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An Absolutely Pure Tea of the Highest Possible Quality. Lead Packets only. 40c, 50c, 60c, Per Lb. At All Grocers. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

# Won at Last

"So glad to see you, dear! Finistou

"A most ungallant speech. Pray remember that Mona has changed her name. She has taken her uncle's."
"Quite right, if he is going to leave you his fortune. By what name then shell

"He is very unambitious; and has been

we—that is Madame Debrisay, generally refuses. It costs too much in

"Is it possible. I thought cabs were

Disease takes no summer

If you need flesh and

Scott's Emulsion

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,

soc. and \$1.00; all druggis

the most economical mode of getting about. Dearest Mona, I am so sorry for

dress and cab hire.

vacation.

strength use

summer as in winter.

"Life and health are worth more than gold," said Mme. Debrisay, cheerfully. "Nae doot, nae doot! Let life and health may be poverty struck, and not worth much."

worth much."
"Any way, life is given to us, and we must do the best we can with it," quoth Mme. Debrisay, who was privately wondering what had become of Mona, as her usual hour for returning was over-

"So glad to see you, dear! Finistoun is obliged to go out, or we should have waited for you, and when we have got rid of him, we shall have such a nice long chat."

"Very complimentary to me," said Lord Finistoun, bowing and smiling goodhumoredly. "Happy to renew my acquaintance with you, though I am afraid you do not remember me."

"Yes, I remember you now," a quick blush passing over her face.
She did well remember him. At the ball where she had first met Lisle, she had seen him talking long to Lord Fin-"That's what few of us do," quoth Uncle Sandy, turning to his nephew. "I'd like to have a talk with ye the next time you come up here; there are one or two matters I should wish you to

er."
dear sir, if you wish to speak
Macalister, I will leave you to-

"Not the day, not the day," said Uncle Sandy. "I have no the strength to insist on anything."

"I am wondering what keeps Mona," said Mme. Debrisay; "she ought to be here by this time."

It was a Saturday afternoon. when Kenneth always got away from the city early.

"There is her ring!" she exclaimed the next moment. "I'll go and see what kept her."

It was a wet chill often and gaunt, but Evelyn was evidently satisfied with him.

In a few minutes Mona felt quite at home.

"And you are the naughty girl who riled every one by rejecting your unfortunate financee," said Lord Finistoun, as he helped her to some cold grouse. "It was to bad, really. You deserved to be shut up and fed on bread and water."

"How very ill-bred of you, Finistoun, to mention it," cried his wife. "You have no discretion. I will not have Mona teased."

kept her."
It was a wet, chill afternoon, with wild gusts of wind.
"Where have you been, my darlin'?"
cried Mme. Debrisay, going into the bedroom, where she heard Mona moving for."

teased."
"I beg pardon if I have offended; but I am sure Miss Joscelyn will forgive me. The poor fellow has gone under. The race-course and the clubs know him no more. You have a great deal to answer for."

"A very pleasant and unlook for recontre," returned Mona, who was taking off her damp out-door garments. "I was coming away from Mrs. Churchill's was coming away from Mrs. Churchill's "Perhaps; but then people seldom know what is good for them." was coming away from Mrs. Churchill's when a lady who had just driven up to the door suddenly called me by my name. 'Don't you remember me, Mona?' It was Evelyn. She seemed so pleased to see me! She had only come up to town for a few days, and was going to write to me to come and see her, as she was very hurried. Oh, she was looking so well and happy! She asked me to luncheon to-morrow. She is at their town house in Hyde Park Gardens, and wants to have a long talk. She is just the same as ever, only nicer—at least she seemed so. What a different world she moves in from ours, dear Deb!"

"And why does this rich old uncle choose to live in such a remote region as Westbourne Villas?'"

"I do not think he is rich, and he is only in London for a short time."

"Oh, nonsense! He must be rich. Make him take a house near us some were. Every one will be pleased to see

she seemed so. What a different world she moves in from ours, dear Deb!"

"Ah! widely different; but you don't let that fret you, my dear, do you?"

"No. I don't fret. Yet I am ashamed to think how I regret that brilliant, easy, abounding existence where avery. easy, abounding existence, where every-thing is fair and smooth, and neither roughness nor care come to irritate or

roughness nor care come to irritate or oppress."

"Ah! my darlin', there are plenty of aching hearts under the smoothness, and poor human nature groans and yearns for what it can't get, all the same whether it's in a poor twenty-five shilling a week lodging or a marble palace."

"If that is your opinion, Deb. why

Deb, why were you so angry with me for breaking with Mr. Waring?"

"Well, dear, you see people must live,
"Well, dear, you see people must live,
"Come up to my room, Mona. We have

"Well, dear, you see people must live, and as hearts ache, no matter what covers them—sackcloth or satin—you might as well have satin, and a marble hall."

"That is not a sufficient reason. I "Come up to my room, Mona. We have only a few rooms open, as we go back to Cumberland on Tuesday. Now we shall have a delightful talk. Isn't Finstoun nice? He is such a good fellow. I thought him so dull and quiet when he

"That is not a sufficient reason. I suppose that whatever your abstract conviction may be, you grasp grandeur and wealth whenever you have a chance. I fear I am no wiser, dear, for all my romantic talk, only I am greedier than you are, Deb—I wanted love as well as haver."

"Ah, then, didn't poor Waring give you lashin's of love?"

"Perhaps; but if he could not create it in me, what good did his love do me."

"I am ashamed of your hard-heartedness, Mona. I expected better things of you."

"I thought him so dull and quiet when he came to the Chase—just after you made about marrying him much, only he seemed so much in rove with me—which no body ever did before—and now I think him the most charming companion. Isn't he bright and pleasant?"

"He is indeed! I suppose you make him so happy, that his nature has developed, as plants do in sunshine."

"You are just the same as ever, Moia, with your quiet funny air of wisdom. I wis you had married Mr. Waring. It is really very nice to be married to a

ness, Mona. I expected be a trings of you."

"That is because you always overrated me,"

"Never mind. Just go up to your uncle; that wild Highlander has had him all to himself nearly the whole evening."

"But tell me about yourself! What an about yourself! all to himself nearly the whole evening."

Mona set out to keep her appointment.

Mona set out to keep her appointment.

Debrisay! though she is a dear old thing.

Do you never go to a dance or—but of

with Lady Finistour with mixed feelings of pleasure, and a little irresistible mortification. At twenty, philosophy had not had time to strike its roots very deeply into the soul.

Mona was proud, but her pride had no tinge of meanness. Of poverty she was not the least ashamed, so long as she was indebted to herself alone. Yet in old and highly artifical societies like ours, poverty is probably the most deventations. In the least ashamed we have a very agreeable companion. Then we go often to concerts — sometimes to theatres — and even now times to soirees, where, if there is not much elegance, you sometimes hear exceedingly clever talk; but we that is Madame Debrisay, genshe was indebted to herself alone. Yet in old and highly artifical societies like ours, poverty is probably the most degrading condition into which man or woman can fall; but the sting to Monalay in her consciousness that the disapprobation and neglect of her relatives was in some degree deserved. She had not acted loyally to Waring; she ought not to have broken faith with him when the immediate cause which forced her to accept him was removed. And he, too, must despise her!

However, all that was irrevocable now. Yet she hoped carnestly that Evelyn

would be alone. She did not wish to meet any of her former friends, or rathmeet any of her former friends, or rather acquaintances, to be pitied and questioned, however smilling and kind the mask they might put on. This was a contemptible weakness, she confessed to herself, but she could not take herself

Her ladyship had just gone to lunch-on, said the elegant gentleman who pened the door. Would she walk in? opened the door. Would she want at Mona was shown into a library at the back of the house, where Evelyn sat at a tete-a-tete with her husband.

"I am well and happy."
"Nonsense, dear. I tell you what, you must come and stay with us. I don't care what they say at home, and I will give you some nice dresses." "No, no, Evelyn. I have left sphere forever. I am not ungrateful to you. You are a kind, generous soul; but I have thrown in my lot with the work-

ers, and I can't serve fashion and mam mon. I must earn my bread."

"It sounds quite awful. I shall persuade you to come to me yet. Do tell me what the uncle is like."

me what the uncle is like."
"Well, he is an ugly, little old man, "Well, he is an ugly, little old man, not too pleasant in temper, and in very indifferent health. He talks like the people in Sir Walter Scott's novels, and he tries to convert me to Presbyterianism." "What a fearful combination. He must have money or he would never presume to be so disagreeable."

"I see no sign of it in his mode of fe or his ideas of expenditure."
"How is it you let him bore you so,

"He seems to have thrown himself upon me, while every one else, except poor, dear Deb, has thrown me c.f — and then I see he is fond of me. There and then I see he is fond of me. There is so much in that. Besides he is intelligent—a character, in fact. I feel his hold

"Where did you find him."

Mona gave the history of their first "Depend on it he will prove a 'trea

sure trove'. Where does he come from?"
"Somewhere near Glasgow. Ly father's
people were—I scarcely know what very humble in origin."
"And where does he live when he i

"I am not very sure. He has a cottage in the Western Highlands called

"Craigdarroch," repeated Lady Finis toun, in great surprise. "Why, that is ing that a rich jute manufacturer bought it. Yes, I know all about it now, dearest Mona; he must be the same Mr. Craig—a dreadful, rich, Radical old miser. You don't mind my saying so, do

ball where she had first met Lisie, she had seen him talking long to Lord Finistoun, and fancied they were speaking of herself. He (Lord Finistoun) was very like Kenneth Macalister, only older, better dressed, and less good-looking. He was tall and gaunt, but Evelyn was evidently satisfied with him.

In a few minutes Mona felt quite at home. "Oh, no, by no means," returned Mona laughing. "It is very curious that you should know anything about him. Still, I can not believe in his wealth; and he certainly not a miser."
"This is a delightful discovery. Finis-

oun wil be quite pleased; and then we shall see you in the autumn. We always go, or will go, to Straithairlie."
"But, perhaps, my uncle will not re-turn there."

"Oh, yes, re will. Do not be so contradictory. My dear love, you will be a wealthy heiress yet. Craigdarroch isquite a lovely place. And there is a farm—a good large farm ,and fishing rights attached to it, etc., etc." Talk flowed freely, till Mona, observing the hour, insisted on taking leave.

"It is pouring with rain. Do let me nd you home in a cab."

"No, dear Evelyn, you shall not send me in a cab. I will take one myself, for I do not wish to spoil my best gown."
"What a rebellious subject you are.
I protest I feel a load taken off my when I think you have a rich uncle in the toils. Keep fast hold of him." CHAPTER XII.

Mme. Debrisay's words respecting Mona's sacrifices for her uncle had sunk into his soul. He was generally a taciturn individual

but at times communicative fits would seize him, of which when they were past, he seemed half ashamed.

Mona's absence on the Sunday afternoon when she had lunched with Lady Finistoun, was a stumbling block and rock of offence.

"Leddy Finistoun, indeed," he mutter-

ed, not addressing any one in particular. "She and her people would have left the girlie to starve and she must run back to eat of her bread. That's not the right

"But, uncle," said Mona, who was look-"But, uncie," said mona, who was look-ing for the city article in the Times, "Evelyn was always fond of me. She is not responsible for what her people did." "Eh. They are all birds of the same Finistoun sought me, uncle. "Lady Finistoun sought me, uncle. It would heve been ungracious to reject

t would neve wher advances."
"Oh, gang yer ain gait. The young always know better than the old and ex-

Mona did not reply and there was a pause. She found the article she had been looking for, and had just begun to read when Uncle Sandy stopped her, ex-

"Bide a bit. I want to speak to you." "Bide a bit. I want to speak to you."
She laid down the newspaper a little alarmed at the ominous beginning.
"Tell me truth," he resumed. "How are you paid for your singing lessons?"
"Oh, mine are merely preparatory lessons so I do not get much."
"Av but how much?"

"Ay, but how much ?" "Three shillings a lesson, or thirty for

"Hum! ha! well!"-pulling out his purse—"there are three sovereigns for you. Madame told me you put off some pupils that ye might give your time to me, and I can nae forget it. I doubt me, and I can nae forget it. I doubt if any one ever did so much for me be-fore. Now I don't want you to suffer loss through me. There, tak' the gowd, ye're welcome. Before that is gone, ye'll

nay be find other pupils."
"But, Uncle Sandy, I would rather not lake it! Indeed, I would rather not! I um sure I shall soon find other pupils, and—and I have a little money of my own—more than a hundred and twenty pounds. I was quite ready to give up the lessons that I might be with you. You were not fit to be left alone. I will not take the money."
"Nor will I take it back."

"You must, indeed," she persisted.
"Hoot, toot! a young creature like you needn't hesitate to take it from her earest of kin. Here, pit it in yer poc-

"Let us make a bargain, uncle!" cried Mona, gayly. "I do not want the money now, but when I do I'll ask for it."

you. And how wonderfully well you fruits of the airth, and never add a baw-look." "Still, I suppose they do some good, by giving employment and spending

"I'm no that sure. They create a fause

nor her sake. Her heart was bound up in him; and for a' his bone and muscle, he's no that strong."

"Yes, Uncle Sandy, you ought to take care of him. He is indeed your natural

"Natural heir indeed!" quoth Uncle Sandy wrathfully. "Nabody is my heir or heiress beyond what I choose. I an leave all I possess to an institution or an hospital to-morrow."
"Of rourse you could," said Mona, in-

differently.
"Then let me hear nae mair of heirs "Very well. Shall I read now?"

"Ay, and dinna go too fast."
But the lecture did not seem to give satisfaction till she came to the "Price Current," when some of the quotations seemed to arouse a keen and pleasura-

ble interest in her hearer.

"Ay," he muttered. "Spanish four cents, forty-eight and a quarter, ex-dividend. That's good; time to sell. Hum! Union Pacific, three-fourths down! that will do. Where is Kenneth? He hasn't come night us this Sawhath."

will do. Where is Kenneth? He hash to come nigh us this Sawbath."

"He said he was going to church with his friend young Macleod, and was to sup with him after."

"He's always awa' when he is wanted. Write him a note; nay, a half-penny card will do as well. Tell him—stay, I'll write myself, though it is the Sawbath. There are some things will na'. bath. There are some things will na' keep, and the Lord's Day is not the same

"Just so, uncle. When in Rome, do as "Ay; when will a note reach him?"
"I dare say at ten to-morrow morn

(To be continued.)

this side of the border.

### WEAK KIDNEYS.

Restored to Strength by Dr. William

The impurities of the blood

Bad blood is the cause of weak kid-

meys. The impurities of the brood clog the kidneys so that they are un-able to perform their work of separ-ating the waste matter from the ating the waste matter from the blood—the bad from good. The symptoms of diseased kidneys are numerous. The dull, sunken eye, the coated tongue, the backache, weak, shaky knees, sallow, swollen face all show knees, sallow, swollen face all show what is wrong. This disease must not be neglected. Every day delayed in finding a cure is a day nearer "Bright's Disease"—that trouble is incurable. Do not waste time and money on a medicine which acts only on the kidneys. It may relieve, but it cannot cure you. The trouble to it cannot cure you. The trouble to be permanently cured must be treat-ed through the blood. Good blood makes healthy kidneys. Dr. Williams' makes healthy kidneys. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood—that's why they cure when other medicines fail. Thousands owe good health—some life itself—to this medicine. Among them is Roy Davidson, who resides with his uncle, Mr. Son, who resides with his uncle, Mr. Maclean says: "My nephew, Roy, had weak kidneys. About a year ago he took the measles and this left him in a bod state. His kidneys were so [Sun Francisco.] It is all the took the measles and this left him in a bod state. His kidneys were so [Sun Francisco.] It is all the took the measles and this left him in a bod state. His kidneys were so [Sun Francisco.] It is all the took the measles and this left him in a bod state. His kidneys were so [Sun Francisco.] It is all the took the measles and this left him in the took the measles and this left him in the took the measles and this left him in the took the measles and this left him in the took the measles and this left him in the took the measles and this left him in the took the measles and this left him in the strength of the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him in the streets of San Francisco. It is all the streets of San Francisco. It is all the took the measles and this left him the streets of San Francisco. It is all the streets of San Francisco. It is all the streets of San Francisco. It is a in a bad state. His kidneys were so weak that they were incapable of per-forming their functions. He suffered forming their functions. He suffered from backache, weakness and restlessness. For a time he had to leave school. Our family doctor was unable to help him. In fact, he told me that Roy might never get better; that the disease would probably grow worse. I then procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had already used the Pills myself, with great benefit liams' Pink Pills. I had already used the Pills myself, with great benefit and felt confident they would cure Roy. He began taking them, and continued their use until he had taken a half dozen boxes, which fully cured him. He is now stronger and better than he ever was, and neither study nor work about the farm seem to fatigue him. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved him from a life of misery."

Dr. Wlliams' Pink Pills do just on They actually make new, rich, red blood, which feeds and strengthens blood, which feeds and strengthens every nerve and organ in the body. That is why this medicine cures such common ailments as anaemia, general weakness, headaches and backaches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, neuralgia and the ailments which makes the lives of so many wong girls miserable. many wonom and young girls miserable.

Don't take something else which theh dealer may say is "just as good." you can't get the genuine Pills from your dealer, send to The Dr. Wiliams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Still Living in Hope.

"Twenty-two years ago to-day there was an occasion which called forth the following notice in our paper: "On Mon-Mona, gayly. "I do not want the money now, but when I do I'll ask for it."

"Ay, but I misdoubt me if you will; you have too much pride. Not but that I like your independent spirit—that comes from the Craigs. I'll jist pit up the money in a bit paper, and it will be ready whenever you want it."

"Thank you, uncle. I will ask for it, if I want it; but I hope I shall not. Do you know that Lord and Lady Finistoun are your neighbors at Craigdarroch?"

"Ay, I knew the name; but I did not give them a thocht. I remember now, the Laird o' Strathairlie used to be down in the shooting-time, with a wild, feckin the shooting-time, with a wild, feck-altogether without hope. — Concordia less lot—loons that just consume the Kansan.

## SAN FRANCISCO TO-DAY.

## Conditions Now Prevailing—Authorities Doing Their Utmost

tends for six or seven blocks. The store-house, a barn-like structure, 75 by 150 feet, is divided into huge bins; one con-tains bread, of which the students of Palo Alto send 70,000 loaves daily; an-other ham and bacon, sliced for indivi-dual use; another bologna sausage; an-other canned meats and vegetables and so on A block beyond is the Milk Sundual use; another bologna sausage; another canned meats and vegetables and so on. A block beyond is the Milk Snpply Station, where 500 gallons were dispensed daily. The milk supply however, has been cut down and the city—that is, those who can not afford to buy their food—is put on Army rations.

is, those who can not afford to buy their food—is put on Army rations, bread, meat and vegetables; no milk (except in the case of infants) butter nor eggs.

Although civilization is on the increase, there are still strange sights to be seen. On Sutter street a row of electric cars has been converted into dwellings. Pink quilts adorn the windows and neighborly courtesies are exchanged over

months; moreover, any getter suspicious bottles, or bearing unmistakable signs of inebriation, is summarily taken in charge and sentenced to three months' hard labor, which consists in removing bricks and debris, and otherwise making himself weight to his country.

The Palace Hotel is open to the four winds of heaven. The glittering restaurants and grill-rooms are heaps of crumbled brick. The great department stores are swaying, jagged walls, with gaping windows and twisted girders, or, for the most part, a level waste. It is a vast

graveyard.

The spirit of the people, however, is not dead. On a roofless, wall-less fragment one reads: "We moved because the elevator was out of order. New premises ready shortly." All over the city are posted huge notices:

"Work morn, noon, night, and make DEAR NEW FRISCO

This is the spirit of San Francisco. The old-timers are going to stick to it, earthquakes or no earthquakes. They re ready to take their chance. On the are ready to take their chance. On the other hand, a large number of people have left, and more would go if they had the means. Everywhere that there are buildings "For Sale" and "To Let" signs prevail.

It is a city of nerve-wrecked men and to sa city of nerve-wrecked then and women. It may or may not be generally known, but the seismic instruments record forty-nine or fifty "shakes" since the big one. Last week one came along which rang door-bells, lifted roofs, and otherwise enlivened matters. These re otherwise enivened matters. These re-curring shocks are not soothing. People like to have everything in readiness when they go to bed, in case of a hur-ried exit during the night. They don't care to lock a door, as there are so many stories of doors jamming from shock and

"The no that sure. They create a fause demand, and a useless class—men that just minister to other men's pleasure are never good for anything; there's something degrading in it. If ye come advantage degrading in it. If ye come advantage and see me in my bit Hieland home, I hope these fine folk won't come haverin' after you. I canna be fashed wi' stellike kittle cattle."

"I don't suppose they would trouble me much, only Evelyn, who is really fond of me, I believe; and I should greatly off me, I believe; and I should greatly off me, I believe; and I should greatly off the sufferers. The account was sent off me, I believe; and I should greatly off the delightful, from Kenneth's account."

"Ay; he can talk grand. He is a braw addie. You are good friends, you twa?"

"Very good. Kenneth interests me, he is so fresh and original."

"Very good. Kenneth interests me, he is so fresh and original."

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"Very good of the source of the day m San Francisco at the to down on the Amur to attend to the bedief

pair signs his name and when completed, the document will be sent to the donor as a souvenir, or a study in marvellous handwaiting. Manna sent from heaven was nothing to those socks. The sick people patted them and put them under their pillows with a contented sigh; the "shook out and burnt out and never saved a thing" are garded them with wholesome respect, not to say veneration.

Things are gradually getting into better working order, from a relief standpoint. The authorities are trying hard to separate the sheep from the goats, that is, the deserving from the undeserving. The army now makes a house-to-house visitation and woe to that man who has stocked his cellar and still persists in "going into line" for rations. One of the food supply stations in the Mission feeds betwen sixty and seventy thousand daily. The line sometimes extends for six or seven blocks. The store-thouse, a barn-like structure, 75 by 150 house, a barn-like structure, 75 by 150 foots iddivided into huge hims; one con-When it is too dark can ever be written. When it is too dark to work, people talk in the dim, flickering candle-light of the things they have seen and heard—how when the great buildings swayed like pendulums, and row after row went down like pleces of cardboard, in every part of the city there arose, all at once, the cry of terrified women and children, sounding high and shrill above the crash of falling masonry. shrill above the crash of falling masonry, of stone pavements heaving and rolling like the waves of the sea; of pet animals dropping dead from fright; of blasted buildings containing human life; of sol-diers shooting, and looting in the face of death itself. This, and things more ter-

At the present time there is little no money in circulation. Everybody is waiting to see what the insurance com-panies will do. Everything depends upon that. In the meantime, people who, ordinarily, are in comfortable circums ances, must stand in line, or go with out food. A workman rarely gets paid. He is asked to wait for his wages indef-

Last week, in the course of our work we came across half-a-dozen Canadian families, who, for the above reason, are families, who, for the above reason, are pretty well destitute. They have now enough to tide them over the period of waiting. We have also persuaded a good many of them to go to Vancouver, where the ground is solld, and this particular feature appeals to them wery strongly. There is a good deal of pneumonia and pleurisy, caused by exposure the night of the fire, but smallpox and other contegious diseases are kept well

seen. On Sutter steed into dwellings. Pink quilts adorn the windows and lings. Pink quilts adorn the windows and neighborly courtesies are exchanged over the fenders. San Francisco is still without a brick chimney and dames of high and low degree, alike, wield frying pans and low degree, alike, wield frying pans and tea-kettles in the middle of the road, indifferent at last to the fact that the world knows what there is going to be for dinner. The world is not very be for dinner. The world is not very perficular these days about fingerbowls and table decorations. Nobody has even a table-napkin since the earthquake and the possessor of a clean flour-sack is looked upon with envy, even mistrust; for a flour-sack at a table is a luxury, and the people who surround themselves with luxuries are surely grafters, and the people who surround themselves with luxuries are surely grafters, and the people who surround themselves with luxuries are surely grafters, and the record of fashion, only to be revived when the Board of Works sees fit to inspect the chimneys. For some time there was no water at all and in this district people were obliged to carry and therefore to be avoided. Hot baths also their pitchers and pails twelve blocks before they could find any.

From cold water to saloons is surely a dreadful leap, but it may be stated their pitchers and pails twelve blocks before they could find any.

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From cold water to saloons is surely and the ender of the province of the the children who supported them. The nurses in charge asked us to get them some clothing, but although we tried our-best to do so through the regular Army channels, it was of no use. The demand is greater than the supply, and unless help comes from some outside source, these people will be no better off than they are now. In all, there are about seventy-five women and the same num-ber of old invalided men. If any of the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Square mile after square mile shows ruin, ruin, ruin, blank. hopeless ruin. The very bricks are ground to powder. It is hard to realize that on Market and Mission, and in all the great thoroughfares, the only merchants are vendors of pear nuts and soda water and hawkers of poppern.

Women's sewing societies in Vancouver or elsewhere, or any one who has time and inclination, could send whatever they can in the way of clothing of any kind and all sorts, provided it is fresh and clean, they can rest asured that they are performing an act of true kind-ness and charity, for surely no one's need is greater. It must be borne in ness and charty, for surely no one's need is greater. It must be borne in mind that these are not habitual paupers, but simply the victims of circumstances, heretofore independent, and asking for help only in the interval. All parcels should be addressed to Nurse M. P. McLeod, care Mrs. Sanborn, Chairman Red Cross at the above heavilt. man Red Cross, at the above hospital; otherwise they might as well be thrown

Isabel A. R. Maclean,

#### THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Baby's Own Tablets is not for babies only. It is a medicine for children of all ages. It is gently laxative and company to the state of forting. It cures indigestion, all forms of stomach troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea and makes teething painless. There's a smile in every dose.

Mrs. Henry Mater, London, Ont., says:
"Having used Baby's Own Tablets I can say with sincerity that I know nothing as good for simple fevers, stomach and bowel troubles. My baby has thrived splendidly since I began giving her the Tablets." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville,

Learning the White Man's Ways. "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind" makes him the easy prey of the otherwise entivened matters. These recurring shocks are not soothing. People like to have everything in readiness when they go to bed, in case of a hurried exit during the night. They don't care to lock a door, as there are so many stories of doors jamming from shock and occupants of houses caught helpless in the usual greeting is "Good morn." It was The usual greeting is "Good morn." It was The usual greeting is "Good morn." occupants of houses caught helpless in traps. The usual greeting is "Good morning; did you feel the earthquake last night?"

The true San Franciscan belittles the earthquake and blames the fire for everything. "Does not every city have her fire," he says, "and does she not always rise from the ashes more beautiful than ever?" Yet buildings hat the fire never approached danced jigs and crumbled into nowder. or. in some instances, like the Valencia Hotel, not