ther an a Francisco skumba and

Are the strong points of

Its RICH, CLEAR COLOR, FRESH FRAGRANCE and DELICIOUS FLAVOR have made it hosts of friends. Are you one yet?

40c and 50c. At all live grocers.

Poor Clarence! I met him, melancholy and desperate, at Rouen, whence he had gone, as he confessed to me after a deal of coaxing, to forget "the only girl, I give you my word, Lucelle, I ever loved!" Poor Fitz! he is very much altered—for the better, I think; but he is still heartbroken, and, they tell me, mourns "Jeanne" in his sleep, and carries a lock of her hair. There, Vane, forgive me; you see I can't help teasing you, now, and, frankly, I cannot for the life of me, help smiling when I think of you. You, the first marquis in this land—the astute and worldly-wise Fern—seeks: and—the astute and worldly-wise Fern-dale—making love in disguise to a simple country girl, who was not so simple as not to know the marquis underneath the artist, and to secure her prize. They tell me you have chosen in direct

contradiction to your avowed tastes; dark eyes, dark hair, hasn't she? Oh, contradiction to you.

dark eyes, dark hair, hasn't she? Oh,
Vane! and once—"naught but the gold
and azure blue, were dreamed of in your
divinity." Well, may you happy be,
last Vane! It is easy for a man to be
For Vane! It is easy for a man to be
The contradiction to you.

as Vernon vane,
the sounds in Jeanne's ears at the accusation against a criminal before a stern, unyielding judge.

She looks at him for a moment questional properties of the standard properties of the contradiction to you. divinity." Well, may you happy be, dear Vane! It is easy for a man to be happy, for he can so easily forget. For us, poor women, well, the best we can hope for is to be allowed to glance sometimes at your happiness. Let me do so, Vane; I want to know your wife, and to make her love me, not half-heartedly, but altogether and for always. She can do that, I dare say, being a woman. Meanwhile, dear Vane, spare her, from your kisses, one for me! Lucelle. our kisses, one for me! Lucelle.. P. S.—By the way, do not forget that

I coaxed Clarence's secret from him, that it must be a secret from him, that it must be a secret still. I'm here at Leigh Court a week before my time; you know my old restlessness and sudden impulses! Besides, I had exhausted Paris. Adieu—no—au revoir!

Word by word, he reads on—not only reading but beging as it were the very

reading but hearing, as it were, the very voice, soft, insinuating, and languid, of the fashionable beauty. Word by word it arose and stung him. His face went white at times, and at others crimson Every taunt struck him home in his t and rankled. At last he raised head, and, crushing her delicate, scented note in his hands, exclaimed:

before the words had left his lips the demon of doubt was in his ear: "Is it a lie?" How did she look when she heard the news of his identity with the Marquis of Ferudale? He remembers now that she did not look surprised; troubled and agitated, perhaps,

Then—then—about Clarence Fitzjames? How often they used to be at the Park-how often they were together! Where had Fitzjames been that morning when he, Vane, had met him in the illage riding on the bay cob?

Doubt after doubt raised by the recollection of a dozen little circumstances, which were rendered significant by her accursed letter, arose to overwhelm him.

If it were true, then he had been fooled and deceived by a simple country girl. Yes, it must be true. Lucelle was too old a campaigner to rely on a lie.

however dextrously told, unless that lie could not be detected. Oh, Heaven! what if Jeanne did not

ve him for himself alone!
Softly at intervals floats out to him Jeanne's voice, singing its simple sea ballad. It is all about a ship "that sailed, and a gale that blew, and the waves that made a grave for hearts so

He can bear it no longer, but must get the truth. Crushing the letter in his burning hands, he goes to the drawing-

Jeanne hears his step, a slow, dragging step, as one going to meet his doom

ging step, as one going to meet its doon, and looks up with a smile.
"Have you finished your cigarette?" she says; "and I have just finished my she says: "and I have just timsned my song. Oh! how kind it was of you to think of painting that picture of the Sanay Bell for me, and —" She stops Narroy Bell for me, and —" She stops suddenly, startled by the pallor of his drawn face, that looks ghostly under its dark brow and heavy moustache. "Vernon!" she breathes, hurrying to him, "are you ill?" and her hand goes

his lips, he moves slightly ck, allowing her hand to fall from his "Wait!" he says hoarsely. "Do not

# CHAPTER XXII.

At those terrible words Jeanne shrinks ack, and looks at him as if she fears, he has gone mad, or that she has sud-donly taken leave of her own senses. Not only is his voice utterly changed, but his face has undergone some wonder-ful transformation. Five minutes ago she had looked around and seen him leaning against the balustrade of the terful lock of repost which a man wears who has dired well and has his newlyif with some suppressed emotion.

At the instant one of those wild, sud-

person? It is a fantastic thought, but it selzes her and readers her motionless.

deanns-to whom the world is as yet shadowy, indistinct land, of which she has not the vaguest knowledge-knows nothing of men, their moods and their

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE Poor Clarence! I met him, melan - ; she is confronting one of the Ferndale

speaks: "Jeanne," he says, and how differently

the name leaves his lips, that name which he was wont almost to sing, or so it seemed to Jeanne, "Jeanne, you have eceived me!" It is a simple thing to say, but said as Vernon Vane, Marquis of Ferndale, utters it, it sounds in Jeanne's ears as

tioningly, then her eyes droop.
Watching her with keen agony of fear and hope— the fear lest Lady Lucelle should be right, the hope that Jeanne will meet him with a denial and indignant question—watching her as if his life depended upon the answer her face shall give him, he notes that sud-

thetically, most men's hearts would have melted, most men's anger would have been turned aside, but in the bitterness of his disappointment, in the anguish of his own misery, Vane knows no pity

of his own misery, value knows no physicable.

"the Ferndale temper is inexplicable.

"I will," he says, "but you know! you have sold your soul for the worthless price of a title, you have bartered your honor and your truth for dross, you have lent yourself to deceit with the facility of the most unscrupulous woman of the world—you, the innocent, guileless child

I deemed you—to gain your end."

Jeanne's eyes, wide open and bewildered, are raised to his accusing ones. "Do you wish me to enter into the mean details?" he says, sternly. "Have you forgotten—do you think I forget what has passed? Do you think that I have lost all remembrance of your feigned surprise and ignorance when that nervous fool blundered out the title of the man you hod married?"

Jeanne starts, and puts one hand upon table which stands near her. "Do you forget how you humored my whim—as you no doubt deemed it!— and allowed me to think that I had carried out that whim successfully? Jeanne, can you look me in the face and tell me that you did not know that I was other than Vernon Vane, the arrist; that you did not know in marying me, you would deceit with the same than Vernon Vane, the arrist; that you did not know in marying me, you would write. did not know in marying me, you would be the Marchioness of Ferndale?"

be the Marchioness of Ferndale?"
As she stands with the subdued lights at the back of her, he cannot see her face distinctly, and as she remains silent, a wild hope rises within him.

"Jeanne,' he says, making a step toward her, and speaking with feverish eagerness, "Jeanne, tell me you did not

know it-tell mehe stops suddenly and the light ut of his face, for Jeanne lifts Lady Lucelle is-right.
"You knew it?" he says, almost inaud-

Yes," says Jeanne, "but-"

And she looks up eagerly; with a gesture he stops her.
"Spare me!" he says, "spare me and to her face.

yourself the mockery of some sophistical excuse. What can explain away such g against the balastrade of the terhis handsome face set in that peacebe of repost which a man wears
has direct which a bas his newlybride within reach. Now it is
and strained, haggard and working,
with some suppressed emotion,
the instant one of those wild, sudhoughts strike Jeanne's dazed brain
passe Vane, the lover and the lovhas gone forever, and this marquis
as the has married issente another
in It is a fantastic thought, but
the set and readers her motionless,
the deceit as you were guilty of? What can
he had not know
my identity? Fool—fool!? he mutters,
and working the fatal letter with
in the palms of his clinched hand. "Did
the palms of his clinched hand. "Did
to the palms of his clinched hand. "Did
to whom it work in the palms of his clinched hand."

As if his words were
the laughs sardonically.

"Go back!" he says. "Wi
all you have done? Will
reparation for your falsehou
go, will you leave me the Je
or only the remembrance ochioness whom I despise?"

As if his words were
the laughs sardonically.

"Go back!" he says.

"Win
or only the remembrance ochioness whom I despise?"

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you have done? Will
reparation for your falsehou
go, will you leave me the Je
or only the remembrance ochioness whom I despise?"

As if his words were
the laughs sardonically.

The laughs sardonically. the deceit I suffer by. Oh. child!" and her eyes Hasning; II there had been any he turns with outstretched hands toward Jeanne, "do you know what you have done? You have robbed me of my last hope—you have wrecked my life and your own. Your own. Oh. Jeanne, what back!" and she moves slightly. possions. Unles John is the sweetest your own. Your own. Oh, Jeanne, what tempered bixed that ever trod the earth, was there in the hollow bathle of a title Hal is but a boy, whose little outbursts and the glittering dross of wealth to of ill-temper are rather amusing than tempt you to falsehood and treachery? slience, the otherwise. How should she know that You were happy until I saw you and exclaims:

mpted you to be false to yourself and

"Yalse!" echoes Jeanne, and her voice quivers with anguish, "false."

"Yes, false," he says, vehemently; "you were false when you silently pertended to think that I was no other than I am. You were false when you led me to think you other than you were. I thought you loved the unknown, struggling artist, but you loved the marquis."

Jeanne's color comes and goes, gradually his meaning is dawning upon her. Hitherto she has stood overwhelemed by the passion of his acusation, scarcely knowing of what and how much she is charged, but slowly she realizes how base

charged, but slowly she realizes how base and ignoble and mercenary he deems her, Her color rises and falls, her eyes, open to their fullest, stare at him wildly.

"The marquis!" he repeats, passionate-ly; "the marquis, that was the magic word that won you; the penniless artist might have wooed in vain! You were cold enough until you knew the value of the prize—you scarcely threw me a word when we met; your smiles were re-served for Clarence Fitzjames until you served for Clarence Fitzjames until you knew that there was game worthier of your attention. You are all alike, old and young, gentle and simple. Heaven gives you fair faces and sweet, child-looks, and hearts that are old from your babyhood! Do you wonder that I am bitter? Am I too hard? Look at me! think how great a price I have lost. think how great a prize I have lost—I, who thought to have gained the pure, unselfish love of a heart unstained by

one ignoble thought, and consider how cruel the disappointment must be.
"Can you understand? I scarcely think you can. Think, then, how you would feel if you had learned that the title you had married for was but a sham—that there was on Marquis of Ferndale and that the man you had so well feigned to love was simple Vernon Vane! That is within the grasp of your imagination, I doubt not; child as you are, you can understand that. I tell you, then, that my disappointment is a thousand times more than yours would be in such a case, for I have lost the quest of my life, at a moment when I had conceived that I held it within my grasp. Yes, look upon your handiwork, and be satisfied!"

With the violence of a mountain torrent he pours out the passionate volume dale and that the man you had so well

rent he pours out the passionate volume of accusation and reproach, scarcely re-membering to whom he is speaking, communing with his own tortured heart rather than addressing the beautiful girl who stands speechless, watching him with distraught eyes and white face.

Stopped for want of breath, he turns to her:
"Did you ever pause to think upon indignant questions if it depended upon the his life depended upon the face shall give him, he notes that sudden droop, and smothers a groan.

"Yes," he says in a low voice, all the more terrible for its suppressed intensity, "you have deceived me. Are you satisfied?"

Jeanne raises her eyes; her face is yearne raises her eyes; her face is very pale and her lips quivering.

"I—I do not ûnderstand. Oh Vernon, "I—I do not ûnderstand. Oh Vernon, that has happened?" and she clasps her tering unction to your sould that my foolish passion would blind me to your deceit, and that the trick you had played would be condoned by a passing word would be condoned by a passing word. "Did you ever pause to think upon what a perilous undertaking you had set out? Did you hope that the truth would never reach me, and that I should not discover how hollow a joy I had won? Did you ever look forward to this mowhat has happened?" and she clasps her hands in timid entreaty.

"You do not understand?" he repeats.

"You are woman enough to know the meaning of a lie—"

Jeanne starts as if he had struck her—as indeed he had, to the heart.

"As well as passion would blind me to your demanded played would be condoned by a passing word in which the ingredients are biended with a clove or garlic. Unless one has yearne starts as if he had struck her—frank-faced girl whom I found playing frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit salads, should the juice of a lemon with the garden playing frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit salads, should the juice of a lemon with the garden playing frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit the garden played was Jeanne, the pure-hearted, frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit the garden played was Jeanne, the pure-hearted, frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit the garden played was Jeanne, the pure-hearted, frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit the garden played with a clove or garlic. Unless one has yearned played was Jeanne, the pure-hearted, frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit salads, should the juice of a lemon which the ingredients are biended with a clove or garlic. Unless one has yearned played was Jeanne, the pure-hearted, frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit salads, should the juice of a lemon which the ingredients are biended with a clove or garlic. Unless one has yearned played was Jeanne, the pure-hearted, frank-faced girl whom I found playing the properties of the pure-hearted played was Jeanne, the pure-hearted played with a clove or garlic. Unless one has yearned played with a clove or garlic. Unless one has yearned played with a clove or garlic. Unless one has yearned played with a clove or garlic. Unless one has yearned played with a clove or garlic unless the pure-hearted played with a clove or garlic unless one has yearned played with a clove or garlic unless one has yearned played with a clove or garlic unless one has yearned played meaning of a lie—"

Jeanue starts as if he had struck her—as indeed he had, to the heart.

"For all your seeming, child-like innocence, you know how to deceive with the acutest of your sex. You know the maning of a lie, and the value of it."

Sie looks up to speak to remonstrate, but the words die on her lips, struck dumb by the intense bitterness of his haggard face and flashing eyes.

"Are you satisfied?" he repeats. "You have won your game—are you satisfied?"

Jeanne finds words at last.

"Tell me," she says, and her voice sounds strained and unnatural, "tell me at the say and fronts her, the light of yeight of the carefully drained to prevent dressing is generally used for green vegetables. A boiled dressing is that which the ingredients are cooked, "with the next word and share and share and share and finds her voice.

"Marry him!" she says, almost inaudibly.

"A boiled dressing is that the said of the light of vegetables. A boiled dressing is that which the ingredients are cooked, "with the next which the ingredients are cooked, "with the next when I have a done."

"Tell me," she says, and her voice sounds strained and unnatural, "tell me at the said of the said, allowed was Jeanue, and have married that other dressing is generally used for green vegetables. A boiled dressing is that the ingredients are cooked, "with the ingredients are cooked, "with the next bear to a child in the take the place of vinegar—thouga it take the place of vinegar—tho

the Jeanne of the last few months— yielding, gentle, loving and softened— seems to give place to the old frank, independent girl in whom lies—latent if you will—the price of a lofty race. It is the old Jeanne that speaks, Jean-ne before love came and conquered her, and the passion and pride in that "No!"

are as inetnse and as marked as his own. "Do you not deny it?" he says, mad-dened more by the very absence of the denial, for he has hoped that at least that part of my Lady Eucelle's letter is false. "You do not deny it, and not one word of this did you tell me. Heaven! what fools you make of us! I, who dreamed that I had won the love of one I, who utterly ignorant of the meaning of the word. You came to me with his love vows ringing in your ears. Came to me with the placid smile and winning artlessness of a child—Heaven! that such deceit should wear so swet a face!

With a groan, he flings himself into a chair, but he starts up the next moment with a harsh, bitter kugh.

"And I—I poured out my confession of my former life and loves, deeming the concealment a sin against one so pure and innocent. I made mention of my past; while you—you were hiding within

the heart that nestled against mine, a love-tale that had been whispered nears, not months, but weeks—days ag dies out of his face, for Jeanne lifts Jeanne, you were wise! You feared to her head, and he sees in her eyes that ed it. Are you happy?"

Jeanne looks up, as he extends a hand Jeanne looks up, as he extends a hand to her with a bitter laugh; looks up,then

to her face.

"Let me go home—let me go home!" she moans.

He laughs sardonically.

"Go back!" he says. "Will that heal all you have done? Will that make reparation for your falsehood? If you go, will you leave me the Jeanne I love, or only the remembrance of the marchioness whom I despise?"

As if his words were the knotted

As if his words were the knotted thongs of an actual scourge, she starts Then she draws herself to her full height, and looks at him, her lips set, her eyes flashing; if there had been any

were the knotted

He looks at her for a moment in another by oppression has a character or silence, then, with a harsh laugh, he civilization which can stand the test of

"No! Why should you? After all, we are but as many others. One man in a thousand, one woman in a thousand, marries for love; the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine are ontent with the shadow and semblance. Why should you go—"

Jeanne shrank back with a look of baryor on her face.

"Twill got she says, moving toward the door.

"Stop!" he says, and his voice is as hard as steel, and as unrelenting. "You forget. As the wife of Vernon Vane, you might have left your husband of an hour, your home of a day, and the world have been little the wiser, and none the worse; but you have married the Marquis of Ferndale. With your coronet you purchased responsibilities. From this day forth every act of yours is known and commented on. You cannot go back without setting the dogs of the newspapers on your track. You have wronged me; will you add to that wrong the additional injury of scandal? This house has hitherto been free from the shadow of scandal; will you set the fongue of every servant wagging, and the statement of the statement tongue of every servant wagging, and the country agape, by leaving your home on your wedding night?"

the country agape, by leaving your nome on your wedding-night?"

Coldly, with cruel distinctness, he appeals to her. The madness still holds possession of him, and renders him merciless, both to her and himself. (To be continued.)

# KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

If you want to keep your children hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather months, give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will prevent all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, which carry off so many little ones during the hot summer months, or it will cure these troubles if they come on unexpectedly. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles, because it always does good and can because it always does good and can never do harm, as it is guaranteed free from opiates and harmful drugs. It is good for children at every stage from birth onward, and will promptly cure all their minor ailments. Mrs. J. J. McFarlane, Aubrey, Que., says: "My baby was troubled with colic until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and they promptly cured him. Now when he is a little out of sorts, I give him a dose of Tablets, and they promptly bring him back to his usual health." You can get the Tablets from your druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville,

### THE SUMMER SALAD.

A Few Hints on How to Serve the Dish.

The success of a salad depends upon having the vegetables thoroughly dry. yet fresh and crisp, and not adding meat or dressing until ready to serve. Many cooks prefer to omit onions from

for meat, fish and some varieties of vegetables. A boiled dressing is that in which the ingredients are cooked, passion blazing in his eyes.

"Ah," he says, "that touches you. You see I know it all. Will you deny that he loved you, that he offered to make you his wife?"

"Ab," he says, "that touches you. You and butter or cream is substituted for oil; and the cream dressing is that in which cream is the basis. In combining the cheese or eggs with salads, if the vegesee I know it all. Will you deny that he loved you, that he offered to make you his wife?"

Jeanne looks at him steadily; her face is very pale, but her eyes are flashing.

"No!" she says, not inaudibly now, though not loudly.

"No!" she repeats, and as she does so the Least Park and as she does so decorating salads thickening the water in which various vegetables have been cooked with gela-tine. Season with salt, pepper and onion, tine. Season with salt, pepper and onion, and, if transparent jelly is desired, add

the white of an egg before straining through a cloth.

A salad suitable for luncheon or supper is made from the cooked livers of several chickens, or half a yound of calves' liver boiled with a dozen personal a half inch oif bay leaf. through a cloth. percorns and a half inch oif bay leaf.

The meat should be put through a fine chopper or grated over lettace leaves and the salad dressing served separate-ly. Cold, cooked fish makes an appely. Cold, cooked his makes cups tizing salad, served in tomato cups cucumber boats placed in lettuce nests and topped with a spoonful of mayon-naise. If the supply of fish is a little scant, add one cold, boiled potato, Cooked spinach, seasoned with salt-Cooked spinach, seasoned with salt, pepper, and a French dressing, makes a piquant salad. Chop fine, pack in tiny molds, garnish with hard-boiled eggs and cress and serve with additional dressing. -July Pilgrim.

# Something About Marie,

Marie Corelli is of mingled Scotch and [ cion, there is a belief, that the Spaniards Italian blood. She was adopted by Charles Mackay, the song writer and did not do the sinking. itterateur, and brought up during childhood in England. She was afterward sent to France and educated in a convent, where she received, with other in struction, a first-class musical training She commenced to write an elaborate around her, as if seeking some refuge from his mad passion. But there is none. With a low cry she throws up her arms when face.

With a low cry she throws up her arms and Juliet," "Rosalind" and "Desmeo and "Rosalind" and "Ro opera when barely 14. Her first atdemona." Her adopted father had in-tended to fit her entirely for a musical career, but a curious psychical exper-ience occurring to her, personally, caused her to write "The Romance of Two Worlds," which was an instant success, nd from that time she devoted herself to literature. She has never, however abandoned her love for music, and i proficient on the piane and mandolin. She has published many successful books, including "Vendetta," "Thelma," "Ardath," and "The Master Christian." She lated in such a place. is unmarried and resides at Stratfordon-Avon.

Oppression Suicidal. Booker T. Washington is right when he says "The oppressors are lost." No race which needs to protect itself from

# **CURRENT COMMENT**

The Japanese peace envoys have al- canoes and rowboats. The large propor ready had to contradict some lurid tion of these accidents were the stories told by New York reporters. If of carelessness or thoughtlessness on the they hope to set that crowd right, they part of the occupants of the boats. Far will be kept busy.

New York paper-hangers are trying to organize as a separate body, with the object of restoring old scales under which be a paper-hanger?

Perhaps those people who say they in her demands for indemnity may not sea without objections being raised to be far wrong. If anybody else inter- the process. Indeed, we fancy that the feres, Britain is by treaty bound to see attempt to close it would probably be her plucky little ally through.

The Tanners' Combine has put up the nearly a closed sea by nature—almost as price of hides "owing to the war in much so as the Mediterranean. The Manchuria." Well, that is almost as good | channel by which it opens into the North an excuse as if it had said the in- Sea runs between Denmark on the west crease was because of the eclipse of the and that southerly tip of Sweden on the sun, or the Peary raid on the Pole. It east which used to be caled Skania. The will hit the consumer just as hard.

Chauncey M. Depew is a director in counting the Equitable, from which he retired. In most of these he must be only a sleeping partner, as no man could give attention to such a variety of in- of a toll, but in the following century terests.

It has been decided that under the resent Sunday laws farmers are not prohibited from laboring on Sunday. This is immaterial. The farmer has a certain amount of necessary work to do every Sunday, and few there are who care to do more on that day.

Iowa has 46,000 more men than women, and the spinsters are said to be a little "stuck on themselves." Meanwhile the school ma'ams of New England, who are 4 per cent. short of material for husbands, think of spending their holidays in that state when it's not the close sea-

It is believed that the operators of stand to lose heavily. We hope the be lief is well founded. There will be lit be willing to do so. tle sympathy with those who enter such conspiracies against the public and gamble with the foodstuffs of the coun-

ing in Value.

Skins of wild animals are daily becoming more rare and valuable. The spread of civilisation is the extermination of the monarchs of the plain, the forest, the jungle and the hills, and their hildes now ornament many a musuem, clubhouse and drawing room. The skin for the lion, the king of beasts, is the hay crop has been so heavy it was difficult to harvest it.

Eleanor J. Omphalus, of Buffalo, sued Harry Copeland for \$500, the alleged value of one single little kiss and hug. After hearing the evidence, seeing the plaintiff and thinking over the matter for several days, Judge Hammond distance of the plain, the forest, the jungle and the hills, and their hildes now ornament many a musuem, clubhouse and drawing room. The skin of the lion, the king of beasts, is the skin of the full grown lion is about three yards long and one and one-half yards wide. Its hair is neither bright nor pretty, but its great shagey mane crowns it like a lare jewel and makes it valuable. The skin of the lion, and by too, reveals the claim of the most counted the claim 92 per cent., treating the evidence, seeing the plaintiff and thinking over the matter for several days, Judge Hammond distance of the plain the induce protocted. The skin of the lion, and by too, reveals the claim of the lion, and by too, reveals the claim of the lion, and by too, reveals the claim of the lion, and by too, reveals the skin of the lion, and by too, reveals the claim of the lion, and by too, reveals the stripes and its white belly tell of the stealthy nature of the great can.

The American jaguar turnishes a pretty pell, its fur being light yellow with black spats. The skin of the black or the Canadian bear is the most common. The polar bear sup-

counted the claim 92 per cent, treating it as a sort of special bargain day deal, added \$1.20 for costs, and let Harvey off for \$41.20. It was a big discount. But think of all the unkissed kisses available for which the tender of cold cash would be period.

think of all the unkissed kisses available for which the tender of cold cash would be an insult!

We still hold the opinion expressed when this project was announced. That is, that while the United States no doubt has a fuil legal right to leave the wreck [of the Maine] where it is, an unsightly obstacle and nuisance in a foreign hertor, to be disposed of in any way which the Cubans may see fit to adopt in order to get rid of it, a measure of moral obligation rests upon the United States to see that the remains of the ill-fated vessel receive proper and fitting burial in the clean waters of the Gulf Stream.—

The clean water so the Gulf Stream.—

The clean waters of the Gulf Stream.—

The clean water succeeded with the fur on for any long period.

The American black wolf skin, with white spots so not its snout and breast, is admired by some people. The Siberia wolf furnishes a fine, soft fur skin. Among farmer lads in the country it is popular to catch foxes the wint country it is popular to catch foxes at fine, soft fur skin. Among farmer lads in the spots on its snout and breast, is admired by some people. The Siberia wolf with white spots on its snout and breast, is admired by some people. The Siberia wolf with spots on its snout and breast, is admired by some people. The Siberia wolf with spots on its snout and breast, waters of the Gulf Stream .-

New York Sun.

A moral obligation also rests upon the United States to see what caused the vessel to sink to the bottom of Havana harbor. Among a great many people harbor. Among a great many people there is something stronger than a suspi-

The dummy telephone is the latest accessory to the bucket shop. Inquiry into the failure of J. H. Mansfield & Co., New York, shows that a dummy apart for the women customers. The telephone had a mechannical buzzer, which was set in action whenever the receiver was raised. Whenever the women receiver was raised. Whenever the women tire day in the open, and yet at the same patrons gave orders, they were promtly time is guarded from the troubles and realisticaly transmitted over the dangers of outdoor child life in other and realisticaly transmitted over the dangers dummy telephone, the ends of whose wires were simply concealed under the Indian idea of strapping the papoose into a carpet. A good many of the fleeced a carrying case, but the Lapp baby has creditors who call at the office refuse that its limbs are unconfined and a certo give their names, not being willing to let the public know that they specu- afforded.

Beware of the water. The Toronto News says that within the last thirty days the Toronto daily papers have recorded no fewer than twenty-one boating accidents in which fifteen persons lost their lives, while twenty-eight more narrowly escaped the same fate. These ho

too many accidents occur simply because people persist in standing up or changing seats while on the water. Perhaps some day a boat or a canoe will be built which will not capsize when a person they made \$50 a week. Who wouldn't does either of the above two things. Meanwhile beware of the water.

We do not think that Kaiser Wilhelm uspect that John Bull is behind Japan will succeed in making the Baltic a closed resisted with all the force Great Britain could bring to bear. The Baltic Sea is sea is about 900 miles long and from 75 to 200 wide, and, inclusive of the Gulfs of eventy-two different companies, not Bothnia, Riga and Finland, has an area of about 150,000 square miles. In the thirteenth century Denmark undertook to exclude at her discretion foreign ves sels or to exact from them the payment the Hanseatic League defied it, took Copenhagen, subjected Denmark temporarily to a sort of vassalage and maintained its own ascendancy in the Baltic for nearly three hundred years. Later, however, for three centuries Denmark levied tolls on shipping in the shape of Sound dues, now abolished. It is not to be supposed that Great Britain will consent to any arrangement that would restore them. She has maintained the freedom of the Mediterranean and opened the short route to the East via the Suez Canal, and it is likely that if the Kaiser or any other sovereign attempts to bar her way into the Baltic Sea he will have to be able to advance such arguments as will convince British seamen and gunners. Not even Russia, Sweden, Denmark and the big July wheat corner at Winnipeg Germany combined dare try that; and it does not yet appear that Denmark would

# SKIN OF WILD ANIMALS.

Many Are Becoming Scarce and Increasing in Value.

Some skins of Manchurian tigers are also

Raising the Young Lapps

Little Laplanders spend the first few months of their existence in baskets of wickerwork, provided at the top with a conical framework too close for the baby to fall through and yet giving the infant

plenty of light and air.

Before comemncing her work for the day the Lapp mother places her child in the basket and hangs it on the limb of

The basket idea curiously parallels the

The child is carried from place to place in the same basket, the cord by which it is attached to a tree being slung the shoulder.

This English Language. (Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"Ah, your language! Eet ees so difficult."

"What is the matter, count?"

"First zis novel eet say ze man was ushorsed."

accidents occurred in small sailing boats, "Zen it say he was cowed."