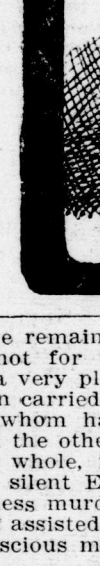


[illegible][illegible]

heat unit
units wh
are was
The sci
and sen
use, be
burned.
so much
keeps
does no
—It saw



have remained forever a mystery were it not for the soft mold, which told us a very plain tale. He had evidently been carried down by two persons, one of whom had remarkably small feet and the other unusually large ones. On the whole, it was most probable that the silent Englishman, being less bold or less murderous than his companion, had assisted the woman to bear the unconscious man out of the way of danger.

"Well," said our engineer, ruefully, as we took our seats to return once more to London, "it has been a pretty business for me! I have lost my thumb and I have lost a fifty-guinea fee, and what have I gained?"

"Experience," said Holmes, laughing. "Indirectly it may be of value, you know; you have only to put it into words to gain the reputation of being an excellent company for the remainder of your existence."

The London Death Rate.

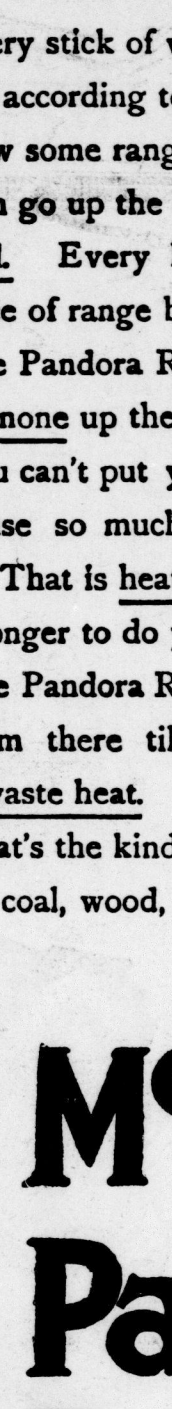
Notwithstanding its size and numerous congested districts, London must be regarded as one of the healthiest cities in the world. A brief note by Dr. George Newman on the annual report for 1904 shows a very satisfactory state of health for such a large city. The death rate for the year was 15.6; this, with the exception of 1903, is the lowest on record. The chief decrease in deaths during the past few decades has been in those from smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria and typhoid dysentery. Little or no improvement has occurred in such general diseases as tuberculosis (excepting pulmonary), malignant diseases, nervous diseases and those of the heart and circulatory apparatus. These, with pneumonia and bronchitis, have not been great causes of mortality. The report also shows that during 1904 the birth rate was 27.3, the lowest on record. It has steadily declined since 1867, the greatest diminution being in those districts which socially are the highest in the scale. The marriage rate for the year it was lower, with three exceptions, than it had been since 1855. On the whole, the health officers of London may well be proud of the standing of their city.—American Medicine.

Providence.

William Cowper (Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England, Nov. 26, 1731—East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800) was subject to prolonged periods of melancholy, which at times bordered on insanity. It is said that he was possessed of the delusion that he would die by drowning in the River Ouse, and that during one of his seasons of clouded intellect, and of a great depression of spirits, he ordered a river and directed that he be taken to the bank, but was, and at last brought the poet back safely to his home. That evening Cowper wrote this hymn. Born of his bitter experience, it has become popular, being found in all standard collections, and sung wherever the old hymns are loved.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.



Every stick of wood, every piece of coal, according to the size and quality, is burned up. Now some ranges let these heat units go up the chimney do not heat the room. Every heat unit that is wasted is a loss. The Pandora Range is the only range that does not waste heat. It uses all the heat that is made. That's the kind of range you want. It saves coal, wood, money, time.

AMASA'S ASSENT

By Leon Morris.

"Is there no hope, Mr. Brewer?" asked Ned Douglas, despairingly.

Amasa Brewer's eyes glistened. That he had not interfered in Ned's courtship was no sign that he had approved of the match. He had lain awake at night thinking of the pleasure he would experience in saying "No" to the son of his old enemy.

An old boundary fence dispute that had been in the courts for years had estranged the two men, and Amasa Brewer had chuckled when he overheard the village gossip wondering what he should welcome the suit of Joel Douglas' son. It would make his negative the more effective if Ned's ambitions were made patent to the village.

"I think there is one chance," he drawled, enjoying the hope that sprang into Ned's eyes. "When that roan colt walks round the pasture on his hind legs you come and take Jesse."

He stepped back into the house and slammed the door in Ned's face, but from the parlor window he watched him go dejectedly down the road, and he felt that he had not waited in vain for this revenge, even though he had visited punishment upon the son instead of the father.

More grateful to his ears than praise was the comment that followed the abrupt stoppage of Ned's visits to the Brewer farm, and Ned's rejection was a down talk for weeks.

That Jessie went about her work red-eyed and silent worried Amasa not at all. He was too intensely selfish to care for her grief; he thought only of the sweetness of his revenge.

Only once did she attempt to argue with him, and that was when, in answer to some slur, she had defended her lover's character. She was right in the midst of her argument when a tramp appeared at the kitchen door with a request for food.

"This is no hospital," shouted Amasa boisterously. "You go over to Ned Douglas. Tell him Jessie sent you, and he'll take care of you. He's all the virtues in one skin."

So pleased was he with his joke that he even went to the gate with the battered traveler to point out the house where Douglas lived.

When he came back to the kitchen to renew the argument Jessie had fled to her room. He knew that she was upstairs in her room crying, but he cared nothing for that, and he went off to the village to tell his joke to the little knot of loungers.

There was only one dissenting voice when the point of the joke was reached. "You keep on," warned Jack Simmons, "and Ned will get you yet. I know him."

"Huh!" snorted Brewer. "He won't marry Jessie 'less costs take to walkin' on their hind legs, and I ain't see no indication of that yet."

"I know Ned," repeated Simmons, conscious of the impression his warning had made upon the little circle, and the speech lingered in Brewer's brain.

There was something prophetic in Jack's voice, and when, a few weeks later, business called him to the city,

Where does your heat go to?

of coal contains a certain number of heat units. If you waste the heat units by the draft of the chimney, the heat units escape up the chimney. If you heat the oven or the frying-pan. The heat is wasted is money lost, money burned. The successful utilization of all the heat units is a range that utilizes all the heat units. The heat goes up the chimney when some ranges are used. The heat goes up the chimney. Your hand would be wasted, time wasted, because it is lost. A large part of your heat is lost. To keep all the heat units in the range is to keep the heat in the range. The heat is exhausted—it is the only range that keeps the heat in the coal or wood. The heat is in your kitchen—it is economical. The heat makes kitchen work easy.

Mr. Brown's

London
Toronto
Montreal
Winnipeg
Vancouver
St. John,
N.B.
Hamilton

THE EMPIRE

Incorporated by Special Act of the Legislature of the Province of Ontario

Authorized Capital - - - - - \$1,000,000

Subscribed Capital - - - - - \$1,000,000

Deposited as Security With Dominion - - - - - \$1,000,000

Licensed by Governments of Dominion of Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia, Yukon, Northwest Territories, and the Dominion of Wales.

Transacts accident and sickness insurance, issues guarantee or surety bonds for all kinds of business.

By order of Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, to accept its bonds as security for administration of infants.

HEAD OFFICE—25 MASONIC TEMPLE

He went to his nearest approach to profanity.

"Gosh hang!" he gasped. "What's that?" He raised a trembling hand to his forehead, where the roan colt was nagging about upon its hind legs.

"Ned's been breaking the colt, I guess," was Jess's cool retort.

"Why did you let him?" he demanded.

"Why didn't you tell him to stop?"

"You forget that you made me promise that I would not speak to him nor let him go where he was," she reminded.

"I could not very well break my oath."

"But," he persisted, "where on earth did Ned learn that sort 'er thing?"

"Do you remember that tramp you went over to Ned's one night?" she reminded.

"Yes," he was puzzled answer; "but I don't see what that's got to do with the roan colt."

"He had been working with a circus," she explained, "training the horses. One of them stepped on his foot, and the circus left him behind, and he was walking back to the city because he did not want to stay in the hospital. When Ned found that he was a horse trainer he hired him to stay in for a while."

"And he taught Ned?"

"No," she laughed, "he taught the horses, and then showed Ned the signal he must make when he wanted the horses to stop. And he taught the horses forward until they were abreast of the meadow. 'Ned,' he called, as he reined in, 'Jump in here, your pa beat me on that line fence, and if you're goin' to do circus tricks, guess I'd better surrender.' And as Ned climbed into the wagon, Amasa murmured: 'And I think I sent him to that feller myself!'"

An Easy Mark.

"You're easy," said Magistrate Correll in Yorkville court the other day, after Charles Presland, of Port Chester, had told how he had been buncoed out of \$150. Then two men whom Presland accused were discharged for lack of evidence.

Amasa was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

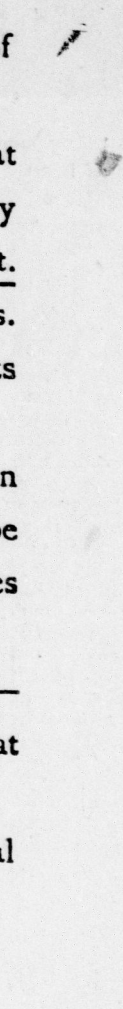
Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get down from Albany?"

"I was frequently told how persons were buncoed in New York by slick gentlemen," said Presland. "but I never thought they could get any money out of me."

Presland told the court that he was walking along Third avenue near Forty-second street, when a neatly dressed man grabbed his hand and exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Brown, when did you get



Heat
they
urnt.
units.
units
re in
l be
akes
ge—
that
ical



ACCIDENT AND SURETY COMPANY
Parliament of Canada.

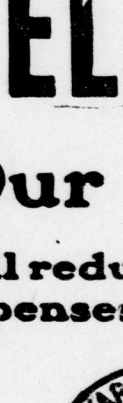
- - -	\$1,096,000.00
- - -	500,000.00
- - -	80,000.00

tion, of Ontario and of Manitoba,
insurance,
or fidelity of officers and em-
n-Council, judges are authorized
administrators of estates and guar-
temple, London, Canada,

BELTING

Our Extra

Will reduce running
expenses—write us



Control Toronto

Sold by A. Westman, 121 Dundas St.

CANADA FLAKES

Teaspoon
in every Package

"Never once bitten"
is the report from the Cape
by a user.

CALVERT'S Anti-Mosquito Soap

Presents insect bites

owing to the dislike of mosquitoes
and other insects for two of its
ingredients—Carbolic and Camphor.
15 c. a tablet, at druggists, or by mail
from F. C. Calvert & Co., 807 Boulevard St.
Montreal.

time after listening to this extraordinary narrative. Then Sherlock Holmes pulled down from the shelves one of the ponderous commonplace books in which he placed his cuttings. "Here is an advertisement which will interest you," said he. "It appeared in all the papers about a year ago. Listen to this: 'Lost, on the 9th inst., Mr. Jeremiah Hayling, aged twenty-six, a hydraulic engineer. Left his lodgings at ten o'clock at night, and has not been heard of since. Was dressed in etc., etc. Ha! That represents the last time that the Colonel needed to have

A good gold-filled watch Chain is as good as solid gold for a long number of years. A good gold-filled Watch Chain marked **H. & A. S.** is guaranteed for 10, 15 or 25 years.

Your jeweler sells H. & A. S. Chains.
Send for the H. & A. S. Chain Book.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;

he made Jessie solemnly swear that she would neither speak to Ned nor even go where he was. Then, with a feeling of confidence, he took his departure.

There was ten days before he could get his business transacted, and return home. Jessie met him at the station.

"Guess you ain't married to Ned yet," he observed, as he climbed over the wheel and bestowed what he was to call a "No," said and did not have.

"No," said Jessie, "I haven't."

"Good. And in obedience to the last remark the team started forward."

Nothing else was said on the trip home, until, as they drove around a

Now you," applied Presland. They got acquainted, however, and finally went with a third man into a billiard room and played pool.

For a starter the stakes were put at \$500 each, and the first game was \$15. When Presland had lost \$120 he left.

Outside another stranger approached, and, showing a shield, said he was a detective, and would have to arrest Presland for gambling. Presland was released, but the alleged detective said he would get it for \$30, which Presland gave him.

When he realized that he had been unmasked Presland complained to the

ITS CURED

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable advice on such diseases to THE LEEBING CO., 10 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

head in the road the Brewer farm.

police and the arrests followed. — New

LEIBIG'S FITCURE