impetuous disposition."
Unfortunately the wrong thing was done. To all the young girl's longing, eager questions of the world beyond the bounds of Serranto, the lady turned a bounds of Serranto, the lady turned a deaf ear. Like her mother, she had no deaf ear. Like her mother, she had no pleasures, no amusements, no companions. Her day was divided between dry monotonous duties and hard study; Madame Monteleone seldom left her home, and the child was never allowed to leave the boundary of the castle. In vain she asked of the absent ther whese name she scarcely knew; by madame's wish she was called by her own name of Monteleone, and it was many name of Monteleone, and it was many years before she knew that she had any

It. was like old times at Serranto; the only difference was that every one was older. Even the servants forgot at times, and called the young lady "Bi-

Madame Monteleone never Bianca had not found it so; she had never complained; she had never asked questions of the great unknown world, nor seemed to long to join it. She never tired of study as Inez did, for that young lady at times flung down her books and passionately declared that she would never read another line.

"I want to see men, and women, and children," she cried one day to her horrified listener. "I see no one but you and the servants; I am tired of you all, tired of my books and my work. Let me see something fresh, or I shall die." Then did poor Madame Monteleone lasp her hands and mourn over the de

The life that had contented Montgleone was one monotonous wearying round to her beautiful and high-spirited daughter. Day by day she became less endurable. A new knowledge was growing upon her, the knowledge of her loveliness. Child as she was, she had face which smiled generacy of her daughter's child.

The life that had contented Bianca understood that the face which smiled at her from the depths of the old mir-

at her from the depths of the old mir-rors was beautiful beyond words. The bright dark eyes that flashed there had a world of strange meaning in them. "What is the use of it all?" sighed the girt; "I am young, and my face is like the picture in the gallery; but, who cares for it?—who sees me?—who cares for my singing or anything also I do? for my singing or anything else I do? Was ever life so bare and dull as mine?" Long hours in the evening gloaming

were spent in wondering what the world was like beyond Serranto—that bright world where gay cavaliers wooed and won beautiful ladies, where dancing, and music, and song gladdened young faces and light hearts—that world of which the few romances she had read, unknown to Madame Monteleone, gave her

fair a glimpse.
Inez Lynne's ardent imagination led her through all these scenes. Dreaming among the oranges and myrtles, she saw herself a queen among gay and gallant cavaliers; the queen of the tournament, the belle of the ball, for whose amiles and kind words men fought and struggled. The time must come for her as gled. The time must come for her, as for all other girls, when sweet love words would be whispered to her in the twilight, when her smile would give rap-ture and her frown deepair. All these pictures she made for herself: and while the sun was still golden in the sky, before the flowers and birds were quite asleep, the sharp voice of old Caterina would be heard calling the young sig-nora in; it was time to close the house

Madame Monteleone, the young girl was dismissed to her room. Standing by the window, watching the sunset and the moon rise over the Andalusian hills of the accident or of the illness of his daughter's guardian.

Inex found greater liberty and free. window, watching the sunset and the moon rise over the Andalusian hills, the broken reveries were resumed. The dull, gloomy castle cased to evist for hor. gloomy castle ceased to exist for her; she was in gay palaces and brilliant rooms. Love and homage surrounded her: the bravest and noblest sought her smiles.

She was too hervous to bear any house or much conversation. For one hour every morning linez read to her, and received her instructions as to how the day was to be employed. So many hours

reality of her life. She lived at last ployments. almost entirely in dreamland. There all ed; it was the one solitary pleasure of was fair and charming, while the reality was dull and prosaic beyond measure. to was easier for that gifted, artistic, immost pend it now as she had been obliging. easier for that gifted, artistic, imaginative being to make a world for her-

fate of Inez Lynne would have been very different. Properly trained and educated; she would have made an artist or an authoress. Her quick, active, glowing fancy would have found legitimafe occupation; as it was, it fed upon itself until the girl's whole life became one unreal dream. Even had she known one unreal dream. Even had she known that future that Madame Monteleone the future of the legit of the l one unreal dream. Even had she known the future that Madame Monteleone destined for her, it would have been better, but that lady, frightened and rendered cautious by her failure with Bianca, said nothing to lnez of Madrid, the court, or the grand mariage she expected to make. "Let it come upon her suddenly," she thought; "and she will seen. Some who passed by noted the beautiall the more probably comply with my

Where was the English father of whom she heard ever and anon from the old servants a few mysterious words? Months ago, one day when she had longed more than ever to leave Serranto, she went boldly to Madame Monteleone, and asked where her father was. Her heart was touched by the stately lady's face, as she folded her in her arms and said. "You are all mine, lnex; you were sent. The gardens were gorgeous with lands had been sold or forfeited, and little was picturesque and pleasent. The gardens were gorgeous with lands from the long hours she spent in the grounds.

They were not very extensive, those grounds.

They were not very extensive, those grounds of Sevranto. Time had been when hill, valley, and stream all belonged to the Montelcones. The broad, fer tile lands had been sold or forfeited, and little remained of the once large estates; but that little was picturesque and pleasent. The gardens were gorgeous with nez; you were own, in your in the wide mother's place. No on world cares for you but m

n her fa

she might have some pleasure and happiness.

So time passed on, and day by day, the wish and longing for some break in her life's monotony grew stronger. The time was to come, and did come, when she looked back to those quiet days with envy and regret—when she would have given beauty and talent, ah, even life itself, to have been once more a dreamy, innocent child. But no change came; winter and summer, spring and autumn, succeeded one another, and found life the same at Serranto.

"Seventeen years old to-day," said Inez, one bright morning; "I am seventeen; in ten years more I shall be twenty-seven, and the best part of my life will be over. If something does not happen soon, I shall run away, and make a life for myself."

Little did Madame Monteleone know the bitter, rebellious thoughts of which

the bitter, rebellious thoughts of which the proud. beautiful face she watched with growing hope gave no trace.

"You have not been idle, Inez," she said one day, with some complacency, to her grandchild. "You play and sing well; you speak French and Italian fluently. All accomplishments are useful."

"I know something more than that," reolied Inez, triumphantly. "I have taught myself English; I can read every English book in the library; I should be able to speak it in a short time if I went to England."

A wistful, sad look came over Madame Monteleone's face.
"It will be useless, my dear child," she said. "You will never leave Spain. You will never see England. There is something for you to do here—a life's task to accomplish."

something for you to do here—a life's task to accomplish."

Those few words, "You will never see England," sounded like a death-knell to the bright hopes and fancies upon which the young girl had lived. She made no reply, but the expression of determination that fell upon her young face might have alarmed Madame Monteleone had she seen it, and caused her to leone had she seen it, and caused her to fear for her plans.

fear for her plans.

Already a change was coming; the one dark cloud that had hung so heavily over her, the gloomy monotony of the girl's life was breaking.

Madame Monteleone, while ascending the stairs, slipped and fell. At first the little household were dreadfully alarmed, and believed, when they saw their lady's still, white face, that she was dead. But, when the servants raised her and laid when the servants raised her and laid her upon the bed, they found she still breathed.

In hot haste a psysician was summoned from Seville. For many long, weary weeks the poor lady lay between life and

When the first shock was over, Madame Mounteleone pondered seriously as to what step she would take with regard to her young grandchild. Common sense and reason told her that she ought to write to Lord Lynne and ask him to take his daughter; but the trea-sured idea of her life clung to her still, and she could not renounce it. "Some-thing will happen," she said to herself.
"I may recover. Doctors are not infallible. In any case, I will keep Inez with me. If she goes to England, she will marry an Englishman, as her mother did, ora in; it was time to close the house and go to rest.

After a few cold, formal words with ladema few cold, formal words with a few cold, formal words with conditions to condition to conditions of the amiduate or of the illness of the amiduate or of the amiduate or of the illness of the amiduate or of the illness or of the amiduate or of the illness or of the illness

She was too nervous to bear any noise From such glowing dreams the girl were to be given to music, so many to were to be given to music, so many to reading, and so many to household employments. The music Inez never missaginative being to make a world for herself and live in it, than to school her proud spirit to bear patiently the monotony and gloom of her daily life.

Many faults, many errors, must be pardoned her; if there had been any outlet for that ardent imagination, the fate of Inez Lynne would have been very different. Properly trained and education and edu ed to do when Madame Monteleone's would have been ing at full speed. Carriages, ladies, frightened and country people—all and everything had her failure with an interest for her. They belonged to,

I the more probably comply with my seen.

Some who passed by noted the beautiful, wistful face, half hidden by the leaves of the myrtle trees, and wonder-No word was said to Inez that gave her any prospect or hopes of brighter days. "I shall live here," she said to herself, "until I am old and wrinkled and cross as grandmamma. What will my life have been?—how shall I bear it through the long years?"

Wildly enough she beat against the bars, but all in vain. No bird in a cage was ever more solitary or more sad. Where was the English father of whom she heard ever and anon from the old

wers and fruit. Long groves of or-re trees ran by the little stream that found its way into the river near Seville.

Large myrtles lent their shade; trees, whose rich and luvurious perfume to

ed the air, grew as they would. The grounds were not cultivated; they were beautiful in their rich and luxuriant wildness. The boundary that separated the high road from the grounds was a very frail one—a line of small flowering shrubs. By the shrubs, day after day, there might have been seen a graceful girlish figure. walking slowly, with dreamy, wistful eyes gazing on the high road.

the musical voice that gaily bade her good-morning.

"How beautiful she is!" said the lady to herself, with a deep sigh; "more lovely by far than her mother ever was. If I were but well now, all would be safe."

When the hour's reading was ended, Madame Monteleone kissed Inez more tenderly than usual as she dismissed her.

"Something must be done at once," to say that the love and care given the grounds in thought, "to control and keep within proper bounds that wild, impetuous disposition."

Infortunately the wrong thing was done. To all the young grl's longing, sager questions of the world beyond the bounds of Serranto, the lady turned a deaf ear. Like her mother, she had no pleasures, no amusements, no companions. Her day was divided between dry monotonous duties and hard study, Madame was to come, and did doeme, when he looked back to those quiet days with monotony grew stronger. The tile's monotony grew stronger. The tile's monotony grew stronger. The tile's monotony grew stronger is a steel of the world beyond to deaf ear. Like her mother, she had no pleasures, no amusements, no companions. Her day was divided between dry monotonous duties and hard study; Madame was to come and deaf ear. Early the stronger of the world beyond the bounds of Serranto, the lady turned a deaf ear. Like her mother, she had no pleasures, no amusements, no companions. Her day was divided between dry monotonous duties and hard study; Madame was to come and the child. But no change came; which we have a called by her own name of Monteleone, and it was many years before she knew that she had any other.

It was like old times at Serranto; the life of mysself."

Thave this long day, "This long day," "This long day, will be over. It something does not sear the seas and brayer as sual in the grounds. For years afterwhen he was walking as usual in the grounds. For years afterwhen he say and the flowers bloomed, how the birds sang and the deep blue sky seemed the flowers bloomed, how the benefit as any and the flowers bloomed, how the birds sang and the deep blue sky seemed the flowers bloomed, how the birds sang and the deep blue sky seemed the flowers bloomed, how the birds sang and the deep blue sky seemed the same and have the deep blue

The cavalier was obliged to dismount for in the struggle the plumed hat had fallen from his head, and the silvermounted riding whip lay upon the ground. As he raised them he caught sight of the beautiful face watching him sight of the beautiful face watching him so intently. A cry of surprise fell from his lips, and he gazed in bewilderment, doubting whether it was a vision or reality. But when he saw the rich crimson flush that covered the face, and the dark eyes drooping under his gaze, he knew that it was a beautiful reality which had so grea. y startled him. Raising his hat, he bowed profoundly to the young girl, and galloped away. She ing his hat, he bowed profoundly to the young girl, and galloped away. She had seer his face distinctly! it was dark and handsome; but had the poor, motherless child been older, she would have distrusted at a glance those false lips and those deep, piercing eyes. As it was, she saw but the beauty of the first face that had ever looked admiringly upon her. She remembered the thick dark curls upon the broad, sunburnt brow, the dark mustache that concealed the treacherous lips, the deep, dark eyes that had gazed so ardently upon her. He belonged to the gay world. Perhaps even then, she thought, he might be hastening to see some lovely lady who would smile upon him and call him her knight. How handsome, how brave, how coureous he was!

That night when Inez dreamed her and he lost nothing from her vivid, graceful fancy.

CHAPTER XVII. "I wonder," thought Inez to herself,
"if I shall ever see that face again."
She had seen so few strange faces that young and handsome one was sure to aterest her. No visitors ever came to cerranto. Madame Monteleone had never even during her daughter's life-time visited, for she knew no one in or near Seville. The friends of ker youth weeks the poor lady lay between hie and death. She recovered at last, but it was to find herself a helpless cripple, and to hear the sad sentence pronounced by the doctor that she would not be gibe to move without assistance.

The friends of her youth were all far away; most of them resided in Madrid. She had not cared to make new acquaintances when she brought little Bianca to Serranto so many years. She saw no use in it. There was ago. She saw no use in it. There was no one there likely to help her in the object for which she lived. Isolated from object for which she had found her happiness in the discharge of her duty and in planning the restoration of the Monte-

> and dreaming of it. such vivid admiration shining in the dark eyes, was the first of its kind she had seen. It was a dream coming true. The heroes she had made for herself I wonder whether he will look for me?

he thought.

That wonder increased until Inez felt t must be gratified. When the evening came she went out to the boundary line.
Up and down the hard road those beautiful, wistful eyes wandered; but there was no sign this evening of the gallant rider and his horse. She could not tell if she was disappointed; she had neither hoped nor expected to see him; she had only wondered if he would pass by again. Suddenly upon the calm evening breeze there came the sound of a horse's rapid gallop. Even in the far distance Inez knew the plumed hat and the dark

With a crimson face and heart beating loudly she concealed herseft behind a group of trees. She heard how the rider slackened his pace as he drew near the shrubs where he had seen her. He drew rein there, and sat for some minutes looking over the grounds of Sor-rento. She could not see the disapponit-ment that clouded his face; then he turned and galloped back to Seville "He came on purpose to see me," she ied to herself. "He looked and waited cried to herself.

. He has thought of me, just as I

"Where have you been, cried old Juanita, when she saw the young girl entering the house. "He well you look! You have a color like damask rose, and your eyes are as bright as two stars. What has come over you?" as two stars. What has come over you?"
"Is mine really a nice face, Nita?"
asked Inez, simply. "Tell me, if you
were to see my face once, would you
think of it, and want to see it again?"
"Listen to the child!" cried the old
servant, in affected horror. "Did ever

It was a break in the monotony at last. There was something to dream about; a real incident had happened more interesting and exciting had any she had ever dreamed of, and she was

Impatiently enough Inez waited for the next day. It rose at last, bright and beautiful as its predecessor had been. Her first thought was: "Shall' I see him? Will he come?' Even Madame Monteleon how bright and radiant the Monteleone rei

was that smil

"This long day," said Inez to herself;
"I have this long day before me. Will he

WINDOW IN THE UMBRELLA.

Frequent annoyance and inconver

To avoid such accidents it is necessary on the part of persons carrying umbrellas under these circumstances to repeatedly raise their weather shields so that they may be enabled to look under them and to look out for objects ahead.

Pedestrians picking their way through the raise are relieved of this

through the rain are relieved of this bother and care by the use of the umbrella, which is provided with a window, through which the pedestrian may pick his way in absolute freedom from accidents of this phenetter.

The invention consists of a circular frame of metal sewed into the centre of one of the panels of the umbrella and this holds a sheet of celluloid, or other transparent material, through which the pedestrian can have a con-

HIS PAINS AND ACHES ALL GONE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Chas. N. Cyr's Rheumatism.

Statement of a Man Who Suffered for a Year From Different Forms of Kidney Disease and Found a Speedy Cure.

New Richmond Station, Que., Dec. 21 —(Special.)—In these cold fall days when Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache and other Kidney Diseases are working havoe in every corner of Canada, thou-sands will be interested in the statement of Mr. Chas. N. Cyr, the well-known bar-

of Mr. Chas. N. Cyr, the well-known bar-ber of this place.

"I had been a sufferer from Rheuma-tism and Backache for a year," Mr. Cyr states. "My head also troubled me and it was hard to collect my thoughts. I heard of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and made up my mind to try them. The marvellous effect of the first box on my system st once raised my hopes, and were brave and courteous like him.
Would he remember her? Would he ever think of her again? Perhasp not, for he saw beautiful ladies every day.
"If ever he rides on the highway again," aches are gone and I am able to do my

work without pain."

Mr. Cyr is only one of thousands whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured matism. Sciatica and Backache of Rheumatism, Sciatica and For Dodd's Kidney Pills always oure your Kidneys are well you can't have Rheumatism, Sciatica or Backache.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Miss Sweet-I should like to see the erry widow hats. Clerk—Umbrella department, third

one "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c. Beyond Words.

A costermonger while trundling his apple laden cart down a London street was run into by a coaching party. The coster's cart got the worst of it, losing a wheel, and its ruddy freight being word for it!"—Argonaut.

it: - "Shiloh's Cure will always ton, Detro ourhs and colds."

THE TORTURES WOMEN SUFFER

Can be Relieved by Keeping the Blood Supply Rich With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A woman needs a blood-building medicine regularly just because she is a woman. From maturity to middle life, the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood, its richness and its regularity. If her blood is poor and watery she is weak, languid, pale and nervous. If her blood supply is irregular she suffers from headaches, backaches, sideaches and other unspeakable diztress which only women know. Some women have grown to expect this suffering at regular intervals and to bear it in hopeless silence. But women would escape much of this misery if they took a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to help them over each critical period. These Pills actually make new blood. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest demand upon her blood supply. They have done this for thousands of women throughout Canada; why not for you? woman needs a blood-building

Canada; why not for you?

Mrs. Joseph Kinney, Gilbert's Cove,
N. S., says: "For ten years I suffered
from nervousness and those troubles that make the lives of so many women one of almost constant misery. At times I would be confined to my bed for weeks. ince arises to persons carrying umbrellas, from the fact that when a strong wind is blowing the umbrellas are held in such a position to shield frankly that he could not undertake my strong wind is blowing the are held in such a position to shield off the rain, that when two persons approach each other from, opposite directions there is grave danger of collision when the umbrellas often sustain damage, if some serious injury is not sustained by one or the other of the pedestrians.

To avoid such accidents it is necessory on the part of persons carrying these circumstances are on the part of persons carrying these circumstances was enjoying such health as I had not experienced for ten years before. I have had no return of this trouble since, but I have used the Pills once since that I have used the Pills once since that time for the after effects of la grippe, and the result was was all I hoped for. These are plain facts from my own experience, and I have always felt that I cannot the decoder and Presented the decoder and Presented Transfer and Presente cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the many wo-

You can get these Pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

TO KNEAD BREAD.

Common Use in France-1,000 Pounds Kneaded at a Time

The American Consul at Lyons France, reports that during September there was an exhibition of mechanical bread kneaders in that city at which 35 mechanical devices were exhibited for kneading bread by power.

Three were German inventions; all the others were French. The prices varied from 500 francs (\$96.60) to 4,000 franca (\$772). Most of them are by steam or electricity, but all may be worker by hand or gas or petroleum engines. These machines will knead from 300

to 1,000 pounds of bread in an hour or in less time, and they will knead from one pound of bread up to 500 pounds. They are used in nearly every bakery in France, and the old style of kneading

by hand is nearly out of use.

The troughs in which the dough is kneaded in these machines are generally about four feet in diameter. When the

by the old method. The mechanical bread kneader employed in France some bread kneader employed in France some twenty-five years ago became very un-popular, but upon investigation the cause of the unpopularity was found to be in the poor quality of flour used. It is now considered beyond dispute that the mechanical bread kneader produce sidered beyond dispute that better bread; that it is healthier than the bread made by the old methods.

Repeat it:- "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds." FIRE FIGHTERS.

U. S. Cities Efficiently Protected Against Flames.

It is only a matter of recent history since volunteer fire companies have been replaced by drilled and disciplined forces constantly on duty. In fact, with the single exception of Paris, where the corps descent and the secret from 1747. des sapeurs pompiers dates from 1747, the fire departments in the larger cities the fire departments in the larger cities of the world have been organized since 1830. The London brigade was formed in 1833 by the fire insurance companies, but did not come under public control until 1866, Milan and Madrid organized fire brigades in 1838 and 1843 respectively. The Berlin department was not founded until 1851, that in Brussels a Deteroburge in 1860. year later, St. Petersburg's in 1860. large American cities with those of Eu-Vienna's in 1864 and New York's, the first American city's, in 1865.

The earliest of these, however, cannot

e classed with the modern fire depart ment, whose present efficiency is due largely to the movable fire engines, which had not been constructed in form for practical use until after the middle of the last century. The de-velopment of efficient brigades was no less dependent upon the existence of an adequate and well-distributed water supply, and the construction of extensive waterworks is also of recent date.

Comparing the fire brigades in the ropean capitals, the former are always scattered all over the street. The ropean capitals, the former are alway driver of the coach came back to settle larger and better equipped with steam for the damage and expected to come in for a volley of choice cursing. But the coster looked at his eart, looked at his apples, looked at the coach, and finally gasped out: "Guvner, dere eyen't no larger municipalities. San Francisco and Jersey City are the only places with over 100,000 population which still have over 100,000 population which still have an appreciable number of call men. Bosrovidence have a the regular firemen r part of the brigades Detroit

New York city, with 3,200 regulars, 1, 000 horses and 175 steam fire engines, has much the largest fire brigade of any city in the world; but the Boston department of 800 men, 350 horses and 45 fire engines is much larger in proportion to its population. Philadelphia, with double the population of Boston, has a fire brigade of no greater strength; but when compared with London, which has five times its population, the Philadelphia force is seen to have as large a number of firemen, twice the number of horses and nearly as many fire engines, although London has also about 100 of the old hand engines. Compared with Berlin, which has nearly double its population, the Philadelphia brigade is again equal in number of men, and has five times as many fire engines, while as a counter-claim Berlin has but 18 hand engines.

Paris has as many firemen in propo-Paris has as many firemen in proportion to its population as Philadelphia, but only 17 steam engines and 90 hand engines, to 46 fire engines in Philadelphia. When it is remembered that Philadelphia does not have by far the strongest fire department in the United States, it is clearly seen that American fire departments far excell even those of European cities which have done most in this field. While the greater danger of widespread conflagration requires the American cities to be more thoroughly prepared, it would appear from recent experience that European cities need to bring their fire beigades nearer to the American standard.

The large force of men employed and

American standard.

The large force of men employed and the great amount of expensive machinery necessarily add very much to the cost of the American fire departments. The high rate of wages, and especially the wages paid to engineers, electricians and skilled mechanics, also increases expenditures. It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that the lowest expenditure for fire depart. the lowest expenditure for fire departments in the large cities of the United States is 54 cents per capita, or even to learn that the next lowest figure is 74 cents—treble the rate in London, Paris and Berlin. In other instances, when the per capita cost rises, as it does in most cases, to \$1 or somewhat over, it is possible to find the explanation in a larger force, higher local rate of wages or unusual equipment.

A glance at the mode of operation

ghout the world reveals the fact that the fire departments are completely under the direct control of the muni-Great Britain, independent municipal di-rection is the invariable rule. In France, however, while the immediate direction of the department in its services against or the department in its services against fire is vested in the municipal author-ities, the central government has charge of its organization. The corps of sap-eurs pompiers is attached to the Minis-try of the Interior; the organization for each town is determined by the prefects, each town is determined by the Prefects, and the chief officers are appointed by the President of the Reuphile on the nomination of the prefects. The members are recruited for five years, and are organized into companies and battakions, and subject to military discipline. The municipality, however, is responsible for the maintenance of the local brigade, and the expenses are regulated by the Mayor in the same way as other municipal expenses. In Paris the department is an integral part of the army, and is under the Minister of War as regards its organization, discipline and control, but in service against fire it acts under

under the Minister of War as regards its organization, discipline and control, but in service against fire it acts under the orders of the prefect of police. In other countries there is no such thorough system of central control as in France, but in some large cities the fire department is under the control of the central government. Thus, Berlin and central government. Thus, Berlin and Brunswick are like Paris in having their fire brigades as well as police managed directly by the central government, and this is also the case in Buenos Ayres. At Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide there are metropolitan fire districts, including several municipalities and the about four feet in diameter. When the work of kneading is in progress the trough turns round slowly, and the dough is turned over by a system of metallic claws which lift it up, throw it over and give it a thorough turning as completely as could be done by hand. By this system every part of the dough is thoroughly kneaded.

It is said that the bread made by this system is better than the article made it is suited to the case in Buenos Ayres. At Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide there are metropolitan fire districts, including several municipalities, and the fire brigades are under the management of commissions, in which the central government as well as the various local authorities are represented. The expenses of the fire brigades are shared by the government, the local municipalities and the fire brigades are companies.

Repeat it:- "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."



A HELPFUL SUGGESTION. Miss Cunning—Why don't you pro-ose to her by telephone than? Mr. Hanley—Maybe she wouldn't know who I was.

Miss Cunning—Exactly; that might help your chances.

Where Bullets are Thickest.

The adjutant had just lectured a squad of recruits on company drill, battalion drill, and every other form of move-ment that he could think of, and at last threw in a little instruction of his own

"On the field of battle a brave soldier will always be found where the bullets are thickest, you understand. Privats Jones, where would you be found, then, on the battlefield?

Private Jones— In the ammunition wagon, sir,—Tit-Bits.

A Word of Encouragement. Mrs. O'Toole-She's takin 'on awful Her husband got three years but he kin git twelve months off for good

Mrs. Dooley—Tell her ple out Sure an' he may n