

BLYTHE ON TRIAL AGAIN. Evidence Taken to Show That He Was Drunk. Not Much Change in Prisoner Since Last Trial.

Blythe to Go in the Box—Case Finishing To-day.

Toronto, Oct. 23.—His hands resting upon the railing in front of the prisoners' pen and his vacant eyes turned indifferently toward the twelve men who will decide his fate, Walter Blythe, the Agincourt section hand, who killed his wife with a poker last January, and who was saved from the gallows through the efforts of his counsel, stood up in the court of the Criminal Assizes yesterday morning to again listen to the charge of murder against him. Since last February, when he was condemned to be hanged, Blythe has been in prison, alternating between hope and despair; yet when he appeared in the court room yesterday he showed little evidence of the experience he has gone through. From his healthy look, prison life, even with a gallows for an ever-present background, apparently agreed with him. He looked better than during his former trial.

As the ground upon which Blythe was granted another chance of life was that Mr. Justice Riddell in charging the jury which convicted the prisoner did not take into due account the evidence showing Blythe to have been under the influence of liquor when he killed his wife, Mr. Robinette yesterday devoted the most of his cross-examination to bringing out facts proving that his client was drunk. He succeeded to a considerable extent, practically all of the witnesses admitting that the prisoner had been drinking. Several thought him not responsible at the time, while others gave it as their opinion that Blythe was not so intoxicated but that he knew what he was doing.

Mr. Robinette, in cross-examining two witnesses who had been at the Agincourt indignation meeting, handled them in such a manner that his Lordship interfered. He referred to Constable Hobbs as "showing his teeth," and accused him of wanting to see Blythe hanged.

TRIAL WILL BE CONCLUDED TO-DAY.

The trial will probably be concluded to-day. The evidence for the prosecution is all in, and this morning Mr. Robinette will place Blythe in the witness box to testify how drunk he was on that evening. The only other evidence will be as character. Mr. Justice Magee presided. The Crown was represented by Mr. George Tate Blackstock, K. C., and the defence by Mr. T. C. Robinette, K. C.

Mr. Blackstock's determination not to take a chance with any of the jurors on Thursday night brought in a verdict of manslaughter against Mrs. Mabel Turner, on trial for murder, was shown in his challenges of any of the jurors who served on the Turner jury. Seven of them were included in this morning's panel, but Mr. Blackstock asked his Lordship that they be excused from service.

The charge against Blythe, of murdering his wife Amelia, at their home in Scarborough township last January, was then read, and the prisoner's plea of not guilty accepted.

Mr. Blackstock briefly summarized the case for the jury, bringing out the principal facts of the killing of Mrs. Blythe, as the Crown will show them in the evidence to follow.

"I THINK I'VE KILLED MY WIFE."

Malcolm Walker, a neighbor of Walter Blythe, was the first witness called when the trial was re-opened this morning. Walker told of his acquaintance with Blythe, and of meeting him near his home on the night of the murder. The prisoner was then in a very nervous condition.

The witness was then cross-examined by Mr. Robinette.

"I wish you would come out to my house," he said. "I think I've killed my wife."

"When you went over to the house you saw him pick up a jug and drink?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that was a jug of hard cider?"

"Yes."

"And you could plainly see that he had been drinking?"

"He was pretty intoxicated." "Yes, that's true."

"You said at the former trial that he was drunk. That was true, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes, he was drunk, all right," replied witness.

Mr. Blackstock then took the witness. "When the prisoner saw his wife lying there he realized that she was dead, or in a very serious condition?"

"Yes, he did. He said, 'Poor Milly.' Elizabeth Walker, daughter of the preceding witness, was then called. She testified that she spoke to Blythe after he had killed his wife and the prisoner said: "My poor children! What kind of a home have they had? I've had lots to put up with." Witness had asked Blythe why he committed the deed, but got no answer.

Mr. Robinette—When you saw him he was mumbling away. You could plainly see he was drunk?"

"Oh, yes, I could see that," agreed witness. Miss Walker said Blythe was unsteady on his feet.

Constable William Hobbs, the county officer who arrested Blythe, was the first witness in the afternoon. He related the circumstances leading up to the arrest.

"Yes, I would," answered the witness.

"Would that cider intoxicate?"

"No, I don't think it would."

"Wouldn't two gallons make him drunk?"

"I don't know," said the constable, guardedly, "whether he drank two gallons or not."

"Ah," exclaimed the counsel, "showing your teeth, are you? Do you want to hang this man?" he demanded. "You do, do you? You were at this meeting at Agincourt, weren't you—this meeting that wanted this man hung?"

"I was," said the witness, stoutly, "but I didn't have anything to say, and I was only there for a few minutes."

Mr. Robinette used the expression "showing your teeth," again, and his Lordship, on Mr. Blackstock's objection, ruled that it should not be repeated.

Witness said he thought Blythe was slightly under the influence of liquor. Hobbs was then re-examined by Mr. Blackstock.

"Did you ask Blythe if he had been drinking?"

"Yes. He wanted to stop at a tavern as I was bringing him to the jail. I wouldn't let him, and asked him if he had had any whiskey. He said no, but that he had some cider at the house."

Wm. H. Patterson, Deputy Reeve of Scarborough township, said he was at Blythe's house when the prisoner was taken there by Constable Hobbs.

"I want you to give the jury your opinion of the extent the prisoner was under the influence of liquor," instructed Mr. Blackstock.

"It is pretty hard to describe it," said witness. "He was talking a little louder than usual. He had the appearance of being slightly intoxicated."

Mr. Robinette then suggested an adjournment, stating that he intended to put his client in the witness box, and that his evidence would take some time. The jury was locked up for the night.

CAN'T CARRY GUNS.

Foreigners Not Allowed to Hunt in Pennsylvania.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 22.—Through the thick-headedness of the Pennsylvania law-makers, educated Canadians and Englishmen who always have been looked upon in the State as desirable citizens, are unable to enjoy the hunting privileges of the State, just because one of the members of the Legislature last season introduced a bill, which later became a law, prohibiting foreigners from carrying firearms.

When introduced this law was aimed at uneducated "hunkies," thousands of whom are employed in the mills of this district, and it was thought that the law would prevent many of the murders so prevalent among the lower class of foreigners.

To-day, however, it was found that the law had a far different effect when Benjamin Matthews, an educated Englishman, who has lived in this section for the past ten years, a taxpayer and a model citizen in every way, except that he has not been naturalized, while hunting was arrested by a constable, and under the latest enactment was taken before a justice of the peace and was sent to jail for thirty-five days. While it is likely that the law will be amended or repealed at the next session of the Legislature, until then it will not be wise for an Englishman or Canadian to endeavor to hunt in Pennsylvania, as the income of the country constable is enhanced by the arrests he makes.

GIRL'S DEATH.

Jury Find Susan Clark's Death Resulted From Criminal Operation.

St. Catharines, Oct. 22.—After an adjournment of three weeks the inquest on the death of Susan Clark, the Napanee girl who died in the hospital here, was resumed to-night. The jury found the deceased came to her death from the effects of a criminal operation performed by some person in Niagara Falls, N. Y., whose identity is unknown. The jury recommended that owing to the prevalence of crimes of this nature and the international aspect of this case, the authorities of both countries should in conjunction use more stringent methods to bring the guilty parties to justice.

No further evidence was offered to-night. Several Toronto witnesses were notified to be present, but they failed to appear. The Crown attorney, acting on the decision in the Kinrade case that a coroner's subpoena was inoperative outside the county, saw no need of prolonging the inquiry. The absence of an ante-mortem statement of the girl precluded the possibility of any evidence that would convict any person under the laws of the State of New York, where the offence undoubtedly took place.

INTO MACHINE.

Charles Burke Killed in a Factory at Belleville.

Belleville, Oct. 22.—A terrible accident occurred in the plant of the Belleville Iron & Horseshoe Company some time between 5 and 6 o'clock to-night, when a young man named Charles Burke, this city, seventeen years of age, was instantly killed by being drawn into the machine used for straightening old tires from the scrap mill. No one saw the accident, and when discovered Burke was dead. He was engaged in feeding tires into the rollers, and the supposition is that he slipped and fell. His left arm was drawn into the rollers, crushing it into a pulp up to the shoulder. His chest was mangled, the side of his face cut, and his neck dislocated. Deceased was a son of Thos. Burke, of this city.

Wants Marriage Annulled.

Montreal, Oct. 22.—George Normandin, of the Inland Revenue Department, had instituted suit for the annulment of his marriage on religious grounds, Judge Bruchesi having already annulled the marriage so far as the Roman Catholic Church is concerned. Normandin married Emma F. Williams, a Protestant, in Detroit in June last, the plaintiff being a Catholic, and the ceremony was performed by a Protestant minister. The claim is that the marriage was illegal.

Note How Long It Lasts

A cake of Taylor's Infants' Delight Soap wears down thin as a wafer. The last bit lathers freely and is just as healing, mild and soothing as when the bar was first unwrapped.

It is expensive for us to make the soap this way. It means expensive machines, for each bar of Infants' Delight is subjected to a pressure of 60,000 pounds—thirty tons—to make sure that every bit of moisture is removed. By this expensive means alone can we produce the solid, compact bar which, beside being the safest and most soothing soap for baby's bath, is also the most lasting soap you can procure.

Infants' Delight Soap

is a favorite with mothers everywhere. It goes a long way toward keeping the little ones sweet tempered and sunny.

Decide to get this cake of goodness today.

10 Cents a Cake At All Druggists

John Taylor & Co., Ltd.

Toronto



The Thanksgiving Angel

BY MABEL L. STEWART

All the glories of Meadow Farm lay revealed in the crimson radiance of a late October sunset. The sugar bush was a blaze of orange and red and russet, that would have beggared a painter's palette. Long, smooth stretches of field and pasture land sloped gently toward the north. But the crowning glory of this magnificent heritage was the orchard, still a sheet of vivid green, reaching far to westward, the shewn of its luscious fruit gleaming through rustling leaves.

No wonder John Harcastle's heart swelled with pride as he stood gazing at the scene before him. Yet this very orchard was causing him considerable uneasiness at the moment. Like a certain rich man, he was at a loss where to bestow his goods—his immediate necessity being not barns, but barrels.

Fully half of the unparalled yield was already packed and shipped. The balance remained a prey to the elements, and to that pest surpassing the caterpillar plague—the Harleyville small boys.

Against these latter the farmer waged unceasing warfare, ably assisted therein by Big Mac, his factotum, an individual as cantankerous and embittered as himself. The miserliness of John Harcastle was a proverb throughout the countryside, apples from his orchard, therefore, were eaten with greater relish.

Now this ogre of Meadow Farm was neither old nor fearful to look upon. On the contrary, he was a tall, full-built man of forty, upon whose hand some face hardness and greed were sowing a promising crop of wrinkles. In a dim and distant past, it was rumored, he had been like other men, but that past was very remote. Church collections greeted him with a cheerless, unfeeling stare, and a stern, unyielding expression, and one only, had a kind word for the miser, who lived in dismal solitude in the great lonely house at Meadow Farm.

As Harcastle leaned over his gate in the gathering twilight, a rambunctious fuggly rattled up the road and came to a halt before him. "Well, John, my boy, your lines have fallen in pleasant places. Apples in yet?"

Harcastle's cold face softened. It was the minister, his only friend in this tried world—the one man who knew his story and sympathized.

"Just half of them in, sir," he retorted, pleasantly. "I expect to have a bad time to-morrow and Monday with those hooligans."

The minister fixed his searching eyes full on Harcastle's face. He was a little bent, old man, with a halo of snowy hair, and the light of a celestial City shining on his countenance.

"You will have a great deal to be thankful for on Monday, John," he said slowly, waving his hand toward the bountiful acres. "And yet I do not envy you," he added, half to himself, as he lunched his threadbare overcoat more closely around his throat, and drove away toward the dusk toward the sunset.

The farmer removed his pipe and stared after him in blank amazement. "Not envy him, the reputed millionaire of Harleyville! It was incredible." His face was almost gentle as he watched the retreating figure. "Poor old Mr. Thorpe," he murmured; "overworked and underpaid; brought up on those bog, luscious boys and girls on his starvation salary; church ought to be ashamed."

Yet it never occurred to him to help the struggling little church, striving vainly for a bare existence. Every Christmas he presented the minister with a crisp ten-dollar bill; there his giving began and ended.

"Tis lonesome here at times," he mused, turning back toward the house; "not a soul but Mac for company." And, as all the world knew, Macdonald was a man of few words, those words being always to the point, and, at times, a trifle beyond it.

The Saturday before Thanksgiving was the clearest, sunniest day of a lovely October. In the afternoon Harcastle shouldered his gun, and called his sculls to heel, set off through the orchard to the bush. An afternoon in the woods was his one dissipation. To-day he promised himself a glorious treat.

Macdonald, with two dogs, was deputed to watch the orchard, and woe betide the small boy who came within range of his eagle eye. Harcastle felt almost happy as he strode through the avenues of trees. "The fruit was safe under Mac's protection, and"—he stopped short, gasping with astonishment. There on the boundary wall was an unchord of some seven summers deliberately descending into his orchard before his very eyes.

"Get out of her this instant!" roared the farmer, justly indignant at such unprecedented impudence. Church bells tolled, the archer, utterly unabashed, tossed his curly head and advanced steadily in the direction of the fruit trees.

Harcastle was stung to madness by this open defiance. Again he issued his stentorian command, and again it went unheeded. Blind with rage, he raised his gun and levelled it at the intruder, intending to give him a well-merited fright. At that instant the collar, seeming danger, sprang upon his master. A sharp report, a little cry, and the stillness of death settled down upon the peaceful orchard.

The farmer strode forward in speechless horror. Yes, there lay the child, a crumpled heap on the soft, brown leaves, leaving a sweet-faced man in white uniform in charge of the sick-room. John was waiting for her in the library, and her heart beat wildly at the thought of the meeting. Her blue eyes were glowing as she laid her fingers on the door handle. With her flushed cheeks and smiling lips, she looked more like the girl John had known so many years ago, than a sedate woman of eight-and-thirty.

Slowly she pushed open the door and stood hesitating on the threshold. John was standing under the chandelier. He heard her coming. Suddenly he held out his arms, the love of a life-time shining from his eyes. "Josephine, can you forgive me?" he cried.

"Forgive you?" murmured Josephine, as she hid her face on his shoulder. "Why, there's nothing to forgive! But, oh, what we have suffered all these years. John had only known in white uniform in charge of the sick-room. John was waiting for her in the library, and her heart beat wildly at the thought of the meeting. Her blue eyes were glowing as she laid her fingers on the door handle. With her flushed cheeks and smiling lips, she looked more like the girl John had known so many years ago, than a sedate woman of eight-and-thirty.



and reasoning Josephine into a more reasonable frame of mind. "He's all I have in the world," she kept reiterating; "Laddie is all I have to live for."

"Just think of John for a moment," urged the minister. "He hasn't a friend; his money is a curse to him; your marriage with North embittered him beyond belief. If you could forgive him now, Josephine, it might make a good man of him. Think how he must feel about this terrible accident."

Josephine thought a moment. "John doesn't want my forgiveness," she said, bitterly. "He has never forgiven me for jilting him for a few paltry dollars—as he imagined."

"The minister started to his feet. "Do you mean to say you have never told him your reason? You have let him believe that lie for twenty years?"

Josephine nodded. "My husband made me swear a solemn oath never to reveal my reason for marrying him. You guessed the truth—that is all."

"The unspeakable scoundrel!" muttered the minister beneath his breath. "Yes, I guessed the reason. Heber North held mortgages on your house, land, even on your furniture. He was determined to have you for his wife, and threatened to foreclose and turn your parents out of house and home if you refused to marry him. John was poor at that time; you had no friend to turn to. In order to save your father and mother from sorrow you broke your engagement with John and married this man. But I never dreamt the infamous villain (pardon my plain-speaking) had taken your oath of secrecy. No wonder John is hard and embittered. But my tongue is not tied." And before Josephine could realize his intention he had hurried from the room.

In a few moments he returned, his face glowing with happiness. Josephine, looking at him, thought that the Man of Nazareth lived anew in the soul of this beautiful disciple.

"My child," he cried, taking both her hands, "the verdict is life! Laddie is not going to leave us, after all. And," he added, triumphantly, "I have told John everything."

It was some time later when Josephine descended the broad staircase, leaving a sweet-faced man in white uniform in charge of the sick-room. John was waiting for her in the library, and her heart beat wildly at the thought of the meeting. Her blue eyes were glowing as she laid her fingers on the door handle. With her flushed cheeks and smiling lips, she looked more like the girl John had known so many years ago, than a sedate woman of eight-and-thirty.

Slowly she pushed open the door and stood hesitating on the threshold. John was standing under the chandelier. He heard her coming. Suddenly he held out his arms, the love of a life-time shining from his eyes. "Josephine, can you forgive me?" he cried.

"Forgive you?" murmured Josephine, as she hid her face on his shoulder. "Why, there's nothing to forgive! But, oh, what we have suffered all these years. John had only known in white uniform in charge of the sick-room. John was waiting for her in the library, and her heart beat wildly at the thought of the meeting. Her blue eyes were glowing as she laid her fingers on the door handle. With her flushed cheeks and smiling lips, she looked more like the girl John had known so many years ago, than a sedate woman of eight-and-thirty.

A moment later Macdonald burst into the room with a weather-stained wallet in his hand. "Here's yer paltry thousand dollars that ye was playin' football with in the orchard," he said, acridly. Then, giving a disgusted glance at the occupants of the room, he departed with undignified haste.

The next intruder was Mr. Thorpe, whose silver head appeared for an instant in the doorway, then hastily withdrew.

"Mr. Thorpe!" called Harcastle. "We have an important request to make."

"Yes," replied the little minister, re-appearing.

"We have waited twenty years, and now we want you to marry us on Thanksgiving Day."

Mr. Thorpe was beaming with joy. "Certainly, my boy," he said, heartily; "I shall be delighted."

"And we want you to accept this wal-

let as a little remembrance of the occasion," continued John.

"The minister took the proffered wallet, quite unsuspecting of the magnitude of its contents. "The first thing I shall buy will be a new overcoat," he said, laughing.

"Do, I beg of you," implored John. "That overcoat has been eating its way into my soul for the past ten years. And will you kindly give this cheque to the managers after the service to-morrow. Twenty years in arrears—just think of it. Now," he added, thoughtfully, "how shall I get rid of those apples? Ha! I have it!"

Mr. Thorpe was staring in speechless amazement at the cheque. Yes, there were five figures—that was certain.

Next morning the high road before the Harcastle gates was blocked with a noisy, jostling crowd of the future "Lords of Creation."

"Read it out, Bill," cried one, unfortunately, who had not been able to get within seeing distance. Bill read in a trembling voice:

"All the boys and girls of Harleyville are invited to come this (Thanksgiving) afternoon at 1 o'clock, and remove all the apples from the Meadow Farm orchard. Come early, and bring your friends. Every apple must be removed before six o'clock."

"(Signed) John Harcastle and Laddie North."

"I say," queried one suspicious visitor from the city, "does he want 't' git us all there together and shoot the bunch 't' one?"

"No," retorted his country cousin, scornfully; "paw says Harcastle's on the square, if it is a mighty small square. But, maw, she says the Thanksgivin' Angel's got 'im."

Prescott, Ont.

FOUGHT WITH WIND.

H. Latham's Daring Aeroplane Flight at Blackpool.

Blackpool, Eng., Oct. 22.—The capabilities of the aeroplane in the hands of a daring pilot were exemplified here to-day, when Hubert Latham, the French aviator, gave an exhibition that first entertained and then terrified the spectators. In a monoplane Latham battled against a gale that was blowing thirty miles an hour, twice circling the course. As the machine struggled in the teeth of the gale it appeared at times to stand still in the air. When, however, Latham came about in the wind the monoplane was driven at a rate estimated to be between eighty and one hundred miles an hour.

At one time he barely escaped being carried out to sea, and the crowd, which had been worked up to a high pitch of excitement, ceased to cheer, and besought the aviator to come down. When Latham did alight he was not permitted to attempt a further flight while the wind continued high.

REPORTS AMENDED.

Russell Didn't Want Prospective Customers to be Misled.

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 22.—During the cross-examination of W. L. Russell, the mining broker and banker of Lima, Ohio, before United States Commissioner Walther to-day, an encounter between Russell and Judge Francis J. Wing, attorney for the Canadian authorities, was narrowly averted. Questions as to two reports of the mining engineer, Magee, were fired at Russell in such perplexing number by Wing that the witness was several times at a loss for an answer.

His confusion was brought to a climax when Russell, following a question as to why he had made the original draft of a report, changing the number of men sent in by Magee, rose from his chair and asked in a loud voice: "What are you trying to do, Judge? Mix me up? You can't do that, you know."

Judge Wing replied by ordering the witness into his seat, at the same time reproaching him. Russell's face flamed and he continued to talk in a high voice. Attorney Tolles interposed and succeeded in restoring quiet.

The point Wing tried to bring out by cross-examination was that Russell himself had not only written and gathered work on the properties, but that he had sent it to newspapers in Ontario and throughout Canada and the United States, knowing it to be false.

Russell contended that he had made the amended report so that there would be no misleading of prospective customers. He said, furthermore, that he knew of the use of the report in newspapers only once.

It is expected that the testimony of D. T. Hughes, one of the original owners of the claims transferred to Russell, and by him turned over to Law & Co., will bear out that of Russell in many particulars. There is little hope of the hearing being concluded this week.

MANITOBA APPLES

Orchards in Neighborhood of Morden Have Produced Fine Crop.

Winnipeg, Oct. 22.—For several years past experiments in apple growing have been consistently carried on in the neighborhood of Morden, Man., and have conclusively proven that apples can be grown in this province. There are twenty orchards in that district, all bearing well this year, and the products cannot be beaten for size, flavor and general excellence. There are said to be seventy-five varieties of fruit.

He Fell Among Thieves.

Montreal, Oct. 22.—Arthur Parker, of Toronto, who intended to be a passenger on the Allan liner Corsican, leaving for Liverpool this morning, went out with a couple of casual acquaintances here last night and fell among thieves. Just after the vessel left the dock this morning he turned up on the wharf minus \$75 and other valuables. He will go on the Ionian for Glasgow to-morrow.

Galt Man Fractured His Skull.

Galt, Ont., Oct. 22.—John Blainey, a moulder, who boards at the Market Hotel, fell down the stairs leading to the cellar to-night, sustaining a fracture of the base of the skull. When picked up blood was pouring from his eyes, nose and mouth and he was unconscious. He was removed in the ambulance to the hospital.

Recommended As An Ideal Remedy



W. S. BOND, Esq. Lloydton, Ont., March 10th, 1909.

"For some years I have been greatly troubled with headaches and indigestion, brought on by stomach disorders, constipation and biliousness. I had tried many remedies with only indifferent success, until 'Fruit-a-tives' came to my notice. Being a general store-keeper, I was selling a good many 'Fruit-a-tives' to my customers and, remarking how pleased they were with the results obtained from using 'Fruit-a-tives,' I decided to try them and, I might say, the effects were almost magical. Headaches and biliousness disappeared and to-day I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to my customers as 'An ideal remedy.'"

"I might also add that about three years ago I was laid up with LUMBAGO AND SCIATICA—couldn't get out of bed or lift one foot over the other. A good treatment of 'Fruit-a-tives' cured me of these pains and banished the Sciatica and Lumbago so that to-day I am as well as ever and can lift anything necessary."

(Signed) W. S. BOND.

BARN BURNED.

Lantern Exploded While Farmer Was Doing His Chores.

Peterboro, Ont., Oct. 22.—While Edward Feely, a farmer, residing about five miles north of this city, was doing his chores last night his lantern exploded, setting fire to the hay, and the barn with all his grain, hay and implements was burned, nothing being saved but a team of horses. The barn was the property of Mr. J. T. O'Connell, of this city.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Sunday meeting at the Y. W. C. A. will be held as usual at 4:15. The speaker will be Mrs. (Dr.) Sillcox. Her subject, "The Talents." All girls are welcome. Tea will be served at the close.

All girls should join the fancy work class held every Wednesday evening. The kinds of fancy work taught in the evening shirt waist class is now full, but the ladies' afternoon shirt waist class will be opened Nov. 1. There is still room for a few ladies in this class.

Miss Little of Toronto, the Dominion secretary, spent an hour in this city yesterday looking over the new building. She was delighted with it. The Stuart street branch of the Y. W. C. A. will open on Nov. 1. Classes will be held there every Monday evening in fancy work, literature and physical culture. This branch is intended to reach those girls who are too far north for the central work. The work will be in charge of the general secretary who will attend every Monday evening. A large attendance is looked for.

A WOMAN'S EDITION.

On Saturday, November 6, the regular edition of the Colonist, of Victoria, B. C., will be edited by the Provincial vice-president of the National Council of Women of Canada for British Columbia, assisted by prominent women workers of the coast, who will edit special departments, and also by the leading members of the International and National Councils, including her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, her Excellency the Countess Grey, Lady Edgerton, Lady Drummond, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, and many others of recognized name and ability.

It is estimated that the cost of reconstructing the burned portion of the Parliament buildings will be \$250,000.

When an undue amount of nervous energy is used in the brain there is certain to be failure in the other functions of the body.

Digestion is imperfect—the head aches—you cannot sleep—you become nervous and irritable—you are easily excited and quickly tired—your memory fails and you cannot concentrate the mind.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is a creator of new, rich, red blood and hence a builder-up of the nervous system.

Being mild and gentle in action it is especially suited as a food for the nervous system at the critical period in life when important physiological changes are taking place. But you must look out for imitations. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is sold by all druggists, or by direct order from Dr. A. W. Chase, Boston & Co., Toronto.

When an undue amount of nervous energy is used in the brain there is certain to be failure in the other functions of the body.

Digestion is imperfect—the head aches—you cannot sleep—you become nervous and irritable—you are easily excited and quickly tired—your memory fails and you cannot concentrate the mind.