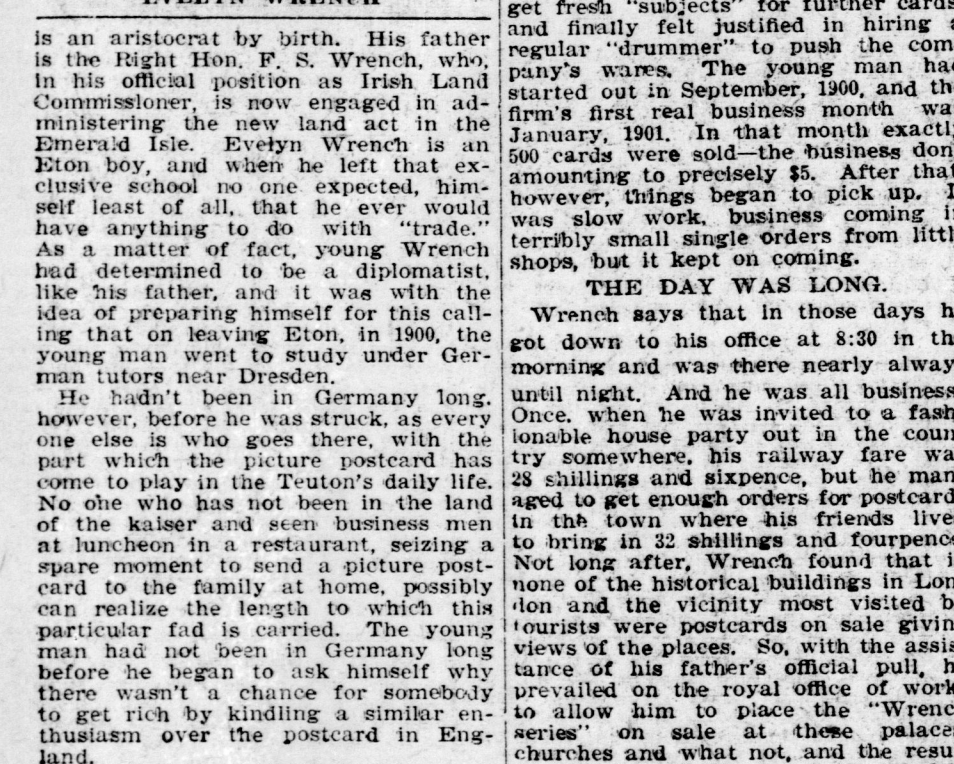
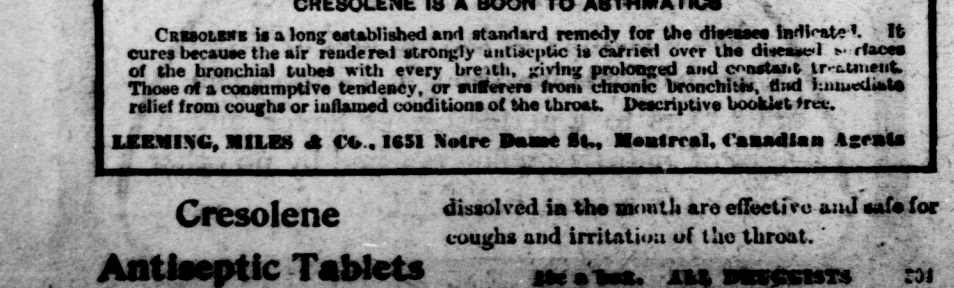


***How an English Boy Worked Up an Immense Business in Picture
Postal Cards—Came of Aristocratic Family, But
Not Afraid of Hard Work.***



Young Wrench's aristocratic mother and his father, who was a doctor, sent him, and the three had made quite a lengthy trip through Europe, finally arriving at Schandau, a small town on the Rhine-Swiss border. On a day which is a memorable one in Evelyn Wrench's calendar, he and his sister, Evelyn, were sitting on a bench and looking through some fascinatingly beautiful scenery. Both were enthusiastic, and they talked and talked, and then got some postcards of the district to send to England. Then the conversation turned on to the pictures that were made of such cards at home, and a few minutes afterwards the father, who had been talking about by announcing that he was going to "chuck" the whole business of getting the pictures, said to his children, "I am going to build up a business in picture postcards!"

Oddly enough, both young Wrench's sister and mother thought his idea a good one, and when the paternal right honorable arrived at Schandau, a few days later, he was not at all less fussy than might have been expected—once he found that his son was serious about the business, he couldn't do me any harm, even if I



A good deal more could be told about what was going on in the mind of the young man at this time. For instance, how he has to give up social life altogether, though he was so fond of it; how he has to give up his education on account of pressure of business. But this record must at best finish up with the things which are most likely to interest the young man himself on his success.

Asked the time-honored question as to whether or no he had any regrets, he said, "No, I have no regret," and then, after a pause, he gave the following answer: "I had a good fortune, Wrench said: 'I had a good idea to begin with, and I started to make it work.' I did not know my own fancy in this country. Then I tried hard, put my pride in my pocket and made it work." He then added, "It was great thing. And, between you and me," he went on, "I'm best pleased with my success." He then asked if he might say something more.

"Yes," he said, "I am very proud of my family. You know how strong the caste feeling is here and how comparatively few people are able to rise above their position. The satisfaction of feeling that though my people amount to something, I'm doing better than many others makes me proud of it."

Mary Malcolm's Life Was Measured by Days and Hours.

**Dodd's Kidney Pills Had Her
Able to be Out in
Week.**

Toronto, Jan. 29.—(Special).—The interest in medical circles here over the cures of Mrs. Adams, of Collingwood, and Mrs. Phillips, of Eglinton, of Bright's Disease, has been given a fresh fuel by another and yet more startling cure of that same terrible ailment. This latest case is that of a young girl, Mary Malcolm, who lives with her parents at 199 Marlborough Avenue, this city.

ious. Miss Malcolm was in the clutches of Bright's Disease from May until September, and had sunk so low that she was unable to move from her bed by herself. Hope had given place to uncertainty of death, and her friends and neighbors had turned to the sad task of preparing her grave. But the doctors, who had been called in, said that her kidneys and garments are now in the house, but that Miss Malcolm is a strong, hearty maiden who can look on them without even a shudder. The doctors said that the Pills effected the change. Here is the story as told by the girl's mother, Mrs. W. Malcolm:

"My daughter Mary who is now forty-four years old, was taken suddenly ill with Bright's Disease in May, 1902. We had the doctor and continued to give her the best of medical treatment, but she said he could do nothing more for her. She was so swollen with Dropsy that she almost recognized him. At this time we learned of Dodd's Kidney Pills and as a last resort determined to try them. They gave her relief from the first day. We continued to give them in that one week we were able to take her out to Munro Park for an afternoon. During four boxes, she was entirely cured and she has never had the slightest relapse. We can never say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they certainly saved my daughter's life."

And Mary, the daughter on whom Bright's Disease had pronounced its sentence of death, now a picture of healthy girlhood, smiled a cheerful assent to her mother's statement and chimed in: "If I am ever sick again, I will take nothing but Dodd's Kidney Pills."

It is hardly necessary to add that proof piled on proof has convinced the public that Bright's Disease is curable and that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure; that if the disease is of the kidneys or from the kidneys the one failing remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills.



Fussy Landlady (to new lodger)
"Well, sir, if you'll only tell me what
you want a bath, I'll see you have it."
—London Punch.

DAKOTA FARMS ARE LARGE.
 "Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota farmer as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves round a little table, "yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale."

round and harvested back. We had some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one which he had to give a mortgage on, and I pledge y-

my word the mortgage was due at the end before they could get it recorded the other. You see, it was laid out in counties. And the worst of it is it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw whole family prostrated with grief women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his car truck packed on seven four-mule teams and he was going round bidding everybody good-bye."

"where was he going?"
"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the koto man.
"Did he ever get back to his family?"
"It isn't time for him yet. Up there we send young married couples out to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."—London Tit-Bits.

◆

The Italian Congress has voted \$160,000 for the purpose of establishing a wireless station for telegraphic communication with South America.

Every working day throughout the year some six or seven hundred men and women in search of written knowledge visit the Reading Room of the British Museum. Among all the congregations there are inevitably strange and curious characters. Indeed, at one's first visit to that mausoleum of literature, the mere fact is staggering that this Babylon of Compendium doleth so many who pursue after knowledge, that the room is crisscrossed with books, and floored with desks, rising to the relentless lofty dome, filled with men and women of all sorts and conditions, both each and all intent on study, is one of the sights of London. When hundreds of people are gathered together there cannot be noiselessness, though each makes the least noise possible. There is a constant hum of the rustling of fluttering leaves, of handled books, and scribbling pens, broken occasionally by the rattling of a book as its volume as it is returned to its shelf. The atmosphere is warm; it is a little close.

Who are the people who spend la-

orion's days therein? They are of both sexes, all ages, of varying country and color. They are all seekers after knowledge, and chiefly they are authors and journalists, quarrying for literary material on subjects under the sun. At this desk is a famous novelist, searching (or using) his own life for material. For some such historical detail as the color of Washington's breeches, for which Thackeray sought in vain. His neighbor is a young lady deep in the study of the higher mathematics. There a professional genealogist is engaged in tracing the pedigree of a client. A Dominican monk, with shaven crown towers in the black robe of his order among the crowd at the catalogue desk. He rubs shoulders y'th a foun-

the first four days in March and September, when the Reading Room is closed for cleaning. These constant interruptions to the readers are taken very patiently about the museum, and look regretfully at the closed doors. To the readers of the Reading Room, the worms; the vermin that have gone. For years that occupation has been a desk and books in the Reading Room. They are veritable worms; they nibble at the books and careless of everything but books and reading. For ten, twenty, or thirty years, the Reading Room has been a place where the worms have become as much a part of the room as its furniture. It is their home, inasmuch as they do everything in the Reading Room. But the old man at yonder desk has occupied it daily for the last quarter of a century. He reads continuously, and lives precariously by writing strange paragraphs for the daily newspaper which he once edited. This reader is a shiny black attire was formerly a member of the Church. Now he turns his life classical scholarship into the half-crown of each reader, and a side-light on the niceties of Greek or Latin. Otherwise, he writes sermons and sells them at eighteenpence apiece to members of his former congregation.

But the really tragic figures of the



ous agnostic. Clergymen of various denominations are numerous. They range from fullered deans to the staidest of the staid. A Japanese student is seated next to a notable Scotch M.P. That big burly man is a journalist who has come to Fleet street to verify some sporting data. The jumble of the Reading Room has placed him next to Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Gladstone is seen when reading the *Times*. He is also seen by Mr. Lecky and Dr. Gardiner. Some of the most eminent figures of contemporary science and literature are to be seen there from time to time. Mr. Morley is a frequent visitor. Mr. Morley being occasional visitant stars. But the majority of readers belong to

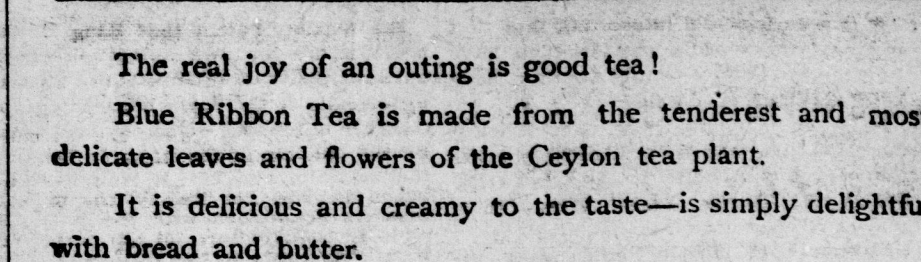
Mrs. Mather
was in
Misery
for
Five Years
from
Neuralgia.

Mrs. P. N. Mather, Vancouver, B. C., who was told by doctors that she would never get rid of her neuralgia writes thus: "I have been in the same state and made life miserable for five years. The doctors said I would never get rid of it. I had been so much about British Columbia so much that I determined to give it trial. After the use of four bottles of a cured woman I have not been troubled with the disease for months. I owe my present good health, comfort and happiness to Pain-Expeller Compound. I advise all the maladic victims to use it. It is the best medicine in the world."

man and her right to Parliamentary
suffrage are the life study of this
hard-faured, over-worn female, who
is most certainly ageing. A lady artist
is tracing some Celtic designs and
theosophy, as usual, claiming the at-
tention of that refined old spinster
with silver hair. At her accustomed
desk is the quiet little lady, no longer
young, who will gladly copy extracts
from books in the nearest of hand-
writing for a penny a sheet, and who
is keen of livelihood. The frou-frou
of silken skirts and a clinging perfume
draws the attention of the young
printed wisdom to glance at a vision
of womanly beauty. It is a famous

Coughing is an outward sign of
inward disease.
Cure the disease with
Shiloh's
Consumption
Cure
The Lung
Tonic
and the cough will stop.
Try it to-might. If it doesn't
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your money back.

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Ceylon Green**

40c. should be
Fifty

**Ask for the
Red Label**

***Polly, Her Cat and the Man---
A Parallel Drawn.***
HELEN ROWLAND IN WASHINGTON POST.

WILEEN ROWLAND IN WASHINGTON, 1904.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Polly, regarding her from the side, "that you cannot catch a cat—or a man, either—by running after him?"

I stood in the middle of Polly's den, frowning, scratched finger, under the steady, frowning eye of the cat, glaring at me vindictively and glorying in the perfect consciousness that he had just slipped through my fingers, dodged between my legs and left me bleeding.

"Yes," said Polly, smiling at the cat, caught through half-closed lids, "but you cannot catch a cat—or a man—only valuable when hard to get."

"You are right," said the cat, a kind girl who hid her light under a bush.

"And she is still in her own gas bill," said Polly.

Polly looked at me through drooping

"I thought," remarked, slowly binding up the wound with my handkerchief, "that in this strenuous age it was the only way."

"Only what?" asked the soft pillow, who had been about to tuck under her head poised in mid-air.

"The only way a girl could, you know," explained boldly.

"Only what?" asked the pillow and sat up perfectly straight.

"Could what, Mr. Heavyfeather?" she inquired icily.

"Could what?" I hesitated.

"Well?" It was like the gentle, immutable failing of the thermometer.

"Or—er," I began weakly.

"It didn't hide the worst ball you," she said, softly.

"I tried to do it," she said, with skirts instead of chiffon ruffles, nor moist-sense heels instead of French heels, and she was looking at you with your nose in order to prove your virulence to a man. It is not the kind of thing that a girl can do, and in a man's face that fascinates him the kind which takes her out occasionally on the benches when she knows it will call for a man's attention and interest in something or somebody beside the man; that kind that a girl can't do, and that kind that a man doubts; the kind that the fisher-practices when he baits his hook; the kind that the lion and the panther let the lion and the panther unnoted at his side;

"Or," he finished adroitly.

"Oh!" Polly picked up the scarlet sofa cushion and hugged it to her in its folds like the heart of a rose in its petals. "I thought you were going to tell me that you were going to leave," she said.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "to want to be chased and caught is not my forte. I prefer to lead." Tom, indicating the cat with his nod of the head, "is entirely masculine."

"His ways," remarked the woman, "are back my way, and the kind they use are the women's."

"You pick out, Polly!" exclaimed a playful cat crouched for a spring.

"I was perfectly prepared," said the woman, as she looked down at a sea of chiffon ruffles. "Dear old Tom!"

"That's masculine, at any rate," said the cat.

"And sugar," said Polly, picking up the cushion and holding it high, "brought, and feeding it to the brute."

"Maybe he'd like a green one, too," said the cat.

"No, no," cried Polly. "Not any more."

"Why?" said I. "He's got nine lit-

"Feminine clatch" said Polly, "generally scratch you in the back. Tom, as you observe, always strikes right across the back. I have seen a great deal of it in wounding the hand that attempts to caress him is exactly like a man's, and I have seen a little to do with a little too tender, or a little too cordial is the one who always palls on a man and who is never liked. I have seen the wife who is too caressing cheapens her caresses, and is the first one to be despised and hated. I have seen a man is to frighten him, as you frighten

[illegible]

"What for?" said Polly.

"To eat," said Emily, "if he is like a man, the way to his heart must be through his stomach."

"Pooh!" said Polly. "That is an old saying. Did you ever fascinate anyone by inviting you to pink teas or making you wench rabbits? You can fascinate a cat, but not a man."

"I don't know," said Emily, "last week, and Tom can get all the bones he wants right out in the kitchen."

"That's not the way to fascinate a man," said Polly, "it's by pulling a string from the worsted ball and beginning to pull it gently toward her. 'Be-adesies,' she went on, 'flinging a bone at me, and I might as well be a man. It doesn't fascinate him. It

"And she'll give us both the lot after awhile."

"Yes, I'm rather, will you kind to allow while I have this cat in my hand?" said Emily.

"And if I do," said I, "when he first comes, I'll say, 'Hello, Tom!'"

"Yes," said Polly. "Now go!"

"I'll yell," yelled the cat, springing the floor.

"I caught Polly and the scarlet pin!" said Emily.

"But," said Polly, five minutes later, "she straightened out the sofa cushions, and she smoothed the table-cloth, and she fluffed the pillows, and she ruffled, 'I would like to know what that ingrateful cat run away.'"

"I'll yell," yelled the cat, springing the floor. "I'll yell, 'Hello, Tom!'"

"You gave him too much sugar."

"I didn't," said I.
"You were head-butting her while she began making you sofa pillows," asserted Polly.
"I like her now," I declared.
"You used to call them all there once night until you found that she was always waiting for you in the drawing-room."
"I would call them every time," said Polly (Polly looked up quickly) if I hadn't met her.
"And you thought you were going to marry her," went on Polly, "until you saw me." She reached out and rubbed my forehead.

fully. "Or perhaps you rubbed his forehead wrong way?"
"Never!" said Polly, with perfect assurance.
"Perhaps," said I, opening front door and stepping out of piazza, "I pulled his tail."

CASTOROL
For Infants and Children.

"I would," I began.

Polly almost jerked the ball of worsted from under the nose of the "I would like to know what you are pulling that string for," she said, "and she recovered her equanimity, and was slowly winding the ball of worsted. "I was watching it, she was watching it copily, but fascinated.

"He won't run after it," said Polly, "if it is too easy for him."

"Oh, I see," I remarked. "He feels as though he is doing a good deed when a girl is sitting up in the drawing-room waiting for him."

"Yes," she visits his sister.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Pitkin*

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. Pitkin*

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of
Paul H. Threlkeld
CANTAL-MIDY
Bears the
Signature of
Paul H. Threlkeld

“Do the thing the other way,” said
Paul H. Threlkeld, the man who
bright-colored worsted ball. “Per-
haps you have noticed it.”
“I haven’t,” I observed, coldly.
“You haven’t,” he said, gazing dreamily
at the cat, “you have been whole hours
and hours getting a kitten that will
be just what you want, whether or not
it is a cat.”

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