THE WOOING OF ERNA

"Bless my soul! twenty! Why he's not more than twenty-eight himself."

"Only twenty-eight!" cried Erna. "Why, that's young. Why did he go away? and why did he stay so long?"

Mrs. Watson sighed and shut her lips tight, as if nothing would tempt her to answer those questions. Erna saw that she had made a mistake, but she also saw that she had asked the very questions she was determined to have answered, if possible.

"Is he nice, Watson?" she asked, with an air of remote interest.

"Nice! Well, I should say, Miss Erna. Until he fell in with those men in London, there wasn't a finer, better nobleman in the kingdom, if I do say it."

"Oh," said Erna, commiseratingly. "Did he have a taste for low company."

"Low company!" cried Watson, on the defensive at once, to Erna's great delight. "Do you call a prince of the blood low company. Perhaps not the most moral—it isn't for me to say—but not what you call low, by any means."

"It is too bad he had to stay away so long, isn't it," insinuated Erna.

"Who told you he had to stay away? That isn't so. He went away of his own accord, and no one knows that a word of what has been said about him is true. For my part I never did and never will believe the stories they tell. But, there! we won't talk of that."

"What a pity!" said the little hypocrite, sadly, "that young men will be so fast."

But Mrs. Watson had put on her thinking cap, and was beginning to see through the wiles of the inquisitive visitor.

"Such a pity!" she said, dryly.

"Do you think he will have a fast set up here at the Castle?" inquired Erna, copying as well as she could the worldly-wise manner of her Aunt Augusta.

Now, Miss Erna," said Watson, rising determinedly, "you can't pump me any more. You did come very near it, but you can't do it any more. I ought to have had my wits about me. Shall I order a glass of wine for you?"

Erna placed herself in front of the housekeeper, and placed her hands on her ample shoulders, while she assumed her most determined and threatening air.

"Watson," she said, "you sha'n't leave this room until you tell me all about Lord Aubrey. I do think it's a shame that you should act so; as if he had done something dreadful. I declare, I will ask him myself.

"Miss Erna!" cried Watson, turning pale with horror. "You would never dare do such a thing. Besides, I don't believe your aunt will permit you to come over here while the earl's in the Castle. I don't mean to say anything against the earl; but if I had a daughter as pretty as you——Well, well, well! I mustn't stand here talking, with so much to be done."

She pushed by Erna without much trouble, and made her retreat before she was betrayed into anything more as indiscreet as her last speech.

"You're a horrid thing!" cried Erna. "Just as horrid as Aunt Augusta. But if you think that I'm going to be treated like a child, and not resent it, you're mistaken. If I have to ask him I'll find out," and she tossed her head in a terribly willful manner.

Selim was waiting for her when she went out, and Jim was leading him up and down in a very miserable frame of mind.

"Miss Erna," he pleaded, "won't you take some other horse? There'll be trouble for both of us. I don't care for myself, but I'd go drown myself— throw myself clean off the cliffs, if anything happened to you."

"Happen to me on a horse, Jim! What are you thinking of?" she cried, getting ready to mount. "Oh, dear!" and she patted the shining neck, now flecked with foam scattered by the impatient creature. "Stand still, just a minute, you beauty. Oh, won't I have a ride!"

"I'm going with you, miss," said Jim, quite white with fear of what he was doing in letting Erna ride Selim, the unmanageable.

"Let go his head, Jim!" ordered Erna, now firmly in the saddle and sitting it as if glued to it, in spite of the pawing and leaping of the restive animal.

"Wait for me, Miss Erna!" cried Jim, loosing the creature's head, and springing back to avoid being stepped on.

For a moment there was a battle between the rider and the horse, and then the latter seemed to conclude to postpone further operations for the time, and subsided into a dancing, sidelong movement that showed him off to splendid advantage.

"Good-by, Jim. I'm going down by Dabney way. I'm going to try the six bar!"

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Erna."

But Erna, with a laugh, was off down the avenue like a rocket, Selim taking matters into his own hands—or teeth, to put it correctly—and making such a pace as was not very safe in that place.

Even madcap Erna felt that, and tried hard to pull him up a little, using every artifice at her command to gain complete control of the unruly animal. That, however, she could not do, though she did succeed in checking his headlong gallop.

But, as she swept down the broad avenue of trees, she saw that the gate was shut. It chilled her a little to see that, but she raised her clear voice in a loud call, hoping some one might be out of the lodge to hear and see her. No one appeared, however, and the great gate stood there to threaten destruction.

What should she do? She had faced danger on horseback. It seemed to her that her head was always clearest when she was mounted on a good horse. She knew she could not check Selim. In his blind fury he would bear straight down on the gate. Ah! if it had only been a six-bar! he could have taken that. The men all said so; and if he could take it, she could sit him.

But it wasn't. It was a massive iron gate, half as high again as any mortal horse could leap. But she must do something. What? what? The wall! Could she swerve him and try him at the wall? It was high. No horse had taken it that she knew of, and she had listened to the men tell of all the great jumps in the country.

But if he went at the gate—— Ah! that would mean broken limbs, death, maybe! And poor Jim! he would kill himself! that was certain. And she would never find out about the earl. It was the wall, or nothing.

All her girlish strength, and it was considerable—far more than your city-bred girl would have had—was exerted to swerve him gently, so that he would head fair for the wall.

The lodge keeper had come out and was gaping in terror, unable, if there had been time, to open the gates. There might be some one passing along the road on the other side. No matter! they could get out of the way.

"Now, Selim! Hi, boy! up!"

It's a high wall, Selim! You would never have been put at it in cold blood; but now you are at it, clear it for the love of the beautiful creature, as wilful as yourself, who sits you so nobly and so bravely! Never blanching at the solid wall, but with clear eye and flaming cheek looking up.

That's right, boy. Down on your haunches! Ah! how the muscles stiffen! bravely, bravely! Ah! well done! Over! tipped it with your hoofs, but the firm hand and quick eye of your rider saved you both! Noble Selim! That story will be told in the stables of the country now.

He was over and down on the hard road, his hoofs ringing clear and firm, and Erna was patting his neck with her little hand, as if she were praising him for the deed he had done, and had no censure at all for his naughtiness in taking the bit.

But the fire was not out of him yet, and, with a shake of the head, he was off down the road at a full gallop, passing like a rocket a stranger who had watched his sudden appearance over the wall with startled eyes.

"I wonder if that's the usual thing," he murmured, as he stood looking after her. "I did not know there was a horse in the country could do that. And who is she? Some pretty holden from one of the county families."

She was out of sight by this time, and he approached the gate, which was now open, and through which the white faced lodge keeper was staring in terror.

"Who was that?" demanded the stranger.

The lodge keeper stared at the tall, handsome man, and tried to recall where he had ever seen that grim face and those stern blue eyes.

"Lord ha' mercy!" he suddenly cried. "The earl, himself! I didn't know your lordship! We were not expecting you, your lordship, to-day!"

"I came earlier than I said," replied the earl, in a curt tone. "Who was that?"

"Miss Erna, your lordship."

"Who is Miss Erna?"

"Miss Erna March," replied the lodge keeper, still gaping at the suddenly returned earl.

"And who is Miss Erna March?" demanded the earl in the same grim, hard tone.

"Why, your lordship," replied the man in a sort of embarrassment at the ignorance of his grim master; "they do say as she's your lordship's cousin far removed. But I do not know."

"Hem!" said the earl "I seem to remember. Does she always go out that way? She will break her neck some day."

"She never did it before your lordship. But there never is any knowing what she will do; she's that madcap and headstrong."

"Ah!" said the earl in the tone of one who has no further interest in the subject and walked leisurely up the avenue looking around with interest and a sort of stern melancholy at the familiar scenes.

"Six years!" he muttered. "All this is the same and only I am different. The storms have raged here as they have raged around me; and it may be that there are changes which I cannot see. I wonder if I am changed outwardly."

CHAPTER X.

"That was the earl I saw that day I took the wall," said Erna, one afternoon, as she strolled along the cliffs.

She was talking with herself, since there was no one else near to converse with, and as her thoughts were yet much on the earl, she talked of him. She had persuaded someone to give her a description of the earl, and she had learned that he had walked from the station the afternoon of her ride on Selim.

It did not take her long to put the two things together, and decide that she had seen him, even though in that hurried moment of time.

"I wonder if he did me the honor to ask who I was?" she went on. "I suppose not, for they say he has simply shut himself up at the Castle and has seen nobody. I don't care; I'm going to talk with him somehow. He's my cousin, and I want to see a young man of twenty-eight, who is one of the richest men in the kingdom, who has one of the proudest names, and who yet either remains abroad, or comes home to shut himself up. I am going to talk with him, and I am going to find a highly proper way of bringing it about.'

The subject of her thoughts, meanwhile, was nearer at hand than she suspected. He had been at home a week, and during that time had remained secluded. That is to say, he was not precisely in the Castle all the time; but he had refused to send any sort of notification to the county families of his return, and had even refused—politely enough—to see one of the gentlemen who took it upon himself to call.

He did not confine himself to the Castle at all, however, but was continually going about his vast estate, riding Selim, whom he controlled with the utmost ease, and often going on foot, striding over moor and mountain, cliff and rocky beach, in a grim, tireless fashion that aroused the wonder of the people who saw him.

On the afternoon when Erna was walking on the cliffs above, he was walking on the beach below, though on the other side of the point. Perhaps he was thinking of a wasted life. His head was bowed, and his hands were behind him; and he paced the rocky beach more slowly than was his wont.

Everything was old and familiar, even to the hollows worn in some of the greater rocks; and seldom his eyes fell on anything that did not remind him of a day when he was under the guidance of the mother he had loved, and revered now. He laughed bitterly when he recalled the boyish pleasure he had taken in innocent amusements.

There was the nesting, when he had perilled his life more than once scaling the almost perpendicular cliffs to get a coveted egg for his collection. And once he had joined a life-saving crew to go out through the breakers to save some wrecked unfortunates. And his mother had watched him, with fear in her heart, perhaps, but with a calm air, and had been so proud of him when he returned safely.

Oh, she had never stood in the way of his becoming a brave, strong man, and he might have done her honor. But he had not. He had eaten of the Dead Sea fruit, and the ashes were in his mouth.

"Hoy! hoy!"

The sounds floated down to him out of the silence of the cliff, and there was a note of alarm in the tone that caused him to turn and look quickly up. Was it a woman he saw there suspended apparently about a quarter way down the cliff?

"Help! help!"

There was no doubt of it. Some foolish creature had wandered down there, not realizing, probably, the perilous nature of the descent, and now was in momentary danger of death. All this passed through the earl's brain as he looked. The intention to try to save her was instant.

He quickly scanned the face of the cliff. He remembered the place well, and as he recalled it he knew better than before how dire the woman's peril was. The safest way for him would have been to go around to a path about a quarter of a mile back and decend to her.

But that would have taken to much time, and she might lose her precarious hold in the meantime. He would scale the cliff. He had done it before, and he had done some Alpine and other mountain-climbing since that made him feel sure of himself.

In an instant his coat was off and lying on the sand. The next moment he was climbing the rocks, which seemed almost to lean over him. The woman above him saw what he was doing, and began to wring her hands and cry out something which was entirely lost on him.

He continued to climb with the agility of a sailor and mountaineer combined, and the woman who had called to him ceased to wring her hands, and lay on her face, watching him breathlessly. Once only he made a slip, and a scream rang out from the watcher. Then he steadied himself and went up foot by foot, increasing the terrible distance between him and the beach at each effort.

Once he stooped and looked down, and immediately he caught the agonized cry:

"Don't look down! don't look down!"

"If she knows the dangers so well, and is cool enough to watch me, why did she take such a foolhardy risk?" he muttered. "Well, he added, cynically, "it is not my business to inquire into the state of her understanding. I shall have had the pleasure of some good exercise, and in addition what happiness may come from preserving a life—to sorrow, perhaps."

He was quite confident of himself now, though had his muscles not been harder than those of the ordinary man of the world, he would have given out some time before. He kept steadily on his way, and within ten minutes was drawn up on the ledge of rock, where a very pale young woman sat, her hands clasped tightly together, and her great brown eyes filled with remorse.

There was a moment of silence between them, and then it was the earl who broke it.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, with a sort of curt wonder, "it is you, eh?"

"Yes, it is I," was the meek answer.

It was Erna March, very much subdued by being face to face with the grim young earl who had just performed a feat that would make him the admiration of the best cliff-climber on the coast.

CHAPTER XI.

There was a renewed silence on the ledge of rock after the brief exchange of words between the madcap girl and the young nobleman. The earl was engaged in recovering his breath, and Erna was engaged in studying, furtively, the face of her distant kinsman.

And the more she studied the less she liked the situation. She found very little encouragement for mirth in the stern blue eyes and set mouth, where it showed under the tawny moustache. He was certainly very handsome—the very noblest and handsome man she had ever seen—but not at all encouraging.

The earl, having recovered his breath, began to look up and down the cliff, and then at Erna. She noticed, with a sort of resentment, that he looked last at her. Then his eyes wandered indifferently from her with more interest to the perilous path she had descended.

"After flowers or something of the sort, I suppose," he said, curtly. "Don't you think you were unwise? But, of course, you don't," he added, with the least shade of contempt in his tone.

"You are Erna March, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," answered Erna, quite humbly.

"I thought I recognized you," he said, carelessly. "Well, do you think you can make the effort to get up there again? I won't let you fall."

"Yes, sir," replied Erna, timidly. "Please don't trouble."

"Don't trouble!" and the earl laughed in his short, grim way. "Well, since I have come up here for the express purpose of getting you away from here, I suppose I may as well insist on taking a little trouble."

His careless irony did not serve to restore Erna's equanimity, and she answered, hastily:

"I am very sorry, but I would not have called if I had thought you would come up. I supposed you would come around. I called to you to go back, but you didn't hear me."

"Thanks for so much consideration," he said, with grim sarcasm. "May I inquire what you would have done, if I had not come."

Erna's head drooped and her face flushed. It was a struggle between shame and indignation, and indignation conquered, as it usually did with her. She tossed her pretty head back and answered, saucily enough:

"I should have gone up alone."

The earl slowly rose to his feet, and leaned carelessly against the face of the cliff, smiling down at her with an air of exasperating indifference.

"Oh!" he said, ironically, looking up the dizzy path and then down at her, "you could have done it, then?"

Perhaps his sarcastic manner, perhaps more still, his calm indifference toward her, stung her. She sprang to her feet with a flushed face, and exclaimed:

"Of course I could."

He caught her arm in his strong grasp an said, quietly

"This is hardly the place for heroics. There isn't room enough.

She turned her face toward him, and her brown eyes flashed wrathfully as she cried out:

"Oh, you are horrid!"

"Quite likely. Shall I assist you now?"

She compressed her lips in impotent anger and shook his hand from her arm.

"I do not need your help. I can go alone," and before he could stop her, she had sprung to the face of the cliff and was climbing up with the assurance and agility of a chamois.

He followed, shrugging his shoulders, but determined to put a stop to similar freaks in the future. When they were both safely at the top, he looked calmly at her for a moment, noting her exquisite beauty, though he showed no sign of doing so.

"Well," he said, at last, "will you now explain the meaning of this?"

(To be continued.)

"Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The Particulars of a Remarkable Cure Told by a Presbyterian Clergyman--The Sufferer Brought Back from Death's Door.

St. Andrew's Manse,
Cardigan, P. E. I., Jan., 1908.

Though I have never been sick myself, and have not had occasion to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I thought you ought to know of the remarkable cure they have wrought in Mr. Olding's case.

During a visit to my home in Merigomish, N. S., some years ago, I was grieved to find our next door neighbor and friend, Michael Olding, very low. "He is not expected to live," my mother informed me, "And you must go over and see him, as he is liable to pass away at any moment." "Not expected to live," that was the opinion not only of the doctor who attended him, but of his wife and family as well. Upon visiting him myself I found abundant evidence to confirm their opinion.

Mr. Olding had for years been afflicted with asthma and bronchitis, but now a complication of diseases was ravishing his system. He had been confined to his bed for months and was reduced to a skeleton. Though evidently glad to see me, he conversed with the greatest difficulty, and seemed to realize that it was the beginning of the end. He was daily growing weaker; his feet were swollen to twice their natural size, and the cold hand of death was upon his brow. "It's no use," he said, feebly, "the doctor's medicine is not helping me and I am going down rapidly." I prayed with him as for a man soon to pass into eternity, and when I took his hand in parting it was the last time I expected to see him in the flesh.

Three years later, while on another visit to my mother's, Michael Olding was seemingly in better health than I had ever seen him, for, as I said, he had always been ailing. In sheer desperation he had asked his wife to get him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They soon began to help him. His appetite and strength began to improve, and to the astonishment of his family and friends he rapidly regained his health. Now, though the burden of well-nigh four score years is upon him, he is able to do a fair day's work, and is in the enjoyment of good health, even the asthma has ceased to trouble him as in former years.

Mr. Olding himself, as well as his neighbors and the writer of this letter, confidently believe that his rescue from the very jaws of death—seemingly so miraculous—is due under the blessing of God to the timely and continuous use of Dr. Willaims' Pink Pills.

REV. EDWIN SMITH, M. A.

Mr. Olding himself writes: "I am glad Rev. Mr. Smith has written you about my wonderful cure, for I confidently believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been dead long ago. It would be impossible to exaggerate the desperate condition I was in when I began to use the Pills. No one thought I could get better. I scarcely dared hope myself that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would bring me through, but they did and I have ever since enjoyed good health. Though I am seventy-nine years old people are always remarking on how young I look—and I feel young. I can do a fair day's work and I am better in every way than I had been for years. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I take every opportunity I can to recommend them to friends who are ailing."

NOVEL USE OF LIGHT.

Electric Lamps Employed to Stimulate Animals' Appetities.

Stimulating the appetite is one of the strangest uses to which artificial light ing is put. At the London Zoological Gardens small birds are called to breakfast two hours ahead of their usual time by the turning on of the electric light, and quails are fattened for the London market in underground cellars, which are lighted up many times a day to induce the birds to feed often and abundantly. At the Berlin Zoological Gardens a similar plan is adopted to make certain bears hibernate. For several weeks in fall their dens are brightly illuminated, they have a plentiful supply of their favorite food, and they eat and grow very fat, so that, when winter comes and their dens are barricaded, they quietly go to sleep for two or three months, just as in their native haunts. In spring they awaken, lean, hungry and healthy.

GRAND NEWS FOR OLD FOLKS

What Dodd's Kidney Pills did for Hiram Brown.

Cured His Aches and Pains and Gave Him Restful Slumber—Known as the Old Folks' Friend.

East Mapleton, Cumberland Co., N. S., May 10.—(Special)—Though well past the allotted span of life, Mr. Hiram Brown, of this place, is still one of the grandest sights in life, a hale and hearty old gentleman. And like many another Canadian veteran, he gives Dodd's Kidney Pills the credit for his abundant health.

"I am seventy-two years of age," Mr. Brown said in an interview, "and I want to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Gravel and Kidney Trouble. I was troubled with Backache, Headache and Dizziness, Cramps in the Muscles and Stiffness of the Joints. My sleep was broken and at times my limbs would swell.

"But since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, all these troubles have gone. I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a wonderful medicine.'

The aged man or woman who has healthy Kidneys can afford to laugh at the ills of life. For healthy Kidneys keep the blood pure and ensure good restful sleep. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make healthy Kidneys. That is why they are known as the Old Folks' Best Friend.

A Born Naturalist.

Little Ethel, who had lived so secluded a life that she never had seen a cat except in pictures, was on a visit to her aunt in one of the suburbs.

On the first morning of her stay the family cat walked into the parlor, looked around, then turned and walked out.

"Why, auntie," said little Ethel, "that cat has two sides, hasn't it?"

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

He Knew by Experience.

A member of the Nebraska Legislature was making a speech on some momentous question, and, in concluding, said:

"In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered:

'Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah."

"Noah nothing," repeated the speaker; "Noah built the ark."—Buffalo News.

Few Miners Kill Themselves.

Among the miners of Germany there are fewer suicides than any other class of workingmen in that country.

TREE CULTURE IN HOLLAND

Elms on Canal Banks and Lindens French Monarch Guarded.

There is perhaps no other well populated country in the world which has so many well wooded towns as has Holland. Most of the streets and graehts or canals have avenues of trees. Utrecht has two rows of trees on either side of its uqaint canals. Its canal banks are constructed as if in two storeys. The lower storey, almost flush with the water level, is lined with warehouses and vaults, while the upper storey has dwellings and shops. Both levels are planted with trees.

So many avenues of trees make a Dutch town exceedingly pleasant, especially on a hot day. The foliage tempers the glare of the sun and the vistas of green are refreshing to the eye. These abundant growths in thickly populated towns are highly useful as well as ornamental. It is recognized that from a hygienic point of view they are valuable to the citizens.

In Holland these useful services are gratefully recognized and the trees are carefully tended by the municipalities. The cost of this care per capita in the different towns varies somewhat. Last year, for example, Utrecht devoted 21 cents (Dutch) to its trees for each inhabitant and The Hague 28 cents for each of its 250,000 citizens. It takes two and a half Dutch cents to equal an American cent. About ten years ago the annual cost of caring for the trees of The Hague was nineteen cents (Dutch) per capita, but since that time many new trees and shrubs have been planted throughout the city and new parks have been laid out.

It has been found that not every kind of tree will thrive in the streets of a town, for trees have many enemies, both above and below ground. Gas escaping from pipes underground is the worst enemy of trees, because quite small quantities of it are deadly. For this reason special precautions are taken against the leakage of gas in Dutch towns. How electricity escaping underground acts upon trees as yet has not been sufficiently studied to be understood. Trees will not grow in very narrow streets where the houses are high; neither will they thrive if the pavement does not let in moisture and air in sufficient quantities.

The best trees for street planting in Holland are elms and lindens, but the elm is the hardier of the two and will grow where a linden will not. Trees of these kinds reach a great age, like the old elms along the quiet grachts of Edam, one of the 'dead' cities of the Zuyder Zee, which saw the fleets of Van Tromp and De Ruyter in the harbor of Edam—the harbor which appears so tiny to modern eyes that one with difficulty imagines "the terror of the North Sea" anchoring there. Then there are the magnificent lindens of the Mailebaan in Utrecht, which appealed to the French monarch, King Louis XIV. Those lindens he commanded his soldiers to spare on peril of their lives.—The Hague correspondence Chicago News.

He Knew All About It.

A little boy, who had just this season joined Sunday school, was asked by his mother how he liked it.

"Why!" exclaimed Charlie, disgustedly, "they don't know much. The teacher asked what was the collee', and I was the only one who knew."

"And what did you say, dear?"

"Why, I told them pretty quick that it was a pain in the stomach."—Pink 'Un.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Mormonism.

"Is it true that many of these Mormons have half a dozen wives each?" asked a visitor to Salt Lake City of a policeman who was stationed near the Temple, says the Saturday Evening Post.

"Sure," said the policeman.

"Well, will you kindly tell me why on earth a man wants to marry half a dozen wives?"

"I dunno," said the policeman, "unles he thinks that mebbe he can get a good one out of the bunch."

MR. GOSLINGTON'S TROUBLES.

He Gives a Sample of the Things That Happen to Him When He Travels.

"I don't know why it is," said Mr. Goslington, "but when I travel I always seem to get the worst of it in some way; of there's anything going that isn't pleasant it comes to me.

"Yesterday I made a little trip to a place about fifty miles from the city. I went to the station early to get a seat by a window. I managed that all right. I got a window seat and just where I wanted, not at the end of the car, but about two thords back from the front, where I would ride easy and at the same time have something to look at ahead, and of course that all pleased me very much.

"At the first station out there got aboard the car at the forward end seven men, a very assorted lot of men, some tall, some short, some thick, same thin, and among them one man of phenomenal proportions, a giant of a man, with legs sticking out beneath and a head projecting up from top, and then I watched with fearful interest the procession as it started down the car, for I was seized with a mortal terror that the big man would want to sit with me. Really he ought not to, for I sat two-thirds of the way down the car and there were plenty of vacant seats ahead; but you never can tell about a thing till it's settled.

"I watched that procession coming with a great and fearful interest, the big man bringing up the rear, and then with an increasing hopefulness I saw it dwindle as one member after another of it dropped out to take the first seat he came to, until all were seated except the giant, who was left alone still four rows in front of me and with three vacant seats in those four rows to choose from, and then my hope ran high, but he kept a-coming and passed them all until he came to mine, where he halted.

"'Is this seat taken?' he said to me, and what could I say but:

"'No, sir,' and then he sat down, sitting partly on that vacant place in the seat and partly on Oliver J. Goslington.

"So I drew the fat man after all; but things like that happen to me whenever I travel."—N. Y. Sun.

GRATEFUL FOR ECZEMA CURE

Any Sufferer Can Write to Mrs. D McGillivary, of Nanton, Alta., for Full Information.

There are undoubtedly many frauds in the testimonials of medical firms—letters written by friends or even employees of the advertiser. But, on the other hand, in some cases the testimonails are thoroughly genuine, gladly offered by prominent citizens, who are grateful for the cure.

Such a case is that of Mrs. D. McGillivary, of Nanton, Alberta, who cured her two children with D. D. D., and is glad to tell others about it. She wrote on Sept. 3 last:

"Your letter to hand of recent date. I must thank you for so kindly inquiring about my order and also the child. I am glad to say I received the three one dollar bottles of D. D. D. and two cakes of Soap safely, and am delighted with the result of both prescription and Soap. The Soap is all that is required to complete the treatment. The little boy of two years and a half is to all appearance cured of the dreadful Eczema.

"My baby girl at two months broke out with the same rash, and I treated her with D. D. D., and am perfectly satisfied she is cured to our great joy. I feel sure it is a splendid remedy for all skin diseases, and can highly recommend it. I will be glad to recommend it to any one suffering with skin trouble."

If any reader of this paper should write Mrs. McGillivary, we request that a self-addressed stamped envelope be enclosed.

For free sample bottle of D. D. D. Prescription write to the D. D. D. Laboratory, Department D, 23 Jordan street, Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

A Schoolboy on Domestic Economy.

My idea of a good income and how to spend it is to get forty-four shillings a week from every male in the house if he was working, and in spending it I should get a book and put all the provisions I had in the house in it and the cost of them. I should first see that I and our family would get their stomachs full every meal time, so I should buy meat that would last.

Every holiday time we should go for a day or two to a seaside resort. For a family of good eaters it takes a lot of bread, especially if you do not bake, and shop bread takes a lot of butter. But they shoud have it. I would also buy plenty of coal, with good shoes and stockings; also I would buy two beds to sleep on at night.—Letter of Schoolboy in Manchester Guardian.

I cured a horse of the Mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.
Dalhousie.

I cured a horse, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
St. Peter's. C. B. EDW. LINLIEF.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
THOS. W. PAYNE.
Bathurst, N. B.

In Arthur's Court.

King Arthur had just instituted the Round Table.

"Fine," they cried; "but can you establish an untaxed table for the poor man?"

Herewith they perceived that chivalry amounted to little.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

AN ANGEL.

Thomas Nelson Page, in the smoke-room of the Amerika, criticised trenchantly the work of a popular novelist.

"This man," declared Mr. Page, "has no idea of precision. He doesn't say what he means; he circles about his meaning,

ISSUE NO. 19, 1909

HELP WANTED.

MEN AND WOMEN—TO SELL THEUS stocking darner; fits on any sewing machine; a boon to housekeepers; big profit. A. James Cheather, Port Hope, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THEUS; house to house; others are clearing twenty dollars weekly. Why not you? Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

SNAPSHOT CAMERA FREE: ANY bright boy or girl can earn a snapshot camera in an hour. Send us your name and address with two references and we will tell you how to get a snapshot camera for an hour's work. Bijou Specialty House, Hamilton Ont.

FOR SALE.

LOTS IN PRINCE RUPERT, THE GRAND Trunk Pacific terminus, will be put on the market in May or June next. Persons intending to invest should write for information and advice to the Prince Rupert Realty-Commercial Co., Limited, 430 Richards street, Vancouver, B. C.

The Hogs Had Plenty of Time.

A Norfolk farmer riding through the Welsh mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

'Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the inquiring farmer.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten 'em on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and fatten them on corn. It saves a lot of time?"

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer, "but, bless your heart, what's time to a hawg?"—From White's Class Advertising.

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.

STEEPLEJACK'S BIGGEST JOB.

Decorating the Nelson Column in London With 40 Tons of Laurel.

"The biggest job I have undertaken," declares an English steeplejack, "has been the decorating and repairing of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London. Nearly forty tons of laurel were used and the greater portion of this had to be carried aloft and fixed to the column at varying heights up to the top.

"I thought out my plans," he says in the Wide World Magazine, "but eventually decided to lash ladders to the structure by means of ropes passed d'round an 'round it. It was a ticklish, trying job, but it was accomplished without hitch or mishap of any kind.

"Two sets of ladders were used, placed opposite to one another. This was necessary, as the column measures forty feet in circumference—too far to pass a rope around with ease. The most difficult part of the ascent to negotiate was the cornice at the top of the column. This is the heaviest projection for throwback work in England and I had to climb up and over it with my back to the ground, for all the world like a fly on a ceiling.

"I am not ashamed to confess that I breathed more freely when I had rounded the obstruction and was able cautiously to slide myself on to the platform which supports the statue. From below this appears flat, but it is really bevelled with a sharp slope outward.

"I found it too covered with an inch thick layer of greasy soot, so that to walk about on it was exceedingly risky. However, once I got the lifeline secured to the statue all was plain sailing.

"I discovered a crack in the hero's arm, which I repaired. When I tell people this they not infrequently ask on the spur of the moment, 'Which arm?' Of course the figure has only one."

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instrutions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Horseshoe Competition.

In a thickly populated district of Burnley the clanging of the anvil late at night caused the policeman on the beat to call at a blacksmith's shop. He found a competition in progress between two smiths as to which could make seventeen pairs of horseshoes in the shortest time. Each man was allowed an assistant as striker.

The contest was for a wager and each contestant had his backers, there being nearly a hundred spectators. It was not until 1 o'clock yesterday morning that the competition was over, the winner having accomplished the feat in two hours and a quarter and his rival in two hours and a half.—From the Westminster Gazette.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

The Flea.

He cometh.
Would he would go.
He makes pets miserable.
He even attacks their owners. .. ...
But few people pay much attention to him.
They worry about the force wasted in waterfalls.
But they ignore the enormous strength of the flea's hind legs.
Let those who thrill over University high jumps consider the flea; he jumps 30 times his own height.
So really what chance have we with such an athletic wonder? We can only jealously poison him.

Zam-Buk
SURE CURE FOR SKIN INJURIES & DISEASES.

A purely herbal balm; best thing for the tender skins of children, yet powerful enough to heal an adult's chronic sore; highly antiseptic; eases pain and smarting soon as applied—that is Zam-Buk. Remember it is purely herbal—no mineral poisons, no animal fats. Power and purity combined!

All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box.

MOB AFTER MRS. BOYLE.

Thousand Women Threatened to Lynch Alleged Kidnapper.

Only Saved by Strenuous Efforts of Sheriff and His Assistants.

Man Concerned in Kidnapping Convicted in Record Time.

Mercer, Pa., May 10.—While being taken from the county court-house back to jail this afternoon by deputy sheriffs, Mrs. Helen Boyle was attacked by a mob of perhaps 1,000, mostly women, and it was only by great efforts on the part of the sheriffs, business men and several others that the mob was prevented from doing great bodily injury to the woman, who is charged with having kidnapped Willie Whitla, and who was placed on trial here late this afternoon. James H. Boyle, her alleged husband, had been convicted of kidnapping earlier in the day and he was being taken from the court-house to jail with his wife when the demonstration occurred. The mob had gathered for some hours in front of the old school-house which is doing duty as a court-house, and when the woman appeared in the custody of Deputy Sheriff Stuart, there was a rush made for her, principally by the women.

"There she is, the dirty hussy, let's get her, and hang her. We don't need any jury," screamed a big woman who seemed a leader.

"Look out, don't come near me or I'll make you climb a tree," said Mrs. Boyle, quietly, as she took a stand.

"Why don't you go home and wash your face," added Mrs. Boyle as a final shot.

The mob swarmed around the woman with loud, angry cries, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Stuart, aided by several men, could work his way through and start on the six square walk to the jail. The women were most bitter and some of them shouted: "Get a rope and let's fix the kidnapper," at which Mrs. Boyle flung back defiance only and asserted to some of those near her that if she were turned loose by the officers she would "chase you all, two at a time."

Sheriff William Chess, who had charge of Boyle, did not tarry in the mob. He seemed of the opinion that there might be in the mob's midst a plot concealed to liberate Boyle, so he hurried him along, handcuffed, and with on hand always on the butt of his gun.

The attack on Mrs. Boyle was the finish of a most exciting day. James Boyle was convicted of kidnapping by the Court in record time. It took but one hour for the testimony of the Willie Whitla, the kidnapped boy, to convince Messrs. Anderson, Miller and Stranahan, Boyle's counsel, that he had not a chance in the world. They took him out of court and urged that he plead guilty, but he would not.

They finally convinced him that it was unsafe to go on the stand to make any defence, and so the case was passed to the jury without any defence and a verdict of guilty was quickly reached. He will be sentenced after, the trial of Mrs. Boyle is ended.

Mrs. Boyle was already in the court for her trial when the jury came in with the verdict against her husband. Neither of them changed a muscle as the verdict was received, but looked themselves looking over the jury list when a panel was being set for the trial of the woman.

Mrs. Boyle took a lively part in picking her own jury. She seemed to have a longing toward young and married men. The jury was finally selected and one witness, Miss Ethel Boyle, sister of James Boyle, placed on the stand when court adjourned until to-morrow.

HUSBAND GOT EVEN

Had Wife Arrested on a Charge of Bigamy.

Toronto despatch: Walking out of the police court dock, where he had arrived yesterday through a charge of non-support made against him by his young wife, William Sheehan, of 4 Leo place, strode into the office of the police clerk and swore out a warrant charging the young woman with bigamy. The warrant was executed later by Detective Cronin.

According to the police, the prisoner, whose maiden name was Ethel Hogg, was married to William Sheehan on May 15, 1905. The couple separated about a year later, and on Aug. 12, 1907, Mrs. Sheehan, it is alleged, using her maiden name, married Archibald J. Mearns. The marriage, according to the police, was scarcely more of a success than her first one, and recently, it is said, the young woman made overtures, with a view to going back to "hubby" No. 1. She was satisfied with things as they were and refused all offers of conciliation.

SIDE CREASES.

Trousers of King Edward, Europe's Best Dressed Man.

Paris, May 10.—Frenchmen who regard King Edward as the best dressed man in Europe, has been interested in noting since His Majesty has been in Paris incognito that he wears his trousers creased down the side instead of down the front.

WHEAT SEEDING.

Welcome Rise in Temperature on the Prairies.

Winnipeg, May 10.—(Globe.)—Bright and sunny weather throughout the Prairie Provinces has changed the face of nature, and there is a fair promise that May will atone for the shortcomings of April. There is no doubt that the atmospheric conditions which prevailed during the month which has just closed were most unsatisfactory, from the agricultural standpoint, and

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