13

arms of the beautiful woman.

Blake regarded him whimsically.

"He is a comical-looking little chap," he said. Then suddenly an interested,

excited expression came over his fea-

tures. The child's ragged coat had

fallen away and pinned to the coarse,

common shirt Blake beheld a Masonic

Now Fenton Blake was a prominent

member in the Masonic order and Masonry was one of the few things in

life that still held his interest. He eag-

"Bud thought he had no friends. He will find he has a worldful," he ex-

cliaimed as he rose and hastened into

the other coaches

Presently he came back jubilant, his

"There were plenty of Masons on board," he said, "and I told them of Bud and showed them this little pin.

They shelled out liberally and the mo-

ther of four small boys donated this

Bud into the stateroom I will put him

The Masonic emblem had aroused

he felt the soft weight of the sleeping

child against his shoulder, a sudden impulse came to him. He laid the child

down in the berth and returned to his

section, where he remained buried in deep thought until the beautiful wo-

man rejoined him.

"Bud did not awaken until I undressed him," she said. "The porter is staying with him now."

"Do you know what I am going to do?" exclaimed Blake impetuously. "I

am going to adopt Bud. I am like

him in some respects. 'My relashuns is all dead, and I hain't got no friends,'

To his surprise there were evidences of visible disappointment in the coun-

had made up my mind to adopt him. Since my little boy died three years

ago, it has given me pain even to look

at a child, but tonight when I held poor little Bud, I lost that feeling. Of

course, you have the first right-you

"That isn't why I am going to adopt

"Your home is in Denver, isn't it?"

'Yes, I know," she said quietly. "My

He showed the evidences of another

"You live in Denver, also?" he ask-

Opening her purse she handed him

a card with name and address engrav-

The name revived hope: "Mrs. Mar-

"She must be a widow," he thought. "I am sure," she said anxiously, "you

will say that it is best I should take

Bud to my home and care for him un-til he is convalescent."

will. My bachelor apartments are not

Blake was quick to perceive the advantages derived from this arrange-ment, which would afford opportuni-

ties of continuing and strengthening

When they had reached Denver Bud's

temperature had risen alarmingly.

Blake drove to Mrs. Vernor's home

with her, carrying the child in his

sought his apartments in a blissful

Blake told him the street and num-

"He was her guardian," continued

"Yes, Max Vernor's widow."

this confirmation of his hopes.

him when you are quite strong.

he asked in alarm

ed curiously.

digged cellars.

Mason.'

side.

"But ain't I goin' to stay with you,

'What does he want me fur?" he ask-

Because, Bud, you are the son of a

She explained to him as well as she

"How does he know dad was one?"

"By means of a little pin he found

Bud closed his eyes and lay quiet so

ong that Mrs. Vernor thought he had

"And was that why you brung me

"No, Bud, I took care of you at first

in memory of a little boy who died. Then, afterwards, just because I like

ments a maid announced that Mr. Blake

Bud was quiet again. In a few

to sleep. She rose from the bed-

but a compelling little hand

your shirt." he replied.

lutched at her skirts.

here and took care of me?

"Yes. Bud."

was in the library.

What Vernor is that?

the friendship so charmingly and in-

arranged comfortably for a sick child.'

husband once pointed you out to meat the opera, I think."

ne asked after a pause.

"Yes, she replied."

tenance of the beautiful woman.
"Do you know," she said slowly,

exclaimed Blake impetuously.

How providential!' 'exclaimed the

utiful woman. "If you will carry

arms full of boys' clothing.

man rejoined him.

that is, no near ones."

saved his life."

Fenton Blake.'

ion Vernor.'

formally opened.

frame of mind.

train with us."

"Vernor?

Where does she live?"

The long passenger train drawn by take good care of him." two puffing, panting iron horses rolled ed the heart of Bud's rescuer. She up and down and over and around the up and down and over and around the was married, then!

was married, then!

He hunted up the conductor and engaged the stateroom. When he returned Bud was sleeping quietly in the

land of the west. Fenton Blake, leaning his head back against the plush of the Pullman, absolutely ignored the wild scenery withput; he preferred the contemplation of the beautiful woman who occupied the section opposite him. He knew she must be as beautiful in heart as in face and form, for she was sweet and gra- | pin tious to perter, to conductor, and even to that most obnoxious personage, the hews agent. There was about her and her belongings those little outward and erly took the pin from the child's shirt. visible signs of an inward and spir-Itual grace which are indefinable yet

unmistakable. For two days Blake had watched for an opportunity to render her some adwice that would not appear like an intrusion, but fate had denied him such

Suddenly he assumed an upright pobition. They were going at an unusual rate of speed. There came a terrible joit and a rocking motion, followed by a dead halt. He went forward and learned that the train had broken in two on a heavy grade, and the runaway portion, consisting of the four sleepers and a drawing-room coach, had overtaken the day coaches, smashing them into kindling wood. Blake joined those hurrying to the aid of the victims, climbing over the wreckage, and, hearing the helpiess, hopeless cries of those buried beneath the mass of timbers. The inevitable accompanying fire lent its horror to the

way at the sound of a faint, little voice "Cancher git me out?" A glow of running red fire lit up the scene and showed to him the terrified appealing eyes of a little lad who was wedged in between heavy

occasion. He stopped on his merciful

With set teeth, stern eyes and pant-ing breath Blake lifted and pulled and tugged and strained, making but a slight opening in the piled-up wreck-The menacing flames darted forward from all sides, eager to snatch their little victim. Then he made one grand, final, superhuman and successful effort. Catching the child up in his arms he strode away with him to his

The beautiful woman had come out on the forward platform and was looking anxiously about. Blake swung himself up on the steps beside her.

"Will you come in and look after this little chap?" he asked as he hurried down the aisle to his section. "I must go back and help.'

'Oh, what has happened?" she cried, following him. He explained briefly.

"Is the child hurt?" 'No, I think not, only weak and frightened. He's cold, too. I'll wrap him up in my overcoat and lay him on

"Give him to me," she said, seating, herself and drawing a traveling rug and she wrapped the rug snugly about The child looked up at her with bewildered eyes, and then, seemingly

content, dropped his head on her shoul-Blake returned to action. In an hour he came back to his coach, tired and

triumphant. 'It wasn't so bad after all," he de-"We are right on the edge of a station. Plenty of helpers came. They put out the fire almost immediately. Only three killed and about twenty in-

The beautiful woman shuddered and pressed the little form closer in her

'Have you held him all the time?" "Yes, I liked to," she replied. "He has made you quite a hero. He says you 'fit the flames and everything; that if you hadn't a gotten him outen the lumber' he would have 'all burned up.' Didn't you, Bud?"

"So his name is Bud. What is your other name?" he asked, addressing the boy, who now sat bolt upright and shook off the rug. "Bud Lukes."

'Were your parents with you in the 'Nope: I was makin' the trip alone.' "Where were you going?"
"Want goin' nowhar; jest gittin' a

'Where do your folks live?" "Ain't got no folks."

"No relations—no friends?"
"Nope! My relashuns is all dead, and

I hain't got no friends." 'Whe did you come from?"

"Got in at the last stop and thought I'd see how fur I could ride before they put me off, but they thought I belonged to a woman what set in front of me with a lot of kids, and they didn't ask me fur no ticket nor nuthin'."

"But with whom do you live?" "Lived with dad till he got killed. Bin livin 'alone sense." 'How long has your mother been dead?" asked the beautiful woman.

"Dunno. Don't remember her."
"How old are you?" asked Blake. "Seven, goin' on eight." "You don't look that old." "I'll be bigger, all right. Say, hain't you got a chaw of tobak about yer?"

"Little Breeches!" laughed Blake, to the beautiful woman, who touched her lips, to the boy's brow and exclaimed in expostulatory tones: "Oh, Bud, Bud!" Then Blake recalled the last verse

of the poem and thought that the beautiful woman was a fair illustration of the angel who guarded Little "I am afraid he is feverish," she said

looking up anxiously.
"I'll see if I can get hold of a docexclaimed Blake,

leaving the coach. He soon returned with a local doctor who had come with the others from the little station. He took Bud's temperature and examined him carefully. "What have you had to eat today?" he

then asked. Peanuts and codfish before I started. Hain't had nuthing sence What did you have yesterday?"

that you belong to him because your father was one also." "Nuthin. Yes, had a cup of coffee."
"Just as I thought," exclaimed the octor. "He wasn't hurt in the accident, but he's nearly starved." Blake rose to his feet. "Where's the porter?" he exclaimed. "Bud shall

have a ten-course dinner!' The physician laid a restraining hand on his arm and the beautiful woman "A little warm milk?" she asked of

"Then he gim me all these things, and is goin' to gim me more, because he thought that was dad's pin." the doctor. Yes, that will be good. He has a fever, and I am afraid it will increase. He ought to be put to bed, and I will leave some medicine for him. Don talk to him any more. He is excited.' The stateroom isn't occupied,"

the beautiful woman, turning to Blake, Engage it for me, please, and I'll put "But it is too much," said Blake, "to ask you to take care of him." The eyes of the beautiful woman

Mrs. Vernor directed that he be shown to the sick-room.
"Well, Bud, old man," said Blake,
taking the small hand in his, "you'll were sad and wistful as she replied in a sad, low voice:
"I lost a little boy 3 years old—I can

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

PURE, HIGH CRADE

Cocoas and Chocolates.



Breakfast Cocoa .- Abso lutely pure, delicious, nutritious and costs less than one cent : Premium No. 1 Chocolate

-The best plain chocolate in the

market for drinking and also for

making case, icing, ice-cream, German Sweet Chocolate -Good to eat and good to drink palatable, nutritious, and

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be out playing football in a few days." Bud looked at him steadily for a mo-Blake's sympathy and interest, and as that pin you found stickin' in my

shirt? "Yes, Bud, I know it well."
"Twant never dad's. Bill Hawks swiped it outen a man's coat, and I on it from him pitchin pennies."
Blake stared, then he leaned back in his chair and laughed luxuriously. "Bud, I envy you. You have squared yourself from the charge of appear-

How can I reach all those poor, deluded Masons on the train?"
"Never mind," consoled the beautiful woman, "they have laid up treasures in heaven for themselves." "Didger gim me all these 'ere things cause of that pin? You can take 'em

ng as an impostor, but I never can!

They hain't spiked any yet." Blake passed his hand lightly over the troubled little face. "Oh, Bud," he remonstrated. "She don't care," continued Bud, turn-

ing his face away, "she don't care whether dad was a Mason. She likes "So do I, Bud," said Blake, gathering him into his arms. "You are going to be my little boy, just the same as if your dad was a Mason."

him," he hastily interrupted, "but be-cause of that little pin, the emblem of that great brotherhood." "I thought now, maybe, you would let me have him," sighed the beautiful woman. "Bud you see what a demand there for the possession of your small "Yes," he said in surprise. "As the guardian of our mutual little friend, is for person. You'll have to decide. Which may I introduce myself? My name is

do you choose?" Bud boked up into the face of the and whose arms were so strong and good to rest in. Then he looked into the eyes of the beautiful woman pang at the mention of those two who had laid such cool hands on his

burning brow. "I wancher both," he said decisively Six months later Bud went into the guardianship of Fenton Blake, but the beautiful woman did not have to part from her little protege.

Story of a Girl Saved by I will be so grateful to you if you Newspaper Article.

She Suffered From Headache, Dizziness and Night Sweats-Her Friends

Feared She Was Going Into Con-

[From L'Avenir, St. Jerome, Que.] Among the thousands of young girls arms. Soon after their arrival the fam- who bless Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for ily physician of the Vernor household safely carrying them through that perilous period of their lives He didn't prophesy a long or when they step from girlhood into the broader realm of womanhood, severe illness for the lad, so Blake there is none more enthusiastic than Miss Gabrielle Thomas, a young lady known to most of the residents of St. To his lawyer on the following day he confided his plan of adopting the lit-Jerome, Que., and greatly esteemed by all her acquaintances. To a report-"He is at present at the home of Mrs. Vernor. She was on the same er of L'Avenir du Nord, Miss Thomas said: "From the time I was fourteen until I was eighteen years of age my health was very bad. I was weak; had no appetite and could do no work. At night I perspired greatly, and frequently slept but little, I suf-fered from headaches, dizziness, and Blake's heart gave a leap of joy at could scarcely move about without becoming breathless, and I finally reachthe reminiscent lawyer, "and married here as soon as she was out of school. ed a stage when my nds feared I was going into cons. stion. I was He was a negative, uninteresting sort of under the care of doctors, but their lid. man-died about four years ago, and I treatment did not help me. I then don't think his loss was mourned to any great extent, but the death of her with the same poor results, and I had come to think I could not get better. child, a year later, left Mrs. Vernor One day I read in a newspaper the Blake's calls upon his little charge statement of a young girl whose symp-toms were almost identical with my were as frequent as those of the doc-Bud improved quickly under the skilled care he received. There soon came a day when, white, weak and bless the day I did so. 1 had only thin, he sat propped up in bed by soft used the pills a few weeks when I began to get better, and in a couple of months every symptom of my trouble pillows, gazing with admiring eyes upon the numerous toys and picturebooks Blake had lavished upon him.
"When you are well enough to enhad disappeared and I was as strong and healthy as any girl of my age. joy it, Bud, Mr. Blake is going to give have since always enjoyed the you a pony," said the beautiful woman health, and I shall be glad indeed if my to adopt you and take you home with

men and women lies in the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act "Only until you are well," she replied as a nerve tonic and supply new blood enfeebled systems. to enfeebled systems. They have cured many thousands of cases of 'Nope. Dad warn't no mason. He and partial paralysis. But stitutes should be avoided, if could the meaning of the term. The difficulty of conveying to his limited name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for ntelligent a definition of Masonty was by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50 somewhat lessened by the fact that cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, by 'Me and some other kids had a secret addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. "Mr. Blake is a Mason, and he feels

Appendicitis Not New cian, "that so many people are suffering these days with appendicitis and most practicable way it just to kid the bridge to look over the ground, to stopped, dizziness and headaches ceased. have to be operated upon, when there 'em out of it. didn't use to be any of them?" "My voung friend," the doctor answered, man of family at that, for he was a never say anything the say anything and the was a never say anything the say anything since Adam was-perhaps the story of losing a rib may have arisen because was doing a zig-zag saunter over to he was operated on for appendicitis. the Brooklyn end late one afternoon When your grandfather was a boy his last week, and tacked in my direction. neighbors had it all around him, and He charged right alongside of me and so they did when you were a boy. But began to unwind his spiel. they called it inflammation of the bewels, stomach ache, acute indiges- out with the tide, as I suspected. tion, liver trouble or something of that told him he had a little tide on himbut no one ever opened him when liv- and a half to any man of a properly ing to see what the matter was. Per-haps it is as well that they did not, be even a little bit quippy with me, have the looks of would-be suicides for much of the surgery of those days and my funny crack didn't land at all. was more dangerous than any dis- That man with the potted rubber nervous manner about such people

DO NOT REALLY MEAN TO JUMP

Tell Sad Tales to Brooklyn Bridge Policemen.

They May Threaten Suicide, But They Are Easily Managed-Bridge-Jumping Jokers.

"Do many want to make the jump?" repeated a Brooklyn bridge policeman in reply to a question asked by a New York reporter. "Say, if I had 60 cents for all that 've edged up to me since I first began pounding these planks and told me that it was them to slide over the side and bury their troubles in the salt wet down below, I'd be in shape to lend money to pawnbrokers and bookmakers without interest.

"None of us on the bridge ever puts in a watch without we're braced by one or two of these tin-canners and informed, with mixed ale weeps and slow music stuff, that they're about due to begin tossing themselves over the rail to go out or come in with the tide. If we tried to pinch all that hand us this one every day there'd have to be warehouses built at both ends of the bridge to hold 'em all.

"Carrying their packages along with 'em as they cross the bridge they suddenly get rummily lonesome and for the want of some one better to work a chin off on, they butt into the first bridge cop they see and try to scare the buttons off him by throwing it at him that they're going to end it all by the four-second route from the bridge to the ditch down below. We don't waste much breath with this. kind, but fan 'em along in clog time.

"Of course some of 'em are sure enough cut-ups and village madcaps that try to kid us. Only the other afternoon a real hoydenish thing tried to toy me along some by solemnly traipsing up to where I was leaning and asking me to point out the best place for her to step off the bridge. "I told her that New York was gen-

erally looked upon as the best end of it. But she kept a straight map her and told me that she didn't mean that-that she wanted to find a nice, springy place on the bridge from which to jump.

"She was a good-looking woman of 30 or so, too, and she didn't look as if she'd been having any trouble or takwho had pulled him from the ing in any pink tea herself. I was pretty certain that she was joshing me, and yet she kept such a straight chart on her that she had me a bit twisted at that.

'Jump off, hey?' says I, to gain 'We'll, ma'am, there's a heap to me. o' water down there, and you'd be eange your clothes if you made that

dancing me on the pieces of tick-tack

Hollondese finish of it. What's your judy a dumped into the dead wagon idea in committing suicide, anyhow?" when it comes along just as cute as roguish creature, shaking her head rubber plant with me-I can take it off the docks as those of men that

"'Well,' said I, quite over the notion by this time that she was stringing scoundrel you ruffian!' the old phony "Although we of course keep the me, let the selling plater go if he yelled at me as he iged off sideways weather eye on distressed and nervwants to. What did he leave you for?' the merry lamp all of a sudden, I re- ahead at a five-mile-an-hour gait about them, we never have very much fused to cut his hair, the brute!' and across the bridge, shaking his head fear that they'll take the plunge. then she pushed me the happy hoot and muttering at a great rate. and passed on giggling like the very old Dickens, such a wilful, prankish to saw off the B-flat swan song on me doesn't like to get so mussed up as all thing as she was, yes, indeed! I sure with variations, told me that his idea that." did hanker to run that kidding mad- in jumping off the bridge was to spite cap in, all right, but I didn't, and she the young woman who had given him kept turning around and laughing the motorman's mitt.
back at me until I dodged out of sight. "Well, say, that's a plug of a way back at me until I dodged out of sight. just foolish and tiresome. One of 'em 'What you want to do is to pass right noon. He was an Algy-off-the-house- just as hard as ever you can and when boat wearing one of these ram's horn she sees how dissipated you've be-Panama things that could've been come, you wild devil, why, she'll feel hocked for ready money, and all of so sorry that—'

his togs sassy enough to match his "I wasn't able to get away with any "'Well, it's all off,' he lisped as he 'I'm going to jump.'

I can rip a few yards off the edges off.

his announcement, but he came at me me a while back and opend it up by children-bed

Tve had enough for mine. I'm a ed around in the water before they who sat at his bedside. He is going who sat at his bedside. He is going to adopt you and take you home with him when you are quite strong."

"Oh, that's it, is it?' said I, getting a little hot myself that he should think me so easy. 'A Jonah, hey? a bum picker and hoodoo as all that, The happiness of health for both well it? The happiness of health for both well it?"

"Twenty-seven straight losers, en." of a positive think me so easy. 'A Jonah, hey? a bum picker and hoodoo as all that, The happiness of health for both well it?" you know how to take from here to the world a-jumping off the bridge. It's

wood so that you'll come to the con- lumber schooner, and after the bucko water naturally. in the back, neuralgia, depression of lucky man to be inside of the whale, clubbing you into-shape you'd find see?' And when I got through toss- yourself shanghaied for a little deck- with this weakness blighting his rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, ing him that little section of gab he swabbing cruise of about eight life. Have the trouble cured in was about forty feet away already months down in the yellow fever secand going right on at a lope. Some of tion. Get wise, son, and try your luck these tear-up Willies make bum with the ponies again on the 50 cent jury to the health. a sure thing.

"But the let's-have-some-slow-chords jumper is a piker, any how." booze bugs that get the buttonhole clutch on us and try to convince us and he slewed off whistling. that they're just about to turn a few somersaults into eternity are the ones end of it, though, there's no doubt that that give us the fantoids complicated a great many unfortunate folks that

"A middle-aged man-and he was a this disease has been in the world carrying a potted rubber plant in his

"Oh, yes, he was just about to go sort. The patient got well or he died, self that would be worth eight dollars

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S

Advice to Men.

To Those Who Are Not What They Dught to be.



HOW MANY MEN ARE SUFFERING MISERIES FOR THE WANT OF A SIMPLE REMEDY? They do not live; they simply exist. In the faces of thousands can be read the story of a wasted life and blighted hopes; joys and pleasures are unknown to them because their vitality is being sapped. Varicocele, wasting drains have exhausted Nature's Electrical forces and left them wrecks upon the shores of life. Many have sought in drugs and patent remedies relief from their mental and physical suffering. They are soothed for a day, or maybe a week, falsely braced up, until, the effects of the drug wearing off like the momentary bracing of whiskey, they sink still lower in vitality, and, with hope exhausted, lose confidence in themselves and their fellow-man and decide to abandon all efforts to recover their power, feeling that there is no help for them. Man, do not sacrifice yourself in this way. Do not endure this living death while Nature holds out to you relief in the form of Electricity—that vital element of which, by a life of dissipation, you have deprived yourself—tearing down faster than Nature could rebuild. In this great restorative-Electricity-there are life and happiness for you. It restores power to the weak and indifferent; it builds up the weakened system, and by its vitalizing, stimulating cure it makes the blood jump through sluggish veins, increasing the circulation to every part, assisting Nature to carry off the impure matter which clogs up the wheels of life.

My Belt has a wonderful influence upon tired, weak nerves. It's as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep. It causes no trouble. You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, penetrating every part of

Mr. John Risebrough, Sandford, Ont., writes regarding Mrs. Risebrough and himself: "The Belt I got from you a short time ago has done me a wonderful lot of good. It has taken the pain out of my back and strengthened the entire system. After wearing the belt for two nights the pain was all gone. It also cured my wife of lumbago. I tried all kinds of remedies before using your Belt, but none of them did

Mr. L. E. Wormworth, Mountain Grove, writes: "I have worn your Belt and have given it a fair trial, and can say that I never found anything better for lame back. I am a blacksmith and horseshoer by trade. Since I began the use of your Belt my back never bothers me at all."

Mr. Ennis Chambers. Massey Station, Ont., also writes: "It is two months since I received your Belt, and it is all right, and more than I expected. The nervousness is all gone and so is the tired feeling. I could not have done the work I am doing this spring if it was not for your Belt."

Dr. McLaughlin's offer to all men and women who are suffering weakness from any cause is an offer that

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SPECIAL NOTICE. Look out for those old-style, blistering scorchers. Their only merit (if they possess any) is to burn and scorch the flesh. They are offering a cheap imitation of my cushion electrode. It is a sham. My office contains hundreds of

these old back-burners discarded as useless. FREE BOOK -- Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free upon request if you will send this ad. If

you are not the man you should be, write to-day. The only Electric Belt sold to-day with which you receive the advice of a physician. No agents or drug stores are allowed to handle my Belts. Their success depends upon intelligent

DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

fing sad conversation into me yet if I make the big jump. hadn't suddenly pretended to see the "A young fellow from Washington

standing an even-money chance to about right, Cap, says I to him. I was watching him. I had noticed catch cold before you'd get time to 'There's nothing much for you to do, that young man poking around the according to the way you've handed it middle span for four or five days, and out to me, except to make a swift hike had spotted him as a lad who really "She put a finger to her lip and over the big divide and let your trou- had the self-destroying bug.

looked so serious over it that I began bles stay behind. But you don't want "I kept an eye on him all of the to doubt whether, after all, she was to jump off the bridge for yours. What time that he was on the bridge on you want to do is to make a gun play these days, but on the day that he got twine. She looked so earnest and all of it,' and I pulled my gun and made himself worked up to the jump he that that I began to dope it out that as if to hand it to him. Just take this came over on the back of a wagon, inperhaps her belfry chimes needed pop and go about two hundred yards stead of on the promenade. I saw down the glide and then punch one him as he climbed over the rail and "'Anyhow,' I went on, "it's a chimof these pellets into your conk right
panzee work, this thing of making a back of the left ear, and I'll see that
make it, but it wasn't fast enough. when it comes along just as cute as tions of a good many chaps who have

home-and-"'Why, you infernal, murderous about on the bridge. f.om where I still stood pretending to ous-looking women on the bridge who "Because, she replied, handing me offer him the gun, and then he plodded have that suspicious suicidal look

"Another of the regulars who tried of committing suicide. A woman

"Most of the kidders, though, are to spite the peevish thing,' I told him. was along this way only this after- by her smoking on a horrid cigarette

more of that, for the berry young roo-ay was already pounding the walk sidled alongside o' me and hove to. on his way to the other side. If I'd ha' fallen in with his little drool he, too, Backache Kid-"'Y'are, hey?' says I. 'Well, say, would have had the half-Nelson on ney Tablets. you might as well let me have that the second button of my coat yet, tell-Panama tent before you drop, then. ing me the simple annals of the poor. "One of them that had dropped all has proved so and it'll do for me to wear on my day of his coin at the races and had then successful for got one o' these nickle Burbon edges that serious "It kind o' grieved him to see that I on that made him feel like conversing wasn't going to do any flip-flaps over through his Leghorn, see-sawed up to affliction of asking me how long the people that "'No, honest Injun, I am,' said he. hopped off the bridge generally swash-

were picked up. "Twenty-seven straight losers, eh?" clusion that Rip Van Jonah was a mate and the ship's cook got through hashes of it when they dike them- dead line with the price of what you selves out in their kidding clothes for can get on your fancy waistcoat, but cut out the bridge-jumping. A bridge

> "The suggestion hit him about right, "When it comes down to the serious put it that way. But these people never say anything to the bridge cops,

"It's these hard-luck looking people arms—executed a right oblique as he that just loiter about the bridge, glanding nervously about them, that we keep the good eye on, and not on the I am of the opinion that chinners. the great bulk of people who come out on the bridge with the actual intention of making the jump get scared off A Liverpool, England, firm, employwhen they look over the situation. The ing over 500 clerks and managers, enthing looks too flerce.

"At any rate, there's not a day when some of us don't find it necessary to 'ud have had me crunched up that we learn to know when we see it Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

against the bridge rail and been stuf- -and yet very few of them actually

sense of his proposition as he stated it who had lost a good government job. York city, viz., 3,775,128. through booze jumped off the bridge 'Well, after all, I guess you're from my beat last summer, right while

"I recognize the published descrip-"'My husband has left me,' said the can be. You may as well leave that shot or poisoned themselves or jumped I've seen a short time before prowling

Bridge-jumping isn't a woman's way

Kidney Troubles of Children.

many mothers blessing Dr. Pitcher and his wonderful wetting-that mothers rejoice to know

Well, it's you for the quickest walk why, you'd never have any luck in ening and tonic influence on the where you're going, or I'll whale your about 80 to 1 that instead of hitting weak urinary organs of children pajams with this piece of kindling the water you'd land on the deck of a and enable them to retain their

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