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REVIVING THE TORY PARTY.

Hon. G. Howard Ferguson's declaration that Unionist Government has served its purpose and should cease is significant in that it constitutes a rallying cry to the old line Conservatives of the Dominion to get together if they are hoping to save anything at all of their party. It is a question if the call has not really been inspired from Ottawa, where the absolute hopelessness of the Unionist party has been made manifest by the impossibility of agreeing upon a leader to succeed Sir Robert Borden. The inside facts of what happened at Ottawa are beginning to come out and it is now known pretty definitely that the friends of Hon. Arthur Meighen thought they had made the premiership absolutely sure for him. They forgot something, apparently, for when the test came there developed a good deal of opposition to Meighen and he has since then been at odds with a number of his colleagues, and, according to rumor, ignored by them in council.

The Meighen following, which probably constitutes the most important of the several elements entering into the contest, has realized at last that Unionist Government is about ended and the next step that may be looked for will be the booming of Meighen for leader of the old Conservative party, made over to suit conditions of 1920. Hon. G. Howard Ferguson's blast is probably one of the signals to rally the faithful and it will be interesting to watch the manoeuvring that will take place during the next few months in the effort to unite the shattered remains of Conservatism under one of the high lights of Unionism. Meighen is probably as good a "hope" as the party can muster at the present time; at any rate he will have a chance to see if he can reconstitute the party.

Now that its own friends and backers are predicting its early decease Unionism may be regarded as more of a lost cause than ever. The hopes that were raised in some of the ministerial minds at Ottawa that in Unionism would be found a sort of fountain of perpetual youth for their party fortunes have been dashed to the ground, and as far as the cabinet is concerned it is simply a matter of how much longer they will inflict themselves on the country. Their helpless condition is shown by the way they are avoiding anything in the shape of a by-election. Ministers who six months ago were slated for dismissal from the cabinet are now being trotted out and given important portfolios, while similar evidence of ministerial trepidation is shown by the linking up of departments so as to reduce the number of ministers required.

Hon. Mr. Ferguson and his friends have another reason, too, for dislike of Unionism. They realize quite well that it was Unionist connections that was largely responsible for the disaster that overtook them in the last provincial election. They are, therefore, losing no time in endeavoring to clear their skirts for the future and to have no Ottawa affiliations that will prove adverse in the day of testing. Ontario will likely be the first province to attempt the reconstitution of the Conservative party and will find the Ottawa crowd that is behind Hon. Arthur Meighen thinking along similar lines now that the prospect of their hero leading a Unionist party has fallen through.

## IGNOBLE EIGHT HUNDRED,

The list of 800 Germans to be delivered to the Allies is the blackest list of criminals ever put together since the life and times of Cain. Was any crime omitted by these men whom their fellow-citizens hate to render up? But leave that to the courts that will try them.

There should be a round-up of the whole collection at the French frontier or some other assembling point. A special train should convey the party en masse to Paris. Strictly, the cars should be not pullmans but cattle-cars, like those in which the kindly Teutonic humorists sent to Berlin the British prisoners with such placards as "To the Zoo." "Hell Women" (for the Highlanders.) All that need be pasted on the train for the 800 would be labels of their own devising, their own epitaphs for themselves, "Nach Paris," "Huns." But the courtesy of the Allies will not stoop to treat these rogues in their own way. They are sure of politeness and a fair trial, a trial intended not only to clear or convict them, but to write history with colors of truth. Ludendorff and the rest will suffer no such treatment as was meted to Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt. But tried they should be, if any criminal deserves trial.

## IMMIGRATION FIGURES.

Immigration figures just issued show that during last year there were 117,650 newcomers to this country. Of these the greater number were British or American, fresh arrivals from the United Kingdom slightly exceeding those from across the border. The figures show an increase over 1918 of more than 100 per cent. According to the statistics 25,000 would-be new citizens from the United States were turned back by the immigration authorities through being unable to provide the necessary qualifications as to money, literacy or physique.

That the immigration department is carefully sifting the applicants from other lands for Canadian citizenship is commendable. We have immense spaces to be filled up, vast natural resources that will require millions of workers of one kind or another to produce in a degree that measures up to the possibilities, but it is imperative that we let in only such as are

stable if we are to get a right start for the stupendous expansion that is our destiny. There must be no room in Canada for the criminal or those who are agents, official or otherwise, of disorder and discontent. We bar the gates to the destitute and the law breaker and those who may be diseased, but it is equally as important that the professional agitator and his kind be kept out.

The whole machinery of the immigration department of the Government should be used to encourage the coming of such as approve our social and political system, those who are willing to conform to our laws and regulations. Any other kind will handicap and hamper. Twenty thousand newcomers of the type that will fall in heartily with the development of this country as we wish it to progress is preferable to three times twenty thousand not intensively selected. Never in the history of Canada has it been so vital that quality rather than quantity be the guiding light for those who pass on the immi-

### MENTAL MALADIES IN CANADA.

At the annual convention of the Canadian National Committee of Mental Hygiene held in Toronto a few days ago, the startling statement was made that in Canada today there are 150, 000 persons suffering from maladies of the mind. In this number are those who are insane, those afflicted less acutely and the feeble-minded. This is an alarming condition and one that should enlist immediately the services of the best alienists the authorities can secure. Per haps it would be well if a thorough investigation of the country's insane asylums be made The unfortunates who are immates of these institutions must be given the very best attention and care their happier fellow-citizens can provide. The Quebec Telegraph points out the necessity for reform as follows:

These most unfortunate of God's creatures as they have more than once been called, deserve everything that can be done for the possible amelioration of their condition, and there is no doubt that up to the present time they have not received these deserts. Our asylums have simply been detention institutions for the herding of the insane and the feeble-minded, without any serious scientific study of their condition or careful treatment the cure of mental maladies. There is now a strong agitation for reforms in this direction, which are not likely to go unheeded, and on the other hand there is also an insistent demand for stricter vigilance in the mental examination of all immigrants, not only at the borders of the Dominion, but also at the point of embarkation. There must be no relaxation of any precaution that it is possible to take in order to prevent the entrance into the country of any more of these weak-minded immigrants.

On grounds of both decency and national efficiency nothing should be left undone that would bring relief to the victims of mental diseases or help cure where such is possible.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Cleanliness, exercise, cheerfulness, fresh air. nourishment, good sanitation will make the flu

Ivens and his friends should reflect that people who have a good strong case never have

Senator Borah is the latest to twist the Lion's tail. We hadn't heard that he had presidential aspirations.

Clemenceau announces that he will write a book, which is a striking proof that he is as brave as they say he is.

The Russian Soviet's "ambassador" to the United States says his government is prepared to spend half a billion with American businessmen. He calls it a "nice juicy apple." But when America bites into it it may turn out a

The Japanese Government refuses Solf as ambassador from Germany. Solf was one of the pronounced Kaiserites whom the present "republican" government of Berlin seeks to honor and be honored by. A government that sends Solf to Tokyo does not surprise anyone when it declares itself unable to send Ludendorff, etc. for trial.

### THE SCOTTISH CAMPAIGN. [The Pioneer.]

Prohibitionists in Scotland are planning to leave no stone unturned in their efforts to secure a successful campaign in the fall. The temperance (Scotland) act, which comes into force this year, provides that in September a requisition signed by not less than one-tenth of the electors in any are may demand a poll, such poll to be taken in November or December. There will be three questions

submitted: 1. A no-license resolution, which will be carried if 55 per cent of those voting, and 35 per cent of the voters on the roll, are in favor of no-license. 2. A limiting resolution—which means a reduction of one-quarter of the licenses-will not be carried unless a majority of those voting, equal to 35 per cent of the voters on the roll, are in favor of it. If no-license is not carried, those in favor of it will have their votes added to the resolution in favor of

3. No change-if a majority of the voters are in favor of no change that resoclution will be carried. The temperance organizations are co-operating and co-ordinating their efforts to achieve a victory for the first proposition. Pamphlets, newspaper clip-sheets and posters are being extensively used in a well-organized publicity campaign. In addition to this, there has been arranged a program of public meetings, which have begun now and will run on until the opening of the polls. This educational campaign in the cities, towns and villages of Scotland is being aided by some of the most brilliant speakers and able exponents of prohibition of the

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS. [Ottawa Journal.]

old land and of America.

Envy provides the mud that failure throws at

Funny people are never witty. Witty people are A genius is a man who knows when to keep

his mouth shut. Dead men tell no tales, but some of their widows draw pensions,

A woman is always pretty in the eyes of the

man who is in love with her.

Many a man who is capable of giving good advice is not capable of earning his salt.

A successful man forms plans and sticks them, working like a gimlet to a point. Necessity is not only the mother of invention but the divorced wife of plenty. What a girl in leve calls a square meal wouldn't

even pass as a free lunch with the average man. Time is stage money to the hobo Many a blessing in disguise effectively escapes No, Hazel, footsteps are not always twelve

As long as a man can keep his temper he is not his own worst enemy.

Fortunate is the man who really deserves his good opinion of himself

You will never know the true value of unless you earn it yourself,

# From Here and There

CROWN HAS MANY VICISSITUDES.

The Hungarian crown, which is reported to have been stolen lately by revolutionists, has suffered many vicissitudes. A King of Bohemia once stole it, but Otto of Bavaria subsequently recovered it. thankin' you just the same."

"We don't want any trouble with he said. "We hear colonel Hallibut," he said. "We hear he he hear he was suffered when he comes after it he'll find us here. As for you, Mr. Watson, I way of admission.

"The one on the left next," motioned the girl, and the rifle spoke once more.

"Was he ridin' toward the trail of more."

"Was he ridin' toward Totherside?" asked Boy his face darkening." many vicissitudes. A King of Bohemia once stole it, but Otto of Bavaria subsequently recovered it. He, in sending it back to Hungary, packed it in a cask, but it was nearly lost on the journey, because the joiting of the wagon threw the cask into a letting me waste my breath on you letting me waste my breath on ditch. At a later period Elizabeth, widow of King face purple.

McTavish stood up. thing to have with her when she fled to Germany, case she should ever be financially embarrassed -a piece of foresight which stood her in good stead, since she eventually pawned it to the Emperor Frederick. During the revolution, 200 years later. the unfortunate crown was again in danger of in a forest. After remaining in this dim securny for fifty years it was subsequently removed to ly. Her shapely arms were bare to the elbows. Her big grey eyes, dancing with life and health, swept the room with life and health, swept the room with life and wonderingly on Watson. He

and the days begin to lengthen, though the cold ing something under his breathe.

begins to strengthen, too, the human fancy turns to, "This is Mr. Watson, Gloss," said thoughts of the good old summer time. It is a long road yet to be traveled in snow and sleet and mud—all easier to bear, however, than the paralyzing if deliver the continuous the northwest and not it is a uncle has got you your breakfast, to delude one's self, in any bright morning under buttermilk. I'll fetch it." the mounting sun, that the new spring time is at hand, when the scent of budding leaves and starting grass will be in the air, and the robins singing she your own child? In the tall elms. Housekeeping dwellers in city The big man loked in the tail elms. Housekeeping dwellers in city flats turn their thoughts and their talk upon their bungalows. In a few moons hence they will be searching, in goloshes, the first flowers of spring in the damp, mossy woods—the little pink and white down ask though she was our own. Her dyin' mother sent her to us. Why and dainty blue ones with their faint, haunting It will be upon after that the low, rifle. Perhaps he did not hear the quesswampy back lot on the edge of the woods will have tion. At any rate he did not reply. its cowslips with their yellow blossoms, and the water cress will be swaying in the rippling current weary grey horse and without so much of the ditch, and our summer-long companion, the chirping, croaking, yodeling frogs, are there to McTavish stood on the edge of the chirping, croaking, yodeling frogs, are there to welcome us, though all so suddenly quiet upon our stealthy approach. After the spring planting of garden and flower beds, and the dead leaves are garden and flower beds, and tose bushes, will well, Davie," he said kindly, "Well, Davie," he said kindly, "Well, Davie," home now lad?" raked from the peony shoots and rose bushes, will "Well, Davie," he said kindly, begin the constant procession of our home garden "hadn't you best run home, now, lad?" begin the constant procession of our home garden You're all wet with dew." splendors in the way of poppies, asters and sweet splendors in the way of poppies, asters and sweet peas, and so on, up to the gusty fall days when the summer's leaves will be hurled in clouds to wind-town the fences, and so back to snow again.

The boy waved his arms above his head and imitated an eagle's scream. With the summer's leaves will be hurled in clouds to wind-town the pointed to the white patch that marked the first blaze of the long bets."

### LEAP YEAR.

(Halifax Chronicle.) To the wisdom of one Roman ruler and the whim of another we owe our leap year. Julius Caesar he waved his arms like an ascending found the Roman Kalends in such a muddle, for ignoring the seasons, it often produced summer in the middle of winter, that, finding the astronomical year was 365½ days, he made that the civil year dividing the days between the months in 30's and 31's, except that February had 29 days, with an extra one in leap year. But later came Augustus, who, annoyed that his name month had only 30 days, took one day from February and added it to August. Thus August now has 31 days and February, except in every fourth year only 28.

"Yes, Glossie, he's gone." extra one in leap year. But later came Augustus, ary, except in every fourth year only 28.

ary, except in every fourth year, only 28.

THE LILIES.

Two thousand years ago it was supposed that water lilles closed their flowers at night and retreated far under water, to emerge again at sunrise. This was Pliny's view, and it was not impeached until the English botanist John Ray, in 1683, first doubted its veracity. The great lily of Zanzibar, one of the grandest of the lily family, opens its flowers, ten inches wide, between 11 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. They are of the richest royal blue, with from 150 to 200 golden stamens in the centre, and they remain open four or five days. It is not generally known that there are five days. It is not generally known that there are goin' to start in on 'em. No, the street cars were not standing still yesterday. They were merely running at half well as day-bloomers. They are very punctual timekeepers, too, opening and closing with commendable regularity.

| A continuous cont

makes the following interesting statement:

"During the past three years the department of education has been carrying on a steady campaign for providing Canadian schools with a Canadian atmosphere in the non-English speaking settlements in the Province of Manitoba. The difficulty of securing teachers for these schools is being met by the erection of the teacher's residence, which not only provides a home for the teacher, but, in many cases, becomes a centre for community life. In this seem to promise much for this winter. cases, becomes a centre for community life. In this way the influence of the school extends far beyond the actual teaching of the children. Already some 140 new schools and 75 teachers' residences have been established, and the work is steadily going on."

able to write the Lord's Prayer on his thumb-nall. His usual writing was so small that only eyes of microscopic power could with ease decipher it. Charles Dickens wrote a much less beautiful hand, but equally minute. He had a habit, too, of writing with blue ink on blue paper, a propensity which caused many a compositor to hurl investives at l

Carlyle, wrote a patient, crabbed, biting hand, sufficiently expressive of the character of the "dour" philosopher. A friend thus aptly describes it: "Eccentric and spiteful little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd ways, sometimes evidently intended as a cross to a 't,' but constantly recoiling in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a from the tops of tall trees beyond the control of the flow of the calligraphical somersault, and destroying the entire danger-line.

Carlyle used to enjoy a story told him by his London publishers. A Scotch compositor had just the lean-to, and mopped his face with

are dangerous days ahead for the great power of in'?" sight of the girl, "how's ma this morn-the Far East. Haughty isolation the Far East. Haughty isolation or arrogant dis-regard for the world's opinion cannot advantage blacks.

"Better, and nungry for squirrei," she answered, her eyes on the treed blacks.

There have been times during the war when Japan has seemed too self-sufficient, too disregard-ful of her rating in international opinion. Those ful of her rating in international opinion. Those with a ratio ocked the gun.

"How far?" she asked, throwing it heart and soul with days are past. Japan today is heart and soul with to her shoulder with a practiced hand. the Allies that are striving to reconstruct the world

Premier Hara's address at the opening of the Japanese Diet is a straightforward presentation of Japanese Diet is a straightforward presentation of Japanese Diet is a straightforward presentation of far, Gloss; you'll miss sure."

A gleam of mischlef shone in the grey Japan's position. He does not disguise Japan's anxiety over the Russian situation. The Russian problem has become a Japanese problem. As yet Japan sees no solution. The problem is made immeasurably more difficult by Europe's decision to deal with the Polekaviki. The yestern seems hounding forward, the squirrel in the grey eye sighting along the brown barrel. Then the rifle cracked and a black ball went swinging down to earth in tiny immeasurably more difficult by Europe's decision. to deal with the Bolsheviki. The western nations are remote from the Red frontier. The Reds are from him. at Japan's back door, almost ready to try to break at Japan's back door, almost ready to the first state of the state of the first state of the approval of enlightened international opinion. For this reason she is going slowly, but thinking hand

Meanwhile she is determined to clean her record. Premier Hara announces that steps are already being taken for the fulfillment of the Japanese promise to return Shantung to China. Really this return must be made before all the doubters will be convinced of Nippon's sincerity. Cynicism and craftiness rather than straightforwardness are held by Japanophobes to be the dominant traits of Japanese diplomacy. It is alleged, in other words, that Japanese diplomacy today is just what Eurobean diplomacy was before the war. Premier Hara intimates that Japan will dispel this false conception, and will prove herself animated by the purest

Surely honesty is the best policy for Japan to-day. Japan is contemplating the possibility of a great war against Bolshevist Russia. If she has the onfidence and sympathy of Europe and America she is strongly armed. If she continues to labor under the suspicion of imperialistic scheming she will find her task doubly hard. Premier Hara speaks fair words, and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity. Japan's welfare and her future security demand just such fairness as the premier promises

"That'll do now," he warned.
"There's Gloss comin' up the path, and swearin' is somethin' she has never heard in this house, and before I'll have er hear you usin' cuss-words I'll cram this down your throat, and don't you forget it. He lifted a hairy fist then sat down

MARCH OF THE MONTHS.

[Listener in the Boston Transcript.]

Now that the sun has really turned its corner of his cheeks. He drew back whisper
of

She slipped from the room, and Watson looked across at Big McTavish. "That girl" he asked quickly, "is The big man loked up, astonishment

"You mean the man on the white horse, Davie" asked McTavish, smiling. "Yes, lad, I know."

The boy gazed about him with wide

# Where the Brook and River Meet,

There's this CREATING A CANADIAN ATMOSPHERE.

[Kitchener Telegraph.]

A pamphlet has been sent out by R. S. Thornton, minister of education of Manitoba, dealing with education among the new Canadians, in which he makes the following interesting statement:

"It looks fine since you've got it cut and shocked up," declared the girl; "and it does seem so good that we're gettin' such a nice piece of land cleared. Granny was tellin' me what that man who just left wanted you to do, and I had to laugh when I thought how he could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to think many the could be so foolish as to the could be so foolish. "It looks fine since you've got it cut

seem to promise much for this winter

hate the sound of it. Its noise drowns HANDWRITING.

Thackeray's handwriting was a marvel of neatness. He is said to have stated that if all other means of earning his own living failed, he would be able to write the Lord's Prayer on his thumb-nail. comes right up to Lee Creek. So ve

> 'there's some black squirrels crossing the corn-stubble, now-five of them do believe aunty would relish oo believe aunty would relish a bit of stewed squirrel. I meant to tell Boy to shoot one or two for her this morn-in', but he was gone before I was up." Joe, the setter, broke from the thicket and loped across the cornfield

word from which they sprung. Some letters slope one way, and some another, some are halt, maimed and crippled, and all are blind."

As the squirrels took to a lone hickory in the centre of the field, Boy McTavish came quickly around the corner of the house. He stood the clumsy hand-made fork he carried up agains

been added to the printing house stan, been added to the printing house stan, strength of a recommendation from the Edinburgh Review. His first copy was some of Carlyle's manuscript. "What!" he fairly shouted, "have you got that man here? I fied from Scotland to get away from him."

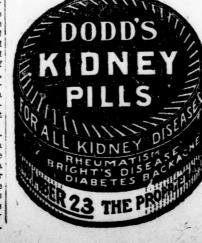
"Whew! he down after all. Never knowed Injun summer to hang on so long. Hope it keeps up, dad, and we'll get the corn all husked yet before trappin' time. Suppose we have a bee and dance at night, same as we did at the wood-bee? Declute is goin' to have a long transfer of the soon." loggin'-be soon."
"Hello, Gloss," he called catching

'Sixty yards, anyway," answered Big

McTavish came bounding forward, the squirrel in

wrinkled in a grin of mingled surprise

his mouth, and allowed Boy to take it



# LOVE OF THE

limb a couple of times, then went crashing through the branches.
"As Bill Paisley would say, 'that's remarkable shootin,' chuckled McTaylish." "That distance is well over eighty yards, else I don't know distance

"Nearer a hundred, I should judge," contended Boy. "She's got all the rest of the McTavishes beat, dad."

"The mathem (Bloss" supposted Meof the McTavishes beat, dad.
"Try another, Gloss," suggested Mcfor
Tavish, placing the cap on the nipple
the of the rifle with clumsy fingers.
"I thought maybe two would be

"only one more. Fact is. I'm a bit hungry for corn-fed squirrel myself."

"And I'm thinkin' I wouldn't turn up my nose at a plateful of stewed squirrel, either," seconded the father.

"All right, just one shot more, then, hit or miss," laughed Gloss. "See that chap's two ears and part of his head. hap's two ears and part of his head stickin' up above the knot? I'll take him this time, I guess, though it's no fired and the squirrel dropped

proclaimed it a clean kill. Big McTavish, without so much as a word, took the gun inside. Boy held the animals up by their bushy talis and the girl who was watching him do you ask that?"

Watson was reaching for his cap and said:
"You ain't carin' much to see the

"Well," smiled the boy, "I guess we

needn't go after that feller, and you needn't worry about one little silver-grey. You just wait a while and you'll know what I mean." He winked mysteriously, and Gloss aughed. Then her face grew grave.
"That man Watson was over here
his mornin'. Boy." she said. "You
know what he wanted and you know
how he'd get it. Well, I guess him

the school house."

Boy turned away. Then he paused and looked at the girl.

"Boy." she said wistfully, "I wish we didn't have no school in this place. I wish Simpson would go away."

"Why?" he asked quickly.

Slowly her eyes sank and her bosom heaved as her breath came in quick gasps.

the first time in their young lives girl struggled in his arms. He let her go and stood back, wondering, Sh looked at him and smiled was pale, and her long last es did conceal a look of dumb entreaty. "Gloss—" he commenced.

"Boy," she whispered, "we're built for chums, and chums we'll always be. But the old rompin' days are over now. Boy, you mustn't take me-you mustn't hold me like that again. boy and girl no more."

He bent and picked up the squirrels.
When he stood up again she had gone,
"We ain't boy and girl no more," he He walked to the spring repeating the rom the limb, Another whine from Joe

words over and over—" Boy and gtrl no more!" From Totherside came the clang of the school bell "I wonder what she meant. I wonder why she wished that school—I wonder why she wishes Simpson—" Suddenly he flung the squirrels from

"You ain't carin' much to see the blacks killed ever since you had Tommy for a pet, are you, Boy?"

"Well, I don't know as I'm carin' much either one way or t'other," he answered slowly. "Tommy was a cute little beggar, but he wasn't really a black. He was a grey squirrel. G eys are sentler and make better pets than blacks. Tom Peele one time had a black for a pet, and used him mighty good for two years. But one day that black pretended he wanted Tom to play with him and tickle him as he was used to doing, and it gave him a bad bite. No, the blacks are too cross for pets."

"Boun" said the adders of the simple little song that he last in the dreary fall. The little singer was about to leave the wood wherein he had nested and enjoyed a season's happiness. He was about to the simple little song that he last in the dreary fall. The little singer was about to leave the wood wherein he had nested and enjoyed a season's happiness. He was about to the simple singer was about to leave the wood wherein he had nested and enjoyed a season's happiness. He was about to the simple singer was about to leave the wood wherein he had nested and enjoyed a season's happiness. He was a promise the singer was about to leave the wood wherein he had nested and enjoyed a season's happiness. He was a promise the singer was about to leave the wood wherein he had nested and enjoyed a season's happiness. him, and bending forward, gazed with hard eyes toward the white school

(To Be Continued.)

bite. No, the blacks are too cross for pets."

"Boy," said the girl suddenly, "I season's happiness. He was about the girl suddenly, "I season's happiness. He was about the point to be grey for who makes his home on the Point. Noah says he's not the biggest silver-grey he ever saw. Says he's as big as a timber-wolf. But sladeness of a heart brimful of Ghe is so cunnin' nobody can get a shot at him."

"Well," smiled the boy, "I guess we wherein he had nested and enjoye season's happiness. He was about the far season's happiness. He was about the power season's happiness. He was about the far season's happiness. He was about the far season's happiness. He was about the far season's happiness. He was about the power season's happiness. He was about the power season's happiness. He was about the great season's happiness. He was about the great season's happiness. He was about the power season's happiness. He was about the great season's happiness of a beat season's happiness of a beat season's happiness of a beat season's happiness. He was about the great season's happiness of a beat sea

Constipation Cure A druggist says: "For nearly

thirty years I have commended

the Extract of Roots, known as

'Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

for the radical cure of constipa-

reliable remedy that nev

druggists.

tion and indigestion. It is an old

thrice daily. Get the genuine, at

Being used by over three million people annually as a tonic and blood builder. It will increase the strength of weak, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances. Ask your docto or druggist.

Calencross & Lawrence: Standard

