

ACROSS THE BORDER

WHAT IS GOING ON OVER IN THE STATES.

Latest Happenings in Big Republic Condensed for Busy Readers.

Michigan physicians will centre efforts on the eradication of cancer. Michigan state game warden secured 128 convictions during August. Of Conroy Island the second shark has been captured within forty-eight hours. Mrs. Mary Sage, of Glen Falls, N.Y., aged 107, hopes to live to cast her vote. Four bandits robbed a man in a hallway on Brooklyn's busiest corner in daylight. J. H. Hyde, of Tacoma, Wash., claims to have invented brakes for ocean liners. Detroit will only employ American citizens in future; they not naturalized must get out. Mrs. Newton Grubb, of Wilmington, Pa., was badly hurt when a can of tomatoes burst. Buffalo advertised for a Polish nurse for the schools at \$720 a year and got no applications. Chicago chemists are puzzled at the substance in German shells sent them from the battle front. Cyrus Page, pioneer of Little Falls, Minn., left \$20,000 of his estate for a town clock in the courthouse. By some freak of nature, Joseph Struble, of Boonton, N.J., has ripe strawberries on a cucumber vine. Somebody put a skunk in the grand piano just before a dance at the Free-From-Kare-Klub, of Winsted, Conn. When Louis Barsley, of Roselaw, Pa., hit a stubborn bull it gored him and took twelve men to rescue him. The year-old son of Herbert Wyatt, of Salina, Kan., fell into a jar holding 5 inches of water and drowned. Jas. Reynolds was freed for hitting a New York policeman who invaded his home without a warrant. John Gueffinger's will left his gun and uniform to the German Club at Cleveland for parades and funerals. The son of Mrs. Eliza Martin, murdered by a negro at Murphreeville, Ill., asks to be a hangman on Oct. 16th. Kansas State liquor receipts showed 100,000 barrels less beer drunk in July and August than in 1914. A wild cat sprang on the dinner table of Mrs. Maria Baker at Long Hill Beach, L.I., and scattered the guests. Kosica Jordan, Roumanian inventor, will lose his sight from a phosphorus explosion in his New York laboratory. Wm. Merrill, postmaster of West Newbury, Mass., has resigned because the Government is neutral in the war. Two special carloads of insane patients were taken from Morrisania, Pa., State Hospital to Wilkesbarre institution. Frank J. Moore and Sarah F. Kilroy, just married at South Norwalk, Conn., waited 50 years to see if their love was real. When Theo Sullivan's car caught fire at New Brunswick, N.J., 100 farmers responded to the alarm in their own autos. A slight blister on the leg of H. E. Duffenbach, Bloomsburg, Pa., caused an abscess, amputation of the leg and then death. License fees of motorists and chauffeurs amount now to \$1,780,000 in New York State; an increase of \$320,000 over 1914. At the district court for Wyandotte county, Kansas, women will sit on the jury this month; there are some murder cases down.

Because she had large feet and smoked cigarettes a young woman of Sparrow, Okla., was arrested as a man in Kansas City. Mrs. Helena Geborg refused to be rescued from her burning home in Philadelphia until the firemen saved \$1,000 in her handbag. The former commissioner, treasurer and recorder of the City of Nashville, Tenn., are under arrest for larceny of municipal funds. Mrs. Emma Schute, of Somerville, O., was found wandering in New York with \$3,000 hidden in her clothing as well as fat bank books.

THE GRANDEES OF SPAIN.

When They All Wore Their Hats in the Presence of the King.

A grandee of Spain enjoys the privilege, granted him many hundreds of years ago, of remaining "covered" in the presence of his sovereign. This custom dates from the period when, according to the theory then held, the king was "the first among equals." The ancient formula always at the coronation of kings of old Spain was: "We, your equals, choose you to reign over us." And the king assented in this declaration of his nobles. There was a time when all grandees of Spain wore their hats in the presence of the king, but in time the *liza* of caste began to prevail, even among the grandees, with the result that they were eventually divided into three classes, and these classes were distinguished by the hat etiquette. The first class entered the royal presence covered, and, after an advance of a few steps, put on their hats, unbidden by the king, and the third class also entered uncovered but did not "cover" until requested to do so by the king. Then, according to the etiquette, "all were equal."

There have been grandees who were not Spaniards,—notably the Duke of Wellington, upon whom the Cortes conferred the honor in recognition of his services to the state.

To remove tight rings from fingers, pass the end of a piece of fine twine underneath the ring and wind it evenly around the finger upward as far as the middle joint. Then take hold of the lower end of the string beneath the ring, and begin slowly to unwind upward, when the ring will gradually move along the twine toward the tip of the finger and come off.

TWO AVERAGE CITIZENS.

One Lives on Easy Street and Other Is Still Working Hard.

Sid Thatcher wanted to know how I made my money. He says: "We were boys together and have lived all our lives in this old burg. You're on Easy street, and I'm still working at my job, and it's about all I can do to hold it down. I'm a decent enough citizen, judging by the general run of folks, and I don't know that I've done anything wrong. But you caught on and I didn't. Just where did I miss?" "Don't forget," I says, "my money came from constipation and I took the bargain."

"How do you mean," he says. "Well," I says to him, "when we were young fellows, you were a better sport than I was. The other chaps looked to you, when it came to having fun, more than they looked to me. I was left out of many a good time that you made the most of. But it all cost you money. I lost the good times, but I kept the money."

"But a man has a right to a good time," Sid says, a little roly like, "and he's only young once."

"That's right," I says. "I didn't grudge you your good time in the old days."

"And so I shouldn't grudge you your money now," says Sid, getting a little madder.

"Well, what do you think?" and I looks him square in the eye.

"Things ain't right in this world," he says, "or a man wouldn't have to pinch and save at the very time when he most wants to spend his money, and then have to go without because he finds it hard to earn."

"See here, Sir," I says, "I'm not running affairs in this world any more than you are. The rules of the game are set, and neither you nor I can change them, and if a man's going to play at all he's got to play the rules."

"You didn't save all your money; you made a lot of it out of the rise in real estate," says Sid.

"Of course, I did. And I've made a lot out of other things, too."

"I could have done just as well as you did only I didn't have the money for a start."

"That's just it," says I, "the money for a start is what comes hard. You have to pass up a lot of good times to stack up a hundred dollars, and every dollar is so fresh and frisky it's all you can do to hold it. But they seem to like one another's company, and by the time you have a couple of hundred herded together in the bank they stay quiet. And they seem to draw others—you enjoy going to the bank with a dollar when your bunch is beginning to grow. And a very few hundred dollars will give a man a start."

Sid thinks for a minute, and then he puts his hand on my shoulder, friendly like,—Sid always was a good fellow—and says:

"You know my boy Gordon, don't you? He's a bright lad and has a good job and fine prospects. But he's a free spender. I wish you'd have a talk with him some day. Do that for me, just for old time's sake, will you?"

"Not to give him good advice," I says. "I'm not stuck on myself that I'm able to give good advice to anybody."

"No," says Sid, "but you and I have got pretty far along the road, and I'd like him to know how things look to you now. Perhaps what you have to tell him and what I have to tell him may help him a bit."

TUBE MAIL CARS NEXT.

Have Been Used in Paris for Some Time.

Parliament recently gave permission to the post office authorities to construct a miniature tube railroad for the purpose of conveying letters and parcels across London in half the time formerly taken. In two tubes, nine feet in diameter, little electrically propelled trucks will run, and parcels and mail bags will be stacked on them. The first postal tube is to be constructed between Paddington and the eastern district office at White-chapel. Driven by electric current and controlled by switches at intermediate stations, the mail tubes will not need drivers. They will hurtle through the tubes at about twenty miles an hour, carrying the mails from point to point in half the time that motor vans threading their way through traffic in the streets above would take. Two tubes are utilized in the scheme, one for up trains and the other for down trains. To avoid any possibility of collisions—for mail trains will be dispatched along the tubes every few minutes—the line is divided up into sections, so that when the train has passed over one stretch of rail it becomes "dead" until it has reached another section. This form of postal tube has been used in Paris with much success for some time. The cost of the new tube for London, which is said to be six and one-half miles long, will be \$5,000,000.

Tea on the Battlefield.

Tea suddenly becomes one of the items of war material, and the price has gone up in the primary market about thirty per cent., with prospects of a real shortage and still further advances in price. When warring armies start buying tea for rations on the field with its attendant great waste, and the entire Russian people are suddenly deprived of vodka and turned to tea, then it can scarcely be surprising that such a fluctuation should occur in the price of tea.

Messrs. Henderson & Co.'s latest monthly circular issued from Ceylon and just to hand states: "A feature of the market was the record prices paid for flavory teas. The oldest members of the tea trade in Ceylon could not remember such high prices being realized before."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

NOTHING TO EQUAL BABY'S OWN TABLETS

There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones. They are absolutely safe and are guaranteed free from opiates and never fail in giving relief from the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. Concerning them Mrs. Albert Bergeron, St. Agapit, Que., writes: "My baby was suffering from constipation and teething troubles and Baby's Own Tablets quickly cured him. Now I always keep them in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE PREACHER'S FRUIT.

Peaches Cost Less Per Quart Than Any Other Fruit.

Once upon a time—you see I know how to begin a story in the right way—a barefoot boy danced by the roadside and shouted gleefully, writes Peter McArthur. It was in Canada, back in the nineteenth century, in the pioneer days. The little boy was healthy and freckled, and what he lacked in clothes he made up in the kind of body one should have inside of clothes. And he was very, very happy. In fact he was so happy that a passing friend stopped to ask him the cause of it all.

"Hurray!" shouted he of the freckles.

"Why so happy?" asked the friend.

"The preacher is coming to dinner!"

"I didn't know you were so fond of him."

"I ain't, but whenever the preacher comes to dinner we always have peach preserves."

It really is not much of a story, and I am giving an account of its arch-ol-o-gical interest, and not because it is so very funny. It dates back to the days when people merely knew that peaches are the best of fruits and had not discovered that Canada is the best place to raise the very best of them. The woman who was fortunate enough to get some from a sheltered orchard or from a lone tree that was so fortunately situated that it escaped the frost, put up a few to have for such special occasions as the visit of the preacher.

In those days the minister was a much more welcome visitor on the farm than the agent of get-rich-quick schemes and mining promoters, and there is a moral to that if I only had time to work it out. Because peaches were saved for such extra special occasions a tradition has grown up about them in many parts of the country. Some housewives, otherwise very bright and a credit to the farm, were nervous to which they belong, consider it an extravagance to preserve peaches unless they get them at sacrifice prices. Yet these same women will pay from ten to fifteen cents a quart for currants and berries that need far more sugar to do them up than the already sweet peaches. As peaches usually come in eleven-quart baskets, you will find if you divide the price by eleven, that peaches cost less per quart than any other fruit. But because they were once so great a luxury housewives are slow to realize that they should have more of them than any kind of fruit, for they are both the cheapest and the best. There is no reason why every farmer's wife in the districts where peaches cannot be grown should not buy them as freely as they do other fruits and have them not only when the preacher comes to dinner but when the girls and girls come home from the city and at all other times when they want to have something luxurious on the table.

Also it should be remembered that for eating from the hand the peach is the best fruit of all, but you should use for this purpose only the peaches that you buy in the full light of day. Once upon a time, or perhaps I should say, "Once upon another time," a newly arrived Irishman went out with a friend to eat peaches. It was very dark, and Pat had been told to grope along the branches for the fruit. "Preacher, what's that?" asked his friend. "Phwat!" "Has peaches got legs?" "Naw," "Then, begobos, I've swallowed a straddle bug."

FRESH AT NIGHT

If One Uses the Right Kind of Food.

If by proper selection of food one can feel strong and fresh at the end of a day's work, it is worth while to know the kind of food that will produce this result. A school teacher in the West says in this connection: "At the time I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts my health was so poor that I thought I would have to give up my work altogether. I was rapidly losing weight, had little appetite, was nervous and sleepless, and experienced almost constantly a feeling of exhaustion. "I tried various remedies without good results; then I determined to give particular attention to my food, and have learned something of the properties of Grape-Nuts for rebuilding body, brain and nerves. "Since using Grape-Nuts I have made a constant and rapid improvement in health, in spite of the fact that all this time I have been engaged in strenuous and exacting work. "I have gained twelve pounds in weight and have a good appetite, my nerves are steady and I sleep sound. I have such strength and reserve force that I feel almost as strong and fresh at the close of a day's work as at the beginning. "Before using Grape-Nuts I was troubled much with weak eyes, but as my vitality increased they became stronger. "I never heard of another food as nutritious and economical as Grape-Nuts. "There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

From Erin's Green Isle

APPENDICITIS PREVENTED Life Lengthened Health Maintained

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S GREEN SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to All True Irishmen.

Steps have been taken with the idea of organizing Ireland as a munition producing area.

At a meeting of the North Kildare Farming Society, it was decided to hold the annual show on September 29th.

The Ulster Unionist Council has passed a resolution protesting against Ireland's exclusion from the Registration Bill.

A man named Martin Kelly, of Bawn, employed at D'Arcy's Brewery, met his death by falling into one of the large vats.

Sergeant Albert Charley, 42nd Brigade, R.F.A., is the latest of the Athlone soldiers to secure the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

The death occurred at Dublin of the Rev. Frank Sadleir, M.A., formerly rector of Newcastle Lyons, Haylesham, at the age of seventy-four.

The number of old age pensions payable in Ireland in the last Friday in March, 1914, was 202,202, and on the last Friday of March, 1915, 198,938.

Reinforcements for Belfast shipyards and munition factories will arrive in a few weeks from United States, South Africa, Canada and the Antipodes.

At the opening of the Mayo Assizes Mr. Justice Boyd deplored the state of recruiting. He said out of a population of 48,522 in the county, only 438 volunteered.

Second-Lieutenant R. L. Henderson of Belfast, attached to the 4th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, has been invalided home following an attack of enteric fever.

The O'Mahony D. L. Grange, Co. County Wicklow, has presented an Irish wolfhound to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir A. A. Weldon, Bart., D.S.O., as a mascot of the 4th Battalion.

A double murder is reported from Collon, County Kildare, of Lawrence Hayden, an old age pensioner, and his sister, Mary Ann Hayden, being found in their house beaten to death.

While skimming the tops of pans of boiling glue in a Dublin factory, Simon Toole, aged 19, fell into one of the pans and was so terribly scalded that he died soon afterwards.

A largely-attended meeting, presided over by Sir John Irwin, J.P., was held at Tallaght, for the purpose of explaining to the young men of the district their duty in the present crisis.

AN APPEAL

On Behalf of the National Canadian Patriotic Fund.

We have now entered upon the second year of the war, and the end seems as far off as ever. No one imagined, a year ago, that by September of 1915, Canada would have sent across the Atlantic nearly one hundred thousand men with as many guns and as much ammunition. This magnificent enlistment, while primarily due to the loyalty of our people, has been, in a large measure, made possible by the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

This greatest of all the national benefactors is now assisting twenty thousand families of men who have enlisted for overseas service. These men have gone forward with the full assurance that the people of Canada will see to it that during their absence, their wives, widowed mothers and little children shall be maintained in comfort. We hear that the donors to the Fund are assuming large proportions, that to meet the needs of July and August \$700,000 was expended, that the reserves are being materially decreased, and that the national Executive Committee now finds it necessary to make a further appeal to the Canadian Public.

There are many funds, most of them worthy, but of them all, the Patriotic Fund is the one we cannot allow to fail. It is the duty of the Government to arm, equip and maintain the troops. Not a dollar do the Federal authorities give to the Patriotic Fund. This work depends solely on our own people. Thousands of brave men are fighting our battles, believing that we meant what we said when we told them as they went forward: "and we will care for the wife and children." It would be to our everlasting disgrace if our pledge were broken.

The national organization, with headquarters at Ottawa and branches or affiliated associations in every part of the Dominion, is worthy of our most generous support in the tremendous and ever-growing task that it has undertaken. Ottawa, Sept. 1st, 1915.

Milkmaids in London.

Milkmen in the suburbs are gradually being replaced by milkmaids, and one is sure the milkmaids will not stand the week's task of the male "pram round," which is a seven day's journey. They will not emit the morning howl of the milkman, but something sweeter and fresher. But one would like to be sure that her milkmaid's dress is as appropriate as that of the short-skirted milkmaids we can even now remember, with the yokes on their necks and the pails port and starboard!

All Things Come.

"I don't know why we came in here," said Mrs. Bored, as she settled herself down in a restaurant. "I'm not a bit hungry."

"That's all right," said her husband. "Just you sit here and wait."

"Wait! But why? I'm not hungry, as I said before."

"Never mind, dear. You will be the time the waiter brings our food."

Out of every 1,000 births, eleven are twins.

From the Middle West

BETWEEN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Items From Provinces Where Many Ontario Boys and Girls Are Living.

The G.T.P. are drilling a well for oil south of Lethbridge, Alta.

Saskatoon had a surplus on its annual exhibition amounting to \$3,200.

Girl cadets are now frequently seen in uniform on the streets of Saskatoon.

Saskatchewan now has a Retail Merchants' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

The Winnipeg telephone directory shows 2,467 less connections than a year ago.

Elbow, Sask., ratepayers voted down a by-law to provide better fire protection.

The gross income from Edmonton Exhibition was \$50,681, and the surplus \$5,497.

Robert Shaw shot a prairie wolf that was robbing his hen coops at St. Vital, Winnipeg.

The Bank of Montreal has warned Regina of the need of greater economy by the city.

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Calgary municipal voters' list this year contains 41,537 names, an increase of 10 per cent.

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Melfort, Sask., shipped out 34 carloads of Carrot River Valley beef in one week, valued at \$42,000.

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Swift Current's land tax sale on October 1st will consist of 4,890 parcels of land now in arrears.

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Peter McAra, senior veteran of the Indian Mutiny, who went to Regina 32 years ago, is dead, aged 75.

The wife, under new acts, has to sign agreements and mortgages on homesteads in the west.

Alberta is alarmed over the appearance of the sow thistle in the province—the curse of Manitoba farms.

High hopes for war munition orders are roused in Calgary. The city thinks the C.P.R. shops will be used as a plant.

BET \$5,000 TO A CARROT.

King Edward Won, and He Gave Late Steel Man Costly Trinket.

Henry Steel, head of the great English steel firm of Steel, Peech and Tozer, who has just died at his home in Sheffield, was perhaps best known outside trade circles as the man who laid King Edward, then Prince of Wales, \$5,000 to a carrot against a horse at the Epsom races. The Prince lost and paid with a carrot formed of coral mounted in gold.

Steel and his partner, Peech, formed the greatest firm of bookmakers on the English turf 50 years ago. The fortune which they made on the racetrack enabled them to enter the iron and steel industry as pioneers in 1875. Steel died at the age of 83.

Corns Applied In 5 Seconds Cured Quick

Sore, blistering feet from corns and blisters can be cured by Putnam's Expectorant in 24 hours.

Putnam's Expectorant soothes away that drawing pain, causes instantly, makes the feet feel good at once. Get a 25c. bottle of "Putnam's" today.

Many of the slabs of which Boz wrote so intimately have (thank goodness), disappeared. He did much himself to cause their disappearance. But William J. Roffey, the well-known Dickens lecturer, who knows his seamy London as well as the Artful Dodger himself, was able to conduct a party of members of the Solborne Club to many landmarks associated with the career of Oliver Twist.

One of the most interesting spots to which he led the enthusiasts was the abode of Mr. Fang—the magistrate drawn from actual life, who sentenced young Oliver to three months on the false charge of stealing. Mr. Fang was a silk handkerchief. Mr. Fang was such a thin disguise for the notorious Mr. Lang that the gentleman was crossed off the rolls very soon after making his appearance in the novel. Mr. Lang's office were in Hatton Gardens and are now occupied by a firm of lithographers.

The teeth of the badger are very peculiar, for, instead of resting on each other when the animal's mouth is closed, they fit into each other.

Mindard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Unjust Discrimination. "Oh, no!" soliloquized Johnny bitterly, "there ain't any favorites in this family. Oh, no! If I bite my finger nails I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot they think it's cute."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

His Status. "Is your wife going to give my pants next winter?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I never ask any questions about her social affairs. I'm lucky to be invited."

The Main Difficulty. The manager of a factory recently engaged a new man and gave instructions to the foreman to instruct him in his duties. A few days afterward the manager inquired whether the new man was progressing with his work. The foreman who had not agreed very well with the man in question, exclaimed angrily: "Progressing? There's been a lot of progress. I taught him everything I know and he is still an ignorant fool!"

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