

Y MEN MET DEATH

LESSNESS CAUSED THE ROCKVILLE FATALITIES.

Said One Valve of Dollar of Amer. Shellville Was Useless Other to Burrow Down as to Little Protection.

The department inspector... the cause of the accident was... the safety valve... the boiler... the explosion occurred.

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THE USUPPER

"Not the Bishop; it's a man's name. Did you hear of him, Jack?" "Never," said Neville, placidly.

"You don't see into my book much, Jack," she remarked, not in a tone of censure, but by way of recording a simple fact.

"You're right, Syl," he assented, cheerfully. "What I don't know would make the biggest book you ever saw. My ignorance is—"

"Where would you have been, Jack?" she inquired, leaning her head on her little brown paw, and looking at him with her great gray eyes.

"In the army," he said, shoveling up the dust. "I had my chance, but—I threw it away. I might have had another, for the governor was as fond of me as I was of him, but for—"

"Then it's a lucky thing for me you are not," she said, naively. "That's one way of looking at it," he said.

"No, you're always fond of me," he said. "Hullo!" he said. "What's that?" "French? You taught you that—but, of course, I beg your pardon, Syl."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice. "He taught me that—everything. He said knowledge is power—to the person who knows how to use it. And yet he was so poor."

"You don't remember anything, mother," Syl asked, as if it occurred to him that he might learn something of her people. He would have to find them some day and restore her.

"She shook her head. Papa lost all his money. It was not his fault. He had an enemy—"

"Neville stared at her solemn face. 'A what?' she repeated. 'A man who hated him, and wanted to ruin him. I think he must have ruined him. Then mamma died. I think she died of grief.'

"She paused, and she had been with her head away. 'I don't know,' she said, 'but now she seemed quite indifferent, and would not turn her head.'

"'There's gold there,' said Neville, cheerfully. 'I'll stake my life on it, and you'll be rich. You ought to be in England, in the care of nice people, and that's where I mean to send you with the first nugget that turns up.'

Meth. I won't have her interfered with. 'Hinterferer! Who's hinterfering with her? Seem to me I'm no account now, and no better take my book.'

"Oh, no," said Neville, who thoroughly understood old Meth. "You've got to stick by us, Meth, because you've got to take care of Sylvia."

"Seems to me, young un," retorted Meth, larkily, "that it's you as wants takin' care of her."

"Neville felt more than her," he said. "I think there's bound to be one there, and in an unusually buoyant frame of mind he shouldered his tools and wended home."

"Hullo!" he said. "What's that?" "That's the way we've been havin' all the afternoon. It's pride and a full stomach; that's what it is."

"Shut up and leave her alone," said Neville, good-temperedly. "You don't understand young girls, Meth. Leave 'em alone, that's the best thing to do."

"He ate at his supper, but with only a plain and simple dinner. He was filling his pipe when he heard a cry. He dropped the pipe and leaped to the door."

"Sylvia was not there, and was nowhere to be seen," he said. "What's that?" "That's the way we've been havin' all the afternoon. It's pride and a full stomach; that's what it is."

"He ran out blindly, calling for her as he ran. It was dark, as dark as it can be at that time of the year, and night in Australia, and he blundered on straight before him, until he was in the street."

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"Very much gone," said Neville. "Jack, you don't mean—"

"I am long distressed," she said. "I was still you came up, then—she paused, and her face lit up—I knew I was safe."

"The infinite reliance and trust expressed by her voice would have touched an older man; but Neville scarcely noticed it."

"Did you ever see Lavarick before, Syl?" he asked, thoughtfully, taking off his coat.

"No, Jack; no. He's a fellow between a gasp and a scream and shrank back, pointing to his sleeve. It was saturated with blood."

"What's the matter? Oh, yes; I suppose the fellow scratched me." She was at his side the next instant, and with trembling hands was baring his arm, her face now deadly white.

"Now, then, don't make a fuss," he said. "It's nothing. I don't feel it just now."

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" she murmured. "She flew for a basin of water and a towel, and forced him into a chair, and with a series of shudders, bathed the wound."

"It was not much more than a scratch and Neville, reaching for his pipe, submitted with a tolerant resignation."

"Sylvia said nothing; she could not have spoken; and Neville, there being no one else before him, could not see her face or the tears that slowly gathered in her eyes, and, mingling with the water, fell upon his bare arm."

"There, that'll do," said Neville. "Good night, Jack," she said, in a very low voice.

"But long after Mrs. Meth had made the night musical with her snored, the inner door opened slowly and noiselessly, and a hand pushed a stool out into his blanket, his face resting on his arm, his revolver in his hand."

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BLOOD MAKING TONIC TREATMENT

A Cure for Anemia That is Showing Remarkable Proofs of Cures in Stubborn Cases.

When the body becomes weak and run down, either from overwork, worry or severe illness, an examination of the blood would show it to be weak and watery. This condition is called anemia, which is the medical term for bloodlessness.

The common symptoms are: pale complexion, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart after the slightest exertion, dull eyes and loss of appetite. Anemia itself is a dangerous disease and may gradually pass into consumption. It can only be cured by treating its cause—which is the poor condition of the blood.

The blood must be made rich and healthy by giving it the necessary nourishment to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the great medicine in the world for making rich blood and they have been curing anemia and other blood diseases for nearly a generation, and are now recognized the world over as an invaluable household remedy.

Mrs. D. Estabrook, Brooklyn, R. D., says: "My daughter Gertrude, who is now in her sixteenth year, was sickly from early childhood, and was constantly doctoring for her, but it did not seem to help her in the least. In fact, as she grew older she seemed to grow weaker."

"She was always pale and listless, suffered from headaches, dizziness and palpitation of the heart. She did not eat, and would often toss and moan the whole night. Finally she had to discontinue going to school, and as she was continually taking doctors' medicine without benefit, I grew discouraged, and feared we would lose her. Friends urged us to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I finally decided to do so. By the time she had taken three boxes, there was a marked improvement, and she was able to return to school. From that on she grew stronger, had an excellent appetite, slept well at night, and is now as healthy a girl as you will see. I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life, and as a mother I would recommend these pills to every family in which there are young girls."

All medicinal dealers sell these pills or can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Rochester's Pure Milk Campaign

(The Home Journal) Ten years ago Dr. Geo. W. Goler of Rochester, N. Y., City Health Officer, was struck with the alarming mortality of children under five years of age, especially during the months of July and August, and began an inquiry as to the causes. The deaths, he found, upon investigation, were due principally to intestinal trouble, and he began to investigate the milk supply of the city.

Rochester, which is about the size of Toronto or Montreal, is comparatively free from what may be considered slums, although about the same number of poor people may be found within its limits. The water supply was found to be quite above the average in purity, and the sanitary arrangements were such that the milk dealers were held to mismanagement on this score.

An investigation of the milk supply and distribution methods was followed with most surprising results. From careful analysis of a large number of samples of milk it was discovered that the majority were infected with malignant bacteria of various types. It was thought at first that the adoption of a rigid system of inspection might bring about a desirable improvement in the product, and the number of inspectors were increased, and an effort made to get the milk dealers to exercise proper care as to the delivery as well as to bring about a more sanitary condition of the surroundings both of the dairy farms and the distribution depots.

Some good resulted, but opposition and cunning thieving revolutionists prevented the purpose of the energetic health officer and his staff. Dr. Goler finally adopted the expedient of making the production and sale of certified milk a part of the business of his department for the summer months. A farm was rented, together with a herd or so, and the first thing done was to have the latter thoroughly examined for traces of disease. A number of cows had to be destroyed as giving evidence of tubercular trouble and the rest were put in good condition and the work of properly caring for them undertaken. It has been estimated by an authority in New York State that the first thing done was to have the farm himself was stricken that attention was given to the matter.

It is with a view of stirring up our civic authorities to action before the summer is upon us that we have taken the trouble to cite Rochester's example as to what one man single-handed can do when aroused to a realized sense of public responsibility. Dr. Goler is a hero none the less because his life saving has been of that quiet character that is not seized upon by humane societies for signal recognition.

Competition of Fire-Proofing. Taking into consideration the serious damage caused by fire at previous exhibitions, says Science, the executive committee of the Turin International Exhibition of 1911 has decided to open an international competition for preparations best adapted to render incombustible the wood and cloth structure of the exhibition, and will award a prize of 4,000 lire and two gold medals and two silver medals in this connection. The preparations must be such that they can be applied without visible alteration of the color and assistance of the materials.

WIT AND HUMOR

His Way. "That orator says he feels that he can never repay his constituents for the honor they have conferred on him."

"Yes," answered the voter, "that's his polite way of telling us we needn't expect much from him in the way of actual work."—Washington Star.

Offended Dignity. The \$250 hen looked at her surroundings. "This chicken coop didn't cost more than \$2, all told," she said. "It's an insult to ask me to lay high priced eggs in such a shack." Whereupon she shut down.

A LIE NAILED. Employer—is it true that when the clock strikes six you get down your pen and go to work? "Certainly not, sir. If it gets so near to six I never begin the work at all."

By Contrast. Miss Pyette—How do I look in this hat? Elder brother—Under it, you mean, don't you, sis? You look pretty small.

Strategy. "Gracious," exclaimed the anxious mother, "why did the teacher tell you about the dreadful giants when she knew the stories would take your breath away?" "Please, ma'am," responded small Tommy, "the whole class had been eating onions."—Chicago News.

Not Wrapped Up. Mr. Jawback—How you women do love to see yourselves in print! Mrs. Jawback—Print, indeed! No, sir, I seek for ours, if you please.—Cleveland Leader.

Time's Changes. About-Minded Professor (discussing an Italian town with a friend)—And in the background there was a beautiful mountain. Is it there still? Meggen-dorfer Blatter.

Rather Particular. Missionary—I don't mind being eaten for a good cause, but—Cannibal—But what? Missionary—Please be careful about your table manners; I should be terribly bad if I were eaten with a knife.

EVERY TIME. "I'm a said, doctor, that you treated your patient for liver trouble and he died of stomach trouble." "Infernal slander! When I treat a patient for liver trouble he dies from that!"

Opportunity. Editor—The only way to succeed in the newspaper business is to give the people what they want. Friend—Have you got five dollars you can let me have?

She Wanted to Know. Gerald—Somebody advised me to hitch his wagon to a star. Geraldine—Is that cheaper than hiring a boy to hold your horse?

In a Quandry. Brother—Yes, I like Jack well enough but how did you ever happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are? Sister—I had to choose between a little man with a big salary, or a big man with a little salary.

Obedient. Wife—You are going shooting with a cold like that? No, I couldn't let you go possibly. Husband—Oh, but I promised you a hare. At least I must go and countermand it.—Lustige Blatter.

JUST THE THING. Mrs. Ultra-de-Swell—Coach dogs are out of style. I want a motor car dog. Dealer—Well, madam, here is just the one you want. Mrs. Ultra-de-Swell—Are you sure he is a motor car dog? Dealer—I should say so. Why he will follow the scent of gasoline for miles.

More About Them. "Your teeth are like the stars," he said. And pressed her hand so white. And he spoke true, for, like the stars, Her teeth came out at night.

Your face is like the moon," said she. With coldly scornful lips. And even as she spoke, his face Went into an eclipse.

Disgraced. Small boy (at the circus, stercly, to his grandfather)—Don't laugh like that, grandpapa; people will think it is the first time you've been in a place of amusement.—Tit-Bits.

Puzzle: What Style. "Has she adopted a new fad? She carries her head to one side now." "That's no fad. It's a habit she had fallen into in consequence of having to go through so many narrow doorways with that new spring hat of hers."

Extremes. "Bridges says he spends most of his time at home in the kitchen." "I wonder why." "Because he said his wife was a terror. So he's a Cleveland Pudding Dealer."

The Professor. "I suppose," reflected the professor, "a subway is merely an elevated railroad, reduced to its lowest terms." Correct.

When Theodore Roosevelt was Political Commissioner in New York, he asked an applicant for a position on the force: "If you were ordered to disperse a mob, what would you do?" "I should pass around the hat, sir," was the reply.—Catholic News.

Blaze. "Verena, is that young man out in the kitchen your first beau?" "For the land's sake, no, mum! My first sweetheart, though, that's my first 'im interestin' man."

THE USUPPER

FOR FIVE YEARS EACH SPRING. TROUBLED THIS LADY LITTLE ZAM-BUK CURED. Miss Mary Levesque, 313 St. Jacques St., Montreal, Mon.

Advertisement for Zam-Buk medicine, featuring a portrait of a woman and text describing its effectiveness for skin eruptions.

Advertisement for concrete construction, discussing the benefits of concrete in building and infrastructure.

Advertisement for Dodds' Kidney Pills, featuring a circular logo and text describing the product's benefits for kidney health.