THE STANDARD AND

FAVORITE BRAND

CONTAINS

NO ALUM

ES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST,

NEW STYLE LABEL

MADE IN

CANADA

ly; "for your sake I will do all I can.
No: do not thank me. Remember what
I said just now—I would do anything
for you. I will wait till it is a little

cooler, then borrow Annt Constance's ponies, and drive to the veillage." She hesitated. "Perhaps—perhaps Miss Daw

can come here. Vane, I shall never never forget your kindness!"

(To be Continued)

SCOTLAND'S WOODS.

Its Cultivation May Give More

Families Employment.

acres anjece or ninety families existin

miserably on ten acres can be support ed in it. But if reforestation is resort

selected for settlement, and to estab-lish each crofs would cost about £40 a

Lord Lovat and his associates propose the establishment of a central tor-

may not like me?

dock, and walked through the courtyard just as the tower clock chimed a quarter to eight. He had but a few minutes to change his tennis suit for his dinner garb, and he ran hurriedly from the coach house round to the lawn, de-termined to make a rush to his room. He dismissed his dog with a word, sped fleetly across the grounds till he reach-ed the colonnade, and entered it, when suddenly by some mischance his foot slipped. He made a vain effort to save ous of a sudden sharp twinge of pain; and, falling heavily, he knew no more.

Sir Douglas Gerant, after a lengthen-

ed chat with his cousin, mounted to his room, and dressed himself with due regard for the exigencies of polite society. The hard, cynical look that had rested on his face during his conversation with Vane Charteris and in the political argument with the squire had now vanished He looked worn and ill as he walked slowly up and down his room; his eyes were sad his head drooped. He seemed to be thinking deeply at last, with a deep-drawn sigh, he seated himself at summons to his lawyer, bidding him to draw up a will, and fixing a day for him to come to Crosbie Castle. This done, Sir Douglas leaned back in his chair and his eyes with his hand for sev-The entrance of his valet, man who had been his faithful sersun, made a picture gratifying to his artistic eye. He sauntered on, detereyes fell on Stuart's prostrate form and ing beside the young man, and his clear voice rang out to the butler, who happened to be passing to the dining-

The man hurried up with some brandy, and Sir Dougias, with almost professional dexterity, lifted Stuari's head and poured a few drops between the closed lips. He watched the color slowly return, and the eyes open, with a look of anxiety and tenderness on his face.
"That is right," he said, gently, as he

met Stuart's gaze. "Are you hurt? "My arm!" murmured the young man faintly, as the butler and Sir Dougias helped him to rise.

The baronet cast a keen glance at the right hand, hanging limp and swollen.
"You have had an ugry fall," he said, briefly. "Your arm is broken—how did briefly. "Your arm is

He pushed Stuart gently into a chair near at hand, and, while he spoke, he deftly cut away the slight tennes-sieve from the wounded limb with a pair of scissors taken from his pocket.

"I can't quite remember." Stuart re-plied, speaking with an effort, and passing his left hand over his eyes. "I came an awful cropper, I know, and must have banged my head. Is the arm broken? If so, you had better send for Met-

The batter was moving away; but Sir

lage—I can manage this. Go up to my room and send down my man; it is not the first time he has helped me in this earth—Mary Morris was dead!

still feeling faint and weak. He caught

Sir Douglas' eye, and smiled a little.
"I feel rather like what the boys used to call a joily duffer," he said, slowly. "I can't think what made me so stupid: I don't usually fall about in this y. I wonder how long I was insens-and I have never thanked you for helping me." Stuart was gradually re-covering himself, and woke to the fact that this was a stranger. "I beg your

"It is granted, Cousin Stuart." Stuart looked mystified, and then said, suddenly putting out his left hand;
"You are Douglas Gerant; I am very glad to see you.'

glad to see you.

Sir Douglas grasped the hand.

"Planks, my lad," he said, quietly;
then, looking round: "Here is Murray,
Now sit quiet, and don't speak, and we'll

settle you in a trice."

Sir Douglas answered, quietly. "I am taking him to his room; it will be wiser

taking him to his room; it wit so wish to let him pass, Cousin Constance, as he has had a nasty touch on the head."
"Arm broken!" cried Mrs. Crosbie, in nlarm. "But it must be set! I will send-for Doctor Metcalf at once!"

"You can send for the doctor, if you like." Sir Douglas remarked as he diew part up the stairs; "but his arm is already set. I have had considerable experience in such engage and I can as-

He chose the path through the pad- little approved, a little anxious, and odd ly enough, a little glad—annoyed be cause Sir Douglas had taken so much upon himself, anxious for her son, whom upon almseit, anxious for her son, whom she loved better than anything on earth, and glad, because she saw in this illness a chance of bringing about the marriage between Vape and Stuart which she so much desired.

Sir Douglas left the mother and son together when he had esconsed his pa-tient comfortably in a large chair; and Mrs. Crosbie busied herself with many little offices about the room, quitting the apartment only when she saw Stuart's eyes close in slumber. She met Vane on the landing, and, with an affectionate glance, drew the girl's hand through her arm.

"He is resting, dear," she said; "so I shall leave him for a while. We must nurse him together, and we shall soon get him well."

"I will help you gladly," she returned, and she spoke honestly. Her first thought, like her aunt's, had been that that this would bring Stuart and her-self more together. She had another duty to perform, too; she must ingratiate herself with Sir Douglas Gerant p-drawn sigh, he seated himself at and try by every means in her power table and wrote a letter. It was a to wipe away the memory of her foolish mistake.

Stuart slept for an hour or two, and dreamed of Margery, but when he awoke the pain in his arm was so great that even the sweet image was banished from his thoughts. His mother came a man who had been his faithful servant and companion for years, roused him; and, bidding the valet despatch the letter quickly, Sir Douglas left his room and descended the broad staircase. As he passed through the wide hall to the colonnade, its white pillars, gleaming against the background of green, tinged now with the ruddy gold of the setting sum, made a picture gratifying to his any moment to tend him.

And at the small cottage by the

seek the grounds, when his seek the grounds, when his seek the grounds when his by a sick bed, watched with a heart that was growing sadder and sadder as the moments passed. Margery, still in the white cotton gown that she wore when she plighted her troth, knelt by the pair that was racking the 1617 wasted frame. She was ignorant of her lover's illness, and she thought of him only with a sense of peace and happiness. What a long wonderful day it had been, she thought, as she sat beside the little window and watched the veil of night darken the sky—a day ir. which the golden glory of all earthly happiness dawned for her! She turned from the window to watch the sick woman. The paroxysm of pain seemed past, and she was asleep. was quiet as a tomb. In another room the loving, faithful husband and com-panion was lost to trouble in slumber. Margery was afone: she moved softly window and drew back the cur tains, and immediately the room was bathed in the silver radiance of the

blue heavens, the glittering myriads of jeweled stars, the moonlit earth, till a cloud seemed to obscure her vision; and, when she gazed again the stars were gone and a ruddy haze pierced by the sun's golden beams illumined the

the bed, then, with a sudden shudder dropped on her knees beside it. While her eyes had been closed in sleen while

The days passed away and Stuart Cro-bie gradually recovered from the effects of his fall. Despite the assurance from Sir Douglas that her son was do-ing well, Mrs. Crosbie satisfied herself, and summoned the village doctor, together with a fashionable physician from town, only to receive the same opinion from them, coupled with the expression that Stuart could not have been better treated. The young man passed four treated. The young man passed four days in his room; but, as the pain left his head, he insisted on donning his clothes and descending to the garden. His mind was haunted by Margery's image and the thoughts of her sorrow; for the news of Mrs. Morris' death had reached him through his sorrour and reached him through his servant, and he longed to rush away and comfort his durling. He had seen little of his mother during the past four days; Sir Douglas had constituted himself head nurse, and Mrs. Cresbie, who was not quite at Now sit quiet, and don't speak, and we'll settle you in a trice."

Stuart watched his cousin curiously as he prepared the bandages and improvised some splints: he scarcely felt the long, white fingers as they moved over his wounded arm, and winced only as the bones clicked together. But he grew fainter as the bandages were wound round; and, as the operation was finished. Sir Douglas, without a word, held the brandy to his lips again and forced him to drink some.

"You have pluck, Stuart," he said, quietly. "You are of the stuff to make a man. Now, if you take my advice, you will go to your room and rost. I fancy that arm will trouble you rather tonight; so try to get some sleep now."

"My head feels rather queer, I confess," Stuart responded, and he giadly let his cousin draw his hand through
Stuart insisted on leaving his room and

"My head feels rather queer, I confess," Stuart responded, and he giadly let his cousin draw his hand through his arm, and lead him through the hall to the stairs.

Mrs. Crosble was saking down as they approached.

"Stuart!" she exclaimed, in genuine dismay, "what is the matter?"

"He has fallen and broken his arm."

Sir Douglas answered, quietly. "I am exclusive the several effects of the fall were now pussed, and, with such health and vigor—as Stuart possessed, his arm would soon heal. Nevcan do much—smooth many difficulties. You can see how angry my mother will be an open question whether the production of cellulose and wood pulp would erossed the handsome cousin that greeted Vane Charteris' eyes as she crossed the hall and saw him making slow progress down the stoirs.

"Let me help, you," she said gently, moving forward at once, and putting out her hand.

"Thanks, I am rather shaky," returned Stuart, smiling faintly, "How do you do, Cousin Vane? Thanks for all your kind messages."

We do not know what Margery's timately the forests themselves should become very profitable. It seems to be an open question whether the production of cellulose and wood pulp would be remunerative, but full reliance is placed in the prospective values of the confer forests that Scotland can easily produce and market under reasonably good management.

"We do not know what Margery's timately the forests themselves should become very profitable. It seems to be an open question whether the production of cellulose and wood pulp would be remunerative, but full reliance is placed in the prospective values of the confer forests themselves should become very profitable. It seems to be an open question whether the production of cellulose and wood pulp would be remunerative, but full reliance is placed in the prospective values of the confer forests themselves should become very profitable. It seems to be remunerative, but full reliance is placed in the prospective values of the confer forests themselves should become very profitable. It seems to be remunerative, but full reliance is placed in the prospective values of the confer forests themselves should be made on open question whether the production of cellulose and wood pulp would be remunerative, but full reliance is placed in the prospective value of the confer forests themselves should be made of cellulose and wood pulp would be remunerative.

Constance yet?" Vane observed, very quietly. "I am afraid you will have great trouble. You see, Stuart, your value of the confer

chair, she soon made him comfortable. "Thank you," he said again; "you are very kind. Is my mother anywhere

about?"

"She has gone to Chesterham on some missionary business," replied Vane, leaning back against one of the white pillars, and looking extremely pretty and graceful in her long soft pink gown. "I don't think she knew that you were coming down, or I am sure she would not have gone."

interview with his mother; he was long-ing to send some word or sign to Mar-gery. Four whole long days had passed since their picnic in the wood, and dur-ing that time sorrow had come to her, and he had not ministered to her comfort. He wondered whether she knyw of his illness, whether she realized that it was that illness alone that had kept him silent. He had determined, as he rose, to speak to his mother, and then drive over to the Weald cottage and bring Marg-ery back in all dignity to the castle, as befitted his future wife; but now again fate was unkind, his mother was absent ne was too weak to crawl even to the carriage. What could he do? He must send some message of comfort, some word of love to Margery. His eyes fell on his maimed hand; and, with a half groan, he realized that he was helpless, atterly helpless to do as he wished Vane Charteris watched him carefully

he saw his brow contract and the lool of trouble gather on his face. "Are you in pain?" she asked gently. Stuart woke from his musings.

"My arm is a little troublesome," he replied evasively, then, collecting his choughts with an effort he said, "But must not be selfish Vane You will find dull work sitting with an invalid. I feel so angry with myself for being so clumsy. Just fancy, Vane—this is the first time I have been ill in my life!"

"Then we must do our best to cheer you, Cousin Stuart," Vane responded, a faint color mounting to her cheeks at the last words. What could they mean but that this illness kept him from her side? "Come," she added brightly-"let me amuse you read to you or do some thing. I assure you, Cousin Stuart, I consider it a pleasure. I would do anything

for you, believe me."
Stuart looked at her as she drew up another chair and sunk into it, giving him a frank affectionate glance. A sud len thought flashed into his mind, and then died away.

"You look upon me as useless," she observed, with a smile. "I mean to upset that theory altogether."
"Useless!" echoed Stuart.

"Useless!" echoed Stuart. "Indeed, Vane, you are quite wrong."
"Then let me help you." Vane said suddenly. "I see plainly, Stuart, something is troubling you; it is not only the arm. Come— I shall begin to be jealous of Sir Douglas, to be afraid that you will truet is no one but him Will you. will trust in no one but him. Will you not let me be your friend as well as your cousin?"

Stuart half rose in his chair. "My friend!" he repeated; then he sunk back asgin. "Yes, Vane, if you will

be my friend. "Friendship is not an empty term with "Friendship is not an empty term with me," Miss Charteris observed slowly. "Since you will let me be your friend, I must act as such, See"—extending her hand—"lot us seal the contract—look upon me as your chum, your sister as well as your friend and cousin." Stuart grasped her hand.

he said quietly; "for I am in irgent need of a friend, especially just

was watching him with an expression of

rankness and sympathy.

"Vane." he began slowly, "I came "Vane." he began slowly, "I came down this morning on purpose to talk to my mother on a subject that is more than life to me. I anticipate—I know—I shall have a hard struggle with her, though, despite all she may say, I shall be firm. Will you help me in this strug-

Vane rose to her feet again; her breath was coming fast, and a priment of something disagreeable

through her mind. "Tell me what it is, Stuart," she said quietly, unfurling a large fan she carried, and holding it against the light, ostensibly to shield her face from the sun, in reality to keep it hidden from

her cousin.

"Vane, do you remember the fourth day of your visit here, when I took you to see Sir Charles?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Do you remember a girl who was sitting in a corner and who brought me some water for the dog? I introduced her—Margery Daw."

Is a debated in the House of Commons a week or ten days ago, and a remedy is eagerly sought. One of the most promising in sight is that of reforesting the country, providing employment for the people of arboriculture.

The Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society has just issued a report on the country providing employment for the people of arboricultural society has just issued a report on the country providing employment for the people of arboricultural society has just issued a report on the country providing employment for the people of arboricultural society has just issued a report on the country providing employment for the people of arboricultural society has just issued a report on the country providing employment for the people of arboricultural society has just issued a report on the country providing employment for the people of arboricultural society has just issued a report on the country providing employment for the people of arboricultural society has just issued a report on the country providing employment for the people of arboriculture.

ting in a corner and who brought me some water for the dog? I introduced her—Margery Daw."

her—Margery Daw."

Vane caught Stuart's eager glance, and her heart seemed to cease beating.
"Yes," she replied, a little coldly,
"Vane, that is my secret; that is the girl I love better than any one or anything in the world—Margery Daw."

Vane Charteris was silent for a minute. She felt as though her vexation and jealousy would choke her; then she forced herself to be firm and calm. She dropped her fan and moved out of the sunlight; her face was very pale, but

Mor, through which the Catedonian Can-al runs and which embraces 60,000 acres of land, of which only 900 acres are suitable for cultivation, so that only twenty-five families—living on twenty sunlight; her face was very pale, but she smiled as Stuart looked at her eag-

erly. "Well," she said, quietly, "and—and you want me to help you—how?"
"You will," he asked, with gladness on his face.

"You face."

"You are said, quietly, "and—and you want me to help you—how?"
"You will," he asked, with gladness of families can be settled there prosperously, each established on 200 acres of for-

families can be settled there prosperously, each established on 200 acres of forest land. In forty years 600 families Vane put one hand on her chair for can be similarly supported.

Each family would have enough cultiupport.
"Am I not your friend?" she smiled vatable land to keep itself in food and

faintly.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" he cried, rising from his chair; but Vane gently pushed him back again.

"Tell me what you want," she urged, standing at his side, so that he could not. "Tell me what you want," she urged, standing at his side, so that he could not

see her pallor and annoyance.
"I want you to plead with me to my "I want you to plead with me to my mother—not for myself—I am strong enough"—and Stuart drew himself up proudly—"I would face the whole world. I want you to be a friend to Margery, as you would be to me. She may need proudly—"I would face the whole world.
I want you to be a friend to Margery, as you would be to me. She may need your help; a woman such as you, Vane, can do much—smooth many difficulties.
You can see how angry my mother will be. I shall not care for her anger; but Margery is so tender, so sweet, so proud—anger will humiliate and distress her; and if you gid her she will scarrely feel and if you gid her she will scarrely feel.

Stuart smiled faintly at his mother, and she followed him are stairs, a calonnade, and, pushing forward a large

Note that does not know what Margery's like that does not affect at present, George is to be crowned King of the British, not of the Americans.—

Ah, you do not know what Margery's like that does not affect at present, George is to be crowned King of the British, not of the Americans.—

Ah, you do not know what Margery's like that does not affect at present, George is to be crowned King of the British, not of the Americans.—

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

LIFE ON A SUBMARINE.

One Dodges Machinery, Inhales Gas lene and Chokes for Air.

The first impressions received on descending into the hold of a submarine are those of discomfort and suffocation. The accommodations for a crew of thir-teen seem about right for half a dozen One is in too close proximity to whir-ring machinery too enjoy the sensation. On all sides are arranged electrical devices and machinery to operate the craft and the torpedoes, says Harper's Weekly. A thin shell of steel separates

weekly. A tim she of steel separates the visitor from the torpedoes, and the outside water is so close that one can almost feel its moisture.

When under way on the surface the submarine hums and trembles. The fumes of gasolene are almost sufforation. There is no exempting from them. ing. There is no escaping from them. Some of the men contract what is called "gasolene heart." If under the water too long the fumes make one sick and

ine under water for any great length of time without suffering exeruciting torture. In time, however, one gets used to it and a trip may be one of en-

But it is when the submarine divos that the most unpleasant symptoms come. There are ten compressed air tanks supplied and these furnish auffleient air to keep the crew alive a good many hours. But did you ever live on compressed air? If not it will be a new sensation, especially if you are fitty feet below the surface of the water. There is a tingling eensation all over the body, a pounding of the ear drums and possiby a sense of nusea.

possiby a sense of nusea.

As the air is automatically regulated from the compressed air tanks one gets his share of the oxygen, but sometimes the supply may vary. It certainly does in different parts of the ship. One may be choking for lack of good air in one part and be exhilarated by a too abundant supply in apother. dant supply in another.

Sometimes when the engines are run

ning to charge the batteries the fumes of the gasolene become so strong that men are rendered unconscious. They may be some mystery connected with her birth; but there is no stain on her. If ever there was a lady, she is one."
'Your news has surprised me, Stuart, must be taken up on deck then to get a whiff of fresh air. For this reason the batteries are only

I must confess," observed Miss Charteris, moving languidly from his side and sinking into her chair again; "but I shall prove my words. I am your friend —I will act as such. Yes; I will help charged when above water But in time of war it might be necessary to charge them while running below. Then indeed the man aboard the submarine might envy the aerial navigator flying the sea with his abundance of air to breathe. Stuart's face flushed, and he leaned forward and bent his lips to Vane's

Cooking under water is a pretty unappliance for this purpose is a small electric heater. This is just about big enough to heat water to make a cup of coffee, and nothing else. The crew 'Tell me what I must do," returned have their food cooked aboard the ten-

"Tell me what I must do," returned Miss Charteris, unfurling her fan again. "Will you see Margery?" inquired Stuart, hurriedly.

"To-day?" asked Vane.

"Yes. Ah, Vane, think—four days have gone, she has had a great sorrow, and I have been tied to my bed, not able to see her, not even to write a word! If you would go to her, tell her all is going well, that you will be her ler.

The submarine is built on the princi-There is no room for anything except the actual necessities. Every inch of space is given over to machinery. This is everywhere, compact and efficient, but multiplied so often that one wondall is going well, that you will be her friend, you will make me so happy."
"I will go, Stuart," Vane scaid quiet-

ers what it is all for. There is machinery for running the boat, for guiding it under water, for controlling it when it dives, for com-pressing the air tanks, for operating the torpedoes, and even for regulating the power of vision above and below water. When caught in a storm in a submarine life is really not worth living. It conmay not like me?"
"Not like you!" cried Stuart, quickly. "She can not help herself.
Dear Vane, how good you are!
You do not know what a load
you have taken off my mind. I dreaded, I feared that my poor darling would
have been without a friend. Now she is

SURE WAY.

(Puck.)

secure. My mother loves you, and will be led by you. I shall speak to her the Willis-I wonder if there will ever be instant she returns, and then Margery niversal peace.

Gillis Sure. All they've got to do is of war the winner pays the pensions.

ACCEPTS HYDRO OFFER. Niagara power, and has ordered a by-law to be submitted to the people at an early The "depopulation of Scotland," more to be properly the depopulation of the wild date.

districts of the Highlands, has Acen causing great concern in Great Britain lately. It was debated in the House of **DOCTORS** general subject, with a special detailed scheme for an experimental enterprise drawn up by Lord Lovat and Captain Stirling, of Keir, with the aid of ex-perts. It covers the region of Glen Mor, through which the Caledonian Can-

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Midgie Station, N. B.-One can hardly believe this as it is not natural, but it was my case. For ten months I suffered from suppression. I had different doctors, tried different me-



dicines, but none helped me. My friends told me I would go into a decline. One day a lady friend told me lady friend told me what your medicine had done for her, so I wrote you for advice and received your reply with pleasure. ceived your reply with pleasure. I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound, and at the second bottle showed improvement. Now I am regular and never was so well in my life, thanks to Mrs. well in my life, Pinkham's medicine. Pinkham's medicine.
Please publish my letter for the benefit of others.—Mrs. Josiah W. Hicks, Midgie Station, N. B.

Indian Head, Sask. - Lydia E. Pink-Indian Head, Sask.—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is indeed a boon to women who suffer from female ills. My health is better now than it has been in my five years of married life and I thank you for the good your advice and medicine have done me. I had spent hundreds of dollars on doctors without receiving any benefit.—Mrs. Frank Cooper, Box 448, Indian Head, Saskatchewan.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Casts a Shadow Over the Lives of Thousands of Women and Growing Girls.

DEADLY ANAEMIA

"Not enough blood" is the simple meaning of the term anaemia, though it should scarcely need explaining, for, unfortunately anaemia is one of the greatfortunately anaemia is one of the greatest evils in this country, afflicting women of all ages, including young girls. The signs of bloodlessness are plain enough—pallid lips and cheeks and aching back, frequent headaches, with breathlessness, heart palpitation and great weakness. The only effective treatment is to strengthen and build up the blood, and it is just by this power of making new, rich blod that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured anaemia in more cases than it is possible to piace on record. Among the hosts cured of this trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss C. N. Roberge, of Sorel, Gue., who had N. Roberge, of Sorel, Gue., who had been in poor health for several years. Miss Roberge says: "I believe that if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my illness would have proved fat-al. The trouble came on so gradually which it can scarcely tell the point at which it did begin. The first noticeable symptom was loss of color and a feeling of lassitude. Then I began to lose my appetite, had frequent head-aches, and spells of dizziness, and because which the desired processors with the second series of the second series. came unable to do any housework without being completely exhausted. Finally my trouble became agravated by a persistent cough. I took several kinds of medicine, but did not get any relief. At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to do so. After I had taken several boxes there was a noticeable improvement in my condition and I continued using the pills until I had taken nine boxes. sult in my opinion was marvellous. My appetite returned, my nerves were strengthened, weight increased, headaches disappeared, and I am enjoying the best health of my life. In gratitude for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me I give this statement in the hope that it may bring new health to some other sufferer."
Dr. Williams' Pluk Pills cure all those

troubles due to poor blood, such as anamia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the troubles which attack girls, budding into womanhood, and women of mature years. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Wiliams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN INEBRIATE FARM.

(Windsor Record.) What is required for all confirmed drunkards is isolation—a change of scene that will take them away from boon companions and handy barrooms. Jail confinement does not serve the purpose. Farm colonies for inebriates and dipsomaniacs appear to be a much bet-ter solution of the problem. "I'm no drunkard" is the claim made

to realize how far he has gone in los ing control of himself and indulging his appetite for alcoholic liquors. This ing control of himself and indulging his appetite for alcoholic liquors. man can be saved very easily, but not if he is arrested, convicted, and sent to jail with all the publicity that usually

If there were a farm of inebriates the family of such an individual might ap-ply to the magistrate to have him committed for an indefinite period. Hard labor on a farm would work wonders with these victims of intemperance. Besides, it is a more humane method of treatment than a jail sentence.

American and Canadian scientists tell us that the common house fly is the cause of more disease and death than any other agency. Wilson's Fly Pads kill all the lies and the disease germs, too

LARGEST OF FLOWERS.

Immense Bloom Which is a Native of Sumatra.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Raffesia, a native of Sumartra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles. This immense plant, Stamford Raffles. This immense plant, says the Scientific American, is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the layer by a tin deposit of sand, and a second sandy deposit covers the third layer, which plainly shows relics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

At the bottom is a clayey deposit filled with fragments of pottery and bits

At the bottom is a clayer deposit fill-ed with fragments of pottery and bits of oak timber belonging to the Gallic and Gallo-Roman periods.

The largest of all the flowers of the world is said to be the Raffesia, a na-tive of Sumatra, so called after Sir Stamford Raffles, This immense plant, says the Scientific American, is composed of five round petals of a brickish color, each measuring a foot across. These are covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide the margin of which bears the stamens. The cup of the Raffesin is filled with a fleshy disk, the upper surface of which is covered with projections like minia-ture cows' horns. The cup, when free from its contents, will hold about 12 pints. The flower weights about 15 pounds, and is very thick, the petals being three-quarters of an inch.

THE WRONG INTERPRETATION.

(New York Sun.) Robert Henri, the well-known New fork painter, was condemning a stu-

"His interpretations are always wrong," Mr. Henri said. "He always misunderstands totally an artist's conmisunderstands totally an artist's conception. He reminds me of the Cinnamisson woman before the Angelus.

"When the Angelus was on exhibition at Eurle's in Philadelphia, a Cinnaminson woman dropped in to see it. She gazed with lively interest at the two peasants standing reverently in the superformer in the suits meaning the standard property of the standard property of the superformer standard property of the sup set glow in the quiet meadow. Then she

shid:

"A courtin' couple, hey! Seem a bitshy, don't they?"