MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

MADGE AND THE CAMERA

BY J. J. BELL.

(Author of "Wee MacGregor," Etc.)

On Madge's last birthday her uncle presented her with a token of his love in the shape of a very fine camera, together with all the appliances and chemicals necessary for successful amateur photography.

"Isn't it jolly!" cried Madge, coming out of the house on the third afternoon to find me lying on the lawn, alone, and she repeated, gleefully; "I've got one right at last!"

"Let's have a look, dear," said I, endeavoring to be pleasant in spite of myself.

She handed me the negative and seated herself beside me.

"You'll see it if you hold it against your sleeve," she kindly explained. "Isn't it splendid."

I gazed at it for fully a minute, and could make nothing of it; but I was not ill-natured enough to say so. I ran over in my mind the 20 odd photographs I had seen her take, and then I plunged.

"Indeed, Madge, this is good! The steamer comes out so——"

"To begin with, dearest, you're holding it upside down," she said; "and besides——"

"So I am. * * * Oh, I see it now! Why, it's the old churchyard we saw on Sunday afternoon. It's capital, Madge!"

When Madge spoke it was a trifle coldly.

"Excuse me mentioning it, Hugh; but it is a group of father and mother and Mr. Samson and yourself."

There was not a great deal for me to say, under the circumstances. I felt rather foolish, and that did not help my ruffled temper. Moving the negative, I saw it in another light.

"Yes; I can distinguish your father and mother, Madge," I admitted; "but which is Mr. Samson, and which is myself?"

She laid two dainty fingers on two ugly blurs.

"There you are—both of you."

"But we've no heads," I objected.

"Oh, well you might know yourself by the way you wear your watch chain."

"It's certainly a unique photograph—if somewhat vague," I observed after a moment.

"I think it splendid for a beginner," she returned.

"Glad you're pleased, Madge. Personally, I consider you've been wasting your time as well as your plates."

"How disagreeable you are."

"It's all very well," I said, sulkily, "but this is the last of my three hard-earned holidays—I do work occasionally, you know—and I've had scarcely five minutes of your company."

"I'm sorry you don't care for photography," she remarked.

"I haven't expressed my objection to photography. But this——" I held up the offending piece of glass, language failing me.

"Well? What have you to say about it Mr. Samson say it's quite good—much better than any first attempt he ever saw."

"I don't quite see what Mr. Samson has got to do with it," I said, with irritation.

"Mr. Samson has been exceedingly kind in explaining and arranging things. I asked you to come and see the dark room he has fitted up for me, but you only jeered."

"Did you ask him to fit up your dark room?"

"Certainly not. He offered—which was more than you did."

"I confess it never occurred to me to offer," I retorted. Madge was silent.

"Couldn't you have kept Samson away till tomorrow? He'll be here all the month, and I must have in the morning—no, I'd better go tomorrow."

At that moment through the open door, I caught sight of Samson coming downstairs. He must have thought Madge was alone, for he called out: "Success! You've come out beautifully."

He was a little taken aback when he found us together, but quickly recovered and handed Madge a negative.

"This is your own," he said. "I'll take some prints presently. I'll just run upstairs again and get one or two things ready."

"Hasn't he heard we are engaged?" I asked her.

"Oh, I suppose so. Everybody has. Bad news—you know."

"I tell you, Madge, I'm not going to submit to this sort of thing. Samson's a good enough sort; he's your visitor and friend of the family and all that—but he is not to monopolize you on the mere excuse of some wretched photographs. If he has forgotten that we are engaged I must remind him. In the mean time I wish you'd come up the glen with me."

"In the meantime I've got to do some developing," she replied, without moving, however.

I temporized.

"Very well, dear. Having waited upon you for two days and a half, I daresay I can have patience for an hour. But what negative was that Samson brought you just now?" I inquired trying to interest myself in her new hobby.

"I didn't take it myself," she said, retaining her hold on the square of glass.

"Never mind, dear. Let me see it," I returned, genially.

"It's not a good one, I'm sure," she said, giving it to me, somewhat unwillingly, I thought.

"Why, it's yourself, Madge! Now, that's nice. You'll print a copy for me before I go, won't you? This must be the one you and I tried to take down by the barn yesterday—during the five minutes you were good enough to favor me with" I added, laughingly; "but I didn't think I should have managed so well."

Madge looked uncomfortable.

"I'm so sorry, Hugh, but I broke the negative you took yesterday. This is another one."

"Ah!" said I.

"It fell, you know."

"Indeed."

"So, you see, this is another one, Hugh"

"So you have told me," I said, briefly. I certainly was not going to help her.

"It was a pity it fell. I'm sure it would have been better than this one. You know it just slipped from my fingers and broke."

"There was a silence.

Then Madge said

"Mr. Samson wanted to take me, and I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Not in the least," I replied, indifferently, and then there was another silence.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked at last.

"Well, I am rather glad you were photographed with your own camera," I said, having thought it over.

"What difference did that make?" she inquired.

"Why, the result is your own. I should certainly object to any other man having in his possession a negative of you," I said, slowly, looking at her bonny face. She blushed.

"Hugh"

"Well."

"I said he could have one."

I had feared it was coming, but I was far from feeling resigned.

"He begged for it," she added.

"All the more reason why you should have refused, Madge."

Madge was ruffled.

"You are much too severe. I can surely give my photo to whom I like. I'm not a bit sorry I promised it to Mr. Samson."

"Madge," said I, seriously, "do you mean what you say?"

"Why should I not mean what I say?" she returned, shortly. "And, anyhow, I won't break my promise."

"You can break the negative," said I.

"Now very mean of you."

"I believe you care more for Samson than for me."

"That wouldn't be so surprising, would it?" she retorted, calmly.

"Then let us end the matter!" I cried.

"As you please."

She was twisting off her ring when Samson came out of doors again.

"Would you like to try some snapshots up the valley?" he asked her, ignoring me. "I noted some fine bits this morning, and the light is now first rate."

"Yes; I think it would be rather nice," she assented, cheerfully.

I knew I was growing pale, and in desperate disregard of everything, I whispered:

"Dear, don't go." It was only a breath—a prayer—and I wondered if she heard.

"Beg pardon," said Samson, politely.

There was an awkward pause. Samson, too, seemed to feel uncomfortable, for he stood gazing across the fields as if in search of a subject for conversation. Madge was playing with the negative of herself, and I fancied, or hoped, I saw a softening about her lips, while I certainly caught a quick, half humorous gleam in her gray eyes.

"Mr. Samson!" she exclaimed very suddenly, and he started and moved quickly, but not more quickly than her hand.

Something cracked sharply under his left foot.

"Oh, Mr. Sampson," cried Madge, reproachfully.

He was all apologies and regrets over the ruined negative, but Madge was kindness itself.

"You'll let me try again?" he pleaded, as some one called him into the house. She laughed and shook her head, and he went away disconsolate.

"Madge, I've been a beast?" I whispered, catching her hands, "and you're too good for me."

"I'm afraid I am," she said, with quaint gravity. "But I'll try to disimprove. You'd like me better if I weren't so nice. * * * Oh, I'm talking nonsense. I've been simply horrid to you, Hugh * * * Oh, Hugh."

Samson was standing at the window, and must have seen us. Served him right!

MRS. DOWIE APPLAUDS LASHING OF HUSBAND

Six Thousand Zionists Also Approve "Elijah's" Deposition --New Leader Arraigns John Alexander Bitterly as "a Liar, Spendthrift and Traitor."

Zion City, Ills., April 8—With the approval of thousands of Dowieites in open meeting today General Overseer Glenn Voliva denounced John Alexander Dowie as a spendthrift, liar and traitor and was in turn promised support as leader of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion to fill the place of the founder of the church, now deposed, and on his way from Mexico to fight for what he considers his rights.

When after denouncing Dowie, Overseer Voliva suddenly demanded a decision of the audience which crowded Shiloh Tabernacle as to who should be their future leader, the 6,000 persons in the auditorium rose as one person and signified their willingness to follow Voliva to the end.

On the platform with Voliva were Mrs. John Alexander Dowie, Judge Barnes, head of the law department of Zion City, and Overseers Speicher, Excell, Cantel and Granger.

At the conclusion of a short prayer the new leader of Zion, clad in a robe of simple white and black, a decided departure from the gaudy raiment assumed by the first apostle on similar occasions, stepped to the front of the platform and in a slow, calm and studied voice made the announcement that he was going to take advantage of today's meeting to tell a few truths about the man whom they had so faithfully followed for several years.

Mrs. Dowie Applauds.

Voliva then told of the deplorable conditions he found in Zion City when he arrived a month ago from Australia and took up the management of Zion's interests at Dowie's command. The speaker did not mince words but spoke bluntly of the perfidity of John Alexander.

When most bitter in the denunciation of a former master there was no one in the tabernacle who showed more approval of Voliva's remarks than Overseer Mrs. Jane Dowie. When Voliva arraigned lavishly excoriated the costly furniture and the expensive library adorning Dowie's Zion City residence and which were purchased by that hypocrite while many of his people were in need of food, are sold and the money turned into Zion storehouses," Mrs. Dowie half rose and with her voice and hands loudly applauded the words.

Overseer Voliva in justification of the overthrow of Zion's first apostle, told how money had been squandered foolishly for Dowie's own comfort while the creditors and the people of Zion were calling loudly for money.

Funds Squandered.

As an illustration Voliva cited his own experience in Zion church. He declared that he had been compelled to keep himself and family on $850 a month allowed him by Dowie and that out of this monthly salary he had been compelled to turn over a tenth to the church. While receiving $50 a month Voliva declared that he had been sending the storehouse at Zion City $1,700 every month and that other deacons had done fully as well as he had. He asked what had become of all this money that has been flowing into Zion for so many years. In replying to his question he said that the greater portion of these funds had been squandered recklessly by Dowie, a great deal of it having been used by Zion's former leader for his own personal comfort and a few of his favorites.

Audience Acquiesced.

He then asked his congregation if they wished to return to the Dowie regime or preferred to follow him and the business which he had appointed and all of whom were a unit in the deposing of Dowie. The audience acquiesced in all that had been done for Zion since the movement against Dowie was begun. In bringing his denunciation of Dowie to a close Overseer Voliva said:

"Alexander Granger owns this tabernacle. He owns the entire estate. What I want you to do is to send all tithes and offerings to Zion in the name of Overseer Granger instead of in the name of John Alexander Dowie. Make all checks and all commercial paper of every description payable to Alexander Granger. The day has come when you ought to act as men and women and exercise your God-given free will. I don't want you to do anything by constraint. I want to be calm and straightforward and present these matters in a way that none can truthfully say that you were excited or acted on the impulse of the moment.

"If you want to stand for downright lying, hypocrisy and shameful misuse of money, keep your seats, but all of those present who are tired of his lying, his exaggerations, his misrepresentations and his inconsistencies and his hypocrisy and his gross ignorance of all business laws and principles, stand up." This was an evidence of their denouncement of Dowie and his methods."

The response to this request was instantaneous, everyone in the building rising in acknowledgement of Voliva's leadership.

Voliva then declared that if Dowie, on his arrival in Zion City on Tuesday, thought to frighten Voliva into submission, Dowie never was more mistaken in his life.

Cold Reception Awaits Dowie.

Voliva requested all present to keep away from the railway station next Tuesday when Dowie reaches Zion City. "I don't want you to go down there and listen to his egotistical harangue," said Voliva. "If he should try any of his spectacular antics on his arrival here we will soon put a stop to it. He cannot hold a meeting in Shiloh tabernacle, because we won't let him. Should he succeed in securing a house in which to hold a meeting to address the people of Zion, I want you all to remain at home and not attend the meeting."

Voliva requested the people to give their assent to this arrangement by rising. The response was unanimous compliance.

After the meeting, the 250 Zion guards employed to keep order in the city, were sworn to support Voliva in all his undertakings and all took the oath of allegiance except one.

A message was received from Dowie this afternoon stating that he would reach Zion City Tuesday morning and ordering Shiloh house, his residence in Zion City, to be prepared for his home coming.

Voliva, after reading this message, said Dowie would not be allowed to enter the door of what formerly was his Zion City home.

Big Send-off for Dowie.

San Antonio, Texas, April 8—John Alexander Dowie and his party left tonight for Chicago. Local Zionites arranged a meeting at which Dr. Dowie made an address before leaving. Although efforts were made to keep the meeting secret, because of a desire to avoid a crush, every seat in the local temple was filled fully an hour before Dowie appeared.

L. C. Hall, pastor of the local Zionist church, made a vigorous address, in which he defended Dowie at every point. Throughout his talk, ejaculations of "Amen," and "Yes," and "God be with thee" were made by the audience.

The audience joined in a silent prayer that strength might be given the "first apostle" to overcome his enemies in Zion.

When Dowie entered the hall the audience rose and sang a hymn of praise, and then for ten minutes Dowie and the audience prayed to banish the devil from Zion. Dowie's entire address was centered upon the subject of polygamy and the conduct of his wife. The audience was with him in all that he said, even when he bitterly disparaged Mrs. Dowie.

Praises Dowie, Scores Wife.

After the "first apostle" had been speaking about twenty minutes, Mrs. Emma Rapp and her husband rose and faced the apostle.

"I lived in your house for a number of years," said the woman, "and I want to tell these people here that never was there a kinder husband or a better Christian gentleman. I want to say also that when your every act was one of kindness and consideration to Mrs. Dowie, she made life insufferable for you by her insane jealousy and fiendish perversity. I often wondered how you could be so kind under the conditions that existed. I make this statement of my own free will, because God has told me to speak."

Then Deacon Lewis and Deacon Plas spoke of the unwifely conduct of Mrs. Dowie, which they characterized as almost beyond human endurance. During this testimony the audience gave exclamations of "Amen" and "Yes."

Dowie said that so long as breath remained in his body he would fight for the rehabilitation of Zion.

"I have not long to live," he concluded, "but I pray that God may spare me just long enough to win this fight. Then I shall be willing to go to that long sleep, knowing that I shall be ease[illegible] to the Kat by "Well done thou good and faithful servant" which will be uttered by all of my people, for they will have seen the light and learned that John Alexander, first apostle, was chosen by God to give the Word to Zion."

After the benediction, the audience filed past Dowie and shook his hand, each reiterating an assurance of loyalty.

When Dowie returned to his hotel, a correspondent of the Associated Press showed him the following telegram from Chicago:—

"At Zion City today everybody was for Voliva."

Dowie seemed somewhat shocked at the message, but declared that it would be unwise for him to make any comments on it at the present time, owing to the fact that it would betray his plan of battle.

HAS A NEW TOOTH AT AGE OF SEVENTY-ONE

It is not often, even in books of medical science, that cases of persons of more than three score and ten cutting new teeth are recorded. Mrs. James Belyea, of the Old Fort, Carleton, is in her 71st year and has just cut a back double tooth in the upper jaw. Mrs. Belyea is unusually smart for her years. She has four men boarders all winter and has baked all her own bread and pastry.

Mr. Belyea has been very sick all winter. Indeed he has not been able to get out of bed more than half a dozen times since last fall.

THAT STAB-LIKE PAIN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK COMES FROM THE KIDNEYS AND CAN BE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

It is not the back that is aching, but the kidneys which are situated beneath the small of the back.

Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of kidney trouble. Plasters and liniments will not cure a back ache, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it. Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys. That is what they are for and that only. So, if you would be free from backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, frequent thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs or bladder, you must keep your kidneys well. Help them to work freely, and help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities.

Doan's Kidney Pills are made from the purest roots and herbs, and have a remarkable healing and toning effect on the kidneys. Mrs. Barling, 26 Locomotive Street, Hamilton, Ont., write: "I had been troubled considerably with my kidneys, using many remedies, but finding no relief. I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to act directly on the kidneys, and making them strong again."

Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Simpson, of Petitcodiac, were in the city Saturday.

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POUND CAKE a Specialty. Plum, Cherry, Fruit and Sponge. All kinds of pastry made from the best of butter and eggs.

MOUNT VESUVIUS IS STILL SPOUTING FIRE

Naples, April 8—The hope that Mount Vesuvius was becoming calm was dissipated today when the volcano became more active than ever.

The panic has spread to Naples. Two strong earthquake shocks, which shattered window panes and cracked the walls of buildings, were experienced today. The entire population rushed to the streets in terror, many persons crying "the Madonna has forsaken us, the end of the world has come."

No trace remains of Boscotrecase, a commune on the southern declivity of the mountain, where up to forty-eight hours ago 10,000 people lived; and Torre Annunziata, on the shores of the Gulf of Naples, one mile to the southward, is almost surrounded by the invading lava, and has been evacuated by its 30,000 inhabitants. The people were brought to Naples by trains, street cars, military carts and steamships. Similar means of transportation are being used to take the people out of Torre Del Greco. The police and carbineers are guarding the abandoned houses and several members of the government also are there.

A telegram from the mayor of San Sebastiano, a village near the observatory on the northwest declivity of Vesuvius, says the lava is approaching rapidly, and that the people are terror stricken. They have been for nights without sleep, he says, are destitute, and beg for assistance.

The work of succor is hampered, owing to delays to the railway service, which is interrupted by red hot stones falling on the tracks.

Can't Count New Craters.

As yet it is impossible to count the craters that have opened and from which streams of lava have flooded the beautiful, prosperous and happy land lying on the southeast shores of the Gulf of Naples. The atmosphere is heavily charged with electricity, and now and then the flashes of lightning are blinding, while the detonations from the volcano resemble in sound a terrible explosion.

The observatory has been destroyed, and Signor Matteucci, the director, and the employes had narrow escapes. They passed last night in the darkness, save for the frequent flashes of lightning, as the gas works and the electric lighting plant also were destroyed. The restaurant of the Funicular railroad, too, has been obliterated.

Prisoners in jails on the mountain side went mad with terror and mutinied and were only partially quieted by being brought here. But their fears have been communicated to the prisoners here who may rebel at any moment. The situation is critical.

Breathing is momentarily becoming more difficult because of the poisonous fumes and smoke, while the hot ashes which are still falling tend to make life a burden.

Contrary to expectations, the sea has not yet shown signs of being affected by the phenomenon, but fears are entertained that tidal waves may yet come and many craft have put to sea. Visitors to Naples are avoiding the hotels on the sea front, and the people living there are beginning to leave for higher altitudes.

Though there is much misery, up to the present time there have been no fatalities except at Portici, where an old woman died, supposedly from fright.

Whole Town Wiped Out.

Naples, April 7—Mount Vesuvius is a colossal brazier and the town of Boscatrecaz, on its southern declivity, has been transformed into a great ruin. Torrents of liquid fire, resembling in the distance serpents with glittering yellow and black scales, are coursing in all directions amid rumblings, detonations and earth tremblings, while a pall of sulphurous smoke that hovers over all makes breathing difficult.

The streams of lava are resistless. They snap like pipestems the trunks of chestnut trees hundreds of years old, and blight with their torrid breath the blooms on the peach trees before the trees themselves have been reached. The molten streams do not spare the homes of the peasants, and when these have been razed they dash into the wells, as though seeking to slack their thirst.

Everywhere in the vicinity of the volcano pitiful scenes are witnessed—women tearing their hair in their grief, and old men crying aloud at the loss of their beloved homesteads, while in the distance, in striking contrast, lie the sapphire-colored Mediterranean, the violet-hued mountains of the Sorrento peninsula, and the top of the Capey in the tranquil sea.

Artillery carts have sent to the assistance of the peasants and the Duke of Aosta, Cardinal Joseph Prisco and all the authorities despite the rain today, went to the portions of the mountain most threatened in order to succor or comfort the people. Previously Cardinal Prisco ordered special prayers to be said for those in danger. Bosco Reale, the village which is most in danger of destruction, is the home of most of the cardinal's relatives.

Cardinal Prisco distributed necessaries of life to the peasants and even went so far as to give away the rings he wore on his fingers. Repeatedly he exclaimed to the frightened peasants: "Pray, my children; you may be sure God will not desert you."

Considerable apprehension is felt because of the earthquake shocks, which are growing stronger and are felt even at Castellamare, fifteen miles southeast of this city. Each shock is accompanied by deep and prolonged detonations.

Ottajano, at the northeast foot of the mountain, is threatened by a stream of lava and the people are beginning to desert the town. The populace of Torre Annunziata, at the south foot, have requested that night trains be run to the town. This request has been granted and trains are now ready to proceed there in case of need.

It is estimated that 2,000 acres of land under cultivation have been destroyed by the eruption.

Signor Matteucci, director of the observatory on Vesuvius, still continues to occupy a most dangerous position. With him is an American engineer named Pierret.

New craters have opened at different points on the mountain, but it is impossible to ascertain their number or where they are situated.

Cancer OF THE Face

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

Dr. P. H. Bryce, of Ottawa, chief medical officer of the immigration department, is registered at the Royal. He is on his periodical visit of inspection.

Damp Spring Weather Ruinous to Health

Causes Weakness, Headaches and Feeling of Unrest; The Cure is Simple.

That peculiar weakness so common in the spring, is demoralizing to body and mind alike.

Stupid, absent-minded and dull,—You feel the need of a stimulating tonic.

To impart quickness and great vitality to the entire system nothing acts like Ferrozone.

In a short time it makes you feel fit and fine, creates a feeling of youth and strength that's surprising.

Ferrozone revives and braces the sickly because it nourishes and builds up the organs that are weak. As a spring tonic, appetizer and blood-strengthener it is unequaled.

A well known resident of Utopia, Ont., Mr. H. H. Postle, writes: "From long experience I am convinced that everyone requires medicine in the spring. As a rule the blood is thin and impure and the whole system is congested with poisons that should be carried off. I use Ferrozone because it clears up the system, gives you an appetite and makes you sleep well. One winter I had serious palpitation of the heart, nervous headaches, and an extreme tired feeling. Sleep was not restful and by spring I was in bad shape. I took six boxes of Ferrozone and was made the picture of health."

Ferrozone makes permanent cures. Absolutely safe because it is purely vegetable and contains no alcohol. Concentrated cure in tablet form,—that's Ferrozone, 50c. per box or six boxes for $2.50 at all dealers or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A. and Kingston, Ont.

JOHN WILLET, K. C., WILL OPPOSE ALD. McARTHUR

His Reported Policy--Story of a Surprise Ticket to Come Out.

Frequent reports have been heard of late that there would be opposition to Ald. McArthur in Dufferin ward, and finally on Saturday it was announced that John Willet, K. C., had been waited on by a large number of influential citizens and would enter the field.

It is understood that prominent among the planks in Mr. Willet's platform will be one that the city should not be milked for damages in connection with the water extension but that his policy would be to adhere to the contract and back up the consulting engineer.

His Lordship Bishop Kingdon held confirmation services in St. John's (Stone) and St. Paul's (Valley) churches yesterday. In the morning eighteen candidates—seven males and eleven females—were presented to the bishop in the Stone church, and in the Valley church in the evening thirteen men and seven women were admitted to the full privileges of the Church of England. Bishop Kingdon delivered suitable addresses on both occasions, and there was also music suitable to the special event and to Palm Sunday.

CANADA ALSO ON THE MAP SAYS SHAUGHNESSY

Sir Thomas Reminds London Pilgrims That Half the Continent is Ours

Montreal, April 8—(Special)—The Star's London Cable says: Sir Thomas Shaughnessy struck an emphatic Canadian note in the presence of hosts of Americans at the Pilgrims' dinner last night in honor of Lord Curzon. Previous speeches having dwelt specially upon Anglo-American accord, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy brought a timely reminder that there was a good half of the American continent labeled Canada.

He called Elihu Root, speaking as with the tongue of the president of the United States, to witness that what was a little domain on the border of the States, has now grown to a great and powerful nation. He begged Englishmen to weigh well that vital fact and not to imagine they had seen the wonders of America when they stopped short of Philadelphia or Chicago on their way north. Americans themselves were not so slow to take fullest advantage of the opportunities Canada offered, as witness the large migration of hosts of American settlers who were becoming excellent British subjects in Canada. He also bore tribute to French-Canadians' attachment to the British institutions.

Here in England men's minds began in these latter days to wander into schemes for the nationalization of railways. Canada had learnt her lesson in that respect for she had in the Intercolonial line a magnificent example of how far wrong a government managed railway could go and it was a moment of failure of government administration. On the other hand Canada had by means of the privately managed C. P. R. brought the great western plains to the very doors of the eastern populations and this line of progress was being followed with the Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern enterprises.

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.

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