BE FATALLY

ve Severe Cuts Flying Stones in a Montreal

One man was and three others asting with dyin the east end had drilled four in them, when houted for them It seems that d burned sooner result the men Three of them upre and Pierre way, and thereis injuries, alustained minor lying fragments rendered deaf in

about forty, away from the injury. He was h arms and vardy, was at least nd when picked

PREFERENCE,

ouis Sinclair, M.P.

in alternative for uggested by Louis mford. He would in free, as cheap says: "To our e we should sug pared to provide in the tariff, a sum mintain our postal e money to defray rrages from inland

TRAGEDY.

s His Wife and

-Driven to desperaof his wife to live bullet into his own

heir Helmet

if we desire to pro-

Il be adviser to Corea, nost to assist her." Advice.

Feild Marshal Yams-

inted President of the

warned them to be in for emergencies. He e words: "Victors, tie gs tighter."

A Teapot Test

is all that is required for

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA to prove its superiority over all Japan Teas. 40 and 60c per lb. By all grocers. Lead packets only. HIGHEST AWARD AT ST. LOUIS, 1904

But there is not muh danger of that | ing," he says, with sullen eagerness, for they are all chattering again, and all carefully avoiding Vane's eye as people do when one of their number looks dis-

An unobservant spectator would say that it was an extremely light-hearted; bent moodily on the carpet.

Then his own heart jumps into sudden

"Suppose they have discovered our little plot," And as the idea crosses his a sudden flash in his eyes. "If so," he sion. "Heaven help me, I don't know tically. "Now, then, get out the mail thinks, "I'll call that old fox out and what to think. Lady Lucelle, if—if you phaeton, will you?" put a bullet through him, as sure as my have any object in speaking to me like name is Bertram."

Occasionally Vane's deep, clear voice, is doubt, hope, despair, love! Yes, do not replies George, carelessly, "and I know heard addressing a remark here and mock—you know it as well as I do—I better than to run against 'em; so, if there, as he has plenty of time for do- love her! I admit it! Curse you've no objection, we'll have the phaeing, for he sends dish after dish away him! I loved her before he ton, Mr. Ned." untasted, and scarcely eats anything. did. Can a man forget, change, throw The man goes to the coach house and At last Jeanne glances around at the away a part of himself at pleasure? I gets out the phaeton, the grays are put

ing nearest the door, arises to show ram; am I to change because he made ing the last strap, when Hal comes into them out, but he has not got a word her Marchioness of Ferndale? I-" with Jeanne this evening, for her whole Then he stops. He has been speaking bag. attention is fixed on Vane, who, stand- in the low, constrained voice inaudible ing with the rest of the men until the save to her, and now his passion ren- to hear. "What do you mean by putladies are gone, looks grimly hand- ders-it inaudible even to her.

gentlemen are left alone, for, though | "you are right; it is time for me to go." Vane with a visible effort arouses himself to talk, a constraint sits upon all. tempt behind her bouquet. Bell stares at the tablecloth, and fidgets with his glass; Nugent looks grave and pier when you have gone?" preoccupied, and Clarence, as usual, sits and drinks the rare claret in meditative | srarl. silence. And then, finding nobody to talk to, the count actually draws his celle, "she will be any happier?" chair nearer to Hal, and engages him in Hal were his dearest friend, while Hal a baleful gieam of hope, right into his 'em lame, sir," and with a touch of the himself to answer civilly. At last, with passion-lost heart. a half-smothered sigh, Vane pushes his His face grows white to the lips, and an impatient flick of the whip, drives glass from him and rises, and they stroll he turns it to her as might a blind man the grays out of the stable yard, Ned out, either to the drawing-room or the who is gradually gaining sight. billiard-room. As Hal goes out, he no- "Do you think so?" she repeats. "Does and leaning over them, to stare after

news?" when Lady Lucelle puts out her hand too late to turn back. A month ago you ly, but doing as he is advised. "What from a cozy nook of satin and lace in could have done so, but now there is no for?"

Hal?" she asks, with her soft smile. says Hal struggling with the color which hoarse voice.

two minutes."

"I'm not good at sitting still, I'll ad- forehead. mit, but the Wandering Jew wouldn't mind sitting still near you, Lady Lu- we do not see them alone."

She looks at him under her half-closed ister smile. She looks at him under the look at a "They are never alone," she murmurs. points, then George leans forward. mouse, who, quite unconscious of the Then, before he can speak again, she harm of her claws, gambols in her sight. says: "Look!" pliments?" she says; "that was a very Vane is standing moodily abstracted, that Ned, and, seeing up go this way, pretty one, indeed, and quite worthy lost in gloomy thoughts, so lost that he he'll be satisfied, and be off to sleep by the count. What a project it?" she until she touches him gently, timidly. Around go the bewildered grays, ren-

asks, with an innocent look, pity. Have you been out to-day? What attention—starts, and as he sees who it across the high road and toward the a beautiful flower that is in your dress. is, frowns darkly at her. I'll go and get you a cup of tea."

ence can accept or decline, Hal makes her; leaves her standing there as if he two years' saving that we give 'em the of your daughter.

little laugh. "Poor boy! He is afraid far-too far," and without a word Clar- sight of the house." "Sit down," says the countess, with a Clarence looks at her with an uneasy "Stay," she says, "one false step of me; fancy that!"

"And you are, too, aren't you?" says

shall think I am plague-stricken and deserted. My tea?. Thanks," his mustache absently, she turns upon

him suddenly, and in the sweetest voice for you to make your bow and retire, to Jeanne.

my friend?" He looks up quickly, and flushes. "What-what do you mean?" Lady Lucelle shrugs her shoulders. "I was merely suggesting that it was

and see the storm burst." "The storm burst!" he echoes. Then he follows her eye, which has ery path which leads to destruction.

settled on Vane, and half starts to his That is how Lady Lucelle's song sounded · feet, agitatedly. Lady Lucelle smiles. "What, surprised and afraid of your

own work?" she murmurs. "Vou are like the man in the eastern story, who spent weeks of trouble in calling up the spirit, and then, when he had succeeded, the little church tower strikes three. as afraid of it, and-ran away." Clarence turns pale, and his lips qui-

"Which are you now, for instance?" "Which do you think my lord the marquis, is?" she asks. "Look at him." Clarence looks up. Vane is standing

Clarence.

Lady Lucelle laughs behind her fan. this, for Heaven's sake speak plainly. I Ned, staring. "Why don't you have the It is a lengthy meal—a sort of com- am in no mood for parables—I am al- dogcart?" plication of English and German menu. most out of my mind with conflicting "Because my orders are the phaeton,"

"Yes," he says, abruptly, wiping the George touches his hat respectfully.

Things are not more cheerful when the perspiration from his white forehead, Lady Lucelle hides a sneer of con-

"Do you think you will be any hap-"I?" he says with something like a

"Do you think," murmurs Lady Lu-He starts as if her words had stung the hill. Now, then!" a conversation on English sport, talking him; as she had intended, they have, as easily, and smiling as amiably, as if with subtle significance, shot an idea, "Wouldn't do to take the bays; have

tices that Nugent looks after Vane with she look very happy now? Look at her! them. a regard as anxious and touching as and when you are gone, the only man "Don't look around, sir," says George, voice until it sounds like the hiss of a you light your pipe!" He is about to go up and ask him, serpent, "you have gone too far! It is "Light my pipe?" asks Hal, inquiring-

"Where have I?-oh, hanging about," "For-her-sake!" he says, in a low, "For hers," she repeats. "Oh, how blind drives on

He wiped the perspiration from his "Down the Baden road, sir!" says somehow 'nuther it ain't.

"We-" he says, with a jealous wince,

Lady Lucelle looks at him with a sin-

He follows the direction of her eyes, you know where. He's a lazy hound, the count. What a pity the princess is does not know that Jeanne is near him this time." on the arm. Then he starts-and it is dered more bewildered by a cut of the "Eh-er-oh, yes," says Hal, "a great now that Lady Lucelle directs Clarence's whip, and down spins the phaeton

"Don't trouble," says Lucelle, smiling thing of the old, loving tone in her voice, right?" says Hal, eagerly, turning anxbehind her fan at his eagerness to es- something of the old, ineffable tender- jously. cape. "Lord Lane has gone—here he ness in her eyes; "are you ill?"

"You see!" says Lady Lucelle, "too shed, sir; go around it, and keep out o' shed, sir; go around it, and keep out o' Clausland Lordon. had struck her, pale and marvelling. slip and six hours to spare. There's the ence arises, but her hand pulls him down.

ruins both you and her. Do not go near "Nothing very ridiculous in that," her to-night; do not go near her until With compressed lips he sinks back, Lady Lucelle. 'Oh, please sit down, or I and then suddenly he turns upon her. "Why do you interfere?" he says, with sullen fierceness. "What is it to

Then as he sits down, and pulls at you? What is your motive, and what game are you playing?" With a smile half-contemptuous, halfpitying, Lady Lucelle arises without a

"Don't you think it is almost time word, and, crossing the room, goes up "Will you sing for us, dear?" she asks

with her sweetest smile. "Sing?" says Jeanne, confusedly. "No -no-please sing to me." And then Lady Lucelle goes to the about time for you to take your leave," piano and sings a wild barcarole, which she repeats, "unless you wish to wait seems, at least to one man who listens, like the songs which the sirens sing as they entice their victims down the flow-

CHAPTER XXXVII.

to Clarence's ears.

Slowly, sleepily-everything goes slowly and sleepily at Forbach—the clock in As it does, before the lingering cadence of its last stroke has departed, George who has been lying asleep, or apparrish I knew when you were ently so, on a bench in the stable yard,

There are two or three stable helps ers the bays quietly picking up the last about, among them the ubiquitous Ned. oats of a thorough good feed. They look up inquiringly and laugh. It | Hal—short as the time is—cannot help

one, grinning, "Where are you going?" of his step and voice, look around and George yawns again, and saunters, bite at him playfully. hand in pocket, to the stable door.

Hal wants to bag. The men laugh and go on with their work, and George, getting out some harness, leisurely proceeds to uncover a pair of greys, the slowest and oldest nags in the stud, and has scarcely got their clothes off than Ned saunters in fore you're back, if you're only five minand, leaning against the stall, eyes him utes. with affected indifference. "Going to take the grays, eh?" he says, inquiringly. 'I thought Mr. Ber-

tram didn't like 'em?" "More he don't, my lad," says George, "He's not the sort of a gentle now, are more for his taste,"

"The bays, yes," says Ned, looking as yet he had over the stable. "Halloa! where are the George yawns again, "I eat 'em for breakfast this morn-

ing," he says; then he adds, with a to hide his suspicion. "To get their shoes altered," says almost erect, with folded arms, and eeys George. Here, just lend me a hand,

will you? Talking won't harness a "Very much in earnest, is he not? And horse, though you seem to think it will. ing under its heavy boughs; his heart there is something wrong, and remembers it is about time. How long is it since It's lucky I noticed the bays; that last Bell's wild words about a cloud hanging you have been hanging about his wife's fellow who shod 'em ought to be horsegown, my friend? About time, I think." whipped. They both fell lame the day-"You-you think he is jealous?" asks before yesterday, and they won't be fit for work for another week."

"I didn't notice it," says Ned. "I" he retorts, with suppressed pas- thing, you know," says George, sarcas- in plain, dark clothes, comes from am-"That's because you don't notice any-"The phaeton for going up hill?" says

ladies, and arises, As usual, Clarence, be- loved Jeanne when she was Jeanne Bert- to in a twinkling, and George is adjust-

the yard, carrying his gun and game "Halloa!" he says, loud enough for all ting those old crocks in, George?"

"Bay's lame, sir," he says, sententiously. Hal grumbles and growls, after the manner of an Englishman, pitches his bling all the time.

"Might as well have put a couple of "Very sorry, sir," says George. park,

hat he jumps up behind, and Hal, with

-ao you think she is likely to be hap us. Keep straight up the hill roadthinks Hal. "Has Vane heard any bad pier? My friend," and she drops her wait a mniute, sir, let 'em go easy, while woe.

which she generaly ensconces herself, returning on the path you have trod; "Let em think there's nothing your

impatience, turns the horses as direct much lak poultry. ed, and for five minutes goes away from I knowed er nigger wunst dat thought the spot to which his longing heart er porkypine wuz er haug 'caze his name

"Now, Master Hal," he says, with a chuckle, "turn 'em around and make for bill den it is ter run up er hill.

"Are you ill?" asks Jeanne, with some- "Have you got everything-is it all

"Everything, sir," says George, confi-

Hal steers the grays off the road through a gate and around to the back "Three o'clock, and here I am forget- of a cowshed. George drops from his perch, and running to the door, discov-

is not often that he forgets his orders. going in to say a word to the two noble "That's good for you, George," says creatures, and they, who know the sound

"There they are, sir,' says George, ex-"Up on the hills after a raven Master ultingly, "as fresh as larks, and as hard

"Right," says Hal; "do you want any "No-no, sir," replies George, quickly "you go on, Master Hal, and I'll have 'em put to, and the crocks grubbing be-

Hal does not wait for another word but sets off at a trot for the cedar, his heart going as fast as his legs, for not having had any very extensive practice in running away with princesses, he is RAW not by any means so cool and nonchalant as heroes, in a similar situation are couple of crocks as these. The bays, usually represented to be. He is, indeed, as yet he has not got the princess to run Pulp From Rags or From Wood-Spruce

"If she should be unable to come," he keeps thinking, and at the thought the perspiration breaks out on his brow. "Suppose the count has got scent of this, laugh: "Thep're up at the blacksmith's." | I suppose—bah! time enough to suppose "What for?" asks Ned, vainly trying this and suppose that when it hapens. My darling will come; she will come."

> no sweet face and graceful figure wait-"If she does not come," he mutters between his teeth, "I'll go up to the villa and settle with the count,' and instinct-

ively his hand wanders to his side pocket But the count is respited for the pres- other kinds to the makers of certain placing of them upon fine stationery rein which reposes his revolver. ent, for suddenly a slim figure, dressed kinds of clothing. After being sorted presents an industry in itself. ong the trees, and, panting, Verona The wood which goes into pulp for

"Did you ?" sche breathes, with parted tities from Canada where in the dislips, with the color coming and going softly in her lovely face. "Yes-I should

come-unless-"Unless what?" he asks. rapt trustfulness.

with his lips. is your bundle ?'

(To be continued.)

----UNCLE EPH'S MUSINGS.

den er pair uv wings. De happy, cheerful heart is too busy

in whom she really finds a companion without leaning forward, "he's watching singin' ter be all de time tellin' er tale uv

dev hair in de middle ter keep fum walk-De man wid de mos money ain't al- the logs are brought from the acres place are given, and the voter is inform-

Hal, without a word, but with marked niggers laks po'try is 'caze it soun's so

bergins wid "pork." It's er heap sight easier ter run up er Dere's er whole lot uv men dat teases de women 'bout stan'in' befo' er lookin'

glass an' paintin' dere faces. But dere's some men dat stan's befo' other glasses an' den paints de town. Dis is erbout de time uv year We's glad we am er-livin'-Got er turkey fer Chrismus day, An' er'possum for Thanksgiving."



FARROWING TIME

Is as critical a time as any in hog raising. The litter eating of many sows is largely due to bad feeding, causing a constipated and irritable condition-The sows digestive organs should be kept free and open to prevent

Clydesdale Stock Food Besides making a better flow of milk owing to the better blood circulation.

This means more and better pigs, as a healthy apple tree gives more and better fruit than a diseased tree. For young pigs it makes more bone and muscle on which to put flesh, and nothing better for starting and keeping Runts growing. Its ingredients are absolutely harmless and pure, and if you are not satisfied with results your money cheerfully refunded by the dealer. CARBOLINE ANTISEPTIC MAKES THE PIGS AND PENS CLEAN.

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Tea as near perfection as modern methods and materials will permit. Blue Ribbon Tea has a distinct individuality that lifts it above the line of comparison with other brands. TRY IT.

MAKING PAPER.

MATERIAL COMES FROM BACK WOODS OR GUTTER.

from beneath working in unison with Where the writing paper is to be and Poplar the Woods Most Used, folded into the small double sheets, it But Both Are Becoming Scarce in goes to still another machine, which accuracy. Then in the shipping rooms

the States-Ingenous Machinery. The raw material for our modern writing paper comes from one of two widely different places-the depths of a dreary forest or the back streets of a which, at intervals, he holds a stick of he comes up to the great cedar, and finds crowded city. In other words, the sealing wax before applying it to the raw material is either rags or wood. The city rag picker, pays one rate for gloss and finish much the same as writall the rags he buys, but, after he gets ing paper. ed into numerous bins or boxes. The cotton ones go to the makers of paper and the binds to the makers of certain

stands before him for a moment-and- paper is chiefly spruce and poplar. This the next is within his outstretched arms. is becoming scarce both in the United "My darling, my own Verona! I knew States and in Europe, and the paper mills in this country bring large quan-

Arriving at the paper factory, the wood in the form of logs, is piled up over a wide area. It is not unusual to find 75 to 100 acres of pulp wood and me by force," she says, in a low voice, factory buildings in connection with one everywhere conducted on precisely the and with her eyes fixed upon his with paper mill. In the United States there same plan. Paris does not differ from are nearly 800 paper and pulp mills, and the smallest provincial commune in this He stoops and touches her forehead the value of the products which they particular. The system is simplicity itproduce is more than \$127,000,000. The self. A month before the elections are "Come, then," he says, eagerly. "Where use of wood pulp dates back only about to take place the event is publicly ana half century, but it has now come to nounced by means of white posters, and With a faint little smile, she draws take the place of rags to a very great a list of electors is opened at the local

stitute. It has since been found that immense trunk, if you could have got it ments of nearly all kinds of paper. ter the lapse of a few days he either gun, and climbs into the phaeton, grum- down to the cedar without attracting In making paper from rags, the rags | fetches his elector's card or it is brought attention. No. But it does not mat- are first sorted and the dust is eliminer. We can buy anything-everything. ated from them. Girls do this work by gray rabbits to," he says, irritably. "We Nothing matters when you are once out the aid of wire screens, through which shall have to get out and carry them up of their reach. Come," and putting his the dust sifts. They also sort the rags tons on garments. After the rags are broad, and is barred by a blue and red arm around her, he hurries her across the into different colors and cut off the butcut up into pieces two inches long, they stripe, the colors of the city of Paris. It stirred by means of revolving machinery, ber of the voter's inscription on the votcare being taken that no dirt shall be ing sheet, the number of the electoral ground into the fibre. The pulp in this section of the municipal constituency to er heap ruther have er good appytite form may then be bleached by a bleaching powder which, irrespective of its voting will be held, the signature of the former color, brings to a creamy voter, his Christian and surnames, the white. Next the pulp goes into the date of his birth, his profession and ad-

Where the pulp is made from wood, and hour at which the election is to take per-making machines. ways de happies'. Er centerpede's got re of log piles about the factory and sawed ed that his voting paper must be prepar-"Where have you been all day, Mr. Where have you been all day, Mr. If on your fingers, and fate drives you have asks, with her soft smile.

You must go on. The reins have dropped into short lengths and, by an ingenious into short lengths and into Hal smiles, leisurely fills and lights I ain't no pessymis', but ef yer 'spect one. Next the lengths of wood are the name written or printed of the canhis pipe, then takes the reins again, and er man ter do somethin' he oughtn't, ground into mere chips, after which didate for whom he wishes to vote. Any, yer'll not miss it nigh so of'en ez yer they go to the digesters—huge tanks— addition in writing nullifies the vote. A few hundred yards above the castle, would ef yer wuz bettin' dat he'd do where they are dissolved by cooking the left edge of the

comes time to pump it into the paper From this point the early making of covered with green baize on which is an the paper proper by hand, is easily un- oblong box, also covered with green cloth. derstood and the modern automatic and with a slit in the centre of the lid method is even more interesting. Be- This is officially called the "urn." The fore the introduction of the automotic sole function of the police in a F- hch method, the fibre, as it came from the election is to preserve order in the beating machine, was laid out into a ing station. The first electors to arsheet upon a wire sieve which acted as rive constitute the "bureau." Thus all Suitor-Now that I've invested my a mold at the same time allowing the official interference with the proceedfortune in your insurance company, I water to drain off. The pulp, thus in ings is avoided. Three volunteers take Here's a seat, rane, says har, jump the turns his back upon her, and leaves ing up with alacrity, and before Clarber and leaves her; leaves her standing there as if he

culiarly adapted metal rolls arranged, as it is called, is taken by the "assessor" one above another, in several tires, in the right hand, and then transferred through these the paper passes under to his left hand to be dropped into the pressure. The paper comes from the urn. It is thus visible to all present that machines in webs sometimes as great as only one vote at a time is registered.

supercalender the rollers are alternately of iron and compressed paper. The machines which cut the rolls of paper into sheets can be set for the very many different sizes desired. The sheets tapes onto tables which stand about prisonment. As son as the count has been as cut are delivered by a system of two and a half feet high. A girl at made the urn is sealed up and dispatcheach one o fthese tables scrutinizes each ed to the local Prefecture, where a comsheet and her trained eye quickly dis- mission sits to verify the count, and if covers a defect or spot no matter how necessary to rectify it. The correction rapidly the machines are running. Each rarely makes a difference of more than box to the left of the girl.

ing at a table beside a small gas fire in ages are book paper which requires a The mongram which often appears on

great rapidity and send it on its way to

little wheels, the fine edges, of which act

as pens in marking the lines. As the

sheets, one by one, come in contact.

with these wheels, they are ruled on

both sides, another set of circular pens

the scenes are varied. Part of the paper

is put up in boxes. Part is placed its

packages and sealed, the packer stand-

RECECCION DE LA CONTRACTOR DE LA CONTRAC Municipal Elections in France

************************* The municipal elections in France are aside her cloak, and shows him a dress- extent. The high price of rags about mairie (mansion house). Every person ing bag, and at the same time reveals the time of the civil war assisted great- who fulfils the voting qualifications is that she wears a plain traveling dress. | ly in the introduction of wood as a subproduced evidence of his identity, he is "No, my darling! We could carry an wood fibre contains all the essential ele-

to him at his residence by one of the.

In the case of Paris the card is coffee

colored, about four inches long and three

Mayor's employees.

bears on one side, in addition to the numbeating machine where it is thoroughly dress, and the signature of the Mayor cut up and mixed by mechanical knives. | the date and the stamp of the Maitre-Dar's er whole lot uv dudes dat parts Here the coloring and sizing are put in On the reverse side are the words: "Resociety," says Lady Lucelle. "Come and self—did she ever love him? Do women sit down by me—if you can sit still for speak to the men they love as she speaks."

With suipnorous acid. One of the displacement of the hill road branches to the right and somethin' good.

Never could understand why it wuz gesters will thus handle 10 or 12 tons by a red line, the triangular sections have a sin the case of the left, turning both ways amid the thick. Never could understand why it will be speak to the men they love as she speaks. society, says lady facele. Sold and self-did she ever love nim: Do women sit down by me—if you can sit still for speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speaks pines; to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speak to the right lies the villa, to the speak to the men they love as she speak to the men they I guess erbout de only reason some and the coloring and sizing added. The and the coloring and sizing added. The and the coloring of the finished product tints and colors of the finished product tints and colors of the finished product citizen from casting a double vote. Copdepend upon its treatment here. The less are then sent to the various sections. sizing which is put into it at this point The polling takes place from 8 o'clock keeps the finished product from absorbing the morning until six o'clock in the ing the ink which we apply in writing evening. Outside the polling stations, letters or, if book paper, in printing which are, as a rule, the local mairie, or upon it. From the beaters the pulp is the schoolroom, electioneering agents are chests" and is kept agitated until it stationed, who distribute voting bulletins, whom they represent. Inside is a table The calenders are equipped with pe- ond ballot. The voting paper, or bulletin,

> 160 inches in width and often at a speed At 6 o'clock volunteers are called for of 300 feet per minute. The wide rolls form among the electors present to count are next split into narrow ones and rethe votes. This operation takes place in wound. The fine grades of paper, of public, and is performed by the public. course, require a very high finish, and All posibility of cheating is thus avoidthis extra smoothness is given by means | ed. It is said that in the South of France, of supercalenders, one of which is shown in the exubrant "Midi" of Tartarin, urns in an accompanying photograph. In the with false bottoms have sometimes been used for the purpose of falsifying results, but this is hardly credible. The French law punishes electoral fraud with great severity, the penalty varying between three months and two years' imdefective sheet is thrown into a large two or three in the total. The election The paper which is to be ruled now is only on the following Friday that the goes in the various sizes to an auto- official results are declared. After this matic machine equipped with fingers the figures cannot be challenged except which are little short of being human by an appeal to the Council of State, a in their activities. The sheets are placed body which is practically equivalent to in a pile at one end of the machine | the Supreme Court in the United States, within reach of the mechanical fingers and this is a very onerous and expensive which pick up one sheet at a time with | process.—Paris Cor. N. Y. Tribune,