing forth the document from an inner pocket and holding it up before the company—"and the three witnesses are in the house at this moment, and prepared to verify my statements."

During the first of this cowardly expose, Florence had stood with downcast eyes and a face as pale as snow; but before he ceased, her bearing became proud and defiant, plainly indicating that, in spite of the terrible mortification to which she had been so publicly subjected, she was determined not to yield one inch to the unprincipled schemer, who claimed her as his wife.

But the moment he paused for breath, she turned and faced him with blazing eyes, scorn and indignation written upon every line of her countenance, and looking surpassing beautiful in her righteous and spirited wrath.

"I am not—I was never your wife!" she said, in tones that rang clearly in the remotest corner of that great room, "and, as I told you last evening, if it were true that, by any possibility, I were irrevocably bound to you by the letter of the law, I would still refuse to abide by it—I would utterly repudiate the tie."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"You will perhaps find it easier said than done, Lady Leighton," the baronet retorted, but having himself grown white to his lips with anger, in view of her heroic defiance.

"The law gives a man his wife, and I shall claim you in the face of the whole world if you drive me to it. Merrill—Hayden—" turning to the two strangers who had lunched with them—"you are the witnesses of this marriage—are you prepared to vouch for its validity?"

"We are," the two men replied, stolcally.

"Anna Folsom," called Leighton, beckoning to the girl, who, until this moment, had been concealed behind the portieres of the door where her master had stationed her, "you were Miss Richardson's maid at that time—you accompanied her to the church and saw her wedded to me?"

"Yes, sir, I did," boldly affirmed the girl, and glancing spitefully at Florence. "I rode with her in the hack to Rosedale chapel; those men"—glancing at Merrill and Hayden—"drove us. I stood beside her while she was being married, and rode home with her afterward. When we got into the house she was so nervous and upset she insisted that I must sleep in the same room with her instead of going to my own room, as usual."

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE LIFE SAVER.

Baby's Own Tablets have saved many a precious little life. They are the best medicine in the world for all stomach and bowel troubles, simple fevers and teething troubles, and they contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Elbridge Lowe, Sheet Harbor, N. S., says: "My baby was always sickly until I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets, but they have changed him into a fine, big, healthy child. I am never without the Tablets in the house." The Tablets can be given with perfect safety to a new born babe, and are good through every stage of childhood. If you do not find the Tablets at your medicine dealers send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.

THE FARMERS' ICE HOUSE.

(By Prof. J. B. Reynolds.)

The season of the year has arrived is no reason why most farm houses may not have a continuous supply of ice throughout the summer. Where a stream of sheet of water is within reach, the cost is but trifling.

An ice house can be constructed very cheaply after the following fashion: Large posts six or eight inches in diameter may be sunk into the ground to support the frame work forming the walls. For a small ice house two, or at the most three, posts on each side would be sufficient. Inside the posts two-inch plank may be nailed on, the posts and the plank completing the walls of the storage. A door may be constructed of short pieces of plank, kept in place on the inside by the ice itself and on the outside by the posts. As the ice is used the boards closing the doorway may be taken down one after the other. The roof may be made after any fashion to suit the builder. The shanty roof shingled would perhaps be as cheap and satisfactory as any.

In the filling of the ice house the floor should be covered about a foot deep with sawdust or dry chopped straw. The ice may then be laid upon this, leaving a space all around between the ice and the wall about one foot wide. As the ice is filled in, this space should be filled in with ice chips and soft snow, so as to exclude all air from among the ice. After the full supply of ice is in place the top should be covered a foot deep with straw or sawdust.

The site for the house should be carefully chosen so that good drainage is provided. It is important that the ground below the ice should be kept dry.

A building twelve feet square and eight feet high, affording space within for ice ten feet by ten feet by six feet, will contain about fifteen tons of ice, which would undoubtedly be ample for all purposes on the farm, The material required to construct this building would be only a trifling cost, and a few trips to the nearest pond or creek would bring enough ice to fill the house.

It is best to fill the ice house after cold weather, when the ice is most likely to be sound and solid. What is called rotten ice is ice filled with air spaces, which will not last nearly as long as solid ice.—Press Bulletin from Ontario Agrucultural College.

FRAUDS OF THE FUR DEALERS.

Public Pays High Prices for Imitation and Bogus Goods.

As a people we are very fond of fraud. We don't care much for law, and we love to be foled. In no line of commerce are we more regularly fooled and defrauded than in the retail fur trade. The ermine which my lady buys for the collar of her opera coat cost her some dollars a skin. She may pay $1 for the black tip of the tail of a single ermine skin. The trapper who caught the weasel from which came the ermine got, perhaps, 10 cents for the skin; perhaps 5; perhaps nothing. This is not so bad, and no one could object to a commercial transaction of that kind. A great many persons know that ermine is weasel.

How many know that muskrat, pulled and dyed, is often sold as seal; that nutria similarly treated, is sold as seal or beaver; that rabbit so treated is sold as seal or electric seal; that pulled and dyed otter is regularly sold as seal; that marmot dyed is sold as mink and sable; that fitch dyed is sold as sable, and rabbit also sold as sable that hare and muskrat are sold as mink or sable; and white rabbit as ermine or chinchinna or fox; that goat is dyed and sold as bear; that many kinds of lambs are sold as Persian; that skunk is called Alaska sable; that American sable is sold as Russian crown sable; that monkey and lynx and dog and polecat and muskrat and cat, and all sorts of different furs, are sold under all sorts of high-sounding names; that white hairs are regularly inserted in fox skins and sometimes in sable skins?

Surely not all of our readers were advised as to these details. There is a vigilance committee appointed by the London Chamber of Commerce whose duty is to spread information against these trade frauds. We presume we need nothing of that kind in America, for here we don't mind being fooled.—Field and Stream.

ABOUTI NCUBATORS

Best Machines are the Cheapest.—Directons Should be Followed.

At this season of the year the incubator question is an important one to the poultryman, says Mr. F. C. Elford, Acting Chief of the Poultry Division, Ottawa. An inexperienced person or beginner in the poultry business should exercise the same care and judgment in buying an incubator that a farmer would use in selecting an expensive farm implement. In other words, he should take care to buy the best. It is simply wasting money to buy a poor machine, as it can never be depended upon. With a first-class machine, all that the beginner has to do is to learn to run his machine according to the manufacturer's directions. Five or ten minutes' morning and night, will be all the time required to care for the machine, and it can be depended upon to maintain the proper degree of heat and bring the eggs to a successful termination of the hatch if the operator simply follows the instructions and does not interfere with the machine or attempt experiments on his own behalf. He is not likely to know more about the machine than the manufacturer.

To be considered first-class an incubator must not only hatch a large percentage of chicks, but those hatched must be large, strong and lively. The test of incubators is not alone in the number hatched, but also in the health, vigor and hardiness of the chicks and their ability to live and thrive. Faulty incubators are responsible for the death of many small chicks. Being poorly hatched, that is, hatched with ten or twenty or thirty per cent. less vitality than they should have, they struggle against heavy odds and die off in large numbers in the brooders. If, by buying a low priced and poorly constructed incubator, a man gets a twenty per cent. lower hatch or gets twenty per cent lower vigor in the chicks that do hatch, he has bought the probability of failure in buying that machine.

A large hatch of strong chicks cannot be expected unless the eggs used are from a pen of thrifty, vigorous fowls. If the breeding stock is lacking in vitality the chicks are sure to be weak. The fresher the eggs are, the greater is the vitality of the germs and the more chicks they will hatch. It is not advisable to use for hatching eggs that are more than ten days old, and these should be tested twice during the incubation period. The use of a simple egg tester will enable a man to know what percentage of the eggs are fertile, and thus prevent him blaming the machine when it is not at fault.

The same thing holds good with chickens for the market. The greatest profits are made by putting our eggs, our broilers and our fatted chickens for the home or export trade upon the market when supplies are scarcest and prices highest.

If an incubator is to be purchased, it should be ordered early, as there are apt to be vexatious delays in shipment and delivery, and it is always advisable that the operator has an opportunity to run the machine for a few days before the eggs are placed in it, or until the regulation is understood and the temperature of the egg chamber can be maintained at 102½ degrees F. The incubator should be placed in a well-ventilated room, preferably one unheated. The chicks developing in the shells require an abundance of fresh air. A bright airy cellar or a well-ventilated room having an even temperature is the best place. The ventilation should be so arranged that there will be outside air entering the room at all times, but without a direct draught blowing on the machine.

Finally, let me repeat the advice to follow implicitly the directions that accompany the machine. Study carefully the instructions regarding the care of the lamp and the control of temperature, the turning, cooling and testing of the eggs, and all other details. Then, when hatching commences let the machine alone. It is too late to rectify mistakes in management and interference can only injure the hatch. The chicks should be left in the machine until they are thoroughly dry and should not be fed the first day. When feeding commences be careful to feed sparingly. More small chicks are killed by over-feeding than by under-feeding.

W. A. CLEMONS,
Publication Clerk,
Department of Agriculture, Ottawa,
Feb. 2, 1905.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

Nervous Trouble that Yields Readily to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus dance is a common disease among children, but it often attacks both men and women of nervous temperament. Jerky arms, trembling legs, twitching muscles; sometimes the power of speech is affected. The only cure lies in plenty of blood because good blood is the life-blood of the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to cure St. Vitus dance, because they make the rich, red blood that feeds the nerves and keeps them strong and steady. Mrs. Wm. Levellie, Welland, Ont., was seriously afflicted with St. Vitus dance, and no treatment helped her until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Levellie says: "At times the trouble was so severe that I could not take a drink of water unaided, and could not trust myself to raise a dish. There was a constant involuntary motion of the limbs, and at times I could neither eat, walk nor talk. I grew pale and emaciated, and my life was fairly a burden. Doctors' treatment, which I was taking almost continuously, did not do me a particle of good and I had almost come to the conclusion that there was no cure for me. I was in what must be considered a desperate condition when I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks after I had begun their use, there was a marked improvement in my condition, and by the time I had taken nine boxes every symptom of the trouble had disappeared, and I was as healthy and active as in girlhood."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right down to the root of the trouble in the blood that they cure such diseases as St. Vitus dance, neuralgia, nervous prostration, anaemia, backaches and headaches, rheumatism, kidney trouble, indigestion, lung troubles and other diseases of the blood and nerves. But you must be careful to get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THRIVE ON A YOLK DIET.

Regimen Advised by a New York Doctor in Treating the Underfed.

In the treatment of the underfed Dr. Heinrich Stern, of New York, has adopted what he calls the "yolk cure," and which he says as a dietary regimen exhibits all the advantages of a nutriment of the first order without its usual drawbacks. Dr. Stern says:

"The 'yolk cure' as a dietary regimen in which the greater portion of calories (heat units) is yielded by the yolk of the hen's egg and in which the latter forms the only fatty substance. Besides the rigid 'yolk cure' we may speak of modified forms of the same. A modified yolk cure is one in which there is either (a) not a succession of yolk days, that is, when days on which yolks do not preponderate in the diet are inserted, or (b) when the yolks, although contained in the diet to a certain extent, do not furnish the bulk of the calories.

"In a majority of instances a modified 'yolk cure' will be found to offer certain advantages over the strict regimen when the patient's alimentary tract is in good condition or after the patient has started to gain in body weight.

"Moreover, the 'yolk cure' modified according to individual needs and desires and remodified from time to time in acordance with the changed conditions for many months and even for years.

"The yolk of the hen's egg in the raw or half raw state is readily digested. Experiments conducted by me in the healthy human stomach show that two raw yolks, slightly seasoned, leave the stomach in seventy to ninety minutes, three in seventy to 100 minutes, four in eighty to 100 minutes. One yolk taken in hot water and whiskey leaves the stomach in fifty to seventy-five minutes. One yolk taken in a cup of hot coffee (some sugar or milk) leaves the stomach in sixty minutes; two leave the stomach in sixty to seventy minutes.

"Yolks are well assimilated and agree with almost every individual. This can not be said of any of the fatty ingesta. Suet, lard, and tallow are not well tolerated by the ordinary stomach in large amounts, and certainly not in quantities that yield the bulk of the necessary heat units. Furthermore, the yolk of the hen's egg is an efficient stimulator of gastric secretion and may be looked upon in certain respects as a digestant.

"That lecithin is contained in the yolks is a fact too well known to receive attention on this occasion. The ingestion of yolks, hence, may tend to the restoration of nerve force and the amelioration of the state of subalimentation. An average yolk contains between five and six grams of fat, representing about 50 calores. These are almost totally assimilate calories. From eight to twenty calories, yielded by yolks, a day and kilogram of body weight will be found necessary in overcoming the condition of underfed.

WOMEN NIGHT WORKERS.

A Brigade of Them Now to be Added to the Army of Night Working Men.

"When we speak of the night works of the great city," said a man, who is one of them—"of the printers, of the surface and the elevated and now the subway car men, the hotel and restaurant and saloon men, the telegraphers and the bakers and the market men, the policemen and the firemen, the telephone men and the newspaper men and so on—we have in mind men only as a rule. Yet there are nowadays a great many women night workers, as well, women who work at nights and sleep days, just as the night working men do.

"There, for instance are the scrub women, plenty of them, who work at night in great office buildings, cleaning after the tenants have gone; the women employed in restaurants and in restaurant kitchens; the little army of women employed in telephone exchanges, the women nurses employed in hospitals and in homes; women stenographers, and typewriters; the matrons in police stations, who work as the policemen do, in relays, some by day and some by night; the stewardesses on steamboats; the women's cloak and hat room attendants; women cashiers in drug stores; bakers' wives who help to get the bread and rolls ready for early customers, and so on and so on. Then there are last, but not least, the women newspaper sellers who are up and out long before daybrak to get their morning newspapers.

"The men, to be sure, still count up by far the greater number, but at a moderate calculation there are now some thousands fo women, a very fair brigade of them regularly so employed, who are entitled to be enrolled in the city's big army off night workers."—N. Y. Sun.

An Impossible Remedy.

Doctor (after the diagnosis)—Apparently your system is run down from nervousness superinduced by loss of sleep. My advice would be for you to try sleeping on your left side a while.

Fair patient—But doctor, I am slightly deaf in my right ear—and my husband talks in his sleep.

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