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son's best man Pierrave accompanied his ar, but owing to an was prevented, and

thair gloves and it gowns with sleeves nitts, snugly covering

ARE RESTORED.

other with an expression in her eyes that made Lorrimore turn his head away. "Don't keep me-not a moment-I can bear it! I dreamed that he was aliveask Mercy-she will tell you that I did. Oh, Jack! Jack!" "My dear," blurted out Lorrimore, "that-that jacket we brought you was his, right enough, but another man wore it, and and you see __" "Jack!" breached from her parted lips, "Call him," whispered Audrey, down whose cheeks the tears were running. Lorrimore sprang to the steps and shouted, "Neville!"

A stalwart figure came running across the lawn, and in another moment Syl- young un! via was lying in his arms, weeping, laughing, murmuring his name brokenly, her small, trembling hands patting his broad shoulders that she might convince herself that he was flesh and blood, her Jack and not a ghost. Lorrimore led Audrey away.

"I wish to Heaven I were half happy as those two!" he murmured. CHAPTER XXXI.

At last Sylvia drew herself out of Neville's arms and the two stood and gaz- You were a favorite of hers, boy. Boy? ed at each other. Then Neville started Why, you have grown into a giant, and and crimsoned. He had not actually seen her yet; in that first rush they had scarcely looked at each other. And nowwell, he had been picturing to himself the Sylvia he remembered, the slim girl with girlish form and face and ways and tricks of speech. That was the Sylvia he had left and he had expected to see. And, instead, here before him was a lovely, an exquisitely lovely woman, superbly dressed, her shoulders and arms | pale. gleaming like marble. Could this princess be his wild lass o' the woods, his little Syl?

Her beauty, grace and air of distinction awed him into amazed silence; manlike, he felt shy, frightened of her, even while he tingled and glowed with pas-

She did not notice the sudden change in his manner, and she drew him by both his hands, which she held in her warm, soft grasp, into the room.

"Come to the light and let me see you, Jack!" she said, and her voice startled him almost as much as her altered appearance had done. It was fuller, softer, and yet, ah, as sweet as of old! "Come to the light and let me see you plainly, Jack. Let me see if I had forgotten what you were like! Oh, oh!" And she began to laugh and cry, that strange commingling by which a woman relieves a heart overful of joy. "How could you be so cruel? No, no! Not a word of reproach, Jack! Not now nor | my soul! You must tell us all about it. ever! But if you could know what I Neville. But the first thing to do is to suffered!"

And she shuddered "Yes, yes. You thought that I was than I can fathem!" he grunted. in better hands? See how I read your thoughts, Jack! But how could I have "We'll explain it all directly, dear, been better cared for than you cared for she said. "At present we are all too me? Oh, how happy we were! Have you happy in Sylvia's happiness to be able to forgotten it? No, ah, no, you haven't! say anything connectedly." She went ever had out in that wild, silent place. happiness. I think I know how you feel, Lot me look at you! How brown you To have lost him-to think him deador is it because the men here are small- And she drew a long breath. er? Oh, Jack, to have you with me ered her face with her hands. "Now though he was talking to the visshe laughed-"did you find a lot of gold, from her face.

Jack?" He shook his head and smiled.

called me that but you, Jack! My dear, and that he should once have been with-Neville's face flushed; the title jarred "A few yards!" said Lorrimore.

upon him; he forgot that it was he who

And she drew him on to a sofa beside | Neville's face clouded. Lorrimore's

Sylvia listened with eager intentness. | everywhere _____" "Poor Jack!" she murmured, smooth- A footman opened the door. ing his hand. "But who cares? You "Sir Jordan Lynne!" he announced. are here-here, actually sitting beside

me. Oh, do you think I shall wake up presently and find it all a dream?" question!" responded Neville. "It's- bombshell to at least three out of four it's difficult enough to believe that this of the party. Audrey started and turn She got up and dropped him a curt- Neville sprang to his feet.

Jack " and she laughed.

she said, laughing. "Do you remember gazed vacantly out of the carriage winhow I used to sing to you sitting by dow, and, lo and behold! as his train the claim. Jack, and how you used to pulled up at Sudbury Junction, half way praise my voice? I've made some use to town, he saw her face at the carriage

Start the Day Right by Eating

SHREDDED

SHREDDED WHEAT

for breakfast with milk or cream and a little

fruit. It is a muscle-building food, easily di-

Puts Vim and Vigor Into Tired Nerves and Weary Brains

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

WHEAT

gested by the most delicate stomach.

THE USURPER train started, and he was left standing upon the platform while Audrey was

-you have heard that-that he is not dead-not dead. Oh, God, don't keep me day, if you are very good, sir, and proin suspense!" she pleaded. And she wrung | ways to be a stay-at-home brother." mise never, never to leave me, but alher hands and looked from one to the Again Neville's face fell. "I'd promise anything to-night," he

"But now did you happen to come down here?" she asked after a moment. "Did you hear I was here? How did you discover me?"

As she asked the question the door sened, and the viscount came in, folowed by a footman with some wine. "Here you are, Lorri- Hullo! What!

What the deuce! Why no! Yes! It is Neville Lynne!" he broke off and ex-Neville rose. Sylvia looked round. She could only see Jack-Jack, the

"Why, my dear boy!" ejaculated viscount. "This is a surprise. Where on earth did you spring from? By Jove, you've changed! I shouldn't have known you but for your eyes! Tut, tut! Where's Audrey? be glad enough to see you, I'll warrant! Well, I never! My dear fellow, we all thought you were-ahem-dead! Neville Lynne back!" And he kept claping Neville's broad back and laughing. "Gad, I wish her ladyship were here! -hullo!" he broke off, suddenly, remembering that he had come upon the two sitting close together on the soia. "Do you know the Signorina Stella, Neville? Do you know him, signorina? I suppose you do, though,"

And he looked from one to the other, perplexed and bewildered. Sylvia rose. She was pale now-very

"I-I thought I did-yes," she said, in a low voice . "But-but you called him -what was it you called him? Neville

"I did. It's his name, my dear," said the viscount, staring. "What else should Sylvia looked from one to the other,

her breath coming quickly. "Jack, her Jack, Neville Lynne? How could it be?" Lorrimore and Audrey entering the room, found them thus, and Audrey went up quickly to the viscount, and put her "Neville is an old friend of Sylvia's,

dear," she said, giving him a little hug. "Don't you see?" "No, hang me if I do!" he bluntly re torted. "She doesn't know his name

"A fellow doesn't always call himself by the right name out in the gold fields," said Neville. "Eh? And you met there? Well, bless

drink your health, eh? Where's the wine? Audrey, my dear!" He looked "I did it all for the best," he faltered. from face to face. "There's more in this honest man who is confused, not the through hers and led her away. Audrey laughed.

remember everything everything, to Sylvia and kissed her. "Yes, dear," Jack! The slightest, weeniest talk we she murmured, "I am happy in your

Sylvia allowed herself to be kissed, but once more-once more!" And she cov- seemed dazed, and gazed at Neville, who tell me everything that has happened. count and Lord Lorrimore, kept glancing Did you stay long at the camp, and"- at her as if he could not keep his eyes

"It's the strangest story," he said. 'And I don't quite know whether I am in a few miles-"

"Yes, yards! And not know it!" "I'll wire to her ladyship," said the "My luck left me, Syl," he said, "and viscount. "I won't tell her that you I lef: Lorn Hope as poor as I entered it." have come back; we'll surprise her, eh? "Oh!" she said, with sweetest, most And, ah, by Jove! I was forgetting Jordan, and and have something to loving sympathy. "Tell me-go on, someone else! Jordan! Have you seen eat."

He gave an account of his adventures "No," said Neville, quietly. "Not yet." since their parting, excepting those con- "Not yet! By gad, he'll be surprised! nected with the finding of the will, and He's been advertising, looking for you longer

CHAPTER XXXII. "Sir Jordan Lynne!" The mounce-And she looked up at him piteously. | ment and the entrance of tha estimable | up again. "I was just asking myself the same gentleman were like the explosion of a

Jordan's presence was owing to one of "Wasn't I a-a wild cat, a tomboy, those chances which makeor mar men's fortunes. He had started that morning "You were the dearest-" He stop- for London, resolved upon persuading, ped. "But is it true that you are ____ forcing, Audrey to marry him at once, "The famous Signorina Stella, sir!" He was thinking of her intentiv as he

platform. At first he thought that it of Lord Marlow, and the Grange to svoid him! He sprangs out of the train and yelled for a porter, but as he did so his own and the other

carried away from him. To the amazement of the officials, who, of course, knew the right honorable gentleman, Sir Jordan swore and stamped his feet. When was the next train back to Lynne? There was no other informed.

his life at the station, and then flung huskily. "I am off to-morrow-" himself into the down train, and was "No!" whispered Neville, agitatedly, carried to Lynne. He only waited at the in his ear. "Not yet! Wait!" Court long enough to ascertain that Miss The poor viscount was getting bewild-Hope and her party had indeed arrived ered. at the Crange; then he had himself driven there, employing himself on the way in smoothing his face into some- time we shall have got over the surprise thing like its usual amiable serenity.

For a moment, as the footman opened ize it. As it is, to-night I feel as if I the drawing-room door and announced him, and he saw Neville and Lord Lorrimore, he stopped short, and the color lang, glanced at Audrey, and walked out, left his face—his lips. He had expected to see only Audrey and the signorina. Then with a tremendous effort he pulled himself together and came forward with

"Is it possible? Neville! My-my dear Neville!" he murmured, holding out his hand. "This is indeed a surprise! like to-well, to kiss her hand as Jor-When did you return? To find you here, dan had kissed Audrey's, but he let it

Neville stood stalwart and grim, and the door. allowed his brother to get hold of his "Neville's going," said Jordan, pleashand; but drew it away almost instantly. Lorrimore nodded, and Jordan went on, and followed Neville out on to the tertaking Audrey's hand. "I had no idea, race. not the least, that this joyful surprise awaited me! How well he is looking, and indulged in a prolonged whistle. | coffee and then bolt off to work That's

Neville's stern face with fraternal affec-

The viscount found his voice at last: none of the others had opened their lips. dan?" he asked, blankly. "We under- scarcely fair, young people, that I should and I guess I might just as well make up

sure that they must all be delighted to There was I, scarcely knowing what to then it's up to him to stand the gaff, and see him. "I started this morning, but say, or how to keep the peace, and ex- I guess maybe I'm not standing for it without which my presence in London take the blows. Now, if her ladyship had out having to drag the whole works was, so to speak, useless. I left it in been here, you would have seen to what along—oh, I knew a heap when I rigged my despatch box, the key of which I a height she can rise. It's just the had in my pocket. I assure you that kind of an opportunity that she And if I took you along with me in I was terribly annoyed at having to glories in. She wouldn't have let attempt to get away from this devilish ward to seeing you in London, dearest. don, my dear!" he broke off, for Sylvia you're going to say before you so much But"- to the rest-"how wonderful had clasped her hands and uttered a low forgotten that paper I should have been | beg both your pardons!" he mumbled in London and missed seeing you all to- on. "Of course, it's all nonsense, and

the carpet. He was tormented by the expecting a row every moment. But to that man touch your hand-don't let and he being old friends. You must tell him come near you-he's a scoundrel!" us all about it, everything-" But he restrained himself. As a matter "But not to-night, papa," said Audrey, tion of each year—they know what of fact, at such moments it is your gently, and she drew Sylvia's arm they're talking about. smooth and plausible villain; he is mas-

said Jordan, taking a seat next him, Camp, with many falterings, and with long months ago that you'd have the and little guessing that Neville had quiet tears, and sudden swift blushes bulliest time of your life if you'd only go hard work to keep his hands off him. and pallors. "What a time you have been away! And "It's amazing!" exclaimed Audrey. didn't you almost bite my head off for where have you been? I suppose you "Oh, I can understand what you felt suggesting that? By jinks, you talk as have been telling our dear friends the when you saw him just now. But-but if you positively despised your folks are, and yes I think you are bigger, and to have him come back to you. Ah!" story of your adventures! I long to why did you call each other brother and hear it. Signorina"-and he bowed to sister?" Sylvia, who stood just behind Neville with downcast face, for her eyes, quickened by love, saw that Neville was fighting hard to suppress his indignation about something or other, and knew that he was not at all glad to see this bland and courteous brother of his-"Signorina my brother and I have been Keep the windows closed for twelve "No, my luck left me with you, Syl," awake or asleep and dreaming. To think parted for years, I am afraid to say how hours; then air thoroughly and the room that Lord Lorrimore, here, should have many! But to me it has seemed a life- is habitable. "Syl!" she murmured. "No one has been hunting for me all these years, Door me how glad everybody will be! A good way to extract the juice from They appreciate and they keep that Dear me, how glad everybody will be We-we must have a fete to welcome

kill the fatted calf. Audrey?" Audrey murmured something inaudibly a lemon squeezer. Add a little salt. and Lord Marlow cut in again. "You'd better get rid of that ulster

"Thank you, Marlow," responded Jordan, "but I must not stay. I have work to do; and I dined very comfortably at Sudbury."

Neville rose; he could endure it no

"I'm -going," he said, grimly, and as if he had some impediment in his throat. "We will go together," said Jordan, "You must come to the court, of course, Neville. I must not lose sight of my long-lost brother now that he has turned | figured surface.

And he smiled round sweetly. "No," said Neville. "I am staying-" gergeous and queenly lady is-is Syl!" ed pale; Lorrimore frowned darkly, and in a whisper to Lorrimore, "Those two juice, a pinch of salt and a little chopped will fight like cats once they get out parsley. side! I can see mischief in Neville's eye!) You stop with us, of course, Neville."

him imploringly with the tips of her ten her, but he turned with a smile, like , yellow. a flash of sunshine, creeping through

the darkness of his face. "No, thanks," he said. "I have rooms at the cottage. But I'll walk as far as the court with-with Jordan." "And father! Nonsense, my dear Neville. Why of course the court is your home!" exclaimed Jordan, affectionagely. "Lerve him to me," and he nodded and smiled. Then he crossed over to where Audrey stood, apart from the rest, nervously turning over the leaves of a book. "How could you leave London without writing to me, dearest?"

he murmured. "You got my letter." "Yes, Audrey said, without looking up. "And-and you will not refuse my request, Audrey? Indeed, indeed, I cannot be happy until you are mine-mine, irrevocably." She managed to repress the shudder

that ran through her. "And now, Neville, dear old Neville, your old friend, has come to us- that is another reason why we should not wait! He shall be my best man, Audrey

She raised her head and looked at "You-you will do what you said?"

she murmured, hurriedly. "He has come back poor and--

"Rest assured that I will treat him as one brother should treat another!" he replied in a low voice, and taking her hand and pressing it. "Neville is proud. as you see, but I shall overcome that by my affection, What, Do you think I would allow him to want for money while I have a penny to share with him." Audrey's eyes filled with tears.

"If you will do that-" He seized upon the consent to their speedy marriage her faltering words implied and raised her hand to his lips.

Lord Lorrimore had been watching them under his dark brows, and, as Joruntil the usual afternoen one, he was dan kissed her hand, he stalked forward to the viscount. He spent four of the longest hours of "I will say good-by, Marlow," he said

> of Neville's return, and be able to realwere standing on my head."

Lorrimore, without declining or accept "You will go?" murmured Sylvia to Neville, who stood looking at Jordan. He turned and took her hand. "Yes, I must go," he said, "I must

He looked hard at her, as if he should drop without doing so, and walked to

"How do you do, Lord Lorrimore?" "Till to-morrow, dearest!" he whispered,

no end of excitement. Neville back, Lor- all the time,

night, my dear Neville especially!" | they're all right. But, upon my word,

chair again, and was gazing grimly at if anything, looked blacker-that I was desire to exclaim, "Audrey, don't let think of Neville's coming back, and you

room and as Audrey knelt close beside to get away from the flat, too? There "And so you have come back, Neville!" her she told the story of Lorn Hope you go again! Didn't I suggest two

(To be continued.) ----

Worth Knowing. Burn juniper berries in a room that has been freshly painted or papered

beef for those who require that nourishthe wanderer home. Will you help me ment is to broil the beef on a gridiron for a few minutes and then squeeze with A useful washing fluid is made by 'em, they're just as free as little birdies boiling together half a pound of slaked

> of water for two hours. Let it settle and then pour off the clear liquid for Remove grass stains from linen by

lime and a pound of soda in six quarts

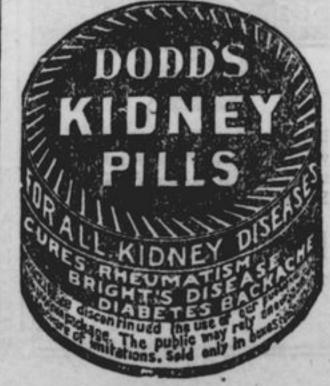
first dipping the spots in ammonia water and then washing them in warm soap-In polishing walnut furniture, take three parts of linseed oil to one part of

spirits of turpentine. Put on with a woolen cloth; and when dry rub with woolen. The polish will conceal a dis-

A cupful of left-over mashed potatoes may be made into croquettes by the addition of the yolk of two eggs, a little "Here," put in the viscount (adding grated nutmeg, a half spoonful of onion

Liver should always he parboiled and wiped dry before frying. This not only Sylvia put out her hand and touched keeps the juice but softens the flavor. it in your last rinsing water, and your | She's got him, and he's shelved and Neville seemed to have almost forgot- clothes will come out white instead of stuffed away, and that's the end of it.

> more attention than the refrigerator. I lying there blinking at me like a cat It should be washed and dried every day, before a grate fire. To prevent sausage from shriveling | How's that? Oh, you've heard it all lacover them with cold water and allow before, have you, and it doesn't lead them to come to a boil. Then drain them | anywhere, anyhow, and you just can't |



Fellows Who Don't Get Married and Entertains Mrs. Gragg With an Account of What He Has to Put Up With in His Home.

Mr. Gnagg, awakening very early after a night of fitful sleep, squirmed and wriggled and coughed until Mrs. Gnagg was aroused from slumber too. Then he regaled her with seasonable observations. in part as follows:

Huh! You're awake, are you! How you can sleep as you do I don't know. bet you could sleep on an unpainted tin have dreamed about while I was talking, roof at high noon of one of these sizzling for you were more than half asleep all days without once turning over. You're | the time. wonders, that's what you women are.

here, about what crafty mugs these fel- cause you accuse me of picking on you, but they're the wise old owls. I know dozens of 'em that right now are fizgigging around on the Adirondack have any sense of humor, anyhow. lakes, hitting up the boardwalk at At- That's the whole thing. lantic City, joshing the old frumps that I shouldn't expect a woman to be able talk to my-my brother; but I will come

consider 'em eligibles for their daughters | to see the point of a little badinage. Oh, up in the Catskills, having a bully, well, cut out the weeps, won't you, and unencumbered, cool time of it at the I'll do anything you want. summer resorts all over the country, There, there, now, forget all that junk. with no one to bother or hinder 'em, Who's said a word to you? You'll see nobody to report to, nobody to have to my point of view some of these days, get home to or stand for a row or the and then you'll understand. There, weeps and all that great stuff, while

waiting for the minute to pop for me | right!-New York Sun. The viscount stared at the two girls to hop up and swallow a cup of bum "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What me. That's what I get out of life. I'm And he gazed over his shoulder at a gathering of the clans! What a happy just the good old hawse Dobbia that family' kind of meeting! I thought we brings in the stuff and has to walk the were coming down here for a few days' chalk line and do things on the minute A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Wilrest and quiet, and instead of that, here's or else have the dickens raised with me

"How-how did you come here, Jor- dan meeting here-pon my word, it's shelved propositions, that's what I am, rimore going to Africa, and he and Jor- I'm one of the dished ones, one of the have to bear this kind of thing alone and my mind to it now as any other time looking round with a smile as if he were "we wanted her ladyship badly, Audrey! his neck in the matrimonial noose, why, at Sudbury I remembered suddenly that pecting that I should have to stop in Living in a dinky flat, hotter'n To-I had forgotten an important document, between one party and the other and phet, and never getting anywhere with-

turn back—" his voice dropped, and he Neville and Jordan go of ftogether to heat, why, what recreation would there bent over Audrey, "for I had looked for- murder each other-oh, I beg your par- be in that for me? I know everything

these accidents turn out! If I had not cry, and her face had become white. "I Oh, stop that, will you! I haven't said that you were stupid or thickheaded. I only said that we're together "My dear Neville" had sunk into his Neville looked so black—and Lorrimore, that I know all of your ideas by heart, and what a man needs is a little bunch of somebody else's ideas once in a while, doesn't he? I tell you what, the people that say that married folks ought to get

How's that? Don't I think that Sylvia sank on the bed in her own woman feels occasionally as if she'd like out to Ohio and see your folks, and anyhow: Every time I slip in so much as a word of suggestion that you rattle out there to the farm and see your people, why you flare up as if somebody was trying to put up a job on you to

send you to jail. But to get back to the foxiness of these chaps that just give the merry ha-ha to the scheming girls that try to ensnare them into matrimony-the more I thing of those smart guys the more I admire 'em, and that's the truth. | might return again, but it never did, and inestimable proposition, namely and to

They can't see this thing of being at and I hope my experience may be of Mr. Smawley, an undersized man in somebody else's beck and call. Doggone on a brier bush, and maybe they don't know it! When one of 'em comes to me, laughing in his sleeve all the time, and tries to spin that tommyrot about how lucky the fellows are that've got domestic hearths of their own and all like that, I feel like telling 'em that they belong in vaudeville-they're too good at | the comedy business to waste it in

private life. I'd like to know what I get out of life, anyhow, come to look it over. Something to eat and a place to sleep-that's all. And I could have that if I was only earning \$10 a week and alone. And what do you care? Not a cent's worth! You're only half listening to me

How's that? It's only a quarter to six, and you feel sleepy? Oh, of course you feel sleepy. You always do when I am trying to have any kind of conversation with you. That's the way it goes. A married woman doesn't care any more about responding to her husband's Pulverize a teaspoonful of borax; put ideas than she does for last year's hat. You might at least show a half decent No article of furniture should receive regard for what I'm saying, instead of

> keep your eyes open. That's more of the old stuff-as much | Towne-Little thing? Why, man, I as to say that I'm harping on the same actually bought that umbrella.-Phil-

most peevish person before breakfast

in the morning that ever I saw in my Say, can't we have breakfast a little weather? What time does that infernal and it's nothing but junk. maid get here of mornings, anyhow? fast yourself this morning, seeing that Courier-Journal. the maid isn't within miles of the flat yet? Oh, never mind. Say, if you got breakfast for me once, I'd never hear the last of it. You'd pitch it up to me to the last day of my life that I made tell you that I had a cousin who was you work like a galley slave, and prob- hanged.

take in washing for a living.

What? You'd rather get a hundred breakfasts than hear me complain so much? Now, that's a stab that I shall not tolerate. Who's complaining? Who's uttered a word of complaint? I only

Oh, that's it; go on and blubber. Just because, being unable to sleep, I endeav. ored to engage you in a little before breakfast conversation-why, you fall to sniffling and all that. I tell you what, most women would appreciate having their husbands staking them to a little persiflage upon awakening in the morning. But that's all the appreciation I get-having the handkerchief pulled on

Look here, what's it all about, any how? Who said anything about being tired of anybody. Well, of all the be-

dinged inventions ever! All I said was that these fellows that keep out of the matrimonial harness know what they're about, and here, you begin imagining about nine million things that I said and that you must

Oh, well, I s'pose I've got to crawl now I've just been thinking, tossing around | and let you walk all over me, simply belows are that don't get married. Whee, when as a matter of fact I've only been wrying to cut up a little with you. I'm the fathead for expecting a woman to

chief business and let's have some break-Oh, I'm just rolling around here, fast. Come on, hun, everything's all

ST. VITUS DANCE

liams' Pink Pills.

St. Vitus' dance is a disease of the nerves brought on by a morbid condition of the blood. It is a common disease "So I had," said Jordan, blandly, and, unaided! Ah," and he shook his head, When a fellow is pinhead enough to get with children, and attacks females oftener than males. The only cure lies in plenty of pure blood, because good blood is the life food of the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure even the most severe form of the trouble because they enrich the blood supply, thus carrying the necessary food to the nerves. In proof of this we have the statement of Mrs. Alex. Cameron, Summerside, P. E. I., who says: "Some years ago my daughter Lena, then a child of ten years, became afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. At that time she was attending school, and the first indication I had that something was wrong was that she appeared easily discouraged in her studies. She was naturally a spirited child, not given to tears, but she would cry over what I thought should be easy work for her. The disease progressed so rapidly that in the course of a few weeks she became unable to hold anything in her hands, and we were obliged to take her out of school. She became so afflicted that she could not hold a cup to her lips without suddenly losing hold of it. I knew from the first by the symptoms that her ailment was St. Vitus' dance, and despaired of seeing her cured, as it was looked on as such a hopeless ailment. She became so bad that she could not hold herself still for the space of ten seconds. Her hands or feet were continually moving, and last of all she would contort her features so that she was losing her natural expression. At this stage I chanced on a paper containing a testi- all to pieces in the first inning, and monial in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink our boys beat 'em 27 to 0!' Pills, describing the cure of a little girl afflicted as mine was. I hastened to get a couple of boxes of the Pills, and by the time she had used them I noticed a decided change for the better, and purchased a further supply." By the time she had taken seven boxes she was en-

tirely cured. Although she seemed thoroughly cured I was afraid the disease I cannot thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills | rule?" enough for what they did for my child,

benefit to some one afflicted as my the outskirts of the crowd, softly to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all | man rule in his own family? At the medicine dealers or may be obtained by present time, begosh, he doesn't!" mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine

Co., Brockville, Ont. Work of a Mountain Mail Carrier. Eugene D. Abbott, the mail carrier be-

tween Ketchum and Stanley, was in town Thursday. He reports that the snow is about six feet deep now on the Galena summit and three or four just this side, at Galena and vicinity. He leaves Ketchum every Monday morning and returns there Saturday night, making the round trip every week. It is made on snowshoes, and on an average he carries some thir-

ty-five pounds on his back. The trip soon becomes rather wearying and monotonous, with nothing to liven up the cheerless aspect of the country. Snow, either on the ground or falling, hills and mountains, timber and occasional water courses constitute the scenery, and the silence at times is almost oppressice.-Hailey News-Miner.

Hard Hit. Towne-Gee, whiz! I wish I could

eatch the fellow who stole my umbrel-Browne-O! cut it out! Why do you make such a fuss over a little thing like that? old thing all the time. You are the adelphia Press.

___ An Optimist.

"Why did he buy that second-hand earlier around here during the hot fire escape? He paid a good price for it "Not to him. He thinks maybe he can Huh? On, you're wide awake now, induce somebody to build a theatre or are you, and you'll prepare some break- an office building to fit it."-Louisville -----

> Forty to One. He-Before we become engaged I must

ably you'd ramp around and tell every- | She- That's all right. I've got about

ONTARIO ARCHIVES

TORONTO



Teacher-Johnny, can you where the North Pole is? Small Johnny-Yes, ma'am. It's at the top of the map.

Mamma-Tommy, I see you took two pieces of cake instead of one, as I told you. Why did you do that "" Tommy,-Well, mamma, I was playing that another little boy was visiting me, and I knew you wouldn't mind me giving

Fond Parent-Don't you know better, Bobby, than to leave your chewing gum on a chair, where people will sit down Bobby-It's all right, father: I've got another piece,-Chicago News.

Protected.

"Have you adequate police protection for your house?" asked a man of a friend, who was residing in a lonely spot. "Rather," was the reply. "Why, we've got the prettiest servant girl in the county."-Chicago Journal.

Unpopular Air.

"Warmer, with great humidity," said the weather clerk. "You're giving us hot air," grumbled the people, viewing him with distinct disfavor.-Philadelphia Ledger.

He-I've a notion to propose to you. She-Please do! I'm trying for a record.—St. Louis Post-Despatch.

At the Seashore,

Modernity's Triumph. Papa was about to apply the strap. "Father," said Willie, firmly, "unless that instrument has been properly sterilized I desire to protest.

This gave the old man pause. "Moreover," continued Willie, "the germs might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric but lately exposed to the dust of the streets would be apt to affect you deleteriously." As the strap fell from a nerveless hand,

An Ungentle Hint.

Willie sloped.—Philadelphia Ledger,

Miss Bangs-I bought a copy of that new march song to-day, Mr. Staylate, I'll play it for you. Mr. Staylate—Is it good? Miss Bangs-Oh, splendid to march to.

Political Manager-"Are you feeling all right to-day?

In Tune.

-Philadelphia Press.

Spellbinder—"As fine as a fiddle." Political Manager-"Good! You may go ahead and sound the keynote." His Natural Mind. "I understand old Pslyman left his

affairs in pretty bad shape. Are you

naving any trouble in straightening

"We have found that they can't be straightened. He was a confirmed

From the Rooter's Viewpont. Was it a good game of ball?" "Splendid! The visiting team went

The Fair Vacationist. She goes to a quiet country place. Where the folk "don't put on style." And she fills six trunks with finery,

To dress herself the while.

"The question is," thundered the she has since enjoyed the best of health. political crator, "Shall the people "Not by a doggoned sight!" said

Demurred.

himself. "The question is, Shall a Looks No Proof.

"No, I can't say that he does," answered the careful witness, "but that doesn't signify, for neither do you."

hardened criminal?"

"Look at my client," said the attorney

for the defence. "Does he look like a

Thought He Was It. Said she: "I flatter myself that I know a good thing when I see it." Said he: "Well, it's up to you." Said she: "What do you mean?"

Steady Job.

Said he: "Why, this is leap year, you

Mrs. Knox-Mrs Peeper is certainly a reless business woman. Mrs. Blox-Indeed! What business is she engaged in? Mrs. Knox-Everybody's.

Saved Him the Trouble. Hubbie-My dear, if I cannot leave the

office in time for dinner to-night I will

send you a note by messenger. Wifie-You need not go to that expense, George, for I have already found the note in your coat pocket .- Philadelphia Inquirer. Hot Weather Goods,

Cateror-How was that ice cream we

Patron-Fine. It was the best ice

ream I ever drank.-Life, That Was His Trouble.

delivered to you yesterday?

The best man noticed that one of the weddings guests, a gloomy-looking young man, did not seem to be enjoying himself. He was wandering about as though he had lost his best friend. The best man took it upon himself to cheer him

"Er-have you kissed the bride?" he asked, by way of introduction. "Not lately," replied the gloomy one, body we know that I wanted you to 30 or 40 that ought to be.-Brooklyn | with a far-away expression.- Everybody's Magazine.