"BELA"

"Heard the news?" asked Big Jack glanding around at his companions, promising them a bit of sport.
"What news?" asked Sam, warily.

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"Your new girl has flew the coop." they "What do you mean?" demanded of th Sam, ecowling.
"Wafted. Vamoosed. Fluffed out. sir!

Beat it for the outside." "Who are you talking about?"
"Beattle's wife's sister." Miss Mackall?

"Went back with the bishop this

Sam's face was a study in blank in-Didn't you know she was goin'?" asked Jack, with pretended concern. He turned to his mates "Boys, this here's a serious matter." Looks like a regular lovers' quarrel. We ought to have broke it to him more gentle;"

"I don't believe it!" said Sam.
"But if it is true, she's got a right to go when she likes without asking me."

go when she likes without asking me."

"Spit it out," snapped Sam, scornful and unconcerned.
"Your old girl's come to town.
Ring out the new, ring in the old, as the song says. Lucky for you they didn't happen simultaneous."
This affected Sam more than the first item. In spite of him, a red tide surged up from his neck. He scowled angrily at having to betray himself before them. They laughed derisively.

suppose you mean Bela," he said. The settlement is free to her. She's no more mine than the

(Opened a resteraw in the shack elow the company store." Big Jack on "We had our dinner there. Better drop in to

Not by a damn sight!" muttered ook his reins, and drove on to

true of their laughter.

His feelings were much mixed. He that he ought in decency to be dely concerned on Jennie Mackall's count, but he could not drive Bela out of his head. He was both angry and terrified at her coming. Just when he was beginning to feel free and easy she had to come and start up e old trouble in his breast. Just on men were beginning to forget story which humiliated him, she calong and gave it new point!

story which are along and gave it new points are along the settlement he mentrated on a side issue. By the me he working himself up the settlement he all his troubles.

One afternoon, returning from around the bay earlier than usual, in a straight stretch of the road between the two trading posts, he saw her coming. No mistaking that slender, skirted figure, with a carriage as proud and graceful as a blooded horse.

an explanation. Mrs. Beattle was on the porch sewing, as ever her bland, capable self. They tell me Miss Mackall has

gone away." said Sam, stiffly.
"She was taken sick last night," reclied Mrs. Beattle. "We all thought
these for the ogo when she had a Sam nodded, undecided.

Mra. Beattle arose. "She left a note to bid you good-beg. I'll get it."
This was what Sam read, written in a well-nigh illegible sarawl:

I cannot stay here I am sick. I can't explain further hold a pen. It's diea ful to have to go without seeing you. But don't try to follow me. I will write you from

Ever thine,

Some bowed stiffly to Mrs. Beattle, and urned away. The letter mystifled and exasperated him. The emotion it breathed found no response in his own-breast. The phrasing sounded his own-breast. The phrasing sounded exagerated and silly. Why on earth should he follow? He understood the veiled reference to Bela. Little need for Tennie to warn him against her!

At the same time Sam felt mean because he experienced no greater dis-tress at Jennie's going. Finally, man-like, he swore under his breath, and like, he swore under his breath and resolved again to have no more to do with women. No suspicion of the real state of affairs crossed his mind.

atate of affairs crossed his mind.

Referring down bill in his wagon, he had to pass the little house where they had told him Bela was. Smoke was rising from the chimney. A great disquiet attacked him; he was not thinking of Jennie at all then. He heard sounds of activity from within the shacked. Wild horses could not have dragged his head around to hoot tright his horses, he got out of sight as quick as he could. But out of sight was not out of mind.

"What's the matter with me?" he

"What's the matter with me?" he asked himself, irritably. "I'm my own master, I guess. Nobody can put any-thing over on me. What need I care if she opens a dozen restaurants? One would think I was afraid of the girl! Ridictious! Lord! I wish she were at the other side of the world!"

There was no escaping her. During the days that followed, Bela was the principal topic of conversation around the settlement. Her place became a general rendezvous for all the white

Oraves' young men saved the government their rations, but took it out in horse-flesh riding around the bay to sup at Bela's. The policemen spent their hours off duty and wages there. Stiffy and Mahooley fired their cook and went with the rest. The shack proved inadequate to hold them all, and graves sent over a tent to be used

who did not patronize the place, he had to submit to be held up on the road half a dozen times a day while they forced him to listen to the details of the last wonderful meal at Bela's. sir: Real raised outside bread and genuine cow-butter from the mission. Green stuff from the mission garden. Roasted duck and prairie chicken; stewed rabbit and broiled fish fresh out of the lake! Pudding with raisins

in it, and on Sunday an apricot pie!"

Bela, it seemed, brought everybody
under contribution. They told how
even Mrs. Beattle, the great lady of
the place, was giving her cooking les-

He made a move to drive on,
"Hold on!" cried Big Jack. "I've got
another piece of news for you."
"Spit it out," snapped Sam, scorntoll and precedent of the stable was cleared they were allowed to smoke and to play,
toll and precedent of the stable was cleared they were allowed to smoke and to play,
toll only precedent of the stable was cleared they were allowed to smoke and to play,
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toll only the stable was cleared they were allowed to smoke and to play,
toll only the stable was cleared they were allowed to smoke and to play,
toll only the stable was cleared they were the st When the table was cleared they too; nothing highty-tighty about her. She had a clever tongue in her head. But all fair and aboveboard, you un-derstand. Lord! if any fellow got fresh he'd mighty soon be chucked out by the others. But nobody ever tried it on—there was something about her

A fine girl!

That was how the panegyrics always ended: "A fine girl, sir!" Every man felt a particular gratitude to Bela. It was a place to go nights. It combined the advantages of a home and a jolly club. Up north men were apt to grow rusty and glum for the lack of a little amusement. All of which evidenced a new side

Bela's character. She was coming i. In such a favorable atmosphere, she might well develop. It seemed that she moved like a queen among her courtiers. They scrambled to do her behests. Poor Sam, after listening to these

roor Sam, after Instering to these tales, was obliged to drive past the house of entertainment eyes front, and cook his supper in solitude at Grier's Point. He could no longer count on even an occasional companion, for nowadays everybody hurried to Bela's. The plain fact of the matter was, he suffered torments of lonesomeness. Lying in his blankets waiting for, perhaps in a cold drizzle, in his mind's ear he could hear the sounds of merriment in the shack three miles away. As his heart wakened he was obliged to batter himself harder and harder to become his reas against the cause of

thumping. There was no way of avoiding a meeting, unless he turned tail and fled before her. That was not tail and fied before her. That was not to be thought of. It was the first time they had come face to face since the uncomfortable morning in Johnny Gagnon's shack.

Sam steeled himself, and commenced to whistle. He would show her! Exactly what he meant to show her he could not have told, but it necessitated a jaunty air and a rollicking whistle. It was his intention to hall her in a friendly, offhand way like any of the men might—provided his heart did not leap out of his breast before he reached her.

It did not. But as they passed he

Is dealful to have to before he reached her.
Ing you. But don't try It did not. But as they passed he received the shock of his life. What-received the shock of his life. What-reible! Oh, be careful not let yourself be deal say more if I dared.

Sharfly Don't forget "Hello Sam!"

"Hello, Sam!" "Hello, Sam!
That was what he had meant to do, but it missed fire. He found himself gaping clownishly at her. For some-thing had leaped out of her eyes into his, something sweet and terrible and strange that threw him into a hopeless

whipped up his horses and banged down the trail. All night tossed in his blankets, hungry and exasperated beyond bearing. Cursing her brought him no satisfaction at all. It

brought him no satisfaction at all. It rang hollowly.

As the days passed, stories of another kind reached Sam's s. It appeared that many of Bela's boar selected to marry her, particularly the four settlers who had first arrived. They had offered themselves in due form, it was said and much to the form, it was said, and, much to the satisfaction of the company in general. ad been turned down in positiv

terms. Whether or not this was precisely true, Husky Marr suddenly sold out his outfit and went out on a york boat, while Black Shand Fraser packed up his and trekked over to the Spiri River. Later word came back that he had built himself a raft, and had go down to Fort Ochre, the farthest point that white men had reached.



The other two stuck if out. Big Jack Skinner philosophically aban-doned his pretensions, but Joe Hag-land would not take his answer. He

land would not take his answer. He continued to besiege Bela, and the general opinion was that he would year her out in the end. All of which did not help smooth Sam's pillow.

Another piece of news was that old Musq'oosts had gone to live with Bela and help her run her place. That night on his way back Sam saw that a teepee had been pitched beside the road near the stopping-house. In the end, as was inevitable, Sam began to argue with himself as to the wisdom of his course himself as to the wisdom of his course in staying away from Bela's.

and half a dozen times a day while any forced him to listen to the details if the last wonderful meal at Bela's. Every time they see me drive past if the last wonderful meal at Bela's. It revives the story in their minds," he "No bannock and sow-belly; no, told himself. "They'll think I'm afraid of her. She'll think I'm afraid of her. of her. She'll think I'm alraid of her.
I've got to show them all. I'm just
making a fool of myself staying away.
It's only a public eating-house. My
money's as good as anybody else's, I
guess. I'll never make good with the
gang until I can mix with them there
as it nothing had happened." as if nothing had happened."
Thus do a young man's secret de-

sires beguile him. But even when he had persuaded himself that it would be the part of wisdom to eat at Bela's, Bela's place attractive. The men told how agreeably she welcomed them, making every man feel at home. She remembered their likes and dislikes; she watched to see that their plates were kept full.

When the teble were the seed of the s

through the door with a sore and desirous heart. "Why can't I have a good time, too?" he asked himself, rebelliously. But he did not pull up. A few yards beyond the shack he met Stiffy and

Mahooley riding to supper.
"Hey, Sam!" cried the latter, teas-

ingly, "Come on in to supper, I'll blow!"
"Much obliged," said Sam, goodnaturedly, "My horses' feed is down at the Point, I have to be getting on.'
"There's plenty feed here," said Mahooley Sam shook his head

"I believe you're afraid of the girl."
The shaft went home. Sam laughed cornfully and pulled his horses' heads around. "On, well, since you put it that way I guess I will eat a meal off

CHAPTER XIX.

Sam tied his team to a tree and walked to the door of the shack. Within those twenty paces he experienced a complete revulsion of feeling. Hav-ing cast the die, he enjoyed that wonderful lightness of heart that fol-lows on a period of painful indecision. "What the deuce!" he thought.
"What a simpleton I am to worry myself blind! Whatever there is about Bela, she doesn't exactly hate me. Why Beta, she doesn't exactly hate me, Whiy shouldn't I jolly her along? That's the best way to get square. Lord! I'm young. Why shouldn't I have my bit of fun?"

It was in this gay humor that he crossed the threshold. Within he saw a long oilcloth-covered table reaching across the room, with half a score of men sitting about it on boxes.
"Hey, fellows! Look who's here!"
cried Mahooley.

A chorus of derisive welcome, more or less good-natured, greeted the newcomer

"Why, if it ain't Sammy, the stolen kid!

"Can I believe my eyes!" "There's pluck for you, boys!"
"You bet! Talk about walking up to the cannon's mouth!

"Look out, Sam! The rope and the "Don't be askeard, kid; I'll pertect you from violence!"
Sam's new-found assurance was

The crowd fell silent, and every pair of eyes turned toward the door, filled with strong curiosity to see the meeting between these two. Sam felt the tension and his heart began to beat. but he stiffened his back and kept on smiling. Bela came in wearing her most unconcerned air. They were not going to get any change out of her! "Hello, Bela!" cried Sam. "Can

have some supper? She looked him over coolly. "Sure, They roared with laughter at he manner. Sam laughed, too, to his manner. Sam laughed, too, to hid the discomfiture he privately felt. Sam

took his allotted place. The laughter of the crowd was perfectly goodnatured, except in the case of one-man whom Sam marked.
Opposite him sat Joe Hagland. Joe stared at Sam offensively, and con-tinued to laugh after the others had done. Sam affected not to notice him.

'I've got to fight Joe, big as he is He stands in my way!' Outside in the canvas kitchen a litter comedy was in progress all unknown to the boarders. Bela came breathing quickly, and showing a red spot in either ivory cheek. Forgetting supper, she began to dig in her

To himself he said:

Getting out a lace collar, she flew to he mirror to put it on. Her hair dis-atisfied her, and she made it fluff out a little under the rich braid which crowned her brow. Finally, see ruth-lessly tore a rose from her new hat and pinned it to her girdle as she had

een Jennie Mackall do. . She turned around to find old Mary Otter staring at her open-mouthed, while the turnovers in the frying pan sent up a cloud of blue smoke. cakes are burning!" stormed

Bela. "What's the matter with you? All that good grease! Do I pay you to spoil good food? You gone crazy, "Somebody else crazy I think me." muttered the old woman, rescuing the

frying pan. Bela's boarders were not a very perspicacious lot, but when she came in again to serve the dinner the dullest among them became aware of the change in her. The lace collar and the rose in her belt were significant enough, but there was more than

rely Herbal-He poisenous coloring Antiseptic-Stops blood-poison Seething-Ends pain and smarting, etc re-Best for baby's rashes. Heals all sores.

50c. box. All Druggists and Stores

Before she had been merely the efficient hostess, friendly to all—but sexless. Now she was woman clear through; her eyes flashed with the consciousness of it, there was coquetry in every turn of her head, and a new grace in every movement of her body. The effect on the company was not a happy one. The men lowered jeal-ousy on Sam. The atmosphere became highly 'charged. Only Sam's eyes lighted with pleasure.

a happy one. The men lowered jealousy on Sam. The atmosphere became
highly charged. Only Sam's eyes
lighted with pleasure.
Sam, Bela pointedly ignored. It
was on Joe that she bestowed all her
smiles. No one present was deceived
by her ruse excepting Joe himself,
whose vanity was enormously inflated
thereby. Sam's instinct told him that
it was to himself her coquetry was
addressed.
After the humiliations she had put

upon him, it was deliciously flattering thus to see her in her own way guing for his favor. This made him feel like a men again. He was disposed to "Hey, Bela!" he cried. "What kind of soup is this?"
"No kind," she retorted "Jus' tease her.

"The reason I asked, a fellow told me you made your soup out of musk-rat-tails and goose-grass."

rat-tails and goose-grass."
"I put the goose-grass in for you," said Bela.
Shouts of laughter here.
Bela lowered her head and whispered in Joe's ear, Joe guffawed with

Bela lowered her need per defined by the pered in Joe's ear, Joe guffawed with an incolent stare across at Sam. Sam smiled undisturbed, for the provoking glance which had accompanied the whisper had been for him. Joe had not seen that.

"What's next?" demanded Sam.

"What's next?" demanded Sam.

"What's next?" said Bela.

"What's next?" demanded Sam.

"I save them for my regular boarders." "Count me in!" cried Sam.

was only the varies of the poisonous food that kept me away before. Now I'm inoculated I don't care!" Sam proceeded to higher flights of wit. The other men stared. This was

a new aspect of the stiff-necked young teamster they had known. They did not relies it overmuch. None of them dared talk back to Bela in just this

Meanwhile Bela scorned Sam outrageously, Beneath it he perceived subtle encouragement. She enjoyed the game as much as he did, and little he cared how the men were pleased. The choicest morsels found their way to Sam's plate. to Sam's plate.

to Sam's plate.
Sam's eyes were giving away more than he knew. "You are my mark!" they flashed on Bela, while he teased her, and Bela's delighted, scornful

eyes answered back: "Get me if you can!" (To be continued.)

Sewing Room Hints.

If spools of different colored darning cotton are strung on a cord to hang on the back of a chair while mending a few moments of hunting

When punching eyelets, place the machine over a cake of white and there will be a firm edge

cannot ravel, and is easily worked In sewing on hooks and eyes, buttonhole them on and they will never come off, fewe stitches will be need-

LISTLESS, PEEVISH GIRLS

ed, moreover.

When a girl in her teens becomes peevish, listless and dull; when nothing seems to interest her and dainties do not tempt her appetite. you may be certain that she needs more good blood than her system is provided with. Before long her pal-lid cheeks, frequent headaches, and breathlessness and heart palpitation will confirm that she is anaemic. Many mothers as the result of their own girl nood experience, can promptly detect the early signs of anaemia, and the wise mother does not wait for the trouble to develop further, but at on gives her daughter a course with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which renew the blood supply and banish anaemia before it has obtained a hold upon the

Out of weir own experience thousands of mothers know that anaemia is the sure road to worse ills. They know the difference that good red girl, every pain she suffers in her ter the ceremony of opening the back and limbs are reproaches if you erloo bridge, which, it is expe

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Patron Saint of Paris

Wonderful Work of St. Genevieve When Franks Beat the Huns.

Among the French who have had so many wonderful heroines among their women, Joan of Arc is perhaps most widely known, but the patron saint of Paris, Genevieve, is a no less beautiful character. Like Joan of Arc, she, too, was a peasant's daughter, but she too, was a peasant's daughter, but she lived nearly a thousand years before, when the world was far less civilized. But her death was a happy one, for the people she had helped were her friends, whereas, Joan of Arc met her death in the flames to which the English condemned her, friendless except for her own people far away.

St. Genevieve lived in the fifteenth century. In those days the Roman Em-

century. In those days the Roman Empire had just about crumbled to pieces and the province was overrun by one horde of invaders after another. Among these was Attila, who had killed thousands and set fire to many cities in the belief that he was whose van'ty was enormously inflated thousands and set fire to many cities in the belief that he was thereby. Sam's instinct told him that it was to himself her coquetry was addressed.

After the humiliations she had put apon him, it was deliciously flattering thus to see her in her own way guing for his favor. This made him feel like a men again. He was disposed to tease her.

"Hey, Bela!" he cried. "What

result was that not only the soldiers of Paris but of a large part of France and other countries met Attila the Hun at Chalons, and in one of the bloodiest battles of ancient times terribly defeated him. If it had been a victory for Attila, Europe might have flad a far different history.

Later, too, when the Franks, another invading nation, descended upon Paris and besieged it, St. Genevieve secured relief for her city by risking a journey down the Seine river, in danger of her life, and implored people in other cities to send food to the

"Wait and see," said Bela.
"They say your toasted bull-bats are out o' sight."

"Wait and see," said Bela.

"They say your toasted bull-bats her a supernatural character. Finally the Franks succeeded in capturing the Franks succeeded in capturing Paris. It was the real beginning of the present French nation, but then it seemed a terrible misfortune to the poor inhabitants. St. Genevieve was not in the city, and she was ordered shut out, but she made her way in and confronted the terrible chief of the Franks, who yielded to his fears of her as a woman of God, and did not slaughter or enslave the inhabitants of the city, as was customary in those days. When St. Genevieve died she was surrounded by the people of her city, whom she had befriended, and she was further made happy that the conquerors had been converted Christianity.—Exchange.

RELIEF AT LAST

I want to help you if you are suffering from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Phes. I can tell you how, in your own home and without anyone's assistance, you can apply the best of all treatments.

PILES TREATED AT

I promise to send you a FREE trial of the new absorption treatment, and references from your own locality if you will but write and ask. I assure you of immediate relief. Send no money but tell others of this offer.

MRS. M. SUMMERS. Box 8, Windsor, Cnt.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

How the London "Observer" Told Story of the Coming Opening.

Just a hundred years ago there ap peared in the issue of The Observer, of London, then, as now, a Sunday paper, a descriptive little news item about the Duke of Wellington. Waterloo was then only two years past, and the goings and comings of the Iron Duke was always good copy for the press in these days.

The writer of the paragraph in question goes about the task in a leisure ly fashion: There is no though about placing the news first and making the embroidery as scanty as pos sible. Anything about the duke is good reading, and so he indulges him-self in a discussion of His Grace's ranidity of movement, his vigor, and hi wonderful "flow of spirits," which makes him "the delight of the circle in which he moves." "The Duke of Wellington," he remarks to his readers, "is distinguished by as much personal activity and celerity of move ment in this 'piping time of peace,' as during the most interesting period of the late Peninsular war.' he goes on to tell how His Grace landed at Dover about six on Sunday morning, but remained there only un til his carriage could be brought to the shore and started for London soon blood makes in the development of womanly health. Every headache, used,—'is expected to remain in Engevery gasp for breath that follows land about two months; at least, it the slightest exertion by the anaemic is understood that he, will stay till afback and limbs are reproaches if you have not taken the best steps to give your weak girl new blood, and the only sure way to do so is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

New, rich, red blood is infused into the system by every doze of these pills. From this new rich blood anyings god health an increased any the prince of the pills.

springs god health, an increased appetite, new energy, high spirits and perfect womanly development. Give your daughter Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and take them yourself and note how take them yourself and note how a sidered by Canova as the finest bridge sidered by Canova as the finest brid springs god health, an increased appetite, new energy, high spirits and perin all Europe, was opened by the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.

and recounting of costs would convey

Shopping Bia

Scarcely anything pleases a woman more than to come to the city to shop. There are so many big stores with such endless variety and choice of everything.

Still there s just that little drawback about where to stay. The Walker House solves that problem. It is a home for you while in the city, and you can have all your purchases sent direct there, where there are special facilities for looking after your parcels. ing after your parcels.

Come to the city to shop and stay at The Walker House The House of Plenty

TORONTO, ONT. P.S.—Special attention given to ladies and children travelling with-out gentlemen escorts.

any idea of what Waterloo bridge which carries the Waterloo road across the Thames between Westminster bridge and Blackfriars bridge, conveys to those who are familiar with its "granite immensity." Its very plainness and massive strength, the way it has of looming up gray through the mist of the early morning, or cutting sharply across the sky as one goes westward towards it along the Embankment, of a summer evening, and countless other "grateful settings" have an appeal to the Londoner all their own, and have been a source of joy and enterprise to many artists. Then there are the famous Waterloo steps, which, with their Aladdin's cave-in like approach, give access to the bridge above from the Embank-And once on the bridge itself, there is always the view up the river towards St. Paul's and the Tower. Almost any day in the year, some one may be seen enjoying the sight, or sketching it, from one or another of

the great embrasures which mark the tops of the piers. For over sixty years after it was thrown open to traffic by the Prince Regent, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, on that memorable June day, a century ago, pedestrians continued to pay the toll, of one-halfpenny, referred to by the writer of the paragraph in The Observer. In 1878, however, the bridge was acquired by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and since then ,Londoners, whether afoot or awheel, have passed back and forth or awneel, have passed back and forth acted. And they pass back and forth without question asked or charge exto some purpose, for, with London bridge, which lies farther down the river, beyond Blackfriars, Waterloo bridge is among the busiest thoroughfares in London—Christian Science tares in London.-Christian Science

PAYING AN INFORMER.

Alexandre Dumas contributed to the Curieux an anecdote told him by Henri Didier, who was a deputy under the second empire.

Didier's fatner was secretary to the ministry of the interior at the time when the Duchesse de Berri was ar-rested at Nantes at the end of her at-

tempt to raise the country against Louis Phillippe and in favor of her son, the Count de Chambord.

The traitor Deutz agreed to sell to the government the secret of her hiding place for 500,000 francs, and it was the elder. Didir's duty to pay the the elder Didier's duty to pay the scoundrel for his dirty work. He took his son Henri into the office and said: "Look well now at what passes and never forget it." You will learn what an lache is and the method of paying him.'

Deutz was then brought into the coom where M. Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed two packets, each of which contained

250,000 francs.
As Deutz neared the desk M. Didier made a sign to him to stop. Then, taking a pair of tongs, he extended the packets, one after the other, into he packets, one after the other, into a word was spoken, and when the transfer was effected M. Didier pointd to the door.

Best Time for Black Bass. Early morning is the best for black pass on small streams, later part of the day till sundown very good. Cloudy days midday good, especially if con For fly fishing for bass early morning hours and an hour before dark best time. If full moon even later gets the big ones .- New York Sun.

THE CADDIES' PROFITS.

(Boston Transcript) First Newsboy-Chminie's got a job as caddie for a golf club. Is dore inuch money in dat? second Ditto-De salary ain't much, but dey makes a lot extra backin' up fel-lers when dey lies about de scores dey

NEW WAY TO REMOVE SORE, ACHING CORNS

Corn plasters be hanged, they always were troublesome and unsatis-factory. Try the new method! Shriyel up the corn first, get its roots separ-This you can do ated from the toe. ated from the training on Putnam's Corn Extractor. It sure does bring relief—takes away the sting, lifts out the whole corn in a day or two. Put-nam's will really, surely cure the toughest of corns. Costs bpt a quarter in any drug store. Get it to-day.

Viscount Ishii says American women are the prettiest in the world. Oh, well, nearly every mother's son of us have told a lot of them -hat -nzens of times.—Springfield (Ohio) News.

ke up happy ult. We let ult. We let spoil our jo lings that shou ind on the good the things the lly small coase theerful habit of that is good on ings that he is something

fo that are yours