THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD.

"Pledged But to Truth, to Liberty and Law: No Favor Wins Us, and No Fear Shall Awe."

VOL. XII. ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, OCTOBER 9, 1908. No 42

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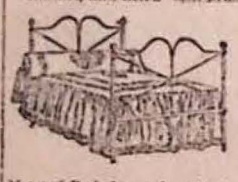
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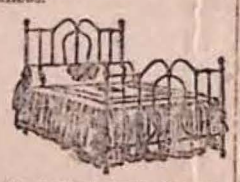
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Leave Mulgrave.

Accommodation for New Glasgow and Truro (Mo) 6.45
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Express for Halifax, Moncton, St. John (80) 16.30

Leave Point Tupper.

Mixed for North Sydney and Sydney (105) 5.20
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Moncton, June 25 1908.

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EMPIRE LINIMENT

was completely cured. I also found it excellent for earache."

Just think of it! Cured for one dollar! April 27, 1907.

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RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD
PUBLISHED AT
ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON,
EVERY FRIDAY
—BY—
BERTRAM DUPINOT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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ARICHAT, C. B., October 9, 1908.

DOMINION ELECTION!

Nominations:
MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1908.
Polling:
MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1908.

GEORGE W. KYTE, K. C.,
Liberal Candidate, Richmond County.

JOHN H. SINCLAIR, ESQ.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Liberal Candidate in Guysborough County.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Laurier and a broader Canada.

Do you want George E. Foster in charge of the public funds of the Dominion? As a matter of business, now, do you?

Don't forget that the Liberals stand for the taking over of the branch railways and the better service which must result from that step.

The Liberal government proposes to carry every man's mail in the rural districts to his very door. Free rural mail delivery is one of the [illegible] of the country.

What did the Conservatives ever try to do for the farmers of Canada? Contrast their inactivity with the vigorous policy of the Liberals which has been so well administered.

Plans are being made and tenders will shortly be called, so we are informed, for the construction of a public wharf in Arichat. We have this on good authority and it is only a question of a few weeks now when this public work will be under construction.

"And now after you have had twelve years of prosperity what is the cry of the Conservatives? They say it is time for a change." We have given you surpluses, do you want to return to an era of deficits?"—Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Russell, Ont.

Toronto Globe:—Liberal tradition is progress, and Conservative tradition is reaction. Parties may vary temporarily, but this is their tendency. Canada has had twelve years of progress, and the people like it too well to break in on it without cause.

The Liberal candidates in Richmond and Guysboro counties are seeing the electors and wherever they go they meet with hearty receptions. They are both men well posted in public matters and as speakers have few equals in the province. The electors will see to it that their election be good majorities will take place on October 26th.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government has been the most progressive that Canada has ever had. They have built up a great nation and earned the reputation of being Empire-builders. Whereat the Conservatives have become envious and jealous and are trying to hamstring out of office. The electors, knowing a good thing when they have it, will return them to power on the 26th inst.

It is said that G. W. Kyte, the Liberal nominee in Richmond, has already notified the "heeler brigade" he got busy and raise the wind to fix it for him to Ottawa.—Halifax Herald.

It will not be necessary to distribute cases and bottles of campaign whiskey labelled "Choice Tomatoes" in Richmond county as the Tories did in Colchester to elect John Stanfield, who simply "floated to Ottawa on choice tomatoes." "Boodle" cuts no figure in electing a man in Richmond county. The electors are unpurchasable and incorruptible and will elect the Liberal candidate without such means as "choice tomatoes" and other crooked ways often adopted by the Tories in latter-day elections.

London Free Press:—The prosperity of Canada constitutes the sum total of the claim of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues to a fresh lease of power.

What have the Conservatives ever done for Richmond county that we should go back on our true friends, the Liberals? The record of the Tory party in Richmond county is sadly deficient in accomplishment of any great public utility. But the Liberals have in almost every district in the county some very substantial things to show.

All the scandal talk of the Tories against the government has long since been proved malicious fabrications. Some of the yellow journals of the Tory party seem to keep up the silly yarns, but the people put no stock in them except to laugh them to scorn.

Our paper, during the past twelve years, has given a steady and consistent support to the great Liberal party, and the older we grow the stronger becomes our faith in that nation-building party.

We are proud of our great leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, his able lieutenant, Mr. Fielding, and the other patriots who go to make up his Cabinet. Join in the procession, Mr. Conservative, throw off your allegiance to a moosback party, and ally yourselves with the party that will continue to do business on Parliament Hill, Ottawa, on and long after the 26th inst.

The electors of this county are not forgetful of the niggardly way the county was treated during the 18 years of Tory rule. They starved the public services, refused to vote money for public works, and the only thing they did was to fatten a couple of pets at the public expense. They will not be given a chance to do this again, as the electors, having their eyes fully open and their senses keenly alert, will not only elect Kyte in Richmond and Sinclair in Guysboro, but the entire Dominion will rally to the support of the government in such an enthusiastic way as will return it to power with a majority as great at least as in 1904.

PUBLIC WORKS IN RICHMOND.

Some Conservatives in Richmond county, whilst significantly silent with regard to what their party did (n't) for Richmond when in power and while represented by a supporter, often slightingly refer to what the Liberals have done. Well, during the past four years—the result of the Laurier government, in so far as its treatment of Richmond county is concerned, is one of which no Liberal has any reason to feel ashamed. They did as much in four years for this county as the Conservatives did during their long tenure of office of 18 years. We are not falsifying the facts, as the public records can prove. While much has been done a great deal yet remains to do. The record for the past four years is as follows:

[illegible] for the above:

New offices opened at Baleine, Drummondville, Grand Grave, Grandview, Sampsonville, Tubbervale and Lynch's River.

It is proposed to establish a telephone service between Arichat and Petit de Grat.

Grand River to Framboise—for a telephone service.

Clay Cove to Lake Lenore and Drummondville—bi-monthly to daily.

Rose Blanche to West Bay—from bi-weekly to tri-weekly.

Grand River to Lewisporte—bi-weekly to tri weekly.

Mail to Lower River Inhabitants—tri weekly to daily.

TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

New office opened at Framboise.

Appropriation from Grand River to Lake Lenore with office at Grand River Falls and Lake Lenore.

A vote for a loop to Notre Framboise and new office there.

MARINE AND FISHERIES.

Lighthouse and buoys for Canso harbor.

Lighthouse on Boar Island.

Wilson gas and automatic buoy for Corbeaux Rock.

Bell buoys for Rose shoal, Madame Island and L'Archevêque.

Gas and bell buoy for Petit de Grat.

Buoys at L'Ardoise, D'Escousse and Petit de Grat.

A vote for buoys at River Inhabitants.

A vote for range lights at L'Ardoise.

A vote for a lobster hatchery at Arichat.

New lighthouse at Grandique.

PUBLIC WORKS.

Wharves at West Arichat, Petit Canso, River Bourgeois and East Royal.

Breakwater at Rabbit Island, nearly completed.

Extension of breakwater at Cape August.

Votes for breakwaters at Chapel Cove, Petit de Grat, Black Point and Little Anse.

Votes for wharves at Lower L'Ardoise, Arichat and Johnstown Harbor—a new wharf now building.

A vote for $25,000 for extending the locks of the St. Peters Canal. Probable cost $150,000.

A vote for opening Barracks to Arichat, work upon which has commenced.

Dredging tenders called for at Red Islands, Fourchu, L'Archevêque, Three Islands and St. Peters Island as well as Petit de Grat.

POLITICAL NOTES FROM GUYSBORO

Don't you hear the shout of victory?

"Geese fly in files, the eagle soars alone." Mr. Sinclair is unattended. Query: Whose are the geese?

Apple vendors have visited the place. They sell only by the barrel. It is needless to add what their politics are, for as has been remarked "By their fruit ye shall know them."

The meetings held by Mr. Sinclair last week were largely attended and enthusiastic. He speaks at Intervale and at Manchester on 7th and 8th.

The steam tramcar story has been tried inland, but has proved a failure. In fact, only one of the Tory managers could work it from the first and even he had to give it up when it was found by the people that the motive power used was falsehood.

Wasn't that Tory meeting at Seal Harbor a tremendous success? Audience, 3 Tories, 2 Liberals. Speakers, three: Roadings, Giffin and Fulton. And they hadn't the good grace to return the borrowed lantern!

The low comedy troupe performed here on Wednesday night. The proceedings were begun with a quartet "Purity," which runs as follows:

"The thatich was a kotched cot
The outside old and mene,
Yet every thing within that thar
Was wonderous nate and clene."

[The "thatich" referred to is, of course, the Tory one. There are ninety-two stanzas, which will continue to be sung till the death of "Little Jim" Roadings on the 26th inst.

It is up to some Tory spokesman to trace the recent smallpox epidemic to some wicked Grit.

Did you observe that Borden accepted the nomination in Carleton? He hadn't the courage to trust the issue to Halifax. This is the reserve force they speak of.

THE USURPER

"It—is—Jack!" she breathed. "You—you have heard that—that he is not dead—not dead. Oh, God, don't keep me in suspense!" she pleaded. And she wrung her hands and looked from one to the other with an expression in her eyes that made Lorrimore turn his head away. "Don't keep me—not a moment—I can bear it! I dreamed that he was alive—ask Mercy—she will tell you that I did. Oh, Jack! Jack!"

"My dear," blurted out Lorrimore, "that—that jacket we brought you was his, right enough, but another man wore it, and—and you see——"

"Jack!" breathed from her parted lips.

"Call him," whispered Audrey, down whose cheeks the tears were running.

Lorrimore sprang to the steps and shouted, "Neville!"

A stalwart figure came running across the lawn, and in another moment Sylvia was lying in his arms, weeping, laughing, murmuring his name brokenly, her small, trembling hands patting his broad shoulders that she might convince herself that he was flesh and blood—her Jack and not a ghost.

Lorrimore led Audrey away.

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

CHAPTER XXXI.

At last Sylvia drew herself out of Neville's arms and the two stood and gazed at each other. Then Neville started and crimsoned. He had not actually seen her yet; in that first rush they had scarcely looked at each other. And now—well, he had been picturing to himself the Sylvia he remembered, the slim girl with girlish form and face and ways and tricks of speech. That was the Sylvia he had left and he had expected to see. And, instead, here before him was a lovely, an exquisitely lovely woman, superbly dressed, her shoulders and arms gleaming like marble. Could this princess be his wild lass o' the woods, his little Syl?

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

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

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

And she shuddered.

"I did it all for the best," he faltered.

"Yes, yes. You thought that I was in better hands! See how I read your thoughts, Jack! But how could I have been better cared for than you cared for me! Oh, how happy we were! Have you forgotten it? No, ah, no, you haven't! I remember everything—everything, Jack! The slightest, smallest talk we ever had out in that wild, silent place. Let me look at you! How brown you are, and—yes—I think you are bigger, or is it because the men here are smaller? Oh, Jack, to have you with me once more—once more!" And she covered her face with her hands. "Now tell me everything that has happened. Did you stay long at the camp, and"—she laughed—"did you find a lot of gold, Jack?"

He shook his head and smiled.

"No, my luck left me with you, Syl," he said.

"Syl!" she murmured. "No one has [illegible] My dear, dear Neville!"

Neville's face flushed; the title jarred upon him; he forgot that it was he who first invented it.

"My luck left me, Syl," he said, "and I left Lorn Hope as poor as I entered it."

"Oh!" she said, with sweetest, most loving sympathy. "Tell me—go on, Jack!"

And she drew him on to a sofa beside her.

He gave an account of his adventures since their parting, excepting those connected with the finding of the will, and Sylvia listened with eager intentness.

"Poor Jack!" she murmured, smoothing his hand. "But who cares! You are here—here, actually sitting beside me. Oh, do you think I shall wake up presently and find it all a dream?"

And she looked up at him piteously.

"I was just asking myself the same question," responded Neville. "It's—it's difficult enough to believe that this gorgeous and queenly lady is—is Syl!"

She got up and dropped him a curtsey.

"Wasn't I a—a wild cat, a tomboy, Jack?" and she laughed.

"You were the dearest—" He stopped. "But is it true that you are——"

"The famous Signorina Stella, sir!" she said, laughing. "Do you remember how I used to sing to you sitting by the claim, Jack, and how you used to praise my voice? I've made some use of it since. You will hear me sing some day, if you are very good, sir, and promise never, never to leave me, but always to be a stay-at-home brother."

Again Neville's face fell.

"I'd promise anything to-night," he said.

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

As she asked the question the door opened, and the viscount came in, followed by a footman with some wine.

"Here you are, Lorri— Hullo! What! What the deuce! Why not! Yes! It is Neville Lynne!" he broke off and exclaimed.

Neville rose. Sylvia looked round. She could only see Jack—Jack, the young un.

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

And he looked from one to the other, perplexed and bewildered.

Sylvia rose. She was pale now—very pale.

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

"I did. It's his name, my dear," said the viscount, staring. "What else should I call him?"

Sylvia looked from one to the other, her breath coming quickly. "Jack, her Jack, Neville Lynne! How could it be?"

Lorrimore and Audrey entering the room, found them thus, and Audrey went up quickly to the viscount, and put her arm round his shoulders.

"Neville is an old friend of Sylvia's, dear," she said, giving him a little hug. "Don't you see?"

"No, hang me if I do!" he bluntly retorted. "She doesn't know his name——"

"A fellow doesn't always call himself by the right name out in the gold fields," said Neville.

"Eh! And she met him there! Well, bless my soul! You must tell us all about it, Neville. But the first thing to do is to drink your health, ah! Where's the [illegible] wise! Audrey, my dear!" He looked from face to face. "There's more in this than I can fathom!" he grunted.

Audrey laughed.

"We'll explain it all directly, dear," she said. "At present we are all too happy in Sylvia's happiness to be able to say anything connectedly." She went to Sylvia and kissed her. "Yes, dear," she murmured, "I am happy in your happiness. I think I know how you feel. To have lost him—to think him dead—and to have him come back to you. Ah!"

And she drew a long breath.

Sylvia allowed herself to be kissed, but seemed dazed, and gazed at Neville, who, though he was talking to the viscount and Lord Lorrimore, kept glancing at her as if he could not keep his eyes from her face.

"It's the strangest story," he said. "And I don't quite know whether I am awake or asleep and dreaming. To think that Lord Lorrimore, here, should have been hunting for me all these years, and that he should once have been within a few miles——"

"A few yards!" said Lorrimore.

"Yes, yards! And not know it!"

"I'll wire to her ladyship," said the viscount. "I won't tell her that you have come back; we'll surprise her, eh? And, ah, by Jove! I was forgetting someone else! Jordan! Have you seen him yet?"

Neville's face clouded. Lorrimore's darkened.

"No," said Neville, quietly. "Not yet."

"Not yet? By gad, he'll be surprised! He's been advertising, looking for you everywhere——"

A footman opened the door.

"Sir Jordan Lynne!" he announced.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Sir Jordan Lynne!" The announcement and the entrance of that estimable gentleman were like the explosion of a bombshell to at least three out of four of the party. Audrey started and turned pale, Lorrimore frowned darkly, and Neville sprang to his feet.

Jordan's presence was owing to one of those chances which make or mar men's fortunes. He had started that morning for London, resolved upon persuading, forcing, Audrey to marry him at once. He was thinking of her intently as he gazed vacantly out of the carriage window, and, lo and behold! as his train pulled up at Sudbury Junction, half way to town, he saw her face at the carriage window of a train standing at the down platform. At first he thought that it was an optical delusion, then he caught sight of Lord Marlow, and instantly jumped at the right conclusion. Audrey was going to the Grange to avoid him! He sprang out of the train and yelled for a porter, but as he did so his own and the other train started, and he was left standing upon the platform while Audrey was carried away from him.

To the amazement of the officials, who, of course, knew the right honorable gentleman, Sir Jordan swore and stamped his feet. When was the next train back to Lynne? There was no other until the usual afternoon one, he was informed.

He spent four of the longest hours of his life at the station, and then flung himself into the down train, and was carried to Lynne. He only waited at the Court long enough to ascertain that Miss Hope and her party had indeed arrived at the Grange; then he had himself driven there, employing himself on the way in smoothing his face into something like its usual amiable serenity.

For a moment, as the footman opened the drawing-room door and announced him, and he saw Neville and Lord Lorrimore, he stopped short, and the color left his face—his lips. He had expected to see only Audrey, and the [illegible] with a tremendous effort he pulled himself together and came forward with a sweet smile of surprise and joy.

"Is it possible? Neville! My—my dear Neville!" he murmured, holding out his hand. "This is indeed a surprise! When did you return? To find you here, too!"

Neville stood stalwart and grim, and allowed his brother to get hold of his hand, but drew it away almost instantly.

"How do you do, Lord Lorrimore?" Lorrimore nodded, and Jordan went on, taking Audrey's hand. "I had no idea, not the least, that this joyful surprise awaited me! How well he is looking, isn't he?"

And he gazed over his shoulder at Neville's stern face with fraternal affection.

The viscount found his voice at last; none of the others had opened their lips.

"How—how did you come here, Jordan?" he asked, blankly. "We understood you had gone to London."

"So I had," said Jordan, blandly, and, looking round with a smile as if he were sure that they must all be delighted to see him. "I started this morning, but at Sudbury I remembered suddenly that I had forgotten an important document, without which my presence in London was, so to speak, useless. I left it in my despatch box, the key of which I had in my pocket. I assure you that I was terribly annoyed at having to turn back—" his voice dropped, and he bent over Audrey, "for I had looked forward to seeing you in London, dearest. But"—to the rest—"how wonderful these accidents turn out! If I had not forgotten that paper I should have been in London and missed seeing you all to-night, my dear Neville especially!"

"My dear Neville" had sunk into his chair again, and was gazing grimly at the carpet. He was tormented by the desire to exclaim, "Audrey, don't let that man touch your hand—don't let him come near you—he's a scoundrel!" But he restrained himself. As a matter of fact, at such moments it is your honest man who is confused, not the smooth and plausible villain; he is master of the situation.

"And so you have come back, Neville!" said Jordan, taking a seat next him, and little guessing that Neville had hard work to keep his hands off him. "What a time you have been away! And where have you been? I suppose you have been telling our dear friends the story of your adventures! I long to hear it. Signorina"—and he bowed to Sylvia, who stood just behind Neville with downcast lids, for her eyes, quickened by love, saw that Neville was fighting hard to suppress his indignation about something or other, and knew that he was not at all glad to see this bland and courteous brother of his—"Signorina, my brother and I have been parted for years. I am afraid to say how many! But to see it has seemed a lifetime. And I hope to you, too, Neville! Dear me, how glad everybody will be! We—we must have a fete to welcome the wanderer home. Will you help me with the [illegible], Audrey?"

Audrey murmured something inaudibly and Lord Marlow [illegible]

"You'd better get out of that, sister, Jordan, and—and have something to eat."

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

Neville rose. He could endure it no longer.

"I'm—going," he said, grimly, and as if he had some impediment in his throat.

"We will go together," said Jordan. "You must come to the Court, of course, Neville. I must not lose sight of my long lost brother now that he has turned up again."

And he smiled round sweetly.

"No," said Neville, "I am staying——"

"Here," put in the viscount (adding in a whisper to Lorrimore, "Those two will fight like cats once they get outside! I can see mischief in Neville's eye!) You stop with us, of course, Neville."

Sylvia put out her hand and touched him imploringly with the tips of her fingers.

Neville seemed to have almost forgotten her, but he turned with a smile, like a flash of sunshine, creeping through the darkness of his face.

"No, thanks," he said. "I have rooms at the cottage. But I'll walk as far as the court with—with Jordan."

"And father! Nonsense, my dear Neville. Why of course the court is your home!" exclaimed Jordan, affectionately. "Leave him to me," and he nodded and smiled. Then he crossed over to where Audrey stood, apart from the rest, nervously turning over the leaves of a book. "How could you leave London without writing to me, dearest?" he murmured. "You got my letter."

"Yes," Audrey said, without looking up.

"And—and you will not refuse my request, Audrey? Indeed, indeed, I cannot be happy until you are mine—mine, irrevocably."

She managed to repress the shudder that ran through her.

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

She raised her head and looked at him eagerly.

"You—you will do what you will?" she murmured, hurriedly. "He has come back poor and——"

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

Audrey's eyes filled with tears.

"If you will do that——"

He seized upon the consent to their speedy marriage her faltering words implied and raised her hand to his lips.

"Dearest!" he murmured.

Lord Lorrimore had been watching them under his dark brows, and, as Jordan kissed her hand, he stalked forward to the viscount.

"I will say good-by, Marlow," he said huskily. "I am off to-morrow——"

"No!" whispered Neville, agitatedly, in his ear. "Not yet! Wait!"

The poor viscount was getting bewildered.

"Look here," he said. "You'd all better come to lunch to-morrow; by that time we shall have got over the surprise of Neville's return, and be able to realize it. As it is, to-night I feel as if I were standing on my head."

Lorrimore, without declining or accepting, glanced at Audrey, and walked out.

"You will go?" murmured Sylvia to Neville, who stood looking at Jordan.

He turned and took her hand.

"Yes, I must go," he said. "I must talk to my—my brother; but I will come to-morrow."

He looked hard at her, as if he should like to—well, to kiss her hand as Jordan had kissed Audrey's, but he let it drop without doing so, and walked to the door.

"Neville's going," said Jordan, pleasantly, his face flushed with triumph. "Till to-morrow, dearest!" he whispered, and followed Neville out on to the terrace.

The viscount stared at the two girls and indulged in a prolonged whistle.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What a gathering of the clans! What a 'happy family' kind of meeting! I thought we were coming down here for a few days' rest and quiet, and instead of that, here's no end of excitement. Neville back, Lorrimore going to Africa, and he and Jordan meeting here—'pon my word, it's scarcely fair, young people, that I should have to bear this kind of thing alone and unaided! Ah," and he shook his head, "we wanted her ladyship badly, Audrey! There was I, scarcely knowing what to say, or how to keep the peace, and expecting that I should have to step in between one party and the other and take the blows. Now, if her ladyship had been here, you would have seen to what a height she can rise. It's just the kind of an opportunity that she glories in. She wouldn't have let Neville and Jordan go off together to murder each other—oh, I beg your pardon, my dear!" he broke off, for Sylvia had clasped her hands and uttered a low cry, and her face had become white. "I beg both your pardons!" he mumbled on. "Of course, it's all nonsense, and they're all right. But, upon my word, Neville looked so black—and Lorrimore, if anything, looked blacker—that I was expecting a row every moment. But to think of Neville's coming back, and you and he being old friends. You must tell us all about it, everything——"

"But not to-night, papa," said Audrey, gently, and she drew Sylvia's arm through hers and led her away.

Sylvia sank on the bed in her own room and as Audrey knelt close beside her she told the story of Lorn Hope Camp, with many falterings, and with quiet tears, and sudden swift blushes and pallors.

"It's amazing!" exclaimed Audrey. "Oh, I can understand what you felt when you saw him just now. But—but why did you call each other brother and sister?"

(To be continued.)

THE WISHBONE.

Its Importance Shown in the Turning of Birds in Flight.

At the last meeting of the Boston Scientific Society, C. J. Maynard, an authority on birds, spoke of what proved to be a very timely topic, "Why There Is a Wishbone." To begin with, the speaker deplored the lack of knowledge that exists regarding the structure of the birds internally. "For example," said he, "it is doubtful if five men in the United States know much about the anatomy of the common robin. The ornithologists know all about external characters, the voice, arrangement and number of the feathers, methods of flight, habits and the like, but exceedingly little about the interiors of the birds they study." Classifications have been made largely by externals, when study of the anatomy must be a very important part of the subject. He had himself begun with the anatomy, and more than twenty years ago, in some of his publications, he dared to separate the owls from hawks. They have been placed in the same order, and have so remained till very recently. Now others have separated them even more widely than Mr. Maynard did so long ago. His deductions were from a knowledge of the anatomy.

The wishbone is called by scientists the furcula, and is in reality the union of what are in man the two separate collar bones. These in the birds receive the brunt of the strokes of the wing that turn the creature in its flight. Few realize the strength of stroke of the bird's wing. It is said that a swan has been known to break a man's leg by a blow of its wing, and in like manner the wing beatings of the larger birds are dangerous if they strike the head or face. If, therefore, a large bird is in the habit of making sudden turns to right or left in its flight, it must be fitted with a wishbone competent to withstand the great strain of the wing stroke on one side, with no special action on the other side. For this reason we find in the eagle and like birds of quickly turning flight a furcula that is a perfect Roman arch, widely at variance with the gothic arch, which is the shape of the wishbone of our common fowls. The eagle's furcula is a solid rounded arch, everywhere equally strong, and not developing those points of weakness that make our sport of breaking the wishbone possible.—Boston Transcript.

Mulching Instead of Watering.

Some beds are greatly benefited just now by a good mulching of well rotted manure. It is necessary to shake out all the long straw before using and, if the manure is not short enough, to chop it up with a spade. Rose beds, cannas, gladioli, hardy herbaceous borders and [illegible] beds are benefited by mulching. The work of mulching is very simple. All you need to do is to spread the manure over the bed evenly to the depth of about one inch. It pays for both time and trouble, as it not only enriches the ground, but keeps it moist.—Suburban Life.

An Annual Terror.

For long the man who rudely [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] September [illegible]
The hottest month of all the year.
—Washington Star.

RENTERS' WARNING.

Find a House's Health Record Before You Move In.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Some timely suggestions or hints to persons about to move into new homes are given in the weekly bulletin issued by Dr. Neff, head of the Department of Health and Charities. Every one, he points out, should exercise the greatest care, in changing his domicile, in safeguarding against the contraction of diseases from which former residents of the houses may have suffered. In order to be certain of the cleanliness of the houses the Director suggests that information as to former tenants be sought from his department, and that it would be well to avoid a building recently occupied by a patient suffering from some contagious malady. In his warning the Director says:

No sane person would move into a house where there is a serious nuisance plainly visible to the eye, or where there are foul odors from imperfect or improper drainage, without having the owner correct the trouble; yet a much graver danger, that cannot be detected by the senses, may exist in germs of contagious diseases.

If the room or house has previously been occupied by a person suffering from contagious diseases thorough disinfection should be made before occupancy. Telephone or write to the Bureau of Health, City Hall, where complete records are kept of all contagious diseases reported to the Bureau, and the desired information will be furnished. There will be a few houses where contagious diseases have occurred of which there is no record, owing to failure of physicians to report them, although required to do so by act of Assembly. The responsibility for loss of life from their neglect must be assumed by them. Upon application such dwellings or rooms will be fumigated by the disinfectors of the Department.

The law at present compels plumbers to submit plans for alterations and new buildings to the Drainage Division of the Bureau of Health, and these plans must be duly approved before any work is done. A similar law should be passed governing the rental and sale of houses, compelling the insertion in the lease or deed of a clause, protecting the purchaser or lessee from these evils. Renters should demand from real estate agents and owners a certificate to the effect that the house has been examined by the health officials and that it is in good sanitary condition and free from contagion.

Tuberculosis germs under favorable conditions, such as the absence of light, live for a long time after the room has ceased to be occupied by a person suffering with consumption. A great many cases of consumption are contracted by healthy people moving into apartments that had previously been occupied by a person suffering with the disease. As an illustration, in February, 1907, the chairman of the committee of a certain home for incurables where consumption is treated wrote to the Department that during the preceding few years about 25 applications from consumptives for admission to the home were received from certain houses located on Monroe street from Second to Fifth—a larger number than had been received during that period from any other street in the city. A list of these houses was obtained, and all were thoroughly disinfected. Since that time there has not been a single application filed from any of these houses.

The Boy Who Helps His Mother.

As I went down the street to-day
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as blackbird's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And a frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up," he cried.
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not I'd like to know?
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why don't you see," came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's much to do, and so I like
To help her all I can,
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

Thought He Could Buy Them Cheap.

Elderly German (of the Weber and Field Type, as he calls at a lodging house door)—"Gud lady, I saw, yes, der advertisement in der evening paper dat you have a pair of pajamas to sell, yes?"

Boarding-house Mistress (indignantly)—"Pajamas! You old fool, do you think this is a department store? Where is the advertisement?"

The German (producing the advertisement and reading it aloud)—"For sale, you almost new bedroom suit, cheap! Call and see it."—From the January Bohemian.

The Judge of the Land.

"But these poems appear to be mediocre," remarked the blunt editor, "they are secondclass."

"I'll leave it to the highest authority in the land that they are first-class," retorted the pretty verse scribbler, indignantly.

"Indeed, miss. And may I ask whom you consider the highest authority in the land?"

"Why, Uncle Sam. Doesn't he charge me 2 cents an ounce for all the poems I send out? Isn't that first-class matter?"—Chicago News.

Telescoped Voices.

Many excellent voices are ruined, according to a communication which Dr. Weiss has made to the French Academie de Medecine, by practicing in too small a room. A public singer must throw every vibration of his voice a distance of 30 or 40 yards, he says, but a student practicing in a small room is only able to throw it a yard or two and the consequence is that the voice, instead of expanding, becomes telescoped.

Before the Duel.

Two Parisians who had arranged to fight a duel happened to meet at the station from which they were to journey to the rendezvous. At the booking office the first duelist asked for a return ticket. "A single one for me," said the other. Whereupon the first remarked with a sneer: "So you are afraid you won't come back again?" "No," was the quiet retort. "I always take the return half from the fallen man's pocket."—London News.

The English Way.

You get into your morning second class compartment on the S. E. & C. Railway to come up to the office. You meet in the main the same nine other men every day. You do this for months, nay, years; but you never speak. If you venture to [illegible], each expert [illegible] "What the deuce do you mean by speaking to me?"—[illegible]

Ruthless Treatment.

"What makes you think that young man dislikes music?"

"The manner in which he whistles a tune."—Washington Star.

Somewhat Different.

Ikey—Somebody is exceedingly [illegible]

Knox—I hadn't noticed it.

Ikey—Well, he never talks about himself.

Knox—Oh, that isn't modesty; it's discretion.—Chicago News.



Mrs. M. Barrett, 20a Morgan St., Montreal, says:

"A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was irritating and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried soaps and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused his food, got quite thin and worn, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores and the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash, or eruption, or eczema, or burning sore. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health."

Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for $2.50. A certain cure for all skin diseases, cuts, burns, etc., and for piles.

Zam-Buk

QUININE IN ITALY.

State Sells It and Uses the Profit to Fight Malaria.

The sale of quinine in Italy is carried on in a peculiar fashion. The Government sells the drug to the peasants in malarious districts and then uses the profit to fight malaria.

The first aim is to protect the peasants from mosquitoes. But it is almost impossible to get them to take care of the wire screens which are given them for their houses.

As for their wearing veils and gloves when they go abroad, as they are urged by the authorities to do, anybody who knows the Italian peasants can guess how many of them will do it.

The Government has therefore to depend chiefly on draining and filling up the pools where mosquitoes breed and on what is called bonificamento, or the improvement of the land in various ways. Last year the Government sold to the peasants about $300,000 worth of quinine, with a net profit of about $75,000.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

When I get Into Bed.

I'm never frightened in the dark,
Though I am very small;
I never sit all scared, and hark
For ogres in the hall.
But when my prayers are said
I have one awful dread,
That something waits to grab my toes
When I get into bed!

I try to think of pleasant things
Each time I get undressed;
And how each day no evil brings
If children do their best.
But the thought comes in my head,
As I'm turning down the spread,
That something's going to grab my toes
When I climb into bed!

And when there's nothing more to do,
With bed clothes open wide,
It makes me shiver through and through
A trying to decide
Which foot shall go ahead,
'Cause I'm sure I'd tumble dead
If something ever grabbed my toes
As I got into bed.
—Burges Johnson, in Harper's Magazine.

A Winning Bet.

A witty individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then to another, until he had reached number fifty. And this is how he won the bet. He whispered half audibly to each:

"I say, have you heard that Smith has failed?"

"What Smith?" queried the whole fifty, one after another; and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

No Share in the Fun.

"What are you crying for, my little boy?"

"Boo-hoo! Pa fell downstairs!"

"Don't take on. He'll get better soon."

"Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffin'!"—Answers.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN



This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean?

It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs — without drugs?

Come and See.

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?

Come and See.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write?

Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential?

Come and See.

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents?

Come and See.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women?

Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting suffering woman must, for her own sake be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

What It Did for a Scotchman in Calcutta During Plague.

On the door leading into the private office of the treasurer of one of the Hartford banking institutions may be seen by all comers a plain white card, on which are these two words: "Keep Smiling."

Ask the treasurer the significance of the placard, and he will say simply: "Just keep smiling. That makes everything easy. That's what smiles are for. A good, unfeigned, sincere smile is a veritable battering-ram to knock hard things out of the way. Sometimes I smile out loud, all to myself, when I run against anything hard; and the invitation is out to whoever enters my door. I take it that people will smile as they read the card, and I want them to continue the art while in here!"

He tells of a visitor who came to see him last winter, a Scotchman, who had served in India in the army. "My dear sir," said the visitor, "I am greeting that legend heartily. Many years ago, when the plague was raising I was in Calcutta, and sick. The hospitals were full, and with other patients I was lying in a shed, a very sick man. On each side of me a poor chap had died, when a man came around with one of the doctors to measure the bodies. As they finished the second fellow's measurement they looked at me, and the man said: 'Three of 'em, height?' and whipped out his tape measure at my side. In spite of all effort, I could only stare. To save my life I couldn't speak or move. All I could do was to smile, and I just smiled. Instead of the measuring line I was given better attention, and recovered. The smile did it! That's right! 'Keep smiling!'"—Hartford Times.



DR. HUNT'S BUST DEVELOPER

Will develop your bust from two to three inches in a very short time.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Price $1.00, express prepaid.

The Edward's Medicine Company,
611 Bathurst Street,
Toronto, Ont.

SMALL ENGLISH PARISHES.

Only a Dozen Inhabitants in One; in Another Only Two Houses.

Probably few people know that England contains a number of parishes so small that their population can be housed under one or two roofs.

For instance, Upper Eldon, near Stockbridge, consists of two houses, which with an eleventh century church and a tiny "God's Acre" in the middle of a farm yard adjoining one of the dwellings comprise the whole parish. Not much larger is the population of Lullington, five miles from Eastbourne. Small as the church is—the interior dimensions are only sixteen feet square—it is quite large enough for the inhabitants.

In Grove, near Lighton Buzzard, there are only about a dozen inhabitants, the parish containing a modern farmhouse, two cottages and a tiny church. At Rhyd, in Flintshire, while there are only three adult inhabitants, the village contains five cottages and one shop. Till recently there were two licensed houses, one of which still remains.—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

There Is No Color Line in Brazil.

Of the various manifestations of atmospheric laxity none is more interesting to a North American than the haziness of the color line. This land of coffee and sunshine is a land tinged with African blood. Of the seventeen and a half millions of people in the country only six millions are whites. There were 750,000 slaves in Brazil when the Princess Regent emancipated them in 1887, and there are neighborhoods where the negro problem is a problem only, in so far as life may be a problem to Africans in their native jungles. You go ashore, for instance, to buy cigars at Bahia. It was a great place in the old slave days, before the centre of industry moved down to Sao Paulo, is a fine place still, with its tall stage-scenery buildings, painted white or pinkish or pale blue, the fronts—an echo of the Dutch visitation of long ago—often decorated with tiles. You climb the narrow winding streets to the upper town, looking out on the turquoise sea. Everywhere are negroes—huge women, with enormous chocolate-colored arms, in white cotton wrappers and turbans. They come swinging down the cobblestones, squat beside their fruits and green parrots, lean out of the ground-floor windows smoking fat black cigars. Try to take a photograph of one and her broad, shining face clouds over with fear of the unknown, and up goes her apron over her head. In the cool interiors of these houses with spotless patios and doorways, white folks doubtless must be hiding from the sun, but one scarcely sees them. Eighty per cent. of the inhabitants are negroes. You feel as though you were walking through a deserted white man's city held by a black army of occupation.

About one-third of Rio's population are negroes. From blacks who might have been landed from a slave ship yesterday the African tinge fades out through every gradation of mixed blood up to that of the cultured whites of the ruling class.—From "Brazil—Where the Coffee Comes From," by Arthur Ruhl, in the June Scribner.

Fun for the Boy.

The parents of a Baltimore lad, a pupil in one of the public schools, are fond of boasting that their hopeful has never missed a day's attendance at school during a period of eleven years.

On one occasion the proud father was asked to explain how this apparently impossible feat had been accomplished. "Did he have the usual childish diseases—measles, whooping cough and so on?" the father was asked.

"O, yes."

"How, then, could he have always been at school?"

"The fact is," explained the father, "he always had 'em during the holidays."—Harper's Weekly.

A Misunderstanding.

A Manila mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband, and one day, when she again came to stay, she found her daughter in tears on the doorstep.

"I suppose George has left you?" she said.

"Yes." (Sob.)

"Then there's a woman in the case?" she asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly.

"Yes." (Sob.)

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"You!" (Sob.)

"Gracious!" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "I am sure I never gave him any encouragement."—Philippines Gossip.

Enthusiasm.

The Barnstormer—Great reception we had in Podunk! Great audience! I got a curtain call!

The Other Fellow—Yes! Did the audience ask you to come out?

The Barnstormer—Ask me! Why, man, they dared me!

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

STAIN OF THE CIGARETTE.

It is the Manner of Holding That Causes It.

In a recent County Court action, says the London Tatler, it was stated as evidence of the doctor's [illegible] that he was evidently a persistent smoker. The judge, however, refused to listen to this novel story. All smokers, of course, know that the unsightly stains caused by cigarettes are not due so much to excessive smoking, as to the manner in which the cigarette is held in the fingers.

If the cigarette when not between the lips is held with the lighted end downward three or four cigarettes a day are sufficient to leave their marks on the fingers of the smoker. The man, however, who always holds his cigarette with the lighted end upward may smoke as many as 20 a day without discoloring his fingers. All artists and most chess players who happen to be cigarette smokers invariably hold their cigarettes with the lighted end down, and consequently seem to smoke far more than is actually the case.

Black Watch Chewing Tobacco

A new sensation. A real pleasure. The big black plug.

2270

A RESOURCEFUL OCULIST.

Has a Blind Beggar Woman to Advertise His Business.

Enterprise takes various forms, even in Warsaw. A young oculist, finding that patients were few and far between, hit upon an original means of advertising. He engaged a blind woman who sits and begs by the Church of the Holy Cross to hold a light board whereon are written his name, address, professional qualifications and consultation hours.

As the church is in the busiest thoroughfare of the town the notice attracts a good deal of attention. The beggar herself says she is quite satisfied with the results, as many people notice her who would otherwise pass by, and as the doctor has added his assurance that she is hopelessly blind, benevolent old ladies throw coppers into her tin mug, sure that their money is not wasted on an impostor. It is not yet known whether the number of patients has increased.—Warsaw correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time, and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

How One Farmer Does It.

A farmer wrote as follows to his home newspaper: "When I am ready to sell my stuff I insert a little advertisement in the local paper telling the people what I have to sell, and if live stock, how many head of each and when they will be ready to ship. The result has been that the buyers are right after me, either personally or by mail, and naturally I always get the highest price. If I want to buy a cow, a steer, a horse, or a dozen of each, I insert a little ad. that costs me maybe 25 or 30 cents, and instead of travelling over the country inquiring of my neighbors who have this or that for sale, the newspaper does it for me at less expense, and those who have what I want arrange to let me know in some way. I save the time and expense of travelling aimlessly about and get a better selection to choose from."—News-Times, Marea, Ill.

FALLING SICKNESS

Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Troubles, Etc., positively cured by LIEBIG'S FIT CURE. Free trial bottle sent free on application. Write the LIEBIG CO., Phoebe St., Toronto.

The Players.

We are the players of a play
As old as earth,
Between the wings of night and day,
With tears of mirth.

There is no record of the land
From whence it came,
No legend of the playwright's hand,
No bruited fame.

Of those who for the piece were cast
In the first night,
When God drew up His curtain vast
And there was light.

Before our eyes as we come on
From age to age,
Flare up the footlight of the dawn
On this round stage.

In front, unknown, beyond the glare
Vague shadows loom;
And sounds like muttering winds are there
Foreboding doom.

Yet wistfully we keep the boards;
And as we mend
The blundering forgotten words,
Hope to the end.

To hear the storm-beat of applause
Fill our desire,
When the dark Prompter gives us pause
And we retire.
—Bliss Carman.

Degrees of Madness.

After a theatrical performance in a madhouse a party of actors were shown over the establishment by the director. They saw a lunatic disconsolately sitting alone on a bench. "That," said the director, "is an unhappy man who went mad for love of a woman who jilted him and married another." "He looks quiet enough," an actress observed. The party moved on, and came to the dangerous patients. In an iron-barred cage a lunatic, raving mad, was behaving like a wild beast. "That," said the director, "is the man she married."—London Telegraph.

"Women are beginning to use the typewriter more in their personal correspondence."

ISSUE NO. 37, 1908

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—ABSOLUTELY NEW household article; large profit. [illegible] & Co., [illegible] Toronto, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE.

FARMS IN MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN and Alberta, improved and wild. Get our list, it's free. Write [illegible], 323 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.

A GOOD INVESTMENT — OKANAGAN fruit land is a money maker. Beautiful scenery, productive orchards, ideal climate. For illustrated literature write to Morris & Monro, real estate, Vernon, B.C.

FRUIT FARM BARGAIN — 25 ACRES, [illegible] all kinds of fruit; close to city. Box 20, St. Catharines, Ont.

EDUCATIONAL.

ATTEND THE LARGEST, BEST BUSINESS school in Canada for best results; [illegible] the Central Business College, Yonge and Gerrard, Toronto. Catalogue free.

Sagacity of Rats.

The average rat possesses extraordinary sagacity. On a sailing ship bound for Calcutta from Capetown some years ago it was decided to try to reduce the number of rats which had boarded the vessel at the latter port. The end of an ordinary cask was planed perfectly smooth, coated with grease, and a meat bait tacked in the centre. The end was fixed on with two nails, balanced so that should anything touch it off the centre it would go down. The cask was partly filled with water and buried to the [illegible] Half an inch [illegible] meant death.—Kansas City Star.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

COCKTAIL WITH A [illegible]

Most Terrific of All Tipples Is Discovered in the Bay State.

Here comes Massachusetts with a drink that will make the jim-jam connoisseurs sit up on their hind legs and take notice. Hoboken has its Jersey lightning that never strikes twice in the same spot. North Carolina has its mountain dew mixed with storms and sunsets, Kentucky has its Bourbon that is so courageous that they say it will make a rabbit sit up and spit in a hound dog's face.

But, considering it is a prohibition town, Brockton, Mass., certainly has distinguished itself by its cocktails, says the Baltimore Sun. One William Harvey, who enjoys the cup that cheers and doesn't give a hang whether it inebriates or not, was arraigned in the [illegible] court for getting extremely funny and picturesque on the public streets. Wherefore William explained things.

"I drank four Brockton cocktails and on my way home I looked up and saw a herd of elephants [illegible] Never again!"

We will leave it to [illegible] in Maine and Georgia [illegible] a prohibition town.

Those Brockton cocktails used to be a Highland Holler, mixed with Virginia Vision and a Southern Scream.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

White Native Africans.

It is, I think, one of the most astounding facts in the history of man that a man was able to conceive within his mind, to conceive, the conception of the Sphinx, says Robert Hichens in Century. That he could carry it out in the stone is amazing. But how much more amazing it is that before there was the Sphinx he was able to see it with his imagination! One may criticize the Sphinx. One may say impertinent things that are true about it; that seen from behind at a distance its head looks like an enormous mushroom growing in the sand; that its cheeks are swelled inordinately; that its thin-lipped mouth is legal, that from certain places it bears a resemblance to a prize bulldog. All this does not matter at all. What does matter is that into the conception and execution of the Sphinx has been poured a supreme imaginative power. He who created it looked beyond Egypt, beyond the life of man. He grasped the conception of eternity, and realized the nothingness of Time; and he rendered it in stone.

Only the choicest selected hill-grown tea leaves are used in "Salada" Tea, giving it a delicate fragrance and delicious flavor.

Mary and the Kitten.

Little Mary was playing with her pet kitten. The kitten scratched her, and she exclaimed, "You is a darned old kitty!" Her mother told her she must never utter such a naughty word again, and to be sure to impress it on her mind washed her mouth out with soap and water.

The next day Mary was again playing with [illegible] was heard to remark: "You is just the same kind of a kitten you was yesterday."—The Delineator.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Long Married.

There is a son of Erin in this town who is quite a character. He has a number of children, and was asked one day how long he had been married.

"Well," he said, "there's Eugene is forty, and Norah thirty five, that makes seventy-five, and Lizzie is thirty-two, and how many do that make?"—Quebec Telegraph.

Broke the Bank.

The king was in the counting house, counting out his money;
For the queen was at the [illegible]
[illegible] letter "Honey;
Send another hundred!" And the poor king was disgusted
To find when she'd been gone a month the counting room was "busted."

"The Crimp and the Consequence"

Is the title of a Mighty Interesting Little Booklet on Washboards, that has Just Been Issued.

¶ It tells the value of the Crimp in Washboards; the Features of the Ordinary Crimp, and the Features of the Better Crimp.

¶ And it Tells the Kind of Crimp that is the Better Crimp—AND WHY.

¶ If You are Interested, a Post-Card will bring this Bright Little "Eye Opener" to you At Once.

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