## OUR SHORT STORY

"The Iron of Remorse."

#88886666

\*66666666

It is never well to be too sure what | band was, at the north, to the south, you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you-when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age-may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If anyone had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have reflected upon the danger of his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but, being a right-minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sighs for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it; and when a woman was truly a blessing of the rods, and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadetswhich is not to be taken seriously-Mackworth had not let woman enter into his scheme of existence, His ideals were of another sort, just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win approval of the war department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire-pulling and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatta took the Chiricahuas on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho, and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then-though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines of the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his babyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark: it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcome him. Anyway, he hid behind a bowlder, crouched and cowered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him up and babbled. "Get out of there!" the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop curs. Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men; giving orders and smoking cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get unhe suggested; "you are dless risks." Mackworth taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now: it was gray and set. like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself,

"and it is unhappy, out of all propor-And presently he went to him "Will you get under cover, he insisted. 'No," said the lieutenant, "I won't."

The captain swore now, fierce oaths, and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir!"

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court-martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, the intangible up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he atop of you; across malpais and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the grease-wood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatta's

"Every married man must ask his wife's permission to make a success." That was a saying of a wise old clergyman who knew broadest sense, and that there can be no success in any partnership in which the partners do not contribute equally to make success possible. For this, if for no other reason, every man who is trying to climb the ladder of

success should be interested in his wife's health. A healthy woman is always helpful. A tired, nervous woman, depleted in strength and depressed in mind, can contribute neither mentally 100 husband's succes The remarkable rem. Vox edy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, so strengthens the organs peculiarly feminine, dries up debilitating drains, heals nicerations and inflammations, and cures female trouble, that the causes of ill-

health are thus entirely removed, and the healthy, happy wife becomes a genuine help-meet to the husband.

"I was sick for twelve years, and for two years I had to stop work altogether," writes Mrs. Bell McCrobie, of Oakland, Garrett Co., Maryland, "I was treated by five different physicians, who pronounced my case Bright's disease, impover-ished condition of the blood, and aterine trouble. ished condition of the blood, and aterine trouble.

I suffered a great deal with pain in both sides and much tenderness in pressing over the womb.

I was bloaded at times in bowels and limbs. Was troubled with a disagreeable discharge from the internal organs. I could not sleep and was troubled with palpitation of the heart. Suffered a great deal of pain in my head, temples, forehead and eyes, and I also suffered exeruciating pain at monthly verieds. Since taking ing pain at monthly periods. Since taking eleven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I have enjoyed better health than I had for more than twelve years previously, and have gained in weight twenty-five pounds since tak-ing your medicines."

Sick women can consult Dr. R. V. Pierce by letter, addressed to Buffalo, N. Y., abso lutely without charge. Each letter is read in private, its statements held in sacred confidence, and all answers are mailed, sealed in plain envelopes, without adver-tising or other printed matter.

It is a good thing to keep Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in the house. One Pellet

to the east and west; but when the troops got to the spot, after forced marching, there was nothing. It went on for two months, and alf the while Mackworth's despondency

grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely-squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were written upon his face. And it was a pitiably young face, despite of the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful barytone in song, be the camp ever so duil. Only his captain knew why, of course -and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew, besides, in such case a man has to work out his own conclusions and salva-This is the way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his. There came one day a runner from

the hostiles—a dishfaced, straight-locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops, and said that his chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man-one alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all win-ter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as he could. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," "Get out," seld the captain, incred-"I mean what I say," said Mack-worth, " and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and only fa-

vor you can do me. Something may be effected by it."
"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture." The lieutenant shrugged his shoul-"Will you let me go?" he in-

"Not by a long sight."
"I wish to go, Capt. Morley."
Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing what the setfaced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did

not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile, who swung on at the long, untiring dog-trot.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign of sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had so. "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a hobbled their lean little ponies, the soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew, from that, how bad it was. He scrambled or playing monte with cards of rainted or playing monte with cards of painted hide around a sowksin spread under a cedar tree. Four of them rode and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides. The chief waited for Mackworth to begin, but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sullenly-silent redskin at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding, and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eye would not compromise. "Tell him," said Mackworth, "that this is my will. If he will not do this I will go pack to my soldiers, and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, a grow! rose from the crowding bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass

> The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bridle above the curb shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white young face quivered, and the heart of the redman was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then, but he was not afraid, not though he knew that torture might await him. He sat looking coolly down lowering, cruel faces. chief turned and spoke to his bucks, and there was a growl of protest; the squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the bridle with a force which

ade the horse back.
"He do same you say. He go back to reservation today. He say you uskishee quick, said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and ukisheed with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretched-ness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern light. If was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mack-worth's carbine and slid it under the tent flags into the outer darkness. Also, he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding and put the cartridges in his pocket Then he placed it in the holster, and going out, picked up the carbine and

hid it in the brush. After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent, Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cock ed and waited a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once-and then

again and again.

At first call for reveille Morley At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and turning he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the cornhis mouth under the beard. was the most natural and healthy look

his face had worn in weeks. "Well?" said Morley.
"Well," answered Mackworth, should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's please." Morley's face broke into a broad "Will you be good if I let you hem?" he asked. have them?" "I'll be good," promised the lieuten-

DOUBLY GIFTED. "I think Mrs. Embon is the most talkative woman I ever met." 'Well, what else could you expect,' Nature didn't give her that double chin for nothing.

ant.-Gwendolen Overton, in the Ar-

gonaut.

## The Poets.

000000000000000

Into the Twilight. Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn, Come clear of the nets of wrong and Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,

Sing, heart again in the dew of the

Your mother Erin is always young, Dew ever shining and twilight gray; Though hope fall from you and love Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon 1.ill, For there the mystical brotherhood Of sun and moon and hollow and wood And river and stream work out their

And God stands winding his lonely And time and the world are ever in 'And love is less kind than the gray twilight. And hope is less dear than the dew

-W. B. Yeats. The Song of the Old Mother. I rise in the dawn and I kneel and blow Till the seeds of the fire flicker and

of the morn.

and head,

And then must I scrub and bake and Till stars are beginning to blink and peep; And the young lie long and dream in their bed Of the matching of ribbon for bosom

And their day goes over in idleness, And they sigh if the wind but lift a While I must work because I am old, And the seed of the fire gets feeble and

#### Eternal Me.

What an exceeding rest 'twill be When I can leave off being Me! To think of it!—at last be rid Of all the things I ever did!

Done with the varying distress Of retroactive consciousness! Set free to feel the joy unknown Of life and love beyond my own!

Why should I long to have John Smith Eternally to struggle with? I'm John-but somehow cherubim

Seem quite incongruous with him. Eternally John Smith in hell. To be one man forever seems

Most fit in purgatorial dreams. But heaven! Rest and power and peace Must surely mean the soul's release From this small labeled entity-

This passing imitation-me! -Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

### 0000000000000 Boys and Girls.

[By Mary F. Butts.] Tap! tap! tap Who's at the door? Tap! tap! tap!

After Baby's toes.

Tapping o'er and o'er. The tap! tap! tap! Louder still it grows-'Tis Jack Frost riding on the wind

#### -The Outlook. The Neighborhood Dog.

Following the boys on the heights of Ashland you will always see a mongrel dog of a dirty no color, but wearing a

beautiful silver collar. The boys cannot remember just when they began to notice the dog ever at their heels. He was neither big nor little, light nor dark, smooth nor curiy, but just betwixt and between in ail things but his disposition, which was

When the stranger first joined them he was driven off with many a kick, cuff and cross word; but soon made himself so useful in finding lost balls and carrying packages that the boys grew fond of him, and were ready to quarrel for the privilege of taking him home for dinner and the night. But "Tramp" was so impartial there could be no quarrels. If the boys forgot whom he stayed with last, he never aid, but went frisking home with a different boy each night.

The boys had another follower, little "Curly" wilson, aged 5, who would have been a nuisance but for Tramp, who kept as good watch over him as the stray balls and missing hats, shoes and coats.

Twice Tramp just escaped the poundman's wagon, and it was then the boys clubbed their pocket-money and bought a leather collar and a license for him, and gave him his name of Tramp. During school hours Tramp played with Curly, or snoozed by the gate of some boy, or chased cats; but moon and 4 o'clock found him waiting at the steps where the boys left the street car

coming from school.

They took him to the lake for a swim on Saturdays, or when they were too busy Tramp went by himself. Now this little lake, although lovely to look at, had its dangers, like all lakes, and one that most lakes have not. It is an artificial lake, make by walking in an arm of the bay, and has its tides like half around the lake lies a smooth, broad, slippery belt of deep mud.

Tramp knew enough to keep off it, but little Curly was not so wise. So one Saturday when the boys were very busy with plans for an afternoon outing, they sent Tramp to bath alone. Unseen to them, Curly followed him. When they reached the lake the tide was just beginning to creep in, and Tramp waited for deeper water. The two friends raced about the asphalt boulevard for a while, then Curly ven-tured on the sand; and then, no boys being near, and tempted by the shining mud, he took off his shoes and stocking and stepped out on it.

Oh, how good and cool it felt to his little bare toes! Tramp tried to coax ed at its beginning." Curly went one step too far, sank to his ankles and stuck fast! Poor Tramp He couldn't get him out, and he hated to leave him. But help must be had So seizing Curly's little wet hat, he dashed off up the hill to the boys. They saw him coming far off, and

wondered what treasure he was bringing them. Some guessed rat, some duck, some rabbit; but when he dropped the little hat before them, and flew madly back, the boys all cried: "Poor Curly's drowned!" and rushed after.
Now we know he wasn't drowned, the boil, take the teakettle off the nor in very much danger yet, although stove, remove the lid, stand the pot in

the boys reached the lake, a very scared, uncomfortable little boy. It was no easy matter to get him out, for the boys sank so deep in the mud. They each tried, and they tried together, but all to no purpose, and the

water was slowly rising; they had finally to go out in a boat from the other side, and then by hard pulling they got him out. For days his feet and legs were so

bruised and lame he could get into no mischief. Tramp was the hero of the hour, and Curly's mother gave him the fine silver collar.-Youth's Companion.

The Marriage Question.

Says Harper's Bazar: Why men do not marry has been a subject agitating many minds since the Christian world grew away from Oriental traditions and marriages ceased to be arranged by parental authority.

A statistician has told us that the geographical distance was to be held accountable. He says the trouble is widespread, and that in the United States there are 2,200,000 more unmarried men over twenty than there are unmarried women; or, in other words, that there are 5,427,670 bachelors, and only 3,224,494 spinsters who might be had for the asking. Women in Canada and England are now considering ways and means of educating women, not always as wives, but always as helpers to pioneers. Thus wives, sis-ters, and maids are all to come in for a training, so as to take their places side by side with the pioneers of a new country. But, helpful as this latter suggestion may be, it does not solve the marriage question, for the pioneer sister who stands dutifully by her brother is in as much danger of be-ing left an old maid as those who remain at home. All this, however, does not settle the question. But then why should men and women marry oftener than they do? They are trained from infancy to distrust each other. The wonder is that they marry at all, and without going to pieces in every instance. There is only one thing to be done—to bring up boys and girls to understand each other, to be mutually considerate, trustful, and loyal. Sometimes it seems as though a great war of the sexes was being waged in the world, where peace and harmony ought to prevail. To bring about that peace work must begin in our nurseries and our playgrounds, our young mothers and our fathers helping in the task. In no family, moreover, ought men and women be allowed to criticise each other as men and women.

#### Traveling Gowns.

So many brides are married in their traveling gowns now-or their so-called traveling gowns, for they, as a rule, find it necessary to put on a simpler gown to take a journey than the one that is worn during the ceremonythat it is necessary to give some spe-cial direction for this style of costume. Silk traveling gowns-that is, so-called traveling gowns—are very attractive made in the light shades, particularly in the silvery gray or in the white. They are made after the fashion of the reception gowns and trimmed elaborately with lace. A very graceful gown of this description, made of bluegray silk with a soft satin finish, was worn the other day by a young widow Half-way down the skirt was a deep band of guipure lace. It was put on so that it went across the front and side breadths half-way between belt and the hem of the skirt. This lace gradually shaped itself down the back of the skirt until it came nearly to the hem. The same idea was re-peated on the waist in another band of guipure, and there was a belt, with ends, made of the lace. This was very odd, because the lace fitted tightly over the ribbon around the waist, and then the ends were tied in front. With this costume was worn a white lace bonnet or toque trimmed with white ostrich tips and rhinestone ornament. On the same lines a white silk gown is being made; but the lace, instead of coming around the skirt, is put on in large pieces of applique, and is of the heavy guipure—a dead white, not a cream color—and there is a very nar-row belt, so that the gown looks almost like a princesse.

## Danger in Perfunces.

Many women are a great deal too fond of strong scents for the coinfort of their friends and acquaintances, and also for their own safety. It is not half widely .weigh known that strong per tumes are injurious to the sense of amell, and that by their frequent use the secretory glands of the throat and nose are overtaxed and weakened. One day the lover of strong scents notices that the hearing is less acute than uswal, and that the sense of smell is de fective. This state of things is put down to a cold, and not much importance is attached to it. After a time the whole head is affected, and throat and lung complications follow, likely to end in chronic illness. Smelling salts are a fertile source of deafness, and they, as well as all other strong and pungent odors which act on the secretory processes, should be avoided as much as possible.

## Women Forget to Idle.

'A curious fact about the nervous hurry and activity of American women is that their occupation is so constant that leisure is beginning to be a condition which they do not know how the ocean. When the tide is out, about to meet. The suggestion (which we believe is Stevenson's) that "when you have found a day to be idle, be idle for the day," is one they cannot fol-low. A couple of hours or an afternoon wholly disengaged coming suddenly to the busy woman are a positive embarassment. She does not seem know what to do with them. It is this being unable ever to "let up" that brings in the end nervous prostration. A prominent society leader of New York was asked once how she managed to get through with so many social engagements as she did. "Because," replied, "I stop when I begin to feel tired. I give up any engagement at the eleventh hour, unless it be a dinner one, if I discover that I am tir-

## How to Make Tea.

For making tea use either a china or earthen pot, which you are never to wash, but clean by scalding. Pour boiling water in the pot, and stand it on the stove long enough to make sure it is heated through and through. then pour it all off, and put in the tea -one teaspoonful to each half-pint of water to be used. Now put in the

BELFAST, IRELAND,

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers H.M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK.
Members of the Royal Family, and the
Courts of Europe. AND FURNISHEES TO

Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions Regiments and the general public direct with every description of HOUSEHOLD LINERS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World.

Which being woven by hand, wear longer and retain the rich satin appearance to the last

By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cos is no more

than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46c per yard 2½ yards wide, 57c per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 6c per yard. Surplice Linen, 14c per yard. Dusters from 78c per dozen. Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 17c per yard. Our Special Soft Finished Long Cloth from 6c per yard.

Fish Napkins, 70c per dez. Dinner Napkins, \$1.32 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c; 2½ yards by 3 yards, \$1.32 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.05 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coafs of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

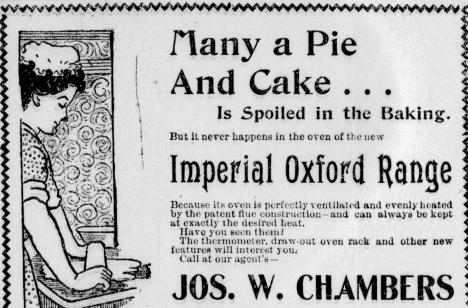
Maichless Shills Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts and currs, \$8.52 fhe half-doz. (to measure 48c extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Labas, cuffs and fronts, for \$3.36 the half-doz.

lish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs "The Cambries of Robinson and Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—Sylvia's Home Journal. Children's, 30c per doz.; Ladies', 54c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 78c per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', 66c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 94c per doz.

ITSA LIPEN COLLARS—Ladies', from 84c per doz.: Gent lemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes, \$1.18 per doz. Currs—for Ladies or Gentlemen, from \$1.42 per doz. "Surplice makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches in the Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular. IISI Undergloining A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed embroidery, 47c; Nightdresses, 84c; Combinations, 94c. India or Colonial Outfits, \$40.32; Bridal Trousseaux, \$25.80; Infants' Layettes, \$12.00. (See list.)

at To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for samples should be addressed

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland. Please mention this paper.



## Many a Pie And Cake ...

Is Spoiled in the Baking.

But it never happens in the oven of the new

# Imperial Oxford Range

Because its oven is perfectly ventilated and evenly heated by the patent flue construction—and can always be kept at exactly the desired heat.

Have you seen them? The thermometer, draw-out oven rack and other new features will interest you. Call at our agent's—

JOS. W. CHAMBERS 382 Richmond Street.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto.

ately to the table, and cover with a cozy for ten minutes. It is best in instructing a servant to tell her to look into the teakettle when she thinks it is boiling to see that the water is really bubbling. The above method gives an excellent cupful of bright tea, but an added step in the process will give a still finer result. It is to wash the tea by pouring off the first cupful of instantly after adding it, then proceeding as above. This quick boil-ing-water rinse carries off dust impurities, and the tea when made has as a consequence a finer bouquet.

## Facts About Palms.

A new wrinkle which a florist of this city indorses is that the leaves of palms should be washed, not with pure water, but with milk and water, which has a wonderful way of preserving them and preventing the appearance of brown spots, which are so disfiguring. Another suggestion about palms is that a little cold coffee poured over the earth at the roots occasionally will found beneficial. Coffee is a fertilizer and is used a great deal by

ON A FRIEND'S RECOMMENDATION

Mrs. Gampton Uses Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and Receives Instant Lasting Relief-Immediate Relief Is What the Sufferer Wants, and Gets When Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Is Used.

"I was for a long time a great sufferer from heart trouble. I had palpitation and smothering accompanied by great weakness and painful spasms. I got very little relief from remedies, and doctors failed to give me real benefit. A friend of mine had used Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it had been a great relief to her. I pro-cured a bottle and it proved a great blessing to me. I think it a great cure, and heartily recommend it to all like sufferers. Mrs. Gampton, 46 Bishop

A DAY IN THE VATICAN GARDENS

[St. ouis Globe-Democrat.] During the stay of the Olympia in the Mediterranean a couple of St. Louis from. girls happened to be in Rome. In their party was a pretty Ohio girl, and the three young Americans were quite the rage with the Dewey men who came to the Holy City. Quite as popular with them was the kind priest of the Olympia, who, as one of the girls expressed it, was "as much up for fun" as any of the gallant and handsome officers whom they met. One day the young ladies and their escorts went to inspect the gardens of the Vatican. The holy father is very fond of pink geraniums, and there is in the garden an immense parterre of every known variety of his favorite flower. Naturally girls coveted just one tiny flower of the many thousands, out everywhere they turned stood the tall Roman guard, who would, no doubt, have taken pleasure to thrust them into the catacomos, or wherever they thrust those guilty of the crime of stealing in the Eternal

"If I could only have one of them," the Ohio girl said, but the two St. Louis girls grew cold at the suggestion and implored her to keep still.

"There is your shoe untied again," exclaimed Father Raney, who was walking with the Buckeye, and then in a low aside, "Can't you take a hint?"

She could not only take a hint, but the tide was coming in fast, and he the opening, and let it remain five or the implied dare as well, and she stood in water above his knees when six minutes. Or send the pot immediation attacks at a she at a sh

pretty foot, which she first piaced as close to the geraniums as possible. "What shall I do with it?" she asked in an agonized stage whisper, while the other girls and their escorts began an enthusiastic conversation about

Jefferson Barracks. "Let me assist you," said the priest: and he also stooped and the little sprig of geranium was instantly concealed under the edge of his coat. is now artistically framed, but the girls don't think any more of it than of the passes signed "George Dewey," which the sailors and the priest gave them as souvenirs of that day in the Vatican

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.:

DEAR SIRS, -I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of King-bone, with five bottles.

lameness. DANIEL MURCHISON. Four Faila, N. B.

It biistered the horse but in a

month there was no ring-bone and no

IF IN NEED OF AN

# R.M. MILLAR

and get prices. Large variety of

Push Buttons and Bells to select



purposes.

Are

supplied

in various

qualities

for all

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particular

for you. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

# APIOL8STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochia,
Pennyroya, etc.
Order of all Chemists or pest free for \$1 50 from
NVANS & SONS LIMITED.
Montreal, Que., Teronto, Ont., and Victoris
B.C., of
MARTIN, Pharmacounical Chemist. South
ampton, Ing.