BY SALLIE F. TOLLER.

together: he with an assumption of thing. manly vigor, carrying the two great water bottles which the dwellers at Manitou affect; and she rather sname- ness with which she took an album of facedly, with a sweet self-consciousness that sat oddly with the aureole of white hair crowning a face delicate in the pink and white of a faded rose-leaf. For she was 55 and he was 60. the owned a pretty cottage at an easy declivity in the famous mountain

served as a street. He had stopped one day to look over the low stone fence when she stopped training some homely, old-fashioned again with puzzled scrutiny. flowers that were sprawling riotously over the ground, regardless of the orderly soul that fain would have had get off level ground and see the most leave and see the most leave at the get off level ground and see the most leave at the ground and see the ground and ground blossom face primly in one

"Well, well," he said, "if there isn't cottage. I live here summer and winsome real old 'butter and eggs.' I ter now.'
haven't seen the flower since I was a The ma

Yes," she answered in the friendly fashion of Westeners. "I like the old-fashioned flowers myself. Maybe 1 the page opposite he saw the photolike them because they were so hard graph of a young girl taken at full to grow at first in this climate. But they do well now.'

These take one right back to my beyhood's home in Illinois," mused the man, pinching a yellow, fuzzythroated blossom to make it gape. 'Why, I am from Illinois, too," she said with a pleased look. Then with timid courtesy she added, would you

She led him to the back of the tiny cottage where, in straight, well-tended rows, were growing tansy, sweet mar- she spoke so lightly. ioram, sage, lavender, and, clustering in fragrant shelter against a great red bunches of theme and

The man sat down on a clean bench. "People say there are no old people picture, "than I do like that?" newadays. Why I have just returned He seemed not to hear her. from a meeting of club women in Los older than I. I forget how old I really with women my age, I find myself thinking they are older than I. I suppose men keep up the delusion too.' "Life is full of sad memories and regrets to a man," he signed, "You have your children-grandchild-

They have their own interests. I hair; your face is the same.' feel that I am but an incident of them. And you?" he looked at her again with absent questioning.

"I; Oh, I was never married. I am an old old maid. "Why how lonely you must be!"

'Dear me!" he muttered, "how this makes me think of Katie Dayton, and

The woman stared and looked at him What! This stiff aristo. cratic old gentleman with spectacles, a millionaire, gossip had it, the gay and gallant Archie Glenn, the lighthearted, inconsequent Archie with a bald spot on the crown of his silvered head. She almost laughed aloud with

genuine, youthful amusement. She laughed. "Not lonelier than you by your own word. I have plenty of friends, many of them among the imagine I must have had a romance in my life, and that pleases them."

'And of course you have?" She shook her head, smiling. "If I ever had, it was so long ago that I Across the ravine came the sounds of gay laughter from a group of happy dream.' young people on the veranda at the Cliff House. Presently the tinkling of a guitar and the strains of an old song sung in a mellow baritone, floated out

to the two listeners. "Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream.' The man got up with an impatient gesture. "The isolence of Youth," he said, and walked out of the house with-

the town where I lived as a boy, and of a girl I used to know—yes, my first weather. It is relished by all babies "Ea! What is Dayton—her mother was always good to me. I wonder where she is now?"

"Mrs. Dayton?" questioned the wo- T. Q.

"Why certainly," he said cordially, their own weakness; but such words as are yugarisms win die of their own man sitting down on the kitchen doorstep, confused with a vivid sense of the past and the dim, unrecognizable

'No, Katie; it isn't likely her mother is living yet." He put on his glasses and ooked at her rather disapprovingly at first, and then with a relenting, puzzled "This garden reproaches m with neglect and forgetfulness of old triends. I think affection for them has just been dormant all these years. My life has been a very busy one. I served through the Civil War, then went to New York into business. I married there, and lived just for business, until my health got poor; then I turned everything over to my sons and took to traveling about, restlessly, stopping wherever my fancy took me. My wife has been dead twenty years. My children are all married, and I am supposed to spend the remainder of my life restif I was a woman they would expect extinguisher.

Twice they had walked to the springs morning and evening was a regular photographs and laid it somewhat conspiciously on the table.

"Here are some old pictures of people in Illinois, in my old home. "Sure enough, you did tell me you used to live in Illinois. But you never told me what part, nor how you come to be living out here in the mountains, town, and he was staying at a hotel just across the little canyon that sared for her answer to his own. He was turning the leaves of the album in

> "Well, I had lived so long on the prairie, that I was fairly famishing to tains. When I came out here I fell in love with the place and bought this

The man's eyes had strayed again at the picture of a handsome lad, with uplifted chin and confident smile. On length, dressed in the fashion of 40 years ago. He looked up trembling. Into the face of a woman a pink flush crept to the edge of the gray hair. and something like the light of youth ame into his own face. "Kate Dayton impossible

"Not an all impossible," retorted she, with some of the same spirit of like to come in and see my herb the Kate Dayton of other days. ed more than you have!" Alas! What a pang she felt though

"But you knew me," he insisted. "Not until you went meandering off, like a doddering old man, about Kate Dayton. Do you think you look any more like this," pointing to the old He seemed not to hear her.

"Katie, Katie," he said, softly con-Angeles, where there were many women templating her, "it breaks my heart to find you an eld woman!" must be until I look in the glass." "Archie, Archie," she mimicked in Then she added merrily: "When I am the teasing tone of 16, "it breaks my heart to find you an old simpleton!"

> "The spirit of youth is still with you, Your eyes are bright, and the seat behind him. your cheek is plump, and round and smooth; your teeth white and even gracious heaven! it is only the white

He laughed weakly

sudden attention, but with puzzled, ried?" he asked, with sudden irrele-"Because the man I loved never ask-

ed me," she answered frankly. "But he would have. Kate; you Taking off his spectacles, he wiped know he would, if you had given him "How do you happen to know?"

the time when I was just Archie comes back to me now. You loved me. have been led to this place, that might find you, my boyhood's sweetheart, my first love!" "Archie, Archie," she ventured tear-

fully, though the words were mocking, "it would break my heart to have your children think you an old fool!" "Kate, let me take your hand He turned a little thin ring about

on her finger. "I was sure of it! You are detected, Kate, in spite of the years. My dear.

said, and walked out of the house without another word.

"We old people forget many things until some chance brings them back to us, and it seems but yesterday we lived them," he was saying, "Now this garden of sweet herbs reminds me of the town where I lived as a boy, and the town where I lived as a boy are town the town where I lived as a boy are town the town where I lived as a boy are town the town which an "I beg a detestable word. Many along words are town the ing town the ing town garden, all sweet with fragrant old When all other prepared foods fail being addressed.

LACTATED FOOD Makes Strong And Happy Babies.

In Cuba, two hours before a paper is distributed, a copy must be sent, with the editor's name, to the Government and to the censor. When the paper is straighter and began to be interested. "Well," he exclaimed cheerfully, the paper may go to the public. IT IS ONLY necessary to read the tesing." He spoke with a languid irritation. "They seem to think I ought to Corn Cure is unequaled for the removal sit in the chimney corner. I suppose of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete

me to knit. Of course, I'm compara- Under the new British army regula-





Kuropatkin-This is all part of my plan of operations. -Brooklyn Eagle

Paul Preston seated himself com- hers-he met Ruth Vincent formally. It fortably in his seat in the chair car. was an awkward moment, and if he felt ill at ease that afternoon, his revenge was Then he carefully polished his eye- ample. Miss Vincent was profuse in her glasses and put them in his pocket.

He had no reading matter with him,

apologies, he was elaborate in his explanations, and it was not until dessert was reached that they felt that a treaty "Goodness knows, I can't have chang- and he found that it rested his eyes of peace had been affected.

It was not for two weeks after that and once the glasses were off the other

> speculate upon the probable outcome the business arrangements he had just put through. Finding that the motion of the train was not pleasant he swung his seat around until he was riding with his back to the engine Lost in thought, he never noticed that he was staring directly into the face

of a remarkably pretty girl who had His steady gaze disconcerted her, and she, too, swung her seat about, but with feminine curiosity she could not help stealing an occasional glance from Georgia and his blood boiled. Here the time at the Brooklyn bridge, testing that what he supposed to be Ticonderoga was really Fort George, the believed them, and spent the even-"I've the same tongue, too, goose!" around. Preston was not at all a bad was a beautiful and refined young woman in momentary danger of insult, and who must endure a world of annoyance if she ied?" he asked, with sudden irrele- even a fine-looking fellow became of the company of the company

Preston's stare was so steady and undemonstrative that she could not very well complain to the conductor, at the table and so spoil the meal for

out a magazine. Preston fished out his eyeglasses, looked at the cover, and Kate, my pretty Kate - my young with a puzzled expression admitted Press.

weehed his arm.

"En! What is it?" he cried as he Though language refuses to load itself

sweetheart. Her mother had just such and retained in the weakest stomach. suddenly became aware that he was down with affectations or with unneces a garden, all sweet with fragrant old When all other prepared foods fail being addressed. grew in Mrs. Dayton's garden for life. A trial can sent free to any zine?" she said, coldiy. "Why certainly," he said cordially.

think it happens to be yours. The gentle-

"I'm glad that you are a friend of my sister's. Lonesome work traveling alone, Miss Vincent gasped. "See here," she

said decidedly, "you have been very an-noying ever since we left Washington." This subterfuge of taking my magazine me to knit. Of course, I'm comparatively an old man. But one makes a mistake to be shelved at sixty."

Under the new British army regulations, colonels commanding regiments clever, but I must decline to hold any further conversation with you. Unless sixty! Blue-eyed, effervescent, fickle Archie Glenn sixty! The woman remembered her own age with an effort.

After that there were many friendly visits and the walk to the spring the rank and file. made Preston wince, but he would no give up so easily. "Let me show you,"

he said, drawing some papers from his pocket, "that I am really Paul Preston." "Will you turn around?" she demanded sharply, "or will you force me to make a seene?" Preston sat weakly back in his seat and wheeled it around until it faced the forward end of the car. The Pullman was one of those built with bay windows, and tiny strips of looking glass were so placed between the windows as to enable him to see behind him. Preston watched the clear-cut profile attentively. This young woman interested him. He was not much used to feminine society. What with his self-absorption and his near-sightedness he was scarcely fitted to be a ladies' man, and he had permitted his business to completely absorb him. Now he glued his eyes to the glass and regretted that he had found himself in a situation from which he was unable to extract himself. His sister Mabel had been visiting in Washington. He must have given her the magazine and she in turn have loaned it to a friend. It would have been easy enough to have found out from her to whom it had been loaned, but meanwhile the state of affairs was decidedly unpleasant. He had been accused of firting, a thing he most cordially detested, and the resolute young woman absolutely refused to permit him to make any explanation.

When the train reached New York he took one of the downtown ferries, going

to remove the glasses. To his near-sighted vision the scenery then be-and Ruth promised that she would be-

Now, when he travels she accompanies occupants of the car ceased to distract him, and you could not induce him to lay claim to any periodical unless she first Staring fixedly ahead, he began to assures him that it is perfectly right. He says that, having made one very satisfactory mistake he has no desire to spoil the record. Ruth, though laughing, knows that had it not been for the contretemps sent with his regiment some years he would never have noticed his sister's later to America. Here he learned, to

> CHIVALRY TO THE RESCUE. "My, she's a beauty!" he exclaimed.

even a fine-looking fellow became most annoying, and Ruth Vincent was glad when the call for luncheon in the dining car enabled her to escape the secape the secape the secape the secape for a while

to citizenship any new words if such a words represents a need and fills a want. Such words as are vulgarisms will die of "You will pardon me," she said acidly, "it is my magazine."
I thought it was mine. Yes," after a pause. "It is mine, don't you know," and with eager fingers he felt for his eyeglasses. "Yes," he said again, after a scruti ly of the cover. "See, here is my name."

Tained. "Dude" and "crank" are valuable words, and are serviceable because each denotes something not signified by any other English word. The "dude" of land y" of land with eager fingers he felt for his eyeglasses. "Yes," he said again, after a scruti ly of the cover. "See, here is my name."

Two days later I received a telegram from my friend, about like this: 'Where is silver dressing set that us as in your room?' Then I remembered that I had not restored the set to its original place, things are tending towrad economy of space and purse, when landlords and hote-keepers are desirous of securing the largest possible sum for the small."

haps a useful word, because it has con-notations which the more dignified "com-bination" does not possess. The verb "enthuse," no matter how much we may wordrobe. think it happens to be yours. The gentleman to whom it belongs happens to be out West somewhere, and I had the loan of it from his sister. I am taking it to her now."

Preston suddenly became aware that the girl was very pretty. He sat upstraighter and began to be interested. Straighter and began to be interested. Well. Well. Well. Well. Well. Well. Well. Well. Well. Well in the problem—where to put all her outside the routs of the problem—where to put all her outside the routs of the farther on my visitation, wordrohe.

Many of the fashionable watering places have hardly closet room enough to nold the attractive and costly gowns belonging to the girl of the period. And such a one worries her pretty face into a network of wrinkles over the problem—where to put all her outside the problem would be a problem.

Before starting to build castles in the air the man should put his mundane cottage in his wife's name. Never judge a man's income stylish clothes his wife wears.

CRAMPS

YOU WANT RELIEF MIGHTY QUICK. NOTHING WILL FIX YOU UP HALF SO SOON AS A DOSE OF NERVILINE. WHY, IT KILLS THE PAIN ALMOST INSTANTLY. IF YOUR BOTTLE IS EMPTY, GET ANOTHER FROM YOUR DRUGGIST TODAY.

QUEBEC GHOST STORY: FOREWARNED OF DEATH

THE EXPERIENCE OF MUNCAN CAMPBELL OF INVERAWE-MR. GROSSMITH'S DEATH.

I am glad to see that the authors of "Old Quebec" find room for the famou. Inverawe ghost story. In the middle of the eighteenth century Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe, was roused at midnight by a furious knocking at his where he found a stranger, ragged, blood-stained, and breathless, who begged for an as lum. "I have slain a man," he gasped, "and the avengers of blood are upon me. Shield and shelter me!" When Duncan promised to shelter him, the fugitive cried, "Swear on your dirk!" And this invioable oath Duncan took, Hardly had he taken it and hid the fugitive when his pursuers appeared "Your cousin Donald has been murdered," they said, 'and we here are on his murderer's But Duncan kept the dread track." oath he had taken, and sent the avengers of blood away without their But he could not so easily man. dispose of the ghost of his murdered cousin, who stood at midnight by his bed and cried: "Inverawe! Inverawe! Blood has been shed! Shield not the murderer!" Duncan hurried to the

hiding-place of the murderer and bade him begone, as he could shelter him no longer. "But you have sworn on your dirk!" replied the fugitive, and Duncan compromised between ghost and his oath by leading the fugihim there.

Neverthelesss the unappeased ghe appeared again on the following mid-night, repeating his dread warning: "Inverawe! Inverawe! Blood has been shed! Shield not the murderer!" Duncan, not daring to disobev this second adjuration, hurried to the cave to drive came a blur. Like most absent-minded men, he was given to introspection. come Mrs. Preston and see that his absent-minded not lead him into measurable relief, he found the murder-further trouble. come Mrs. Preston and see that his absent-minded measurable relief, he found the murder-er gone. Still, he had not done with er gone. Still, he had not done with the ghost, who appeared once more now, indeed, less stern of aspect, and to say only "Inverawe! Farewell, till we meet at Ticonderoga!

Soon after Duncan joined the Black Watch and became its major, and was guest sufficiently to fall in love with her. his horror, that it was ordered to attack Ticonderoga-the Indian name for the fort of Carillon. His fellow-officers, however, to whom he had many times Then he noticed that a tipsy swell was following her as she moved uneasily among the thick crowds that packed one themselvies to allay his fears, by protesting that what he supposed to be

"How do you happen to know?"
"Because I feel it was I. Yes, it all comes back to me now. You loved me, and I went away and forgot you. No." as she turned away, "let there be no misunderstanding between us now. I will be the conductor, but it was none the less unpleasant, but it was none the less unpleasant. As the dusky waiter brought the first luncheon, she caught here and I went away and forgot you. No." as she turned away, "let there be no misunderstanding between us now. I would not take his place opposite her misunderstanding between us now. I would not take his place opposite her was rising to the limit. The head troubled down with every lurch of the train. It would soon be rest following passage from a letter a correspondent sent me apropos of forewarn-down South glared at the falling head. His anger was rising to the limit.

The head troubled down with every lurch of the train. It would soon be rest following passage from a letter a correspondent sent me apropos of forewarn-down South glared at the falling head. His anger was rising to the limit.

The head troubled to write a subject of premontions as the swill refer to the subject of premontions as the wind to quote the following passage from a letter a correspondent sent me apropos of forewarn-down South glared at the falling head. His anger was rising to the limit.

The head troubled town with every long death, I am tempted to quote the following passage from a letter a correspondent sent me apropos of the sort which appeared with the proposite her the proposite her than the proposite her than the proposite her the proposite her than the proposite her the proposite her than the proposite h The head touched the young woman's member well Mr. George Grossmith shoulder. A lurch brought it to a full the most genial, whimsical creature But Preston had no intention of rest. She flinched as if she had been one could well imagine, and the first, I visiting the dining car. He was not stung, but she didn't draw away. The even aware of the call, so deeply immersed in thought was he. Not until the perter, in his perpetual cleaning the perter, in his perpetual cleaning the perter, in his perpetual cleaning the perter, in the perter, in the perter of the perter form. It was cooler there.- New York at the Savage Club. At this club one evening, when dinner was over, he called upon Mr. John Drew, organist of

CLEVER GIRL'S IDEA

the problem-where to put all her outwho encountered the same difficulty, eyes. "What's the matter, Mammy?' I askonly it was lack of money, as well as by the space, in her case. In desperation one day this ingenious girl seized upon an idea. Finding an old pine box, the ***** thought dawned upon her it might be useful as additional closet room, so to

> It measured five feet in length and wenty inches wide. She varnished it nside and out, adjusting four castors honest."—New York Mail. to it properly, besides screwing on the wo hinges that held the lid. When this hardest part of the work was accom-plished, she covered the whole with a

rose pattern of cretonne, costing 12 cents a yard.

Round the lower part of the box was a deep ruffle of the cretonne, held by small brass heads. This made a most dainty and attractive place in which to keep not only pretty shirtwaists, but party gowns as well.

At one end it was divided off into a space large enough to hold hats. On the under part of the 'lid were eight small shoe bags, made of the rose cretonne, in which could be kept fans, in which could be kept fans, tonne, in which could be kept fans, ly have believed that if I had read it, mint in 1903 show the value of gold evening slippers and fancy hosiery.

Very near the outer edge on the under part of the lid was a sachet bag, held

I have seen a little chipping sparrow

S800,600, and bronze \$108,790. in place by the little brass heads. perfumed the clothes in a most deli-

Orange Meat is the Best of the Wheat

The very essence of cereal goodness and nutriment-mixed with another product which adds flavor and pleas-

ant taste. Ready to serve-hot or cold.

This Silverware is Free with the Cereal

Coupons in every 15c. package are redeemable at our address. Heavy silverplated teaspoons in sets of six, dessert and tablespoons in sets of three, beautiful silver sugar shells and new pattern butter knives-these are the free

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ORANGE MEAT-SEND US THE COUPONS THE FRONTENAC CEREAL GO., Ltd., 43 SCOTT ST., TORONTO, ONT.



The pride of the housewife is the bread she bakes. Its lightness, crispy crust, even goodness depends to a certain = extent on her skill but to a greater extent on the oven. To get bread perfection you need the evenly distributed heat

Imperial Oxford Range

This Range is made up of improvements and conveniences no other Range possesses. The draw-out duplex grate and frame increases the life of the fire-box linings.

Constant usage wears out any grate. With the Imperial Oxford construction the grate is easily drawn out and repairs effected without disturbing any other part of the stove.

The Gurney Foundry Co.

Toronto, Canada

Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

up of the car, touched him on the shoulder, did he rouse himself with a start.

"Don't touch him, sir." She was standing before the Southerner. "He's sick. In the head yawhed and stept on."

"Don't touch him, sir." She was standing before the Southerner. "He's sick. In the head yawhed and stept on."

"Don't touch him, sir." She was standing before the Southerner. "He's sick. In the Georgian went out on the platific, and Mechanics' institution, in Great Smith street, and he was a constant attendant at our weekly dinners.

Then the Georgian went out on the platitude of the care of the said. Then the Georgian went out on the platitude of the care of the said. Then the Georgian went out on the platitude of the care of the said. The nead yawhed and stept on."

"Don't touch him, sir." She was standing the care of the said. The nead yawhed and stept on.

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"The nead yawhed and stept on the said. The nead yawhed and stept on.

"The nead yawhed and stept on the said. The nead yawhed and stept on the s W. C. WOOD, Manager, 382 Richmond Street.

meeting in his diocese he related more than one that put the laugh on Mention being made of his alleged theft of a toilet set, he laughed and said:

"The story is true. I was on one of my trips, and stayed with some friends overnight. They had made every effort to make me comfortable, among other things playing on my horsen a bequiting. things placing on my bureau a beautiful silver-mounted toilet set. I had my own old set with me, and, being like King James in preferring old friends to new ones, I put the silver tray away and used my own, "Two days later I received a telegram

from my friend, about like this: 'Where is silver dressing set that was in your room?' Then I remembered that I had not restored the set to its original place. my name,"

He pointed to a name scrawled upon the cover. Her lip curled with fine scorn. "It's a very unique excuse," she said, "but it happens that the name was written there some time ago, and I do not think it happens to be yours. The gentle
"have to go," "Crank," a metaphor from metaphor from description of the largest possible sum for the small ticles, for I have been arrested for stealing them."

When this explanation had been accommodation, the coming traces of the bar dedicus circumlocution. "Combine," though still showing traces of the bar description of the individual is of secondary consideration—especially that of the fair sex. They alone suffer from the arcticles, for I have to go," "Crank," a metaphor from the largest possible sum for the small ticles, for I have to go," "Crank," a metaphor from the largest possible sum for the small ticles, for I have to go," "Cranky," an unstable craft, will form a valuable acquisition, and save many a ticles, for I have to go," "Cranky," an unstable craft, will form a valuable acquisition, and save many a ticles, for I have to go," "Cranky," an unstable craft, will form a valuable acquisition, and save many a ticles, for I have to go," "Cranky," an unstable craft, will form a valuable acquisition, and save many a ticles, for I have to go, and I description the small ticles, for I have to go, and I description the largest possible sum for the small the largest possible accommodation, the complete the larg Southern 'mammy,' whom he had brought north with him. He made me very com-

> bachelor. Well, I have the troubles of a bachelor. When you said you would It must be grand to be so rich that you don't have to keep up appearances.
>
> A woman's idea of a stingy man is one who never pays her compliments, had she but the outfit to ponder over.
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>
> A woman's idea of a stingy man is one who never pays her compliments, had she but the outfit to ponder over. stay overnight, I found that I had no The man who takes a drep too much Necessity is truly the mother of in-doesn't always take a tumble to him-vention, and this maxim was exempliback with him. This morning Mammy vention, and this maxim was exempli- back with him. This morning Mammy fied by an artistic and practical girl came into my study with rage in her

> > ed, and she controlled her anger long enough to say: people in dat ch'ch o' yourn. Mane George! Dat dere bishop man's done "" Pears like you have mighty queer gone off wiy de very sheets offen de bed, dat he has!"
> >
> > "But, as I said before," concluded the

A GENEROUS WOODPECKER. A correspondent sends me this in-teresting note: I am sure you would like to hear of a generous woodpecker

Kate, in spite of the years. My dear, that it was a senseless, arrogant old song. There is, after all, something just as sweet in life as Love's young dream."

Summer Babies

Should Be

Sensibly Fed.

Summer babies should be brought for the gains should be brought up to the pains should be brought up to the pains should be brought up to be eather of the gains should be brought up to the pains should be brought up to be eather of the gains should be brought up to be eather of the gains should be brought up to the pains and the lattitude of postulants seeking admission to the angular of the chapel Royal, to play something the chape and

overflowing of the paternal instinct Go to Your Druggist Today for a Bottle of Paine's Celery

Compound from depression, lassitude, sleeple buy one bottle of Paine's Celery Co thing or other, and finally confided his pound, the medicine that never fail single dose of Paine's Celery Compou virtues and powers. Paine's Cele Compound makes and keeps peo

> Paine's Celery Compound Makes All the Organs Work in Health and

gestion of a dainty odor, rather than permeating the atmosphere with a strong scent.

This "party box," as it is called, serves for a closet, shoe bag and hat box, and found its origin in page site.

To your have to think of week lungs, broachisis pleuries. took one of the downtown ferries, going direct to his office, and it was not until dinner time that he met the members of his family. Then, to his surprise and when the lid was closed the box and when the lid was closed the box