HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

"Something must be done at once," her guardian thought, "to control and keep within proper bounds that wild, impetuous disposition."

Unfortunately the wrong thing was done. To all the young girl's longing, eager questions of the world beyond the bounds of Serranto, the lady turned a deaf ear. Like her mother, she had no pleasures, no amusements, no companions. Her day was divided between dry monotonous duties and hard study; Madame Monteleone seldom left her home, and the child was never allowed to leave the boundary of the castle. In vain she asked of the absent father whose name she scarcely knew; by madame's wish she was called by her own name of Monteleone, and it was many years before she knew that she had any other.

It was like old times at Serranto; the only difference was that every one was older. Even the servants forgot at times, and called the young lady "Bianca."

Madame Monteleone never once thought that the life Inez led was dull; Bianca had not found it so; she had never complained; she had never asked questions of the great unknown world, nor seemed to long to join it. She never tired of study as Inez did, for that young lady at times flung down her books and passionately declared that she would never read another line.

"I want to see men, and women, and children," she cried one day to her horrified listener. "I see no one but you and the servants; I am tired of you all, tired of my books and my work. Let me see something fresh, or I shall die."

Then did poor Madame Monteleone clasp her hands and mourn over the degeneracy of her daughter's child.

The life that had contented Bianca Monteleone was one monotonous wearying round to her beautiful and high-spirited daughter. Day by day she became less endurable. A new knowledge was growing upon her, the knowledge of her loveliness. Child as she was, she understood that the face which smiled at her from the depths of the old mirrors was beautiful beyond words. The bright dark eyes that flashed there had a world of strange meaning in them.

"What is the use of it all?" sighed the girl; "I am young, and my face is like the picture in the gallery; but, who cares for it?—who sees me?—who cares for my singing or anything else I do? Was ever life so bare and dull as mine?"

Long hours in the evening gloaming were spent in wondering what the world was like beyond Serranto—that bright world where gay cavaliers wooed and won beautiful ladies, where dancing, and music, and song gladdened young faces and light hearts—that world of which the few romances she had read, unknown to Madame Monteleone, gave her fair a glimpse.

Inez Lynne's ardent imagination led her through all these scenes. Dreaming among the oranges and myrtles, she saw herself a queen among gay and gallant cavaliers; the queen of the tournament, the belle of the ball, for whose smiles and kind words men fought and struggled. The time must come for her, as for all other girls, when sweet love words would be whispered to her in the twilight, when her smile would give rapture and her frown despair. All these pictures she made for herself; and while the sun was still golden in the sky, before the flowers and birds were quite asleep, the sharp voice of old Caterina would be heard calling the young signora in; it was time to close the house and go to rest.

After a few cold, formal words with Madame Monteleone, the young girl was dismissed to her room. Standing by the window, watching the sunset and the moon rise over the Andalusian hills, the broken reveries were resumed. The dull, gloomy castle ceased to exist for her; she was in gay palaces and brilliant rooms. Love and homage surrounded her; the bravest and noblest sought her smiles.

From such glowing dreams the girl awoke with a shudder to the cold, stern reality of her life. She lived at last almost entirely in dreamland. There all was fair and charming, while the reality was dull and prosaic beyond measure. It was easier for that gifted, artistic, imaginative being to make a world for herself and live in it, than to school her proud spirit to bear patiently the monotony and gloom of her daily life.

Many faults, many errors, must be pardoned her; if there had been any outlet for that ardent imagination, the fate of Inez Lynne would have been very different. Properly trained and educated, she would have made an artist or an authoress. Her quick, active, glowing fancy would have found legitimate occupation; as it was, it fed upon itself until the girl's whole life became one unreal dream. Even had she known the future that Madame Monteleone destined for her, it would have been better, but that lady, frightened and rendered cautious by her failure with Bianca, said nothing to Inez of Madrid, the court, or the grand mariage she expected to make. "Let it come upon her suddenly," she thought; "and she will all the more probably comply with my wishes."

No word was said to Inez that gave her any prospect or hopes of brighter days. "I shall live here," she said to herself, "until I am old and wrinkled and cross as grandmamma. What will my life have been?—how shall I bear it through the long years?"

Wildly enough she beat against the bars, but all in vain. No bird in a cage was ever more solitary or more sad. Where was the English father of whom she heard ever and anon from the old servants a few mysterious words? Months ago, one day when she had longed more than ever to leave Serranto, she went boldly to Madame Monteleone, and asked where her father was. Her heart was touched by the stately lady's face, as she folded her in her arms and said, "You are all mine, Inez; you were given to me to be my own, in your mother's place. No one in the wide world cares for you but me."

With her guardian's tears still wet upon her face, the girl lacked courage to say that the love and care given to her in Serranto were not sufficient—that she craved for a fuller life, wherein she might have some pleasure and happiness.

So time passed on, and day by day, the wish and longing for some break in her life's monotony grew stronger. The time was to come, and did come, when she looked back to those quiet days with envy and regret—when she would have given beauty and talent, ah, even life itself, to have been once more a dreamy, innocent child. But no change came; winter and summer, spring and autumn, succeeded one another, and found life the same at Serranto.

"Seventeen years old to-day," said Inez, one bright morning; "I am seventeen; in ten years more I shall be twenty-seven, and the best part of my life will be over. If something does not happen soon, I shall run away, and make a life for myself."

Little did Madame Monteleone know the bitter, rebellious thoughts of which the proud, beautiful face she watched with growing hope gave no trace.

"You have not been idle, Inez," she said one day, with some complacency, to her grandchild. "You play and sing well; you speak French and Italian fluently. All accomplishments are useful."

"I know something more than that," replied Inez, triumphantly. "I have taught myself English; I can read every English book in the library; I should be able to speak it in a short time if I went to England."

A wistful, sad look came over Madame Monteleone's face.

"It will be useless, my dear child," she said. "You will never leave Spain. You will never see England. There is something for you to do here—a life's task to accomplish."

Those few words, "You will never see England," sounded like a death-knell to the bright hopes and fancies upon which the young girl had lived. She made no reply, but the expression of determination that fell upon her young face might have alarmed Madame Monteleone had she seen it, and caused her to fear for her plans.

Already a change was coming; the one dark cloud that had hung so heavily over her, the gloomy monotony of the girl's life was breaking.

Madame Monteleone, while ascending the stairs, slipped and fell. At first the little household were dreadfully alarmed, and believed, when they saw their lady's still, white face, that she was dead. But, when the servants raised her and laid her upon the bed, they found she still breathed.

In hot haste a psysician was summoned from Seville. For many long, weary weeks the poor lady lay between life and death. She recovered at last, but it was to find herself a helpless cripple, and to hear the sad sentence pronounced by the doctor that she would not be able to move without assistance.

When the first shock was over, Madame Monteleone pondered seriously as to what step she would take with regard to her young grandchild. Common sense and reason told her that she ought to write to Lord Lynne and ask him to take his daughter; but the treasured idea of her life clung to her still, and she could not renounce it. "Something will happen," she said to herself. "I may recover. Doctors are not infallible. In any case, I will keep Inez with me. If she goes to England, she will marry an Englishman, as her mother did, and then farewell forever to the race of Monteleone!" So nothing was written to Lord Lynne, and he never heard either of the accident or of the illness of his daughter's guardian.

Inez found greater liberty and freedom than she had ever enjoyed before. Madame Monteleone never left her room. She was too nervous to bear any noise or much conversation. For one hour every morning Inez read to her, and received her instructions as to how the day was to be employed. So many hours were to be given to music, so many to reading, and so many to household employments. The music Inez never missed; it was the one solitary pleasure of her life. When that was over, the rest of the day was all her own. She did not spend it now as she had been obliged to do when Madame Monteleone's quick eyes were upon her, in studying in one of those dull little rooms that looked upon the court-yard. Caterina always sat in Madame's room, and Juanita, who was cook and housekeeper, felt too sorry for the young girl ever to control or betray her movements. So, when the music was ended, and old Caterina safe upstairs, Inez wandered in the grounds of Serranto. The boundary of them was the high road that led to Seville, and the poor child gratified some of her longings by watching the people who passed. Sometimes it would be one of the heroes of her dreams—a cavalier riding at full speed. Carriages, ladies, country people—all and everything had an interest for her. They belonged to, nay more, they were part and parcel of that gay world of which she had read and dreamed, but which she had never seen.

Some who passed by noted the beautiful, wistful face, half hidden by the leaves of the myrtle trees, and wondered who the lovely, high-bred girl could be—what she was doing, why she gazed, day after day, with such longing eyes, upon the road that led away to Seville. It was some little break, some change in the almost unendurable monotony. When the evening shadows began to fall, Inez hastened home. No one but Juanita ever saw her enter the house, or knew of the long hours she spent in the grounds.

They were not very extensive, those grounds of Serranto. Time had been when hill, valley, and stream all belonged to the Monteleones. The broad, fertile lands had been sold or forfeited, and little remained of the once large estates; but that little was picturesque and pleasant. The gardens were gorgeous with flowers and fruit. Long groves of orange trees ran by the little stream that found its way into the river near Seville. Large myrtles lent their shade; trees, whose rich and luxurious perfume loaded the air, grew as they would. The grounds were not cultivated; they were beautiful in their rich and luxuriant wildness. The boundary that separated the high road from the grounds was a very frail one—a line of small flowering shrubs. By the shrubs, day after day, there might have been seen a graceful girlish figure, walking slowly, with dreamy, wistful eyes gazing on the high road.

One evening—ah, to the last day of her life every detail of it was vivid and clear to Inez Lynne—she was walking as usual in the grounds. For years afterward she remembered how the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, how the birds sang and the deep blue sky seemed to smile upon her. Her beautiful, restless face was turned to the long road that led to the city, when she heard the sound of a horse galloping quickly. Looking back, she saw a horseman vainly trying to restrain his steed. It had taken fright, and seemed anxious only to throw its rider and make its escape. For many minutes the young girl watched that encounter. Her face grew white with fear, for the horse appeared quite unmanageable; but she could not help admiring the ease and bravery of its rider. Through all that terrible contest he never once lost his nerve or his self-possession. His courage and calmness won the victory at last, and the trembling steed recognized a master's hand.

The cavalier was obliged to dismount, for in the struggle the plumed hat had fallen from his head, and the silver-mounted riding whip lay upon the ground. As he raised them he caught sight of the beautiful face watching him so intently. A cry of surprise fell from his lips, and he gazed in bewilderment, doubting whether it was a vision or reality. But when he saw the rich crimson flush that covered the face, and the dark eyes drooping under his gaze, he knew that it was a beautiful reality which had so greatly startled him. Raising his hat, he bowed profoundly to the young girl, and galloped away. She had seen his face distinctly! it was dark and handsome; but had the poor, motherless child been older, she would have distrusted at a glance those false lips and those deep, piercing eyes. As it was, she saw but the beauty of the first face that had ever looked admiringly upon her. She remembered the thick, dark curls upon the broad, sunburnt brow, the dark mustache that concealed the treacherous lips, the deep, dark eyes that had gazed so ardently upon her. He belonged to the gay world. Perhaps even then, she thought, he might be hastening to see some lovely lady who would smile upon him and call him her knight. How handsome, how brave, how courteous he was!

That night when Inez dreamed her dreams, she had a real hero for them; and he lost nothing from her vivid, graceful fancy.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I wonder," thought Inez to herself, "if I shall ever see that face again."

She had seen so few strange faces that a young and handsome one was sure to interest her. No visitors ever came to Serranto. Madame Monteleone had never even during her daughter's lifetime visited, for she knew no one in or near Seville. The friends of her youth were all far away; most of them resided in Madrid. She had not cared to make new acquaintances when she brought little Bianca to Serranto so many years ago. She saw no use in it. There was no one there likely to help her in the object for which she lived. Isolated from the world, she had found her happiness in the discharge of her duty and in planning the restoration of the Monteleones. Isolated from the world, Inez found her sole pleasure in longing for it and dreaming of it.

This face that had smiled at her with such vivid admiration shining in the dark eyes, was the first of its kind she had seen. It was a dream coming true. The heroes she had made for herself were brave and courteous like him. Would he remember her? Would he ever think of her again? Perhaps not, for he saw beautiful ladies every day. "If ever he rides on the highway again, I wonder whether he will look for me?" she thought.

That wonder increased until Inez felt it must be gratified. When the evening came she went out to the boundary line. Up and down the hard road those beautiful, wistful eyes wandered; but there was no sign this evening of the gallant rider and his horse. She could not tell if she was disappointed; she had neither hoped nor expected to see him; she had only wondered if he would pass by again.

Suddenly upon the calm evening breeze there came the sound of a horse's rapid gallop. Even in the far distance Inez knew the plumed hat and the dark face.

With a crimson face and heart beating loudly she concealed herself behind a group of trees. She heard how the rider slackened his pace as he drew near the shrubs where he had seen her. He drew rein there, and sat for some minutes looking over the grounds of Sorrento. She could not see the disappointment that clouded his face; then he turned and galloped back to Seville.

"He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He looked and waited for me. He has thought of me, just as I have of him."

"Where have you been, signorina?" cried old Juanita, when she saw the young girl entering the house. "How well you look! You have a color like a damask rose, and your eyes are as bright as two stars. What has come over you?"

"Is mine really a nice face, Nita?" asked Inez, simply. "Tell me, if you were to see my face once, would you think of it, and want to see it again?"

"Listen to the child!" cried the old servant, in affected horror. "Did ever any one ask such questions. Your face is well enough, signorina. It is the mind, not the body, we must care for." Then, seeing something like disappointment in those questioning eyes, she said: "It is a bonny, bright face, young lady. You will know its value some day," she added, smiling as she spoke.

It was a break in the monotony at last. There was something to dream about; a real incident had happened, more interesting and exciting than any she had ever dreamed of, and she was the heroine.

Impatiently enough Inez waited for the next day. It rose at last, bright and beautiful as its predecessor had been. Her first thought was: "Shall I see him? Will he come?"

Even Madame Monteleone remarked how bright and radiant the young face was that smiled upon her, how fresh the musical voice that gaily bade her good-morning.

"How beautiful she is!" said the lady to herself, with a deep sigh; "more lovely by far than her mother ever was. If I were but well now, all would be safe."

When the hour's reading was ended, Madame Monteleone kissed Inez more tenderly than usual as she dismissed her.

"This long day," said Inez to herself; "I have this long day before me. Will he come?"

When the evening hour drew near, again she waited, and, hearing once more the horse's gallop, she watched during the long pause the rider made by the shrubs, and heard his half-muttered exclamations of disappointment at not seeing her. Every day during that bright, long week the same thing happened; and from behind the trees she watched the gallant young cavalier. She was too shy and timid to let herself be seen; but the day would have been blank to her that did not bring him past Serranto.

One evening it was past the usual time; she had been reading for nearly an hour in her usual hidnig-place, but there was no sound of a horse's gallop. No words can describe the blank feeling of desolation that seized the girl's heart.

"He has forgotten me," she said; "he is tired of never seeing me, and will not come again."

(To be continued.)

Taking His Pick.

The burly prisoner stood unabashed before the judge.

"Prisoner at the bar," asked the clerk of the arraigns, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

The prisoner looked them over carefully.

"Well," he replied. "I'm not exactly wot you'd call in training, but I wouldn't mind a round or two with that there fat old josser in the corner."—Argonaut.

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OPEN AIR SCHOOLS.

Experiment in London Has Proved a Great Success.

London is experimenting with open air schools. They are for poor children, their session is from June 1st to October 31st, and they are proving a success.

The beginning was made last summer and was purely experimental. The authorities made a grant of £400 to see how the thing worked. They have increased the appropriation for next summer to £2,000 and three schools will be established.

Each school will accommodate seventy-five children, divided into three classes of twenty-five each. The staff will consist of one head teacher, three assistant teachers, a nurse, cook and helper and a janitor.

Of course there are buildings which are occupied a part of each day, as well in pleasant as in unpleasant weather; but unless the weather is hopelessly bad almost all the time is spent in the open air. A blackboard on an easel is set up on the grass and the chairs of the pupils are grouped before it.

The children are small and the course of study is light. There are games, too, calisthenics, nature study in the open, and the results of all these in physical improvement are said to be very gratifying. The children have their meals on the premises and spend the entire day there.

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Dogs to Match.

The late Dowager Empress of China the most powerful personage of the day, yet between the lines of a recent imperial edict a delightfully feminine bias is easily discoverable, says the Youth's Companion.

Her Majesty, who was the supreme authority on the standard qualifications of the little Pekinese spaniel, which is exclusively reserved for imperial use, gave an order thus:

"For the color, let it be like that of a lion, a sable-gold, to be carried in the sleeve of a golden robe, or the color of a red or of a black, bear or white, or striped like a dragon, so that there may be a dog appropriate to every costume."

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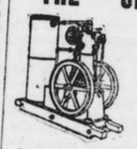

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Salt on the Moon?

At a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society in London, H. G. Tomkins offered a new explanation of the long-standing mystery of the bright rays emanating from some of the so-called lunar craters. He thinks that they may be caused by salt efflorescence. To support his theory he showed photographs of saline regions in India and elsewhere, and maintained that there is evidence of a radical arrangement of terrestrial salt districts.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

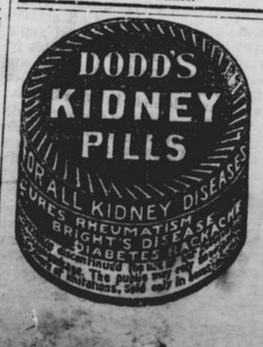
No Flirting at Glasgow University.

The senate of Glasgow University has issued an order that girl graduates are not to converse inside the cloisters with the students of the other sex. The girls much resent this action as encroaching upon their freedom. To enforce the order the senate has established a woman censor, whose appearance in the cloisters was the signal for a reception which was by no means effusive. The girls declare they themselves are quite capable guardians of their hearts and threaten to refuse to enter the classrooms if such an indignity is persisted in.—From the London Evening Standard.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Huge Peg Board in a Club.

A Brooklyn club has installed a peg board from which the clubmen may tell at a glance just what members are in the club and whether there is mail for any of the members. The peg board covers several large panels in the entrance hall. Each member's name is printed on it and opposite each name are two holes. When the holes are empty the member is out and there is no mail for him. Red or white pegs are inserted in the holes to show an opposite state of things. As nearly 3,000 names appear on the board it is quite a sizable contrivance.



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Thoroughly Subdued.

"Your town hall," said the travelling entertainer, "is an excellent one to speak in. There isn't the slightest echo, and my voice could be heard distinctly in the remotest corner of it."

"Yes, sir," said the landlord of the village hotel; "there hasn't been a blamed thing the matter with the acoustics of that hall since Champ Clark made a speech there last summer."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Crows on a Spree.

Sitting in an Indian garden one day, and irritated beyond measure by the petty larcenies and effrontery of a party of Indian crows, the writer was tempted for once to put them to the proof in this matter. They had taken the bananas from the table in front and the biscuits from the plate at his side with shameless persistency. So a few more biscuits were procured and surreptitiously soaked in rum. It was not long before half a dozen crews came down and cleared the plate as usual.

The spirit worked very promptly upon them, and in ten minutes they were all in a state of semi-intoxication. While a few made futile efforts to reach branches overhead others essayed to perch on the roof ridge of the nearest bungalow and helplessly failing, rolled into the gutters.—London Globe.

I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
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LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.
Sussex.

I was cured of Acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.

Mrs. Howe's Eloquence.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is getting more eloquent as her years increase, her friends declare. She is now nearly 90, and the other day at a reception given her in Boston made what her friends say was the finest speech of her life. She said that when she began to talk about woman suffrage she never knew when to stop.

"It was my good fortune to get interested in the suffrage question about the time the negro men obtained their freedom," Mrs. Howe said. "Then for the first time I saw the whole of one sex governed by the whole of the other. This seemed to me an intolerable tyranny. I couldn't help but think that after we had held the door open for the negro we might at least have been allowed to go in with him."

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Origin of Californian Petroleum.

In a recent paper A. M. Edwards discusses the origin of the petroleum of California. The relation which has been proved to exist between present-day deposits of marine diatoms and asphalt and petroleum, suggests that the more ancient sources may have had a like origin. The petroleum of California may be the result of the decomposition of ancient beds of marine diatoms.

Slim Diet.

A certain father, who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations, is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment."

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Atchison Globe.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Sentence Sermons.

Character is caught, not taught.

Living for bread is one way of losing the bread of life.

Rocks in our way are just heaven saying, "Climb up higher."

Our habits are either our greatest helps or our saddest hindrances.

You may sow your sins in the dark, but they come to harvest in daylight.

It is always easy to see through the disguise that others' blessings wear.

Nothing clears up remote difficulties better than doing immediate duties.

The hardened conscience is the one trampled down by many compromises.

The man who puts all his faith in himself usually despairs of the universe.

You cannot do much good for men if you seek to do good only to the good.

The cleaning up of society usually has to start where charity is said to begin.

Men are to be judged by where they are going rather than by whence they came.

He falls into pride's pit, who passes by on the other side whenever he sees one who has fallen.

It's not the wrongs we do Him that worry the great Father of us all; it's the ill we do ourselves.

When you take the rats of business worry to the church, it's not strange they leave you nothing but chaff.

No matter how eloquent you may be talking to your Father in heaven, it will not balance a sour disposition to your family here.

Henry &

The Girl—How did he [illegible] al?
The Bachelor—Well, he [illegible] of them.—New York Tel.

ISSUE NO. 53, 1908

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Where Negro Labor Doesn't Pay.

"The Southern colored people cost me $8 a month in food," said the manager of one of the biggest farms in California to me, "and they don't do $20 worth of work. You see plainly there is no use paying them $15 a month wages, or the balance would be on the wrong side. Mexican greasers cost us between $8 and $9 for food a month, but they will do a good $1.50 worth of work a day.

"But take your husky young foreigner or native born American worker. He costs less—about $6 a month when you are catering on a big scale, but he wants a choicer class of food; but then he works. I can afford to pay such young fellows $2 or $2.50 a day and have a bigger margin of profit than for the cheaper unskilled labor. Everything has got to make good on this farm on the profit side of accounts, from a blade of wheat up or it goes."—Outing.

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To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 8, Windsor, Ont.

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9 Adelaide St. East - TORONTO

Wagner's Swan.

What interests me about Wagner, says a writer in London Opinion, is his affection for live beasts and animals. In "Siegfried" we have a dragon and in "Lohengrin," as you are all aware, there is a very beautiful swan. When the late Sir Augustus Harris produced this latter opera something went wrong with the bird. Just before the rise of the curtain, therefore, the audience was considerably surprised and startled to hear the indignant voice of one of the stage hands resounding from the realms behind, inquiring with characteristic vigor: "What's the matter with the damned duck?"

NEW ADVERTISING AGENCY.

Messrs. Fred Diver, manager Central Press Agency, Toronto, and Mr. Fred W. Thompson, manager of the advertising department of the same company, are in the city to-day completing arrangements for the establishment of an advertising agency in this city. Offices have been secured in the Royal Trust Building, and Mr. Victor Thompson, late with the Penfold Advertising Agency, has been appointed manager. The Central Press has had a long and honorable career as an advertising agency, and its Montreal office will no doubt secure its share of Montreal business.—Montreal Herald, Dec. 3, 1908.

Office Boy Humor.

Some time ago an office boy, answering the telephone for the first time in his life, and not knowing how to use it, was told that, when the bell rang, he was to answer it.

When, therefore, he heard it ring, he picked up the receiver and shouted:

Hello! Who's there?"

The answer came back: "I'm 105."

"Go on," said the boy. "It's time you were dead."—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Wit of a Suffragette.

Miss Mary Gawthorne, the suffragette, completely turned the tables on an interrupter, who, in a clumsy attempt to ridicule, asked her, "Don't you wish you were a man?" by replying, "No; do you?"

"Don't you think mothers should stay at home with their children?" asked a callow youth, eager to score off a well known married suffragette who had just spoken.

Miss Gawthorne reflected for a second.

"Well," she said, her voice taking an earnest, intimate note, "I don't know about that; but I do think children should stay at home with their mothers."—London Times.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Color of Human Hair.

In the case of human hair color we find that children are not ordinarily darker than their darker parent. Consequently, if both parents have flaxen hair the children willh ave hair of the same sort. From this principle, applied generally, it follows that when both parents have an organ in a low condition of development it will be so also in all of their children. This principle explains the persisting or increasing degeneration in the descendants of two degenerate parents.—Professor C. B. Davenport, in Science.

Making the Thing Clear.

The superintendent of a Sunday School class in Philadelphia recently called upon a visitor to "say a few words" to the class, the members of which are mostly children of tender age.

The visitor, a speaker well known for his verbose and circumlocutory mode of speech, began his address as follows:

"This morning, children, I purpose to offer you an epitome of the life of St. Paul. It may be perhaps that there are among you some too young to grasp the meaning of the word 'epitome.'

"'Epitome,' children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."—Boston Record.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe

HELP WANTED.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN ARE MAKING good wages with my proposition; new; all Canada open; no books or free invention; send 25c for sample and full particulars; money back if not satisfied; exclusive territory. Alcono Company, Beamsville, Ontario.

AMBITIOUS MEN AND WOMEN, WORK home, spare time copying and checking our advertising material. Good pay, cash weekly; reliable, send stamp. Dept. C., Simplex Mfg. C., London, Ont.

ROUTEMAN — REGULAR CUSTOMERS, salary or commission. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

FOR SALE.

MODERN HOTEL FOR SALE.

THE MOST REASONABLE PROPOSITION ever offered—a golden opportunity to purchase a modern hotel in the most prosperous town in Saskatchewan, on the Soo line; makes an annual profit of twenty thousand. It will require twenty-five thousand cash to handle it. Reasons for selling purely domestic. Will consider smaller hotel in exchange as part payment. W. T. McKenzie, Royal hotel, Weyburn, Sask.

PATENT FOR SALE. GAS BURNER saves gas. Intense heat burners for stoves, heaters and furnaces. F. G. Crone, 49 East Utica street, Buffalo.

FOR SALE—DETROIT DRUG STOCK AND fixtures; new, modern building; established; $25 daily sales; exceptional opportunity; disagreement of partners. Address quickly. Druggist, 395 25th street, Detroit, Mich.

150 OLD TIME SONGS

Words and Music Complete

110 COMIC RECITATIONS, THE PRACTICAL POULTRY KEEPER. 10 cents each or 2 for 25 cents and our Catalogue of 400 Book Bargains FREE.

The R. O. SMITH CO., Dept. A., Orillia, Ont.

Where Negro Labor Doesn't Pay.

"The Southern colored people cost me $8 a month in food," said the manager of one of the biggest farms in California to me, "and they don't do $20 worth of work. You see plainly there is no use paying them $15 a month wages, or the balance would be on the wrong side. Mexican greasers cost us between $8 and $9 for food a month, but they will do a good $1.50 worth of work a day.

"But take your husky young foreigner or native born American worker. He costs less—about $6 a month when you are catering on a big scale, but he wants a choicer class of food; but then he works. I can afford to pay such young fellows $2 or $2.50 a day and have a bigger margin of profit than for the cheaper unskilled labor. Everything has got to make good on this farm on the profit side of accounts, from a blade of wheat up or it goes."—Outing.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 8, Windsor, Ont.

An Insomnia Cure.

An amusing story is told of the late Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, and Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery complained to the bishop of want of sleep, to which the bishop replied that he never suffered from insomnia. The earl observed that he wished he knew the remedy. The bishop's formula was very simple. If he felt drowsy he started to write a sermon and in a few moments he was wide awake. On the other hand if he wanted to sleep all he had to do was to start to read a sermon. Then sleep came in a few seconds. Lord Rosebery, we are told, replied that it was his practice to choose the lesser evil, and he preferred want of sleep to reading sermons.—London Globe.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The Unexpected.

"Bet you a dinner," said Rivers, in an undertone, "she faces to the rear when she gets off."

"You're on," responded Brooks.

"I beg you pardon," said the fair maiden, flashing a radiant smile on Brooks; "but I am a trifle lame. May I ask you to help me off the car?"

An hour or two later.

"I judge," remarked Rivers, as they sat down to the dinner he was paying for, "that the beauteous damsel overheard us."

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

Production of Bromine.

Bromine, useful in medicine, photography, the manufacture of dyes, and in certain metallurgical operations, is produced commercially in but four States of the United States, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Last year's output was 1,579,496 pounds.

The Usual Formula.

A little boy wanted to give his mother a birthday present, and he did not know what to give her, so at last he decided to give her a Bible. After he had bought it he did not know what to put on the front page, so, after looking through some of the books in the library, he decided to put the following on: "To dear mother, with the author's compliments."

THE FAVORITES

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

"Silent as the Sphinx!"

THE MOST PERFECT MATCHES YOU EVER STRUCK

Always, everywhere in Canada, ask for Eddy's Matches