THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

was not to be described. That he was in trouble with an utteriv low and unprincipled woman was the one undeniable That this was to obtain money from him was equally sure. To have suit brought against him by this wo-man and bring disgrace on his grand old name was the one thing he could never do and live. How he wished for death to release him! How could his poor mother bear such a slander! He He was sure it would kill her. Her very words had come true. How much Lord Wedderburn suffered no one ever knew, but a few days after there were care lines on his handsome face, and he had grown years older in his manner and

At the home of Lady Emily Marchmont there was much surprise over the non-appearance of Lord Wedderburn. His mother, Lady Home, had grown exceedingly nervous since she had sent to his rooms and found he was not there. Telegrams were sent to Cistle Royal, and he had not been there. Letters were addressed to the Carlton Club, and the clerk had replied that he was surely in town, as he had no orders to forward

Lady Emily was nervous, but Lady Home was taken violently ill and a phy sician had been summoned. The footman had been despatched to Lord Reg inald's rooms, and the reply invariably was that Marsten. Lord Wedderburn's man, did not know the lord's where abouts. Every one was in a fever of ex-

There lay Lady Home violentiv ill, desiring the presence of her con, and he could not be found.

Lady Emily declared herself disgusted with Lord Reginald, but said little. At last she repaired for a few moments rest to her room, when there a gentle tap on her door ,and Miss Staunton en-tered.

They have not found Lord Wedder-

burn yet?" she asked. fair to Lady Emily replied in the negative. lands. Miss Staunton scated herself at Lady

Emily's feet.
"Do you believe that Marsten does act know where he is!" she asked.
"Most assuredly I do," replied Lady

"Then forgive me for saying so, but gables of old Lentvill peeping through I do not. I am sure I can find his whereabouts in an hour."

Then forgive me for saying so, but gables of old Lentvill peeping through the trees. He had forgotten the place and its inmates. Poor little Dorothy!

"You!" said Lady Emily, in utter astonishment, "don't you know no English girl would dare to do such a thing? You

would compromise yourself seriously."
"I can not understand how. Lady
Home is ill and wants her son with her. You are nervous that he does not come. The servants will notice it. You have a

me. I am an American, and have been ridge, sat a small, dark figure. educated to rely on myself. I can not understand how I could compromise myself by driving a few squares alone, to oblige my lady, who is ill."

"Remember I do not consent," s'ie said

at last.

"If you will only pardon, then," Miss
Staunton said, kissing her, tenderly;
and she knew by the kind light in Lady
Emily's eyes that she could rely upon
Lady Emily's love in any case and she hurried to her room, touched the bell and ordered the coach immediately, and threw on her wraps to go out.

friend. Capt in H---, to the hone of

"I should go and heard the lion in the den. It's by far the best plan, If you let this get into solicitors hands they will make a mountain out of it. This is They soon reached the ful. house and were ushered into the drawing-room, when Madame made her appearance, wearing a most injured look. She rang for lights.

wish you to explain these letters,"

said Lord Wedderburn.
"Why do you not ask your friend to "Why do you let, ask your tribul treplain, he certainly heard your conversation that evening to my daughter," said Madame, haughtily.
"I beg your pardon," said "Captain H --, "I was so heastly drunk as was

my friend here, that I do not remember one word that passed the entire even-ing. It would be an exceedingly diffi-cult matter to recall a conversation that

pased between drunken revellers."

The fact is, Mrs. Halden had found no one soher enough to remember anything. and she was beginning to see she had made a mistake. It had been better to have courted my lord's friendship than to have driven him away. The Halden saw her mistake at once and began to

veer around.

"Lord Wedderbarn certainly made my daughter an offer of marriage and it clearly my duty to see justice done her, but if my lord was as drank as he says there is no harm done. I trust my

Lord Wedderburn was evidently going to make an angry reply, when the foct-man threw open the door, and there etood Mies Staunton, who had heard ev-

ery word.
"I beg your pardon, Lord Wedderburn, and beg your pardon, Lord Wedderburn, and wedge you."

but your mother is ill and wishes you," she said. My mother ill!" gasped Lord Wed-

derburn "since when?"
"For several days," quietly answered
Miss Staunton, retiging from the room,

followed by the dazed young ford.

He entered the carriage and dreve at once to the home of Lady Emily Marchmort. Not a word passed on that drive.

The only sound that broke th monotony The only sound that mode in motion was the rattle of the wheels over the curbsjones. The truth was, that Miss staunton had driven at once to his strongh cozy spectacles, and every personnewer. She looked Marsten in the face with her honest eyes and questioned him was a subject of honesty. These deep dark eyes were free from deceit. There was ing, obtained a stue and fellowed 10, matte

The state of Lord Wedderburn's mind t his mind then asd there to lose his place but no word concerning it was ever mentioned.

In all his life Lord Wedderburn could never hear the rattle of wheels over curretones, that he did not feel a deep sense of shame and humiliation, and it always brought before him a deep sense of his utter unworthiness.

The visit of Lady Leith and Miss Staunton was drawing to a close. In a few days now they would leave for Scotland, and as Lord Wedderburn was obliged to accompany his mother down to Castle Royal, they promised to await his return before leaving.

when he left them, for the first time, Miss Staunton realized that she had learned to love Lord Wedderburn very tenderly in spite of all, and to long with pleasure for his expected return. Lady Marchmont's keen eyes soon discovered his secret, and in her heart she rejoiced exceedingly, for the whole-souled American girl had won a tender place in her heart, and she had determined that her great wealth should be added to that of the Homes.

CHAPTER III.

Lady Home was recovering rapidly, but the young lord would not leave her just yet. He seemed to find a haven of rest and peace when he reached Castle Royal. How dear the grand old place looked! All at once he realized how much he loved it. He walked through the picture gallery, and gazed lovingly on all the faces there. There before him were his ancestors for ages gonesome prout and others dainty, patrician faces smiled at him from the dark old canvas.

"I am the first unworthy one of them all," he thought bitterly; "the first one to bring disgrace on a proud old

He walked over the fields. He walked down the pathway that led to the sea. The warm September sun had just begun to tinge the leaves with russet, gold and brown. The carth here was fair to look upon. A sea of vast rich lands. He was bent in contemplation of it. He did not notice that the sun was gene, he could not recall it, but it should be buried under years of good deeds—so deep, indeed, that no ghost of his evil deeds should ever rise before him. All at once there was the peaked

He had earnestly intended doing some thing for her, but those horrid happen-ings in town has so engrossed him that he had forgotten her. He must remember her. Then, seeing darkness gather over him, he started for home. He walk-ed over the moorlands. In some places there were broken rilges in the trusty coachman let me have your coach an hour, and I will go for you."
"It is not to be thought of for a moment," classure you that nothing will happen to the right, just under the edge of the right, just under the edge of the coachman will happen to the right, just under the edge of the coachman will happen to the right, just under the edge of the coachman will happen to the right, just under the edge of the coachman will happen to the right, just under the edge of the coachman will happen to the right, just under the edge of the coachman will be under the coachman will could it be, in that dark place at this time? As he drew nearer, he saw it was Dorothy! There she sat, her head Lady Emily was not convirce i, but she ragged apron sleeves had fallen from them. Lord Wedderburn stopped, His theart smote him that he had not thought of her before. He remembered the scene he had witnessed before he went to town, and he was sure she must have suffered during his absence "What are you doing here, Dorothy?"

he asked. She was crying still.

"Granny is sick and she is took that uncommon queer she hates the sight of As soon as ford Wedderburn recovered himself he called a cab and went with said, soothingly. "Is your granny very lly" he asked

the use of her words.

She looked up through her tears and answered. Lord Wedderburn saw there, in spite of the tear-stained and disheveled hair, a face wondrously beaut

"You must go home now, Dorothy, he said. 'the air grows too cold those bare arms and feet. You will be

ill, also."
"I ain't going home least ways I ain't going for a long time, for granny don't sleep so powerful sound, and she do late me that bad! She drives me right out of sight. I have to stay here till the moon goes over the hills there." Here she pointed with her finger to the moon that was just beginning to shine The air was cool. Lord Wedderburn feit the chill of the air from the sea. "You are going to light a fire!

asked, pointing to a bundle of fagots beside heat reset need no fire. I gathered this, and when I go hom I'll ship in gramy's room to make her a fire, Gramny don't like for me to have a fire. Did you think I got this wood on your land? Well, I didn't, for granny said you got mad when I did, so I got it ento two miles from here, at the

Did your granny say that? She was mistaken. I never said it. With all these woods around here, I would have been cruel to say that. Do you wish to

" Deed I don't want to." "Then promise me to take all you want from here, will you?"
She hesitated a moment, then prom-

naked arms should have meen burdened with those fagots for over two miles. Here stood a rich man and extravagant and beside him honest poverty. How un evenly the world seems divided, any

The air grew more chilly as the night

the air grew more chilly as the hight wore on. Unconsciously, Dorothy pulled the rags over her bare arms.

Lord Wedderburn watched her narrowly. In all his life, poverty and, want had not so closely stared him in the face. He had seldom seen nature.

In his world aparenthing was trush written plainly on the face, and

this was a novel discovery to Lord Wedderburn.
"Take my coat," he said, handing it

to her.
"Do you think I'd do that," she said.
"You would be cold, and I won't for I am used to it."
She handed it back to him.
"Then you do want to offend me?"

he said. Without a word she took the coat and threw it over her shoulders. The coat was a rich, dark blue one, and her coat was a rich, dark blue one, and her fair hair fell over it in a golden shower, and it drew out the lovely fairness of her face. All in a moment the strangely elfish look vanished, and she looked more human-like. Lord Wedderburn turned to go. As he left her he forced some coins in her hand, and in a few moments was out of sight. She looked them over and over and over. The moor was behind a cloud, and she could not penning a cloud, and she could not see them clearly, but they were real pennies she felt sure. Such little yellow beauties that meant tarts, sweets, a ribbon for her hair, etc., etc. In fact a penny for each one meant she could have one of each. Then she thought of moor sick Granny It was to mean to poor, sick Granny. It was too mean to forget her, though she did hate her so. She would do without the tarts, etc, and get Granny something. A pot of jelly and a fresh bun, and a bit of test She turned them over and over tea. She turned them over and over in her hand. How new these pennies were, for she had never seen any so bright and yellow before. She then tore a string from her apron sleeve-put them in a knot in her dress and tied them safely. The moon now was sinking behind the hills. She arose slowly and gathered up her fagots and started home ward. The old ruins of Lenthill loomed up black and gloomy before her. There was not a ray of light to be seen. She went in gently, rolled up the coat in as small a bundle as possible, and hit it behind some loose stones in the old wall. They she allighed principles in its wall. Then she slipped noiselessly into Granny's room and replenished the smouldering fire, and placed the fagots near. She stood listening a moment—

yes, Granny was sleeping.
"Dear old Granny," she said; "if she lon't like me, no wonder, and she's all I've got." he noiselessly left the room and went

to her own which was cold and dark, and laid down on the cold floor, where, despite its cold, she slept the sweet sleep of childhood—that unbroken, restful sleep that invigorates, and she did not wake until the morning sun peeped through the old ivy leaves that served as a blind for the window-and such i blind it was! a royal one; none could reproduce its beauty or colorings. The lelicate net-work of the interwoven eaves gilded by the bright morning sunlight, and interwoven by a delicate tracery of shadows. "Get up." said Dame Wynter, in a kinder tone than she had ever used. The armful of fagots had not escaped her observation.

Dame Wynter leaned more heavily than usual on her staff; her face was

drawn and white. She looked ill. "Get up, you are to go to the castle and take home the work; I am ill and need every penny. Get up at once. Look up in that cupboard and get the box of keys. The one with the black string, mind you. Take it and open the great black box. Find a dress and a pair of shoes; make yourself tidy, all in a mo-ment, and run with the bundles to the housekeeper. Do not lose a penny, or it will be the worse for you.

She had unconsciously relapsed into the old harsh tones. If the heavens had fallen Dorothy could not have been more amazed. All her life those keys had been veritable Bluebeard's' keys to her. She had seen them only a few times, and then she re-membered the chills had passed over

her.

The thought of going up to the eastle was a strange one to her. She could not tell whether it was pain or pleasure. She had seldom dared venture near the great castle, lest those grand people ould see her.

What a giorious opportunity of tak-ing Lord Wedderburn's coat home, for must be returned. Then, too, what a glorious chance to go by the village shops and get those presents for Granny. She bounded up the rickety old steps two at a time. The earth surely was growing suddenly into a paradise, and for her ,too, for such as she!

A paradise for a beggar! It was almost too good to be true. She thought a moment as she unlocked the old box and raised the lid. There the old box and raised the lid. There before her eyes were wonders. Lest it should be only a dream—one of those fascinating ones inspired by the devil and would instantly vanish like smoke—she thought of praying. If God would be good enough to give beggars such a paradise as the world was now, he would hear a beggar's prayer.

She knelt down by the box, but what

ould she say? A moment more and she

"Dear God. You won't let this para "Dear God. You won't let this paradise meit in smoke, will you? and these clothes are real clothes, ain't they?

"Biess old Granny, I wish she would love me, but she do hate me that bad—and no wonder! I ain't smart, nor nothing but a beggar."

She could think of nothing more to say. Her world had seemed crowed with beauty. There before her lay the clothes. She shook out a filmy old lawn over whose surmace gigantic and bright-hued flowers ran in dire confusion. There

flowers ran in dire confusion. flowers ran in dire confusion. There were impossibly large, bright green leaves everywhere. She looked at its beauty, mute with pleasure. She put it on over her ragged one, but that did not matter at all, as the ragged one was not believed. The wait was only a few. the shortest. The waist was only a few inches in length and the neck uncommonly low, but that could not be re medles. There lav a lace scarf. That was the ver ything to cover her naked arms and shoulders. There was a pair of

soiled silk slippers. They had once been pink, but age had stolen the color, as You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure: Why not prove this ? All Druggists and Stores.am-Buk

FOR ALL BUMMEN SORES





it steals everything clse on earth, and left them a faint white. The toes were very square across, and the soles about an inch wide, but, by dint of real hard work, they went on. There was a pair work, they went on. There was a pair of snowy white stockings there, too. She chose these as the most suitable. There was a bonnet, too. It was such a queer bonnet—with such a peculiar shape that she had to put it on every way to make it fit—having no mirror there to see, so she chose the most comfortable position as the right one, and was celiciously unconscious that it was upside down, so that the so or old feathers. side down, so that the poor old feathers, and pitiable old flowers were hanging upside down in the most helpless manner possible. Swe was always late. It is true that the sur was just peoping ever hilltops and that it was too early for people to be activ, but she must be up and gone. She took up the bundle, and met her granny. Such a strang-look came in the old woman's cycsa most unearfuly look. She adjusted her spectacles, then took them off and a pool them on her soft, old apron. She put them on and surveyed Dorothy calmly, then turned, and, without a word, entered her room and closed her door. This strange manner made Dorodoor. This straige manner made Poro-try decided: amountortable, but she shock it off as she tripped along gaily down the part with the castle bundle and the cost rolled and pinned with thome instead of pins. The birds along the path sang merrily until Dorothy appeared before them, then their happy songs died in their threats. I ween they were much astonished at the strange apparition before them. They fluttered their little wings, and, with a cry, flew to safer fields. Little heeded Dorothy that the high were firstleand Dorothy that the birds were frightened, or that the winds blew keen and chill through the thin dress. Her world had suddenly opened before her, and her mind and soul were filled to overflowing

with its beauty.

There loomed before her the great castle. She walked up the gravelled path to the side door and rang the hell This was answered by the under house-maid, who opened the door, stared at I ovothy and field precipitately, leaving her standing there. She re a footman appeared, and She rang again and cer nony threw open wide the door. He regarded Doothy for a moment, then

shut the door and fastened it.

For a moment Dorothy was nonplussed. "I wonder what's the matter with them? Pe imps they think I an some grand lady," thought Dorothy with all the assurance of childhood, and she hurried around to the great front door, and rang the bell, which was opened by another footman near whom stood the housekeeper.

(To be Continued)

A GERMAN POSTER.

Sir,-The following is a copy of a post-er put up by the Boards of Health in Germany:

Give your children not a drop of wine. Not a drop of beer. Not a drop of bran dy. Why? Because alcohol of any kind, even in the smallest quantity, brings only harm to the children.

(1) Alcohol checks the bodily mental development of the children. (2) Alcohol develops sleeplessness and

early nervousness. (3) Alcohol weakens the resisting power of the body and thereby leads to the development of all kinds of disease (4) Alcohol prolongs the duration of every illness.

(5) Alcohol continually awakens renewed thirst and on that account easily leads to habits of drinking.

That is only one of many ways by which beer-drinking Germany is trying to teach the people the dangers drink. These posters are not put up by temperance organizations, but by the Boards of Health. When will our Board of Health wake up to a sense of their duty in this most important of all their duties?

II. Arnott. sen.

The depth of a person's sleep varies according to the diet, the habits, and the temperament of the individual, but the following facts apply to the average person in good health. Physicians have experimented with large numbers of persons, and have ascertained that the sleep of those who retire regularly at about 10 o'clock gradually increases in intensity at about 11.30. Within five or six minutes of, this time it begins slowly to decrease in Intensity, and about 12.30 is about the same denth as it was at 11.15. From them until two o'clock there is practically no change; from two till four present of the practically in the same denth as it was at 11.15. From them until two o'clock there is practically no change; from two till four present of the practically in the same denth as it was at 11.15. From them until two o'clock there is practically no change; from two till four presents of the practically in the practically in the practically in the property of the practically in the practical property is a property of the practical property in the property of the property of the practical property of the p

GOLD FISH.

North Sea in a Year Yields Harvest Worth Millions.

To the United Kingdom the North Sea is the most profitable fishing ground. Last year the value of the fish landed on the northeast coast was £3,740,014, over a third of the total value of the fish landed in the whole of England and Wales, and £400,000 worth more than was landed in the whole of Scotland and Ireland combined during the same year. The increase over 1910 was £178, 584, and, compared with 1891, the total

oss, and compared with 1891, the total value of fish landed in 1911 showed an increase of nearly £2,000,000.

The number of crabs and lobsters landed showed an increase of 330,749 crabs, and 15,421 lobsters, but oysters showed a decrease. Whereas in 1891 there were landed 4.690,000 oysters, val-ued at £8,686, last year, only 162,080 oysters, valued at £192, were landed.

Taking the returns at the various ports, compared with twenty years ago. Sunderland showed a slight decrease; Hartlepool, an increase of £19,614; Staithes, a decrease of £2,587, or nearly half the value landed in 1891: Whith a falling off of £4.779; Filey has just doubled its landings; Flamborough shows an increase of £1.191; Bridlington, an increase of £1,709; Hornsea, a falling off of about half the value; Hull an increase of £430,831; and Grimsby, where the total value of fish landed in 1911 reached £2,662,626, an increase of

During December, January and February last the amount of wet fish landed was 1,094,935 cwt., being an increase of 100,059 cwt., as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The total value of all kinds of field landed, including shell fish, has been £920,151, being an increase of £90,403, compared with the corresponding period of last

MATHEWS

Smith-Can you cut my hair with ny collar on? Barber—Yes, sir; with your hat on, too, if you like

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? "To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!

Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice next I made?

"No I," said the cow, moo co, Such a thing I'd never do; I gave you a wisp of hay, But I took no nest away; Not I," said the cow, "more Such a thing I'd never do."

Rob-o link! Bob o-link-Now what do you think? "Who stole a nest away From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo. coo." said the cuckoo. "Let me speak a word, too: Who stole the little nest From the little yellow-breast?"

"Cluck, cluck," said the hen, "Don't ask me again; Why, I haven't a chick Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather And she wove them together; I'd scorn to intrude On her and her brood. Cluck, cluck," said the hen, "Don't ask me again."

A little boy hung down his head And hid himself behind the bed; Twas he who stole the pretty nest From that poor little vellow-breast.

GREAT BRITAIN ARD GERMANY (Philadelphia Public Ledger)

(Philadelphia Public Ledger)
It were falls to blink the fact that industrial and commercial competition behaviven them is keen and bitter, and this glone would account for some measure of hostile feeling, but at the root of all the present trouble is Germany's sudden development as a mayal power! Germany could still exist and thrive had not a single battleship been built, while Great Britain's security is wholly and absolutely dependent upon the maintenance at their finit efficiency of its defensive friests. The British Naval policy is forced by the logic of facts, and while it is true that every nation must decide from the standpoint of its own interests what mayal increase is necessary, the British position cannot be justly considered arrogant of aggressive.

Yow often it is that carelessness simply breaks the most dainty romanec. Manchester Union.



Are you one of these to whom every meal is another source of suffering ?

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets will help your disordered stomach to digest any reasonable meals, and will soon restore it to such perfect condition that you'll never feel that you have a stomach. Take one after each meal. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 150

RASH SO BAD BABY CAME NEAR DYING

Head Broke Out. Spread to Arms, Legs and Entire Body. Itched So He Would Scratch Until Blood Ran. One Box of Cuticura Ointment and Nearly One Cake of Cuticura Soap Cured Him. Has Had No Return.

"When my boy was about three months old, his head broke out with a rash which was very itchy and ran a watery fluid. Wo tried everything we could but he got worse all the time, till it spread to his arms, legs and then to his entire body. He got so had that he came near dying. The rash would itch so that he would scratch till the blood ran, and a thin yellowish stuff would be all over his pillow in the morning. I had to put mittens on his hands to prevent him tearing his skin. He was so weak and run down that he took fainting spells as if he were dying. He was almost a ekcleton and his little hands were thin like claws.

"He was bad about eight months when we tried Cutteura Remedies. I had not laid him down in his cradle in the daytime for a long while. I washed him with Cutteura Soap and put on one application of Cutteura Soap and put on one application of Cutteura Ontment and he was so soothed that he could sleep. You don't know how glad I was he felt better. It took one box of Cutteura Ointment and pretty near one cake of Cutteura Ointment and pretty near one cake of Cutteura Ointment and pretty near one cake of Cutteura Soap to cutelin. I think our boy would have died but for the Cutteura Remedies and I shall always remain a firm friend of them. He was cured more than twenty years ago, and there has been no return of the trouble. I shall be glad to have you publish this true statement of his cure." (Signed) Mrs. M. C. Maitlant, Jasper, Ontario, May 27, 1910.

For more than a generation mothers have found a speedy, agreeable and economical treatment for their skin-tortured little ones in Cutleura Soap and Ointment. Although they are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, liberal sample of each may be obtained free, from the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole very, 53 Columbus Ave., Boston, V.S.

STEAD.

The Earth has its Empire and all English reading people subjects of his mitu

He was the last great exponent of personal journalism—the first great Muck-

His pen was in turn a scalpel, a

Courge.

He was not awed by any human power-he feared no lord save the Lord. Kaiser, Czar and Kings he met as men. Without diplomacy, he was master of diplomacy.
His intuitions were Sybilline. Again

and again he foretold the course of destiny—proclaimed the fruitage before the planting of the seed.

By dint of astounding industry he earned enormous sums of money, then

poured his wage into the nearest needy hand. He was simple of taste, careless of dress, content of habit. He wrote more books than most men read within a life-

His greatest pride lay in the prison stripes he had worn in the cause of de-

England will never forget his terrible upon the titled panders of the East End. The courts found him guilty of libel,

but the virginal sacrifice to the Minotaur ceased. The full record of his benefices will never be known-his only secret habit

was charity.

As Horsee, he might well have written this for his epitaph: "I shall not all die: the greater part of me shall elude the grave, for I have built a monument more lasting than bronze."—Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World for

MOSQUITOES.

People Who Tolerate Stagnant Pools Will be Bawled Out.

Mill be Bawled Out.

Montclair, N. J.—The Montclair health department has served notice that beginning next Wednesday every property owner will be held accountable for breeding places of mosquitoes, and that the names of those who ignore the department's warnings will be made public. On Wedensday inspectors will make the rounds to ascertain the situation of every mosquito breeding spot and sprinkle oil on the pools of water. The health department has ordered that the following precautions be adopted to reduce the local mosquito population. Fick up all cans and bottles.

Turn over every pail or tuly that may hold water.

Drai nor fill every little depression.

Clean up the edges of ponds and brooks.

See that the roof guiters are not stopped.

brooks.

See that the roof gutters are not stopped up, and that they have a proper fall.

Not only tolerate but asplict the specific inspector who will visit; your premises once each week. Every citizes will benefit by whatever relief is obtained as a result of these inspections.

Watch your neighbor and report him if he violates the law.

CONSERVING THE CHILD. What is a baby worth? Who can answer this question? One scientist has tried to do so. He says a baby at birth is worth \$2,400.

This enormous loss is largely preventable.

They do things better in France, here the baby saving work started.

The decreasing birth-rate aroused the French to the need of child conservation.

They were first to establish pure milk supply stations and to educate mothers.

The health officers from England vis-

The health officers from England visited the French milk depote. They carried the idea home, as did the Germans, the Spanish and the Americane.

All the civilized cities in the world now recognize the need of child conser vation.
In Montreal Canada, they commoner ated the coronation of King George and

Queen Mary.

They did not exect a monument but established 15 milk stations for bables. This proved more popular, than the plan of having a \$2,000 fireworks' dis-

The milk stations have been the greathelp with their accompanying mo-

ther training.

In New York city about 300 dectors and trained morers are at work in the They form the official staff of the Di-

They form the official staff of the Drivision of Child Hygiene of the Municipal Health Department.

All the local child welfare agencies held in the baby saving campaign, which in New York city, has reduced the intent mortality rate 20 per cent, for the form success and the first success and the first success the form of the first success and the first success the first the four summer months.