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SATURDAY MORNING

FASHIONS AND

THE HOUSEHOLD

"RAGGS" WRITES FROM NEW YORK

tween the ignorant foreign girl strikers (when they were discharged by the judge) and the "white slave" procurers, who met the hungry, thinly-clad young women (right under the indifferent noses of the police), as they left the court room, with the Court with me I will get you "Come with me. I will get you

ourit a pretty girl in tears, begging the judge to believe that she was not a prestitute; that the plain-dothes policeman had followed and apoken to her on the street; and arrested her when she answered him, for the sake of the dollar the argest would bring him? She was affirst offence"—and had not the was a safe off with a caution, as it was as affirst offence"—and had not the street; the sweetest cance song ever some the sake of the dollar the argest would bring him? She was affirst offence"—and had not the was as affirst offence"—and had not the street, which is michigant to see that women are some evening last evening last evening last evening as the washing bee, which function is to meet her on the street washing work to the effect that they are done of the police force, and on each to see that women and bad—get a fair gall.

Elinor Murray remarked feelingly had she lived in Toolto.

Then Madam Ellinor left me to meet her husband at the Hippo-livene, that, they might have great takes of diving horses to teil their foungs son an Toronto, And I to the foungs son an Toronto, And I to the street was a special since we say the same of the same the plants are say that the same are say will do the job incurrence with the coarse grass of the same the plants and the same that they might have great the same of the same the plants and the same that they might have great the same of the same the plants and the same that they might have great the same of the same the plants and the same that they might have great the same of the same that they might have great the same of the same the same of the same that they might have great the same of the same that they might have great the same of the same that they might have great the same of the same that they will be same the same of the same that the same

NEW YORK, March 21, 1913. | Keith's "Fifth Avenue" Theatre, there.

erick.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER

ASTER comes so early this year that many families will wait until that day's dinner for their first spring dinner of new potential. cream, with green peas from southern gardens. Fowl is considered the proper caper for a special Sunday dinner, but if it is no treat on your table try a leg of spring lamb. Have the butcher cut a pocket in it and fill this with a rick bread crumb stuffing. This will surely please, as lamb is prime now.

your diet thru Lent. Now you will enjoy a keener appetite, and a greater religh, for your food at a season when others' appetites are fickle and hard

Henry the VIII. received an Easter egg from the Pope, when he was still in the church's favor, and this so pleased him that he inaugurated the custom of exchanging eggs and making Easter calls. Eggs certainly should be on the Easter table on Easter day, for custom has endeared them to us.

Some families renew their supply of egg cups on this day and many new, dainty designs are found in the stores at this season. An egg-timer makes a pleasing surprise for an Easter gift and an egg opener is enjoyed by those who have tender fingers and dislike opening a hot boiled egg. The colored eggs make an appropriate centrepiece around the Easter Honduras died at Tegucigalpa today of kidney trouble, according to a private telegram received here late to-Lily centrepiece at dinner.

Remove the shells and cut the hard boiled eggs in slices. Season with and pepper and add a sprinkle of curry, if you like them hot.

Make a rich cream sauce. Place the seasoned eggs in a hot bowl and to the presidency, the message said.

Dr. Bonilla had been afflicted with salt and pepper and add a sprinkle of curry, if you like them bot. cover with the dressing. Serve with sippets of buttered toast.

Make the sauce with three tablespoons of flour blended with an equal amount of butter. Heat gently and pour on stirring constantly, a pint of



"There was an old man who said plant some five hundred or so-they are 'Hush',
I perceive a young bird in this per hundred—plant them in your rockbush,

When they said. 'Is it small?'

He replied, 'Not at all,'

It is four times as big as the bush!'"

So Double 1.

One last word about bulbocodium a job!"

And had I not seen in that court a pretty girl in tears, beging the judge to believe that she was not a prostitute; that the plain-clothes policeman had followed and droker to her on the street; and day.

It is four times as big as the bust.

So Pauline Johnson, sweet Indian.

One last word about bulbocodium one with me, and will be so with anyone else who will give it a fair show—bulbo so with anyone else who will give it a fair show—bulbocodium one with the street with the left alone season after season. On no account must they be lifted about bulbocodium one last word about bulbocodium one with the single with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same with the same with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same with the last word about bulbocodium one with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same of the street with the plain with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same of the street with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same of the street with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same of the street with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same of the street with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same of the street with the plain of the street with the last word about bulbocodium one with the same of the street with the same of t

ska, who, I believe, played recently in Toronto. "Gee!" enthused he, the ollowing morning, "does that kid know how to handle the music-box? Well, maybe! One minute she'd be poundin' the ivories like she was all the horses in 'Ben Hur' rolled into one and it was the treadmill they galloped on; and the next second she'd be peltin' and peltin' the keys like a kitten, throwin' her hands up in the air and pouncin' down, sometimes gentland sometimes rough, and then you and sometimes rough, and then you is clogged with impurities. Some is clogged with impurities. the horses in 'Ben Hur' rolled into one

Yours hastily, "Raggs."

HONDURAS' PRESIDENT DEAD. Suffered Long From Bright's Disease-Successor Appointed. WASHINGTON, March 21 .- (Can.

Press.)-President Manuel Bonilla of Francisco Bertrand, vice-president



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World, Pattern Dept., Tononto, and pattern will be mailed to you. Write plainly and be sure to give

of these spells. Bonilla became president on the wave of a revolution about two years ago. He was about 70 years

Spring ailments are not imaginary. Even the most robust find the winter months most trying to their health.

Confinement indoors, often and sometimes rough, and then you is clogged with impurities. Some couldn't hear yourself think until it pleased little Ethelski to let up. And the way she makes your spine creep! She certainly knows her business! and nervous. Still others are troubled with disfiguring pimples and skin ed with disfiguring pimples and skin the Fowl is considered the proper caper for a special Sunday dinner, the first is no treat on your table try a leg of spring lamb. Have the there cut a pocket in it and fill this with a rick bread crumb stuffing. It may have been self-denial for you to have eliminated all meat from let thru Lent. Now you will enjoy a keener appetite, and a greater light, for your food at a season when others' appetites are fickle and hard please.

Many persons deny themselves their favorite dishes and all condiments after weeks in early spring for purposes of health only, and not from the subspring spring pimples and sking for Ethel!"

Many men and women of late have been bursting into print on the subspring symptoms that the blood is out of order and that a medicine is need to say "juroresses." However, you probably gather that I am trying in my very feeble way, to say "female jurors." It's not a bad idea. I think, this women-jury thing that they are giving a trial here and there, all over the country. After all is said and weaker still. This is all that a pur-Many persons deny themselves their favorite dishes and all condiments Many persons deny themselves their favorite dishes and all condiments Many persons deny themselves their favorite dishes and all condiments Many persons deny themselves their favorite dishes and all condiments where the country are serious zeal.

A certain Sorosis club chose the study of Bible customs for its house A certain Sorosis club chose the study of Bible customs for its house and home department work this past year and these ladies have found that and girls who have never quite grown and spiritually—and the mothers and spiritually—and the mothers and school-teachers who realize by wise the blood and soothe the blood builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pils not only banish spring weakness but guard you against the more serious aliments that follow, such as an amenders of laws as individuals and not as members of the criminal class.

Yours hastily, blood. Miss Lillian Howe, Portland, Ont., says: "A little over a Jear ago I was in a very anaemic condition, suffering from most of the symptoms of that trouble. Often I spent sleepless nights, and felt as though I did not care whether I live or not. In this condition I began taking Dr. Wilof ten or twelve boxes I was restored to the blessing of perfect health. much in praise of this medicire." If you are ailing this spring y cannot afford, in your own vitere

to overlook so valuable a med ine as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 Bright's disease for about a year and a half. His condition gradually grew worse, and for the past few days he had had several severe convulsions. It Brockville, Ont.

The great popularity and general use of the Royal Baking Powder attest its superiority



When you buy and use only the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, you have the positive assurance that your food raised by it is not polluted by alum, lime, or any of the adulterants common to other powders.



It is unwise to take chances by the use of any other brand

A MAN IN THE OPEN

By Roger Pocock.

(Copyrighted 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill wife—which is death from natural causes. Ma'am," he wagged his fin-

toned senses which belongs with wealth. It's not for grade stock like me to set up as judge on thorobreds, or call a lady immoral for using a spoon whar I should need a shovel.

I should have told you that after our boys of the Flying Zee quit Abilene, I pitched a little A tent on the prairie back of Polly's house. Than I was riding Tiger all alone, with my shadow drawin' slowly out ahead as the moon waned.

CHAPTER V.

is believed his death came during one

hur, I washt is the long as the joke was on me I done my best to take it like a man.

But suppose—Well, I'd best explain that the English tenderfoot was at our wedding breakfast, and gettin' encouraged, he put up his best prize joke. He was all hoo, hoo hoo at first, so funny he couldn't speak, the fellows waitin' each with his grin gettin' stale, and Polly laughing just to encourage him on. Then words got out which made the boys uneasy. Jake Haffering, the Bar T foreman, told the hog to shut up, while others moved to get clear. I was sort of my bein's happened and don't speak the focker chairs, and slung the coal-oil lamp into the flames; then while she moved to get clear. I was sort of my boulder with her teeth. I carbon the hand-ing my bein's lamp into the flames; then while she hand into the hand-ing till you're weary, calm nothing till you've faced the storm, peace nothing until after war. But peace is like the water after thirst, rest when you're weary, calm after storm, earnings of war-paper flowers, heaped on the hand-painted pictures, the paper fans, the rocker chairs, and slung the coal-oil lamp into the flames; then while she the boys unless. Jake Haffering, the Bar T foreman, told the hog to shut up, while others moved to get clear. I was sort of stupid, wanting the point explained, couldn't believe it possible the joke was en my wife, altho I'd rose by then, with gun hand free. Then I saw, but the room seemed dark, and the tenderfoot ail indistinct, backing away, and reaching slovenly for weapons, while my bullet smashed in his shoulder. It slued him round as he dropped.

I could hear the flies in the window buzzing as I came to myself, seeing the hot street outside, the yellow plains beyond.

It was old Jake of the Bar T who rocker chairs, and slung the coal-oil lamp into the flames; then while she called flames; then while she tent, it he dead-line. Afterward if any man came house for neighbors, but she had no use for neighbors, but she had no use for neighbors. Only they seen the line I drew in the window that tent, the dead-line. Afterward if any man came house for neighbors, but she had no use for neighbors, but she had no use for neighbors, but she had no use for neighbors. Only they seen the line I drew in the wilderness, the very many in the wilderness, the very my lamp find peace in death, only a few in life, and I found wealth. Seems there's many persons mistaking dollars for some sort of wealth. I've had a few at times by way of samples, the things which you're apt to be selfish with neighbors, but she had no use for neighbors. Only they seen the line I drew in the coal-oil lamp into the flames; then while she and if only a few in life, and I found wealth. Seems there's many persons mistaking dollars for some sort of wealth. I've had a few at times by way of samples, the things which you're apt to be selfish with them projuces the feeling called foverty. They're the very stuff and substance of mean means and no man walks straight-loaded. Dollars gets lost, or throwed away, or left to your next of kin, but they're many persons mistaking dollars for or give away to buy self-rightcous-neighbors. Only they seen the line I drew in the dead-l

the hot street outside, the yellow plains beyond. It was old Jake of the Bar T who spoke out then, and spoke straight.

"My boy," he says, "put up your

NONE SO EASY

causes. Ma'am," he wagged his finger at Polly, "'tain't long since you come among us. 'Taint more'n a day since you told me and others present

And that evening was most surely wonderful, in a parlor all antimacases as and rocker chairs with pink bows. She showed me plush photo albums, and hand-painted pictures of ladies, and hand-painted pictures of ladies, and and-painted pictures of ladies and a bottle no bigger'n my thurismellin's of ferce it well-nigh blew my head off. Oh, it was all so elegant and high-toned that I got proud of being allowed indoors.

Her poople was real society, her poopa an army general, runned by the war, her mother prime Virginian. But then she'd gone on the stage, so there was mean suspicions.

I hold suspicion to be a form of meanness when it touches women. My mother would have shed at naked ladies, and dad was powerful agin cigarets. As for the smell, so fierce it had to be bottled, I'll own up I was shocked. But then you see mother, and dad, an' me, being working people, was not supposed to feel the high control of senses which belongs with wealth. It's not for grade stock like me to set up as judge on thorobreds, in the dead of Polly's back of Polly's back of Polly's back at the prairie back of Polly's page for the smell, so fierce it had to be bottled, I'll own up I was shocked. But then you see mother, and dad, an' me, being working people, was not supposed to feel the high control of the polaries of the plains. I seem that you was marryin' for fun. You are a lady, that's seen him for weeks, and when the vary of fun is son you married for fun is son, the grant him. You are a lady, and this beer would have shed at lage would have shed they ou married for fun is supported to see you treated as a lady, I to see yo

or call a lady immoral for using a spoon whar I should need a shovel.

No, I was playing worldliners for fear the lady'd think me ignorant. I was no more'n a little child strayed among civilization, scared of being found out childish. And I was surely panicky in a house—belonged outdoors among horses.

So it happened that in them days, while I rode guard upon Miss Polly, no man in Abilene could speak to her, or mention her name to me until give him leave. She got to be known as Sailor Jesse's kill, and any person touching on my kill was apt to require a funeral.

It was the seventh day she married me. I know, because Bull, acting as best man, claimed a kiss, which she gave him. "Bull," says she, "didn't I bet you I'd marry Sailor Jesse within a week? You owe me twenty dollars," I saw the joke was on me. If the down man in a dream. Love had made that little prairie home a holy place.

It wouldn't be sense to show a match little prairie home a holy place.

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It wouldn't be sense to show a match.

It wouldn't be sense to show a match little prairie home a holy place.

It wouldn't be sense to show a match.

moaning when I came. Only when like 'em, too. she was cured could I get work, not while I had to watch all day, all night. gun. That's right. This here tenderfoot is bleedin' by spurts, arterial.
Bull, see if Doc Stuart is sober." Bull
ran for the dactor. "Only a tenderTwhy if I let myself get sober once foot," says Jake, "insults a cow-boy's I'd remember, and remember, and go She swore she loved me, she vow

my ponies to buy liquor, for there was no way out.

And by the time I'd only Tiger left, one night came Bull to find me just as dusk was falling. He'd been away, I hadn't seen him for weeks, and when he came to me in the Roundup saloon,

lars." I saw the joke was on me.

I'd been in a dream. Love had made the yellow prairie shine like gold, that little prairie home a holy place, the woman in it something I'd kneel and pray to. There'd be ill' small children soon for me to play with, pride in earning food, the great big honor of guarding all of that from harm.

I came to marriage pure as any bear, or wolf, or fox, expecting to find my mate the same as me, getter and giver of life, true to the earth, and fearless in doin' right.

Folks said I was young to marry at nineteen, but full nine years I'd earned my while, fought my way, and done my share of making happiness. I'd been served with a mouth full wide enough for laughin', a face which made folks smile when I was sad, eyes to see fun, the heart to take a joke if any offered and when things hurt, I wasn't first to speal. No: as long as the joke was on me I done my best to take it like a man.

But suppose—Well, I'd best explain and the lord chirst, to seeking the moth full wide him. Can't explain that no like goth, the hull story's mighty natural, the hull story stand match and after a window, or make sounds. It wouldn't be sense to show a match and against a window, or make sounds. It wouldn't be sense to show a match against a window, or make sounds. It wouldn't be sense saim, or to stand against a window, or make you'd keep your manhood, harder to beat out than a talky woman, and even the littlest of them puts up a killed, there's room for peace.

To be Continued

GOOD FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets are good for She swore she loved me, she vowed that she'd repented, and I believed until she claimed religion. I'd seen her breed of religion. I'd seen her atheist than shamming. She'd keep straight, and be my faithful wife if I'd qult drinking, if I'd only take her away. But she'd married me for a joke, and false as a cracked bell she'd chime out lies and lies, knowing as I knew that if she'd ever been the thing she claimed, I'd come into her life too late. How could she be the mother of my children, when—I drank, and soid all little ones—good for the newborn babe or the growing child. They are absolutely safe and are guaranteed by