Of Interest To Women

Hat for Fair-Skinned Girl; Very Latest Bit of Neckwear

This is a hat which will be popular with the fair-skinned girl, because nothing sets off her beauty this so well as the broad, rolling, black velvet-faced brim. The hat itself is cream-colored leghorn, and trimmed with a mass of short ostrich feathers. Just a bare half-inch or so of the leghorn shows at the edge of the brim.

Neckwear plays an important part in the spring array of the fashionable female world. A dainty lace and insertion trimmed sailor collar, and graduated side frill of sheer linen is worn by the girl who posed for this photograph, which indicates that these are the latest fancy.

The Steering Wheel

BY ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON.

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Dick stood in the centre of his office, feet planted firmly, head and shoulders thrown back, hands clenched at his side, and his eyes flashing. "Oh, uncle, it's great!" he said enthusiastically. "To think of all the mighty forces a man can focus on one point and fairly melt it, or focus on another and weld it, to feel the concentrated strength of thousands centre in one's shoulders and wait calmly for the bidding of one's brain! Oh, uncle, it's more fun than a speckled pig!"

The old man's heavy hand came down on his nephew's shoulder with a resounding slap. "You've caught it," he cried. "That's the secret! That's why we fling youth and health and pleasure and—and sometimes more, into the furnace. It's not the filthy dollars! Why, Dick, if I'd been paid a salary four times bigger than my income, you couldn't have fired me to do the work I have done. That's where your socialism myth goes to smash! A man, a real man, don't want to burrow like a worm in the ground, he wants to fight for the biggest thing he can see and when he wins it he wants to call it his own.

"We don't want the safe thing, the easy thing. We want the hard road and plenty of opposition. We're a different breed, boy; we're the same strain that marched to the crusades, that sailed the unknown seas, that tore the wilderness from the grasp of the savage and turned it into a garden. We're a tough proposition to combat, Dick, but those who follow after can lie down and sleep with their doors unlocked. Why, hang it, boy, now that I see that you have gumption enough to be practical, I don't mind sitting up until three o'clock every morning, talking theories with you."

As the old man's fervor increased, Dick began to cool. "You still look at everything from your side," he said quietly. "If you love opposition and hard roads, why do you stifle competition and establish monopoly at the first opportunity? It is true that you are industrial pioneers, and as such are entitled to respect, but you are not entitled to the privilege of taxing all succeeding generations. As you say, business is only a game—you fellows do all the playing and the great mass who produce actual wealth do all the paying.

"Don't sink back to that stuff, Dick," said the old man testily. "There are plenty of idle fellows to wrangle about socialism, but you have your own work cut out. The laboring man doesn't care a hang about socialism, so why should you? I am perfectly willing to let the preachers and the lawyers and the doctors and the writers be socialists. It will never amount to anything until the millions who work at day wages take it up, and they don't bother their heads about it. You come in with me and live your own life."

"Listen, uncle. I am convinced that the trust idea is essential to social evolution, and that the sooner it is applied to all industries the sooner will come the great age of freedom. That is why I encourage it. None of my views are changed. Will you or will you not merge with Burton?"

"I wish, Burton were in Ballyhack!" exclaimed the old man angrily. "I want to fight him, I want you to help fight him, I want to wipe his name out of the directory—I want him! No, I won't merge."

"Then you go and beat your head against the wall a while longer," cried Dick with answering anger. "You scheme for a merger, you pick out a wife for me, you turn me adrift, I agree to marry the girl of your choice, I find a merger and bring it to you on a silver platter, you own up that you are whipped, and yet you won't merge. Oh, you are too obstinate to reason with. If you don't want chickens, what do you set hens' eggs for?"

The controversy had stimulated Bannington's circulation, and he now felt as fine as ever. "You young whipper-snapper," he shouted, shaking his finger in Dick's face, "you can't talk to me this way! You think I'm whipped? I'm not! Ten minutes ago I feared I might be, but I never was before, and I'm not now. You think that you can boss me around and run Burton down my throat? Bah! I'll cut you out entirely and hammer Burton until he comes to the scratch. Do you want to know how? I'll tell you how. You gave me the right to make your foo nut-locks for this contract. I'll make 'em. I'll sell 'em to Burton for half his profits for the next year, and by the time that you wake up out of your dream you'll look like a bubble that's been hit by a comet."

The old man gave his head a toss and stamped out of the office, leaving Dick holding his chin in his hand and looking weakly at the carpet. He stood thus for several minutes, his forehead wrinkling.

"I looks to me," he said slowly, "as though I had forgotten that there was a fool in this deck."

CHAPTER XXXII.

An Explosion.

There used to be a game, or rather a pastime, called "bat-ball." It was played with a large rubber ball, board bats and by as many boys as the community could furnish and the locality accommodate. The object was to keep the ball in the air and which ever boy was responsible for allowing it to descend to earth was relegated to the side lines. As there was no umpire, there was considerable discussion among the players but the ball, who really had the odd sense for complaint, was too busy and too dazed to utter a single word of protest. Dick was now in a position to sympathize with the ball.

While he was still trying to understand how it had happened that his hand was jerked from the steering wheel and that he now found himself flinging desperately to the rear axle, he perceived Miss Burton closing the door behind her and advancing toward him resolutely.

"Now you've done it," she remarked, with heavy and direct accusation.

"I suppose so," admitted Dick, his mind still occupied with the clever manoeuvre in which his uncle had slid the right card from his sleeve and taken all the tricks in sight. "I can't quite see how to get control of the lead again, but I'll figure it out after a while."

"She is in an awful condition," said Miss Burton, who sometimes availed herself of the feminine prerogative of totally ignoring another's remarks, and continuing the line of her own talk, unhampered by the influence of sentiments weakened by the influence of sentiments in opposition. "She has got to that stage where she respects you, and that is generally fatal to love."

"What are you talking about?" asked Dick, trying to fix his attention on what Miss Burton was saying.

"Naturally I am talking about Kate," replied Miss Burton, with unfeigned surprise. "What are you talking about? But it doesn't matter. Of course I came with her through these wretched streets, and waited in a drug store—some way drug stores always seems respectable, no matter where you find them. Well, when she came back, she was in one of those ethereal moods where a woman says that she can never love again, but will always respect, and treasure the memory, and all that sort of talk. Now, this is all nonsense—a woman can always love again. It's her nature to love, and she begins by loving a doll, and ends by loving an ideal—both rather unsatisfactory makeshifts—but in the meantime she loves real live men until she finds them out. You have been dilly-dallying and shilly-shallying with her until she thinks that you are a namby-pamby. Now, I know that you are not a namby-pamby." Dick shook his head with sober sincerity—"but she does not. You must be firm with her, you must not let her do all the talking. You talk fast enough with other people, but with her you just sit and listen, as though what she said was really worth while. Don't interrupt me, I can only stop a second. Assert yourself, you always do with other people. I have generally found you to be overbearing. I can't stop another second; she is waiting at the drug store until I get back. I had to invent an idiotic excuse, all for your sake. I am going back to her now, and I am going to bring her here by hook or crook. When she comes, you be your natural self—and there is more brute than angel in that, I'll warrant. Make her do whatever you wish, and whatever she does not wish, and that will make her love you again. This is your last chance. I haven't time to listen to a word—don't you dare to fall me."

As the door closed Dick sank heavily into his desk chair. "I wonder if someone really was in here, or whether I am beginning to see things?" he asked himself doubtfully, but her suggestions began to interest him, and soon his mind was fully occupied with his love affair and the possible effect of following Miss Burton's advice. His mind was so fully occupied, in fact, that a few moments later, when Mr. Burton entered, Dick looked at him in unaffected surprise.

"I have been thinking it over," said Burton, briskly, "and I find that it will be impossible for me to merge with your uncle—we have been enemies too long."

Mr. Richard Bannington had entered the outer office, had been stopped by Ivan, and, just as Dick stumbled over an attempt to invent a remark which would impress Burton, Ivan knocked on the door.

"Come in," called Dick, in relief.

Ivan entered, closed the door, and said: "Mr. Richard Bannington, sir."

Burton rushed over to the door marked "Vice-President," and which opened into the closet. "This is a put-up job," he said angrily, as he opened the door a few inches and turned to face Dick, "but I refuse to meet him. I shall just step into this room. I suppose it opens into——"

"Don't go in there," cried Dick, running over to the door, slamming it and standing in front of it. "The vice-president has not had any lunch yet, and it always makes him surly to miss his lunch."

"Mr. Burton was outraged. "I must say, Mr. Bannington," he snapped, "that this firm has the most unusual officials I have ever heard of."

"I know it, I know it," admitted Dick, "but just take a seat. Ivan, tell my uncle that I shall see him in a few minutes. Now, then, Mr. Burton, I am ready to listen to the reasons which prompted your change of base."

When Richard Bannington received the news that his nephew was conferring with the president of the National Steel Mills, he whirled on his heel and stalked out of the office, his face twisted into a scowl.

"I have found a way to get around our contract," said Mr. Burton confidently. "I admit it is liable to cause a little delay, and may probably cost me a lot of money in the end, but it will clinch this present Government deal, put Bannington Mills out of business, and end your career with a smash."

"Must be rather a clever scheme," was Dick's dry comment. He knew that much of Burton's confidence was assumed, and resolved to meet bluff with bluff. That peculiar condition known in the vernacular as "second wind" had come to him, as often in his football career it had come in time to change defeat into victory. He looked Burton calmly between the eyes. "Well," he resumed, "I have done the best I could for both of you. My uncle also refuses to merge. The trust idea is the only possible one under present conditions. I was perfectly willing to extend your tenures of office, but if you deliberately refuse it is on your heads that the responsibility must rest. You know in your heart, Mr. Burton, that the offshoots of your central business will hamper you as much in retreat as they benefited you in advance. This is also true, although in a less degree, with Bannington holdings. You have already noticed that the market has rallied a little lately. I intended it to close with an upward trend, but if nothing but war will satisfy you, why, war it is."

To Be Continued.

TODAY'S STORY ABOUT BIRDS

Girls and Boys, Do You Know About the Bird Policeman, the Bird Thief, the Bird Musician, and Other "Professional" Birds?

There are many birds that sing, but there are some that sing so well and so continually that they may well be classed as professional musicians.

Among them may be mentioned the mocking bird, the brown thrasher, the catbird, the nightingale, the English skylark and our own bobolink. The yellow-breasted chat of our own deep woods, is not only a musician, but a comedian and ventriloquist as well. The Indians used to call him the "spook bird."

The redbreast, or cardinal grosbeak, like some grand opera singers, is a professional beauty, with singing as a side line. But many birds that are especially beautiful in color can't sing a note. The peacock is perhaps the most notable example of the bird that lives to be beautiful and apparently for nothing else. The peacock's voice sounds like filing a crosscut saw, but a peacock's tail is one of the most richly gorgeous things in all nature.

Among professional thieves may be mentioned the bald eagle, which is too lazy to fish for himself so long as he can steal fish from a fish-hawk, and the crow, that in cajolity becomes a kidnapper, and steals things just for the fun of stealing.

But of all the professional birds none is more interesting than the professional policeman, the kingbird. Here's a little bird afraid of nothing but flies. He is a born fighter, and he takes it upon himself to patrol the air and teach the big birds—the hawks, the crows and the like—that they can't have everything their own way.

The Kingbird, or "Bird Policeman."

Curious Customs of Easter Tide

There is, perhaps, no season of the year which we welcome more gladly than Eastertide. Not alone because it is a great festival of the Christian faith, but it intimates to us that the chains of Winter are passing, and new life is pulsing in the outdoor world. In short, that genial springtime is in our latitude once more.

Easter may well be suggestive of gladsome and spring time, for the word itself is derived from "Ostara," or "Eastre," goddess of spring and of the morning, who was venerated by the pagan Saxons. The month of April, called Eastermonath, was especially dedicated to this goddess, the worship taking form in sundry festivals to rejoice over and welcome the return of spring. The early Christians observed the same season as a time of thanksgiving, their celebration lasting about eight days, conforming to some extent with the keeping of the Jewish Feast of the Passover, or the Feast of Peace. In the eighth days were followed to some one day of religious observance. Dominic Gandi, in "Sunday of Joy," followed by one or two days of festival and general rejoicing. Upon this "Sunday of Joy" gifts were sent to the poor, and people crowded to the church services, which were all of an inspiring and joyous nature.

Dance of the Sun.

A very old superstition was that the sun danced for joy at the cross upon Easter Sunday. An old rhyme ran thus: "She danced in such a way, to sun upon an Easter Day has so fair a sight." Numerous fancies are connected with the weather on Easter Day. If the wind be in the east, one should be careful to draw a bucket of water and wash in it, to prevent illness and bad luck. Doubtless we have all heard the saying that if it rains on Easter there will be a little rain every day for the rest of the year, or if the sun shines there will be sunshine days throughout the remaining months. "A good deal of rain on Easter Day give a crop of good grass, but little good hay."

The Paschal or Pasch egg has for centuries formed a part of Easter festivities. The ancients believed that the world itself was originally hatched from a large egg. Russians always carry a supply of colored eggs on Easter Day, which they exchange upon meeting, with this salutation, "Christ is risen," and the reply, "He is risen indeed."

Odd Customs.

In rural parts of England many curious old customs still linger. In Northumberland, if a man asks a young woman for a Pasch egg and she refuses, he may take off her shoes and keep them until she gives him a piece of money as a forfeit.

The "chefting" on Easter Monday and Tuesday remains popular, especially among the younger classes. In accordance with the belief that the sun leaps three times on Easter Sunday, the following day the men are privileged to "chef" the women three times, after which they may claim a kiss. The ladies may retaliate on Tuesday in the same manner if they wish. This ancient practice dates back to the time of Edward I., 1290.

It is among the Germans that we hear the most about the Easter hare. German children believe that a white hare visits the home on Easter, even when everybody is sleeping, and lays numerous beautifully colored eggs in out-of-the-way corners for those children who have been good and kind during the year. The children take almost as keen delight in this "egg hunt" on Easter morning as they do after the visit of St. Nicholas at Christmas time.

SPRING BLOUSES.

Lingeries waists are not extremely popular here in Paris; whatever ones there are are of allover embroidery, of batiste or of plain and fancy lawn. Percale and linen are used for tailored waists.

As to styles, the peasant or kimono sleeve is prevalent, and sleeves are elbow or three-quarter length. The principal trimmings are embroidered designs, linen trimmings, Valenciennes insertions and bands of embroidery.

The dressy separate blouse is here in full force, in all the ateliers. Veiled effects are still seen, to complete the color scheme of the two-piece suits, and pensive sleeves, short, are seen here also. Of course, the citoyenne or peplum blouse is in evidence everywhere, finished with a wide, crushed girdle of a three-inch tailored belt.

Jumpers are back, especially for wear over lingerie blouses. They are made to fit snugly at the collar line, the sleeves ending a few inches above the elbow. They are shown in chiffon, voile, marquisette and fancy sheer fabrics, and in many cases seem quite a modification of the veiled blouse, except that they are not separate and can be worn over melty foundations.

The side frill, by the way, has been largely supplanted by the double frill, one above each side of the blouse. This is frequent in white net, with black net border, and tucked or pleated its whole length.

Advertiser Patterns

Beauty Pattern Company.

No. 8889—A Simple Fitted Corset Cover. Ladies' Fitted Corset Cover With Peplum. This design may be effectively developed in dimity, lawn, cambric or muslin with lace or embroidery for decoration. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches bust measure, and requires 1½ yards of material 36 inches wide for the 36-inch size.

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CAUTION.—Be careful to include above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark it 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

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INFANTILE PARALYSIS

A GERM DISEASE WHICH IS BAFFLING THE DOCTORS AND ALARMING THE PEOPLE GENERALLY.

It may be said that doctors are only agreed on two points regarding this much dreaded disease.

First, that it is a germ disease, and, second, like all germ diseases can only be fought with pure, rich blood.

Prevention is always the better way and that is why we are always talking about the wisdom of keeping the blood pure and rich and the nerves healthy and strong by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Rich, red blood is a deadly foe to disease germs whether they are germs of infantile paralysis, of colds, of consumption, or any other disease.

Don't let the blood get thin and watery. Don't let the nerves get exhausted. The risk is too great. Every dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food goes to the formation of a certain amount of pure, rich blood. For this reason you are certain to benefit by this treatment.

You need not wait until you have some form of paralysis before testing this great medicine. Be warned by headaches, sleeplessness, irritability, failing memory and power of concentrating the mind. Restore the system while still you have something to build on.

Get new energy and vigor into the system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey.

Dear Miss Grey,—Will you kindly print a recipe for orange marmalade?

HOUSEWIFE.

A.—This choice recipe is by the late Maria Parloa: Take equal weights of sour oranges and sugar. Grate the yellow rind from one-quarter of the oranges. Cut all of the fruit in halves, take out the pulp and free it from seeds. Drain off all the juice possible, mix it with the sugar, let it come to a boil, skim and simmer it for fifteen minutes. Add to it the pulp and grated rind, and boil fifteen minutes longer. Seal in jelly jars.

Dear Miss Grey,—Am about to meet a first cousin and his wife for the first time. Is it proper to embrace the lady, as she is a relative? I am a single man.

M. R. R.

A.—No. She would doubtless be very much astonished and shocked were you to greet her with more than a cordial handshake.

Dear Miss Grey,—When checking a lady's wraps at the theatre, is it proper to do so before or after being shown to your seats—that is, is it necessary for the gentleman to escort the lady to the seats and then return to the checkroom for the purpose of checking, or can he properly do the checking immediately on entering the theatre? Also advise if it is proper for the lady to precede the gentleman to the seats.

H. W.

A.—Check wraps before finding seats. The woman follows the man down the aisle, and the man steps aside and allows the woman to enter the row of seats first. He remains standing until she is seated.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am a little girl in the seventh grade. I want to have a breakfast party of ten girls. Please tell me a cheap breakfast and fruit before breakfast.

C. D.

A.—Oranges and sliced bananas mixed and served in glasses, and omelet cooked in iron gem pans and served in individual portions, garnished with parsley; creamed potatoes; tiny hot rolls or triangles of toast; pancakes and maple syrup, or waffles and honey; chocolate or cocoa garnished with whipped cream or marshmallows.

Dear Miss Grey,—What will clean the colorations of bathroom bowl?

HOUSEWIFE.

A.—The muriatic acid; apply with small mop. Do not touch acid with hands.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.
Baked Apples.
Cocoa. Cream.
Toast. Scrambled Eggs. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Codfish Balls.
Tomato Salad. Cup Custard.

DINNER.
Cream of Celery Soup.
Baked Ham. Lima Beans.
Potatoes. Lettuce.
Cottage Pudding. Maple Syrup.
Cafe Noir.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Try serving these slightly underdone on grids of buttered toast, sprinkled with grated cheese and put in oven to melt cheese and finish cooking the eggs. Beat five eggs slightly, blending yolk and white; then add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper and one-half cupful of milk. Heat an omelet pan, put in two tablespoonfuls of butter, and when melted turn mixture. Cook until of a creamy consistency throughout, constantly stirring and scraping from bottom and sides of the pan.

COD FISH BALLS should never be allowed to soak full hours, this is usually due to the potatoes being slightly overdone or the fat not having been raised to a sufficiently high temperature. Wash salt codfish in cold water and pick in very small pieces; there should be a cupful. Wash, pare and soak potatoes (cut) half hour in cold water to cover, then cut in pieces of uniform size; there should be two cupfuls (heaping). Put fish and potatoes in stew pan, cover with boiling water and let boil until potatoes are soft. Drain thoroughly, return to hot bottle in which they were cooked, and mash thoroughly, being sure that there are no lumps left in the potato. Add one egg well beaten, one half tablespoonful of butter, and if pepper is liked, a few grains. Beat with a fork three minutes and add more salt if necessary. Take up by rounding tablespoonfuls, put in frying basket (allowing balls for each frying), fry one minute in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Reheat the fat between the frying. These are vast improvement on the old-fashioned fish balls, which were stiff and dry.

BREADED BRAINS.

Separate the lobes of a pair of brains that have been parboiled as directed. Then with a sharp knife split each division. Beat the yolk of an egg light, thin slightly with cold water or milk, dip the brains in this, then into finely rolled crumbs. Fry carefully in hot pork dripping, olive oil or lard and butter as preferred, and garnish with quarters of lemon that have been rolled in finely-minced parsley.

EASTER GIFTS.

This year the bluebird is an Easter favorite, and bluebirds are sold in every size from tiny, hand-painted paper affairs for placards, to lifelike feather bluebirds which are intended to hang from the chandelier on white ribbons over the dining-table. The newest fad is to have the place-cards in the form of little cardboard birdies, which as so nicely balanced that when placed on the rim of the dinner cocktail glass they maintain their position, swaying lightly to and fro in most lifelike manner. A bluebird—the "symbol of happiness"—used as an ornament for a cocktail glass, does seem incongruous, but cardboard bluebirds there are, offered especially for this purpose.

After all, there is no more beautiful Easter gift than the pot of azaleas, and the rosy plants, forced into flower for this occasion, make a wonderful spot of color in the flower departments of the big department stores, where rows and rows of azaleas stand ready, ribbon-tied, to be tagged with Easter greeting cards. Hyacinths also there are, thousands of the sweet, dainty blossoms in white and pink. A New York florist this year is making a specialty of yellow Easter lilies. Think of Ascension lilies in their pure and beautiful whiteness being imitated in a gaudy yellow! But there are people who rave over those "golden lilies," and are ordering them in preference to the white Ascension lilies for Easter gifts.

A SWEET VOICE.

Very few women realize what an effect a sweet voice has on a man. A woman may be very pretty to look upon, may be faultlessly dressed and attractive in every way, and yet too often directly she opens her mouth and speaks, the spell is broken and the charm is gone. And all this need never be.

Very few voices are so naturally bad that they will not succumb to training, and the voice can be trained to be just as sweet and gentle as we please to make it. A woman should speak in a low voice. She should never allow her voice to raise itself to a shrill pitch. Men do not like a shrill-voiced woman.

She should not shout her orders to the servants. This shouting and raising of the voice spoils the tone and quality and tends to make it harsh. A pretty voice is a powerful attraction in a woman, and she who would add to her charms a wondrous fascination should cultivate a voice "ever soft, gentle and low."

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The kind that pleases the people

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A DESPERATE BATTLE WITH BOLD BURGLAR

A Guest in a Montreal Hotel Grapples With Man Who Enters His Room.

Montreal, April 13.—A burglar gained entrance to a room of the Windsor Hotel early yesterday. The window was partly open, and, it is presumed, that the burglar got in from the fire escape. When the occupant of the room, a Toronto man, was awakened by the noise made by the intruder, he silently crawled out of bed and cautiously made his way to the electric switch. When the room was flooded with light he spied a young man, about 25 years of age, holding a revolver in his hand. The guest made as if to throw up his hands, but succeeded in coming closer to the burglar, without the latter's suspicions being aroused. He then made a dive for him, and succeeded in bringing him to the floor.

In the wrestling and scuffling that ensued the revolver was discharged, but without any effect. The occupant succeeded in getting hold of the gun, and took it away from the burglar. When the man realized that his weapon had been taken away from him he made a supreme effort, and managed to break away from the embrace of his intended victim.

He made a rush for the window, but just as he was half way through the guest fired at him, and must have succeeded in hitting him, as the man let out a yelp, and slid down the fire escape.

In his hurried exit he left his cap behind him, as well as his revolver, although the latter was not left voluntarily.

The police were immediately notified and three detectives are now working on the case. They succeeded in tracing the man as far as Mountain street by the trail of blood.

The police have a good description of the man to work on.

BUSKIN WINS CASE

Charge of Non-Support Filed by His Wife Dismissed by Court.

Toronto, April 12.—John Buskin, aged 77, formerly a missionary to the Indians of Algoma, was sued for non-support in the county judge's court today by his wife, Ellen Buskin, aged 56 years.

She claimed that Buskin and his ten children had not treated her right because they had valed her first husband was living, and Buskin had refused to support her unless she could produce his death certificate.

Buskin claimed that his wife drank to excess, used violent language and left him voluntarily.

The case was dismissed.

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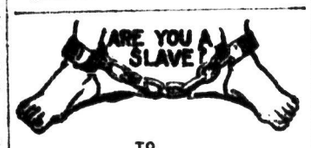

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Belleriver, Que. — "Without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For five months I had painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the uterus. I suffered like a martyr and thought often of death. I consulted two doctors who could do nothing for me. I went to a hospital, and the best doctors said I must submit to an operation, because I had a tumor. I went back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise." — Mrs. EMMA CHATEL, Valleyfield, Belleriver, Quebec.

Another Operation Avoided.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.—I run a sewing machine in a large factory and got all run down. I had to give up work for I could not stand the pains in my back. The doctor said I needed an operation for womb trouble but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did more for me than the doctors did. I have gained five pounds. I hope that everyone who is suffering from female trouble, nervousness and backache will take the Compound. I owe my thanks to Mrs. Pinkham. She is the working girl's friend for health, and all women who suffer should write to her and take her advice. — MISS TILLIE PLENZIG, 3 Jay St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

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