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3 Strong Points of

DEYLON GREEN TEA

Unequaled Purity—Strength—Flavor

Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

Won at Last

"I expect some very distinguished com- patriots of yours," resumed M. le Direc- teur; "the Lord Fitzalan and a com- panion arrive to-morrow, and Sir Wil- lam, my friend, and Sir Miss Craig, my wife, they come to-morrow. It is well that the tennis lawn looks bright; you energetic English, you love games to the last."

"Fitzalan," repeated Mr. Craig. "I know!—he is my tenant; he has had my house in the Highlands for a consider- able time."

"Indeed!" said both hearers. "Lord Fitzalan sent away his plate un- touched more than once. He spoke lit- tle, but he looked about with consid- erable interest, fixing a glass in his eye which frequently fell out and gave him a good deal of occupation."

Everard paid steady attention to his dinner. Once when about to drink a glass of champagne, he raised the glass with a nod and smile as if he drank it to Mona's health. This seemed to attract his com- panion's notice; he immediately refixed his glass, and directed his glances to her. He looked keenly at her, and she, in the remainder of the repast, evidently asking Everard numerous questions, to which he gave the shortest possible replies.

"Ah!," said he, as he toddled (a com- mon expression, but extremely expres- sive of Uncle Sandy's peculiar gait) up to the help of a stick and an umbrella, beside his niece; "the dis- tor has been telling me there are some grand folk coming to-morrow; then you will see how little time and attention he'll be able to spare for such as you and me!"

"I have been greatly mistaken in Mon- sieur Delorme if their presence makes any difference to him," she returned. "Well, you'll see; young things like you think every one is an angel that speaks a kind word. When my lady- maovers arrives, the roses and posies he has been handing you so politely every morning will all go to her ladyship's feet."

"Well, perhaps so! I don't suppose I have more penetration than my neigh- bors; but I am quite fond of Monsieur le Directeur, so I hope he will not allow any ladyship, however grand, to cut me out! I shall be deeply wounded if he does!"

"You are a foolish bairn! Now, Mona, I don't like any poor, measerable crea- ture—just like ourselves—that's a puff- ing up a handle to her name; I don't like her to show finer feathers than my brother's daughter, so if you want a new gown, you get it, my bairn; only tell me the cost beforehand!"

"You are very good and generous, un- cle; but I do not need anything. I had some of my last year's dresses—done up before we came away, and I actually do not fear comparison, even with so exalted a personage as a lady maovers," said Mona, laughing.

"That's a' richt; it's weel to have a proper spirit. We are tauld that we must not allow pride to master our hearts; but proper pride is no' included; and I have always held myself to be as good as any ither man."

"The following day, shortly before the hour for table d'ote, the stagnant wa- ters of life at Contreveville were stirred by the arrival of my Lord Fitzalan, his valet, his friend—a young man—done up in a pile of luggage, including gun- cases, fishing rods, a couple of dogs, and endless impediments of various kinds. Every waiter in the place appeared ab- sorbed in the bustle created by this im- portant arrival; and the visitors, as they assembled for dinner, talked of nothing else. The great men had signified their gracious intention of dining with the general public, and their places were being busily got ready, champagne bottles put into coolers, and extra dainties for dessert being placed at their end of the table."

"It's just a humesitating spectacle," said Uncle Sandy, taking his seat and unfolding his napkin, while his very nose seemed to curl up with contemptuous disapprobation. "To see such a like set out over two ladies that would be bet- ter earning their crust."

"I fancy, from what I have heard, Lord Fitzalan is no means young."

"Why? What do ye ken about him?"

Before she could reply, the door opened and the new guests, conducted by the manager of the hotel, entered. The first was a tall, thin, very thin man, of forty-five or fifty, whose coloring was ex- tremely neutral. His hair was of light bay color; his moustache a shade or two darker; his complexion a pale drab; his eyes a faded blue; a very long pointed nose; and a rather receding chin, did not convey an idea of mental strength, nor did his sloping shoulders, spidery legs, and long neck suggest physical power. He was clothed with extreme neatness and beautiful freshness in gray—stock- ings and all; for as he wore knicker- bockers, these were raised to his eyebrows, neckerchief, drawn through an antique ring, the ends hanging loose, was the only bit of color about him. He was smiling blandly at something the host was kindly enough to say. Mona scarcely took in these details, so surprised was she to see that her friend who followed him was Bertie Everard.

"That gentleman's keen eyes detected her instantly, but with his usual im- mobility, he merely raised his eyebrows, smiled faintly, and bowed as if he had quite expected to meet his young kin- swoman at the table d'ote. Mona was vexed at herself for coloring as she felt she did when she returned his bow, smiling at the same time with irrepres- sible amusement. The idea of an encounter between Uncle Sandy and Bertie Everard seemed infinitely comic.

a lassie wi' a proper sense of independ- ence. "Proper sense of independence!" re- peated Everard; "I fancy you will think it improper when she runs away from you!"

"Eh! but she'll no do that! She can have a good home with me if she chooses, as you know, my lord!"

"Who—me?" exclaimed Lord Fitzalan. "My good sir, what do I know about it?"

"Then you ought, considering you have rented my house for near on two years! Don't ye mind Craighdarroch?"

"Craighdarroch? by Jove! are you Craighdarroch? I had not the faintest idea I should meet my landlord in this remote region. And you, Miss Craig, are you not some sort of feudal chief? I am quite ready to swear fealty to you!"

"Naw!" exclaimed Uncle Sandy, with the strongest negation. "It's mine, so lang as I have breath! but it's nae a bad name."

"Bad! it is a lovely, picturesque spot, for a month or two in the shooting sea- son; but of course it is impossible in the winter, and especially dull in spring. Miss Craig could not live there."

"Well, she can live out of it if she likes but not wi' me. I am just wearin' to get back, and I have tauld my agent not to accept any offer frae you for fur- ther occupancy."

"That is too bad, Mr. Craig. I should like to have a third season there! It is a snug little box, and as I do not like large parties, it just suits me."

"Sma'!" repeated Mr. Craig, indignantly. "There are six large sleeping-rooms, forbye two ither, and servants' accom- modation, a drawing-room, and a din- ing-room, a library, and my museum, and cellars, etc."

"Oh, yes, a capital house," said Lord Fitzalan, with an indulgent smile to Mona, as if taking her into his confi- dence. "I don't exactly large. Miss Craig will be charmed with the views, etc. That is, if she does not already know it."

"What a funny notion that Craighdar- roch should belong to your uncle, Mona!" said Everard.

"And why shouldn't it?" asked Uncle Sandy, testily. "Why shouldn't Mona's uncle buy what he likes with the money he worked so hard to make?"

"I am sure I have no objection. Only I wish you would let Fitzalan have it for another year. I can only be with him for ten days this season, and the shooting about there is first rate."

"I am afraid you are a self-seeker, young man," said Uncle Sandy, solemnly.

"Yes, of course I am. So are you; so are we all."

"I have always tried to do my duty," returned Uncle Sandy, started by this declaration.

"I dare say: it is much the best plan; it does one no harm if you man- age properly, and it pays in the end."

"Yet," said Mona, quietly, "I can im- agine your performance of duty not being specially profitable to your employ- er."

"What right have you to say that," cried Everard, a little nettled. "It is ap- palling to think what your tongue will be when you are an old woman, con- sidering what it is at present!"

"Miss—Miss—" began Lord Fitzalan, whose memory was not retentive. "Your charming cousin will never be old."

"Well, I have letters to write, so I come along, Fitz. We had better get to bed early; it seems one must get up in the middle of the night here."

"Oh, yes, go to bed by all means. I shall come in presently. It is pleasant to see you, and I shall stay and have a glass, if you will allow me," bowed Lord Fitzalan.

"Nonsense. You'll catch your death of cold."

"Tell Achille to bring me a scarf then," returned his lordship, drawing out his fuses. "I'll join you presently, and he went off toward the stables, where he had a moment's pause, Uncle Sandy looking after the retreating figure of Fitzalan with a somewhat puzzled expression.

"Craig," he suddenly exclaimed, "Lord Fitzalan has it; same name as your uncle's, eh?"

"Exactly," said Mona, smiling.

"You'll excuse me, I never could re- member about names, and how is it you discovered this?"

"I do not know how I am Mr. Ever- ard's cousin, but my father was Mr. Craig's brother."

"Ah, yes, of course. With an air of profound comprehension, "You must be his niece. Glad you gave Bertie a set- down; he is an awfully conceited fel- low; very good, and clever and all that, but I must say, conceited. You'll not mention I said so!"

"Of course I will not."

"It is the fault of young people to be that self-opinioned that they will not hear reason," said Uncle Sandy.

time was never her own; it required some management even to make a spare half hour for her weekly letter to Mme. Debrisay, whose epistles described her loneliness very eloquently. Uncle Sandy seemed to have taken complete posses- sion of her and was indeed a more amiable and affectionate toward her than he ever had been before to any creature.

One reason, probably the strongest for the trust she inspired in him, was her superiority in manner and air, over her complete independence, which yet did not at all prevent her from treating him with gentle respect. The quiet composure of Mona's exterior hid a more fiery and sensitive soul—a depth of nature and power of love, which the "backbone" inherited with her Scotch blood at once intensified, and preserved from degenerating into weakness.

The old man's peculiarities and con- tradictions, though often provoking, were in a certain degree, interesting, yet Mona pined for the sympathetic companionship of Mme. Debrisay—the ease of rest and comfort in their cosy home. She had ripened rapidly in character and feeling from the time her short spell of brilliancy and pleasure under the rule of her uncle, and the reality of the underlying social life had revealed itself more and more, and she was fast learning how few and simple are the ingredients of true happiness.

At the present moment of recognition, she was displeased that Everard and Lord Fitzalan were to be their "companions of the Bath." She feared that the former would irritate her uncle, and she which he was a formidable per- son, and she which he had always to do a little reasoning with him, be- fore she could face him unflinchingly—a course which always brought its own reward, and in which the first step, only, ever cost anything.

(To be continued.)

ALMOST HOPELESS.

The Condition of Thousands of Pale, Anaemic Girls.

"Almost hopeless is the best way to describe the condition I was in about a year ago," says Miss Mamie Mannett, of Ashland, N. S. My health had been gradually failing, and I was sinking into a chronic invalidism. I was as white as a sheet, my blood apparently having turned to water. I had no appetite, suffered from indigestion and dizziness, the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a decline. I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly recommended by the news- papers, and I decided to give them a trial. I am a fortunate girl for me when I came to this decision, as they have not only restored my health, but have actually made me stronger than ever I was before. I now have a good appetite, a good color, and new energy, and I am satisfied that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which I cheerfully recommend to other pale, feeble, ailing girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly cured Miss Mannett, simply because they make the system to throw off poisons and bring robust health and cheerfulness to pale anaemic sufferers. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure bloodlessness just as surely as blood cures hunger, and the new blood which the pills make braces the nerves and tones and strengthens the organ and every part of the body. That is why these pills strike straight at the root of such common diseases as head- aches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheuma- tism, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and other troubles from which women and grow- ing girls suffer in silence. It has been proved in thousands of cases that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure after doctors and all other medicines have failed. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box, or you will get an inferior. Write for a free trial box of six boxes for \$1.00, enclosing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Annual excursion to Ogdenburg on Str. America, Thursday noon, of Y. P. A. Grace Church, Gananoque. Round trip 25 cents.

MORE OFFICIAL TESTS.

Fourteen additional official tests have been accepted in the Canadian Holstein-Friesian Record of Merit. These tests were all made under the supervision of Prof. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, during the period of seven days. The amounts of milk and butter fat reported are actual; the amount of butter is estimated from the fat by adding one-sixth.

1. Lillian Pickle De (2776), at 7y. 11m. 18d. equivalent butter 12.8 lbs. Owner, W. H. Sim- mons, Northam.

2. Car Bora (2961) (2967), at 6y. 6m. 13d. milk 46.5 lbs.; butter fat 16.1 lbs. equiv- alent butter 18.79 lbs. Owner, W. W. Brown, Lga.

3. Inka DeKol Pieterse (2541), at 4y. 6m. 11d. milk 42.25 lbs.; butter fat 11.75 lbs.; equivalent butter 13.72 lbs. Owner, W. W. Brown, Lga.

4. Loloa, at 3y. 3m. 23d.; milk 47.66 lbs.; butter fat 13.35 lbs.; equivalent butter 16.2 lbs. Owner, W. H. Simmons.

5. Diotina (2468) (2527), at 3y. 4m. 13d.; milk 27.12 lbs.; butter fat 11.61 lbs. equivalent butter 13.55 lbs. Owner, H. Bol- ler, Cassel, Ont.

6. Calamity Duchess Posch (4969), at 3y. 2m. 15d.; milk 58.1 lbs.; butter fat 16.75 lbs.; equivalent butter 18.54 lbs. Owner, Walter S. Schell, Woodstock, Ont.

7. Howtze Alhino Inka (3171), at 2y. 3m. 10d.; milk 47.37 lbs.; butter fat 11.59 lbs.; equivalent butter 13.52 lbs. Owner, Fred Row, Curries.

8. Corinne DeKol Albino (3170), at 3y. 2m. 26d.; milk 48.75 lbs.; butter fat 10.25 lbs.; equivalent butter 12.68 lbs. Owner, Fred Row, Curries.

9. Tidy Pauline De Kol (4878), at 2y. 3m. 7d.; milk 37.46 lbs.; butter fat 12.34 lbs. equivalent butter 14.39 lbs. Owner, H. Bol- ler, Cassel.

10. Verbeke Posch (3216), at 2y. 1m. 24d.; milk 46.5 lbs.; butter fat 12.34 lbs.; equivalent butter 13.93 lbs. Owner, Walter S. Schell, Woodstock, Ont.

11. Celestia Scott, at 2y. 5m. 22d. milk 39.2 lbs.; butter fat 11.75 lbs.; equivalent butter 13.83 lbs. Owner, W. H. Simmons.

12. Calamity Grace (4771), at 2y. 10 m. 27d.; milk 47.37 lbs.; butter fat 11.59 lbs.; equivalent butter 13.52 lbs. Owner, Walter S. Schell.

13. Countess Daisy Clay (4242), at 2y. 1m. 7d.; milk 47.37 lbs.; butter fat 11.59 lbs.; equivalent butter 13.52 lbs. Owner, Warbur- ton, Woodstock, Ont.

14. Homestead J. (4681), at 2y. 2m. 27d.; milk 39.52 lbs.; butter fat 8.29 lbs.; equiv- alent butter 9.63 lbs. Owner, J. W. Cobbe, New Durham.

G. W. CLEMONS, Secretary.

Mr. John Marsh, who has been jailer of the Bellevue jail since May, 1881, has handed in his resignation to Sheriff Hope, with the request that he be relieved on July 1.

Booming Mme. Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt's tour of America, which ended last week, was epoch mak- ing in some respects. Four years ago Mme. Bernhardt played to theatres al- most empty, yet the results of the past season are described as highly satisfac- tory to her and her managers—a fact which she will tell you that she has not entirely to the "circus" methods em- ployed to tell the public that Bernhardt was coming.

Not never before perhaps with a dignified star of the first magnitude her adver- tising methods have been employed in so striking a way. It is a fact that her tour ex- hausted the ingenuity of eight different press agents, who were employed one af- ter another by her managers, only to re- sign in succession when they found the advertising pace growing too hot for the demands upon their inventive ingenuity growing too great.

Eight of the most bustling press agents in the business treated Mme. Bernhardt exactly the same. She would be treated the greatest show on earth in the hazy days of P. T. Barnum. While some other theatrical stars gazed in amazement at the methods employed, total- ly unvariance with the traditions about the dignity of a star, they sadly com- pared their own box office receipts with the coffers of the Bernhardt aggregation.

"If Bernhardt can play in a tent," said Mr. Marlowe to an intimate friend re- cently, "then tents and barns should be good enough for the rest of us. If she can stand for such advertising they can do what they please when advertising me in the future."

That Miss Marlowe is not alone in thus expressing the sentiment of the profes- sion is shown by the fact that she and Mr. Sothern have just engaged for next season as their own press representative the first press agent on Mme. Bern- hardt's recent tour. It should be added that there are those who believe that William F. Connor, Mme. Bernhardt's manager, proved himself on his tour to be the greatest advertiser of them all.

Luck favored the Bernhardt tour from the start. The steamer on which the company came was due on Saturday morning, but did not arrive until Sun- day. Bernhardt thus missed the train planned for her departure for Chicago, where she was to open Monday night.

Mr. Connor saw the advertising possi- bilities of running a special train to Chi- cago on an eighteen hour schedule, or better, and so the Bernhardt special started out to break the record of the Twentieth Century Limited. Press agent No. 1 was in Chicago. He got the publicity of an afternoon paper to get out Bernhardt special editions all day Monday. Consequently the news- boys of Chicago shouted all day long:

"Eleven o'clock—Bernhardt special train passes Toledo two minutes ahead of the record time."

"Twelve o'clock—Bernhardt has just entered the dining car."

"Twelve twenty-three—Bernhardt drinks a glass of milk."

This sort of thing, kept up until the Bernhardt special arrived in Chicago, aroused tremendous interest. The result was a packed house the opening night.

Press Agent No. 1 found the Bernhardt game too arduous, however, and at his own request was transferred to another company. Press agent No. 2 was in Can- ada when a couple of rotten eggs were thrown by some drunken students at Mme. Bernhardt's carriage in Quebec. The stories which followed about the whole party's turning out to rotten egg Bernhardt reflected great credit upon his imagination.

Another yarn he supplied dealt with the French Ambassador at Washington, who was represented as protesting to the German agent Bernhardt, with the crimination of a Bernhardt, with a theatrical trust. This story, which at- tained wide publicity, bought about his resignation, as Mme. Bernhardt objected to using her Ambassador as a medium of advertising.

For Bernhardt's New York engage- ment Press Agent No. 3 employed 150 men to stand in line all day before the sale opened, presumably to buy tickets. This line of ticket purchasers was duly photographed to the interest of Bernhardt. This stimulated the legiti- mate purchasers.

The Bernhardt tent story is also at- tributed to him. The story was that Bernhardt could not get bookings in Tex- as theatres and that her manager would exhibit her in a tent.

It may be explained that no theatrical star of prime importance ever wants to play in Texas. Stars like John Drew, Edna Adams, E. H. Sothern, Julia Mar- lowe and all the big attractions never think of visiting Texas, where the towns are too small and far apart to make a tour profitable.

The tent story, however, spread with such rapidity and had such prominence that Manager Connor decided he would have to make good, and subsequently did present Bernhardt in a tent, though she played only one tent performance in Texas. This was at Dallas, on March 29, when people for hundreds of miles near by crowded into the tent to see Bernhardt exhibited like a circus per- former.

After six weeks press agent No. 4 gave up because of illness. Some people say he was worked almost to death.

His best contribution to the Bern- hardt library of fiction was the an- nouncement that a syndicate of financi- ers had erected in New York, at Broad- way and Thirty-ninth street, a new the- atre, to be called the Bernhardt Theatre and to be opened next September by Bernhardt. Workmen have not yet be- gun to build that theatre.

Press agent No. 5 handed out some very entertaining fiction about the ac- tress and while most of his exploits took place in the west, they were occasion- ally telegraphed to New York. It was at Chicago, that the alleged visit to Aus- tralia by Bernhardt and a side trip to Japan were announced to the public.

No. 8 had probably the most vivid im- agination of any of the press agents and his own personal narrative of the alleged wreck of the Bernhardt train, printed in Chicago, is a classic. Mme. Bernhardt was in the act of taking a bath in her private bathroom when the train left the rails, according to this report, and sub-

CURRENT COMMENT.

A crank is any person who opposes our views.

When the Czar's soldiers refuse to fire on the peasants, bureaucracy receives a hint to put its house in order.

Winnipeg by a vote of nearly two to one has declared for Sunday cars, and by a vote of nearly seven to one em- barsks on a \$3,500,000 power venture.

It is stated by United States At- torney-General Moody that Canadian law- yers are still to be paid \$22,500 for ser- vices in the extradition of Gaylor and Greene, which cost \$100,000. And what did the lawyers get for helping them to resist extradition?

The French Supreme Court is to af- firm the innocence of the much-persecut- ed Dreyfus and the guilt of Esterhazy. The victim of the gross failure of justice suffered much, but Nemesis overtook his enemies and meted out the full mea- sure of punishment to them.

Sam Jones, the revivalist, condemns the breakfast-eating habit. Three years ago he swore off breakfasts, and be- gins his work day with a prayer and a cup of coffee. But if Sam's work were digging pipe line trenches or loading hay from tangled winrows, we fear he would tackle dice early long.

Russia is not in a favorable position financially. Between October of this year and July, 1911, says Prof. Martin, Rus- sia has to repay loans of a total value of \$572,000,000. Apart from the \$125,000,000, immediately due, there is a loan of \$40,785,000 on May 14, 1909, and a Ger- man-Dutch loan of \$125,000,000, Russia's national debt is \$4,440,000,000, com- ing next to that of France, which is \$6,000,000,000. The annual interest payable by Russia is \$180,750,000. Now the new loan of \$450,000,000 has been negotiated, and the budget for 1906 foresees a debt of \$150,243,750, and this without any al- lowance being made for the repayment of the short loan of \$125,000,000 payable in October and November. To make mat- ters worse the confidence of Europe in the Imperial Bank of Russia is none too strong.

The cold-blooded and cowardly assas- sination of a man in a roof garden in New York by a dissolute millionaire, and the circumstances attending it, shed light on the causes of the prevailing dis- respect for law and disregard of the sanctity of life in some of the United States cities. Immediately this mil- lionaire has done his coward deed and it is realized that denial will not serve the occasion, officials are found volun- teering the assurance that he was "evi- dently crazy." Prompt examination by expert alienists, even in the face of those millions, proves the miscreant to be sane, and at once it is cunningly suggested to him by a query to plead that he was about to be attacked by his victim! As hundreds might by their testimony ef- fort even that plea a concerted effort is being made to mitigate the dastardly crime by aspersing the character of the victim, and alleging in extenuation by- gone insults to the assassin's wife.

Now the admission of that plea would be fatal to the principle upon which society is organized—destructive of the basis of law and order. It would excuse every crime, no matter how base and cowardly, and enthrone private revenge on the ruins of our Christian civilization.

If this millionaire's wife had suffered insult at any man's hands, the law pro- vided a remedy, and it was not as if he lacked the money to invoke the law. In New York no man with millions is likely to see his cause lack partisans or suffer unjustly in the courts. This as- sassin knew that. He was well aware that the legal righting of any wrongs that he suffered was within his reach. He did not seek such redress. He plotted murder; and he committed the crime. He should suffer the full penalty provided for such assassins.

Perhaps he will not. He has millions with which to stifle the demand for jus- tice, to fee shrewd lawyers, to procure the defamation of the man he murdered, and to picture himself as an avenging Nemesis instead of the sneaking mur- derer of a defenceless victim. But if he has millions and his allegations of right- eous revenge succeed in saving him from the death of the malefactor, another step will have been taken in the work of degrading law, defying social order, and making the taking of human life safe for any villain who chooses to allege that in doing so he but avenged a personal wrong. The victim is dead. His mouth is closed. But Society, if true to itself, does not need to consider him. It furnished the means to adju- dicate on and right all such wrongs; and the man who in his lust for blood ignores that means and coolly resorts to murder ought to suffer the penalty. Every such scoundrel allowed to breathe the air of freedom lowers regard for law and the public estimate of the sanctity of human life.

SAVE THE BABIES.

Mother, an investment of 25 cents now may save your baby's life. Cold, diarrhoea and cholera infantum carry off thousands of little ones during the hot weather months. A box of Baby's Own Tablets cost but 25 cents and there is security and safety in this medicine. Give an occasional Tablet to the well child and you will keep it well. Give them to the child if trouble comes swiftly and see the ease and comfort this medicine brings. And you have the guarantee of a government analyst that the medicine contains no poison- ous opiate. Mrs. R. Metlin, Hal- fax, N. S., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a valuable medicine for the stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Wil- liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

BRITISH CAPTAIN'S PLUCK.

School of Sharks Round a Sinking Ship.

A thrilling story of a British captain's pluck is told by the survivors of the steamer British King, which foundered during a fierce gale in the Atlantic. Twenty-eight lives were lost in the disaster, which was due to wreckage being washed overboard and thrown back against the hull by the furious waves. The continued battering soon caused the vessel to leak badly, and she eventually sank.

It was during the attempt made to re- pair the damage done to the hull of the vessel that Captain O'Hagan sustained injuries which