who had married a princess of a great

house and had felt able to offer Count-

ess Ellenburg no more than a morgan

atic union. The work his marriage had

egun his son's was to complete. The

make its rank acknowledged and se-

## Sophy of Kravonia.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

(Continued.)

## Chapter Thirteen

last of the transparenci died out. The dim and infrequent oil lamps alone lit up the Street of the Fountain and St. Michael's square. They reveled still down at the Hotel de Paris, whither Max von Hollbrandt and a dozen others had hurried with the news of the evening's great event. But here, on the borders of the old north quarter, all grew stillthe Golden Lion empty, the townsmen to their beds, the soldiers to barracks, full of talk and fears and threats. Yet a light still burned in the round room in the keep of Suleiman's tower, and the commandant's servant still expected his royal master. Peter Vassip, a sturdy son of Volseni, had no apprehensions, but he was very sleepy, and he and the sentries were the only men awake. "One might as well be a soldier at once!" he grumbled, for the men of the hills did not esteem the regular army so high as it rated itself.

The commandant lingered in the Street of the Fountain. Sergius Stefanovitch was half a Bourbon, but it was the intellectual half. He had the strong, concentrated, rather narrow mind of a Bourbon of before the family decadence. On it his training at Vienna had grafted a military precision, perhaps a pedantry, and no little added scorn of what men called lib. He paused. "And in peace-yes, I erty and citizens called civil rights. What rights had a man against his men from Volseni to serve the guns." country? His country was in his king. His voice had grown vindictive. "Steand to the king the army was his supreme instrument. So ran his public himself again and spoke to her earcreed, his statesman's instinct. But nestly. "Listen. This fellow Mistitch beside the Bourbon mother was the is a great hero with the soldiers and Kravonian father, and behind him the the mob. When I have him shot, as I long line of mingled and vacillating for shall, not on my own account-I could have killed him tonight-but for the tunes which drew descent from Stefan, sake of discipline, there will very likelord of Praslok, and famous reiver of lowland herds. In that stock the tem- ly be a disturbance. What you did toperament was different-indolent to night will be all over the city by to-

excess sometimes, ardent to madness at others, moderate seldom.

And for any young man the fight in the fantastically illuminated night, the at once, or, if that's not possible or virgin with the broken lamp, a near safe, come to me in Suleiman's tower, touch of the scythe of death and a girl's and I'll send for Marie Zerkovitch too. white face at the window? Behind the commandant's stern wrath-nav. beside and soon before it for the moment dazzling his angry eyes came

the bright gleams of romance.

He knew who lodged at the sign of the Silver Cock. Marie Zerkovitch was his friend, Zerkovitch his zealous follower. The journalist was back now from the battlefields of France and was writing articles for the Patriot, the leading paper of Slavna. He was deep in the prince's confidence, and his little house on the south boulevard often goes fishing. He's remarkably fond of received this distinguished guest. The prince had been keen to hear from Zerkovitch of the battles, from Marie of the life in Paris. With Marie's tale came the name and what she knew of the story of Sophie de Gruche. Yet always, in spite of her praises of her friend. Marie had avoided any opportunity of presenting her to the prince. Excuse on excuse she made, for his curiosity ranged around Casimir de Savres' bereaved lover. "Oh, I shall meet her some day, all the same," he had said, laughing, and Marie doubted whether her reluctance—a reluctance to herself strange-had not missed its mark inflaming an interest which it had meant to balk. Why this strange reluctance? So far it was proved baseless. His first encounter with the lady of the red star-Casimir's poetical sobriquet had passed Marie's lips-had been supremely fortunate.

From the splash of blood to the broken virgin, from the broken virgin to the open window and the dark room behind, his restless glances sped. Then came swift, impulsive decision. He caught up the bronze figure and entered the porch. He knew Meyerstein's shop and that from it no staircase led to the upper floor. The other door was his mark, and he knocked on it, raising first with a cautious touch, then more resolutely, the old brass hand with hospitably beckoning finger which served for knocker. Then he listened for a footstep on the stairs. If she

came not, the venturesome night went ungraced by its crowning adventure. He must kiss the hand that saved him before he slept.

The door opened softly. In the deep shadow of the porch, on the winding, windowless staircase of the old house, it was pitch dark. He felt a hand put in his and heard a low Raising the voice saying, "Come, old brass monseigneur." From hand which first to last, both in

served for speech and in writing, she called him by that title and by none other. Without a word he followed her, picking his steps. till they reached her room. She led him to the chair by the window. The darkness was somewhat less dense

there. He stood by the chair. "The lamp's broken, and there's only one match in the box," said Sophy with a low laugh, "Shall we use it now or when you go, monseigneur?" "Light it now. My memory rather than my imagination!"

She struck the match. Her face came upon him white in the darkness, with the mark on her cheek a dull red, but her eyes glittered. The match flared | and died down.

"It is enough. I shall remember." "Did I kill him?" "I don't know whether he's killed-

he's badly hurt. This lady here is pretty heavy." "Give her to me. I'll put her in her place." She took the figure and set it perament and pursuits, he had, none again on the window sill. "And the the less, considerable affection for him. But there was more than this. With big man who attacked you?"

"Mistitch? He'll be shot." "Yes." she agreed, with calm, unquestioning emphasis.

"You know what you did touight?" "I had the sense to think of the man-'n the porch." "You saved my life."

Sophy gave a laugh of triumph. "What will Marie Zerkovitch say to "She's my friend, too, and she's told

us to meet." "She thinks I bring bad luck."
"She'll have to renounce that heresy now." He felt for the chair and sat down, Sophy leaning against the win-

me all about you, but she didn't want

low sill. "Why did they attack you?" He told her of the special grudge which Mistitch and his company had against him and added: "But they all hate me except my own fellows from Volseni, I have a hundred of them in Suleiman's tower, and they're stanch enough."

"Why do they hate you?". "Oh, I'm their schoolmaster, and a very strict one, I suppose, or, if you like, the pruning knife, and that's not popular with the rotten twigs." "There are many rotten

Will you promise? You must run no

"Or if you ought to be?" he insisted,

"Well, then-or if I ought to be," she

promised, joining in his laugh. "But

"My ,father likes me. We're good

friends. But, 'like father, unlike son,'

they say of the Stefanovitches. I'm a

martinet, they tell me. Well, he-isn't,

Nero fiddled-you remember? The king

you're committed to our side now."

man's tower, and perhaps some old

men who have seen war. But at Vol-

seni and among the hills they're with

forward to the window. "Oh. no: vou're

rein, drawing back into himself.

unless the streets are quite quiet."

at 10 o'clock," she remonstrated,

"Nobody knows my face."

"Ah, yes," he said meditatively.

like yours. Again thanks, and good

the street to St. Michael's square. The

night had brightened a little, and she

could make out his figure, although

dimly, until he turned the corner and

was lost to sight. She lingered for a

moment before turning to go back to

her room-lingered musing on the even-

Chapter (3

Fourteen 2

I ING ALEXIS was minded that

be made of Sophy's service to his family. It had been her

fortune to protect a life very precious

in his eyes. Alien from his son in tem-

feeling of a nature otherwise easy and

all proper recognition should

"You have to do that?"

gneur."

vell"

night.

ing's history.

ger? You'll act on it?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

Who else is with you?"

reviewed his scanty forces.

impatiently.

"I'll come if I'm afraid."

the king-isn't he with you?"

laughing again.

risk."

She heard his hands fall on the wooden arms of the tured his look

Countess Ellenburg closed her long. | c of despair. "All narrow eyes. Everything about her was memory, and gloomy forebodings She struck the match. -almostall, It's long and narrow, from her eyes to her the future. not their fault. What can you expect? They're encouraged to laziness and to riot, They have no good rifles. The city is left defenseless. I have no big guns." He broke suddenly into a low laugh, "There-that's what Zerkovitch calls my fixed idea. He declares it's

written on my heart-big guns!" "If you had them you'd be master?" tude too high." He glanced around to Markart and called good humoredly, manson, Bates & Co., Toronto. "I could make some attempt at a defense, anyhow. At-least we could cover a retreat to the hills if war came." "You, Markart there, a chair for this should be master of Slavna. I'd bring Markart got a chair. Stenovics took offer it to Sophy, but the king rose, prescription. After some small talk took it and, with a low bow, presented he asked, quite incidentally: novics knows that, I think." He roused it to the favored object of his grati-

tude. Sophy courtesied low: the king waited till she sat. Countess Ellenburg bea smile of win-

they did not they were attacking." There was a moment's silence. Sophy was still nervous in such company, get lonesome? She was also uneasily conscious of a Eva-Oh, well, if we do we hug most intense gaze directed at her by the shore.-Chicago News.

age him. I tell you all this because "They knew the prince?" he asked "Yes; I'm committed to your side. sharply. was dark." "Not in the street, sir. The illumina-"In Slavna? Nobody! Well, the Zerkovitches and my hundred in Sulei-

tions lit it up." "But they were very drunk." "They may have been drunk, but -Chicgoa News. they knew the prince. Captain Mis-

me." Again he seemed to muse as he | titch called him by his name." "Stenovics!" The king's voice was "I wish we had another match. I full of surprise and question as he want to see your face close," said So- turned to his minister. The general phy. He rose, with a laugh, and leaned | was surprised, too, but very suave. "I can only say that I hear Mile. de nothing but a blur still" she exclaimed Gruche's words with astonishment Our accounts are not consistent with Suddenly the prince awoke from his what she says. We don't, of course,

reverie—perhaps from a dream. To So- lay too much stress on the protestaphy he gave the impression, as he was tions of the two prisoners, but Lieuto give it more than once again, of a tenant Rastatz is clear that the street man pulling himself up, tightening the was decidedly dark and that they all three believed the man they encounter "I linger too long," he said. "My ed to be Colonel Stafnitz of the Husduty lies at the tower yonder. I've sars. That officer much resembles his thanked you badly, but what thanks royal highness in height and figure. In more American. can a man give for his life? We shall the dark the difference of uniform meet again. I'll arrange that with would not be noticed, especially by Marie Zerkovitch. You'll remember men in their condition." He addressed what I've told you to do in case of dan- Sophy: "Mistitch had an old quarrel with Stafnitz. That's the true origin of the affair." He turned to the king He sought her band, kissed it and again, "That is Rastatz's story, sir, as then groped his way to the stairs. So well as Mistitch's own, though Mistitch phy went with him down to the porch. is, of course, quite aware that his most "Be careful to lock your door," he en- unseemly and, indeed, criminal talk at joined her, "and don't go out tomorrow the Golden Lion seriously prejudices his case. But we have no reason to

"Oh, but I've a French lesson to give distrust Rastatz." "Lieutenant Rastatz ran away only because he was afraid," Sophy re-"I have to make my living, monsel- marked,

"He ran to bring help, mademoiselle," Stenovics corrected her, with a look of "Well, slip out quietly and wear a gentle reproach. "You were naturally excited," he went on. "Isn't it poss ble that your memory has played you "Wear a veil. People notice a face a trick? Think carefully. Two men's lives may depend on it."

"I heard Captain Mistitch call the Sophy peered out from the porch and prince 'Sergius Stefanovitch,'" said watched his quick, soldierly march up Sophy,

(To be Continued.)

A Hazardous Undertaking We've accident insurance cos. Which pay for lots of harms That come to mortals-broken toes
And broken legs and arms—
But won't it mak, the money go
When clever Cupid staris
An accident insurance co. To pay for broken hearts?

How She Knew. "I do think," exclaimed Mrs. Tolker indignantly, "that Mrs. Gadabout is the most aggravatingly inquisitive Why, I never pass her on the street but what she invariably turns her head and stares back at me to see what I've

got on and how it sits from behind." "How-er-that is, I was wondering. my dear, how you found out that the mean thing looked back. Some one tell you?" inquired Mr. Tolker innocently. And Mrs. Tolker straightway turned the stream of her indignation, seething hot, from Mrs. Gadabout to her "insinuating wretch of a husband." as she fondly termed him, and after the the prince was bound up the one strong first pyrotechnic outburst refused to speak to the fortunate man for the rest careless. The king might go fishing of the evening.—New York Press.

## on most lawful days, but it was always a Stefanovitch who fished—a prince Nervous People

SALT OF THE EARTH But when overstrained their highly royal house of Kravonia was still on its promotion. It lay with the prince to strung systems give way and depression and suffering

is intense.

Thus Sophy's action loomed large fr Money is made these days at the xpense of brain and nerve rather the king's eyes, and he was indolently indifferent to the view taken of it in than muscular tissues. the barrack rooms and the drinking The successful men and women are

thanked her in terms of almost over-whelming gratitude.

"You have preserved the future of my family and of our dynasty," he said.

"It he hervous sufferer. When as a matter of fact his sufferings are most intense being of mind as well as body. Headaches neuralgia, indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability, pains and cramps are often the lesser felt because of the depressed spirits and dis-couragements which come with loss of

The sufferer from nervous exhausviews, taking in on the way her nose and her chin. Stenovics glanced at her with a smile of uneasy propitiation. It was so particularly important to be was so particularly important to be

gracious just now-gracious both over the preservation of the dynasty and the preservation of the dynasty and therein the preservation of the dynasty and therein the preservation from this great the preservation of the dynasty and the preservation from the great the preservation of the dynasty and the preservation of the dynasty and the preservation from the great the preservation of the dynasty and over its preserver.

"No gratitude can be too great for such a service, and no mark of gratisuch a service, and no mark of gratistructor of the wasted nervous sys-

A man met a doctor he knew one morning, and being one type of graftit from him and himself prepared to er, he thought to work him for free

> "Doctor, what would you give for a sore throat?" "Nothing," replied the docter, promptly, for he knew his man, "I don't want a sore throat."-New York

Times. try congratula-tion.

"But for you table Pills are small but they are effective in action. Their fine qualities as a corrector of stomach troubles are might, or, rath- known to thousands and they are in would, I constant demand everywhere by those constant demand everywhere by those who know what a safe and simple remedy they are. They need no introduction to those acquainted with them, but to those who may not know them they are presented as the best preparation on the market for disorders of the stomach.

Eva-Yes, we bachelor girls often know whom give a yachting party and never think of taking a man along. Jack-Well, Well. Don't you ever

General Stenovics, but she spoke out.
"They knew perfectly well, sir," she Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

"Why do you say that? It "Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, "Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, every cistern of water is liable to be examining the coin "but this quarter a source of blood poisoning. Mice, is counterfeit." "Is that so?" exclaimed the other

"Oh, well, keep it for your honesty." The microscope in the hands of ex-

perts employed by the United States Government has revealed the fact that a bouse fly sometimes carries thousands of disease germs attached to its continuous use of hairy body. The continuous use of Wilson's Fly Pads will prevent all danger of infection from that source by killing both the germs and the

Why did they used to call writers of occasional verse fugitive poets?"-asked the Sweet Young Thing of her urnalistic lover. "I suppose," replied the latter, because the editors of those times got after 'em with bloodhounds."-Balti-

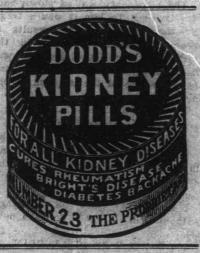
Corns are caused by the pressure of tight boots, but no one need be trou-bled with them when so simple a word remedy as Holloway's Corn Cure is available.

The suburbanite was entertaining a friend who followed the sea. Showing him his room after his arrival, the host noticed that there was but one ways and up and down a few times, to decipher its impression would defy even Sherlock Holmes. pillow on the bed. "By the way, captain," he asked,

"do you use more than one pillow?" "Well, I use one for my head," relied the captain, "and one for a ship-

"Shipwife! What in the world is

"It's evident that you're a landsman. Every sailorman knows what a shipwife is. It's an extra pillow placed under the legs or arms to ease the po-sition. It isn't so necessary on land, where you have a wide, comfortable bed, but it's almost a necessity at sea, where you are cramped up in a narrow berth, with no room to stretch. Any one who has been at sea for a long period knows what a shipwife is. We get so used to using one that we're not fully at home on land unanother pillow for a shipwife, John." -New York Press.



W. N. U. No. 753.

"DIZZY'S" STORY.

Lord Rosebery Tells of a Tale by the Great Beaconsfield. Lord Rosebery, in his life of Wil

liam Pitt, the younger, relates an excellent story that he himself heard from the lips of Lord Beaconsfield. The anecdote cannot be better related than in the author's own words:
"Mr. Disraeli," he writes, "in the
more genial and less majestic days before 1874, used to tell a sardonic story of this time. When he first entered Parliament he used often to dine at the House of Commons, where the barrack rooms and the drinking shops of Slavna. Two days after Mistitch's attempt he received Sophy at the palace with every circumstance of compliment. The prince was not present—he made military duty an excuse—but Countess Ellenburg and her little son were in the room, and General Stenovics, with Markart in attendance, stood beside the king's chair.

See the loss of Slavna. Two days after Mistitch's attempt he received Sophy at the palace with every circumstance of compliment. The prince was not present—he made military duty an excuse—but Countess Ellenburg and her little son were in the room, and General Stenovics, with Markart in attendance, stood beside the king's chair.

See the loss of Commons, where he was generally served by a grim old waiter of prehistoric reputation, who was supposed to possess a secret treasure of political tradition. The young member sought by every gracious art to win his confidence and partake of these stories. One day the energy and vigor are regained.

Rest helps so does fresh air and exercise, but the blood must also be made rich and red by use of such last words were?

but Countess Ellenburg and her little son were in the room, and General Stenovics, with Markart in attendance, stood beside the king's chair.

Sophy saw a tall, handsome, elderly man, with thick iron gray hair most artfully arranged. The care of it was no small part of the duty of Lepage, the king's French body servant. His majesty's manners were dignified, but not formal. The warmth of greeting which he had prepared for Sophy was evidently increased by the impression her appearance made on him. He thanked her in terms of almost overbring some of your pork pies down to Mr. Pitt at Putney." So I went; to Mr. Pitt at Putney." So I went; and as he drove along he told me that Mr. Pitt had not been able to take any food, but had suddenly said, "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies." And so I was sent for post-haste. When we arrived Mr. Pitt was dead. Them was his last words: to Lord Blank of England. As he was smoking, he said to Lord Blank, "Will you have a ci-"I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies".'

> Exasperating the Officer. A recruiting officer, who is of a rathrecruits just brought in by the ser-

Officer (to first recruit)-"What's your name?" Recruit-"Watt, sir." Officer-"What is your name?" Recruit-"Watt, sir." Officer (impatiently)-"What's your Recruit-'My name is Watt, sir-

Officer-"Humph! Where do you come from? Recruit—"Ware, sir."
Officer—"Yes, where do you come

from?" Recruit-"I come from the town of Ware, sir." officer—"Oh, that'll do." Turning to second recruit. "What's your name?" Recruit: "Mee, sir." Officer-"Yes, you. What's your

Recruit: "Mee, sir." Officer (by this time fairly out of temper and evidently thinking the man was working a joke, shouted)—the rest. "Just like me." cried Adele. "Will you give me your name?"
Recruit—"My name, sir, is John

Officer—"Humph! And where do you come from?" Recruit—"Hoo, sir."
Officer—"Confound it, you, sir;
where do you come from?"
Recruit—"Hoo, sir."
Officer—"Well, if ever——"

Sergeant (interposing)-"The man omes from the village of Hoo, near Chatham, sir

A Simple Water Test. All drinking water should be tested After dining, the restaurant patron there are other impurities besides sewage which are quite as deadly, and rats and other pests must have water and many a case of typhoid is set up by such as these falling into the cistern and remaining there for months in a decomposed state. To detect this impure condition is very simple and unfailing. Draw a tumbler of water at night, put a piece of white lump sugar into it and place it on the kitchen mantel shelf or anywhere that degrees F. In the morning the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear. It contaminated by sewage or other impurities the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test, well known

in chemistry. Blotting Pads and Secrets. The ability to read backward what has been impressed on a blotting pad and the secrets which the latter will vield when reflected in a mirror are dangers against which the foreign ofdangers against which the foreign office has its precautions. It was the
last place where pepper casters of
sand were used to dry the written
word, and for a time black blotting
paper was specially manufactured and
used, but it was found not to be absolutely mark proof, so that absorbent
rollers were introduced for blotting
diplomatic documents. When such a diplomatic documents. When such a roller has been run over letters side

The Proud Man. He was a proud man—proud of his family, so he would not disgrace it; proud of his reputation, so he kept it clean; proud of his ability, so he developed it; proud of his broadmindedess, so he was not a snob; proud of his courage, so he met failure bravely; proud of his achievements, so he ever gave ap and eventually suc-

Moral.-Pride goeth before a rise. . Brevity Takes Time. A Scottish minister was once asked how long he would require to prepare a speech. "That depends," said he, "upon how much time I am to occupy in its delivery. If I am to speak for a quarter of an hour, I should like a week to prepare; if I am to speak for half an hour, three days will do; if I am to go on as long as I like. I am less we have one. Better let me have am to go on as long as I like, I am ready now.

> Lord Tredegar In a Pageant. Lord Tredegar, of Balaclava fame, has consented to play the part of Owen Glyndwr in the Welsh national pageant. The Marchioness of Bute and Lady Ninian Stuart have also agreed to fill leading roles.

> For Ways That Are Dark. The man ran his eye over the casual assortment of cigars in the case at the end of the bar. He was a stranger to all of the brands.

"How's that two for a quarter over to the left hand corner?" he asked. "That's a dandy, boss," said the colored gentleman who was officiating as bartender. "It's the kind I always smoke."

This sounded like a dublous recommendation until he added: "When you want to get the best cigar in the house fust ask the bartender which cigar be smokes when the boss is out."

KEEPING HIS BALANCE.

A Story With a Moral That is Told Among the Tartars. There is a story told among the Tarars which has a moral for the civilized men of the present da". It is to this effect: Robe, cousin of the great mogul, was condemned to death for participation in a rebellion. The most skillful swordsman in the mpire was provided for the execut. and the great mogul and his court were present as spectators.

The thin, keen blade flashed in the sunlight and descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the strone.

ly done that, though the head was severed, not a vital organ was disturbed. Robo remained standing. "What, Robo, art thou not beheaded?" exclaimed the great mogul,

"My lord, I am," replied Robo, "but as long as I keep my balance right my head will not fall off." The great mogul was placated. band was put on Robo's neck, and he recovered. He afterward became a

the empire because, as the great mogul ance right his head will not come off.2

loval subject and was made cashier of

Erskine M. Phelps of Chicago was The shikaris (hunters) of this tigress introduced at Nice to Lord Blank of say that it is the only white tigress that they have seen.—London Standard. gar?"

"Thank you, but I smoke only one brand, the Henry Clay." "All right; I'll order some," said Mr.

The box was brought. It was embellished with the familiar picture of "Harry of the West." As he took his cigar Lord Blank said, "When old Clay was alive he made a good cigar, but his sons don't keep up his reputation." "Henry Clay! Why, he didn't make cigars. He was a statesman and ranked as high with us as Gladstone and John Bright do in your country."

"I beg your pardon;" said the noble "I've smoked these cigars all tel." my life, and I tell you old Clay made - sight better cigar than his boys practice."-New York Sun. dol'-Argonaut.

How Victor Hugo Proposed. Adele, bolder and more curious than Victor (for she was a girl), wanted to find out what was the meaning of his silent admiration. She said: "I am one secret greater than all?" Victor the rest. "Just like me," cried Adele. Cows. Well, come, now; tell me your greatest secret, and I will tell you mine."

Manuevers. C. O.-Fix bayonets! Sergeant Major - Beg pardon, sir. P'radin' without bayonets. Orders from headquarters return all bayonets to store last week. O.-Oh, yes, yes! My mistake. Unfix bayonets!

Insult to Injury.

He wooed a girl in a "beehive hat,". And as his heart she wrung He asked her what she was laughing at



A White Tigress A white tigress 8 feet 8 inches in length has been shot in Dhenkanal State Orissa. The ground color was pure white and the stripes were of 3 deep reddish black.

The skin has been presented to the Rajah of Dhenkanal, who has had it mounted and placed in his palace.

A Standard Medicine .- Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, compounded of en tirely vegetable substances known to have a revivifying and salutary ef-fect upon the digestive organs, have hrough years of use attained so eminent a position that they rank as a standard medicine. The ailing should member this. Simple in their composition, they can be assimilated by to have a healthful and agreeable effect on the sluggish digestive organs

The English had perished in the Black Hole of Calcutta. "Poor fellows," we cried; "evidently they never roomed in a summer ho Here was seen the advantage

Wilson's Fly Pads, the best of all dy killers, kill both the flies and the lisease germs.

Suburban Home-hunter (knee-deep n mud and water)-I thought you said these lots were in a dry section! sure you have secrets. Have you not Agent-They are, sir. There's not saloon in twenty miles !- Life.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget

A "How to" Tracedy. "My great secret," Victor replied, "Is that I love you." "And my great secret is that I love you." said Adele on how to shave on railroad trains, and how to make the hen game pay, and how to write short stories, and how to raise prize cabbages and also morning glories.

The latest of these wondrous works on which poor Smith has blundered. Is "How to Build a Bungalow For Less Than Seven Hundred."

It seems Jones lent the book to Smith just as a passing favor, Smith was just about to build and sought a money saver.

Now Smith has spent three thousand flat and seeks still more to borrow.

The while the roofless bungalow looks like a haunt of sorrow.

And so, alas, it comes to pass a friend-ship firm is sundered.

By "How to Build a Bungalow For Less Than Seven Hundred."

-Arthur Chapman in Canver Republican. sought a money saver.

Used by the best Bakers and Caterers everywhere also by Chefs in the large hotels and on Dining Cars, Steams It is wise to use food products that are ced in clean factories. E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.



Idle

"Idle time not idly

was Sir Henry Walton

angling; but it admits application. It sugge possible to waste tim is a lesson much need of high pressure and are becoming glutton debauch our ininds by excess. A merbid app being cultivated. Ma most incapable of ta and seem to have los enjoying anything exce That it is possible condition of caring work may seem to be Walter Scott. For out twelve volumes constitution could amount of brain pres Abercromby expostu as to his enormous work, and said, "Rea you must not work," was-"I tell you who might just as well s tle, don't boil! equally incapable work. Dr. Arnold that he even worked for exercise it could was then reading and

The harder a man need he has of recre appear to be spending we amuse ourselves, by no means idly spe over again and fits exhausted animal or Idleness is not all id and diversion are no for healthy life than ment. As the man most, because he live so he who works wi

fore not too hard, rea more work, because So true is the prover half is greater than undergraduate knows wishes to beat at th ation only reads "If," he argues, "I twelve hours I shall good a place." But tries it, and breaks forgot that sometime more than the whole with rest and recre than twelve employe It was a rule which on his followers that of work the mind sh some relaxation.

One of the best ki

is a hobby on which

out of the ruts life. It may be humble one; it ma Our knowledge, for any, chemistry, g ologies may be very astonishing what an given to even the co the knowledge of rudiments of science If possible, a man professions-one a n he gives the most and which supplies and butter; the other which will relieve principle that chang good as rest. Lit this sort of second of many celebrated ers. Lords Broug ham and Sir Freder ted themselves w when filling the hig

Socrates is said, have ridden a woo not in humor for he played upon a and tempered his his master, was a tion, and excelled exercises. Boileau great skittle player laxed himself by pl ar and the flute, a ticles in wood. Vo was private theatr ettes. Dean Swift commodating frier large apartments of up and down stairs, horses with a whip had taken his usua

"A little nonsens

Is relished by the

Gardening was poet Pope. He ad main in Twicken lawns, a tunnel, a altered and trimm like one of his own also indulged in th gardening. With built a greenhouse his tropical plants retiring from the Collingwood ple part of his time i

in his garden. When Diocletian resume the imperi had resigned, he sengers: "You wo such a thing of n fine melons I have the plantations a I have made." T ace, Virgil, Lord other writers was with much benefi George Stephens cucumbers.