THE DEFECTION OF LUCY.

Wells stood for a moment on his doorstep in the early morning, looking under the trees, down the quiet street. "Mary." he called to his wife, turning to look inside, "come part way

Mrs. Wells joined him, and they passed slowly down the walk together. at her breast. "It is so peaceful here," said Mr. "I can't get over it. I don't understand how any one can prefer impatiently. the city to this, especially if they have

"I am sometimes troubled about Lucy," said Mrs. Wells.

"Lucy? Why, what about her?" "I don't know. She is such a tender-hearted little girl, and I know she wants to be good, but she is so when she plays around home, but the

'Oh, he is a boy." A far away whistle of a locomotive sounded faintly, and Mr. Wells hurried away, the bustling city already spreading before his mind's eye. Lucy was sitting on the lawn, by the side of the house, two or her own children leaning against a tree, their eyes staring straight before them, one lying by her side, as naked as when she was born, her eyes closed, and a fourth, a poor little rag cripple, in her lap. This last had no eyes. They had been rubbed off, or, rather, faded away from old age. There were boxes overflowing with hats and clothes, a baby carriage, a crib and a work-basket.

"Are you getting the little ones ready for the party?" asked Mrs. Wells.
"Oh, don't you remember only Anna was invited?" said Lucy, looking earnestly, almost tearfully up. "It's a party of just last Christmas dolls. They're all six months old, you know." "Oh, yes, that will be nice, won't it?" "Yes," answered Lucy ruefully.
"But Marjorie feels so bad. I'm com-

ow," She held up the weather-beaten form. fiting her now," "Poor Marjorie," she said, "She's most "Don't Kittie and May feel bad,

in years and years, and she can't ever, I guess, any more.' You should say she has not, Lucy.'

"I mean she has not-oh, dear, it is very sad, don't you think so?" 'Why don't you give her one? I'll tell you what. You make a party around to the back porch when no one next Saturday for Marjorie, and in- is looking, and take 'em off as easy vite all the scarecrows to it. You can as nothing. You can play hide and call it an old maid's tea." "Oh, goody—oh, can I?"
"You may."

mean mayn't I?"

"It is may I, Lucy." "Yes. May 1?"
"If you have a nice, pleasant time

today, and don't get into any trouble, and come home in good order and everything is all right, you may. And will have Martha make a little frosted cake for each of the party." Lucy hugged Marjorie to her breast and closed her eyes tight. Such a

She laid the tattered creature in the crib with a little pat and a maternal smile and picked up the naked Anna. She could continue the interrupted preparations for the party now, with nothing to disturb her delight in them. Anna was a beautiful child, with rolden curls, rosy, wax cheeks, large blue eyes with long brown lashes. The white kid body was firm and plump. Lucy was proud of her and of her wardrobe, but tempered her admiration and affection with the pre-

cautions of a wise mother. Invited to come at ten in the morning, and they might stay till four. would be games before luncheon, and grief that it might not become too real. the making of dolls' clothes in the af- She saw them bring twigs and leaves, As she stood by the open window, her rosy wax head was visible. It

clad in her petticoat and underwaist, seemed to Lucy that the wide-open while her mother brushed her hair, she eyes of her darling were fixed in a saw her brother Johnnie come whist- | stare of terror. ling around the house, and walk bold-Ty into the woodshed. A few mo-ments later she saw Darling Dick come sandwiches and cake. Just wave your stealing out, a bowie-knife in his belt, hand if you give in." He took a match cross hilt, two edged sword in his from his pocket and struck it on a hand, and a long hen's feather in his stone, his eyes fixed on Lucy. The rest hat-band. He moved stealthily, but of the band held their breath. Lucy not with the stealth of cowardice. It was wiggling and prancing in agony. was only the wise caution, the bold When cunning of a brave brigand, who finds touched the leaves, she flung up her

day, and what adventures they would arms and began to cry. There was no encounter. In a moment the Little Mother Lucy vanished, and from the strung and heart-broken, her own same blue eyes there peeped the bandit | clothes and Anna's were crumpled and maiden, making them to dance and dirty. She would be obliged to rob sparke. Which would she rather do— her party of its feast. Her mother have a quiet luncheon on the parson- would look at her in astonishment and

She stood up to let her mother tie sweetly, her eyes fixed dreamily upon today. her nickel shoe-buckles twinkling in the sunlight, the very picture of in- Bold nocent, expectant helplessness.

Lucy gathered Anna to her arms, holding her carefully, so as not to rumple her clothes, and went with her mother downstairs. Her mother got the shears and led her outside to a little bush at the end of the porch, snipped off a pink bud, partly open, pinned it to her breast.

"I hope you will have a nice time. And Lucy, will you try and be careful and polite and do nothing to make your friends vexed with you?"

"I will try, mamma; indeed, I will "Just think of poor Marjorie, too!"
"I know it-oh, I hope nothing hap-

"Lucy, I don't think anything will. of course, you can't play all day and disappointment and hopeless perplex-not muss yourself some, you know, but ladies at sewing parties ought not ing by the window and buried her head

to tear their clothes or get them all in her lap. muddy, and they ought not to be sent home by their hostess. That's all I mean, and I am sure you will have a good, happy time today." Lucy put her free arm about her

mother's neck and kissed her, and ran down the walk between the peonies dirty—and I couldn't go." and bleeding-hearts, to the gate. As her hand was on the latch she was

It was Saturday in Summerville. Mr. , startled by a low "hist" from the lilac bush at her left.
"Don't look. Don't speak," said the well-known voice of Daring Dick. "Just listen and do as I say. Turn up the first street, keep on this side; go slow as you get near the alley."

In the silence that followed, Lucy heard the latch rattle under her shak-ing hand, and felt her heart battering "Remember your oath," hissed the

voice from the bush.
"Come, hurry up," said the voice impatiently. "Get a move on, and hustle, Lucy; they's a-waiting."
She looked once toward the house and saw her mother watching her

ing, all unconscious of the brigand in

the bush.

"Good-bye," said Lucy, with a plaintive quayer in her voice. She waved her hand leebly, and, clutching Anna to her preast, walked slowly down the thoughtless, or careless, or something street. Of course, she knew nothing -I don't know what. She seems to be of what might be before her. There just as careful and quiet as can be had been times when such mysterious commands had brought a boundless, expectant delight, while they frightthing happens. If she goes away, she comes hack half the time all mussed her little friends come to see her, she corner and avoided the threatening Is lovely to them, but sometimes when alley, but Lucy had never yet failed she goes to play with them, she comes back in disgrace."

"Oh, that's the way with all chil"Oh, that w "Oh, that's the way with all children," said Mr. Wells soothingly.
Don't worry about Lucy, she's all right. How about Johnnie?"

commands, or those of his Friends, the outlaws. She looked down the street, it is true, and longed to be safely in the yard of the parsonage next door, but for all that, she turned up the street she was told to follow, and came to the alley, walking slowly.
"Don't be scared," she whispered to

'Don't be-oh, don't be-don't Anna. be-scared." "Halt!" said a voice from the alley. "Up with your hands, postillion! Get out, lady, and come here." "Better blow off his dead-deaders

tell no tales—bang!"
"You missed him—I'll— "I didn't, either, miss him. I blew him to smithereens. "No, you didn't. He's still up there.

"Bang! Bang! There, he's done for now, anyhow.

"Oh, shoot-you're always doing everything. Can't you let a feller—"Silence! Who's chief here, any-"Silence! how? Dick, you bind and gag the coachman. Pete, cut the horses loose. We'll need them later. Now, lady, you come here. Lucy walked a few steps into the alley, and stood before Bold Billy, her

doll hugged tight to her shoulder. "We'll not harm you," said the chief proudly. "We held you up, 'cause we want you to do something. We know proudly. where you're going and—and every-thing. We want them sandwiches and the cake-"They're on a shelf at the end of the

"Oh, a little. But not so terrible as pantry," broke in Friar John. "I saw Marjorie does. She hain't had a party ma put 'em there this morning." 'Now, you get 'em out, and leave em under the gooseberry bushes by the fence-

"Oh, I can't—I can't—I—"
"You can, too. You've got to. You can put 'em on the window-sill, and go

"But I can't. Oh, don't make me, Just this once, won't you please. "Aw, come on, Lucy," said Dick; 'you'll go and spoil everything. All

right for you if you don't—you'll see.
"I have it," cried Friar John. "We'l torture the kid till she does." "We'll burn her at the stake," said Slippery Pete. "Good!" said Bold Billy. bring her to time, I guess.

He led the way throught the alley, he led the way throught the alley, and the rest followed, with Lucy in their midst. She walked along with them, hugging her doll close.

At the end of the block they came out upon a pasture, with a little grove of maples in one corner. From here Lucy could see the second story. rapture of expectation was almost too and the rest followed, with Lucy in much for her. Lucy could see the second

windows of the parsonage, not half a block away. They took the blue silk sash from Lucy's waist, and gagged her with it. Rube Roundup—Yes, your honor, I They tied her to a tree with the grimy admit I shot the tenderfoot, but he rope Bold Billy carried about his asked me to play a game of ping-pong middle. They gagged Anna with with him. Lucy's handkerchief and bound her Lead G brave effort to act her part with propriety, trying to control her fright and

and pile them about Anna until only

"We don't like to burn her," said the flaming match almost himself alone and undisguished in a arms and waved them frantically. In civilized community.

Lucy wondered in what wild fastness Bold Billy Sure Shot and his brigand band would gather for the brigand band would ga

age lawn, play pussy wants a corner, reproach. How could she ever go to and make doll clothes, or take her the parsonage in such a mussed chance with the free, bold spirits of state? And Marjorie, her poor, rag cripple, could have no party now. "What's the matter with you, anythe new ribbons on her hair, and as how?" said Daring Dick in vexation she did so, she saw Anna, clad in all and disgust. "Here you go crying like her loveliness, her red lips arching a baby. You're a regular old spoil-cat "All right, let her cry, then,"

Bold Billy. "We wouldn't have was so bad he went to his home a touched you if we'd known you was recommended this medicine to him. going to act that way." wailed Lucy. "I don't mean to," "I'm-I'm all right now." 'You ain't neither; you've spoiled

everything. We don't want your old things, anyhow. Come on, fellers; let's go swimmin'!" Lucy watched them scamper away, whooping and hallooing; then she sat upon the ground, and flung herself flat much pleased that they did so, for in

upon it, kicking and sobbing in a passion of shame and grief. An hour later, when her mother saw her coming hesitatingly up the walk from the gate, her head bent, her face stained with dirt and tears, her bluesilk sash twisted and tied askew, her dress in wrinkles, she was sick with

"What is it, Lucy Now, what in boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the world can it be? Were you sent given some away to our neighbors. I home again? "I-didn't-go."

"Why, what did you do?

Lucy went tearfully to the corner and put Anna away. She took the rag cripple from its crib and went out under the tree where she could explain their misfortunes unheard.

But though Marjorie understood and forgave her, she was for a long time unhappy. The scorn and desertion of the brigands was hard for her to

ENTOMBED OVER THREE WEEKS.

from the sitting-room window. "Good-bye," said her mother, smil- Scottish Miner's Awful Experience in a "Crush."

> Remarkable Endurance Failed at Last, and He Died Three Days After Rescue.

> In an editorial on the escape of Joshua Sanford after his four days' imprisonment in the Paris well, the Stratford Beacon says that some other very remarkable cases of entombment and res-

cue are on record. Sir Archibald Geikle tells the story of one which took place in the Carrick country, a rough, hilly district on the west coast of Scotland, where a little bit of the great Scottish coalfield has got jammed into the steep sides of the Valley of the Girvan. Visitors to the quiet kirkyard of Dailly are shown a stone bearing the following inscription:

In Memory of
JOHN BROWN, COLLIER,
who was enclosed in
Kilgramme Coal Pit, by a Portion of It
Having Fallen In,
Oct. 8, 1835,
having been twenty-three days in utter
seclusion from the world, and without
a particle of food.
He lived three days after,
having quietly expired on the evening
of Nev. 3,
Aged 66 Years.

Brown was entombed by a "crush," he having gone back to get his jacket. "The jacket is a new one," said he, as he hastened back into the pit, as his comrades were leaving as fast as their legs would carry them; "and as for the pit, I've been in a crush before now, and have won through, an' I'll win through now." But ere he got back the entire roof caved in, and for some days he was given up for dead. The "crush" took place on Wednesday, and on Sunday the minister of the wee kirk made a powerful appeal to the people not to give up hope, and the work of tunneling in was begun. On the 23rd day after the accident the workmen got through the ruins and into the open workings beyond, and some of them were nearly frightened out of their wits by hearing a groan. One more venturesome than his fellows advanced and them were nearly frightened out of their wits by hearing a groan. One more venturesome than his fellows advanced and said: "If that's your ain groan, John Brown, in the name o' God gie anither." And in a few minutes they were bearing their old comrade to the light, convinced that it was indeed himself, and not some trick of the evil one, of whom they stood much dread. Brown's first words were, "Gie me a drink," and then, "Eh, boys, ye hae been lang o' coming." He had not had a bite to eat, and for seven days not a drop to drink, although he could hear water running near him. His hair and beard were matted with the coal fungus which gathers in the pits, and his fiesh had the appearance of a mummy's. He was wasted to a shocking extent, and was very weak; but he had his fiesh had the appearance of a mummy's. He was wasted to a shocking extent, and was very weak; but he had never given up the hope of rescue, and he was hopeful of recovery, saving: "Eh, boys, when I win through this I've a queer story to tell you." But he was not to "win through." The exhaustion had been too much, and he expired three days after being taken out of the mine. The inquest showed that almost every particle of fatty matter in the body had been consumed, but it did not succeed in convincing the simple and superstitious

Superlative Provocation.

[Puck.]

Lead Gulch Justice-Discriminatin' to a driven stake with the ribbons of sarcumstances. When he gets out o' her leghorn hat. Lucy watched them the hospittle I'll see that you get the The party was to be at the parson- her leghorn hat. Lucy watched them the hospittle I'll see that you get the age, on the lawn. The guests had been do all this with dilating eyes and a justice of his commitment. Next case.

Satisfied With His Lot. [Puck.]

The Bird-Why do they tie you up with a rope? The Dog-Because I'm a valuable dog. They don't want to lose me. The Bird-Well, I'm glad nobody

thinks as much of me as that.

HAD TO BE LIFTED

A Helpless Cripple Is Restored to Health and Strength.

Lame Eack Had This Man a Prisoner for a Long Time, But at Last He What are your terms here? Found a Cure Though Given Up by

the Doctors. Napanee, Ont., July 18 .- The doctors told Simon Warner that they could do nothing for him. He had tried many medicines and treatments with no good

He was a helpless cripple with lam back, and for a long time his wife had to lift him in and out of bed, the pain in his back was so very severe In this extremity, a friend's advice saved him. This man had suffered with backache himself, but had been completely cured by Dodd's Kidney thus when he heard that Mr. Warner have was so bad he went to his home and

> Mr. Warner and his good wife were first inclined to be somewhat doubtful, but here was the evidence that Dodd's Kidney Pills do cure Lame Back right before their very eyes in the person of the man who had been cured. Surely it must be true. So after some deliberation they decided to try, and now they are very a short time Mr. Warner's backache had vanished. He grew gradually

loys the best ail-round good health he as had for many years.

There is not a trace of lame back remaining, not a single symptom, and the helpless man who used to be a burden to himself and his wife is strong and a comfort to his feithful helpmate. He says:

stronger and better, and at present en-

"We have used in all about 25 boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and find that when they use a box they themselves are about as strong in their recommendations as we are.

please whip me, and let Marjorie have her party?" "You know I will not whip you, Lucy. Why didn't you think of Marjorie before? Why didn't you remember?" IN IITED ATIID IN LITERATURE

Won a Permanent Place By His Originality.

He Becomes for Posterity the Historian of a Picturesque Period.

Bret Harte's death recalls an incident which left its mark. Twenty years ago I was a traveler in a western stage coach very similar to that which Colonel W. F. Cody exhibits in his Wild West. My fellow passenger had done his best to be agreeable and had succeeded. Late in the day he told me the following story:

"I am afraid I have wearied you with so much talk. I confess it may have been selfish in me to have done so. But ever since a little experience I had in one of these coaches some years ago I have made up my mind to keep very much awake when I have but one companion, as I have had to-

day.
"It was a stormy night that two passengers climbed inside of a coach like this, which pulled out of a California town. I was one of the passengers. The other was disposed to be sociable, but I did not meet him. I quickly discovered that he knew how to talk, and that he was no ordinary pilgrim. But I was tired. I had had but little or no sleep for three nights. I took it for granted that we would be together the next day and I resolved that I would show him then that I could listen.

"He seemed quite inclined, however, to be communicative. I fell asleep in the midst of several stories, which I knew were away out of the ordinary stage coach tales. But, in spite of this, I would fall asleep in the climax. When I would rouse myself, my fellow traveler would start on another story.
While wondering how the previous one had, ended, I fell asleep in the same way in each succeeding story. "Somewhere on the mountain road the storm passed, or we passed it, I don't know which. I looked out and saw the stars. I looked up and saw the snow was glinting on the mountain tops. Then I noticed that my companion was gone. In his place was another passenger. I recognized him at once as the driver, or he who was on the box when we left earlier in the evening. He seemed to be asleep, but I was now wide awake. I shook him. It required some effort to bring him out of his stupor. "'What are you doing in here?" I

asked. "He replied that he was trying to sleep, and did not know why he should not be permitted to do so.

"'Where is the passenger who got in here with me?" I inquired. 'Drivin', up there; he knows road,' was the answer I got. " 'Does the company allow its drivers to turn over the reins to any passenger who come along, and does it permit its drivers to ride in the coaches?

I asked, somewhat indignantly.
"To — with the company," he replied. 'The man that's out there on the box knows more about this counthan the whole stage He's human, and that sort's skase. Understand? When we stopped back yonder to tighten a nut and gimme a hand. We'd been thar yit but fer him. Then he falls to questionin' me, and when he finds out I aint had no layoff in purty nigh fifty hours he says to me, "Git inside thar and I'll see that we git thar," he says. "Go in," he says, "or I'll leave you on the road." So I got in. He got up. That's all that is to it. How do you like it? Ain't skeered,

"I made no reply. I crouched down in my corner and closed my eyes. It was daylight in the mountains when I awoke. The summits were aglow with sunshine. I was alone. Then we pulled into another wooden town. similar to the one we had left the night before. I got out and shook myself while the relay was being made. "'Where's your partner who drove for you?' I asked the driver, who was biting off a section of long plug.

"'He left me some miles back?' was the reply. 'Said he had to do some you his-I don't just remember what it was.'

"'Compliments?' I inquired. "'That sounds somethin' like it. Reckon it was. Said for me to give you this, when you woke up, if you ever did.

"He handed me a card as he spoke. I did not recognize the name, but I put the card away as a souvenir of the journey. Some years later, in looking over a bundle of papers, it turned up. The signature was a trifle dim, but there it was, written diagonally, 'Francis Bret Harte.' The card is under a glass paperweight on my desk in my office in Los Angeles. Money couldn't buy it. But think of what I missed in not staying awake!"

A Sliding Scale. [New York Weekly.]

Lone Arrival (at summer resort)-Hotel Clerk-Um-you will have to wait until the through express gets in. If it is loaded our terms will be \$10 a day. If it is empty we will pay you 25 cents an hour to sit on the porch and look happy.

London Women.

An American lady who was watching the church parade between the statue of Achilles and Stanhope Gate, says the London Chronice, pronounced it to be as good as, if not better, than to take on a farmer's load of wheat, anything that New York could produce. "Possibly," she said, "Fifth avenue on some special occasion might turn out a few lovelier dresses, but the London average is above the New York average. You see fewer absol-ute failures here among the women, while the men are quite unapproach- grow. able-surely Londoners are the bestdressed men in the world. But the days when the London girl was really badly dressed are dead and gone. We educated her, we Americans, have until she has all but reached our standard. Just think what the London shops were fifteen and even ten years ago! But now I can buy in them everything I want just as easily though I were in Paris or New York. I don't know whether the supply of pretty dresses and dainty etceteras made the demand, or whether it was the other way about, but at any rate there has been a change within the last decade that is almost a revolution. The London girl of toacross the Atlantic or the channel.'

The great fleet of sailing vessels "I—I played with the boys and got dirty—and I couldn't go."

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy, what shall I do?"
"Whip me, mamma. Won't you "I can certainly highly recommend been going out from Gloucester, Mass., for Lame Back, for they cured me, and I never heard of a worse case."

"I can certainly highly recommend been going out from Gloucester, Mass., is destined to give place to steam-propelled fishing boats."



DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF



WILD STRAWBERRY

HAS BEEN IN USE FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS.

CURES

DIARRHEA. DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

A LITTLE GIRL ALMOST DEAD. Morrisburg, Ont., Feb. 13th, 1901.

Messrs. The T. Milburn Co., Limited. Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs, -My little girl was almost dead with summer complaint. I tried numerous remedies for her, by they did no good. A friend recommended

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so I procured a bottle, and by the time she had taken three doses it began to help her, and two bottles effected a complete cure. I owe her life to your excellent remedy.

MRS. EMERSON BARKLEY.

CURES CHOLERA, CRAMPS, COLIC, CHOLERA INFANTUM, CANKER OF THE MOUTH

AND STOMACH, ETC. FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

90 90

A LITTLE BOY'S LIFE SAVED.

Seagrave, Ont., Jan. 2nd, 1901. Messrs. The T. Milburn Co., Limited,

Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs,-My little boy was very bad with diarrhæa. H passed nothing but blood. I tried everything, I could get nothing to do him any

good until 1 a bottle of Dr. Fowler's stract of Wild Strawberry. ew doses made a complete cu. , and I have more faith in your remedy for diarrhœa than any other preparation on earth and always

MRS. THOMAS LAMB.

keep it in the house.

Ought to help you. Always bear in mind the necessity of specifying that it is

Surely you don't need to be reminded that it is only wisdom to trust the goods which have not failed you in the past. "Pan Dried" kind can be relied on.

Experience

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You want always and no other will do. THE TILLSON CO'Y, LIMITED.

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directions the Northwestern has never for a moment lost sight of the great fact that the transcontinental business of this nation is for many years to come to be to furnish a great volume of traffic. The Chicago and Northwestern is the pioneer transcontinent-al line. Its little ten miles' forerunner of 1848, reaching bravely out to the great west, has always kept just a little ahead of the fast pace set for progress by the young man, who, taking Greeley's famous advice, has gone west, until the west and the far east are ready to join hands as one.

The Northwestern has played an important part in the growth of the western country. Double-track trunk lines, heavy locomotives and palacelike passenger trains have all come to the west largely as a result of the work of this and Northwestern, for this double- pioneer line. Elevated tracks in Chicago, electric block signals, daily overstock, and grain move in long lines land trains, and the steady reduction eastward, to feed not only the East- in time, for overland passenger scheern States, but to afford an outlet for dules, have all been furthered to a very

the products of what is now, more than ever before, the granary of the The completion of the double to The completion of the double track to Omaha, the first louble track between Chicago and the Missouri River, puts the road not only at the front as compared with the other western roads, but in advance of many of the Pacific coast. One of these, known as | eastern lines that traverse country where the population is much more

dense The double track to Omaha is part of the general plan on the part of the Northwestern, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific to make the facilities for transportation between Chicago and the Pacific Coast as ample as possible, a plan that will doubtless result in the continued improvement of transcontinental service. - American Exchange.

Beefsteaks cannot be had for love or money just now by the 5,000 in-Chabitants of the town of Cluny, in Southern France. The local butchers have quarreled with the municipality, and that body in revenge has shut up all the public slaughter houses. There will be an international ex-

position of the appliances of alcohol held in Lima, Peru, from November 1 to 30, 1902.

> "Man's work is but from sun to sun. But woman's work is never done."

Washing and cleaning are per-Washing and cleaning are per-ennial occupations for women. What soap to use is a vital question, and the answer carries far-reaching results, rightly or wrongiy.
Without hesitation we say the Without hesitation we say the best soap to use is HUDSON'S DRY SOAP. Why? Simply because it has proven itself so all over the Empire in MILLIONS OF HOMES for sixty years.

People don't go on buying and using an article that doesn't do its work thoroughly and satisfactorily. factorily.

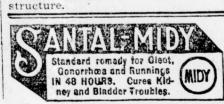
There are any number of good seage on the market, and if HUDSON'S were not their superior it would have given way to some other leader long since.

But there is no proof like a trial.

If you have never used HUDSON'S DRY SOAP, get a packet,
favor us by reading the directions carefully, then use it.

After a fair and accurate trial
you will see what it does for
yourself.

It is said that the flint which forms the substratum of London is nothing but pertified sponges. An examination of the fossil sponge, or flint, shows its



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Matriculation Examinations and Ex aminations for Exhibitions and Scholar ships, will be held on the 10th September, 1902.

Lectures in Law will begin on the 15th September, 1902. In all other Faculties Lectures will begin on the 23rd September.

Particulars of examinations and

copies of the Calendar containing full information as to entrance, courses of study, scholarships, fees, etc., may be obtained on application to J. A. NICHOLSON,

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The Latest Transcontinental Railway News.

THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN The First Road to Double Track Its

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FROM CHICAGO TO OMAHA A Distinctly Forward Step, Made Necessary By the Increased Travel Resulting From the Phenomenal Growth of the Pacific States and Our New

Line the Entire Distance

Trade in the Far East. A double track, block system line of transcontinental railway now reaches out to the westward as far as Omaha. This will be in the way of a distinct revelation to the man who made the trip across the plains twenty-five years ago in a prairie schooner, or on the emigrant train of the seventies.

The rapid development of our great

agricultural states has been lost signt of to a certain degree in the discussion . that has arisen lately concerning the commercial invasion of China and the far east, our occupation of the pine Islands, the annexation of Hawaii, and the whole general movement by which we have suddenly become a world power. But while we have patriotically discussed these questions, commerce has moved ahead positively and relentlessly in the direction of the Pacific coast, raising up new towns, building up old ones, making factories and farms

where wild prairie has been. The result is shown, in part, in the necessity, on the part of the Chicago track line, where great trains of live

world. To the westward there is also a continuous stream of travel. The Northwestern line operates three daily passenger lines from Chicago to the the Overland Limited, is probably the most luxurious and beautiful train in the world. Through Pullman service to Omaha, Denver, Portland, and San Francisco leaves Chicago daily heavily loaded with traffic to these points. As to freight movements, the great doubletrack system across the plains is busy carrying manufactures for Asiatic Russia, cotton cloths for the Chinese, various articles required by the pioneers who have crossed the Pacific to Manila, and gone north to the gold mines of Alaska, as well as the tremendous traffic for the Dakotas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and the Pacific Northwest, comprising the product of every known

branch of the country's commercial ac-It was in 1848 that the Chicago and Galena Union, having been completed from Chicago to the Des Plaines River, a distance of ten miles, the first train over the line opened the traffic to Chicago by stopping on its way east the first grain shipment by rail to Chicago from the west. It may be imagined that this wheat was hardly destined for export, and that the travelers on this junket of early days little thought to what proportions this nu-

cleus of a great railway system would But the road grew, and in 1870 the line to Council Bluffs was complete, and the Pawnees on the Platte and the Sious on the Missouri began to feel the crowding of the white man's outposts. In 1880, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin had become well settled, while along the Platte the Indians still remained. The Northwestern had, however, built a line across Southern Minnesota and Dakota as far as Watertown. with feeders to various points, in Wisconsin and Northern Michigan lines had been extended north into

the Lake Superior district through Escanaba to Ishpeming. This all seems very recent, but since that time the system has grown until it penetrates nine states of the Union, day dresses quite as well as her sister and its heavy lines of freight trains and its palatial passenger service reach all important points from Chicago to Milwaukee, Madison, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior, Omaha, the Black Hills, Colorado and

the Pacific coast. With all this development in various