hetic Appeal For Baby aves on Boorstep.

REMAN'S ATTEMPT ZE ENGLISHMAN.

a Boxer of Some Note, the Fereman Until way and Armed Himwo Revolvers.

ACE EXPIRED.

Act Now Becomes

are of aritcles fortone, and a proms granted to for

MYL Act. -The Interna-Tree Bled. Eda is the interthe most year, sort of retal-Great Britain urty to their d from all the IL SUCT A COMS-

OL CHANGE beau to New

de conference agg stem mehigs North Atmorning and cutatives dis-

rest to the tled satisfacingement of the inclufrom Libert th Atlantie In no way Francan sernd northern

MERCANTILE TRUST CO

OF CANADA, LIMITED

OFFICES AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

AUTHORIZED TO ACT AS Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, Assignee, Liquidator. Receiver, Transfer Agents, Registrar of Shares.

A Trust Company Doing a Strictly Trust and Agency Business CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

HON. WM. GIBSON, President

THE USURPER

They'll hear you, sir. 'Pon my mind, | retorted Lorrimore, grimly. they'll hear you, and there'll be a pretty you do!" and he held out his hand. how d'ye do! I wish I had a drop of Neville took it mechanically, and sank Neville groaned. brandy or something, just to pull you together. You look-well, you look-"Out of mind," said Neville. 'So I am, but it's with joy, Trale, joy. What is

"Come home with me, and-have pipe, Mr. Neville," suggested Trale, one speaks to a child or a sick man in a delirium. "You can't do any good sitting here. If-if it's the lady you think, you can go to the Grange in the morning, and-oh, for goodness' sake, come home, sir!"

"No," said Neville, "I'll stay here. couldn't go if I wanted to, and I don't I must see her somehow or other. There: I beg your pardon, Trale. I know you think I'm mad, and that the whole thing's a delusion; but I'm not, and it's all true. I tell you that lady is the woman I love, and from whom I've been parted, and whom I must and will see within an hour."

"Hush, hush! for goodness' saks, Mr. Neville!" pleaded Trale, "We shall be heard directly, and there'll be a deuce of a row. There are servants al labout, and-" He stopped and ducked his head. "There! Just what I expected!

them, and a voice sternly demanded: "Who's there!"

him silent. The newcomer repeated the question, and advanced upon their hiding place. "It's all up," said Trale, with a groan. "We must face the music," and he stepped out. "It's all right," he said, still thinking

the man was one of the Grange servants. "It's me, Trale, Inspector Trale, and-" "Trale!" said the voice, "What are you doing here? Don't you know me?" Trale peered at him.

"God bless my soul! It isn't Lord Lorrimore, is it?" he exclaimed, "Yes," said Lorrimore, coloring

"I was going to call at the Grange. I'm-I'm just starting for Africt, and wanted to say good-bye to Miss Hope, and- But what are you doing living there then." here? Is there anything wrong?" "No, no," said Trale; "nothing wrong,

"Who is that with you, one of your men?" asked Lorrimare, nodding toward down, companions,

use of trying to keep it dark? No, my all passed now, I hope, and--" ord; this gentleman is Mr. Neville | He glanced at the window. Lynne,"

more startled. "Mr. Who?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Neville Lynne," repeated Trale. "Here, Mr. Neville, here is Lord Lorrimore, a friend of Miss Hope's" and he pulled at Neville.

Neville advanced, and nodded impatiently. Then he started and stared, for Lord Lorrimore, as if some exquisite joke had been perpetrated, flung himself down on the bench and laughed grimly. "Neville Lynne!" he exclaimed, look-

ing up at him. "That is my name," said Neville, starknowing-"

"By heaven! that's not my fault!" exclaimed Lorrrimore, with sardonic irony, "seeing that I've spent months and always has been, dearer than life!" make your acquaintance, Mr. Lynne." Neville put his hand to his head.

"I-I don't understand," he stammerthe habitable globe in search of you." | me of every penny I possessed. Luck

S. C. MACDONALD, Manager

said, in a bewildered fashion. find another friend of hers-yourself." | my luck." "She-Audrey-sent ou to find me!

"Amen!" said Lorrimore, fervently "She thought of her old playfellow, Yes, that was like her! God bless her!' "Amen again!" said Lorrimore. "But-but why did she send you, How Hopeless!" came you to go," asked Neville, not un-

Lorrimore glanced at Trale, who had discreetly withdrawn out of hearing. "Because because I had the misfor-

shrubbery, sir, come on," and he dragged gaged to me; had given me no distinct got that he is your brother!" he broke of her friend's happiness, she turned to though you perceive no change in the promise. But-but as I have the misfor- off, apologetically. tune to love her still, it is not altogeth- Neville shook his head and groaned: and looking so lovely that poor Lorripull him into the shrubbery, but it was er to be wondered at, that I should be "Would to God I could forget it, too!" anxious to get away from the sight of he said. Footsteps were heard coming nearer, your brother's happiness. I am going to Before Lorrimore could ask for an exand presently a tall figure strode up to Africa. It is a charming country, and planation of this singularly unfraternal ed his head away. presents all kinds of novelty to the jad- sentiment Trale came up. ed traveler, and-But I think it would "There's Miss Audrey come out on the Trale pressed Neville's arm to keep be more interesting if we talked of yourterrace, Mr. Neville," he said. "You see what a splenoften lands when travelling at a speed not deem me impertinently inquisitive, wouldn't mind going and breaking your and I'm afraid you will have to do it." I should like to ask- where the devil -you have been these last three years? Down a coal mine, up in a balloon, at the bottom of the sea in a diving bell,

or where??" Neville looked at him. "I have been for the greater part of the time gold digging in Australia," he said, "in a place called Lorn Hope-" Lorrimore swung round upon him.

"I beg your pardon! Where?" "In a place called Lorn Hope," plied Neville.

Loorimore stared at him. "You didn't bear your own name?" he said, "Lorn Hope! Why, I was there or near it. There was no Neville Lynne | room,

"I didn't use my own name." said Neville., "I was called the young un, Lorrimore started up, then sank cancy dreamily.

Grange and fistening to the voice, and voice. "Jack! Yhy-why, you're dead!" unattached-" and he laughed. utterly and completely regardless of his "I know, I know," said Neville, putting his hand to his brow. "Excuse me, ladyship is not here to hear you." said

"That," stammered Trale. "Oh, no, no. Lord Lorrimore, but this talk brings Audrey, with a smile; then she sighed. not one of my men-oh, er, what's the back an unhappy time to me. But that's "Sylvia is very young, much younger "Wait one moment, Mr. Lynne," said necessary that a woman should marry?" If Trale had said, "The Great Mogul," Lorrimor. "You speak of an unhappy she asked, with barely concealed bitter-Lord Lorrimore could not have seemed time. You are, you say, the young un of ness and irritation.

Neville stared at him.

saved her from Lavarick?" "That was his name, I believe; the bushranger; yet," said Lorrimore. Neville held out his hand and grasped

Lorrimore's, his face flushing, his eyes "I should like to try to thank you?" he said.

ing at him. "I have not the pleasure of "The young lady was so dear to you?" said Lorrimore. "Dear to me!" echoed Neville, then he laughed a strange laugh, "She is, and

tramped thousands of miles in trying to "And yet you allowed her to think you rey's downcast face. were dead!" said Lorrimore, gravely, Neville looked rather troubled and uncertain.

ed. "There is some mistake-delusion." "It was best," he said. "I did it for "There is no delusion in the fact that I the best. When these seoundreis seized have been scouring a greater portion of her and left me for dead, they robbed

TRISCUIT Indoors or outdoors there is nothing quite so good as Triscuit-the Shredded Wheat Wafer, which contains in smallest bulk all the muscle-building, brain-producing qualities of whole wheat. TRY IT AS A TOAST WITH BUTTER, CHEESE OR FRUIT. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

of her, and I-I'm a proud man, Lord proximity. At last he said: Lorrimore, and I could not be a burden

to her," and he hung his head. "Y-es," said Lorrimore, "You are proud, I see, But did it never occur to you that the young lady might sufter somewhat at the less of her brother, as 've thought you." Neville started.

'No," he said, "Poor Sylvia, did shedid she grieve much?" Lorrimore laughed grimly. "Great heaven, he asks me that?" remarked, ironically. "Did she grieve? Why, my good friend, she nearly died; we had to tight death inch by inch, hour by hour, for days; and as to grieving, why—but I think I'd better stop. A

proud man's bad enough, but a conceited

one is worse, and I should make you con-Neville held his face in his hands. "My dear, dear darling!' he murmured. "And she's in there!" he exclaimed dropping his hand to Lorrimore's arm. 'In there! Think of it, my lord! And

I shall see her directly." Lorrimore sighed. "Yes," he said, hanging his head. "You are a happy man! So is the woman l love in there, and I shall probably see her directly; but it will be for the time-the last time!" and with a sigh he

Neville, biting his lips, looked at him, "I-I wouldn't give up all hope, Lord orrimore," he said. Lorirmore faced round and started,

hen shook his head. There can be no hope for me, Mr. Lynne," he said. "Miss Audrey is engaged to your brother."

"Look here!" he said, in his abrupt, at him. "Perhaps you'll explain, my lord," he backwoods fashion. "Don't you go off | "All the while the poor girl was lying seat at the centre of the machine beside to be chewing the buds?" "Nothing easier," said Lorrimore. "I turn up. Look at my case! Here am I bet and thinking him dead, he was at you shoot forward. An assistant who only wish it had been as easy to find sneaking in this garden to get a glimpse | Lorn Hope Camp, within a few miles of has been holding the machine in balance | Youth's Companion, you. I I am a friend of Miss Hope's" of an old friend, Audrey, and I hear her. It's the most exasperating, aggrahis handsome face clouded darkly as the voice"-his own broke-"of the girl vating business aht the mind of man can he spoke her name-"and-and at her re- I love, the girl I've been parted from for- conceive," he said, grimly. "Actually quest I left England three years ago to ever, as I thought. Take courage by within a few miles of him and not to

"Yes! But your girl is not engaged to God bless her!" said Nevillle, his voice another man-at least, I don't think so; I don't know!" "What!" gasped Neville, at the mere idea of a doubt. "Sylvia engaged!"

> "You see!" said Lorrimore, with a sad smile. "You can imagine how I feel! clinched at his side, his broad chest heav- | him dead-dead, don't you see?" ing. "If I found Sylvia, my little Syl-

via, engaged. I'dtune to love Miss Hope," said Lorrimore, dow," said Lorrimore, with a laugh and to her. She understood, now, why Syl-"You loved— Ah! And she —Jordan!" backwoods of Australia, but—" he men's homage and admiration with such automobile and railway travel. You find and grandmother, makes it a point to "Exactly," said Lorrimore, laconically. shrugged his shoulders, "well, Mr. Lynne, coldness and reserve. "Oh, the poor "When I came back I found her eugaged | though nothing would give me greater | girl!" she muttered, "and to think it is to marry your brother, Mr. Lynne. Mind, delight than to fling Sir Jordan out of Neville Lynne. Oh, I am so glad! So Here's one coming now. Come into the I make no complaint. She was not en- the window-I beg your pardon! I for- glad!" and in her joy at her prospects

her. But you won't say anything about it. Where is he?"

-about -- you know what!" he implored Lorrimore assented at once. "Wait here, Mr. Lynne, until I call," he said, and went toward the terrace. Sylvia had sung twice, and had then

run up to see Mercy. "I'll smoke my cigar on the terrace," said the viscount, "if you'll come, Audrey. The signorina will join us when she comes down, I hope-that is, if she is not afraid of the night air." "I'm afraid of nothing!" responded Sylvia, with a laugh, as she left the

he whistled softly.

How are you?"

her bosom heaved.

eh. Audrey?"

ord Marlow.

almost inaudibly.

"To where?" exclaimed the viscount.

went, as I shall be away some time."

"Good heavens! what a man you are

for rushing about!" said the viscount, re-

proachfully. "You don't seem as if you

some wire-I hope you've dined?"

Signorina Stella, in the house," said the

viscount. "She'll be delighted to see you,

I dare say, and I'll set her on to dissuad-

"Sylvia will be very sorry," she said,

"I'll go and see about some wine," said

The two left alone were silent for a

dined, and accepted the rigar.

"Lovely night, isn't it?" said the viscount, as he lit his cigar. Audrey did not reply, but leaned her head on her hand and gazed into va. yours."

"How strange it is that your young anything gone wrong at the opera? Has tablespoonful of good strong vinegar. In Neville, who stood still looking at the Grange and listening to the voice, and voice, "look! The solution saturate a soft cheesecloth is the solution saturate a soft cheesecloth is the manager refused to give me another. The young un?" he said, in a still friend does not get married. If I were and wring out as dry as possible. With and wring out as dry as possible. With and wring out as dry as possible. With the manager refused to give me another. "It is very fortunate for you that her than she looks- and why should she get me, and safe. What is it?" married? Why should it be considered

keep silent. Lorn Hope Camp; then—then you must "Please ask me another," remarked the round her, "it is good news. Lord Lorri- about a week, and you will have the know that a young lady, Signorina Stei- viscount. "Most women think it the more has come to-night with a strange, satisfaction of seeing your furniture look ia- I mean Sylvia Bond-thinks you great aim and end of their lives to en- a wonderful story, so strange and won! as fine as it did the day it left the facdead; actually thinks it at this moment." slave some wretched, unhappy man for derful as to seem unreal and impossible. | tory." -Hullo! who's this coming across the Do you think you could bear to hear it. "You know her. Can it be possible lawn By Jove! it's Lorrimore! Now Sylvia." Her voice grew lower, tenderer. that -that you are the gentleman wha look out for squalls, young lady!" and "Sometimes great joy is as hard to en-"Lord Lorrimore!" said Audrey, and that those we have lost, lost forever, clusive evidence of the producing cap- York has recently been completed for the she blushed and looked over her shoul- as we though, are still liv-" der as if she meant to beat a retreat.

"No, you don't!" said the viscount, that came into Sylvia's face; it was a acity for six or eight months, and fre- terminal station at Forty-second street. "No running away, Miss Audrey! Hallo, look as of one who hopes, yet dares not quently indicates her capacity as a year- The yard for the suburban trains covers

Lorrimore, where did you come from? | believe. Lorrimore came up the steps and loking from one to the other, her face shook hands with them, his eyes just growing whiter each moment. glaneing at the viscount, and fixing

themselves sadly and wistfully on Aud- is stranger than fiction," stammered Lorrimore, getting near her in case she should faint and fall. 'We've read stor-"I came down this afternoon," he said. rather tamely. "The fact is, I'm off to ies of people who've-who've-been supposed to be killed on-on the field of battle-you know, and-and turned up again, safe and sound after all-"Africa. And I thought I should like Sylvia started, her eyes closed for to say good-bye to Miss Hope before I a moment, and they thought she would fall; she swayed lightly, but she caught Poor Audray's heart beat heavily, and Audrey's arm.

(To be continued.) ____

Not Altogether Bad. could stop more than five minutes in one A policeman saw a man acting rathe: place. Africa, too! What's the use of suspiciously near a jeweller's one evenspending your time among savages? Being, and going over to him he demandsides, if you're so fond of 'em, you ed to know who the man was and what

plenty of 'em here. Have a cigar?" Have Lorrimore said falsely that yes, he had | "and I'm watching to see if there is much trade." "We've got your friend, the famous

Whereupon the policeman went on his way satisfied? Next morning word was received at the station that the shop had been ening you from this absurd African idea; tered and robbed during the night. The policeman who had accosted the mysterious stranger said, reflectively. "He may be a thafe, but he's no liar!"

-Philadelphia Inquirer. moment or two, Audrey's heart beating -La Fontaine.

was dead against me. I heard she had too fast to allow of her speaking at first, fallen into the hands of a kind-heartel and Lorrimore wondering how on earth lady and a nobleman who would take care he should break the news of Neville's

"I'm afraid I have made my visit at an unconventionally late hour. Miss Hope, but I meant starting to-morrow." "You meant," she said, keeping her voice steady by an effort. "Yes, I may be a day or two later

now. The fact is-" Then, like most

men engaged in "breaking" the news, he blurted it out, "Audrey, I have heard of Neville Lynne." She started, but did not look overcome with joy. She was too much engaged thinking of another man-the Earl of Lorrimore, to wit-to be very much

moved, even by the return of her old "Neville!" "Yes! He-well, the fact is, that he is "Well," replied Lorrimore. "I should if Sylvia had not been here."

"Here! Where! Oh!" and she looked "Yes," said Lorrimore. "I met him tonight, by the most singular chance, and

I have only just left him."

"Left him? Where? Oh, why did yo not bring him with you?" said Audrey. "Sylvia! What has Sylvia to do with im or he with her?" demanded Audrey Lorrimore was a bad hand at telling a story, and he looked round helplessly. "The long and short of it is," he said "that they know each other-that they are both friends."

"Sylvia and Neville Lynne!" And in as few words as possible he told her the story, or as much as he single rail tracks facing the wind, and is claimed the mother. "And may I reknew of it, Audrey's eyes growing lang. securely fastened with a cable. The turn the favor by informing you that er and larger as she listened and gazed engine is put in motion, and the pro- your setter Rab has just rooted up my

to Africa yet. You can't tell what may at Wildfall, as near death as she could the operator. He slips the cable, and

"I-I am so sorry," faltered Audrey. "If I had known the terribel trouble you kite supported by the pressure of the would have, I-I never, no, never, would | air underneath it. The ground under have asked you-" "Oh, I wasn't thinking of myself, not

at all," he said, simply, "but of poor Sylvia. And now the question is, how am | hardly any motion at all, except for the I going to bring him to her without scar-"No, I can't!" said Neville, his hands | ing her out of her senses? She thinks | did not take the precaution to fasten

"I see," said Audrey, slowly and thoughtfully. "Yes, I see!" And she the rachine swings about to the left. "Fling the other man out of the win- indeed saw more than Lorrimore had put You make a very short turn, yet you do a sigh. "Yes, that's all very well for the via was not married, why she received from your seat, so often experienced in him with tears glistening in her eyes,

> more's head swam. "Yes, I'm glad he's turned up, andand I wish I'd found him," and he turn-

Audrey's eyes fell. "But now we've got to break the news self, Mr. Lynne, and first, if you will now, I was thinking if his fordship did hand I am at that kind of thing, of a mile a minute, you feel no shock is the common house fly; his buzz is the being here to her, you might go and see | "Yes," said Audrey, softly. "I will do

"Out there in the shrubbery," he said Waiting for me to call him, Shall I "No, no; not yet. He must not come

denly and see him, without being prepared-ah, here she is!" she broke off, as Sylvia's voice was heard singing as she came, "Here's Lord Lorrimore, Sylvia," said Audrey, trembling a little. Especially When the Surface Has a Sylvia utered an exclamation of plea-

"Oh, I am so glad!" and her soft little palm clung round his, "And how unexpected-isn't it, Audrey?" "Yes," said Audrey. "Lord Lorrimore

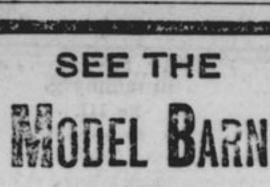
"Of mine?" said Sylvia, smiling. "Has all look so grave? You can't bring me this rub lightly the surface to be cleaned very bad news, Lord Lorrimor, for-for and dry (always rubbing lightly) with a I have had all my bad news, you see, dry piece of cheesecloth. and all those I love, Audrey, and Mercy, and you-if I may say so are here near experiment on a section of the furniture

rimore, but Audrey motioned him to the article to be cleaned. In case of the dure as great sorrow; sometimes to find

"Such wonderful things happen-truth

might as well stay at home; we've got he wanted. "I'm thinking of opening a jeweller's in this neighborhood," replied the man,

Perfidy often recoils upon its author.



(West End of Dairy Building).

LIGHTNING, RUST and STORM PROOF Metallic Roofing Co.

ITS FIRE.

TORONTO and WINNIPEG

MANUFACTURERS,

HOW IT FLIES. A Description of the Working of the

Wright Brothers' Aeroplane. In order to show the general reader the way in which the machine operates, my lawn, and is building a large pile of let us fancy ourselves ready for the mud on it.' start. The machine is placed upon a "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Lawrence!" exon the rail, starts forward with you, but before you have gone fifty feet the speed is too great for him, and he lets go. Before reaching the end of the track the operator moves the front rudder, and good to use in Indian bread, which is the machine lifts from the rail like a you is at first a perfect blur, but as you rise the objects become clearer. At a height of one hundred feet you feel wind that strikes your face. If you shrunk away from the glass. your hat before starting, you have probably lost it by this time. The operator moves a lever; the right wing rises, and not feel the sensation of being thrown

yourself facing toward the point from which you started. The objects on the ground now seem pressure of the wind on your face. You know then that you are travelling with the wind. When you near the starting still high in the air. The machine coasts | and after sliding fifty or a hundred feet | two is an improvement. whatever, and cannot, in fact, tell the first symptom of typhoid. Wilson's Fly exact moment at which it first touched | Pad is the only thing that kills them the ground. The motor close beside you all. kept up an almost deafening roar during the whole flight, yet in your excitement you did not notice it till it stopped!-From "The Wright Brothers' Aeroplane"

in the September Century. ----TO POLISH MAHOGANY,

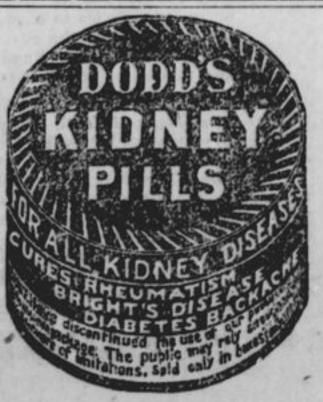
Blue-Gray Appearance. "If others are troubled as I have been," says a writer in Harper's Bazar, "with a blue-grey appearance on the surface of any of their highly polished furniture they may feel perfectly safe in using the "To about a quart of clear water add a engagement? What is it? Why do you and wring out as dry as possible. With ially by age, and at the end of a year

"If afraid of this at first, you might that does not show-the inside of the "It's-it's good news," stammered Lor- top lid of the piano might do if that is first application not entirely removing "Yes, dear," she said, stealing her arm | the cloudy look, repeat the operation in

Yearly Tests Most Valuable. We do not consider a 7-day test conquantity of milk and butter. that 7-day tests are of great value, in-

producers, and also furnish evidence But, while we think 7-day tests are valuable, we think 30-day tests are more valuable, and that yearly tests are more valuable than 30-day ones.

A yearly test of a cow under normal conditions as to the health, care and feed is infallible evidence of her producing capacity, but such a test under unnatural conditions, with too great



supply of medicine and stimulating food is indicative of her ruin for future use. Without doubt many of the great records that are made depend in large measure upon the long preparation, the peculiar skill of the feeder and the special food that is fed. We query whether the rules for the Advanced Registry should not be amended so as to require the supervisor to report the kind and the amount of food and drink that have been given to the cow during the time of each test, and also the weight and physical condition of the cow at the beginning of the test. -Burton W. Potter, Rutland, Mass.

Telephone Manners. Do telephones lead to politeness otherwise? When they first came into use the answer to this question would have been emphatically in the negative, but now that they are almost universally prevalent, an era of good manners and "thank you's" seems to be in full swing. In some communities it is not even possible to quarrel over the telephone, although the two women who took part in the following conversation came near it:

"Hello! Is this Mrs. Weston?"

"This is your next door neighbor, Mrs, Lawrence. I thought you might be interested to know that at the present moment your son Thomas is sitting on one of the sheets which is bleaching on

"Not at all. Thank you! Good-by!"-

Worth Knowing.

Chopped beef or pork cracklings are usually served warm, or they may be mixed with bread and mashed potato season and fried like sausage. Melted beef drippings or tallow can be

used in the place of paraffine over the top of jelly. Be sure when cold to cover the space around the edge where it has To make perpetual paste, dissolve half an ounce of alum in two teacupfuls of boiling water, beat in an equal weight of

flour, add a few drops of oil of cloves and let boil. This will keep for months. An experienced and expert housekeeper of my acquaintance, a model mother knock on the kitchen door before entering This degree of privacy-deference, if you please-she accords her domestic helpers, who give evidence of apprecia-

Here is a good use for left-over oatmeal: Make a batter as for bread, add the oatmeal and beat in well. Put in a point, the operator stops the motor while little lively yeast, and let stand overnight. Add a little salt and soda and down in an oblique angle to the ground, bake on a pancake griddle. An egg or The source of all intestinal troubles

Cement Sewer Pipe. Portland cement pipes were made in England probably as early as 1825, before the period when earthenware sewer pipes were beginning to be manufactured. Cement pipe of large size, with socket joints, are now extensively used in Germany, and they 'withstand not only the effects of a severe climate, but the chemical action of sewage. Moreover, they show an extraordinary endurance and remain perfect after a severe frost, when brickwork often fails. It is a material that can be worked and moulded in any form and maintains its form when made. It is also capable of repair, which is a point of no small imclear metallic sound. The modern sewers of Paris are constructed of concrete. As early as 1869 thirty miles of concrete to the milliner. "I wouldn't even wear, branch and main sewers had been laid | much less buy, a hat named in honor of in that city, and to-day throughout Eu- | that horrid murderess, Charlotte Cordurope both pipe and large sewers are, to roy!" a great extent, made of this material. In America the use of concrete sewers is now beginning to assume magnitude. Since engineers have become mor conversant with the properties of concrete

their hesitancy in establishing cownerete

is rapidly disappearing.—Cement Age. Large Concrete Drain. One of the largest private drains in New acity of a cow for the entire year, al- New York Central Railroad to drain the She stopped, terrified by the look though it is good evidence of her cap- suburban and express yards of the new ly producer. We never have had an A. R. | twenty-four acres and is about forty feet "What-what -is it?" she panted, O cow that has not made yearly a large below the surface of the street, while that for the express trains is twenty Therefore we say without hesitation feet above the suburban, and has an area of forty-two acres. The drain has asmuch as they designate our best an eliptical section forty-eight inches high by thirty-two inches wide, as it of the producing capacities of the Hol- crosses the yards to the Lexington avenue wall at Forty-sixth street. There it | feur rampant, policeman couchant, juschanges to a circular section six feet in | tice of the peace expectant."-Montreal diameter. This runs to the bulkhead | Standard. line on the East River, where it divides into two branches, each three feet in diameter. The entire drain is built of concrete, with a minimum thickness of twelve inches, reinforced by steel rods. and the invert lined with a single course

of hard-burned red brick.-Cement Age. ----Whaling Ship Home After 24 Years. ship to be away from its home port, but | handsomest little fellow I've seen for that is the record of a whaling barque that has just docked in New Bedford. The vessel left New Bedford in 1884 for a voyage around Cape He and since has been engaged most of ...e time in whaling in northern latitudes. The ship brings news that the whaling ships in the Atlantic are generally making heavy catches this season. The whaling business seems to have experienced a revival, and with this New Bedford is developing new importance which presents some likeness to its old time activity as a whaling port .- Springfield Union.

A man may be blind to his own faults and be gifted with second sight where the faults of others are concerned.

YOU BET. She-I always think of motoring as he poetry of motion, He-Yes, until the machine breaks

down. Then it becomes blank verse. Candid Confession. Pearl (in surprise)-"What! You let that young man kiss you? Why, I am surprised. Don't you know the

rules of our club firmly state that any girl who lets a young man kiss her will be suspended?" Ruby-"Well, I was suspended, dear. I was in a hammock.

Letting Well Enough Alone. His Wife-"Would you marry again f I should die?" Her Husband-"What nonsense, my lear! I'm not that anxious for you

Explained.

Mistress-You seemed to be enjoying yourself last evening, Bridget. I heard oud laughter in the kitchen Bridget-Yes, mum. Me policeman couin was after droppin' in to tell me of me uncle's death.—Harper's Bazar.

Diagnosed. Judge-What is your profession? Witness-I am a poet. Judge-That's not a profession; it's a

disease.-Judge. Supererogation. Azarchist-Shall we dynamite the candidate when he arrives?

Chief-Why should we mix ourselves

up in it? The citizens are going to give

a home-coming.—Puck. The Supreme Test. "Is Gladys pretty?"

as her mother thinks she is."-Harper's

Mean Insinuation. "Here is a book of love poems," said the leading lady, "I have kept them under my pillow for seven moons." "How thoughtful!" laughed the 'ow

"Yes, you know they say all postry mproves with age." ALL HE COULD DO.

She-A week ago you told me my susband couldn't live, and now he's nearly well. Doctor-I can only express my regret!

The Largest Giver.

my little 5-year-old Helen. She attends Sunday School regularly. Returning home on Sunday, she said "Mama, every Sunday the man reads how much money each class gives, and then he tells how much Total gives, and Total gives more than any one. He must

be a rich man. Who is Total, Mama?" --The Delineator. Life-Saving a La Mode.

The victim-Help! Help! I'm drown-Would-be hero-Courage, my brave man! Just wait until I get a rope, a measuring rod, a Carnegie application blank, two witnesses and a notary pub-

lic.-Bohemian Magazine.

By Mail. Lady (to overladen letter carrier)-What in the world causes such a heavy mail at this season? Postman-Oh, the Getthere Correspon. ence School is holding a reunion.-Bo-

Righteous Resentment. "You may put that back in the show case," said the indignant Mrs. Lapsling

Insisting on Accuracy.

"Did you arrest this man?" asked the "I did not, your honor," answered the officer, formerly a resident of Boston. Obviously I could not arrest him, for he was not in motion at the time. merely effected his capture, your honor."

The Variable Feminine.

Dora (at the party)-Geoffrey, you

Geoffrey-Why, dear, I haven't been

mopolizing you. Dora-Well, why haven't you, you stuid thing?

austn't monopolize me, you know.

The New Heraldry. "What's that curious-looking charm you are wearing on your watch chain?" "That is our new coat-of-arms-chauf-

Premature Explosion.

"Madam," said the street car conductor, "is this your boy?" "Yes, sir, he is!' she snapped. "And I am not going to pay any fare for him, either! He isn't five years old vet!" "I didn't dream of asking you to pay fare for him, ma'am. I was only going Twenty-four years is a long time for a | to tell you that he's the brightest and Then he passed on down the aisle, leav-

"John! John!" called the excited little "W-what is it Lucy?" muttered the big baseball player, as he drowsily turned over in bed.

"Why, there's a man downstairs." "W-what's he doing?" "He's-he's trying to reach the plate." "Trying to reach the plate? Put him out, Kelly: put him out at third!"-Chicago News.

UNIAKIU AKCHIVES TORONTO

ing the portly dame speechless and gasp-Force of Habit.