EN TITERATURE.

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Labor-Saving Electricity.

The hopes of electrical scientists are more brillant and amazing than anything the second of the seco

A COMMOTION FOR NOTHING The Train Stopped After This Couple Had Created a Scene.

The Train Stopped After This Couple Had Created a Scene.

It was on the New Haven & Harsford Railroad, just above Mott Haven, and the Boston express with an unusually growded train was slowing down a bit, as many of the trains are obliged to do, to wait for the Harlem drawbridge to be closed. This occurrence is frequently taken advantage of by those who wish to go to some point in Harlem or the annexed district to enable them to jump off. Occasionally the train stops, but more often it merely slackens its speed, and makes the work of lighting a matter of pleasant excitement, to say the least.

A man and wife, accompanied by an older man, who, the inquisitive passengers decided must be the woman's father, began to show considerable anxiety as the train neared the critical point. When the brakes were applied and the speed gradually decreased, their faces assumed a look of relief, though now the trying question arose as to whether it would let up sufficiently to allow them to get off. The lady was evidently thind, but after much strong urging on the part of her husband, she gathered up her belongings and they started for the door, closely followed by the father, who, however, as was learned from his conversation, did not intend to alight with them. They reached the platform and the husband descended to the lowest step, but the train was still rolling along at a pretty fair rate and his wife was panie-stricken in an instant.

"Yow don't you jump!" Oh, please

A clergyman in an English town having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the bymn beginning wit "Mistaken Souls Who Dream of Heaven!"



He (as the clock strikes eleven)-I like

was given out and the congregation arose to sing it. Three girls in the seat in front of me stood up with the first. To my begride more this was the way they looked

to know what was the matter with the girl in the middle.

and Soda added to tone up the nervous system and nourish the bones. This combination of these potent nutrients is just what thin children need to give them flesh, color and vitality. Almost all children like it.

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and Tassels.

cakes Effici

ly sacred things, when girls sitting in the sea The middle one was n

him, including the three girls. This was the way they looked then: I forgot all about church, sermon and Sunday—any one would—but I do wan

HE HAD SEEN HER.

sengers deented fluts be the woman of father, began to show considerable anxiety as the train neared the critical point. When the brakes were applied and the speed gradually decreased, their faces assumed a look of relief, though now the trying question arcse as to whether it would let up sufficiently to allow them for get off. The lady was evidently timid, but after much strong urging on the part of ler husband, she gathered up her belongings and they started for the door, closely followed by the father, who, however, as was learned from his conversation, did not intend to alight with them. They reached the platform and the husband descended to the lowest step, but the train was still rolling along at a pretty fair rate and his wife was panie-stricken in an instant.

"Yow don't you jump! Oh, please don't jump!" she commanded and implored in the same breath, "You'll be killed, I know you will!"

Meanwhile the front door stood wide open, and every passenger in that end of the car was following the little dramm with undivided attention.

"My dean, I don't intend to, just yet—but"—after a pause, "come now, we can easily do it."

"Indeed in the same breath, "You'll be killed, I know you will!"

Meanwhile the front door stood wide open, and every passenger in that end of the car was followed by a remark from the father, who adon't you do it on any account. What should I do if you got off and left me be hind!"

This pathetic appeal brought an unfeeling smile to the passengers' faces, and was followed by a remark from the father, who are the father who as the wouldn't be the less thanger in type and the provided and the provided and the provided and implementation of the car was followed by a remark from the father, who are the provided and the provid

ature?"
"How did she speak?"
"Frightfully; it was simply awful. Her
trident voice and her masculine appear-nce should have been the death-knell to

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marins of see, eichness—

"Lead, julidy lights

AVEL HALL THE SOVER"

"ALL HALL THE SOVER"

"All was been as the selection of the selection of

"What's that?" asked a visitor, pointing to the clay,
"That," said Mr. Caverley, "is to be a
statue of Burns."
"But why don's you make the poet?"
inquired the visitor. "What's the use of
making skeletong." Mr. Calverley said,
"all statues are built up that way. First
the skeleton is modelled, then the
museics are put on, and lastly the
olothes?"
The visitor apologized for his ignorance,
and incidentally remarked that he'd bet
that nine men out of ten would think as
he did.
And perhaps he was right.
Comments of Her Relatives.

Justine—That's twice in a week, isn't it?

Penelope—Yes
Justine—I suppose he'il come three times in the next week?

Penleope—That's what brother says, Justine—And five times the next?

Penelope—That's what sister says.

Justine—And six times the next?

Penelope—That's what aunty says.

Justine—And seven times the next?

Penelope—That's what aunty says.

Justine—And then what?

Penelope—Then we'il get married; that's what everybody says.

Justine—And then what?

Penelope—Then I won't see him any more of an evening; that's what mamina says.—Brooklyn Life.

Comments of Her Relatives.

Penelope—Sharley called last night.

Justine—That's twice in a week, isn't

UNEXPLORED CANADA