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IN CHICAGO AFTER TY TEREE MONTHS.

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leed Hollow York, filed m with the the club is Aretic and ol that the position or Reed, that e, may be certainty." Reed, AlTHE USURPER

CHAPTER 1.

Neville Lynne leaned back on his pick, melancholy, fashion across the plain. view; in fact, it was as hideous as can than a smile or a civil "Good morning" be imagined, and would have given a from him.

and poverty of a digger's camp.

this cheerful prospect during the whole don't get too much of his pride and bore disinclination for anything in the shape of what had seemed an endless day, and a hole through him." was now sinking in a bed of fire, to But though many, doubtless, would my diggin's and says he's got company stoke up for the next day's scorching. have liked to have perforated the young as wanted me, wanted me bad. There were a few trees in the valley, but up, no one had yet attempted it; the thought at first the Scuffler had been not a parched leaf of them moved. A reflection that he was a very quick hand on one of his sprees and was a bit wanbird or two flew listlessly across the at the perforating process himself de- dering, but he took his oath that he waste, but dropped with heavy wings on terred the desperadoes. to the scorehing rocks or the cracking The sun sank at last, and Neville, as if whiskey the whole blessed day, and I tent poles. If they had dropped into the he had been waiting for its disappearance, went along with him. And it was gostents themselves no man would have dropped into the hole and resumed work. pel truth, for there was a new chum molested them, for every man was too But there was not much heart in his lying there a-handing in his checks as tired, too dead beat and atterly ex- strokes, and he seized the appearance of fast as he could. Scuffler said he'd found bausted even to knock down a bird.

out under their skins like the lines of a stopping again, and, once more leaning "Didn't I say as there was a child?" Gothic cathedral, stood sleepily in what upon his pick, waited and gazed. remained of the river, and the only The man came up with a lagging gait of a girl, like a young colt. And-where sounds that broke the natural stillness and threw himself down on the edge of am I now? Oh, ah, yes, the Scuffler of this aggravating, soul-crushing heat the hole. He was inexpensively attired found the old gent-for he's a real gent, were the click of a pick in some claim, in a pair of trousers made out of meal young un, or I've forgotten in this Godthe listless bark of a dog, and now and sacks, a shirt frayed and torn and rather forsaken hole how to tell a gentlemanagain a feeble shout from Sandy Mac- blacker than a tinker's boots, which no lying in the road, and Scuffler, doing the gregor's grog tent, where some men were self-respecting tramp in England or good Samaritan, helped him into his drowning care, and poisoning themselves America would have deigned to pick up, shanty, and not having any oil or a with the liquid which Mr. Maegregor, and a chimney-pot hat so battered and penny to bless himself with, does the with a facetious sess which was beyond napless and brimless as to convey the next best thing he could, and went for all praise, called "whiskey."

Lorn Hope Camp was very much down on its luck. There was gold in the for doing so. ravine, everybody believed, or said he did, but for some weeks past no man had is always a doctor, a barrister, not un- has spent many months in a digger's succeeded in finding it, and but for the frequently a baronet and occasionally a camp, especially when the camp hapheat what remained of Lorn Hope Camp clergyman in a diggers' camp—and he, tpens to be one like the Lorn Hope, in would have up sticks and departed for some other Hope less forlorn; but the ing always to the abbreviated cognomen present or very near, heat had burned up the energy, melted the purpose, sapped the perseverance of nearly all, and the men of Lorn Hope Camp still clung on, digging occasionally. sleeping often, quarrelling at times and drinking whiskey always.

Neville Lynne's "claim" was at the end of the ravine, half an hour or more from the camp at which he gazed. A rough hut of planks and canvas stood at a little distance, and in this Neville and his partner and an old woman-so old that the "boys" had christened her Mrs. Meth, as short for Methuselah -had lived. "Had," for the evening before Neville's partner, disgusted by the run of bad luck, had cleared out and de-

Why Neville Lynce had not gone, too, he could not have told. His belief in the bresence of this hidden gold was certainly no stronger than that of the other diggers, and as certainly he had not grown to love the hideous, sandy, dusty, sunstricken plain; but something, some feeling he could not have defined if his life had depended upon his doing so, had made him reluctant to leave the Lorn Hope, and there he stood, penniless, solitary and most utterly bored, on the edge of his barren claim, with the last rays of the sun spitefully smiting him on the head, and the flies buzzing round his

There were two reasons why Neville Lynne's claim was at a distance from the camp. The first was because he believed Hope is clean played out. Why don't ing the ascrtion with an emphatic digger ond, because he was different from the Neville Lynne leaned against the side It took him some time, notwithstandrest of the men who composed Lorn of the pit and looked absently across the ing the distance was so short, to reach

-he was very young, younger than he looked, a mere lad just under twentywas a gentleman, and the rest of the

camp were not. Now, the one gentleman in a society found and sleepy satisfaction in the of blacklegs, lags, roughs and ruffians is eleemosynary tobacco. "Seems to me empty boxes covered with sacks, and as always regarded by them with a certain there won't be many of us left to go, the doctor had said, he was dying. The amount of envy, malice and uncharitable- if we don't look sharp about it. Two doctor had called him old, but though ness. It is very painful and disadvan- more waiting for the undertaker this the man's hair was grey, almost white, tageous to be the only honest and well- morning-sunstroke; and there's three and his face thin and wasted, he was bred man in a party, whether it is a lying low besides. Guess we'd better pienic party or a party of gold diggers, wait and bury 'em all together; it's a and it was very much to the relief of the saving of time, though time don't appear face which denotes the gentleman; the majority that Neville pitched his tent a to be money in this yere camp now." mile and a half from the main body.

And yet, though they regarded him him. There was not a reckless, desperate, dare-devil among them who possessed and half a dozen others as well. more pluck than the young 'un, as he was called. He was, in their expressive language, "all grit," and they knew that he was as ready with his revolver and his fists as any of them, and though slow at beginning a fight, was slower

still at leaving off. On his first joining the camp Bully Swanger a regular desperado had "gene for him" with the altogether unlooked for result of laying the bully on his back for rather more than a fort- at the poison shop." night, and since then the young 'un had been severely let alone. There were some, the best of the crew, who would said. have been friendly with the lad who had so offectively shown that he could hold his own, but oil and vinegar will not mix | ment, remarked: easily, and though Neville Lynne was civil and courteous to all, he was not

Even with his partner, the least dishonest man in the camp. Neville had been | the bottom of that, young un." reserved and reticent, and the man had "I don't think there is," assented Nevworked with him, slept in the hut beside | ille, looking down at the hole. "I shall him, shared his meals and hopes and stick to it for-say two days longer, and disappointments, without learning his then ____"

Emulsion.

real name or saything about him. There were two or three women in the and, wiping the perspiration from his camp, mostly old and battered, who eyed face, gazed in a ruminative, not to say the young man curiously and admiringly, but not even the youngest and least ill-It was not a particularly pleasant looking of them had ever received more

scene in our own English black country "The young un's as full of pride as points, and beaten it easily. For it was Mac's whiskey is of fusel oil," remarked the last three days." an Australian gold field; an arid, dusty the wit of the camp; 'that's' what's the plain, which would have been ugly at matter with him. Shouldn't be surprised un. Well, last night, or yesterday evenany time, but was rendered simply ap- if he was a young dook in disguise. Some ing, the Scuffler" (the gentleman so palling by the dirt, confusion, squalor of these days he'll skip around with a called was one of the idle vagabonds of coronet on his head and then flop up to the camp, who was always ready for The sun had been glaring down upon heaven. That is, if some of the boys fight or a drink, but showed a marked

a solitary figure coming slowly across him and the gal-A group of horses, whose bones stood the plain toward him as an excuse for "What girl?" asked Neville.

idea that the man who would wear it me.

"Well, young un," he said, mopping his face, seamed and hollowed by a long uninterrupted course of camp whiskey. 'Still hangin' on?" "Still hanging on, Doc," said Neville,

with as cheerful a nod as could be expected under the circumstances. The doctor stared at the handsomesun-browned face with its short, crisp hair looking almost yellow against the darkened skin and the clear blue eyes that met him squarely, and then let his own blinking, undecided ones drop into

"Seems as if there weren't any more luck for this yere camp, don't it?" "Yes, it seems so," assented Neville, listlessly, as he took out his pipe. The doctor's eyes glistened.

"Ain't got any 'baca to spare, I suppose?" he remarked. "Oh, yes," said Neville, and he tossed

The doctor caught it with eager, shaking hands, crammed a blackened briar as as it would hold, hid another pipeful in the palm of his hand with charming dexterity, and tossed the pouchwith just half a pipeful remaining-back

"Partner's cleared out, ain't he?" Neville nodded as he lit his pipe. "Tired out at last, ch? Ah, well, I'm not surprised. Why on earth the rest of young un, and I've ocen testing you view the boys don't up sticks and cut it, I gospel truth. Every drop the stranger ean't make out. Appears to me Lorn | don't drink I'll hand back," and confirm-

suppose I shall presently." marked the doctor, squatting on his ment, pushed aside the tatered canvas haunches and puffing away with pro- that served as a door and entered.

The doctor was not an American-no one knew exactly what country could with a groundless dislike, and a not alto- rightly claim the honor of his birth; but gether groundless envy, they respected he had been in the California gold fields and had caught the tone of that country "Sickness always follows other

luck," said Noville. "Not much sickness about you young un," remarked the doctor, eyeing the slim but well-knit frame approvingly. "No I'm all right enough," assented your profession, Doc."

"Kind of a teetotaller, ain't you?" said the doctor. "Don't see you often

"No, but I'm not a teetotaller." he The doctor smoked on in silence for a minute or so, then, without any move-

Neville smiled absently.

Consumption is less deadly than it used to be.

Certain relief and usually complete recovery

will result from the following treatment:

Hope, rest, fresh air, and -Scott's

ALL DRUGGISTS; 80c. AND \$1.00.

"Well, I must be going. And so you mean to stick on here, then?" "For the present-yes," said Neville. "It ain't no good. There's nothing at

you in a crick." The dying man waited until the canvas

> feebly. "My poor child! done. Don't ery, Syl. it's I was should cry, for-for when I think of you all alone in the world, without even me to help and protect you-" He drew a long sigh, and the tears filled his eyes. "But listen, Syl. I am going to give you something. It is something very pre-

The doctor nodded. "Well, here's luck to you," and he next your heart, and and when you rised an imaginary glass. "I must be are eighteen, open it, and-

He half rose, then sank down again. "There, now! Hang it all, if I haven't clean gone and forgotten what I'd come for," and he smote his leg feebly, causing a great cloud of dust to rise. "You ain't got a drop of brandy-real brandy -Cognae, you know-not old Mac'shave you, young un?"

Neville hesitated and glanced at him. take!" said the doctor, as promptly as the heat and his jelly-fish condition would permit. "Mac's poison is good enough for me; I want it for the stran-

"The what?" asked Neville. "What, ain't you heard?" rejoined the doctor, stretching himself. "I've not been down to the camp for

"No? You ain't very sociable, young of work) "the Scuffler comes down to hadn't had more than half a pint of

said the doctor. "Well, there was, a bit

could only have insanity as an excuse "Who is he?" asked Neville, not callously, but with that lack of keen inter-He was the doctor of Lorn Hope—there est which becomes natural to a man who too, like Neville, was nameless, answer- which sickness and death are always

The doctor carefully stopped his pipe, using his begrimed finger as the stopper, and shook his head. "Not knowing, can't say. Visitors to the Lorn Hope don't, as a rule, bring

letters of recommendation with 'em, or call around dropping visiting cards, and the stranger ain't no exception. But he's a gent, I'll swear, and it occurred to me that you, being also a gent, might feel inclined to part with a drop of the real old stuff-that is, if you'd got it." "There is no resisting such a compliment as that, Doc," said Neville. "1 think there is a little Cognac left; if so,

you are welcome to it." He put his strong hand on one side of the pit, and leaping lightly to the top, went toward the hut. The doctor fol liwed him and stood leaning against the apology for a door, while Neville unlocked a strong box, and, after some hummaging about, found a bottle con-

taining a small quantity of brandy. "There you are," he said, tossing it to the doctor, who caught it as dexterously as he had caught the tobacco pouch "Is there anything else I can do, Doc?" "No, not as I knows on, and I'm thinking no one else can do anything." Then hiding the bottle under his tattered

shirt, he patted it meaningly. "Don't you be afraid; I'm sauare,

the camp, and, passing right through it, To put it shortly, the young fellow plain.

"I don't know," he replied at last. "I he stopped at a shanty rather more ruinous and tumble-down than the rest, "That's what most of 'em says," re- and after a knock by way of announce-A man was lying upon three upturned this side of fifty. There was that unmistakable look of refinement about the hands clutching the ragged blanket were thin and small and well-shaped. Beside him knelt a young girl, a thin slip of a child, with great grey eyse and a wealth of dark hair that swept over her pale little face. She was not crying, but there was a world of mute anguish in the big

grey eyes as she turned them from the dying man's face to the whiskey-sodden "Hullo, here we are again!" remarked that gentleman, with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness. "And how are

Neville "I trouble the baker more than | we getting on now? Is there such a | He thing as a glass about? Ah, no, the Scuffler don't go in for such luxuries." He spells words that I cannot spell with He held the bottle to the man's lips and Now, missie, just raise your father-"Father," said the girl.

As if her voice were more effectual than the spirit in rousing him, the dying man raised his head and looked from one to the other. Then he made a motion which the doctor accepted as a sign | late."

"Want to be alone a bit, eh?" he said. "All right. You give me a call if you often I'm late." want me . I'll go and take a hand at beggar-my-neighbor with the Scuffler. Just call out 'Doc,' missie, and I'm with

curtain had flapped to upon the doctor's back, then he signed to the girl to come nearer. She laid her head upon the pillow, a sack stuffed with grass, and wound her arm round his neck. "I'm going to leave you, Syl," he said, child! It is hard. But God's will be

cious, and I want you to guard it as if

let any one take it from you. Hide it His voice failed him. He touched his breast and signed to her to take something from his pocket, and she drew out a small, flat package. It was

covered with parchment stained and creased, but securely scaled at each end. Do Not Dose With Purgatives --"Take it," he whispered. "Put it in the bosom of your dress and-and keev it there. Some day-His voice faltered and broke and his

against her sob-shaken little breast. tenance, rendered all the more unprepossessing by a slight cast in the left eve. It was not only ugly, but a mean and villainous-looking face, and the expression of eagerness and craft in the eyes as they glared watchfully at the dying man and the girl would have provided a very nice model for a painter who

the dying man. "Have you hidden the packet? Remember-hide it! keep it! guard it! It is the secret of your life, old are you, Syl?" Her lips former "fifteen."

"All over, Doc?" he asked. The doctor nodded with a gravity which would not have discredited his flourishing professioal days.

"All over, Scuffler," he said, "Fetch one of the women; the child's fainted." nearly stumbled over a third person; it was the owner of the face which had ers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six been thrust between the boards. Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. "Hullo, Lavarick," he said. "Is that

"What's on, Scuffler?" asked the individual addressed. "I've only just come up. Anybody bad." "Yes, bad and worse!" retorted the Scuffler, with a chuckle of surprise at

his own wit. "Dear me," said Lavarick, "I'll go in and see if I can be of any assistance." And softly rubbing his hands together, he entered the hut.

---DRUGGING CHILDREN A SOURCE OF DANGER China

ing its sickness. You are merely drugging it into temporary insensibil Soothing medicines contain opiates and an overdose may kill Baby's Own Tablets you have the fifth incumbent of the see. that this medicine is safe. And you an April campaign on the lines of the Realm have the word of thousands of grate- great revival now going on in Philadelful mothers that this medicine will phia. promptly cure all the minor ailments | Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, who made of childhood. Mrs. L. W. Smith, St. such a successful tour of this country, Giles, Que., says: "I have used Baby's has broken down, and will be forced to Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. R. Own Tablets for my little girl for con- take a long rest. stipation and other troubles and have found them the best medicine I have ever used." Sold by medicine dealers 102 years old, is in full possession of all or by mail at 25 cents a box from The his faculties. Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

My little bay has learned a lot since first he started off to school; lately learned by rule;

once knew how to parse, but now knack somehow is gone from me; He fairly chews the grammar up; he knows the whole thing to a T; Sometimes he is inclined, I fear, to look upon me with disdain, But I still come in handy here-I earn

the pleasures that we gain. cannot name the boundaries of Burma or Beloochustan;

He does it with the greatest case, an proudly shows me that he can; He works out problems that I shun, although I could have solved them

he regards me as a dunce; tle success. Perhaps I might go back and learn if I had fewer daily cares, But, after all, 'tis I that earn the food he cats, the clothes he wears,

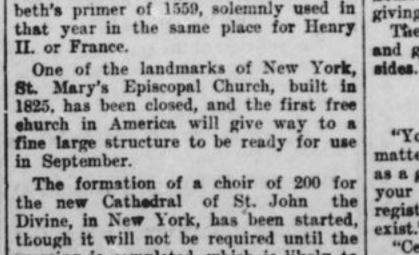
My little boy is learning fast, while I | been signed. forget, year after year; The records of the misty past, to vague, to him are clear; writes a better hand than I, his

letters are more plainly made; out the dictionary's aid; a few drops passed them. "That's better. He is inclined sometimes, I fear, to think my boyhood was misspent, he is your father, or grandfather, But I still come in handy here: I foot the bills and pay the rent.

> On the Road. "In order to achieve success," remarked the sage of Sageville, "it behooves a young man to be at his desk early and | ten years the sum will reach \$424,000.

"That's. me," rejoined the office boy. | the distinction of being the oldest mem-"Sometimes I'm there early, but more ber of the French Episcopate has fallen

to Mensignor Monnier, Titular Bishop of Lydda, who became a priest in 1843. The recent royal memorial service at DODD'S



The formation of a choir of 200 for the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, has been started, though it will not be required until the

crossing is completed, which is likely to be two years off. The English Court of Arches will Never be doing nothing.-Sir Walter shortly be called on to decide whether Scott.

communion may be refused a newlymarried pair who infringed the ecclesiastical laws in wedding under the deceased wife's sister act.

The Society of Friends in England has home mission tents, a gospel car, circulation library boxes, a summer school, a temperance union and various other modern means of spreading their faith and good work.

The first mission at Kobe, Japan, was Not exactly sick-but not feeling established by Rev. John L. Atkinson, appetite variable, sometimes head- after an uninterrupted period of 35 aches and a feeling of depression. Per- years' work among the people of the far

that the blood is out of order; that of about \$500 a year, an average of 600 mark upon you and may easily develop expense including not only the missioninto more serious trouble. Don't dose ary's salary, but lighting, heating and The Mexican tour of Bishop Berry and Dr. H. K. Carroll ended at Mexico City,

where was held the twenty-fourth annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of that country, this year's gathering being the largest of any ever weakened nerves, and thus give you new held there. The church split in Scotland involved the division of over \$10,000,000 worth of income bearing funds, of which the 130 congregations of the present Free

Church will receive outright a little pressed men and women bright, ac more than \$1,800,000, the rest going to the 1,100 congregations that adhere to tive and strong. Mr. Harry Huggins, Oshawa, Ont., says: "I don't think "Ah, my dear, my dear, if I could only there is anything equal to Dr. Wil- The First Methodist Episcopal Church stay with you. All alone in the world. liams' Pink Pills as a cure for ner- South, which has just dedicated a new All alone! and such a child. But God's vousness, indigestion and a run down \$125,000 building at Fort Worth, Tex.,

will-" He stopped, his face working, condition of the blood. For some time has the distinction of having raised the his eyes fixed on her with pitying love I was a great sufferer from these trou- largest single day's collection ever taken and tenderness. "Good-by, Syl, good-" bles. I tried several remedies, but in the southwest, \$47,000 having been greasy cards in his claws at her cry, ing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before | For 46 years Elijah Lindley has been

and the uncouth dust-stained tigure of taking them I feit like an old man, parish clerk of Burton Joyce, a hamlet but by the time I had taken four boxes about five miles from Nottingham, Engmy strength had returned, my appetite land, and in that time has tolled the improved, my nerves were steady and deathknell for three sovereigns George IV., William IV. and Queen Victoria-If you need a medicine this spring besides assisting at 320 marriages, 1,500 baptisms and 1,000 funerals.

Uses for Austrian Recruits.

Like the famous John Gilpin, the

boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' heir to the throne has a frugal mind and, it has been maliciously whispered, sees great chances to exercise this virtue at the expense of the poor recruits. Scores of these who come from the country are drafted off to the arch

ducal estate and do their military service there, much of it consisting in gamekeepers' duties in the Arch duke's pheasant preserves. The recruits are also used when improvements in the parks and grounds are being made. According to one story squads of them are marched about and made to do duty as dummy trees while the heir to the throne stands at a distance and experiments as to where a clump of trees would

Prencess Henry of Battenberg has giv. look best The soldiers, being merely human, en the Battenberg Chapel in the Isle of Wight a sculptured figure in stone of object all the more because there Christ portrayed with uplifted hand as are no extra rations for this kind of duty. They have generally to shift for themselves and their miser-The Bishop of Chichester, England, who able pay only procures them food child. When you give your little one has just been consecrated, is the ninety- far poorer than that which they would get in barracks, although that is not guarantee of a government analyst | The Baptists of Atlanta are planning | very sumptuous.-From the Lady's

> TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tableta. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. Mo.

The oldest parish priest in France is Women's Rights in Brazil. M. Gadenne, of Roches, who, although "The curse of Brazil lies in the great lliteracy of its men and women,' de-

The Year Book of the Church of Eng. clared Edward B. Norris, an Englishland shows that during 1907 the sum of man who has been many years a resi-\$37,500,000 was given by churchmen for | dent of Rio Janeiro. "According to the official government general parochial business. figures the illiteracy is eighty per cent. The London County Council has order. ed the closing of 79 voluntary schools be- | Certainly a country where only one man

Much that I long ago forgot he has but longing to the Church of England be- in five can read and write and only one cause the buildings are not fit for use. | woman in twenty, has cause to blush at the ignorance of its people. A country Special mission sermons are being of enormous size, yet with a population of Lincolnshire, England, who in a few of only 16,000,000, Brazil is eadly handicapped by lack of modern enterprise and an enlightened citizenship. One of the Near Coal City, Ind., stands Salem most encouraging features of the coun-Church, which was built of logs back in try is the low esteem in which woman 1840, and, although abandoned now as a s held. A great many Brazilian girls marry by the time they are twelve years old and are grandmothers long be-Preparations are being made in Philaelphia for the observance of the twen- fore they are thirty. Woman is regarded as a chattel, and in many a ousehold of the republic never opens her mouth except at the bidding of her Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, the former pas- husband."-Baltimore American.

Giving Him a Pointer.

trying to regain his health, but with lit-"Naggus!" said Borus, 'you've seen that story of mine that's running through The Collegiate Church of the Covenant, one of the magazines. How would you in New York, a congregation formed by advise me to wind it up? I want to the union of three Baptist churches, is now a reality, as the papers have all give it a happy ending."

"Put all the characters in the story," answered Naggus, "aboard an excursion steamer for a moonlight ride. Send the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in charge boat out to the middle of the lakeof the orphanage near Hazeh, have been

forced to take refuge at Shanghai for "And blow it up."

Applications for tickets for the Eu-Certainly Was Bad. charistic Congress, to be held in London "Confound it!" growled Mr. Stubb as the coming summer, are already running into the second thousand and are coming | they started off to the theatre. "What is the trouble now?" queried

Mrs. Stubb, buttoning on her gloves.

"Why, I have broken my cigar. Isn't formed Dutch Church plans to spend \$124,000 this year and increase the that too bad?" "Well, I should say so. It is too bad to smoke in my company. Throw it away, John."

> word the entire evening. Rural Philosophy.

"A crow," said the farmer, reaching St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, was for his gun, "is a good deal like an Injun. based on the "Dirge" in Queen Eliza- Sometimes you can make him good by giving him a little trinket." that year in the same place for Henry | Thereupon he drew a bead on the bir and gave it a present of small shot be-

Floored.

"You say there's no such thing as matter? Then there is no such thing as a gas meter. Yet you are paying out your good money for 8,000 feet of gas registered by a machine that doesn't

"Certainly; there is no such thing as

No Dusty Dust.

"But have you no regard for the sacred dust of your ancestors?" queried the good man. "No, they didn't leave me any," answered the wayward youth. "The only

An Imposing Family.

'dust' I get next to I've got to raise

"The Swelltons seem to keep up an mposing establishment," remarked the canned goods drummer. "You bet they do," replied the groceryman, with a sigh long drawn out, "and

I'm one of the fellows they impose on."

Playing on Him.

Percy Pink-But I know your sister hinks more of me than any one else, Tommy. Why, didn't she say I was the first fiddle around here?" Tommy-First fiddle, ch? Oh, she was only stringing you.

Never Quiet.

Mrs. Gunner-Dear me! I sometimes wish I could go on the stage, even if I didn't have a speaking part. Mr. Gunner-You would never last two minutes on the stage or anywhere else, Maria, without a speaking part,

Reason Enough. Jackie," said the boy's mother, 'your face is fairly clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?"

"Washin' me face," said the boy,

Those Gotham Sharks. Alias Ryctop-Back from Noo York, eh? How did you like the town, Hi? Hiram Hardapple-Got bunked, be gosh! Some smart chap said for a quarter he'd direct me to the Flatiron building, where they made flatirons, and when I got thar I couldn't buy a flatiron to save my life, be gosh!

A Misnomer. What time old winter in her lap, Is lingering-

We speak of her (our joke, mayhap) As "backward spring!" -Puck. The Flatterer. "So he praised my singing, did he?"

She plainly caring not a rap-

The shameless thing!

"Well, not exactly; but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly." -Melbourne Weekly Times.

"Yes, he said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

Complete Outfit. She-Yo' am certainly dressed to kill. He-'Deed I is. I has a razzah in mah

Unprepared.

The slender, nervous man stepped to the telephone and called up his home in A moment later he fell in a faint.

He had got the connection at the first The shock was too great,

Probably Had Been Worked. Raynor-Spunjall talks of going into business. Has he any working capital?" Shyne-Working capital? Yes; his

'working" capital is his magnificent power of touch.

Primitive. "Uncle Hank, the railways have got a new safety device that--" "Don't care to hear anything about it, Clarence. I've got a safety device of my own that beats it all to thunder."

"What is it, uncle?" "Never travelin' on 'em."

Arctic. "You've come a long way to see me, Percy," said the Winnetka girl, "Yes, Beryl," answered the South hicago youth: "you're my farthest

"Oh, there are intermediate ones, are here, Mr. Primrose?" was her freezing

The Big Stick. Mother (surprised)-Why, Johnny, how did you happen to get the merit card for good behavior at school this Small Johnny-It was like this, mama

Hebrew Standard.

Harry Jones won it, and I told him if he

didn't give it to me I'd punch him .- The

What to Do With Her. Emma Goldman, the anarchist, but where can she be taken? It is doubtful if the authorities will allow her to land anywhere except in Paterson, N. J .-Kansas City Star.

Hirsute Tragedy. The man on guard was slumbering, He gave the switch no care. The train ran right into it, and Got tangled in the hair.

-Chicago Journal. Breaking It Gently, "Pardon me, sir," began the portly erson in the railroad train, to the man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"

me," suggested the other. "I did," admitted the portly person almly.—Harper's Weekly. Circumstances Alter Cases.

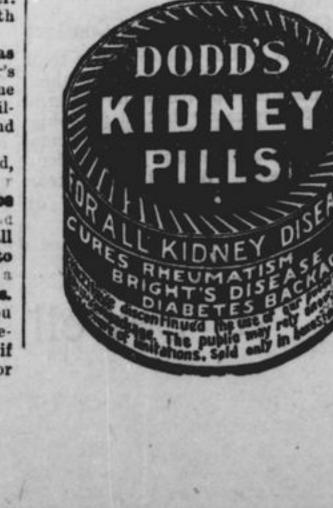
"Suppose you sit on it and then ask

"I wish it would rain," sighed Tommy. "Why," said his mother. "I don't like "No,' replied Tommy; "but you haven't got a new pair of rubber boots to

Some Signs.

When the bills they try to pass Do not budge you from your groove, When the actions of the House Of no further interest prove, And your mind is only bent On a flat in which to move-Then it's spring,

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO



A Tonic is All People Need.

need in spring is a tonic medicine that

General Church

Notes

his wife have been working together in

church, is still in habitable condition.

The unrest in China is such that the

The Foreign Mission Board of the Re-

amount annually by \$30,000, so that in

Since the death of Cardinal Richard,

the present.

from all over the world.

head fell back, but he seemed to indicate ple feel in the spring. Easily tired, sionary and recently died at his post by a gesture that she was not to call out and she remained silent, holding him While she waited with her anguished there may be twinges of rheumatism For 70 years a town mission has been haps pimples or eruptions appear, or east. eyes fixed upon him a man's head ap- or neuralgia. Any of these indicate carried on at Yarmouth, Eng., at a cost boards which formed the side of the hut. the indoor life of winter has left its meetings annually being held, and the yourself as many people foolishly do repairs. with purgatives in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gal-lop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. What you

will make new, rich blood, build up the wished to paint-say, Judas just before the act of treachery. And it would have health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink been a very low type of Judas at that. "Are-are you there still, Syl?" asked this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich, red blood, strengthens the appetite, Syl-the secret of your life! How-how clears the skin, and makes tired, de-

"Three years, then!" he murmured. The doctor came in with a hand of nothing helped me until I began tak- given at once toward the building. the Scuffler stood at the hut door.

I was feeling a renewed man." -and most people do-try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and see how speedily The Scuffler turned, and, in turning, they will make you feel like a new person. Sold by all the medicine deal-

you? Out o' the way.' **********

(To be continued.) For 50 years Bishop George Moule and

When you give your child a so-call ed "soothing" medicine you are not curif bestowing a blessing.

Where I Come In.

preached regularly by Rev. Thomas Lord, weeks will pass the century mark.

ty-fifth anniversary on May 6 and 7 of the founding of the American McCall tor of the great Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, is still at Meran, Austria, ometimes I more than half suspect that