"I cannot swallow."

"Now what would you have? I am

very quiet."
"Yes, yes—too quiet—that's what 1 object to."

"I might well weep and lament. He deserved all my tears—but I cannot do

"Augusta, you must rouse yourself, and take something—if you do not, indeed you will sink. You have much yet left to live for. Think of your child."
"Now what is it you would have me do? Oh! I am so weary!"

"Think of his child, Augusta—think of his orphan child, her kneeling by your

"I do! I do! God bless her! God

"I do! I do! God bless her! God forever bless her—so He surely will—she is such a good child."

"Oh! then, Augusta, for her sake, and her father's sake, do try to bear up."

Letty came in—came up to the lady in her quiet, soothing way, and gently took her hand and asked:

"How do you feel, dearest Augusta?"
"Contented Letty, Contented."

"Contented, Letty. Contented." Letty held her wrist, and, fixing her

weary days in which he should say, have no pleasure in them'? No-no-

least I mean it is not right to wish it.

Letty, who still held her wrist, and

Mrs. Lovel to take Maud out and leave

Augusta in her own charge.

Maud got up and kissed her mother, and left the room with Lucy. Letty then gently undressed the suffering lady, assisted her to bed, drew the curtains, and left her to bed.

left her to repose.

She lay there with her hands clasped

tightly above her head, not sleeping, but preternaturally vigilant. She heard the hurrying to and fro, and the voices below stairs, and she knew that they were about. She lay many hours in that

darkened chamber, with only one desire in her heart, to lie down by the side of her dead. Afternoon waned into evening and the room became pitch dark. And then some

one softly opened the door and stole into the room to see if she were asleep.

Augusta called:
"Is that you, Letty?"
"Yes, dearest Augusta. How do you feel now?"

Where have they laid him, Letty?"

"For the present in his form, on the bedstead where he died. The committee, who have assumed the direction of all

"In state!-but it does not matter

Who watches by him to-night, Letty? Letty named some half-dozen gentle

"Give them my thanks and desire them

from me to watch not in the chamber

where he lies, but in the adjoining front

(To be continued.)

SAVE A LITTLE LIFE

men who had assumed that dty

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

"The nominee is General"
It is doubtful whether he heard, or un It is doubtful whether he heard, or understood, or cared; but his eyes were fixed most fondly upon her—his lips moved. She knelt down by him and bowed her head to his. His eyes lingered over her lovingly; idly he toyed with her silken ringlets. And she bent and kissed his altered brow again and again—many times, repressing the flood again—many times, repressing to tears ready to burst forth. He spoke in a low, faltering, broken olce, with many interruptions. He said:

'My Augusta, I was strong and should have sustained thee—wise (in men's opinion) and should have taught thee—able and should have taught thee and should have cherished, and have deprived thee of sest, of friends, of e, of all that makes up the domestic and social happiness of a woman. And thou trast revised the rule—thou hast cherished, inspired, and strengthened ms." There was a pause, during which he continued to play idly with her ring-lets, while he gazed into her face with a look of mournful, remorseful tender-ness; then he resumed: "My Augusta, all the vest, comfort, happiness I have known in life have come from thee. Since I have known thee, all, Augusta, all. I have known thee, all, Augusta, all. Do you think the people ever thanked me—ever loved me for the health, strength, iie, expended in their service? Never, Augusta, never! (Nor, indeed, did I ever labor for thanks, or love, or any other refinement of pay.) And you—did you ever reproach me for the loss of home, neighborhood, familiar friends, at that makes even the poorest laborer's wife happy? Never, my own! never, I am sure of it, even in thought."

She had not as yet replied to him, be cause she could not trust herself to do lifted are heart was too full. But now she lifted are her head and spoke, in a choking with

ing voich:
"Oh! did you not know I knew you love loved me all the time? That your love was the best, dearest, crowning blessing never desired anything better than just to be with you, wherever your duty called you? Oh! must I tell you now, at this late hour, that there was nothing earthly I valued so much as your presence—nothing I dreaded so much as a parting." much as a parting."

"No, no, not so—I feel it—the grave anot divide thee and me," thought the

lady, but she did not speak.

He was gazing on her with unutterable affection—he slowly raised his nearly governess hand and laid it on her bowed head.

"Gor Bless thee. God bless thee, as I

am sup the will."
"He has blessed me—blessed me richly in thy love."

He remained silent so long that she ught he had dropped off into a doze, when she looked up, his hands were folded, and his eyes raised—he was engaged in silent prayer. This was longest conversation that they had held since his attack, and it was the last con-

For there were fresh arrivals of visitors, at the Hall every day, and almost every hour. Since the news of Mr. Hunter's illness had been bruited abroad and especially since it was known that the great statesman really lay upon his deathbed his friends and admirers from all parts of the country flocked to his

neighborhood and called at the Hall.

Mrs. Hunter received all comers with her usual air of suave and stately courmore hopeful condition of the invalid than had been reported. In which respect they were soon undeceived. The most favored of his personal and political friends had the entree to his chamber. or, to speak exactly, with well-meaning but mistaken zeal they obtruded themselves upon the dying statesman, filling his room to the exclusion of his own family, effectually preventing all private communication with them, except it were obtained by the formal cere-mony of turning out the intruders and summoning the others, and totally hindering those little impromptu words of affection or expressions of his will which it might have comforted his afflicted wife and daughter to have remem-

It was in death as it had been in his

\$\$\$\$\$**\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$**

CONTONANTANANTANANTANANTANA Then the illustrious statesman had never been able to keep an hour of his time, an event of his life, scarcely a thought of his brain, or an affection of his heart, apart from the intrusion, the espionage, the criticism or the sympathy of the multitude.

Now they invaded his chamber—they crowded around his dying bed to the exclusion of his own beloved ones.

True, Augusta kept her station near the head of his bed, but she might not speak to, or hear from him one warm Then the illustrious states

speak to, or hear from him one warm heart word, for there was always a clergyman or two bending over his pillow, a half-dozen brother Senators and

low, a half-dozen brother Senators and Representatives and others near, and worse than all, two reporters, hovering in the passage near the chamber door, and peeping in and stippling down their hieroglyphic every time it was opened. As Daniel Hunter had lived in public, so he must die in public. And he was going fast—hourly his senses waned—he fell gradually into the stupor preceding death.

during which all attempts to attract his attention proved utterly futile, except when his wife would bend over him, take is hand and look into his eyes-then the has hand and look into his eyes—then the fast stiffering fingers would try to close around hers—and the failing eyes would soften with affection or lighten with intelligence. Long after he was entirely insensible to all other external impressions. ions he recognized her touch and glance. He knew her to the last. The heart! the heart! it is the first to live, the last to expire! He knew her to the

And, therefore, she never left him

After having spent days and nights by his bedside, against the expostulations of friends and physicians, Dr. Henry, their old family practitioner, took her hand and felt her pulse. "Mrs. Hunter," he said, "most positive-

y you must leave this room; go and take some refreshment and lie down and sleep. You yourself, are sinking fast."

"And I assure you, doctor. I should sink faster any where else but here."
He looked at her, her hollow eyes, and cheeks, and temples, her ashen hue, and dropped her wrist, and turned away with a deep sigh. The lady said:
"Be easy about no dear friend. I am "Be easy about me, dear friend. I am They say

well enough. They say 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness.' I say it knoweth its own blessedness as well!" At noon that day Falconer arrived by the new railroad at the Summit station. Here the young man made inquiries, and received information that raised his anx-

lety to the highest pitch. He procured a horse and galloped rapidly to Howlet Hall. As he crossed the Barrier, entered the Hollow, and approached the house, every-thing revealed the passage of some mo-mentous event. Four or five carriages, mud spattered and with wearied horse

stood neglected before the door. The footpaths were unswept, and the stairs leading up to the portico unwashed for many days.

The front door was ajar; the knocker

was muffled. No servant was in attendance. He entered the hall; that, too, was dusty, empty and neglected. He rapped gently with the end of his riding whip. Then a man servant came out from a side room. Falconer knew him, addressed him by name and asked after addressed him by name, and asked after his master. Henry shook his head, and answered that there had been no change since yesterday morning. He then led the way into a parlor, placed a chair for his visitor, and took his card to carry up.

Falconer looked around him; even in this sumptoous noum everything wore the same dreary air of neglect. The rich velvet-covered chairs were coated with dust: dust had gathered in the folds of the satin damask curtains; a s Chinese screen of stained glass a superb stretched across the room was dim with fly specks; the vases on the stands were filled with dead flowers, emitting a faint and sickening odor, and two tall silver candlesticks, with their guttered wax candle ends, stood upon the centre table, left there from the night before.

He had scarcely made these mournful observations before the door swung slowly open, and his beloved Maud entered the room.

And oh! how thin, and pale, and sorrowful, and self-neglected she, too, looked! Her air was that of one who had watched and wept for many days and nights. She were a white wrapper, very carelessly; and her bright hair, if not dishevelled, was certainly disordered. She

much more beautiful. He sprang to meether, as she advanced slowly, holding outher fair hands. And "Falconer!" and "Dearest, dearest Maud!" were their simultaneous greetings, as he folded her to his bosom. They spake no more for a little while; for as seen as her head fell upon his sheulder, she busst into tears, and wept abundantly. Presently she lifted her head, and wiped her eyes, and said:
"A sad greeting I have given you, dear-

and said:

"A sad greeting I have given you, dearest Falconer—a sorrowful, sorrowful greeting. But you are welcome. I am very glad to see you. Yet—to meet in such an hour as this. My father! oh! my dear father'!' she cried, dropping her head and weening afresh. cried:
"Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

my dear father? she cried, dropping her head and weeping afresh.

"How is he, Maud?" inquired the young man, in the most gentle, tender, sympathizing tone and manner. "How is he, dearest Maud!"

"Alas, Falconer!"

"No better, Maud!"

"No pattern Oh. Falconer that

"No; no better, Maud?"
"No; no better. Oh! Falconer, that
has been the despairing answer to all
inquiries; how many dreadful days! No
better, for, Falconer, since his first
attack he has grown daily worse and
worse! I don't believe the doctors know
what is the matter with him Thereid worse! I don't believe the doctors know what is the matter with him. They said his first attack was apoplectic; now they differ as to the nature of his illness. They agree only upon this, Falconer—that he must die." Again she wept convulsively. Presently she said: "I have not seen him for two days, Falconer"

"Why is that, dear Maud?"
"Oh! I have no self-control "Why is that, dear Maud?"
"Oh! I have no self-control! none at all, I think. When I see him I cannot refrain from weeping. I am not like my dear mother; she has not shed a tear since his illness. I sometimes wish she would; for oh! Falconer, she looks so would; for oh! Falconer, she looks so strangely. It seems as if the shadows of death were falling upon her, too!" Tenderly and reverently caressing her, he led her to a sofa and sought to soothe

her grief.
While yet they conversed, there was

while yet they conversed, there was a sudden opening of doors, and a hurrying of steps. Impressed with a prophetic feeling, Falconer accese, and stepped to the door and opened it. A gentleman had rapidly descended the stairs, and was hurrying through the hall. Falconer stepped out and accosted him.
"Sir, will you inform me—has any

thing happened?"
"Mr. Hunter has just expired, sir, regentle grey eyes steadily on her face, read her countenance.

"Nay, now, never look at me so mournfully. Indeed, I am not unhappy. I am very well. It makes no difference. Ah! do you think I wished him to live t be old and infirm—to see those weary, weary days in which he should say, I have no pleasure in them?" "No. "Mr. Hunter has just expired, sir, answered the gentleman, hurrying on. Falconer stepped back into the room. Maud was at the poor, pale as death with dread. She caught his arm, and gazed into his face in the speechless,

gazed into his face in the speechless, breathless agony of anxiety.

"Be composed, my dearest Mand."

Still that wild, wild gaze of inquiry.

"Dearest, dearest Mand, it is all over!"

Her grasp relaxed from his arm. He caught her as she was falling, and bore her awoning to the sofe. least I mean it is not right to wish it. He has gone in his glorious day of life and fame, ere yet one laurel leaf had drooped upon his brow. And it is well. The Lord 'doeth all things well.' Let me her, swooning, to the sofa.

CHAPTER XXXII. Daniel Hunter had expired in the arms f his Augusta. When his head sank forward on her bosom, and they perceived that he was dead, Mr. Lovel approached, and gently and reverently relieved the lady of her

beloved burden, and took her hand to lead her from the room.

She gave no sign of resistance, or even of unwillingness. Pale as marble, and seemingly as destitute of feeling, she suffered herself to be conducted from the chamber of death to her own. from the chamber of death to her own. And there she sat down; as white, as still as though she herself were lifeless.

Mr. Lovel stood by her, bending over her, holding her hand, murmuring in her ear the commonplaces of sympathy and comfort—well meant—but so vain—so utterly vain—that they must have vexed her, could anything have done so. But she was past all that now. Nothing could disturb lier more. She answered not, she understood not a word of the gentle flow of sound that fell upon her ears. She sat back in her chair, and closed her eyes.

Mr. Lovel thought she looked weary

and in need of rest. He pressed her hand, and left the room, to send his wife

The first thought and words of Maud on recovering her recollection were: "Oh, my mother!"

the arrangements, have decided that he shall lay in state in the saloon the day after to-morrow. They have sent a mes-senger express for the undertakers and And the poor child strove hard to con trol herself, and eagerly took the restor atives offered her, and suppressed the grief ready to burst forth for the dead father, that she might go and console her living mother. She went upstairs to Mrs. Hunter's

chamber.
She found the lady sitting in the same still way—sitting back in her chair, with her hands carelessly folded in her lap, and her eyes gazing on vacancy.

The miden fondly, tenderly and si-lently embraced her. But she took no notice of her child. Maud looked at her swung in grieved amazement—embraced her in grieved amazement—embraced her again, more fervently than before, and looked in her face. She was still gazing vacantly. Maud knelt before her, and embraced her knees, and unclasped her hands, and kissed and wept over them, and threw them around her own neckand called her by every tender, loving epithet, and tried every affectionate de-

vice to win her notice. But Augusta gave no sign of recogni-tion. Maud started up in alarm, and clasped her around the neck, exclaiming

Mother dearest mother oh! don't The lady's lips moved, and the words issued from them in a cold, low monotone, as, without moving her eyes, she

"The life has passed away; the light, and warmth, and strength have passed away, and left me here in the cold and dark, and falling, falling, falling, whith-

In the utmost distress, Maud fell at ner feet, embracing her knees wepeing bitterly, and crying:
"Mother, mother, my own dear mother, don't look so; don't talk so. Look at me, sweet mother. Speak to me.
It is your poor Maud. You used to love

me; you used tome; you used to—"
Slowly the lady's eyes descended from
their fixed stare, and settled on her
daughter's sorrowful face—slowly the
light of recognition came into them, and
she raised her hands and placed them on
her daughter's head, and looking at her

in the same skill, tearless way, she said:
"The Lord bless you, my child—the
Lord forever bless you, Daniel Hunter's precious child!" "Dear mother, are you better? How do you feel? Shall I bring you any-

R

"Where has it gone, Maud?"

"What, sweet mother?

pholaterers '

Mrs. T. Osborn, Norton Mills, Vt., writes: "I do not think enough can be said in praise of Baby's Own Tablets. I am satisfied that our baby would not In this condition I gave him the Tablets and they have made him a bright-eyed, laughing baby, the pride of our home. He is one year old, has nine teeth, and is and plays nearly all the time, and lets me do my work without worry. I would say to all mothers who have sick babies give them Baby's Own Tablets as I sid mine, and you will have healthy, happy babies." The Tablets will minor ailments of little ones, and are absolutely safe. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Love Light.

Sometimes upon the summer hills
A flooding tenderness is shed,
The low green intervals it fills
As fills the silvery stream its bed.
One moment past, it was not there—
Or were my eyes not yet aware?
That Light—it comes with filekering morn,

At harvest noon, on sunset plains
And when the fields look old and l
And on the bow no leaf remains;
And it can reach and overflow
The cruel spirit of the snow!

Sometimes it soothes the aching sphere
Of that white planet dead in eld;
The myriad eyes of Nigh austere
From their keen wounding have been held,
All unbetoken is that Ray
Whose dawn must be midst dark or day. There is an ambient World of Love
Wherein our little world is rocked;
An arm benesth, an arm above,
Around our slumber warmly locked—
And Love Light thence, in moments blest,
Goes trembling through some dreamer

Edith M. Thomas

The life—the love that fived with us, and blessed us so, a little while ago?" "To heaven, mamma; surely to heaven. Ah! dearest mamma—you that were my guiding spirit—what has so dimmed your works." WEAK, PALE AND WORN OUT WO WORN OUT WOMEN.

Can be Saved From a Life of Misery by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

faith?"

The lady did not answer. She had raised her eyes and fixed them afar off. Sorrow, by prostrating her nervous system, palsying her heart and brain, had dimmed her vision of faith. Let no Pharisee, full of self-righteousness and spiritual pride, blame her too severely. Let such an one remember that there was an hour when the blessed Saviour cried: Women are called the "weaker sex," Mrs. Lovel entered with a servant, bearing wine and crackers.
"Here, Augusta," she said, "Dr. Henry says you must take something."
Maud took a glass of wine and put it in her mother's hand.

Augusta raised it to her lips, but immediately replaced it on the waiter, say-Mrs. Lovel looked at her, and, noticing for the first time the awful pallor of her face, she became frightened, exclaimings claimings
"Augusta! My sister! My dear sister! Oh! do not do so—do not, Augus-

Women are called the "weaker sex," and yet nature calls upon them to bear far more than men. With too many women it is one long martyrdom from the time they are budding into womanhood, until age begins to set its mark upon them. They are no sconer over one period of pain and distress than another looms up only a few days ahead of them. No wonder so many women become worn out and old looking before their time.

In these times of trial Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold to women. They actually make new, rich blood, and on the richness and regularity of the blood the health of every girl and every woman depends.

Mrs. Urbane C. Webber, Welland, Ont., is one of the many women who owe present health and strength to Dr Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Webbet says.—"About three years ago, while living in Hamilton, my health began to decline. The first symptoms were headaches and general weakness. After a time the trouble increased so rapidly that I was unable to attend to my household duties. I lost flesh, looked bloodless and had frequent fainting fits. I was constantly doctoring, but without any benefit, and I began to feel that my condition was hopeless. One day a friend asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and mentioned several cases in which she knew of the great benefit that had followed their use. After some urging I decided to try the pills and had only used them a few weeks when I began to feel benefitted, and from that time on the improveweeks when I began to feel benefitted, and from that time on the improve-ment was steady, and by the time I nad used about a dozen betes of the pills I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. I cannot too strongly urge other discouraged sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles due to poor, watery blood, such as anaemia, general weakness, indigestion, neuralgia, skin troubles, rheumatism, and after effects of la grippe, and such nervous troubles as St Vitus dance and partial paralysis. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

USES OF THE CHAFING DISH. Mrs. Rorer Again Tells About Cook ing.

Resuming her course of lectures on scientific cooking for the patrons of the Gimbel store, Mrs. Rorer talked vesterday morning and afternoon to large audiences of women who watched with interest the deft work of the famous exponent of culinary art. Her famous exponent of culinary art. Her morning demonstration was on "the every-day possibilities of a chafing dish," and she pointed out the necessity, in these times of financial stringency, for every housekeeper to use wise economy, which to her mind means the saving of good materials. Her morning demonstrations were on the following dishes: Oysters a la Richmond—Drain 25

Oysters a la Richmond—Drain 25 oysters. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a chafing dish, a tablespoonful of chopped celery; stir for a minute; then add the oysters, a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper, a dash of cayenne and a little paprica. Cover the dish, and when the oysters begin to boil, add, if you have it, four tablespoonful of cream or milk. Stir gently and serve.

Quick Goulash—Put into a chafing dish a tablespoonful of chopped onion; stir until the butter is melted and the onion a little soft; add a tablespoonful of flour; mix; add a teaspoonful of paprica, a half-pint of stock; stir until boiling; then add two sweet peppers cut into strips, and a pint of

peppers cut into strips, and a pint of cold cooked meat cut into cubes of an inch. Bring to a boil and serve.
Deviled Scallops—Mash the yolks of three-boiled eggs through a sieve.
Put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a chafing dish; mix; add a half-pint of milk; stir until boiling; add gradually the yolks of the eggs, a dash of red pepper; a salt-spoon of white pepper and a teaspoonful of salt. Wash and scald the scallops-this may be done in the morning. Add them to the sauce, when thoroughly hot serve on crackers of squares of toast.

In the afternoon Mrs. Rorer took for her subject, "The After-Theatre Supper at Home," and showed her audience how to prepare the following dainties:

Dry Panned Oysters—Drain and wask the oysters throw them at once."

ing dish a tablespoonful of butter and a level teaspoonful of papwrica, mix and when hot add a level tablespoonful of flour; add 25 oysters that have been drained; stir carefully; add one sweet pepper cut ito strips and a half-cup of tomato. When hot add a level teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of salt

fed of chopped parsley.
Chicken au Supreme—Put one tab-lespoonful of butter and one of flour into the chafing dish; mix; add two-thirds cup of milk, one-half teaspoon-

if lef salt, a dash of pepper, and, if you wish, four tablespoonfuls of sherry; add the chicken; when hot stir in the yolks of two eggs that have been beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Serve on toast.

Welsh Rarebit—Put into the chaling dish a pound of cheese, a half-teaspoonful of selt, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire, a dash of red pepper, and, if you wish, four tablespoonfuls of ale; beat the yolks of two eggs, add them, and stir the mixture until perfectly smooth. Serve at once on toast.—Philadelphia Record.

CANADA'S FORESTS.

The Dominion Must Husband Her Timber Resources.

ly estimated at from eight hundred million to three hundred million acres. million to three hundred million acres. The latter is the latest estimate, and was given by Dr. B. E. Fernew, the recently oppoint dean of the faculty of forestry at the University of Terento. He is one of the best authorities on forest subjects on the continent, and for years was head of the United States Bureau of Forestry. He estimate, he thinks, "will cover the commercially fall-uable timber land area, actual and ho tential." At this estimate the forest uable timber land area, act the forestential." At this estimate the forestential." area of Canada is "not much more than one-half of the commercial forest area of the United States."

Mr. R. H. Campbell, Superintendent of Forestry for the Dominion Government, gives a rather larger estimate. He has calculated the forest area of the Do-minion at about 535 million acres, divided as follows:

word to describe Canada's forests. But the drop from the old figure of 800 million acres to the more recent enes given

above shows clearly that the more Can-ada's forest wealth is investigated, the less are people inclined to use that word. Great as this wealth may be, it is for Canada to husband her resources, and make her forests a permanent asset. In order to do this, she must carefully proorder to do this, she must carefully protect her forests and see to their being reproduced, that a future supply of timber may be ensured from them. This would mean the careful management of these lands on scientific and business principles, and these it is that the ferestry movement is seeking to introduce movement is seeking to throughout the Dominion.

NEW YORK'S CONGESTION.

Nearly 500,000 of New York city's population of 4,500,000 are crowded into the abnormally small area of 864 acres. As the total acreage of the city is 209,-218, it can be seen at once how extraordinarily teeming the congestion in some parts of the city is. Unless something is done, and done before many years, this increasing congestion will reach a point defying human efforts to remedy it, short of the most radical because in the gratem itself. It is comremedy 1t, anort of the most radical changes in the system itself. It is com-puted that within ten years the city will have a population of fully 7,000,900. The most recent census taken was that

The most recent census taken was that of 1905. The congestion revealed by that census was shockingly bad enough, but in the last two years it has grown much worse. The immense number of immigrants which every year augments the city's resident population, and the results of industrial depression all have had the effect of still further massing more and more humanity into the almore and more humanity into the already swarming sections. Although the figures of 1905 are the most recent authentic ones, they do not be recent authentic ones, they do not be recent authentic ones, they do not be recent authentic ones. figures of 1905 are the most recent authentic ones, they do not, however, tell the full tale. Present conditions are far worse than was the attuation three

years ago.
Contrary to the general opinion, the most thickly inhabited block in the city is not on the east side, but is on the upper west side, in the region innabited by negroes, and dubbed "San Juan Hill." It is the block bounded by Amsterdam avenue and Sixty-second streets. Here, on a little more than five acres, no fewer than 6,173 people are stuffed

With Suitable Apologies.

Once there was a Foxy Ruler who wanted Two New Battleships.
So he, asked the Wise Guys who handled the Purse Strings and kept Tab on the Expenditure of the Country's on the Expenditure of the Country Coin to Losen Up a Little and Author-ize him to build Four New Battleships.

The Wise Guys referred his Request to the Proper Committee.

"Bosh!" exclaimed the Committee, "And likewise Piffe! He can't Work Us for all those High Priced Toys. But we'll let him have Two."

Moral: There is more than One Way Moral: There is more than One Way to Remove the Integument from the An-atomical Framework of a Feline Quad-

Man and His Sweet Tooth

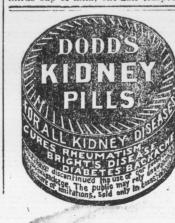
"If you want to have that tradition upset Fout women only having a sweet tooth," remained the stenographer who works downtown, "just go into a quick-lunch room occasionally and watch the men who drink coffee or chocolate with their midday meals. I give you my word I have seen not one, but many men put six lumps of sugar into their one cup of coffee or chocolate and then eat apple pie that is fairly covered with powdered sugar "-New York ress.

Welves Entice Away Hunters' Dogs. John Berry has returned from a hunting trip to Fish Creek, and reports lote

of wolves and few rabbits.

It is believed that the presence of so many wolves has had something to do with the scarcity of game in that section. The big gray animals were constantly tagging the hunters, trying to entice away their dogs, and the dogs had to be tied at night to keep them safe.

A wolf will often approach close to camp and then sneak away as though he is scared to death of the dogs. A green canine is apt to take the bait and give chase. The wolf turns, and if he succeeds in overtaking the unwise dog the latter never returns.—Fairbanks correspondence Nome Press.



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Most people know that if they have been sick they need Scott's Emula sion to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about Scott's Emulsion is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it.

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy. brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption.

Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor.

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