kept her awake most of the night and

she was lying down to try to snatch

innocent child that they had taken

Blaming himself bitterly for having

been so inconsiderate, Mr. Paterson soothed her as best he could; then,

resolutely to hunt for the lost boy.

Two o'clock came and beyond con-

from its mother!"

husband's shoulder.

ing hidden. Besides, why should she replied angrily. "I set out to find anyone want such a little baby. Late- that boy and I'm going to find him. ly the doctor has been more zealous if possible than ever and has actually offered a thousand dollars reward; for Jean, I believe, has told him she will not even think of matrimony until it has been found and you are able to I'll punch his head."

to the place indicated.

Her cheeks were red and her lips were, too; And she stole the heart that he'd concertainty that keeps me from set her brother and the doctor in their and the sale in the United Kingdom has gaining strength. Often in the night search for the baby lost two months before. The uncertainty that keeps me from set her brother and the doctor in their and the sale in the United Kingdom has der his window. already reached a quarter of a million copies. Major H. F. Trippel, the hon. He said: would be so cruel as to abuse a little from the road.

She broke down, and sobbed on her she's crazy."

had called. She knocked loudly at the staring, have in view. unpainted back door, but it was not Getting a neighbor to remain with rer sister-in-law, and consigning Alma blinds were down she was forced to conclude the house was empty. The wierd, desolate, loneliness of the place fascinated while it repelled her, and she was slowly retracing her steps when, shrill, piercing and unmistakerepeated, louder, shriller and with a note of terror in it. door with both hands and shouted: He advised her to go home and let "Auntie's coming, Alex! Auntie's coming!'

(To Be Continued.)

ld Country and which stood in the | thanks for them; let us come right out corner of the settler's cabin, an ob- and say so, or-let us return to the

ject of wonder to one's grandfather ways of our fathers.

MICK McGEE'S COURTING.

thought so true To the girl he'd left at Tipperary.

The colleen looked shyly down then turned her with a frown From the courting of the boy from Tip-

perary town. "Sure, way back across the sea," she said, "There's waitin' a boy that I must wed, Or niver agin will I dare to tread On me own native shores of Killarney.". obeyed his sister's impatient and oft repeated summons to dinner.

"Let him wait," said Mick McGee, "since o'clock phone me at the office," he he's far o'er the sea, said, and hurried away to keep an ap-An' you an' me are here in fair Canada pointment. the free, Jist spake the word an' we'll quick be her sister-in-law, and consignisg Alma to the care of a trustworthy friend

An' ne'er a tear will I iver shed For the freckle faced girl with hair so who promised not to lose sight of her for an instant, Miss Jean set herself That's waitin' for me at Tipperary."

Mick was a wooer bold, and the colleen firmation on all sides that he had been seen riding with the ragman no

was not cold; twas up to him to win her with his been seen riding with the ragman no one knew anything about him; so, He kissed her once and he kissed her to her chagrin she was obliged

twice, And before he stopped he'd klssed her ground she had covered and asking thrice. But she must have thought that he

his advice as to what she should do kissed her nice, For she never went back to Killarney. him continue the search alone. clothes into the house and shut the door The ragman flicked his whip un-

easily. "Come back, sonny," he said. "You never kin tell what them crazy creeturs will do."

"I'm goin' to stay here," replied the boy resolutely. "I know she's got a baby and I want to see if it's ours." The ragman was troubled. He was afraid to go away and leave the boy, yet he could ill afford the time to stav.

"Come away, sonny," he continued coaxingly. "I'll buy you a bag of pea-nuts if you will." The boy sniffed. "I don't like pea-

"What are you waitin' for?" she asked the ragman, angrily. "I aint

Alex, not daring to do otherwise, waited impatiently until she was ready and then followed her into the house, his sturdy young legs rebelling at the slowness with which he meeting at the and the ragman's pockets were all full. waited impatiently until she was ready slowness with which he was obliged by a large yard overgrown with weeds and tangled shrubbery. "Ever been the pair, and then, turning his horse, drove away with many a backward

and fretting over a dress she does not like-and it may be, devising means for wearing it out-she will, in most cases, at least, devote to study. A plain child, while she is at home, further is nother, "he red dragons, that further is nother," he said for the share study house. There's a baby in there," he said for the share study it is would here shut here study.

the seat wif him."

was no favorite of hers. "I wish you wouldn't call him that. I don't like it. I blame myself a gréat said I might thank my stars I didn't dead and burled. Ralph and Alex, were

Mr. Paterson went upstairs to his if guess he or any other man would have trouble running me a way I didn't pox-for I'm certain it was nothing him there.

ny more. "Got any doughnuts?" he asked tain that his quest is, as you say, smallpox—or chickenpox, as I've always ing to do. My word, but some women hopeless, and he is growing morbid and unchildlike. If I could afford it I would take you and him both away The boy jumped down off the doing everything possible to find the was two. Well, Jean was very ill with days. But that's my experience with never have allowed the wedding to baby. I am satisfied that it is not in what we thought was a severe cold. ations, is simply priceless, or how a "I can wait ever so long," he said, the town. It can't be, for we have One night her temperature went up to it, and if having the children vaccinat-grandfather's clock which one's great, "if you'll let me play in your yard," searched every house where there 104, and you know that's nearly the dis going to do any good, why I don't Whe

"I shall do nothing of the kind." VER THE 2100122101 Mrs. Dolittle is go- | out in blotches, and our own doctor got ing away to-morrow scared of smallpox, and 'phoned for the to her sister's to be specialist to come up. My word, but gone two months," that man got around in a hurry, you'd remarked Mrs. Bunt- have thought he was just waiting to ly, setting down her pounce on us; in less than ten minutes clothes basket and coming to the fence. men at our door. He rushed into our KE R. S. A "Is she taking the children?" inquir- house as if it were a railway station

tell you. Don't you see what Mrs. Do-little is up to? She doesn't want her use; law was law, and the child had children vaccinated, and she thinks if to go alone. If it had been the hearse she keeps them out of the city for a at my door and the child in it in a up in the Rainbow Cavern. over, things will have simmered down, so to speak, and the children will not half so badly, but that dreadful ambu-

through; just imagine me with seven if he didn't abide by the law he would quickly disappeared, through; just imagine me with seven of 'em all down at once; my word, but I've had a time. I wanted Ralph to take them to the doctor, but not he; so I had to go down town with 'em two at narrator rattled on: "The ambulance sides of the cavern! And there, at the I had to go down town with 'em two at harrator ratiled on: "The ambulance sides of the cavern! And there, at the Has spread from coast to coast, a time, and see the poor things squirm was no sooner gone than the doctor back, was the ogre, still seated before Whose talents have served to place his and kick; little Reginald kicked the said: 'Roll up your sleeves, you must the hundreds of money-bags he had doctor's shins in good style, and I was be vaccinated.' My word! I was that stolen from the King's treasury five just glad, although, of course, I had to mad I could nearly have killed him. years before, pretend to be real cross to the child and The baby was crying for her food and ¹ apologize to the doctor. But, my word, just imagine the time I had bribing and coaxing those children to get them to bis night-gown. But that wretch sim-his note-book. "Oh, the dear knows!" Miss Jean "Oh, the dear knows!" Miss Jean data show the sweet stuff those children whether it hurt or not, for I hadn't where he is." "He went wif the ragman," I guess," them they've every one had billious announced Alma. "He climbed up on by that nasty vaccine the doctor used; the methy's every one had billious attacks; they must have been caused by that nasty vaccine the doctor used; the methy's every one had billious the m they say he gets it off the cows out on to quit. Mr. Paterson looked worried. "I wish that old rascal would stay away from here," he said irritably. "He hief nevertheless." "Oh, the boy will turn up all right." tors will be up to, but he always seem-ed in such a rush I was afraid to take have gone crazy, but I called up the have gone crazy, but I called up the my own country, I have heard him replied Miss Jean carelessly. "A bad penny always does, you know." Alex impression he is doing you a tremend- that she was doing well, but of course 'had a crown but was not worth half a deal more than him for what has hap-pened." both real sick, but the vaccine didn't run me into the cooler, but, my word. both real sick, but the vaccine didn't take with me, so I was able to wait on

want to go." Mrs. Bates again turned her atten- woman next door saw the ambula what is the matter, dear is she asked as he entered. He told her. "Poor child," she said sadly, "I have no doubt he went with the rag-man on his same hopeless quest. I believe he has called at nearly every house in town and asked if they had o believe is town and asked if they had baby." "That's what worries me," was her ply nothing. But I guess I never told country until the smallpox scare got

rreat grandfather brought from the ! The woman took her armful of was the slightest suspicion of its be- limit; then, her face and body came begrugde the bother I've had.

SAN Time we swhen any old thing, ning wheel with the treadle worn thin so to sprak, did as paper by the pressure of her foot as for a litt e girl's she spun the yarn and crooned a song bot all this has wheel, to one's baby grandmother changed, and asleep on her lap, can be held more the dress of the precious than their weight in goldthe dress of the but, take the same things which have been owned by some one else's fore-fathers, rob them of family associa-tions, and what are they but old rub-bish?

that is something within the reach of a purpose, which was, a day of rest everyone. It is a duty which every mother or guardian owes to the little girls intrusted to their care. By being clean I mean that they must start from home not only with clean faces, and here faces and the public observance of the data they being the public observance of the data they must start from home not only with clean faces. and here faces and the public observance of the data they being the public observance of the data they must start from the public observance of the public observance of the public observance of the data they being the public observance of the public observance o nails and teeth must be clean likewise. There is nothing more offensive to a pumpkin pies and all sorts of delightful teacher than a child with long, dirty finger nails, and teeth decayed and of the fence, with athletic sports or a coated with tartar.

S

with which we are all familiar, for every normal child is liable to acquire that on the shortest notice. A child may be started out immaculately clean estly feel no inclination to sit down and and tidy, and before she has gone a block she may tumble into a mud puddle, or she may play with a dog, which

will put its grimy paws on her pina-fore; and she may eat frut or candy and smear her face in doing so, but that is, as I have said, surface dirt, and instantly recognizable. But, just so surely as a child is hadirty and untidy, her fellow

pupils will shrink from her and leave out of their games whenever pos-Then, again, to be well dressed, al-

ways inspires a child with self-confidence. If she knows her clothers are just as nice as those worn by other children, she feels quite on an equality with them; she does not have to push, or shove, to be one of them, and the chances are, she thinks nothing about her clothes, and for that reason is perfectly natural and unaffected. It is a child who rarely owns a pretty dress who is self-conscious and vain as a

peacock when she does get one. Some mothers think if they keep their little girls neat and clean they are doing their whole duty by them; they are not. Every girl has a right to pretty dresses-she was born with a natural desire for them-and the world as them to her; although often

inded. in this connection, of Josh ags, who said: "The world owes man a livin', but sometimes it's ht heard to collect it." However little girls-and big ones, too-must be dressed in something, and a pretty dress is just as cheap, and just as earily made as an ugly one. The material chosen may be of dull neutral color and chosen with a view of durability rather than beauty. Made up by itself, it will make a child's life miserable, but take that same material and brighten it up with a bit of plaid or some pretty, contrasting color, get hair ribbon to match, and the child is happy; more than that, she will do better work at school, for the time she

there is nothing in her home life make her conscious of it, but when she goes to school, and contrasts her stout heavy figure, dull complexion, nonde script eyes, and thin, straggly hair and it may be, unduly large hands and feet, with the bright eyed, rosy cheeked slenderness and daintiness of her ore favored companions, she hates herself as an alien thing. It is here that mother love and care should come in; dull eyes and comwindows can often be improved by proper care and treatment, and long

sleeves and nice boots will help make hands and feet less noticeable, and be-coming colors will likewise go a long make the "ugly duckling" quite as lovable and attractive as her sisters.

Thoughts by the Way

It is a matter of speculation to the thoughtful mind just when the collecting antiques had its birth. Did Mother Eve, one wonders, smuggle out a few relics of happier daysthe core of the fateful apple, for in- said in a rasping, rapid whisper stance, under her mantle of figleaves nceal a few odds and ends in the ark which the stern old boat-builder was too much occupied in sorting his the gate. twos, and twos, to notice? Certainly the women of Israel had the craze bad when they carried off so many heirlooms belonging to the Egyptian wo-men, and so it has continued through The words to have reached a climax. Why should we desire an old grand- each one. father's clock that has ticked its life

whom we know nothing, or a chair, or aside to the boy. table, or cupboard worn shaky by some possible value has a shabby, springless, haircloth sofa which has been accumu- any more. lating microbes for years and years, and years? Shall not one say of it as with hs appealing smile which few Irishman said of the Scotch bag- women could resist. pipes: "There is a place for them, but-it is in Dante's Inferno.'

One can understand how a piece of awhile." old china or face which has been handed down in the same family for gener- wagon.

for the young miss at the high school. As the dress is, the child is, in nearly every case. Let a child be ever this year, and is to be observed—or to so bright and intelligent, if she is sent to school in a soiled or torn, or even old fashioned dress, she is at a disad-erly, the idea being to give commercial mean tackers and subscription of neurol vantage every day of her life. She men, teachers, and all sorts of people may not know just what is the matter, but in nine cases out of ten she is dis-satisfied and unhappy. who are habitually away from home, a chance to spend Sunday as well as the holiday with their "ain folk." I have satisfied and unhappy. To be properly dressed for school a child need not be expensively dressed, it is to be regretted that Thanksgiv-it is to be regretted that Thanksgivbut she must be neat and clean, and that is something within the reach of al purpose, which was, a day of rest hands and neat hair, but their finger it. Our eastern Yankee cousins still

pumpkin pies and all sorts of delightful indigestibles; westerners on both sides day's shooting, but how few give There is, of course, a surface dirt single thought to the day as a day of thanksgiving? Therefore, since the name has become a misnomer, let us drop it let us not mock, since we ho "think on our mercies," still less return

The Lost Baby A Children's Story in Five Chapters

CHAPTER IV.

Soon after this, the ragman came around again. When Alex heard him calling:

"Rags!--Bottles!---Rubbers!" he seized his hat and ran after him. "Got any more babies to sell!" asked the old man, shaking his whip at the boy.

"No," answered Alex soberly, climbing up into the seat without waiting nuts." for an inviation, "we haven't found the other one yet."

of wilful wrongdoing, and all knew of his childlike faith in his own pow-ers to find the lost boby, so they gave him cookies and doughnuts until he had to decline them because his own Alex, not daring to do otherwise, "I kalkilate it aint no use calling

here at this crazy woman's place," said the latter as they came to a small one-storied house standing well to move.

after a moment. "We'll go in."

the boy pointing to the line with his small, brown finger. lately." said the ragman thoughtfully. but they do say as how it was her baby dyin' as set her crazy. I'll go in ef you say so; she's harmless.

From the window overlooking the treet a tall, lanky woman with coal- long hours afterwards. black hair and restless eyes watched the wagon approaching. "It's-the-same-man," she said slowly, with a pause between each to dinner. word, "the-very-same-man. What "Oh, the

rags once a year. I won't let him where he is." come in.' She started towards the door, saying slowly, "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

By the time the text was completed the wagon was almost at the door. She caught sight of the clothes line and changing her attitude instantly,

"Whatsoever your hand findeth t when she was quitting the Garden of do, do it with your might?" and with Eden? Did some of Noah's womenkind hasty strides she reached the line and snatched off the little fluttering garments just as the wagon stopped at

> "Got any old rags to-day, ma'am?" called the ragman cheerily. "No-I-haven't. You-can-go-

The words were drawled out s all succeeding ages until it would ap- slowly that Alex thought he could have run around the wagon between "She's got a 'moderation' streak on away in the service of someone of to-day," whispered the old man in an

Alex didn't know what 'moderation roystering old rascal who, if he were not hanged, should have been? What funny, and that made him forget she a baby. was crazy; so he wasn't afraid of her

fter a moment. "We'll go in." "Waal, neow," laughed the ragman tell. When I git to the station I'll good-naturedly, "how kin you tell?" stop an' 'phone to the boy's father "Them's baby clothes," answered to come right after him."

The ragman's intention were good. but Mr. Paterson's line was in use, "I never heerd of her havin' a baby and after making several ineffectual attempts to ring him up, he left. the message with the station agent, who promised faithfully to deliver it. His intentions were good, too, but in the rush of other matters he forgot until

10.40 "Where is Alex?" Mr. Paterson asked that day when he came home couldn't begin to tell you the amount Ralph told me to not be a fool, so

-can-he - want- back- again answered fretfully. "You give him far have eaten this last week, and in spite time to think. I expected he would of all the care I've tried to take of have insisted on doing the baby, too,

doesn't mean any harm, I know, but he has worked me a queer lot of mis-and you never can tell what those doc-couldn't even send a letter. Fortu-"How these brave men b chief nevertheless.'

"What is the matter, dear?" she

"Yez haint! waal neow ef that don't beat all creation! I kalkilated that some ow the wimmen where I stopped tork to be a maximum of the train he answered politely." "I'm just waitin' for the boy, ma'am," he answered politely. "Well, great minds certainly do think "Well, great minds certainly do think "Well, great minds certainly do think "I'm just wait tork the train he wanted to catch was just pulling out at the farther end, looked at the child, ordered me to wrap some ow the wimmen where I stopped would have heerd it cry and took it just for a joke. An'ye haint found its Waal, waal." He raised his voice again in the He raised his voice again in the the falsed his voice again in the another that as it was possible for a woman to it was a pity to keep them out of school "I said I wouldn't let her go, and told Bottles!" and every woman who came walk, she moved towards the wood- for so long, but she said there was a him that no one but a brute would ask box," as he was called. Most of them spoke kindly for he had such a sweet, serious face that he looked incapable



else-and the way I know is that the

has been found and you are able to take your own place in the household again. She blames herself bitterly for having intrusted the baby to Alex." Till punch his head." Her brother hung up the receiver, knowing further conversation was useless. Pefore he left his office the ragman's belated message was received. that Canada will do its share to enable | lionaire is nothing but a slave.' them to carry out the object which they

ment, Ottawa, Ont."

Topics of the greatest interest to all able, there fell on her startled ears a from the leading publications of the child's scream for help. Again it was day, as well as a complete reference to from the leading publications of the latest stage beauties. what the world's recognized mediums of thought and information preset. Miss Jean beat frantically at the This index is invaluable to the student or busy reader who desires to keep tab on the latest treatment of any subject or subjects. The edition is replete with illustrations of Canadians who are in the public eye and, among the original contributions are articles under captions "Beautifying the Capital City of Canada," "Vivid Impressions of the West," "What Good Roads Mean to Business," "How Mr. Taft Spends His Holidays in Canada." "The Young Man as a Factor in Na-tional Life," "The Supremacy of Christian Ethics," and "A Man Who Stands by His Convictions." There is a general instalment of good fiction that will help to pass away pleasantly and profitably many an hour during the evenings that are perceptibly lengthening at this season of the year In a word, Busy Man's Magazine for September is what you are looking for. It will not prove a disappointment to any member of the household. . . .

> Munsey's, among other good things ontains an interesting up to date sketch of Carnegie at his home in Scotland, the value of which is greatly enhanced by a number of photo- for moral philosophy. The result and at play. The first shows him at the wholly rediculous.

Rainbow Cavern

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By R. C. Waddington.

Wednesdays middle eye open."

"Mondays right eye open,

Tuesdays left eye open,

"Oh, she mustrit do that!" exclaimed, and much alarmed, Mr. Paterson, kept her awake most of the night and cost for the benefit of the Union Jack his own lochs, and a fourth as a golfer the sallors and soldiers of the Empire. | tograph of the castle, on the tower of It was opened by His Majesty the King which flies the Carnegie flag, which To follow the ragman's devious route in a town of five thousand in-An Irish boy was he, and as happy as could be, Until he met the colleen free from fair Killarney. Her hair was black and her eyes were blue. Her cheeks were red and her lips were, Kert and Marker Marker (1997), and has met with such the matter, and Miss Jean began to rea-blue, Her cheeks were red and her lips were, Kert and Marker (1997), and has met with such the matter, and Miss Jean began to rea-blue, Kert her the colleen from fair killarney. Her cheeks were red and her lips were, Kert and Marker (1997), and has met with such the matter, and Miss Jean began to rea-blue, Kert her brother and the doctor in their search for the haby lost two months the uncertainty that keeps me from search for the haby lost two months search for the baby lost two months search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sale in the United Kingdom has search for the sa

On the Review Table

crying. If I only knew that he was being treated well! But surely no one serted looking house standing back the council of the club, has come to multimillionaires to follow. Some met Canada with fifty thousand copies of feel that although they have plenty to "Don't go in," said a child in pass- the book to make arrangements for retire on they have no place to retire ing. "Old Moderation lives there and she's crazy." their sale throughout the Dominion. to. Many men who retire from busi-His Royal Highness, the Prince of ness become very unhappy. They have Miss Jean went in nevertheless. She Jack Club, is greatly interesting him-ure or occupation. In this case, men could plainly see the marks of a heavy wagon on the untravelled lane leading to the house and felt sure the ragman

> The Zarina of Russia and her daugh-The price of a copy of "The Flag" is ters, with illustrations, will be of inopened. She fancked again with no bet-inside and knocked again with no betand orders should be addressed to Stage, to theatre goers. Of the ten short "Lieut.-Colonel Biggar, director of stories, The Hunger Test, a gruesom found it locked, and as the window transport and supplies, militia depart- tale of the Labrador coast, is perhaps the strongest. It is illustrated by Gordon Ross The two serials. Desmon O'Connor'and The Lion and the Lamb classes are provided in the September have generous instalments, and The issue of the Busy Man's Magazine. It Stage gives a resume of the dramatic contains a liberal selection of matter season in London with portraits of the

> > Ainslee's has a rather sporty cover design of a lady guiding the wheel of a motor and having beside her on the seat a pub of the bulldog type. The veiled Mariposa, a complete novel with the scene laid in New York, is very good reading. A Love Song is a pretty little poem by John Kendrick Bangs; then there is an amusing essay, Around the Bridge Table, which will be appreciated by devotees of the game. Taken as a whole the number is an unusually good one. Aunt Maria and the Oil Can is an laughable account of a woman who haunted auction sales. ...

> > Gunter's commences a new serial by Rider Haggard, with the scene laid in Africa. It promises to quite sustain the writer's wonderful capacity for reproducing rapidly shifting scenes, and one feels its grip in the first chapter. There are four chapters of strong serial, The Ghost Kings, which will be read with eager interest by those who are following the progress of the story. . . .

"The Natural History of the Ten Commandments" is an interesting attempt on the part of Ernest Thompson Seton to establish a nature-faked origin

man who had set King and populace against the Prince trembled. . A wave of her wand towards him and a terrible three-eye ogre appeared in his place.

"Well might you put a spell of for getfulness upon this Prince," she said, "for he has foiled you." Another wave of the wand-this time

towards the Prince, and Percival was able modestly to tell how, by patient observation he had discovered that the ogre could only see one color with each of his eves.

By stealing into the cave one day, behind a shield of blue, another behind a shield of red, and son on, he had been able to abstract the money without de-While the story was being told the

ogre managed to slink away, and he has never been heard of since. The Rainbow Cavern disappeared too. done, and Robbie's has been swollen up as big as a stove pipe." lored dragons, they "That's nothing to what I've come pointed to the policeman and told him then their chains dropped off and he and red and green dragons that we find

TO THE UNKNOWN MANY

raise no glass to the man whose fame

With those men honor most. My toast is not for the lady fair Whose grace and charming ways Have set men marvelling everywhere

And won her kindly praise raise no glass to the hero who

Has won deserved applause Who has done as the brave alone may

In a daring, righteous cause. I drink no health to the one whose voice

Mankind shall ne'er forget, ... Whose genius has made the world rejoice And left it in her debt. I raise my glass to the silent horde

Spread o'er the world's expanse, To the unknown many who might have But never had a chance.

-Anon DREADNOUGHT BOOM.

If Wilhelm for Dreadnoughts must borrow, We'll borrow and build the same way;

And then we shall stand on the morrow On much the same terms as to-day.

For we are not poor as a nation, And Germany's cash of her own, each will avert isolation By sturdily standing a loan! -London World.

WHAT SAID THE CITY?

Last Monday all the papers said That Mr. — was dead; Why, then, what said the city? The tenth part sadly shook their head. And shaking sigh'd, and sighing said, "Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!"

But when the said report was found "If it was not sorcery, what was ?" The other nine parts shook their head, Repeating what the tenth had said, Repeating what the tenth had said, "Pity, indeed, 'tis pity!"

> The peniophthalmus, or walking found in the South Pacific. At low tid it crawls over the lonely white corre-



The Ma

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Boot and Shoe F NO MATTER where yo

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Prince Percival read that in his note He was a little upset, because he had just seen another brave knight gobbled This time it was the yellow dragons that

Percival glanced again into the cave

There were the fierce beasts, all now chained up again, in rows along the "I can't stand this much longer,

"Thursdays two eyes open, right eye

closed. Fridays two eyes open, left eye closed Saturdays two eyes open, middle eye

closed Sundays all three eyes open." other knight came up, gazed into the

"How these brave men love thei

The wedding of Prince Percival with the King's beautiful daughter was a very gorgeous affair, but it came near to being spoiled.

People who had rejoiced that this and some Prince from a far country had recovered their King's lost wealth were now shouting "Down with sorcerer" and "Save our Princess from evil spirits.' In the streets there were hot dis-

ussions. "Very queer," said one, "he would ever tell how he got the money.'

Said he had lost all momory of it! Rubbish! "Yet I like not the look of the old A rumor wholly without ground the depounded him." grey-beard who has denounced him."

In face of this clamor the King could

When she apprared before the guests beaches on two

assembled for the marriage, the old scaled legs, in search of sand crabs,