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# HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Great and sorrowful changes had happened to Lady Florence Wyverne since she stood on the sunlit lawn of Severn Castle, feeding the white doves that fluttered around her.

Never was any fate more full of startling contrasts than hers. Brought up in the midst of unbounded extravagance and unlimited indulgence, she had never known a wish ungratified. The late earl had been a prodigal all his life. The establishment he kept up at the castle was magnificent. There were whole troops of domestic servants, and carriages, and horses almost without number, and profusion reigned alike in the hall and the kitchen; no one ever looked after anything; and of this extravagance and unlimited household Lady Florence had been sole mistress almost from the time she had been able to walk.

True, there was a sturdy old house-keeper, even as there was a butler and a steward; but the chief occupation of the servants at Severn Castle seemed to be, in plain and perhaps somewhat vulgar English, what is generally known as "feathering their own nest." The earl himself seldom, if ever, came to Severn; he was engaged in a round of dissipation and pleasure that emptied his well-filled coffers rapidly.

The end of his career came at last, and Lord Wyverne awoke from a long dream of folly and indulgence, to find himself old, feeble and ruined. Of his large fortune nothing remained. The estate, which was entailed, was already plunged into debt and difficulties. The sale of every personal effect he had in the world would not clear it; and, worst of all, no provision had been made for his beautiful young daughter. At his death, when Severn Castle passed into the hands of his heir, the poor girl would be homeless and penniless.

It was this fact that tortured him above all others when he came to his senses, but he was powerless to help himself. It was then too late to undo the evil he had done. The last few months of his life were embittered by this knowledge; it shortened his days, and Lady Florence knew nothing of the dark future that lay before her until she stood by her father's death-bed. Then he confessed his folly and his crime; but he knew not where to turn to find a friend for his unfortunate child. He had not one. Men had drunk and gambled with him, and had taken his money in debt, but there was not one among his old companions to whom he could now turn in his hour of bitter need.

Lady Florence was even more friendless; she had spent her life at the castle, and no one visited there. The only relation she had was Lady Blake; some distant cousin of the earl's, who still in England—the Duke of Hinton—a little refused to acknowledge the prodigal prodigal during his life, and they refused to assist his daughter after his death. The next heir, the present Earl of Wyvern, was young, and a mere parricidal disposition. His disinterested taking possession of the title and estates was deep and bitter. He spoke of the late earl as of an unprincipled, dishonest man who had wronged him, and whose life had been a disgrace to the name of his family.

Something like pity seized him when he saw the young girl bid farewell to the stately home where she had so long reigned as queen. But she passed out of his life, and he was easily consoled for the slight pain he suffered.

Lady Blake offered the friendless orphan a home; but the bread of dependence is proverbially bitter, and that of Lady Blake was of the bitterest. Years and years ago she had imagined herself wronged in some business matters by the dead earl. She had never forgiven him, and she found no better subject of conversation with which to entertain this unhappy daughter than the constant abuse of her father's memory.

Lady Florence endured it for a time, but she had tenderly loved this poor, prodigal father, and her heart bled at every fresh taunt and insult heaped upon him.

"Do as I do," she cried to herself. "At least, they might spare him now. At least," she cried to herself. Then the poor child went to Lady Blake, and begged her to refrain from a subject that caused her so much pain. Her lordship's anger at what she was pleased to call such impertinent interference was unbounded; she spoke angrily at poor Lady Florence, taunting her with her dependence and her poverty.

Then the child, for she was little more, found herself alone in her sorrow; her thoughts flew to Lord Wyverne, and she longed in her grief for a kind, sympathizing word from one who had been a friend; but he made no sign. She heard he was married, and she said to herself bitterly that he was in happiness and prosperity had forgotten her. But to continue at Lady Blake's was an impossibility.

"There is no help for it," said Lady Florence. "I must do as other girls have done before me. I must work for my living."

She knew where her old singing master, Signor Bacchi, resided. In her despair she went to him and asked his assistance.

"Find me something to do," she cried. "I will teach, work or beg, but remain with Lady Blake I cannot."

Signor Bacchi was too astounded for speech. When last he had seen this young girl, she was mistress of Severn Castle, a whole retinue of what he called "pampered menials" at her command. Her face was fair, and bright and beautiful as a fresh June rose. She was magnificently dressed, and bore herself with easy dignity. Now the young girl was pale and tear-stained; the heavy mourning dress was neither

elegant nor becoming; and to complete the wonder, she stood before him, homeless, friendless, penniless and asking for his aid to gain a livelihood.

No wonder that he stood for some moments in silent wonder, torn between speech, and then seizing the little white hands, that he had once seen sparkling with jewels, bathed them with honest, sympathizing tears.

It seemed like a miracle, he said, that he should know of something which might suit his honored young lady. By a strange coincidence, a lady whose daughter he taught asked him three days ago if he could find a travelling companion for herself and her two daughters, who were going to Italy. The lady was Mrs. Caldwell, the widow of a rich city merchant.

It was agreed between them that Signor Bacchi should name Miss Wyverne as a lady in every way suited for what Mrs. Caldwell required. Lady Florence begged him to forget her title, and not to mention anything of her rank or her former life.

"There will be no need," she said, gently. "No one will write to me—no one knows anything about me, or cares whether I am alive or dead."

Mrs. Caldwell was much pleased with the signor's description of Miss Wyverne. "The chief point is that she should be refined and well bred," she said. "My daughters, moving as they do in the highest society, could not endure anything else."

The singing master smiled as he contemplated the red faces of the Misses Caldwell and remembered the fair loveliness of Lady Florence. Mrs. Caldwell begged that the young lady would call on the following day; so, in compliance with her wish, the young girl went early in the afternoon to Hyde Park Square.

Mrs. Caldwell was puzzled and surprised at Miss Wyverne's behavior. She manifested neither surprise nor embarrassment when that lady received her in the grandest manner in a drawing-room that seemed one blaze of gilt and mirrors. She passed her examination creditably, flushing the while, poor child! at the strange questions asked her. She could speak French and Italian fluently. She had never filled a similar position; and she was living at present with a distant relative. When she said something about references, Mrs. Caldwell smiled, and said that Signor Bacchi's word was quite sufficient.

The interview ended satisfactorily. Mrs. Caldwell would start for Italy on the thirtieth. If Miss Wyverne could join her two days previous to that time, it would be quite sufficient.

"You will not object, Miss Wyverne," said the lady, as Florence rose to take her leave, "to giving my daughters a little instruction in Italian. Unfortunately, they know nothing of it," and so I am obliged to take a travelling companion. Lady Florence declared her willingness to do anything that Mrs. Caldwell desired.

"I think I have made a bargain there," said the astute lady, as the door closed upon her visitor. "She will take all the trouble of our hands—teach the girls, and use of great use to me. The thing is, that Maria and Julia may think her too handsome; but they must be reasonable. One cannot have everything."

At the appointed time Miss Wyverne made her appearance. She brought with her to Hyde Park Square two well-filled boxes, for she had dresses in abundance. The first contempt that occurred was her ignorance of the exact position of the centre of the young ladies were not visible when she arrived. Mrs. Caldwell received her kindly, and informed her that the dinner bell would ring in half an hour. Although the house was partially upset, and the young ladies besieged in packing, Florence nevertheless engaged in packing, Florence nevertheless engaged in packing, Florence nevertheless engaged in packing.

One morning Mrs. Caldwell asked Florence to go to the bank for her. The girls did not know she was absent, and went to her room as usual. Mrs. Caldwell, they rapped, but no answer came. Maria opened the door, and entered boldly, saying that Miss Wyverne ought to be ready for her duties at the appointed time. The room was in its usual tidy state, but one of the boxes always kept there hung something that looked like a mixture of exquisite blue satin and white lace.

Maria looked and hesitated. Julia looked at her, then both sisters gazed at each other, and then both sisters gazed at each other, and then both sisters gazed at each other.

"Whatever that is," said Maria at last, "it will be quite spoiled. I will replace it. It is no other than Miss Wyverne leaves things untidy."

She raised the blue satin; it was the sleeve of a richly-trimmed dress. Maria forgot all else. In her curiosity she drew out the remainder, and found one of the most elegant evening dresses she had ever seen, trimmed with seed-pearls and pointed lace. She held it up before her astonished sister, and they both gazed for some minutes in unfeigned admiration.

"How beautiful! how exquisite!" cried Julia. "I never saw anything so elegant."

"What in the world," said Maria, "can it be? In Miss Wyverne's position what with a dress like this? It must have cost a fabulous sum."

It had indeed; it was one of the last presents which the poor old earl had made to his idolized daughter. She had never worn it, and did not like to part with it.

"Where could Miss Wyverne have found the money to buy this? I tell you what, Julia," continued Maria, solemnly, "there is something not right about her; I have always felt sure of it. I shall warn mamma, instantly, and she must get rid of her. Come with me now."

## CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

You can painlessly remove any corn, hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scars, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balsam. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists and bottle. Refuse substitutes.

are heiresses, remember, while she is only a companion."

"I shall take good care that she remembers her position," said Maria; "those kind of people are always presuming. Now, remember, mamma, she must be taught to know her place and keep it."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Whatever were the trials and difficulties of her new life, Florence resolved to bear them bravely. The great sting of all was removed—no one spoke ill of her dead father. Her warm, loving heart was not wounded a hundred times each day by allusion to his faults and the wrong he had done to everyone.

With Mrs. Caldwell she would have been, comparatively speaking, happy; but the young ladies were jealous and envious. The journey to Rome was not unpleasant. To Florence it was one dream of delight; she forgot the petty vexations, the little miseries of her English life, and she was realizing one of her wildest hopes; she was travelling to that "land of beauty and of song" of which she had dreamed from the time when she had been a child.

They reached Rome in safety. Many English people were always present, and Mrs. Caldwell's position, and her rank and position; Mrs. Caldwell's position, and her rank and position; Mrs. Caldwell's position, and her rank and position.

"Nothing second-rate, mamma," said Maria, who was the leading spirit of the family; "remember, everything depends upon the set we get into first. It must be a good one, if we wait six months."

Both sisters and mother agreed in this. Their brightest hopes were placed upon the Hon. Mrs. Godwin, to whom they bore a special letter of introduction. She received them kindly, was civil to Mrs. Caldwell and her daughters, and seemed to grow fond of Florence, who was a good girl, if we wait six months.

"Who in the world is that companion of yours?" she said one day to the merchant's widow. "What a beautiful, practical face she has! Where did she come from?"

Mrs. Caldwell explained with some little pride that she had been recommended to her by Signor Bacchi. She was an orphan, who had been living as a companion with some relative. Mrs. Godwin looked thoughtful, and said nothing. In her own mind she had already condemned the Caldwell's as parvenus, and decided that Florence had been accustomed to the best society.

Day by day Maria and Julia disliked Florence more and more. They disliked her because of the attention she excited. People praised her looks, her manner, her voice, the perfect ease and grace with which she spoke Italian. The Misses Caldwell, in their own minds, turned her designing and under-bred. They reminded her constantly of their difference in the position, and spoke of the "duties" of "persons of her position," and of the "unwilling patience" with which she bore it all might have disarmed them.

"You might really have found a companion, mamma," was Julia's dutiful remark, "who would have been useful to you in knowing other people. Many ladies, highly connected, and of good family, would be glad to enjoy the advantages Miss Wyverne does, and they would have introduced us to their friends, you know."

But Mrs. Caldwell liked the beautiful, gentle girl, who was always amiable and pleasant with her.

Florence, owing to the good nature of Mrs. Caldwell, had a little room of her own. The sisters intruded there sometimes, under different pretexts; they were in reality very curious to see the contents of the boxes that the young girl always kept locked.

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dear," remonstrated Mrs. Caldwell, mildly.

"Nonsense, mamma!" cried Julia. "Who in their senses would give a dress like that to a companion—it is fitted for a duchess. Depend upon it, there is something wrong about her; and you will regret it if you do not get rid of her."

"Well, if I must, I must," sighed the mother; "but she is really very useful. But say nothing about it to-day—we are going with the Godwins to the Colosseum. Leave it until this evening, and I will speak to her then."

Satisfied that they should at length get rid of a rival, the Misses Caldwell were restored to something like good humor. They said very little to Florence when she returned, while she, who had often been puzzled by their conduct before, wondered at the malicious yet triumphant looks with which they regarded her. Finally at the appointed time they called at the Godwins', and then proceeded to the Colosseum.

The elderly ladies seated themselves near one of the ruined arches, overgrown with grass and shrubs; the younger ones sat with them for a time, intending to sketch afterward. The conversation, as usual with the Godwins, turned upon the aristocracy then in Rome. Florence soon tired of it, and wandered some little distance to the entrance of a corridor, and stood there, leaning against the balustrade. Miss Caldwell smiled contemptuously to herself, thinking her companion was "attitudinizing."

"The best people now in Rome," said the Honorable Mrs. Godwin, oracularly, "are the Lynnes—Lord Lynne, his wife, and sister. I am told that Lady Lynne has created quite a furor in London. She is wonderfully handsome, while her sister is the very ideal of a graceful, pretty English girl."

The Caldwell's listened intently and reverently. They loved many things, but none so dearly as a lord. They did not know one; they would have given anything to be able to speak, as Mrs. Godwin did, of lords and ladies—mentioning them with a familiarity that filled them with awe. To be really introduced to a lord, to speak to one, was the highest end and aim of the Caldwell's existence.

(To be continued.)

## WORK AND WORRY WEAKENS WOMEN

New Health and Strength Can be Had Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

It is useless to tell a hard working woman to take life easily and not to worry. But it is the duty of every woman to save her strength as much as possible; to take her cares as lightly as may be and to build up her system to meet any unusual demands. It is her duty to herself and to her family, for her future health depends upon it.

To guard against a complete breakdown in health the blood must be kept rich and red and pure. No other medicine does this so well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine actually makes new, red blood, strengthens the nerves, restores the appetite and keeps every organ healthy and toned up. Women cannot keep their strength and keep disease away by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have done more to lighten the cares of weak women than any other medicine.

Mr. James H. Ward, Lord's Cove, N. B., says: "About two years ago I suffered so much from nervous prostration that I was little better than a helpless wreck. I suffered from headaches and a constant feeling of dizziness. The least unusual move would startle me and my heart palpitated violently. I had little or no appetite and grew so weak that I was hardly able to drag myself about and could not do my household work. In every way I was in a deplorable condition. As the medicine I had been taking seemed to do me no good, my husband got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only been taking the pills for a couple of weeks when I seemed to feel somewhat better and this encouraged me to continue the treatment. From that on my strength gradually but surely returned and in the course of a few more weeks I was once more a well woman, able to do my own household work, and feeling better than I had done for years. I have since renewed well and I feel that I owe my good health to the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Every other weak, sickly, worn out woman should follow the example of Mrs. Ward and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These Pills will send new blood coursing through the veins and bring brightness and energy to the weak and despondent. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail for 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Patron—Are you the proprietor?  
Barker—I've only worked here an hour. Give me a chance.

Preparation.  
I understand that your friend has taken preliminary steps toward divorce.  
"Why, he was married only this morning."  
"Yes. That was what I had in mind."  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

WANTED MORE TIME.  
Patron—Are you the proprietor?  
Barker—I've only worked here an hour. Give me a chance.

Preparation.  
I understand that your friend has taken preliminary steps toward divorce.  
"Why, he was married only this morning."  
"Yes. That was what I had in mind."  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Chapped From Fingers To Elbows.

Boy's Agony Relieved by Zam-Buk.

If you are suffering from badly chapped hands you will be able to comprehend a little of the agony which Henry Walker, of 14 Manufacturers street, Montreal, endured before Zam-Buk gave him relief. His mother, teller of the case to a Press representative, said:

"Henry works with his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows, and passing from a warm room to the biting cold, as he was obliged to do, he got the worse case of chapped hands and skin I have ever seen. From his fingers to his elbows was one mass of raw flesh, with bad cracks here and there. Whenever he washed, it brought tears to his eyes, the pain was so acute. He tried several kinds of salves, but nothing relieved him really until he tried Zam-Buk. This balm seemed to take away the burning and smarting almost at once. The cracks began to heal, and a few applications of the balm cured him. His hands and arms are now smooth and soft."

"We have also used Zam-Buk for other emergencies. I sustained a burn on one of my hands. Zam-Buk took the fire out and healed up the sore. It really seems a wonderful household preparation."

"On one occasion my son Harry had his foot frozen. It was very swollen and discolored, but Zam-Buk both relieved the swelling and removed the discoloration. Zam-Buk is so handy and so effective that we shall always keep a supply handy."

Mr. Henry Walker, of Salisbury (Ont.), says: "Every winter I suffer from chapped hands, but I have found a cure in Zam-Buk. Applied at night, it keeps the cracks by morning, and takes away all the soreness."

Similar effects follow its use for eczema, scalds, sunburn, itching, ringworm, children's sores, cuts, burns and bruises. It also cures piles. All druggists and dealers in household goods sell it. Free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

## HANDBOOK FOR HUSBANDS.

Women Know How to be Curious, But Men Make Blunders.  
(N. Y. Sun.)

"Women are curious," said Uncle Henry, when he was quite sure. She was down at the other end of the flat. "What I mean is they have curiosity. Any fool knows they're curious, meaning queer."

"Yes, sir, they never take anything for granted. Men always do, that is, married men. They do if they know what's good for 'em. You hear me, son?"

"Now, take the man that ate the first oyster. He was a woman, more than likely. That is to say, she was probably a man. You know, 'twas a woman she it, or else she put him up to it. Probably got him to open the shell and then double dared him, same as Eve."

"Her desire to know whether it would poison him, together with his doubtless pride, laid the foundation to the immortal oyster fry in a box, of which young friend, she has been the midnight recipient ever since. See what I mean? He got the first oyster and she got the information and all the rest of the future oysters."

"And Richard the Lion Hearted, and Peter the Hermit and the 'twined red-tails' who wondered what Billy Penn wanted with their golf links; and Wiley Riley, and Gen. Isy Putnam and Cotton Mather, and Aguinaldo—how 'bout 'em? All curious, by gracious, and dodging bricks. That, he saw him, was probably 'see what I mean.' Max's got no business trying to be curious successfully. No, sir. Now take me. I'm not more than so on wondering about things. When I slip my foot and begin probing around I get min. You hear me, son?"

"I get min, plenty."

"Last Tuesday I think it was. I comes home along about the regular time feeling round about the usual way. I goes in and takes off my shoes, puts on my slippers and house coat and waits for the dinner bell."

"All right, Henry, soon it begins to ring. Up I gets and goes in to dinner. Like that. All right."

"Say, son, she had a layout there that was something neat and nobby. The hand that yields the ladle rules the truck full of references that smelled like chirography exhibits in a divorce suit. She had references in every language—but you can't eat references."

"But my wife is some cook herself. You know what she had done? She had chased the cook for the day and had got up the hime feed herself. Honest, son, I could have kicked myself for eating lunch."

"Henry," she says, 'sit down,' she says, 'and eat it all up,' she says, 'I cooked it for you.'

"Well, you know me. I started with a glass of water, and I was going strong when we passed the coffee and a piece of pie like mother couldn't make if she got the recipe direct from Mrs. Gabriel. When I romped across the finish line with a toothpick in one hand and a fin-ger bowl in the other I was so contented and peaceful I was bawling to the tune of 'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.'"

"Then chaos! Then the house of cards crumbled up into a landslide and got it good. At that psychological moment, as they say in the classics, I began to wonder why, wherefore and how in—the fact is I began to be curious."

"'Wife,' I says with difficulty on account of the too much feed, 'wife,' I says, 'accept the assurances of my esteemed consideration. You have done

yourself proud,' I says. And, prithee, I says, 'why this unusual but most delectable repast banquet?' I says. 'Did you expect company?' I says."

"No," she says, 'I didn't expect anything,' she says, 'and that is just what I got,' she says, like that, sort of disagreeable. 'It may interest you to know, Henry,' she says, like that, sort of disagreeable. 'It may interest you to know, Henry,' she says, 'that this is our wedding anniversary,' she says, 'or it may not, now you have eaten my lovely food and are not likely to get any more,' she says. 'You forgot our wedding day, Henry, and my feelings are hurt,' she says, 'so I sha'n't forget it ever,' she says."

"And she won't forget it, either. Neither will I. She's got it in for me now for fair. Too much curiosity, son."

"The only safe way for a man is to never open his mouth unless he's going to put something into it. The minute you let anything out you spoil the picture."

"When a man begins to ask his wife questions, just that minute he begins to make a noise like a goat."

## RUSSIA'S ANTI-KISSING LAW.

Cost an Actress Who Kissed Her Mother in a Street Car \$7.

Russia is ruled by rigorous laws. The irony and humor of some of them come home to the foreign onlooker, while of course the Russians feel only the whip hand. The latest victim of an anti-kissing in public law is a famous and all too impetuous Russian actress, Mile. Treppoff, who actually had the temerity to kiss her mother in a tramcar.

One would have thought even a magistrate or judge, or whoever administered cases of lawbreaking of that kind in Russia, would be melted by the beautiful picture of the reunion of a mother and daughter celebrated by a chaste salute, but Russia understands no jokes, says the Lady's Pictorial; the fine of ten rubles (25s. 6d.) for a kiss in public conveyances, such as railways and tramcars, was vigorously enforced.

A kiss in the street is penalized to the extent of seven rubles (17s. 10d.), and a declaration of love sent by postcard, if anybody is faced brave enough to do such a thing, is punished to the extent of five rubles (12s. 2d.). One would like to know if insult is heaped on injury and the fair recipient maltreated in damages if the declaration is sent without any address to identify the sender.

## DO JUST WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR THEM

That's What Joseph Macklin Says of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured His Neuralgia, Cramped Muscles and Heart Disease From Which He Had Suffered for Two Years.

St. Paul de Metis, Alta., Feb. 8.—(Special).—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me all that is claimed for them." So says Joseph Macklin, a well known farmer of this district. "I was ill for over six years with Neuralgia, Cramps in my muscles, Backache and Heart Disease. I called on different doctors but got no help. I heard that Dodd's Kidney Pills were meant for just such cases as mine and bought eight boxes of them. Now I feel just like a new man. I recommend them to all as a sure cure for Rheumatism and all troubles arising from diseased Kidneys."

## FRANK NELSON'S STORIES.

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

At a social gathering of newspapermen, Mr. Frank Nelson, the sporting editor of the Globe, told three excellent stories picked up on his tour with the Canadian Olympic lacrosse team.

One of the trains on which the team travelled in Ireland was exasperatingly slow. At the twelfth stop—which happened to be at a village station—the famous Joe Lally, of Cornwall, stuck his head out of the carriage window and asked of a railway guard:

"Say, old buck, when do we get to Sligo?"

"On the instant came the answer: 'Immediately after the engine, sorr.'"

Lally asked no more questions during the remainder of the journey.

In Dublin the Canadian visitors were driven around the city in janting cars. One of the drivers, pointing to a famous brewery, asked his "fars" if they wanted to go inside. It was worth visiting, he said. They declined his suggestion.

"Well," he said, regretfully, "I'm sorry, I tuk a party there yesterday, an' th' manager av' th' brewery axed me in."

Then he paused.

"Well, what happened?" asked one of the Canadians.

The driver smiled. "Oi drunk sivin pints av porter," he replied, "an' Oi cud a' had me fill av ut if Oi had been wanting to."

Mr. Nelson's final story was this: Willie, who lived with his mother in London, stuttered badly, being almost incoherent when excited. His mother was trying her own method of curing him. She sent him down the cellar one day to bring up some potatoes. He returned quickly, and greatly agitated.

"O-O-O!" he began.

"Now, Willie," said his mother, "you know wot I've aius told you. Don't try to speak when excited. Sit down and sing it."

Willie sat down.

"O-O-O—m-m-m," he began again.

"Stop!" cried his mother, sharply. Willie closed his mouth.

"Now," she went on, "sit you still till you are calm."

The boy waved his hands