BOGUS MONEY MADE IN PRISON

the management of the Eastern the two white men, but the negro escaped. When informed of the true situation and learning of the telegram conducted at Philace.phia, it has desent from Hermann, the marshal veloped that coin counterfeiting was wired to St. Louis and the officers one of the industries engaged in by captured Lewis at the Randolph street some of the prisoners. The amazement with which this information was received by the prison investigators hundred counterfeit coins and a combeen familiar with the prison history of the country.

Despite the rigid regulations, extreme vigilance and most excellent management under which our penal United States which has not been com-

In most instances discovery and suppression overtook the daring enterprise in its infancy, bringing only disaster to the offenders. A few cases are of record, however, so cunningly planned and cautiously carried out that they reach beyond the confines of the prison before detection. A BOLD ATTEMPT.

One of the boldest attempts of this character occurred at the Leavenworth. Kan., penitentiary. In December 1896. J. C. McKibbon, while serving a sentence of two years for makphotographic counterfeit notes, was assigned to work in the prison

photograph gallery, because of his expertness in the art. In a short while he managed to exclude from his work-100m all other detailed to that department. Left alone, he immediately resumed the work he had been forced to suspend when arrested. Enlisting the assistance of two "trusties," whose short time and good behavior ebtained for them the freedom of the prison yard and buildings, he succeeded in ob-

taining needed supplies. When several \$5 notes were completed he turned them over to his confederates to be passed to outside parties. Before doing so they incautiously exhibited the notes to another prisoner, who straightway informed the atuthorities, which resulted in the seizure of the contraband outfit. At the expiration of his sentence McKibbon was arrested for this, gave bond and promptly disappeared. The ruling passion was too strong in him, however, and it was not long before his handiwork again led to his downfall after a chase that led through old Mexico and back into Texas. The evidence found in his possession secured for him a return visit to Leavenworth for five years, but this time he was not detailed to work in the photo-

SIMPLY COINED MONEY.

Leavenworth prison was the scene in 1898. During August of that year several convicts employed in the prison engaged in a desperate ch one of them narrowly death. It was learned that the qualite grose over a division of the proceeds from a coin plant being operated in a secluded corner of one of the mines. Again a "trusty" was responsible for securing the paraphermaila. outfit was located and destroyed, together with a .number of the spurious coins found in the possession of

the prisoners. In March, 1898, Will Connors and Jack Monroe, while working their way from Colorado to their homes in linois, formed the acquaintance at Jefferson City, Mo., of Charles Lewis, a negro who had just completed a ten years' term in the prison there and was about to board a freight train bound for St. Louis. The trio got into the same car. Lewis had his pockets full of counterfeit coins. He told his companions that for the year previous he had been a "trusty," and during that time was at liber'y to go to any part of the prison. He hauled the freight to and from the station every

The tramps were discovered and put off the train at Chanois, Mo. Here Lewis discarded the clothes furnished him by the prison authorities and purchased a new outfit, giving in part payment some of the counterfeit coins. At Hermann he sent a tele gram to a friend on Randolph street. St. Louis, charging him not to open a box that he had ant by express until his arrival there. At Washington, Mo., as was his custom in each place, he passed a few of the bogus coins and left town, followed by Connors and Monroe. Some of his victims raised en alarm and the town marshal went

Lost Appetite Quickly Revived

Fitful Appetite and Distaste for Food Lead to Chronic Weakness of the System-Wise Peo-

THE BEST TONIC.

FERROZONE

A new and wonderful medicine is Ferrozone. It instantly imparts a real zest for food, and gives power to the stomach to digest and assimilate all that is eaten. Dyspepsia and indigestion are quite unknown to those who use Ferrozone, simply because it digests food so quickly, that it has no time to ferment or sour on the

Ferrozone regulates the bowels, quickly remedies urinal disorders and causes all the organs of the body to perform their functions, with proper regularity. If the liver is torpid, the kidneys not eliminating as they should, they are soon restored normal action, and the poisons that might otherwise be retained in the body to cause disease and ill health, ere carried off through natural chan-

The surest road to perfect health is Ferrozone. Young girls who have been accustomed to eat almost nothing at breaklast soon get over the bad habit of using Ferrozone, and as a result grow into healthy vigorous womanhood. When people get up in years and loose the strength and vim of youth, they need a good tonic and blood builder to enable them to resist the trials of our vigorous winter, and this is where Ferrozone can be used to great advantage.

Both the young and the old, the weak and the strong, male and female can derive untold benefit from Perrozone. It is guaranteed to conain no opiates or injurious drugs, nd will do just what is claimed for it. Druggists recommend and sell it, of per box or three boxes for 25. Sent to your address by mail price is forwarded to N. O. Polson Co., Kingston, Ont.

In the course of an investigation in- [in pursuit of the trio. They captured house and secured the box shipped from Jefferson City, finding several been less marked had they plete outfit for their manufacture. Lewis confessed to having made the

counterfeits in the prison. While the authorities at Jefferson City were busy investigating Lewis' statements word was received from insitutions are conducted, there is Folsom, Cal., of the discovery of a coin hardly a prison of any size in the mill in its prison. Convicts Coyne and Brown were caught in the act of pelled to bear the record of at least making bad nickels in the engine-room of the institution. One of the guards supplied the plaster of paris with which the molds were made, and the coins were manfactured from babbit metal taken from the engines used to haul

freight about the prison yards. The following winter two inmates of the Mississippi State's Prison were detected making coins. A number molds and several cigar boxes full of the counterfeits of different denominations were found secreted about the place.

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM. The concluding chapter in the history of the famous Philadelphia-Lancaster counterfeiting conspiracy, however, established a record for criminal operations within a crime-punishing institution. This last act of the principals in a counterfeiting undertaking, the mammoth proportions of which at one time threatened the safety of the country's currency, and promised, if successful, to involve men high in the government's service, was more startling in daring than any before, and marked a fitting climax to a problem more difficult of solution than any which the secret service of the govern-

ment has had to deal. On the last day of April, 1900, a counterfeit \$20 United States note was discovered in a remittance at the Philadelphia subtreasury and forwarded to the secret service office at Washington. Upon examination the bill, a dangerous counterfeit, was found to bear many of the characteristics of the remarkable counterfeit \$100 head" sliver certificate, for the making of which Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bredell were in Moyamensing prison

awaiting sentence. For several days these imitation \$20 notes turned up with alarming frequency and the best efforts of the Government officers were put forth to obtain a clew to the guilty parties. On the morning of May 4 the City Trust Company found one of the counterfeits in their cash, which had been deposited by the Goodyear Rubber Company. At of another attempt at counterfeiting the latter place a secret service operative was informed that the note came from a bicycle dealer named Donlevy. Mr. Donlevy's cashier remembered that Harry Taylor paid an installment on a bicycle with this \$20 bill. Here was a lead which promised to unravel the mystery-Harry Taylor and Arthur Taylor were brothers.

THE "SHOVER" CONFESSES At the suggestion of the officer Mr. Donlevy sent a note to Harry Taylor requesting him to call and redeem the counterfeit. This he did immediately and for two days thereafter his movements were closely watched in the hope that he might be caught in the act of "shoving the queer." expected result was not accomplished by this surveillance, a most significant fact was noted-the circulation of the spurious notes ceased with the Donlevy incident.

Feeling sure of their game, the secret service agents determined to give Taylor an "opportunity to explain." Monday morning, May 7, Taylor went to West Philadelphia to visit a friend. On the way back to town Secret Ser vice Operator Griffin was on the platform of the same car. When the car reached the Schuylkill River bridge the officer entered and took a seat beside the unsuspecting "shover." Twenty-Second street Griffin leane over and quietly informed Taylor that he wanted him to get off the car. As though hypnotized the man went with the detective to a room in a near-by hotel, where Chief Wilkie and Don-Taylor denied that he knew the note paid to Donlevy was counterfeit, but subsequently admitted his guilt, and, after much hesitation, stated that his brother Arthur gave it to him folowing this admission with the startling information that Arthur and his partner in crime and cellmate Moyamensing prison, Baldwin Bredell, had supplied him with 150 of the notes disposing of 45 of them up to the time Donlevy sent for him-an incident which gave him such a fright that he promptly put the remaining notes in the stove and destroyed them.

A NERVY PROPOSITION. It was now "up to" the prisoners at Moyamensing to explain. Leaving zine or a box of checolates for that Harry Taylor in the custody of Agent amount. Griffin, Chief Wilkie and Operator Burns proceeded to the prison and had Taylor and Bredell brought down. They were nervous and eyed each other apprehensively when the chief asked them to be seated. After hold-ing out against the rapid fire of crossquestioning for some time Bredell weakened

'What do you want us to do-cu our own heads off?" he asked. Chief Wilkie was quick to take the cue. "If you are innocent of this new counterfeit, why should the truth cut your heads off?" he inquired. Bredell he inquired. Bredell looked appealingly at Taylor. "Well, he said, addressing Taylor, "I guess

we'd better tell." After a brief pause Taylor yielded and made the astounding confession that he and Bredell had engraved the plates and printed the notes in their cell, the necessary materials and apparatus having been smuggled in by various members of their families, and the same means employed to get the stuff out when a sufficient number of the notes had been struck off.

The motive which impelled operations was most startling. audacious proposition formed by these men as they conspired in their cell was to put the \$20 notes in circulation, wait until about three weeks before the time they were to be sentenced and then offer to turn up the plates in return for leniency in the sentence for their original offense. The plates were found three feet under the ground near the grave of Taylor's father in Fernwood Cemetery, where they had been buried at Arthur's request. While some doub existed in the mind of Chief Wilkie as to the entire truthfulness of Taylor's story, his statements, were subsequent

ly fully corroborated. Minerd's Liniment is used by

physicians. According to a statement issued by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, covering a stated length time, 19,357 more people went to Man-battan from Brooklyn than from Man-battan to Brooklyn.

HER CHRISTMAS **PRESENTS**

IME-Evening, Dec. 26. Place-Boarding house bed-

Actors-Nellie Cox, artist; May Lowell, stenographer. Nellie-Thus are my sins visited upon me. Did you ever see such an ugly, inartistic collar as this orange thing with the red freckles?

May-No; unless it is the purple tie in your other hand. But the blue and the yellow collars are both pretty. Nellie-Neither harmonizes with my

blue shirt waist and my complexion. May-How did you happen to receive so many collars? Did you ask fer

them? Nellie-Ask for them? Hardly. I never wear anything except linen collars. As I said, however, it is my own fault. Last year my aunt sent me an expensive but hideous collar which 1 immediately donated to a church rummage sale-

May-Then wrote your aunt that it was just what you wanted.

Nellie-My conscience would not allow me to do that. I filled up four pages, however, on the one redeeming feature of that collar. I spoke of the texture of the silk and dwelt on its wonderful richness.

May-I should have thought your aunt would have seen through that.



"SHE OUGHT TO SEE YOU NOW." When a girl goes into raptures over some detail of a gown I know she does not like the thing as a whole.

Nellie-My aunt's education has been neglected, for she doesn't know that.

Let me read you her letter: My Dear Child-There was so much pathos in your note of thanks last year I could see how you loved and longed for the beautiful, and I know that I am not levy's cashier awaited them. At first making a mistake in sending you one more pretty thing to go with you all through the year. I have told your eastern cousins how you enjoyed the collar I gave you last Christmas, and they are going to send you some. We have hired a poor seamstress to make them, so I have added pleasure to my own life in holding out a helping hand to two de-

pendent women. May-She must have a sense of huto pass, and that he had succeeded in mor if she calls you dependent. She

ought to see you now. Nellie-I'll have to waste 16 cents postage in writing letters of thanks, and I have already paid 20 cents extra for postage on the packages. I could have treated myself to a good magaamount.

May-Last year I learned that an aunt was going to give me a year's subscription to a journal which devotes its pages to telling girls how to treat their employers and how to dress on \$50 a year. I get all that kind of thing I wish without reading about it, so I took pains to criticise the paper before her and at the same time displayed my worn gloves-

Nellie-And she gave you a pair of cloves? Lucky girl! May-I thought she would, but she sent me a housekeeping magazine and wrote telling me that I ought to learn to cook, as if a business girl has half a chance. She said that I might not like the magazine at first, but would

came detached. Nellie-What do you mean? May-I sold it for 50 cents on the dollar, went to the theater and wrote auntie that I had derived more pleasure from her present than from any

become attached to it in time. I be-

other she had ever sent me. Nellie-Total depravity! May-No; only good business management. I suggest that you sell your

misfit presents. Nellie-I'll do it. I know a girl who likes fussy things, especially if she thinks she is getting them cheap. I will tell her the collars are too elaborate for my plain clothes, but will just suit hers. I am certain that she will take them, so I will invite you to the

theater for next Saturday. May-Thank you, dear. After all, there is nothing like making the best of things.-Chicago News.

Four new lighthouses have erected recently on the coasts of the Red Sea.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Where America's Supply of Mistletoe Comes From. Year after year Christmas comes and goes, its joys and merrymaking losing no whit of interest and sentiment for young or old, and, while always new

each season in their giving of pleasure, the same old customs continue to prevail with alterations in detail only. The day would hardly seem like Christmas without the hanging of

Christmas greens, and, though a greater variety is offered in the way of decorations than formerly, those are still most liked and used that bear out the old practices and significance, and chief among them are the mistletoe and holly, whose very names carry one back to the days of ancient English cheer and Yuletide, with wassail bowl. Yule log and joyous merrymaking. The most favored mistletee comes

from across seas, but some is sent from Canada and the south, where, particularly in Texas, it grows in large clumps on the live oak trees, always to the latter's gradual destruction, for, being a parasite, it saps the oak's lifeblood, flourishing luxuriantly the while. It is not so artistic in appearance as its English cousin, the leaves more commonplace and the berries smaller and poorer in quality, though more in quantity. Strange to say, the Texas mistletoe, like the prophet in his own country. is not greatly prized at home, and at few of the Christmas festivities does it make part of the decoration, while in all other quarters a cluster of the oddly shaped green leaves and epaque white berries must almost of necessity be suspended in the doorway or from the chandelier when Christmas comes in, and it never fails to cause the same jesting and merriment, for a kiss stolen under the mistletoe is one's right, and the pilferer cannot with justice receive rebuff.-Selected.

S. CLAUS' MAIL HELD UP. Bushels of Letters That the Old Man

Never Will Receive. Sometimes the address on the envelope starts "Deer," which, of course, means "Dear." and again it is "Dere" or "Deir." But even these remarkable spellings are nothing compared with the two words that follow. They read "Santy Klaws" or "Sant Clos" or "Saint Claus," and they are in handwritings compared to which Babylonic cuneiform is as a primer.

They are coming into the dead letter office in this city by the hundreds these days, and, although the clerks in that division are the most painstaking of men and can decipher an actual address from a mass of hierogylphs, they never have been able to learn the exact location of either the business office or home of one S. Claus, Esq., manufacturer of toys.

So these letters never reach their destination. They would be returned to the senders only for the sad fact that when they are opened the inclosures almost invariably look as if a spider had got drunk on a bottle of ink and had tried to perform a mixture of highland fling and cakewalk on the paper. The most that can be made out is the invariable beginning. "Please bring

Last year in the dead letter division there was a bushel basket of these missives, doomed never to be seen by Santa Claus. And this year letter boxes are furnishing additions at every collection.-New York Press.

THE YULETIDE LOG.

Ancient Custom Still Observed In the North of England.

A custom at one time prevalent in England and still observed in some of the northern districts of the old country is that of placing an immense log of wood-sometimes the root of a great tree-in the wide chimney place. This is often called the Yule log, and it was on Christmas eve that it was put on the wide hearth. Around it would gather the entire family, and its entrance was the occasion of a great deal of ceremony. There were music and rejoicing, while the one authorized to light it was obliged to have clean hands.

It was always lighted with a brand left over from the log of the previous year, which had been carefully preserved for the purpose. A poet sings of it in this way:

With the last year's brand Light the new block, and For good success in his spending Oh your psaltries play That sweet luck may

Come while the log is a-tending. The Yule log was supposed to be a protection against evil spirits, and it was considered a bad omen if the fire went out before the evening was over. The family and guests used to seat themselves in front of the brightly burning fire, and many a story and merry jest went round the happy group.-New York Mail and Express.

What He Heard. Little Montague-I was awake when Santa Claus came, dad. Father-Were you? And what was

he like, eh? Little Montague-Oh, I couldn't see him. It was dark, you know. But when he bumped himself on the washstand he said-

Father (hastily) - There, that 'll do, Monty. Run away and play.-Punch.

Just Her Luck. Mrs. P. Nurius-I dreamed last night that you gave me a diamond ring for Christmas. Mr. P. Nurius-That's just your luck.

Dreams always go by contraries. With Apologies to Riley. There's a Christmas touch in the air. I feel it, somehow, everywhere. I feel it at home; it makes me blue.

I feel it at the office too.

My bank account is tinged with care; There's a Christmas touch in the air

Keep Minard's Liniment .s the

BLUE RIDGE *******************************

PEAKING of New Year's."

said the Nevadian, "I always call to mind this time of year the blowoff we boys give a young doctor chap who came up to Blue Ridge just at the time that camp was the liveliest, to which I might add that though the days of the Ridge was few in the land, as the book says, while it did last there was no camp on the Pacific slope from Puget sound to the Rio Grande that could furnish as much fun in a week as transpired in Blue Ridge every twenty-four hours.

"But the sport didn't need no medicine. It was not, as you might say, a sickly neighborhood, which it seems



PLANNING A SURPRISE FOR THE DOCTOR. peculiar to remark, seeing as how we had the most likely looking graveyard, considering the population, as you would find in all the Sierras. But the gents as populated the gravevard was mostly a lively and healthy lot up to and inclusive of the moment of their

"That's what the boys was speaking of when the doctor came into camp. boys who was hurt ought to make an effort to last until the doctor could arrive, which would give him a legal claim on any dust they might leave. He was just the kind of a chap for the camp if so it had been that there was any trade for him, for he was quiet, nervy, had more book learning than the editor and was cheerful and obliging, especially obliging, for he preached a beautiful sermon over the late dealer at the faro bank, though the said dealer had died of his wounds before Doc arrived.

"Some said as how we ought to send down in the valley where they were all shaking eternally with malaria and import a bunch of the shakers for Doc to practice on and pay him so much for the cleanup. He laughed when we proposed this and said it would be unprofessional, because he knew the party as had the practice in the valley.

"Then we proposed that thereafter, any party dying of his wounds before the Doc could arrive, the said party's effects should be levied upon for a fee to be paid to Doc.

"All the boys agreed to that, and we got so worked up over the prospect that a disagreement resulted that very night, in which a Wells-Fargo shotgun messenger blew all the Latin parts out of a friend with a ten gauge duck gun, which the same, for purposes of stage robbers, was of a sawed off character. The party as was shot was mostly, missing between his hips and his chest, the remains being only two-thirds, but we joyfully sent for Doc just the same. "Well, he came, and when he saw the state of the case he said as he wasn't an undertaker he couldn't be of any

service. "Then we told him of the new rule and offered him the pile of the deceased, which was in a canvas sack behind the bar. He wouldn't take it, not even a sample for assay, and the disappointment of the boys was sad to see, especially the shotgun messenger. whose intentions had done honor to his beart and aim.

"It was a few days before New Year's that the editor showed us a piece in a San Francisco paper, which was a kind of local notice, stating that our Doc was going to be married to a lady in that city. That sets us thinking, and we thought barder than ever when the Doc tells us that he was going to leave us on New Year's day to take up his practice in San Francisco. We held a meeting and discussed the state of affairs, having a pretty good idea of how the land lay finencially with Doc, because his meney was on deposit with the express agent and he

was chairman of our meeting. "Well, at that meeting we laid out a plan that worked as slick as a diamend drill. On the day before New Year's Dec was sent for by Long Bill, who told him his old rheumatiz was working again like a forty stamp quartz mill. Doc prescribed, and when Bill asked what was the aute Dec said it would be \$5. Bill said he'd

It has been decided to establish wire less telegraphy apparatus on all sta-tions and on all passenger trains on

hand it to min when he bid aim good by at the stage office next day. Then I sent for Doc and said that old bullet wound in my leg was on strike again. took my prescription and promised to

pay next day. "I don't suppose any doctor in the world ever had as busy a day as ours did that day. It seemed like every man in camp was sick. There was trouble about noon because the boys ran out of names of diseases, but I went up to Doc's office and copied out a lot of names from one of his books, and then we kept things booming. Some of the younger boys got stuck on the names of sicknesses I dealt out to them to make a choice from and played the whole deck, which seemed

to puzzle Doc somewhat. "Well, the next day we met and marched around to the stage about starting time, and there was Doc, looking a little worried, but he looked a lot more surprised when he saw all his patients so callish.

"We gave him a sendoff and an envelope.

"Did you ask what was in the envelope? I disremember the odd dollars, but it was enough over \$5,000 to leave him that clear after he had paid his expenses down to the bay."-New York Journal.

HOLIDAY DECORATIONS.

Old Fashioned Greens Were Rosemary, Ivy and Bay.

The old fashioned holiday greens were rosemary, ivy and bay, but in the 2,000 tons of wreathing and decorating material which it is estimated that we now use every year there is a much greater variety. Best loved of all is the glossy red berried holly "Holm" was the old English name for it, and it is thought to be identical with the "greenwood tree" of British ballads and of Robin Hood fame. On our side of the Atlantic the American holly, Ilex opaca, is found from Maine, where it grows as a shrub, to North and South Carolina, where it lifts a symmetrical cone of dark, shining leaves set with scarlet berry clusters along a beautiful trunk of gray and silver to the height of seventy or eighty

Delaware and Maryland are usually credited with furnishing the best grades of holly to the holiday market. but their "Three X" brand, as seen after shipment to northern cities, is not so fine'y berried as the Carolina holly. plentiful in the regions around Asheville.—Country Life In America.

New Year's Calls. New Year's calling in New York was purely the outgrowth of an early Dutch custom, yet strangely enough many of the descendants of the early Dutch settlers fought against the continuance of a practice which they declared had long since passed beyond the bounds to which the fathers limited it and had been made the excuse for great excesses on a day which while I tied my bonnet. Is it on the "Long Bill remarked to me that the ought to be given over to the forming mantel?"

of good resolutions. In the early days of Manhattan Island the male Dutch settlers every off my things and stay at home! If New Year's day started out as a mat- you'd look for the fan, ter of duty to visit the houses of all their friends. The good wives who received them were arrayed in their Sunday finest and had bowls of steaming hot punch upon the "best room" table. The latter day Dutch descendants denied the punch and said it was coffee. The irreverent latter day champions of New Year's calling denied the punch also and told their opponents that their forefathers would not know a punch if they saw it and that they drank nothing but ill smelling hot gin.

Whatever it was that the good burghers drank, they succeeded in calling within the compass of the day upon every family of any note on Manhattan Island.

A New Year's Cyclone. Is that a cyclone ragin'? Is the roof a-tumblin' down? Is that a earthquake shakin' All the winders in town? Is that the river roarin'

Above its banks of green? Has Gabriel blowed his trumpet To make the dead serene? They stood and heard in terror While loud the noise arose, Like the warwhoops of the Indians, The shouts of foreign foes,

But a voice brought better comfort (Let not the sainted scoff): "Thar ain't a bit of trouble That's daddy swearin' off! -Atlanta Constitution.

Clarissa-I'm always glad when New Year's day is safely over. Fidelia-Yes; it is a saddening anni-Clarissa-Oh, I don't mean that.

A Time of Peril.

Clarence and I always have a horrid quarrel suggesting improvements in each other's conduct. To 'Namehty-two. Come in. New Year, come in. come in: Den't stand out there in the cold and grin.

Put on some clothes; your legs are bare; You haven't half enough to wear. The old man's gone; the coast is clear; The world's your cyster, kid New Year! -Chicago Tribune. Stock on Hand. Bradds-Going to make any new res-

olutions this year, Spikes? Spikes-New ones? I should say not I've got a lot of old ones I've never used, by Jove! Wreckage. Break, break, break-

Only the resolutions That the feolish made, ah, me! -S. IL Kiser. As Good as New "How about those good resolutions

No, not the waves of the sea-

you made the first of the year?" "Oh, they are still good."-Smart Set Foolish Resolutions. The New Year's vows that Perkins made

Agricultural machines and implements are admitted into Turkey free

He vowed to shave himself this year

To keep will prove a strain.

And use not words profane.

WHAT THE MERMAID SAW IN THE CANADIAN LAKES.

A Message to Canadian Women.

Being a Mermaid of the Canadian Lakes, I only know Canadian work as they can be seen from my wa bed in the vast depths. I often der if up there in the sunli have pretty dells, mountain sandy wastes, such as wedear old water-land. I don about your mountains and you but I do know you must have was for every day, and particularly on one day of the week, you send down to us more waste than you know of. When your soap suds flow into our pure water, we have the power of sight to divide in the water the true from the false; and we find that in your soap suds there is a mixture that you cannot see, a mixture of silicates. ground glass, and adulterations that never dissolve in water, and, consequently must be useless for washing purposes. You must waste money in buying such concoctions, you waste time in using them, you waste your clothes in rubbing them in. Alas! there is a lot of waste up there in the sunlight; but there is no waste in Sunlight Soap. Where Sunlight Soap is used by any of you, I find no loading refuse, no adulteration coming down to me in my home in the deep. Sunlight Soap reduces expense in the wear of clothes, and you don't waste money on loading mixtures, such as I have seen in

common soap suds. Please, dear Canadian women, don't send down any soap suds but those of Sunlight Soap. Have respect for your dear Canadian waters, and your purses, is the message of the Mermaid of the Canadian Lakes. 611

HIS WIFE'S FAN

Mr. I e vivwed's Search for it and How

He Failed to Find It. "Tom, dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, the other evening, just as they were about to leave the house for the theater, "I've left my fan on the dress-

ing-case in my room, and I can't go without it. Won't you run up and get it, that's a dear?" Tom went up three steps at a time, says the Philadelphia Ledger. moment later his voice was heard. awfully sharp for a man who had been married but three months.

"It isn't on the dresser!" "Why, yes, it must be, dear. Look in the upper drawer in that long blue box in the left-hand corner. Don't muss things all up. Is it there?"

No. it isn't!" 'Oh, it must be! Look good. Found

"No, I haven't!" "Well, don't get cross about it. Maybe I left it on the bed. Is it there?" "No. I'll be-

'Tom! If you can't do a little favor for your wife without swearing about you needn't do it at all Look in the second drawer of the dresser in that pink box. Is it there?"
"No, it isn't, and I knew it wasn't

before I looked!' 'You didn't know anything of the sort! Do find it some place. We're late now. Maybe it's on the mantel. I know I laid it down some place

eternally---"Tom, if you don't stop, I'll take prancing around you'd find it. See in my bonnet box. times I drop it in there. Found it?" "Found it?" snarled Tom jeering-ingly. "Talk about a needle in a hay-

stack! It's nothing compared to "Tom Newlywed! Just as sure as you speak that way again I'll stay at home. Look on the chairs and table, and-what are you doing up there, anyhow? Upsetting chairs and kicking over things and growling like some wild animal. I'd be ashamed. I suppose I shall have to come up and hunt for the fan myself, tired as I

Can't you find it?" "Find nothing. A man might as well hunt for the north pole or Captain Kidd's treasure or some particular grain of sand in the bottom of the

sea, as to look for—"
"There, there!" Stop making such a pitiful spectacle of yourself. If I were a man, I'd be a man. Look in the closet - oh, here's the fan. declare if it hasn't been lying here on the hall rack all the time. I remember now that I laid it down when-Tom Newlywed! I'd be serving you right if I didn't go a step with you! Using such language! Come on! suppose you'll sulk and snarl all the way down town."

And he did. Don't.

Don't think because you have taken many remedies in vain that your case is incurable. You have not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla It has cured many seemingly hopeless cases of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism. kidney complaint, dyspepsia and general debility—many cases that may have been worse than yours.

What this great medicine has done for others it car do for you.

A western railroad man says it costs a railway passing through the mountains a great deal of money in the course of ten years to keep the tracks in line, and maintenance of tunnels is even more expensive. Drive a stake on the side of a mountain, take location with the greatest care and return after a few months. The stake is not in the same location. The whole side of the mountain has moved.

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____TO____ The Soap Trade

WE beg to notify our customers that

Mr. Alby Robinson is now our sole representative in Ontario, west of Toronto, and we solicit on his behalf the favors of the trade._ Alfred Savage & Son, Montreal. Manufacturers of "Baby's Own

Soap," etc.

