ECZEMA WAS CURED TWELVE YEARS AGO

Dr. Chase's Ointment Proved to be a Permanent Cure. The old idea of eczema being a disease of the blood has been pretty

well exploded by the record of cures made by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Some doctors still advise internal treatment, but the results are slow and uncertain, and too often a lament-able failure. With Dr. Chase's Oint-ment it is different. You apply the ointment to the sore parts. It cleanses the sores and soon sets up the heal-ing process. In a few days you can see with your own eyes the wonderful change that is taking place, and are encouraged to keep up the treatment until the cure is complete and the sores replaced by smooth, natural

It is wise to look after your general health, keep the bowels regular and the blood rich, but you can depend on Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure the eczema if you will do your part and apply it regularly.

Mr. W. H. Roberts, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to anyone suffering Chase's Ointment to anyone suffering all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., from itching skin disease. I had Limited, Toronto.

eczema on my leg and suffered terribly from the itching. I had a doc tor treat me for four months without relief, and I was getting worse all the time. A second doctor gave some re-

find it invaluable for chafing, chil-

sonally acquainted with Mr. W. H. Roberts, and believe his statement regarding the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment to be true and correct."—
(Signed) Alex. Horne, Justice of the

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box

A GIFT OF A SOUL

"He made a terrible scene, this whatmorning, without any reason morning, without any reason whatever. A scrap of a letter, which he saw lying on my table, was the cause of it all. As if I could not have concealed it if I had wished. But he was in a jealous mood. He scoldes, he threatened, he wept. Yes, he wept. What stupidity! A man who weeps does not move me at all. He only makes my think him ridiculous." makes me think him ridiculcus.

"You do not love him, then?"
"I do not love him as I did six months ago. Such an affection is de-lightful, but of course it cannot last."
"Ch, I know you are a practical wo-

"You say that as a sarcasm. I accept it as a compliment. Yes, I am a practical woman, and I am proud of it. Jacques has behaved very well toward me, but he gambles, and for some time past he has been losing. This source me, but he gambles, and top some the past he has been losing. This sours his temper. He torments me, and he torments himself. Why should I bear this, I ask you? If I were tired of him, could I not show him the door? If he is tired of me, can he not remain away? But in that case let us do so decently and without making a

Would it not be well to tell him.

"If you wish."
"But where can I see him?"

"Here." "He had not left the house, then, as the servant told me?"
"Not at all. Go and give him a lec-

"I came here for that purpose." Then you are doubly welcome. Do

You wish me to take you to him?"
"It would be very amiable on your part to do so. ort to do so."

She rose with a laugh and said:
"Ah, there is no one like me for

amiability." That is what they tell me."

"They are very indiscreet."
"And why so? That is the way good They crossed the drawing-room

yacht?' she asked. "Does he play the role of sultan, the dear Count?"

"Still." "There is a man who knows how to

Perfectly."

They had reached the first landing. She stopped, and pointing to the door "Jacques is in there," she said.

The actress, standing here in rose-colored gown, with her complexion and her brilliant eyes, the light falling on her from a window that overlooked the sea, was so beautiful that Davidoff paused an instant to look at her. He could understand the irresistible spell wielded by this fascinating and feline He could understand creature. cleasure a man might feel in allowing hims if to be torn by these polished, sharp and delicate claws. In her he saw the sphynx who devours those who are bold abough to attempt to solve the eternal riddle she propounded. His eyes expressed his thoughts so clearly that Clemence said with a smile:
"What would you have? Che must protee, one's-self."

te ran lightly downstairs. Davidett rapped, and a voice respond-

He turned the knob and opened the door, and beside the open window, buried in the depths of a large sofa, he saw Jacques, his eyes hollow, his he saw Jacques, his eyes hollow, his lips livid. As he recognized the doctor the young man grew a shade paler and his brow clouded. He rose, and going toward his visitor slowly stretched out

You are angry with me," he said.

"A little."
"Only a little? I do not deserve so much indulgence. I told you last withat I was a coward. Well, you have received the proof of it soon eneugh."

He spoke through his clenched teeth, with a slight contraction of the fea-tures. Davidoff, whom he inspired with pity, sat down beside him and said affectionately:

What has happened since we parted to prevent you keeping your engage-ment with me? It ought to have been a pleasant one to keep."

Can anything be pleasant to me?" responded Jacques, in a low voice, "All that I do is hateful and miserable. An evil spirit has taken possession of me, and inspires me with the most fatal

time. A second doctor gave some re-lief for a time, but made no cure. I tried several advertised treatments but without relief, until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. This ointment cured me in a month. That was twelve years ago, and I have never had a sign of

the old trouble since.

"Since then we have always kept Dr. Chase's Ointment in the house, and blains, insect stings and burns. I would not be without it if it cost \$5 a

"This is to certify that I am

"Resist it," returned the doctor. You allowed yourself to yield to my influence a few hours ago; do so again. Take your hat and overcoat, and follow me. There is still time." "No," answered Jacques, with de-termination. "I shall not leave this."

What Clemence has told me, then,

"Ah. you have seen her? And she complained of me, did she not? The wretch! It is she who is the cause of all my misery. Yes, she is destroying me she is killing me. It would be impossible to conceive what she makes me suffer. I know not what madness she has inspired me with. Can you understand that I should be jealous of her? This morning we had a frightful scene. She forbade me the house, and I am here stall! I am here still! And why? Because I cannot live without her. Because I would sue for her smiles on my knees if it were neces sary!

"Make the effort to keep away from

"Make the effort to keep away from her for a few days."

"No, no, that would be impossible. What a vold in my existence if she should pass out of it. No! I have sacrificed everything for this woman. I have made everything yield to my love for her. To give her up now would be to end everything."

He buried his face in his hands and was silent for a few moments; then in an accent of desperation:

an accent of desperation:
"When I am at the end of my resources," he said, "then I will see her no more. Ah, that day is not far off, for luck is against me. But I keep on playing, although I know perfectly well what the end will be. You see it is not easy to preach to me, for I am beforehand with you. Abandon me to my fate, my friend. I am not worth the efforts you have made to

save me."

Davidoff had listened to Jacques' ords with a pang at his heart, studying with mingied curiosity and com-passion this pitiable form of insanity. was familiar with the feeling which had led so many men to madness or suicide. He knew it was made up of the intoxication of the senses, the exasperation of wounded vanity, and a sort of mysterious terror which takes possession of those who, habit uated to the tumult of a feverish exintence, see themselves condemned suddenly to a life of isolation and silence. The transition was like passing from the galety of a ball-room to the stillness of a Trappist monastery. Only a strong soul and a steady head could bear it with calm-

"Come with me," said the doctor to fresh Jacques. "I give you my word that I will not quit you until you are cured, mentally and physically."

Jacques burst into a fit of nervous aughter that sounded harsh and pair

"No, no, abandon me to my fate," he cried. "I do not want to be cured! I am already sentenced, and nothing can change the decrees of fate. I have lived only for happiness. Anguish and middle and the control of the co misery are my doom!'

He lowered his voice as if with sudden terror.
"You know well; it is not i who act who speak, who suffer, and who com-plain. There is another within me who is leading re on to my fate. Even it I wished to stop myself I could not do so. Ah, I feel this implacable soul ag-itating itself furiously. It is jealous! It takes vengeance of me on mysel

So long as it inhabits my body I must suffer. On the day on which I shall be delivered from it—" Davidoff interrupted Jacques with a quick gesture; he knitted his brow and was on the point of saying: "You are mad! Laurier has disappeared, it is true, but Laurier is still alive. I humored your fancy because I had a conviction that only faith would give back the strength to live. since you have reached such a state of hallucination as to make your recov-ered health the cause of your ruin, it

is my duty to declare the truth to One thought, however, made pause, "He will not believe me!" he said to himself, "I must show him his friend restored to mental health in order to prove to him that he himself may recover his sanity." He turned to-ward the young man and said very

gently: "Since you do not wish to accompany me to Paris I will go alone, then.
I shall see your mother and sister

there. A shadow passed over Jacques' face,

and his eyes shone as if moist with

"Thanks," he said in a choking voice; "try to make them forgive me the evil I have done them. They are good, so affectionate!

so good, so affectionate!"

He rose, and a quick shudder passed through his frame.

"Oh, I am a wretch!" he cried. 'It would be better for me to be dead!"

At this moment the sound of a clear voice calling "Jacques!" in the garden below, was heard.

He advanced hastily to the window. Clemence was gathering roses. She

Clemence was gathering roses. She saw him, and cried gayly:
"Well, is your sulking over? The air is delightful. Come down, and we will go to Villers to breakfast." Jacques turned to Davidoff, and cried

in agitation: "She calls me, you see. She is waiting for me. She is not so bad as I said. She has terrible moments, it is true, but at heart she loves me. Come,

He drew Davidoff toward the stairs. They went down into the hall. There Jacques pressed the doctor's hand tightly, and as if impatient to be

alone with Clemence said;
"Adieu, Once more, pardon me.
Reassure my mother and cure my
sister—Ah, that above all! Poor child!

And with rapid steps he hurried toward the garden where his pitiless ty rant awaited him. Davidoff, already in the street, strode quickly away. Through an opening to the shore he

caught a glimpse of the yacht, which was steaming out to sea, leaving in its wake a trail of black smoke. "I am free," he cried; "let me pro-

He went to the telegraph office, took a sheet of paper, and standing at the desk wrote these words: "Pierre Laurier, Care of Monsieur le Cure de Torrevecchio, Corsica:

"Return at once. Your presence has become indispensable. When you ar-rive here wait for nothing, but join me immediately at the Grand Hotel Davidoff." He gave the telegram to the clerk

paid for it, and went out murmuring: "If I do not succeed in saving the brother, I shall at least try to save the sister." And he took the train

CHAPTER VI

Davidoff's telegram was delivered to Pierre Laurier on the very day of Agostino's marriage with the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of San Pelle grino. The young sailor had prospered in his trading expeditions to the Mediterranean ports, and he brought a fortune of six thousand francs to his The latter, a rosy brunette sixteen from the mountains, had a house and some olive groves of her own. The young people had loved each other for a year past, and on the understanding that Agostino was to give up his seafaring life the marriage had now been celebrated.

On emerging from the church of San newly-married pair Pellegrino, the newly-married pair were greeted by a succession of shots fired in their honor. One might have thought from the noise that the vil-lagers were engaged in a vendetta and were trying to exterminate each other; vivas broke forth from the guests. Every face beamed with joy, and the bright sunshine, the heat and the smell of the powder seemed to produce a general feeling of intoxication.

Pierre, giving his arm to the little Marietta, whose companion he had been in the church, followed with defamous under the title of "A Corsican Marriage."

His heart was at peace, and his mind had recovered its balance. Not a shadow darkened his soul. He was completely absorbed in the contemplation of the happiness of these people whom he loved, and in the simplicity and tranquility of whose patriarchal life he had been able to forget his unworthy passion and to regain the dignity of his manhood. The wedding guests now proceeded to the house of the bride's

father, there to partake of the banquet as on the night on which set forth in honor of the newly-mar-ried pair. As they assembled in the grounds, a little boy, who served the good cure of Torrevecchio as an acoyte, pushed through the crowd and cunning up to the venerable priest, handed him a blue envelope which had fast been left at the vicarage. To chto and San Pellegrina, the little fel-low, with his mountaineer's legs, had taken only an hour. He arrived breathhis face covered with dust and erspiration.

The cure read the address on the envelope and then handed it to Pierre, saying affectionately: liere, my dear child, this is for

A group had already formed around the young man, who, with clouded brow and lips tightly within his fingers the despatch he tain Dreytus was confined. One bold

What is it?" asked Agostino, anxi-

"That blue paper," said the boy which was brought a little while ago from Bastia by the postman. He made a special trip with it as it seemave given it to Monsieur. thing serious must have happened, for in three years or more there has not come to Torrevecchio a paper like mati' So I set out without a ment's delay, and here I am."

As he spoke, he wiped off with the back of his hand the perspin which was running down his showing his white teeth in a broad smile of delight at having performed his mission so successfully.

"You are going to drink a glass of Toliano and to eat a morsel of bread with us, Jacopo," said Agostino. He pushed the child toward his father-in-law, and then, greatly troubled by the uneasiness which Pierre's face by trayed, he said to him anxiously:

What is the matter? Pierre opened the envelope slowly. unfolded the telegram, and read the imperious summons addressed to him by his friend. He turned pale and his brow clouded. His heart suddenly seemed to coptract.



"Is there any bad news?" asked "No," returned the painter, "at leas

I hope not. But I must leave you. I must go at once to Paris." "Leave us! And now!" cried the bridegroom sorrowfully. "Wait at

least until to-morrow." "If they had told you when the sea was between you that your sweetheart was ill and might die during your ab

ence," gravely answered Pierre, would you have delayed going to her?" Agostino pressed his preserver's hand with emotion and tears filled his

eyes.
"No, you are right," he said. "But you must know how much your de-parture will grieve us."

Pierre drew the young man aside, and there speaking to him with a sudden emotion, which threw a new light on his friend's character and past life, for Agostino said:

"There is no need to cast a gloom over the feast. From here to Torre-vecchio by the highroad is a matter of twelve miles. I can hire a carriole at the inn, and go there alone. Once I am on the other side of the mountain, you will explain my absence to your guests, and thank each one of those present for the cordial reception they gave me when I came here. I shall never forget the time that I have spent among you. I was grievously ill, both in heart and mind. In the peaceful and laborious existence I have forgotten the sorrows that thought were incurable, and it is to you I owe all this—to your mother who has been so good to me, to your little sister who has so often brought to my mind by her naive and winning grace the young girl who is waiting for me now, and finally to you, my brave fellow, to save whose life I gave up my intention of putting an end to my own, when, driven to despair, I was on the point of doing so. You have restored me to myself. It is have restored me to myself. for your sake that I feel myself still bound to humanity. No! I shall never forget you, and whether in sad-

ness or in joy, my thoughts will often recur to you. Agostino could scarcely restrain his tears at these words, and more af-fected by Pierre's departure than he would have been by that of some member of his own family, he began to sob, while the wedding guests, giving themselves up to merriment, were laughing, singing and shouting in the garden. Pierre, after he had in some measure succeeded in calming the young man's grief, said quiet-

"And, now listen to me. It is ne cessary that I should reach Paris at the earliest possible moment. When does the next most leave Bastia, and where does it stop?"

"There is a steamer of the Morelli line leaving for Marseilles on Tues-day," answered Agostino. "By going to town you can engage your passage on her, and to-morrow at daybreak you will be out at sea. From Bastia to Marseilles there are thirty hours. 'In three days, then," said 'In three days, then,' Pierre, "I shall be in Paris.

Corsican pride; from your brother, your mother, your sister, or your wife you may accept anything. Do not shall one day see me again. When I return to your island perhaps, it heaven so far favors me, it will not be alone. Embrace me, and adieu until then!"

The two men embraced each other as on the night on which they were tossed about by the engulfing wave, under the pale light of the may are the famous provided the pale light of the may are the famous provided the famous provided the famous provided the pale light of the may have the famous provided the famous provided the man but mentally alof them are serving and the present moment practically all of them are serving the famous provided the man but mentally and the present moment practically all of them are serving the famous provided the man but mentally and the present moment practically all of them are serving the strappado—that is, to be hoisted by a rope to a beam and let fall. The king pardoned the man, but M. de Goas would not have him in his company again.—Washington Star.

MCKIM'S, 1915

ander the pale light of the moon; and when they separated it was with min-

aled smiles and tears. Half an hour later Pierre was driving rapidly toward Torrevecchio, the same evening, after packing un his pictures and sketches, arrived at Bastla. He alighted at the inn where he had passed his first night on Corsican soil, went to engage his cassage on board the steamer, and then entered a clothier's, where he replaced his velveteen garments by a complete suit of blue cloth which became him very well.

Paddled Away in a Coffin. Several men have succeeded in es-

within his fingers the despatch negation and received, without power to open prisoner escaped from his cell during a dark night and forced his way into a shed where coffins were made. Selecting a large shell, he nailed the lid down in such a way that a hole was own in sucn a way that a hole was left big enough for him to crawl into.

Then he raided a storehouse and stole eemthe side the coffin. His next proceeding to be urgent, so Maddalena, the side the coffin. His next proceeding was to drag the coffin and its conlike a flash; do not stop until you tents down to the water's edge. Reaching it in safety, he launched his sepuling it in safety, he launched his sepul-chral vessel, crawled into it and paddled away by means of his hands. Delike vil's island never saw him again.



THINGS YOU **OUGHT TO KNOW**

Mrs. Claude Barker, of Okiahoma City, weighs 635 pounds Cardiff yearly imports 1,500,000 shiploads of lumber.

Japan life insurance companies in 1914 wrote contracts for \$60,756,000. Galicia is rich in petroleum. Alsace is rich in potash deposits

New South Wales has three times the area of Great Britain. Chicago finds increased death rate

ameng men over 40. Russia in 1914 produced 1,022,500 short tons of refined sugar.

Germany last year sold \$581,000

worth of toys to Canada. Cuba has 226 telegraph offices. Russia's population in 40 years has doubled. In 1801 a bill became law which pre

vented clergymen in holy orders from sitting in the British House of Com-It was nine years April 18 since the

It was nine years April is since the great earthquake disaster in San Francisco and the ensuing fire, in which 45% city blocks were laid in ruins. There is a railway system in the linited States that traverses thirtoen of the States, and that employs 250, the persons who, in turn, contribute of the States, and that employs 250,(00) persons, who, in turn, contribute
to the support of 1,000,000 klusfolk.
The daily wage and salary bill is \$500,900, and the daily revenue from passenger and freight traffic is twice that sura. In terms of tonage and mileago the record for freight carried in on year is as if one ton were shifted 36, 000,000,000 miles from the point of departure; in terms of passenger service it is as if John Doe, of New York, were carried 4,500,000,600 miles.

Another interestinus literary discus sion has arisen with regard to the authorship of "The one Fishball." words-and they have been attributed to many eminent in letters—ages are likely to pass before the lines shall likely to pass before the lines vanished from college student tradition

The waiter to him he doth call And gently whispers, "One fishball." The waiter roars it through the hall, The guests all start at "one fishball. He says again, quite ill at ease, "A piece of bread, too, if you please, The waiter roars it through the hall. We don't give bread with one fish ball.

Prince Edward is the first Prince of Wales to go on active service abroad since the Black Prince fought in India is over fourteen times the size

of the British Isles. Parrots sometimes live more than a hundred years. Of all animals, the whale possesses

the thickest skin. In many places it is as much as two feet in thickness. Owls cannot move their eyes. In the Russian army a "chief singwho receives extra pay, marches in front of each company of soldiers, and gives the opening lines of the

verses of whatever they are going to PRIVATE ARMIES.

Gaekwar of Baroda Controls More

Than 9,000 Men. Although technically legally forbidden. lighted eyes ever detail of the animated and novel scene, dreaming already allow me to send some tokens of retwin who, with the approval of royalty, eithof the beautiful picture he would paint membrance to your dear ones. You ce tactily or openly expressed, keep priof it, and which has since become so need have no scruples in the matter. Vate armies. The best known of these, nave lived here with you, wearing the garb of a peasant almost a year but I am not poor. Put away your Corsican pride; from your brother, your mother, your sister, or your wife as well as we

The majority of the Duff Highlanders, the famous private bodyguard maintained by the Dukes of Fife, are also fighting in France and Flanders. The peculiarity of this private army is that in peace times the corps, which numbers 100 men, are still armed and uniformed exactly as were their forefathers three or four centuries ago.

The marquesses of Donegall have for centuries kept up a show of both military and haval strength on their Irish estates, which include Lough Neagh. Of this sheet of water, the largest in the British Isles, the reigning marquess for the time being is hereditary lord bigh admiral. The present holder of the title, it is interesting to note, succeeds to it in 1914, when only about a year old, so that he was at that time, without doubt, the youngest admiral on record.

Quite an imposing army is that maintained in Borneo by Sir Charles Brooke, valk, the force being made up of about 500 natives under an English commandant.

Mention might also be made of the

ant.

Mention might also be made of the private armies maintained by Indian feudatory princes, beginning with the Nizam of Hyderabad, who pays, feeds and clothes a splendidly drilled and magnificently equipped force of 8,00 picked warriors, ot private armies, composed of no more than ten or a dozen men, which comprise the bodyguards of the chiefs of the tiny statelets islanded in the forests of Central India. So far as actual numbers go, it is probable that the Gaerkwar of Baroda owns the biggest private army in the world. It numbers in all 9,000 men. The Maharajah of Mysore, too, has a big army of 4,000 men, which like those of other Italian princes, has been placed at the service of Britain in this great crisis.—

Birth of Music.

There are many legends concerning the origin of music, but it is impossible to say which is the oldest. By the old Romans the god Mercury was credited with the invention of music. Accordwith the invention of music. According to Apoilodorus, the belief was as follows: The Nile after an overflow left on the shore a dead tortoise. Its flesh was finally dried up by the hot sun, so that nothing remained in the shell but the cartilages, which, being braced and contracted by the heat, became sonorous. Mercury, happening to be walking that way and striking his foot against the sheil, was so pleased with the sound produced that the idea t lyre presented itself to his imagi ion. He immediately constructed the instrument in the form of a tortoise and strung it with the sinews of dead animals. And so music began.

The fellow who curses his luck be cause he never has any must be a sort of human paradox.

WHY YOUNG GIRLS **GROW PALE AND WEAK**

The Blood Supply is Deficient and Unless the Trouble is Remedied Consumption May Follow.

When girls grow, weak, pale and miserable, then is the time for parents to take prompt steps. Delay means danger—perhaps consumption. The girl in her teens cannot develop into a happy robust woman without an abundant supply of rich, red blood in her veins. It is the lack of this good blood that is the great trouble with nine girls out of every ten. They grow weak and depressed; lose their appetite are breathless after the slightest exertion, and suffer from headaches and backaches. When headaches and backaches. When girls are in this condition there is no medicine can compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the use of these Pills there is splendid vigorous health, with glowing cheeks and sparkling sparkling eyes, for every unhappy, fragile girl who is struggling on to womanhood in a wretched state of health. This is why thousands of girls and women, now robust and attractive, are constantly recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to their suffering sex. Miss Pink Pills to their suitering sex. Missibilith Brousseau, Savona, B. C., says:
"At the age of fourteen I became very anaemic. I was as pale as a ghost, suffered from headaches, severe palpitation. I had little or no appetite, and seemed to be drifting into a decline. I was attending high school in Van-couver at the time, and the doctor ad-vised me to stop. I did so and took his vised me to stop. I did so and to the treatment for some time, but it did not help me in the least. Upon the advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a very short time they gave me back complete health and enabled me to resume my studies. I have enjoyed the best of health since, and owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Williams' Pink Pills.

These Pills are sold by all medicing dealers, or may be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DISGRACED THE SENTINEL For Not Killing the Army Chief Who Had Struck Him.

In France in the seventeenth century the office of sentinel was a very solemn charge, and a part of the sentinel's duty was to resent and pun-ish any affront. The severity of this punishment was in proportion to the high importance of his office. A Frenchman relates an incident illus-

trative of this fact: In 1622 M. de Mariliac rode away on horseback from an audience with the king. His horse stepped on a sentinel's foot. The man struck the horse, which leaped forward and shook M.

de Marillac in his saddle. The rider turned and struck the sentinel. The soldier belonged to the company of M. de Goas, who when he heard of this had him arrested and imprisoned. He himself set out, sword in hand, in search of M. de Marillac to demand satisfaction for an insult

to his sentinel. The king was informed of the incident and sent for M. de Goas and M. de Marillac. He reprimanded de Marillac severely, told him that the sentinel should have killed him and forbade

New Edition of Canadian Newspaper Directory is Out.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since Mr. A. McKim, who established the first independent Advertising Agency in this country, completed the rather ambitious task of pubasking the first Directory of Canadian publications. The nine successive edinons of this valuable work provide the most complete and detailed record available of the growth of Canadian

periodicals The 1915 edition, of which we have just received a copy, shows that great war has not seriously affected the newspapers of Canada. While the birth-rate of new publications has re ceived a check, and the death-rate of weak ones has perhaps increased a tritle most of the leading papers, par ticularly the dailies, show very heal-thy increases in circulation. Three me tropolitan dailies have reached or passed their hundred thousand mark A census of the papers listed and described in the 1915 Directory shows nearly 150 dailies, 7 tri-weeklies, semi-weeklies, over 1,065 week about 40 bi-weeklies or semi-month 250 monthlies, 3 bi-monthlies and 18 quarterlies-a total of over 1,575 publications.

This means approximately one daily to every 10,000 families, and one weekly to every 1,500 families. From this one would infer that for a paratively new country, Canada is

A. McKim Limited report the usual keen demand for the Canadian Newspaper Directory, which sells at \$2.00. Its red-banded, gold-stamped green cover has become a familia? sight on the desks of advertisers, publishers and business men everywhere who are

interested in Canada. Wigg-It's a good thing we can't see curselves as others see us. Wagg -Yes, a good thing for the !ookingglass people. It would put them out

of business.

Poverty is no crime. Many a fellow
is a sstraight as a string, and yet a. string is apt to get broke.