ewspapers tubus 1 10 .-Jubilee Numbers.

Tolstor, novelist, author and

AT DREYFUS.

rying to Reopen the le Dreyfus Affair.

14.—The trial of Louis A. man who on June 4, of this the panthon at Paris, dur-One of Gregori's bullets vfus in the wrist, while the wild. The accused man has exty witnesses chiefly perted with the Dreyfus afent are opposed to the rehis question: ----

da and the States Arrive In England.

Sept. 14.—The steamer ----

rom a Terento Boathouse hich Was on Fire.

Sept. in E. Housey's boats and was drowned in making Mystery surrounds the

400 ED THE CAT STEW,

He Found Out, Was He Mad?

Phew! ty, Sept. 14. Suppose your what Samuel Yaccositti did.

now he got in jail. re close friends, and hyor dish steaming on the

amirrel stea, explained Fire o, here, firemolesed the samue sugh the dish was polished you like the stew?" naked

two, who had watened the

with deep interest. you get the somirrely lize Markley held him for the

4+4

R IRRITATES FRANCE the Present Moment for His

Entry Into the Country. Sept. 14.-According to the spondent of the welegraph,

Disappointment. who had been convicted a a brought before a certific n ever been sentenced to im-" asked the judge, not un-

exclaimed the prisoner, suding into tears. il, don't ery, my man," said consolingly; "you're going to Everybody's Magazine,

THE USURPER

"Yes-yes!" assented Audrey. "But you aren't brother and sister now," she

Sylvia's face grew hot, then pale. "I-I was such a mite," she said, hurriedly. "And he was so big! Just now -just now-I thought I was up to his shoulder! Yes, I must have grown-al-

Audrey laughed softly. "Yes, and he thought so. He gazed as if he could not believe his eyes. He must have thought it was a vision." And she drew her head back in bird-like fashion, and looked at the lovely face admiringly. "Oh, how wonderful it all is! Thank heaven he has found you! He

won't go away again! He can't leave his-sister!" Sylvia's face grew scarlet, and she covered it with her hands as she remembered how, on the terrace, she had flown into his arms. Had she kissed him? She did not know. It was likely.

the soft wealth of dark hair lovingly. dear!" she whispered.

Then she rose with a start. to talk-I want you to tell me what I of old, and that if he should be sudden- step behind them. He looking am to do. Oh, I don't know what to ly enraged he could turn and crush Jor- round and saw a man's figure crouch-

And with a little piteous sigh, that | Sylvia entered.

tone of alarm. dear!" said Sylvia. "Jack-I mean- affectionate request, and Jordan had to pride to come between us. You must well, he is not-not dead. He has come walk quickly to keep up with him,

in my own way.' both Sylvia's hands, her large, sad eyes the House of Commons. How familiar fixed sympathetically on her face, until the whole place must seem to you," he Sylvia came to the scene in the drawing- ran on, smoothly, and ignoring his bro-

Mercy, his name is Neville Lynne, and have seldom been out of our thoughts, he is Sir Jordan's brother!"

white lips and a startled, horrified ex- just this-I must hear the whole account pression in her eyes.

you are surprised. It all came upon me with your pockets full of gold? I hope like a flash of lightning. I am dazed so-I hope so," fervently, by it still. But how cold you are, which she had taken, was like ice.

maid. "I ought to have waited untill the poor, my dear Neville, and-and per-

"No-no!" said Mercy, in a slow tion. voice. "You were right to tell me at "Oh!" said Neville, grimly. once at once! Sylvia, I must go back "Yes," wen on Jordan, blandly. to London to-morrow. I must go by the "I am afraid from your manner, my

now!" exclaimed Sylvia, aghast.

Her voice was so imploring that Sylvia kissed her and returned to Audrey. him.

"Mercy is ill-very ill, I am afraid," kind?" continued Jordan. she said, gravely. "I think she scarcely understood-oh, it was thoughtless of me to disturb her to-night! Audrey, must send for a doctor to-morrow." "Certainly we will," asented Audrey, "Poor Mercy! We will both nurse her back to health. But you'll be ill, too,

my dear, if you don't go to bed and get some sleep. You are quite feverish. See, I have almost undressed-"she had put on her dressing-robe during Sylvia's absence"-and you must let me help you But I will. How lovely this hair of yours is! I have never seen it down before. And what a length!" Sylvia hung her head so that the hair

Covered her face. "It used to make him angry," she said. in a whisper. "He said that it got in his eyes, and into the puddings," and she laughed softly. Audrey laughed.

"That was like a-brother!" she said, "Don't!" breathed Sylvia, almost in-

pretty you look when you blush, and any rate-a competency, but he was

nestled under Sylvia's bodice. Sylvia put her hand up to it. "Don't know?" echoed Audrey. Sylvia shook her head.

My father gave it to me the night he ed," she said. "It is the story of my birth, Audrey.'

started slightly.

Audrey put up her hand and stroked ing well—very well; but with this con-"I must go and tell Mercy," she said. of him and shuddered as he swore under | -he stopped short and started. "Wait here for me, Audrey. I-I want his breath. He knew Neville's temper His quick ears had heard a foot-

was like that of a heart trembling on he was dead. I wish to heaven he were!" he recognized Jim Banks.

"It is news great news - Mercy. But Neville strode on, ignoring the back. Don't speak, dear! let me tell you "You have been gaining health and Mercy listened in silence, but holding wasting ours sitting up past midnight in "And he is not 'Jack' at all, but-oh, of you, Neville; I may say that you Mercy dropped Sylvia's hands and ut- to dear Audrey. She will be your sister "His brother!" she breathed, with welcome news to you. And now tell me Lynne, of Lynne Court. No wonder smiled on you? Have you come back

dear!" she broke off, for Mercy's hand, "No. My pockets are empty," he said. Mercy sank back on the pillow, and, Jordan sympathetically, a smile of satisturning her face aawy, was silent for so | faction playing for a moment on his thin long that Sylvia bent over ber anxious- lips, "I had hoped that you had re-"How thoughtless of me, dear!" she But I am glad to see you, rich or morning, not come to you with all this haps not so sorry for your ill-luck excitement when you are tired out with as I should be, for it will give me

and truest of good will."

"Very," curtly. must let me help you.'

we are brothers?"

ville, grimly.

why, what's this, Sylvia?" she broke off immovable. He would scarcely per mit me to mention your name. But

She had been unfastening Sylvia's we will not speak of that; it can

only sadden both of us! Tell me your plans, Neville?" "My plans?" growled the young

"Yes," said Jordan, blandly: "Do ou intend to remain in England? Ah! I am afraid not. I have always noticed that when a man has taken to wandering he cannot settle down; once a globe-trotter, always a glob trotter, and I suppose you are already thinking of starting off for somewhere?" Neville was silent.

"Silence gives consent! I feared that it would be the case! Well, well! After all, a roaming life has its charms. But you must let me held you. I think I may say without immodesty that I have some interest. you know-or perhaps you don't know that I am in the Cabinet?" For the life of him, he could not keep a tone of proud superioriety out

of his smooth voice. "Oh, yes," said Neville, grimly. know, I saw you one night coming haps there's one she cares for!" At the out of Audrey's house-or the Mar- thought he clutched his short hair and "No," said Sylvia. "I was not to open lows'-to your carriage, and hear! groaned, and called himself, for the beautiful, are hung in panels. The arit for three years," and in a low voice the crowd shout for the great Sir twentieth time that night, a fool ever

given to her, and the injunction "In-deed. Really, now! And you now!" he sighed. "And serves me jolly of view, presenting a series of framed

"Well, yes, I have some influence," resumed Jordan, little guessing how Perhaps of the three Jordan slept best. the professional decorator. Jordan followed Neville out. He was abroad. A consulate, or something In the morning Trale came round to ed for use in panel form, being complete is dying. The signs are unmistakable. conscious that he carried off the meet of that kind. And—er—meanwhile Mrs. Parsons', and found Neville pacing in design, without the necessity of frieze is dying. The signs are unmistakable.

"Ah, he whappy you must be to-might, hension. Neville had received his fra"No?" Restless and anxious to be "Mr. Neville," he said, in an excited are matched by linens, taffetas, chintzes admit it. Ver all the time from the ternal advances so coldly, to put it mild- on the move already?" said Jordan, whisper, "I've found him!" ly, that Jordan knew he should have to | pleasantly. "Well, well! I am sorry. be careful how he dealt with him; and You must let me make you an allowhe looked at the stalwart figure in front | ance-no refusal! You must indeed"

ing stealthily under the shadow of "Curse him!" he muttered. "I thought | the hedge, and his heart leaped as The verge of a great happiness or a Thea aloud he said: "What a big fellow They were in the avenue now; the great disappointment she left the room. you have become, Neville! I am delight- lights of the village glimmered in Mercy was awake and started up as ed to see you in such splendid health. the distance. He glanced over his

> "Yes, you must not allow your to do." not forget that I am your brother." "Half brother," said Neville again,

Jordan laughed softly. "Son of the same father!" he said. "I Neville; I've got him this time. If you esteem it a favor if you will accept"- Jordan for a little while longer!" he paused. "Shall we say two hundred "It's a large order, but I'll try," said Neville, doubtfully.

Neville stopped again and looked at Do, sir, do!" pressed Trale. "I'm five or six thousand a year, generously they an't shuffle out of it. I'm off now, offered him two hundred! He laughed- Mr. Neville. Don't be surprised to see actually laughed-a laugh that made me at any moment." Jordan shrink away from him. of your life since we parted, when we offering you more; your pride, you see! Lord Lorrimore had gone out, and after benging about still thinking of Sylvia. "Not enough, Neville? I was afraid of spend the time, but he was told that "Yes," said Sylvia. "He is Mr. Neville get home—but tell me this: has Fortune Let us say four! And if you have made hanging about still thinking of Sylvia, he made his way to the Grange. As he up your mind to leave England, we must he made his way to the Grange. As he say five; money does not go so far entered the avenue he saw Lord Lorriabroad as it does here. Yes, five! Come! more in front of him, and soon overtook I will get you a berth in some pleasant him. place in the colonies and allow you five | Lerrimore looked grave and anxious.

hundred a year. I beg you will not "Mr. Lynne," he said, almost at once, wound me by refusing!" They had reached the lane leading to tion of leaving England immediately, the Court, and crossed over to the lodge. you said 'don't.' Will you tell me your Neville stopped short. "You will come in-you will stay at | question, but-well, you see how it is

the Court?" said Jordan, with feigned with me." "No!" said Neville. "You say my why I said 'don't.' Lord Lorrimore, I father left me nothing?" Jordan shook his head. "I am sorry-very, very sorry, to say that I can't give them."

Miss Hope!" As he spoke he glanced round; the dimly seen figure had crept closer. "And you offer me four-five hundred Lord Lorrimore, any one can see that

dear. I am glad, glad at your happiness. it; and in its place, I trust-for my "And I hope, I earnestly hope, you is not making her happy, and that-You know that, but yet, I am tired. Go, part, I am sure-there is the best | will accept it!" said Jordan. Neville | will, don't you think it is possible that drew a long breath. Neville looked straight in front of "I'll tell you to-morrow," he said, Lorrimore's face lighted up with the grimly. "Good night," and he strode off. hope that rose in his heart.

and as he did so he felt a hand on his Neville, gravely. The shadow that had been following | Lorrimore nodded. them stood beside him. It was Jim Banks. He wore a rough workman's Mr. Lynne. I will wait. I will only say suit and a fur cap almost entirely con- this-that if-if I thought Au-Miss

"Who-who was that?" he asked, resign her without another effort. But hoarsely, looking after Neville. ly, his breath coming and going in sharp whom she was engaged---" "You offer to help me?" he said. pants. "That is my brother, Neville

Lavarick started. "Him!" he said, hoarsely. "He's Neville Lynne?"

"Yes," said Jordan, bending down till his lips almost touched Lavarick's ears. "Just so, and I cannot forget that | "That is Neville Lynee." His breath came our father did you-yes, I will say fast and hot. "It's-it's a quarter of a so candidly-a wrong. You know mile to the village-a lonely road. Ithat he-er-did not mention you in I hope you won't do anything rash, Banks. But remember your poor daugh-

With an oath Lavarick left him, and still erouching close to the hedge, followed the unconscious Neville, Frdan stood and watched, his face white, every He saw Neville striding along, and Jim Banks following like a shadow. He saw Banks gain on him, and crouch as if

ready for a spring, something gleaming "Kill him! Curse him! Kill him!" broke from Jordan's white lips; and at that moment, though he could not have heard the injunction, Lavarick rose as if to spring.

But as he did so, Sir Jordan saw another figure emerge from the darkness and join Neville. It was Trale. Lavarick saw it, too, and he stopped, and slunk back into the hedge. Jordan waited a moment, watching Neville and Trale walk off together, then with a bitter sense of disappointment he

turned in at the lodge gate. CHAPTER XXXIV. Neville tossed and rolled through the night, but, strange to say, it was not the thought of Jordan's villainy which

kept him from the sleep which knits up the raveled sleeve of care. It was "Her brother!" he thought. "That's all I am to her. Just her brother, nothing more! She wouldn't have flown to me, and made so much of me, if-if she'd cared for me in any other way. And why should she care for me in the way I

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whispered suggestion of Neville.

any reflections about a "him."

Neville walked down to the inn to

"Yes, I do," said Neville, "and that's

"No, I don't think; I'm certain," said

"I will not ask you another question,

Hope would be happy with him, I would

-well, I don't like Sir Jordan, and I

(To be continued.)

We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

We lay us down to sleep,

Whether to wake and weep

Or wake no more be best

And leave to God the rest;

Why vex our souls with care?

The grave is cool and low-

That we should dread to go?

We've kissed love's sweet, red lips,

Some faithful friends we've found,

And left them sweet and red;

Blooms on when he is dead.

But they who love us best,

Will laugh on with the rest.

But other hands can take;

For which we need to wake.

To Him who gave us breath

That we should go to rest.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,

When we are under ground

No task have we begun

No work beneath the sun

If so it seemeth best

We lay us down to steep:

Our weary eyes we close;

Whether to wake and weep

Or wake no more, He knows.

Have we found life so fair

The rose the wild bee sips

it may be broken off?"

ing round cautiously.

"When-how?"

PAPER-HANGING IN PANELS. want? A lovely, radiant creature like

her-she looked like a young princess! -and famous, too! No doubt there are Latest Method of Wall Decoration-Handsome Imported Papers. earls and swells of that kind. And per-

The better sort of wall papers, importrangement is good from an artistic point to have lost sight of her. "I've lost her did not come forward and make yourself known! I am afraid you are Nor did Lorrimore at the inn have a of decorative effects to be thus obtained particularly good night, and as he lay is apparent to the skilled designer, while Neville stopped, restrained himself, awake thinking of Audrey, he called the simplicity of execution must comhimself a fool for staying on at the mend itself even to the amateur who is disposed to dispense with the services of

narrow a squeak he had had of being though his dreams were disturbed by French and English wall papers, conshaken, "and I must use it. I must that spectre of fear which will haunt the ceived and carried out on the lines of the starting. He was too much engaged out change of pattern or coloring. For her mind, she has known it. thinking of "her" to have any room for the drawing room are used papers simu- There is only one thing to do when a "Why, Jim Banks!" said Trale, look- design in relief of silk flock on a back. him go. To "win back his love" is next Neville's eyes flashed, and his interest | With them, according to the New York | to see two people, one madly in love "Last night," said Trale. "One of my spaces around the panels following in the only advice that can be offered.

him on the head and handcuff him, if | cellent results.

necessary. No, don't you be afraid, Mr. with the woodwork, are appropriate. before it was too late. him. This man who had robbed him of hoping to catch 'em both so tight that Halls, hung with landscape papers, are True love, said Sir Philip Sidney, can scot effect, grass cloth or splint cloth | timely rains, being used on the larger plain surface. For the nursery or playroom, as it is sometimes necessary to remove the wall decorations for the cleansing or renovation of the room, the panels had best be in the form of detachable frames.

> ----TIDES AND MOSUITOES. tion of Insect Plague.

reason? Excuse the abruptness of the for the mosquitoes which scourge the and the love of the sewing machine and Atlantic coast rests primarily with the his family that he acts as dressmaker .-tides, which for a few days each month Council Grove correspondence Kansas rise to a height considerably above the City Journal. want you to believe that I've good rea-

sons for asking you to stay awhile, but On these days the sea water enters "It is something in connection withalong the edges of the uplands, which | can leopard wildcat for a pet. "I' is," assented Neville. "Look here, short, her engagement to my-to Jordan recognized by the black and white rings another was killed that the young could on their legs, and they fly long dis- be taken.

the high water; in a few days they are else to the animal when it grows up,

It is a common error to believe that they breed all over the salt marshes; if they did the seashore regions would be uninhabitable by man. On the contrary, there is no larvacide equal to and warm ourselves." fresh sea water; it is vastly cheaper | The speaker made with the heel of his then kerosene and is automatically ap- skate a hole in the ice. He applied a plied. No mosquitoes breed in places match to the hole. The ice blazed up flushed by the daily tides; the eggs and instantly with a hot, bright flame.

by the small fish. simple to cut ditches into the higher rather odd," she said, "to warm one's pools along the uplands, which will hands at a fire of ice?" cause them to be flushed by the tide | "You are a stranger to Atchison," said every day. This is the principle which the young Kansan, "or you wouldn't has been followed in the work that has find it odd. We are used to it here. Albeen done on parts of Long Island and ways when we skate on Lake Doniphan New Jersey looking toward the exter-

mination of the pest. Of course, this cannot stop invasions from outside regions, but it serves to prevent the invaders breeding in the

Most farmers whose acres border on the salt marshes could stop breeding on a match to it and up shoots a magical their places by two or three days' work | flame."-From the Minneapolis Journal. in cutting ditches. It is not to be expected that this simple fact will ever penetrate their skulls, or that if it does they will take the trouble to dig the ditches until some enlightened Legis- young, and who never was handsome, ture makes it a misdemeanor for any said to a child in presence of her parone to maintain such a pestiferous nui- ents: sance as a mosquito hatchery and compels enforcement of the law.

There are many miles on both the | The little one made no reply, and the north and south sides of Long Island gentleman continued: and along the Sound, such, for in- "Well, you don't tell me. Why won't stance, as the marshes at the mouth of | you?" the Bronx, where mosquitoes are pro- Two little fat hands tucked the corduced in large numbers, unhampered by | ners of a pinafore into her mouth, as any attempt at restraint. From these | she said, archly, in a timid whisper: regions they drift on the light winds "'Cause I don't want to be whipped." tance. to New York city and other distant -Philadelphia Inquirer. places, as we have been forcibly reminded in the past weeks.

---Might Be Advisable. "I am a poor man."

"When we are married I can learn to cook." tice," suggested the thrifty suitor, |-Baltimore American. "while your father is yet supplying the raw material, so to speak?"-Washing-

WHEN LOVE IS DYING.

The Only Thing a Woman Can Do In the Matter.

It is not until a man realises that h is tired of a girl, and never really was in love with her, that he also realises how foolishly he has acted. It amazes him to find that he has gone so far as to be considered the fiancee of the maid. Then, not knowing how to get out of the tangle, in which he has become involved, he falls back upon the unmanly method of neglecting the girl he has hitherto courted and flattered. True, this

is little more foolish than the former recklessness of his conduct, but it causes a good deal of suffering to a woman who has loved innocently and is deserving of better treatment A man's methods are often cowardly in dealing with the woman for whom he has ceased to care. He tries to force Leader. her to break with him by giving her ample grounds for complaint, but a woman is usually too generous and too lov-

ing to take advantage of his devices. Her cry is, "Why are you so changed?" She cannot understand why the lover who has left her with a fond good-bye mind. She writes him frank, open letters, then pleading imploring ones, begnot tell her without putting all the blame on himself, without showing that Is there a woman, who, being thus and cretonnes, so that an entire room admit it. Yet all the time, from the "Found him? What?" said Neville, may be decorated and upholstered with- moment when the first doubt arose in

lating a velvet surface, or showing the man's love is dead, and that is to let ground of embosed silk or smooth satin. to an impossibility. It is a pathetic sight Tribune, are used mouldings of gilded | with the other, and the other unable tto wood or moulded carton pierre, the wall reciprocae. And yet. "Try to forget" is

men came upon him at an inn outside color the door and the window framings | A man shows it plainly enough when the village, where he was drinking heav- or having a metallic treatment in giazed he has ceased to love. Appointments What is it?" she asked, almost in a of us stay-at-homes! Give me your of alarm.

Ah, you wanderers have the advantage for a moment or two, then he went him in sight. We'll give him just rope Dining rooms panelled in French tap courage to write letters, he is moody cease to be sacred, he cannot summon up enough; we'll just see what he means estry or Japanese leather papers may and silent, and shows in his manner all have the hardwood mountings suggest. that his tongue refuses to say. If he "And lose him!" said Neville, grimly. ed by the woodwork, while mouldings can get an excuse to go off somewhere "Not this time, sir," responded Trale, in leather effect, showing metallic nail away from his fiancee he seizes hold of confidently. "I've told my men to knock heads, are sometimes employed with ex- it, and gives her no explanation for his

When a Japanese grass cloth or the The signs of a dead love are unmis-Corean splint cloth is used for the sake takable, and no woman who values her cannot forget it, if you would. I shall can only manage to keep civil to Sir of a plain effect on the walls of a lib- self-respect will seek to keep a man by rary or a music room, panel mouldings, her side who cares for her no longer. The indicating a conventional treatment of parting will be hard but afterwards she the bamboo and colored in agreement will be glad that she made her decision

most effective when the panels are short- no more be diminished by showers of ened from the lower ends to give a wain- evil-hap than flowers are marred by

> Engineer Also Dressmaker. W. B. Baldwin, one of the oldest and best known engineers on the Missouri

Pacific road, for a number of years has been not only the bread winner, but the family "seamstress' for a family consisting of his wife and three daughters. His family is now in California, but "last night when I stated my inten- Drainage Ditches a Simple Preven- Baldwin still continues to sew for them and sends their clothes to them in the It is not generally known, says the this city, and it is not through poverty, New York Sun, that the responsibility but on account of his wife's poor health

> Women Makes Pet of Wildcat. Mrs. G. J. Grommet, one of Alton's

into numerous pockets and depressions best-known society ladies, has a Mexiare not reached by the ordinary tides, It is a gift from her husband, who is and ye're ower muckle pottle; but it's and is there trapped to form stagnant in Mexico. The leopard cat, which is a juist possible if ye pr-ractice harrd, verra "Yes—yes—I must! I must!" said Was any ill-will between us, time an i a year?" said Neville, restraining him- Audrey is not happy, that—that, in tide. It is in these places that the tide. It is in these places that the four weeks old and is the size of a big salt marsh mosquitoes, Culex solici- kitten. The animal knows nothing but tans, are bred. They may be easily captivity. The mother of this kitten and

> Mrs. Grommet is exhibiting the little | Mother-Don't tease me, Johnnie. Can't The eggs are laid in the mud, and development starts with the arrival of careful to have a chain or something boiler has sprung a leak. on the wing. This accounts for their fearing it may sometimes answer the call of the wild.-St. Louis Republic.

Kansas Lake of Burning Ice. "Cold? Then we'll set fire to some ice

larvae are washed out and devoured "Oh, how good it feels said the young | Electric lights all over the ferns and a girl. She removed her gloves to warm It is therefore extremely cheap and her slim hands the better. "But isn't it

> we set the ice afire if we are cold. She watched her own little fire. "What is the explanation of this mir-

acle?" she said. "A very simple one," said the young neighborhood and vastly improves the When it freezes over, gas in the form of bubbles impregnates the ice. You have ----

Reserved Her Verdict. A gentleman who was no longer

"Well, my dear, what do you think of | through the eye of a needle?

Horns of a Dilemma. Presidential Possibility (proudly) I would rather be right than be pres-

Sagacious Friend (quietly, suggestively)-That's all right; but wouldn't 'Hadn't you-er-better begin prac- you rather be president than be left.

Economy is the mother of liberty .-

There's one thing I can't understand,"

"What is that?" "How mother and the girls can approve so heartily of my son-in-law's broken English and be so terribly annoyed at my occasional mistakes in grammar."-Washington Star.

The Cheaper Way.

"I say, old chappie." "What's up, dear boy?" "Fearful thing. I've just discovered that I've wasted enough shoe leather dodging that creditor of mine to pay him twice over, by jove!"-Cleveland

Trials of a Lover. "What did she say when you propos-

Why she had her mouth full of hairsins at the moment-and then her mother came in."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Declined.

Foreign Suitor-I would give up ten

thousand mildeis to win your love. Miss Pittsburg-How much is that in nited States money?

Suitor-Almost five dollars!- Puck. Weakened on a Bet. "Tell ver I did." Will yer swear?" Take yer oath?"

"Bet a penny?"

The Best Yet.

Dealer-Let me seil you some of our new patent bait, sir. Fisherman-Is it effective? Dealer-Effective? Why, I sold a man out of the church for telling the truth about the fish he caught!-Cleveland

A Diagnosis. The Palmist-Your timidity is a bar

to your success. You dread dangerous situations. You prefer to keep yourself away from the attention of your tellow men. May I ask your basiness the Subject-Certainly. I'm a profes-

sional airship navigator.—Cleveland

A Possibility. "Why I Would Not Marry My Husband Again," is the title of a thoughtful communication in a magazine. One reason she does not bear strongly upon is that her husband might not ask her again .-Kansas City Star.

Teacher Didn't Know Much. "How do you like your teacher, dear?" ittle Mary was asked, after her first much, for she just keeps asking questions all the time."-The Delineator.

Part of Her Raiment. Customs Officer (to woman traveller

from the continent) -I thought you said, madam, there was nothing but wearing apparel in your trunk. What about these three bottles of cognac?" "Oh, these," said the lady, "are my nightcaps."-Tit-Bits. Through the Green.

glimmer o' the game. Sketch,

Old Golf Professional-Na, ye'll no mak' a gwoffer-ye've begun ower late Jones (expectantly)—Yes. Professional—Ye micht begin to hae a

The Boiler's Reasons.

boiler has sprung a leak. Johnnie-What makes it leak? Mother-Because it's my day at home,

your father has asked two men to dinner,

the cook has left, and the butcher hasn't

come with the meat. Now run and play. Brooklyn Life.

What Willie Saw. When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, you should have seen it!

turkey underneath!"-The Delineator. One More.

"I wish it was time for school to open, mamma. "I'm very glad to hear you say so, Willie. It shows you are beginning to appreciate what an education means." "Naw, 'tain't that, Tommy Tubbs won't get home till school opens an' I'm waitin' to crack his slate for bustin' my red wagon."-Cleveland

Plaindealer. A Geographic Jester. Tommy-Pop, a river is fed by maller streams, isn't it? Tommy's Pop-Yes, my son. Tommy-Then I s'pose that's what

makes its mouth water.-Philadelphia Equally Indignant. Small Boy-Papa, how can a camel go Plutocratic Parent-I don't know, my son; that's what is worrying me.

Not Wholly in Vain. Uncle Allen Sparks was returning gloomily from the funeral of an acquain

-C. W. I.

"Well," he said, brightening visibly after a period of profound thought, "his life was a useful one, after all, He once planted a tree."

From a Private Colonel. There once was an old army colonel. Whose wit was a well spring etolonel: But for those who would shirk From their authorized work. His language was something infol-

-Birdle Baxter Clarke in Army and

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO



Because we were!" said Sylvia, pite | dress while she had been bantering her, ously. "Why, he was a brother to me and had caught sight of a faded ribbon what brother could have done more? attached to a small, flat package which

"I don't know!" she said, with sudden

"And you do not know?" she told Audrey how the package had Jordan Lynne."

"And when do the three years expire?" | proud! Beware of pride-" she said, in almost awe-tricken tones. Sylvia thought for a second, then she and strode on.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

arm, my dear fellow." strength while some of us have been ther's silence. "We have often thought and when I say 'our,' I especially allude before long. I am sure that will be

boy, that your mind is recurring-"Go back to London! Leave me, just going back-to our parting. Prav do not allow it to do so. If there Mercy, almost fiercely. "Leave me now, absence have softened and dispelled self with an effort.

> "Well, well I can understand your disappointment. But is not given to all of us to succeed; and on

Neville stopped short and looked "That gentleman?" said Jordan, quick. mistrust you. Now, if it were you to "Certainly, my boy; what more Lynne." natural? Do you think I am lost to all sense of kinship, that I forget

archly. "I wonder whether it would had he promised Trale to keep quiet, make him angry now, or if he would and leave the working out of affairs complain even if it did get into his to that astute inspector! Why couldn't he seize this smooth, oily gentleman by the shoulder and shake him ! "Yes," said Jordan sadly. "I did "Why, what have I said?" exclaimed my best to induce our father to be Audrey, with mock innocence. "How reconciled to you-to leave you, at

Audrey listened open-eyed "To-morrow," she said, almost sol-

Neville forced himself to speak calmly. "Tut, tut, I am sorry!" murmured turned with wealth as well as health.

"And so Fortune has proved un. Jordan put his hand on the lodge gate "You think it may?" he said.

those of us whom Fortune favors is bestowed the privilege of helping cealed his face. those near and dear to us. You at him in the semi-darkness.

Neville's face flushed. Oh, why ter!"

the opportunity of proving my affe;

"Half brothers, please," said Ne-

-Louise Chandler Moulton. KIDNEY RIGHT'S DISEACH