

THE WRONG DOG.

Clever Attorney's Plan Was Outwitted.

An old man was arrested for beating his wife. Application was made to have him put under a peace bond. Thinking the case too small for him to bother with, relates Case and Comment, the county attorney asked Judge Albert D. Norton, then a young lawyer, to appear for the state at the trial. An attorney from Macon—a man who had quite a reputation as a "pleader"—went over to defend the old man. Curled in front of the defendant was a yellow dog. Vest's "Eulogy of the Dog" had recently appeared in some paper. It was not nearly so familiar then as it has since become. When the orator from Macon saw the yellow dog at the old man's feet he recalled Senator Vest's speech, and was alive to the opportunity for an effective appeal to the jury.

"Gentlemen," and he indicated the mongrel, "when all other friends desert the dog remains. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies; and when the last scene of all comes, and when death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way there by his graveside will be the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

So well was it delivered some of the jurymen cried. All looked toward the aged defendant sympathetically. It is said that even the dog's eyes were moist. It was pretty clear the defendant's lawyer had things coming his way; but Norton had the windup, and during the noon recess he hunted up a paper which had the dog speech in it. This he produced and read to the jury in the afternoon, word for word as opposing counsel recited, and which the jury thought was original.

"You see, gentlemen of the jury," said Norton, "Senator Vest was talking about another dog altogether. He never heard of this yellow cur!"

The jury found the defendant guilty.

"My Rheumatism Is All Gone" She Says.

MRS. MILLEY'S TRIBUTE TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Newfoundland Lady Tells How She Suffered for Years, and How She Found Relief.

Exploit's Harbor, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld., April 29th.—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are upholding their enviable reputation in every corner of Canada is evidenced by the statement of Mrs. Samuel Milley, a well-known resident of this place.

"For several years I suffered from rheumatism and heart failure," Mrs. Milley states. "I used twenty-two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my rheumatism is all gone. I know Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful medicine. I recommend them to all my friends who are not feeling well, and they, like myself, speak highly of them."

"I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and got relief." Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys. If the kidneys are weak and sick they cannot do their full work of straining the impurities out of the blood. The result is bound to be sickness and disease. To keep the kidneys sound is to lay the foundation of good health. Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills do not cure sick kidneys.

MARTYRS TO GIRDLES.

A Native Protest Against Feminine Fashions in Japan.

A caustic Japanese critic, Saito Man, has this to say in the *Osaka Advertiser* about women's fashions in Japan:

"Archaic costumes, especially those universally worn by ladies, demand reform. The indigent world can be clothed out of the materials wasted in gorgeous kimono sleeves. Nothing is so absurd as the long, heavy, pendulous sleeves attached to a girl's holiday kimono. They serve no purpose, impede locomotion and are a pitiful spectacle. The girdle is more cumbersome and expensive, especially those woven in one piece of heaviest silk. Formerly the latter were only worn at weddings and state affairs; now every geisha has one. Every wife must have one to sport at the theatre. In price this marabout varies from 30 to 1,000 yen (\$5 to \$500) and upward. To girdle it requires all the strength of a well built husband or father. I do not know any Japanese woman who ever succeeded in putting on one herself."

"It is over three feet wide, folded into half that width, when worn, and its length is three times the full height of its wearer. In weight it is terrific, thickly embroidered as it is with golden threads. It is chiefest attraction in the whole dress scheme of Japanese womanhood. One might as well ask a woman to discard her hair as to. Every well dressed Japanese lady is a martyr to her girdles. Her entire waist is covered with layers of belting. From the viewpoint of health the girdle (obi) is a most vile contrivance, as every doctor asserts."

History of the Louvre.

The Louvre was originally a royal residence. Napoleon turned it into a museum and deposited in it the finest collection of paintings, statues and art treasures known in the world. Many of those brought from Italy have been restored to their rightful possessors. The magnificent buildings of the new Louvre, begun by Napoleon I. and completed by Napoleon III., were inaugurated in 1877.

THE SLEUTH

They knelt one on each side of the candle. Neil held the candle up while Laura unpacked the contents. A well-cut blue suit was revealed, which bore inside the collar an enigmatisms tailor's name. Beneath it there was a silk shirt; also collar, cravat, socks, hat and shoes. Everything had been thought of down to handkerchiefs, gloves and collar buttons.

"Upon my word!" cried Neil. "This is a regular Johnnies outfit. Much too fine for me."

"I thought good clothes would be the best disguise after the stoker," she explained, shrilly.

"Of course," cried Neil. "But where did you get them? You wonderful woman?"

She parried the question. "I brought the scissors. What did you want them for?"

He was not to be diverted. "Where did you get the clothes?" he insisted. "Well, if you must know," with a quaint touch of bravado, "I stole them."

He was effectually astonished. "Laura!" he cried.

"Are you horrified?"

"No! Enchanted!"

"Don't be silly," she murmured. "What did you want the scissors for?"

"To cut my hair. That's the worst give away of all."

"How can you cut your hair?" she asked, unguardedly.

"I was hoping you might."

"Oh!" she cried, in the hushest, shocked tone that delighted him.

"No one will see you," he teased.

"I don't mind that—if it's necessary. She was unsmiling. "But I never did such a thing. If I bungled it it would be doing worse than not doing it at all, wouldn't it?"

"You won't bungie it if you put your mind to it. Take off a little at a time, and it's sure to come out right. We have all night."

"I must get home," she said, uneasily.

"Do you hate so to be here with me?"

"Please!" she rebuked him. "You only distress me when you talk like that."

Neil sighed. "I'll try not to. But you will cut my hair, won't you?"

"How can I see to do it?"

"I'll sit on the floor and hold the candle up. You can kneel behind me."

They took the suggested positions. She hesitated about beginning.

"Fire away," said Neil.

"I—I don't know where to start. It seems like a sin to cut hair off. If I do it wrong I can't stick it on again."

"No, but God will in His own time," said Neil. "Begin at the neck and work up. Lift the hair with the comb, and snip the ends off. That's the professional technique."

Above him he heard her delicate breathing, a little agitated. She made a few tentative cuts. In his mind's eye he saw the puckered brow and the grave, concerned eyes. "Oh, you darling!" he whispered to himself.

"Who is in the next room?" she asked.

He told her the story of Kid Doty in whimsical vein.

She rewarded him with one of her rare short laughs. "Dear, funny boys!" she said. "Some man who under stands boys ought to make friends with him."

"Maybe one will."

"You were out when I moved," she said in her conscientious way. "I had no chance to tell you. I now have a room in West Twelfth street." She gave him the number. "If you want me again you should write there."

"Would you come?" he asked, eagerly.

A GOOD DIGESTION

Depends Upon Keeping the Blood Rich, Red and Pure.

To be able to eat what you want and to digest it properly is a priceless blessing. Good digestion is not appreciated until you lose it. Then you cannot afford to experiment, for strong medicines are hard on weak stomachs. If you have indigestion do not be persuaded into believing you can cure yourself by the use of pre-digested foods or so called stomach tonics. There is no tonic for the stomach that is not a tonic for every part of the body. It is through the blood that the stomach gets its power to assimilate and digest food, and as the blood goes to every part of the body and improvement in its condition not only results in strengthening the stomach but every organ in the body. Rich red blood is absolutely necessary to good digestion. If your stomach is weak and you are troubled with sour risings in the throat, a feeling of pressure about the heart, or nausea after eating try the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So many dyspepsias have been cured by this medicine that every sufferer from stomach trouble should try it. You will soon know the joy of good digestion and enjoy better health in other ways if you give this medicine a fair trial. Mr. Fred J. Kendall, Darlin avenue, Toronto, says: "For upwards of five years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which gradually undermined my general health, leaving me in a weak and anemic condition. I spent considerable money with one doctor and another, but failed to receive any lasting benefit, and had become quite discouraged. One day my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I thought it would be the same old story. But she had so much faith in them that she got me a box, and by please her I began taking them. By the time the box was finished, I noticed a slight improvement, and I continued taking them and soon found myself gaining. I could sleep better and my appetite improved without the distressing symptoms that had previously followed eating. I think I took in all about a dozen boxes, and to-day I am a stronger man than I ever was in my life. When I began the use of the pills I weighed 143 pounds while now I weigh 167. You may use this letter as you choose, hoping it may reach some poor, discouraged sufferer as I was."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES



This remark caused Neil an obscure jealousy. Where had these clothes come from?

"You have tied your tie!" she said, accusingly.

"But not properly. You must straighten it."

In that most intimate of positions it was hard for him to resist throwing his arms around her.

"Well, I didn't, anyhow," he said, whimsically as she left him.

"Didn't what?"

"You know very well," he teased. "Give me some credit."

"Don't be silly!" She averted her head and began to gather up the old clothes and to stuff them in her basket. "We must leave separately," she announced.

"How can I let you go alone?" objected Neil.

"You must. I can go where I like in these clothes—you said so yourself. As for you, a man can go anywhere, of course. But for us to walk together, me like this and you like that, it would be a remarkable sight."

"I suppose you're right," he grumbled. "Turn to the right as you go out, and go down to West street. There's an ugly-looking crowd the other way."

"I mean to," she said. "I'm going to take a ferry over to Jersey City, and drop the basket overboard on the way."

"You think of everything!" he applauded admiringly.

"I can do so little!" she disclaimed with a shrug, and held out her hand. "Well—good-bye!"

He kept the hand. "Take it easily!" he complained, with a whimsical smile. "I suppose you don't want to kiss me good-bye."

"You don't want a grateful kiss."

"No! I'm hanged if I do!" he said, energetically.

She gently withdrew her hand. "Good-bye," she whispered, and turned to go.

Something gave way inside Neil. He could no longer hold himself. "Oh, I can't!" he cried, sharply. "Not like this!"

She struggled with the door-knob but he caught and pressed her close to him. The candle-end rolled on the floor and was extinguished.

"Laura, my darling!" he whispered brokenly. "I love you! I love you! Ah, don't fight against me so! I wouldn't hurt you. I only ask to love you and take care of you. But I must make you listen to me. Give me a good reason for not loving you, and I'll try to hold myself in. Or love me a little back again and I'll trust you with my life, and not ask a question. But you neither trust me nor love me. Don't you see you're driving me mad? What man am I up against? Let me

know where I stand. What man wore these clothes before me? What is he to you?"

"Let me go!" she panted, struggling hard.

"I have a right to an answer!" he insisted. "How do I know but what I'm wearing the murderer's clothes?"

A terrible low cry of pain escaped her.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" he cried, contritely. "I was loving. It doesn't matter, anyhow. I'm no sentimentalist. But trust me—or love me!"

"You're hurting me! You're hurting me!" she wailed.

His arms automatically released her. "I knew it would end like this!" she cried. "I wish I'd never seen you!"

She ran out of the room, and went stumbling down the rickety stairs. He made no attempt to follow.

By and by Neil went heavily into the back room. There was no more fright in him at the moment. He had a mind to give himself up to the police and let things take their course. Scarcely listening to the boy's eager question, he felt for the knot at his ankles with the idea of letting him go.

"Is your pal gone? You might have let me in on your secrets. I wouldn't have blabbed. But I suppose you've got to try me out first. What are you going to do now, Neil?"

Admiration and utter confidence were blended in his tone. Neil held his hand and began to reconsider.

Kid Doty rattled on: "I've been thinking what you ought to do while I was lying here. I've got a scheme. You ought to join the police force. Wouldn't that be a stunt. You've got a good figure and all. You could pass the examination. Say, they'd never think of looking for Neil Ottaway among themselves."

"Bully!" said Neil abstractedly. It would never do for him to show the white feather before his little disciple, he thought. Slowly the will to fight on was reborn in him.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the boy anxiously.

"I'm going to leave you now," said Neil.

"Oh, take me with you!" pleaded the Kid.

"Can't be done, old man."

"Take me with you! I wouldn't be any trouble. I never knew anybody like you before."

"You won't have to wait here long," said Neil. "I'll telephone to the police immediately to come and let you out. That'll be some yarn, eh?"

"I'd rather go with you," said the disappointed boy. "I'd give up anything to go with you!"

Neil gripped his shoulder. "There's something I want to keep in mind, old fellow. You read the papers. When you see that I am out of this trouble, you must look me up."

"When you get out of it?" echoed the boy. "But you did do it, didn't you?"

"Well, I may get out of it, anyhow," said Neil. "Men do, sometimes. You must look me up, because you and I are going to be pals, see?"

"But I'll miss all the fun if you don't take me."

"Well, I have plenty of fun yet, don't you fret."

"I say, Neil, there's something I want to tell you," said the boy in embarrassed tones. "My name's not really Kid Doty. It's Percy Randall. Such a sissy name!"

"Oh, I've heard worse," said Neil cheerfully. "Good-bye, and don't forget me."

"Forget you?" stammered the boy. "Oh, I—I'll never forget you!"

The lieutenant in charge of the desk of the precinct police station was reading a newspaper when the telephone bell rang. With the fatigued air characteristic of police lieutenants—an uninterrupted course of crime is the most wearing thing in the world—he took down the receiver.

On this occasion he heard the novelty of a calm voice over the wire: "Hello? Is this the police station?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had better send an officer or a couple of officers to a house on Dickson street to liberate a boy who is imprisoned there."

The quiet voice startled the policeman, who was hardened to screams. "Hey?" he cried.

"Attend to what I say, please. I didn't notice the number of the house, but you can't miss it. North side of Dickson, half way between West and Washington streets. Two-story building; empty stable on street level and unoccupied rooms above. The boy is upstairs. The front room is unlocked."

"What are you giving us?" cried the astonished officer. "I don't pay no attention to telephone calls. If you mean business, come in here and show yourself."

"I have a good reason," said the voice sweetly.

"Is this a joke?" demanded the lieutenant. "I don't go down with me. How d'ya know so much about it? Who are ya anyhow?"

"It is not a joke," said the voice, undisturbed. "The building is full of rats, and the boy is of a nervous tem-

perament. If anything serious happens it will be up to you. The father is an influential citizen."

"What do I care?" roared the exasperated policeman. "Why don't you let him loose yourself?"

"Because I just tied him up and left him there."

"Who the blazes are you, anyhow?"

"Neil Ottaway."

"Who?"

"Neil Ottaway. Shall I spell it out for you?"

There was a silence in the police station while the officer struggled with a vertigo. Then—"Oh, go to hell!" he cried, slamming up the receiver.

But the next instant he thought better of it and took it down again. "Give me the superintendent, quick!" he said to the operator.

"Hello! This is Lieutenant O'Malley. Find me the source of that last call for help. I'll hold the wire."

In less than a minute the answer came: "Public telephone in the Hudson and Manhattan Terminal Station, extension nine."

"All right. Give me the police substation in the terminal. Hello! This is Mike O'Malley. Guy just called me from Terminal Station public telephone, extension nine. Said he was Neil Ottaway. Yeh, that's what I said, Neil Ottaway. Look him up, quick!"

In ten minutes the telephone at the Lieutenant's elbow rang again. This was the message he got: "There are sixteen telephone booths here. Half are worked through a switchboard, and half have coin boxes in them. Number nine has a coin box. Consequently the switchboard operator can't have anything to do with who ever uses it. There are a couple of hundred calls an hour from here. Nobody saw a man answering to Neil Ottaway's description. It's probably a stall."

"Oh, sure," said Lieutenant O'Malley. "Don't let those slick reporter guys on to it. They'd make a big story out of nothing."

He hung up the receiver, and debated a moment or two. "Reardon," he said to an officer on duty. "Take Simpson with you, and go to this house on Dickson street, and see if there's a kid locked up there. Let Mitchell and Dawes follow you up in plain clothes."

(To be continued.)



Banish That Pimple with Cuticura

Cuticura Soap cleanses, purifies and beautifies, while the Ointment soothes and heals pimples, blackheads, etc. Do not confound these fragrant, delicate emollients with coarsely medicated soaps and ointments.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address postcard: "Cuticura, Dept. N, Boston, U.S.A." Sold throughout the world.

perment. If anything serious happens it will be up to you. The father is an influential citizen."

"What do I care?" roared the exasperated policeman. "Why don't you let him loose yourself?"

"Because I just tied him up and left him there."

"Who the blazes are you, anyhow?"

"Neil Ottaway."

"Who?"

"Neil Ottaway. Shall I spell it out for you?"

There was a silence in the police station while the officer struggled with a vertigo. Then—"Oh, go to hell!" he cried, slamming up the receiver.

But the next instant he thought better of it and took it down again. "Give me the superintendent, quick!" he said to the operator.

"Hello! This is Lieutenant O'Malley. Find me the source of that last call for help. I'll hold the wire."

In less than a minute the answer came: "Public telephone in the Hudson and Manhattan Terminal Station, extension nine."

"All right. Give me the police substation in the terminal. Hello! This is Mike O'Malley. Guy just called me from Terminal Station public telephone, extension nine. Said he was Neil Ottaway. Yeh, that's what I said, Neil Ottaway. Look him up, quick!"

In ten minutes the telephone at the Lieutenant's elbow rang again. This was the message he got: "There are sixteen telephone booths here. Half are worked through a switchboard, and half have coin boxes in them. Number nine has a coin box. Consequently the switchboard operator can't have anything to do with who ever uses it. There are a couple of hundred calls an hour from here. Nobody saw a man answering to Neil Ottaway's description. It's probably a stall."

"Oh, sure," said Lieutenant O'Malley. "Don't let those slick reporter guys on to it. They'd make a big story out of nothing."

He hung up the receiver, and debated a moment or two. "Reardon," he said to an officer on duty. "Take Simpson with you, and go to this house on Dickson street, and see if there's a kid locked up there. Let Mitchell and Dawes follow you up in plain clothes."

(To be continued.)

WHAT I THINK

It worries me when I hear any one complain that they have "nothing left to live for." For it seems to me that, if they feel like that, they have quite failed to grasp the true meaning of life.

We are here to do what we can to make life happier for others, of course, but also, I think, to hand on to the next generation the knowledge that we have acquired. We still are under this last obligation, no matter what hard blows Fate may have dealt us.

Yet sometimes one comes across people who, though they are proud of their own achievements, are very anxious that no one shall find out how they get such good results.

Rather unfair, isn't it? Because they probably got their information, or were put on the track of getting it by someone to whom they owe a large part of their success. So handing on any useful knowledge we may possess ought to be a great pleasure right to the end; and as long as we can help others we have certainly something left to live for.—Home Chat.

The Archbishop of York at Wycliffe College.

On his recent visit to Toronto, the Archbishop of York spent a short time at Wycliffe College, where the Founders' Chapel was the particular point of his interest, the larger part of the building being at the present time used for military purposes.

Doctor O'Meara, the principal, showed him the Roll of Honor which gives the names of thirty graduates and seventy undergraduates who are serving with his Majesty's forces as Chaplains or combatants and the Memorial Roll on which are inscribed the names of two graduates and seven undergraduates who have paid the supreme price of self-sacrificing service. The tablet in memory of the Founders, and Axel Enders' famous picture of the Resurrection, were objects of his special remark.

Before leaving, his Grace offered intercession for the College and its staff, its students and its graduates. He was accompanied by the Archbishop of Algoma, the Bishop of Toronto, the Mayor of the city, Archdeacon Cody, and a number of clerical and lay friends.

The new College flag was flown in honor of his visit.

The master looks sharpest to his own business.—Phaedrus.



Auto-Strop SAFETY RAZOR

True Shaving Comfort

Every man who uses an AutoStrop Safety Razor is loud in its praise. He's proud to own one because it is his best friend.

It matters not how tender your face or how stiff your beard, the AutoStrop will give you a clean, comfortable shave in short order.

It is the only razor on the market that sharpens its own blades automatically.

Guaranteed to Satisfy

Complete Outfit \$5.00

AT ALL STORES

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Limited

83-87 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.

The clothes fitted him better than he could have expected. As he put on the comfortable, gentlemanly garments, Neil's point of view changed again. He had now to play the part of one of the complacent cleft of the world. It was somewhat of a height to mount at one step.

In the bottom of the basket he found a pair of those fashionable, large, round spectacles, rimmed with tortoiseshell. More than anything else he can put on they change a man's appearance. By their aid the fattest face is lent something of an insolent and distinguished air.

"Clever girl!" thought Neil for the hundredth time.

He threw open the door, and held up what was left of the candle. "How do I look?" he asked, eagerly.

"Very well," she said in her grave way. "I thought they would fit, or nearly."

He looked into the mirror. He was not to be diverted. "Where did you get the clothes?" he insisted. "Well, if you must know," with a quaint touch of bravado, "I stole them."

He was effectually astonished. "Laura!" he cried.

"Are you horrified?"

"No! Enchanted!"

"Don't be silly," she murmured. "What did you want the scissors for?"

"To cut my hair. That's the worst give away of all."

"How can you cut your hair?" she asked, unguardedly.

"I was hoping you might."

"Oh!" she cried, in the hushest, shocked tone that delighted him.

"No one will see you," he teased.

"I don't mind that—if it's necessary. She was unsmiling. "But I never did such a thing. If I bungled it it would be doing worse than not doing it at all, wouldn't it?"

"You won't bungie it if you put your mind to it. Take off a little at a time, and it's sure to come out right. We have all night."

"I must get home," she said, uneasily.

"Do you hate so to be here with me?"

"Please!" she rebuked him. "You only distress me when you talk like that."

Neil sighed. "I'll try not to. But you will cut my hair, won't you?"

"How can I see to do it?"

"I'll sit on the floor and hold the candle up. You can kneel behind me."

They took the suggested positions. She hesitated about beginning.

"Fire away," said Neil.

"I—I don't know where to start. It seems like a sin to cut hair off. If I do it wrong I can't stick it on again."

"No, but God will in His own time," said Neil. "Begin at the neck and work up. Lift the hair with the comb, and snip the ends off. That's the professional technique."

Above him he heard her delicate breathing, a little agitated. She made a few tentative cuts. In his mind's eye he saw the puckered brow and the grave, concerned eyes. "Oh, you darling!" he whispered to himself.

"Who is in the next room?" she asked.

He told her the story of Kid Doty in whimsical vein.

She rewarded him with one of her rare short laughs. "Dear, funny boys!" she said. "Some man who under stands boys ought to make friends with him."

"Maybe one will."

"You were out when I moved," she said in her conscientious way. "I had no chance to tell you. I now have a room in West Twelfth street." She gave him the number. "If you want me again you should write there."

"Would you come?" he asked, eagerly.

"Any time, anywhere," she said simply.

Neil seized the hand that held the comb and pressed it hard to his lips. She snatched it away. "If you do that again I shall stop!" she cried, indignantly. "Have you no sense of fairness?"

"Oh, I don't know that I'm lost to shame at that!" muttered Neil, sullenly. "You do everything to make me love you to distraction—then you slap my face. I'm only human. . . . Oh, you're right, of course. I'll try to behave."

The hair-cutting went on, in silence. "What are you going to do next?" she asked, timidly, at last.

He forced a cheerful tone. "I don't know. Whatever comes up. First—

50-1-18