Lady Marlow nodded and smiled at ishment, or out of her own pocket-mone Sir Jordan and fixed him for a moment paid, on the sly, for some damage h

with her bright, sharp eyes.

"Very good of you to come," she said, as she made ready to receive the next guest. "You have had an exciting night, I hear, and your fame is going the round of the room."

or the room."

Sir Jordan bowed and smiled with polite gratitude for the pleasant little speech and made his way into the crowd. His entrance was noticed and men nodded and beautiful women smiled at him as he passed them, and many a girl's heat gave a little bound of ambitious heat gave a little bound of ambitious

heat gave a little bound of ambitious longing, for Sir Jordan was a millionaire, the coming man of the day and his wife would be a great lady and a power. Stopping now and again to exchange a nod with one and another, Sir Jordan made the circuit of the crowded room, and was returning to the door to take his departure when a young girl entered. He stopped, drew back a little and waited.

She was a very pretty girl—tall, fair, with dark brown eyes, bright and brimming with merriment one moment, soft and melting the next. Her name was Audrey Hope; she was eighteen, just out, an heiress, and, as the irreverent said, an heiress, and, as the irreverent said, Lady Marlow's "last and best lot;" for she was an orphan and under the care of Lord and Lady Marlow, who were

r guardians.
Before she had got many yards she was surrounded not only by men but by women, for Audrey was popular with both sexes, and there were some who would have loved her just as dearly if whe had been penniless, instead of the owner of money in the funds, a plantation in Jamaica and a good estate in Dayonship.

she was beautifully dressed, and yet she was beautifully dressed, and yet with a simplicity which spoke of anything but wealth, and her eyes were bright with the pleasure of seeing so many friends round her; for she had been staying on the continent for some months and this was her first party

since her return.

She was chatting away about Homburg, Mont Blanc and Rome and the rest burg, Mont Blanc and Rome and the rest of it to the admiring court when Sir Jordan came up with his bland smile Jordan came up with his bland smile and his serenely composed face, and she stopped suddenly, the brightness fled from her eyes and she became for the moment suddenly grave, and one would have been inclined to say almost sad. But it was only for a moment; the next she seemed to have recovered from the

temporary restraint and held out her hand to him with a nod.

"How do you do, Sir Jordan?" she said, as he bent over her hand. "I did not expect to see you here! I thought you would be too huge."

would be too busy."

"The House rose earlier than we expected," he said. "Have you enjoyed your trip?"

The others fell back to allow the two to talk, for Sir Jordan and beautiful Audrey Hope were old friends—or ought to have been, for the estate which Audrey had inherited adjoined the Lynne property, and the Lynnes and the Hopes had been neighbors for generations. and been neighbors for generations.

"Oh, yes," she said, and she began to tell him of her travels, but somehow, some of the brightness had gone out of her voice, and she looked down at the ground rather than at his face.

Sir Jordan offered her his same of the same of

Sir Jordan offered her his arm after minute or two, and she accepted it and allowed him to lead her out of the crowd a seat in a recess, thereby causing

vast discontent and envy in many a man ly breast. That fellow Jordan seems to have it all his own way," muttered a young guardsman to a chum. "Richest beggar in the room and all that, he might leave the Hope alone and give us poor devils a

But Sir Jordan was perfectly indifferthe murmurs and complaints of the envious and sat beside the rich

lovely Miss Hope with his usual self-possession and sang-froid.

He talked about the weather and the persons who passed them, a great real about her life on the continent, and a little, a very little, about himself. Sir Jordan was one of those clever persons who do not talk about themselves. But all the while Audrey seemed to be listening absent-mindedly and quite sud-

denly she said 'Have you heard anything of -of Neville, Sir Jordan?" and as she put the question her eyes drooped and the rich olor came into her face, making it look

lovelier than ever. Sir Jordan shook his head and sighed.

Sir Jordan shook his head and sighed.
"I'm sorry to say that I have not."
lately." he replied, in a sad and regretful
tone, just the tone an affectionate, long
suffering man who had been spreny tried
by a scapegrace brother would use.

The color died slowly away from Andrey Hope's cheeks and she stifled a sigh

a vision of the old orchard beyond the house in which she and young dare-divil Neville Lynne used to play. Even then he was always getting into syrapes, and it was she who not infrequently got home out of them, begged him off puns.

So live you a direct and truthful and to give you a direct and truthful and swer."

"That's nothing to do with it; that's as if he were dead, but Jordan did not seem to make much progress with Audrey. Whenever he got into conversation with her, it was of Neville she wanted to

ishment, or out of her own pocket-money paid, on the sly, for some damage he had done.

"It is very natural that you should remember him," murmured Sir Jordan, sympathetically. "It would not be like your kind heart to forget an old playmate. Poor Neville!" and he sighed again.

She glanced at him with barely con-

sgain.
She glanced at him with barely concealed alarm.
"Why do you say that?" she asked.
"Was it bad news you heard last?"
"I'm sorry to say that it was," he replied, gravely, and with a regretfully sad and sympathetic voice. "Poor Neville has been disgracing himself, as usual—"

isual—"
The blood flew to her face again.
"Disgracing himself—Neville!" she interrupted. "I don't believe it—I mean

She stopped and bit her lips as it shamed of the vehemence she had been hurried into.
Sir Jordan saw that he had gone ra-

"Perhaps the term was too strong, he said. "We will say that he had got into one of his usual scrapes, and he had left the place suddenly just before I got tidings of him; but for that I should have found him."

"Where was that?" asked Audrey.

"In America." replied Sir Jordan, with-"Perhaps the term was too strong."

"In America," replied Sir Jordan, without a moment's hesitation.
She sighed as she thought that Amer-

ica was rather a vague address.
"I suppose he doesn't know of his father's death?" she said, after a moment or two. "No, I think not," said Jordan.

She hesitated "Or that my father did not mention him in his will," said Jordan. "No, and I particularly wish that he should not hear of it excepting through me," be-

He paused.

He paused.
Audrey looked at him quickly.
"Because?—oh, do you mean that you are going to—to—"
"How well you understand me!" he murmured, modestly. "Yes, I want to find poor Neville, and let him know that half I have is his. I shall not know that half I have is his. I shall not know a

moment's peace or happiness until I have found him."

Audrey Hope's lips quivered and those beautiful brown eyes of hers grew soft

"That is very, very good and generous of you, Sir Jordan!" she said, in a low voice. "But it is only what one might expect you to do, after all. You could not-no one could-be at ease and contented while his brother was penniless."

"No, no, of course not," assented Sir Jordan, promptly, but with his eyes hid-den behind the thick, white lids. "I have advertised, am advertising constantly for him, and am in hopes that

"Oh, I hope so," said Audrey fervently. "It is dreadful to think that a person one—one liked so much, is wan-dering about the world perhaps in pov-

erty and——"
She stopped again. sympathetically, "and directly I hear I
"Yes, yes," murmured Sir Jordan,
will send you word."

"Do, please!" she exclaimed.
"I suppose you will be going down to the Grange presently?" he said, changing the subject.
"Yes," she replied. "Lord and Lady

Marlow are coming down with me spena Christmas

I shall be at Lynne, too; I shall go down directly the House rises," he said.
"So that we shall be near neighbors, shall we not?" glancing sideways at

particle of warmth, or more than the expression of pleasure which ordinary politeness demanded, and Sir Jordan's lips tightened. She had been warm and sympathetic enough while they had been taiking about his scoundrel of a halfbrether, Neville; but now she seemed as it she had lost all interest in their

"Hav

down at her with his dark, seribus her.

The fact that he was over thirty and

ous face and laughed.

"Then the best thing—in fact, the only thing—I can do is to get mar-

"If you marry the right man, yes," he assented. "But you see, I consider my-self the right man—"
"And—and perhaps Sir Jordan con-siders himself the right man, or—or any

one else," she said mischievously. He looked down at her. 'No," he said as if he were consider "No," he said as if he were considering the man quite impartially and judicially. "No, I don't think you would be so foolish as to marry Sir Jordan."
"Oh, indeed! And why not? He is young and rich, and will be famous. Is so already, isn't he?"
"He is young, yes, and rich, and famous," said Lord Lorrimore; "but I don't think you would marry a man for being that—or those."

ing that-or those.' 'That's pretty grammer," she remark-

ed.

"I dare say; but it's good sense. You won't marry a man you don't love. You promised me that—"

"Oh, if you are going to rake up all the old things I promised," she retorted with a laugh. "But there, don't you think a wayrel enough for one night, Lord we've quarrel enough for one night, Lord

"We have not quarreled," he said, gravely. "You couldn't quarrel with me if you tried."

"And I do try, goodness knows!" she "And I do try, goodness knowe!" ahe exclaimed, "but that's the worst of it. If you would only consent to be offended, I should get rid of you, but you won't will you? Woudn't you try just to please me?" And she looked up into his face csoaxingly. "If you'd only believe, what is true, that I'm the most disagreeable and undesirable of girls; that I'm really not worth thinking about, then, oh, then we should be such good friends. Won't you try. Lord Larrimore?"

Won't you try, Lord Lorrimore?"
"I think not," he said. "It would be a waste of time, and it's wicked to waste time, so the parsons say. You're just the best and sweetest and most beautiful woman in my eyes that ever lived or will live, and nothing will persuade me that you are anything else, and so—"
"And so here's Lady Marlow, and you

And so here's Lady Marlow, and you may go," interrupted Audrey, half saulty, for she was touched by her lover's persistent dog-like devotion.

"All right," he said, not a whit offended. "Good-night. Good-night, Lady Marlaw."

Lady Marlow laugher as she gave him

Lady Marlow laugher as she gave nimber hand.

"She's a tiresome, wicked girl, isn't she, Lord Lorrimore?" she said.

She knew the whole state of the case between the two.

He smiled for about the first time, held Audrey's hand for a moemnt, and then took himself off.

"Poor Lord Lorrimore?" said Lady Marlow.

"Poor Lord Lorringer Band Marlow.

"Oh, don't pity him. Pity me!" exclaimed Audrey, with a pout. How would you like to be bothered by a man who won't take 'no'?"

"If I were in your place, my dear, I bould like it very much." replied that

should like it very much," replied that frank lady. "Especially if the man were Lord Lorrimore."

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.
Sir Jordan remained for some few ninutes where Lord Lorrimore and Aud-"Yes," she assented, but without a rey had left him, apparently regarding the crowd with a pleasant and amiably pression of pleasure which ordinary interested attention, but in reality scarcely conscious of their presence, so intent was he on his thoughts. When asked whether he thought he

ould win a certain battle Napoleon replied: conversation, "I must go to poor L dy Marlow," she said. "She is tired out, I know, and——"

At this moment a gentleman approach el them, a tall, dark-haired young man, with a handsome face and rather grave and serious eyes.

"Oh, Lord Lording of the learn of though he admired ner—and he would have been as insensible as a block of wood if he had not—he certainly did not love her.

There was only

"I have just been sent in search of you by her," he replied.

And he held out his arm, nodding rather coldly to Sir Jordan.

Audrey Hope took the proffered arm, and the two walked away.

about?" asked Lord Lorrimore, looking the Grange estate ran parallel with Lynne, that he had decided to marry there.

agenuine one.

"When did you hear last?" she said, "and what? You know we were such old friends, your brother and Z. Sir Jordan. We used to play together when we were home from Eton, and—and—1 can never think of the Grang."—this v2s the name of the great country house which belonged to this lacky young woman—without thinking of Neville."

"It thought you promised that you would not talk to me in that way again?" she said, reproachfully.

"It did," he assented, "but when you as if she were seeing, in her mind's eye, a vision of the old ordand beyond the house in which she and young dare-devil

"I do 'tate 'poor' Sir Jordan very much," he said grimly; "but I hate stim and to see you talking to him."

"And pray what business is it of yours whom I talk with?" she said, pouting. "There—I've given you another opportunity; but I won't listen to you! Lord Lorrimore, if I were a man I should be ashamed to go on—on—pestering a poor, helpless girl after she had told me that she didn't—care for me."

"I beg your pardon," he said, still unriffled. "I haven't pestering you, it isn't even news to you—"
"No, indeed! Or very stale news," she retorted.

"Exactly. Therefore it can't very much affect you. As to your loving me, I'm quite aware you don't, but that is not to say that you never will."

"And you mean to—to—"
"Just so. I mean to go on trying to win your love till I'm dead, or you are win your love till I'm dead, or you are win your love till I'm dead, or you are win your love till I'm dead, or you are win your love till I'm dead, or you are talking done this evening, and though her persistence in refusing to forget the scapegrace made Jordan hate his brother worse than ever, he never allowed any signs of his fraternal feelings to reveal themselves.

Now, seeing that he was possessed of immense wealth, it was rather surprising that he should be so desirous of acquiring more by marrying Andrey Hope, the heiress; but Jordan had his own reasons for being particularly anxious in the matter, and that evening, notwithstanding Mucrey's absence and preoccepuation of being discouraged, was more determined than ever to have his way.

He knew that Lord Lorrimore loved her, and though she had refused him, her; but Jordan did not care sfor that; ever so many men loved her and wanted to marry her, and though abe had refused him, her; but Jordan did not care sfor that; ever so many men loved her and wanted to marry her, and there is afely in

"And you mean to—to—"
"Just so. I mean to go on trying to
win your love till I'm dead, or you are
engaged, or married," he said, quite
coolly.

She looked up into his handsome, serione leg and talking to one and another

one leg and talking to one and another of the many who were eager to be seen in converse with Sir Jordan Lynne in the pleasantest manner, but watching Audrey covertly all the while; then he made his

covertly all the while; then he made his way to Lady Marlow, said good-night, and went down the stairs.

It was a beautiful night, or rather early morning, and Jordan stood and looked at the stars for a moment or two, and decided to walk home. He had not very far to go, for his rooms were in Audley street, and Lady Marlow's house was in Grosvenor Square, and it house was in Grosvenor Square, and it was scarcely worth taking a cab for so

short a distance.

Most men would have lit a cigar, but
Jordan did not smoke, and, as has been said, had no small vices, and so, with his hands folded behind him, he walked alowly along, looking at the pavement in-gread of the sky, and his head bent as usual in deep thought.

usual in deep thought.

So deep, indeed, that he did not hear light footsteps behind him, or know that he was followed until he felt a hand touch his arm. touch his arm.

He started and turned, then fell back

step, staring at the pale face of the voman who had stopped him.

It was a sad as well as a pale face. with hollow eyes that spoke of pain and misery, and lips that had grown wan and tremulous with sorrow and trouble, and vet. alas! it was the face of a wo man who was still young and had of and not long since been beautiful. She was poorly dressed, but decently, and the worn black shawl was held by one thin hand as if to partly conceal her

face.
"Jordan!" she said, in a low, sad voice. Sir Jordan Lynne drew his arm away, and looked at her under his lowered lids with the expression which the one who has injured always bears toward the one upon whom the injury has been inflicted.
"Rachel! What are you doing here— "Rachel! What are you doing here-how did you come?" he asked, his voice growing harsher with each word; and he looked about him as if he feared they should be seen.

"You ask me that!" she replied, her dark eyes fixed on his face. "How did I come? By foot! I have walked all those weary miles, but you do not care those weary lines, but you do not care how I came. Why have you made it necessary for me to come? Why—"

She stopped, and put her hand to her throat as if the agitation caused by the sight of him were coverneying her.

throat as if the agitation caused by the sight of him were overpowering her. Sir Jordan glanced up and down the street apprehensively, and smothered an oath between his thin lips.

"This—this is absurd and—and childish of you, Rachel." he said at last. "You got my letter!"

"Yes. I got your letter," she said in

got my letter?"

"Yes, I got your letter," she said, in
the same low, despairing voice. "Truly
the cruelest letter a man ever wrote to the woman he once loved! Jordan, have you—have you forgotten all that you promised me—your solemn promise? It is not so long ago—not so long! You cannot mean what you said in that letter. You cannot have the heart—even you—to treat me so cruelly!"

(Ta be continued.)

BABY'S TEETHING TIME IS TROUBLOUS TIME

When baby is teething the whole household is upset. The tender little gums are inflamed and swollen; the poor little child suffers and often ones day and night, wearing the mother out and keeping the rest of the family on edge. In the homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used there is no such worry. The Tablets allay the inflammation, sooth the irritation and bring the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. S. Williams, St. Joseph, Ont., says: "My first baby suf-fered terribly when cutting her teeth and the doctor could do nothing for her.
I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and with a handsome face and rather grave and serious eyes.

"Oh, Lord Lorrimore!" she exclaimed Have you seen Lady Marlow lately?"

"I have just been sent in search of you by her," he replied.

"Oh, his arm, nodding his held out his arm, nodding have held out his arm, nodding have held out his arm, nodding ville, Ont.

On the Stage.

How fine our life would run along, Or like a train of Puliman ca iWth only soft and pleasant jars, If things could happen every day The way they work out in a play!

There everything is life and light, The men are bold, the girls are bright, Things for an act or two go wrong, But in the end right comes out strong, The hero always wins the bride, With mirth and music on his side.

No one is bothered in the play About a small thing like his one always has a roll of bills That easily a pocket fills, And if he ever should run shy A cheque book brings a new supply.

The bill collectors never knock

To give the timid ones a shock. The only troubles on the mat Pertain to love and things like that. and even they have feeb They come out right in half an hour. Of course the villain does not fare But who for him would care? He only serves to emphasize

That virtue draws the certain prize, That the deserving wins the wife, Ah. would that it were so in life! SOMETHING UNUSUAL

Rounder-I am afraid my liver is getting Rounder— Sounder—What, makes you think so? Sounder—I was warrying about my debts

TO PREVENT **A NERVOUS** BREAKDOWN

Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills When the First Symptoms Are Noticed and Save Yourself Much Suffering.

Are you troubled with pallor, loss of spirits, waves of heat passing over the body, shortness of breath after slight exertion, a peculiar skipping of the heart beat, poor digestion, cold hands or feet, or a feeling of weight and fulness? Do not make the mistake of thinking that these are diseases in themselves, and be satisfied with relief for the time being.

This is the way that the nervesgive warning that they are breaking

give warning that they are breaking down. It means that the blood has become impure and thin and cannot carry enough nourishment to the nerves to keep them healthy and able to do their work.

There is only one way to prevent the There is only one way to prevent the final breakdown of the nerves and the more serious diseases which follow. The blood must be made rich, red and pure, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this promptly and effectively. Every dose of this medicine helps make new blood and strengthens the weak or worn-out nerves.

Mrs. David J. Tapley, Fredericton, N. B., was sured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after suffering from nervous breakdown, which resulted in

Pink Pills after suffering from nervous breakdown, which resulted in partial paralysis of the face. She says: "The trouble came on quite gradually, and at the outset I did not pay much attention to it. Then it grew more serious, and there was a general breakdown of the nerves, which was followed by partial paralysis of the face, one side being completely drawn out of shape. I was under a doctor's care for a couple of months, a doctor's care for a couple of months, and one treatment after another was and one treatment after another was tried without benefit. By this time I was confined to my room, and the doctor told me he could not cure me. Almost in despair I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The improvement was slow, but the building up of a run down nervous system naturally is slow. Slowly but surely this medicine run-down nervous system naturally is slow. Slowly but surely this medicine did its work, and after a time I was able to again come down stairs. From that on the improvement was much more on the improvement was much more rapid, and now I am as well as ever I was in my life. My friends look upon my cure as almost miraculous. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me what the best medical treatment failed to do—they brought me back good health.

It is the blood building, nerve restoring power in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that enable them to cure such troubles as anaemia, riequantism the

troubles as anaemia. rheumatism, the after effects of la grippe, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the secret ailments of gir hood and womanhood. Sold by all medi-cine dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Wil-liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LOCOMOTIVES OLD AND NEW.

Dandy Engines Once the Pets of Their Engineers.

The electric motors on the New Haven Railroad, which now pull passenger trains between the Grand Central Station and the present terminus of the electric division at Port Chester, cost \$35,000 each. Not so very long ago a first class passenger locomotive would have cost every bit as much, although

the price is only about \$12,000 now adays.

The railroad companies in former days spared no expense when it came to the construction or ornamentation of their locemotives, which were not only the pets of the engineers and the pride of the whole road, but also daily moving the whole road, but also daily moving days the construction or ornament of the construction of ents of the service. In these twentieth century days of black, pooled locomotives whose masters change every trip, it seems a far cry back to the romantic days of railroading, when every road tried to outdo its rivals in the way

of dandy engines, of which the engineers were the absolute masters. No one but a certain specified engineer was allowed to run one of these engines under any circumstances, and when it became necessary to place the engine in the shop for a thorough overhauling the engineer quit work until the machinists had got through. Perhaps the best examples of all dandy engines were two bought by the New Haven road in the '60s.

These engines, which were monsters for those days, had driving wheels 5 feet 9 inches in diameter and cost about \$35, 000 each. The cab was made of solid walnut. Inside the roof of the cab was

composed of narrow alternate strips of mallogany and walnut. The side windows were made of stained glass.

Just as much expense was incurred to make the outside of the engine attraction. Wanted Pay. make the outside of the engine attractive. First, the frame was made of

thing was covered with brass, even the jacket of the boiler, while from the sand box to the stack the boiler was covered with Russian iron. Around the dome and the sand box was a covering of brass and the cylinders and steam chests were enclosed with the same metal. Strips of brass were laid along the edge of the running boards and the hand rails of the running boards and the hand rails. running boards and the were of brass piping, with large bells of per's.

brass, eagles or something made gold leaf.

gold lear.
On the side of the headlight of No. 28, whose engineer was Edward Chatterton, was painted the United States coat of was painted the United States coat of arms, while the tender of No. 34 had the same device on the side. The tender was painted black and enamelled, while all the striping was made with gold

The engineer of No. 34. Maynard Smith.

The engineer of No. 34, Maynard Smith, always were white duck, as indeed didmany of the other old time engineers, and he was very exacting. When he climbed into the cab of his engine just before starting on a trip he would take out his white handkerchief and wipe the different brass fittings in the cab to see if all had been properly cleaned.

Many of the engines in use in the early days were named instead of being numbered. On the New Haven and Hartford road, which connected the two cities before the consolidation, the engines bore such names as Andromeda, Venus, Orient and Adonis. Some engines had landscapes painted on the sides of the cab.

In those days the engineer was the aristocrat among railroad men. As soon as he reached the end of his run he would take off his overalls, turn over the engine to a hostler, wash his hands at the tender cock and step off right at the station, his work done until the return trips.

turn trip.

If any repairs were needed he did not consider that his duty had been fulfilled when a report had been turned in. He made it his particular business personally to see that the repairs were properly executed. Often an engineer would spend hours of his own time to get his machine into the very best condition. Under the present system the engineer gets away as soon as possible and doesn't show up again until ready to take out his run once more

out his run once more.

When an engine went into the shops for repair the machine was still under the control of the engineer. No addition, improvement or alteration could be made

improvement or alteration could be made unless he desired it. For instance, before the injector was invented water was forced into the boil-er by means of a pump. When the injector made its appearance many en-gineers had little faith in it and refused to have the new fangled thing put on their engines. Now the same engineers wonder how they ever got along without

the injector.

Numerous devices have been added to the locomotive until now an engineer of the old regime would be at a loss for a time if he were put in charge of an up-to-date engine. The throttle and the reverse bar are the same, but there are many little things that go toward mak-ing the duties of thee ngineer lighter. An automatic bell ringer is one of these. Nowadaya compressed air rings

these. Nowadays compressed air rings the bell. Whenever the engineer desires to ring the bell he simply turns on the air.

There is also an automatic sander.

Instead of the laborious and slow method of drawing the sand lever back and forth to bring a flow of sand in front of the slipping drivers, the engineer has to turn a little wheel which controls an automatic feed and then can forget all about

Reverse bars have been arranged to work with steam, but somehow or other they have never met with favor, althey have never met with ravor, although reversing on some of the old engines was a most laborious task. Bracing the feet against a support in the cab, the old time engineer many times had to tug away for dear life to get the engine in the back motion.

And the fireman has not been forgotten in this wareh of improgregation.

ten in this march of improvements. The automatic stoker has been invented for his benefit, but not many of these are in operation.

operation.

His greatest boon has been the automatic door opener. Opening the furnace door is done very many times in the course of a long trip, and so a good Samaritan by the use of compressed air has evolved a scheme by which a first man can open the door with little or ne offerst. effort.
Standing in his usual position, firing, with one foot toward the foot-board of the tender, the other near the

op ns the door. As soon as the shovel-ful has been sent into the fire the fireman raises his foot and the door eloc again.

forward and the compressed air

Holiday Coins Return to Bank. "Nine out of every ten persons in that line are here to get gold pieces to use as Christmas presents," said a savings bank man, pointing to a long line ings bank man, pointing to a long line in front of the paying teller's window. "And the funny part of it is," he added, "about three-quarters of the gold we give them will be back here in this bank

inside of two weeks."

The bank man said every year his ank pays out about \$3,000 in gold in the day or two immediately preceding the holiday. Most of this money is given within the family circle, and the rule is that the members of the family soon come back to the bank with the identi-

Wanted Pay. tive. First, the frame was made of planed steel, highly polished. The dripy ers were all painted red, with a tiny handle broken and the blade duil, gave handle and sharpened the limit a new handle and sharpened the limit as the Indian turning the grindstone. tool, the Indian turning the grin. The red man still hung around. "farmer" was a little annoyed, and called After an exchange of grunts and gestures the interpreter announced, "He wants 25 cents! What for?"
"For turning the grindstone,"—Har-

> ----A Circus Wish.

A potato I would wish to be On one day of the year,

And if you like I'll tell you why. For you must think it queer

Twould be on "circus day," because No matter what my size, could see everything there was — I'd have so many eyes.

The Worry Method. After taking the anti-fat treatment or a week, an obese person received

"But, doctor," he protested, "I haven't lost an ounce. The bill is too big."
"The bill," the doctor informed him curtly, "is part of the treatment."—London Opinion.



ZAM-BUK SAVED THIS MAN'S FINGER!

M. William C. Edwards, Peter Street, Toronto (late steward Elks' Club), sustained a severe cut on the middle finger of the left hand. Blood poisoning ensued and the finger caused him excrutating agony. He s ys: "My hand was so swollen and painful that I had to carry it in a sling for some months. I was under the care of a well-known dector in Toronto for several weeks. The wound got no better, and one day he said my finger would have to be taken off. The pain from the wound was terrible and was extending right up the arm. I consulted another medical man and was treated by him for some weeks longer. He then suggested the said my lenger would have to be taken off. The pain from the wound was terrible and was extending right up that the finger be opened and the bone scraped. At this stage a friend advised me to try some Zam-Buk which I did. I bathed the wound and applied Zam-Buk as directed. Next morning to lead to the try some Zam-Buk which I was a lirected. Next morning the wound began to bleed. It was a time I was able to discard the bandage. A little more perseverence and Zam-Buk cured the wound completely."

Zam-Buk Cures cuts, burns, chafines, itch, eczema, running ores, ingwoom, piles, bad legs, poisoned wounds and all skin diseases. Ill druggists and stores, 50c., or postpaid from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

