TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

Mildred's foot having been exam- once in her life, unfeignedly glad to ined and pronounced "likely to be tedious, but not serious." she was comfortably ensconced on a sofa in her mother's sitting-room, whence, after dinner, she sent word that she would be very glad to see them all if they would come and sit with her. So consequently, about nine o'clock, considerable noise and laughter might have been heard issuing from the boudoir, where they had all assembled odedient to her command—all, that is, save Eddie, Miss Lisle and Denzil Younge, with one or two others, who had lin-gered in the billiard-room. Lord Lyndon had, of course, been the first to approach Mildred to inquire how she was and express his tender, loving regrets that she should have so in-jured herself; but, finding her, though sweet and gracious as usual, some-what disinclined for conversation, he had left her presently with the entreaty that she would try to sleep, and se subdue all feverish symptoms. But she was flushed and restless, and could not compose herself, so lay open-cyed, though silent, with her gaze fixed uron the door.

When ten o'clock struck, Lady Caro-

line made a move.

"Mildred, darling," she said, bending over her, "would you not like to go to bed? You are looking so feverish-and I know you are suffering ish—and I know you are suffering pain. Let me persuade you, dearest, to do what is wise. Are you waiting for anyone? Would you like to see Lyndon before going?"

"No—no," answered Mildred, blushing vividly; "I do not want anyone. But I am not tired vet, mamma"—pleadingly—"I wish to sit up a little lenger."

So Lady Caroline, giving her her own way, said nothing more, until at length, another half hour was tolled out by the small clock. And, even as it struck, feet came rapidly up the stairs, and then nearer and nearer, until they passed the door, when there came to those within a gay, ringing laugh, irrepressible in its joyousness, was heard by all.

"I think Mr. Younge had the mos charming laugh I ever heard," said Jane Deverill. "Don't you, Captain

'Mamma," said Mildred, wearily, "I am tired now; I should like to go to

CHAPTER XXI.

"Mildred," said Sir George, one night about a fortnight later on, "if you really mean hunting co-morrow, you will have to be up betimes, as we shall have to start more than usually early. on account of the distance we have

"I shall be ready," answered Mildred.

Accordingly, the next morning, true to her word, she was down-stairs, equipped, even to the dainty little whip she carried in her hand, before any one but Denzil had put in an appear

Lyndon arriving shortly afterward in time for breakfast, they hastily despatched that meal, and started directly after for the meet, which was at some considerable distance—Miss Trevanton and the acknowledged lover in front, Sir George with the discarded in the

On their way they fell in with Frances Sylverton, attended only by a groom—Charile having gone to rejoin his regiment some days before who called out gaily that she has she had come this route on the mere chance of meeting them, and was therefore, for

A BLOOD-FOOD DISCOVERED THAT ENTIRELY OVERCOMES ANAEMIC WEAKNESS

Carefully Investigated Reports Establish Truly Wonderful Results.

Heretofore it has often been a hope-less task for a thin-blooded person to gain either strength or weight. Neither icod nor medicine in many instances had beneficial effect.

What is practically a perfect bloedwhat is practically a perject blood-food, containing such elements as iron has at last been produced, and when taken after meals will put new life and vigor into people that have the and vigor has people that have despaired of ever being strong again.

This truly wonder-working treatment consists of taking two small chocolate-coated Perrozone Tablets at

the close of every neal.

This wonderful blood food supplies neurishment, vim, energy—sends a stream of vigorous, strength-making blood to every nook and corner of the body, makes every muscle and fibre sing with new-found life and health.

That gnawing tiredness leaves you— Ferrozone drives it away. Sleepless nights are turned into periods of rest, and you pick up fast. Day by day your appetite improves—this means more food is transformed into nutri-ment that will build and energize weak organs. The inclination to worry passes away because Ferrozo worry passes away because Ferrozone imparts nerve—tone and bodfly strength that prevents depression.

Think it over—Ferrozone is a wonderful tonic, in fact it is more because

it establishes health that lasts. Theu sands use it and thereby cleanse and restore the entire system to a perfect condition. You'll feel the uplifting power of Ferrozone in a week-it's bound to help you if you only give it the chance. Sold by all dealers, FF. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Be sure of the name Ferrozone. Forwarded by mail to any address if price is by mail to any address it price is on, it speak with him once more remitted to The Catarrhozone Co., if only for a moment—just for so long Kingston, Ont.

as it would take to let him know how

see them.
"And what has happened to you, O

"And what has happened to you, O knight of the rueful countenance?" she aked, merrily, of Denzil, reining in her horse beside him.
"I had no idea I was looking sc. lugubrious," he said, laughing; "and I don't believe I am either. It is the morning mist that has got into your bright aves." bright eyes."

"No, it is not," persisted Miss Sylverten, emphatically, shaking her head; "the signs of wee upon your face are unmistakable. I suppose you have a presentiment that you will be slain to-day, and naturally don't relish it."

"You are wrong," said lie-"entirely wrong. If I felt even the shadow of such a feeling upon me, I should go straight home again, and wait for the lawning of some luckier day.

"What a coward!" cried Miss Silverton, scornfully.
"I am that," returned Denzil, comfortably; "is it possible you have never before made the discovery?"

"I wonder," thought Sir George, "if young people nowadays ever talk

And then immediately afterward they came within full view of the hounds, as they stood clustered to-gether in the hollow, for the most part seeming one mass of spotted skin and waving restless tail.

Three hours later, and Miss Trewith heightened color and warmed blood, was riding excitedly along to the occasional music of the orward hounds. A little in front. Sir George and Lyndon gave her the lead, while behind there were none; for of all those who had met that morning but few now remained to be in at the "death." Some, finding the pace too death." Some, finding the pace too hot in the beginning, had wisely drawn rein, and solemnly pledded home again; others, more adventurously but scarcely so well judging, trusting to fickle fortune to favor the brave, had come to a violent end, and now sat, or stood, lamenting their fate, and abusing their goddess in no measured terms; while of those who still held on—among whom was Frances Sylverton—most of them rode to Mildred's left, down deep in the hollow of Hart's Chase, leaving to her right but

one, and that was Denzil.

A passionate lover of riding, and devoted to sport, Younge's keenest en-joyment was to feel a good horse under him, with the certainty of hard day's run in view; and to-day, his mount being undeniable, he was growing almost happy again.

Having made a false move about half an hour before he was now crashing through, or over, everything that came in his way, to make up for lost time, and gain on Sir George and Lynghor who elever and warm agreement. who—clever and wary sportsmen—had sailed along from the beginning straight in the line of vic-

tory, without a moment's swerve. Just as Denzil at last caught sight of them, and knew himself to be once more in the right way, he found he was on the same ground with Mildred Trevanion, only considerably higher up. It was a lengthy meadow, straggling and untidy in form, and Mildred, entering at the lower end, could scarcely distinguish her com-panion above, but succeeded in nationing a shrewd conjecture nevertheless.

From where she was it was easy enough to get into the adjoining field, but with benzil it was far different. A short ugly wall rose before him, surmounted by a hedge of some sort, thick and sort with the standard standard source. thick and prickly, which effectually concealed from view the heavy fall on the other side. Still, it was not exon the other side. Still, it was not exactly an impossible thing to take, though decidedly a "facer"; and Denzil, understanding the danger, and trusting to his horse to carry him safely through, determined to risk it,

come what might. Miss Trevanion, slightly ahead of him now—having managed her last jump satisfactorily—turned nervously in her saddle to see how it would end. She wondered breathlessly whether—whoever he weakers whoever he was-he knew of And then she saw the horse rise, land at the other side, stagger, and then, plunging helplessly forward, bring it-self and its rider heavily to the its rider heavily to the

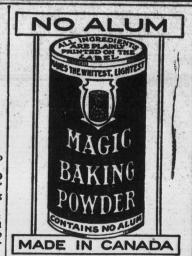
Mildred shut her eyes, and pressed her teeth cruelly on her under lip to suppress the scream that rose so na-turally from her heart; and when she summoned courage to look up, she summoned courage to look up, she found the horse had risen, and stood trembling at some little distance off, while on the grass lay motionless a mass of brilliant scarlet cloth and a gleam of golden hair.

CHAPTER XXII.

In but few minutes' time after the accident Mildred was beside Denzil, and down on her knees, her horse idly wondering away. She stooped, and placed her hand upon his heart, but failed to detect the faintest beat. She drew her fingers across his forebut failed to detect the faintest beat. She drew her fingers across his fore-head—cold and damp with the chilling wintery wind—but to her it seemed touched by the cold hand of Death. A terrible feeling took possession of her. Was he dead? Was he speechless, deaf, blind, beyond love, life, hope,

for evermore? Lifting his head on to her lap and pushing back the hair from his beau-tiful forhead, she murmured to him tenderly, almost reproachfully, half believing the cruel voice he had loved so well on earth would recall him even from the grave. But there was

no answer.
She looked up wildly. Would nobody ever come? How long they were—how long! And, when they did come, would it, perchance, be only to come, would it, perchance, be only to tell her that help was needless—that he was indeed dead, as he appeared—lifeless within her very arms? Oh, to speak with him once more,



well she loved him, and to beg on her

knees for his forgiveness!
Why did he lie so silent at her feet?
Surely that calm, half smile had no sympathy with death. Was she never to hear his voice again—never to see the loving tenderness that grew in his eyes for her alone? eyes for her alone? Was all the world dead or insen-

sible, that none would come to her call, while perhaps each precious moment was stealing another from his life? This thought was mad-dening; she glanced all round her, but as yet no one was in sight. And then she began to cry and wring her

"Denzil, speak to me!" she sobbed
"Denzil—darling—darling!"

Lord Lyndon, shortly after the ac cident had occurred, turning round in his saddle to discover whether Miss Trevanion was coming up with them, and not seeing her, raised himself in his stirrups to survey the ground his stirrups to survey the ground hind, and beheld two horses riderless hind, and beheld two horses riderless stirrups to survey the ground be-

and something he could not discern clearly upon the grass.

"Sir George, look!" he called to his companion. "What is it—what has happened? Can you see Mildred?"

He waited for nothing more, but, putting source the carterields and putting spurs to the astonished animal under him, rode furiously back leaving Sir George to follow him al-

most as swiftly.
And this was what they saw.
Lying apparently lifeless, with one
arm twisted half under him, in that norrible, formless way a broken limb will sometimes take, lay Denzil Younge, with Miss Trevanion holding

Younge, with Miss Trevanion holding his head upon her lap, and smoothing back his hair, while she moaned over him words and entreaties that made Lyndon's heart grow cold. ""Mildred!" he cried, sharply, putting his hand on her arm with the intention of raising her from the ground; but she shook him off roughly.

"Let, me alone," she said; "what have you to do with us? I loved him. Oh, Denzil, my darling, speak to me—speak to me!"
"What' is the meaning of this?"
Lyndon asked, hoarsely. "Trevanion, you should know"

you should know."

Sir George, who was bending over the prostrate man, raised his eyes for

"I suppose, as she says it, it is true," he answered, simply, "But I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, I was unaware of it. All 1 know is that she refused him long before you proposed for her—for what reason I am as ignorant as yourself. It has been her own secret from firs

As Sir George spoke, Mildred look-ed up for the first time. "Is he dead?" she asked, with ter-

"Is ne dead.
rible calmness.
"No, no — I hope not; a bro"No, no — seldom kille," ansken arm seldom kills," answered her father, hurriedly, drawing the broken limb from beneatly the wounded man with great gentleness. "Lyndon, the brandy."

Lyndon, who was almost as white as Denzil at the moment, resolutely putting his own grievance behind him for the time being, knelt down beside Sir George, and, giving him his began to help in the task of resuscitation. "How will it be?" he asked, in a

"I cannot tell," answered Sir George,

TOO LITTLE BLOOD **MEANS MUCH MISERY**

That is What Makes People Pale, Weak and Languid

The one source of most of the misery that affects men and women and growing children is poverty of the blood. If you consult a doctor he says you are anaemic, which really means bloodless. That is what makes people drag along, always tired, never real hungry, often unable to digest their food, breathless after the slightest exertion, and too often on the verge of complete breakdown.

More weak, anaemic people have been made strong, energetic and cheerful by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. These pills actually make new, rich blood which reaches every part of the body, strengthens the nerves and brings new health and strength. The folnew health and strength. The lor-lowing is proof of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to restore health. Mr. Geo. Tur-ner. New Haven, N. S., says: "No doubt due to constant hard work, I doubt due to constant hard work, I got in a badly run down condition. It took very little exertion to tire me and my appetite was far from being good. Often I had headaches, and good. Often I had headaches, and when going upstairs, of after any slight exertion my heart would palpitate violently, and I grew considerably alarmed about my condition. I decided to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a few boxes I felt much better. I continued using the pills for some weeks longer, and they completely cured me. I can they completely cured me. I can warmly recommend this medicine to

men who are weak or run down. You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes \$2.50 from Th Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. "we can only hope for the best. I don't like the look on the poor lad's face. I have seen such a look before. Do you remember little Polly Stuart of the Guards? I was on the ground when he was killed very much in the same manner, and saw him lying there with just that sort of strange, calm half smile upon his face as though defying death.
"But he was stone dead at the time."

"But he was stone dead at the time,

"But he was stone dead at the time, poor boy."
"How shall we get him home?" asked Lyndon. "I wish some doctor could be found to see him. Was not Stubber on the field this morning?"
"Yes, but was called off early in the day, I think."
"His heart!" cried Miss Trevanion, suddenly. "His heart! It is beating!"
She raised her eves to her father's

She raised her eyes to her father's as she gave utterance to the swee words, and Lyndon saw all the glor-lous light of the hope that had kind-led in them. Her white fingers were pressed closely against Denzil's chest; her breath was coming and going rapturously at quick, short intervals; her whole face was full of passionate,

glad expectation.
"So it is," said Sir George, excitedly. "Lyndon, more brandy."

So life, struggling slowly back into Denzil's frame, began its swift course once more for him; while for Lyndon, turning away sick at heart and miserable, its joys and promises were but as rotten fruit, ending in bitterness and mockey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was late the same evening, and Mildred, sitting in her mother's room, with one hand clasped in Lady Caroline's, was gazing idly into the fire, seeming pale and dejected in the red light of the flames, that ever and anon blazed up and sunk, and almost died, and brightened up again. Yet in her heart there was a great well of thankfulness, of joy unutterable—for had not the doctor, fully an hour before, declared Denzil out of any immediate danger, assuring the anxious watchers that with care and time his recovery would be a certainty?

Up to that moment Miss Trevanion had remained in her own apartment, not caring to encounter the gaze of curious observers—now walking feverishly backward and forward with unspoken prayers within her breast, and the counter of the coun waiting for the tidings she yet dread-

ed to hear.
But when Lady Caroline came to But when Lady Caroline came to tell her all was well for the present, she could say nothing; she only fol-lowed her mother back to her own room, where she fell upon her knees and cried as though her heart would

Here, too, she confessed all that had haid so heavily on her mind for the past few months, while the mother sat silent, listening and wondering, and caressing with tender, encourageng fingers the fair bent head

lay upon her lap.

Sir George, on his return, had told his wife all that had occurred—and probably more—together with a good deal of information on the subject of his own feelings, which he described at length, as having received a shock not to be easily forgotten.

He had been extremely fussy and discursive altogether, but the mother's heart had divined the truth, and went cut in pitying love to her child. Now, here, in the gathering darkness of this cold, unhappy day, a silence fell upon them both, while thoughts

ose thick and agitating.
Suddenly the door opened and a serant stood revealed.

"Lord Lyndon's compliments to Miss Trevanion, and he would be glad to see her for a few minutes in the north drawingroom," he said, and lingered for a reply.

"I will be down directly," Mildred

"I will be down directly, and when he had withdrawn, turned nervously toward Lady Caroline. "Oh, mother," she said, "what can I say to him? What must he think of me? Höw miserable it all is!" "Have courage, my darling," whis-

pered Lady Caroline, "and own the truth—plain speaking is ever the best and wisest. Afterward he will forgive you. Remember how impatiently I shall be waiting here for your return."
"Of course he will understand that

it is now all over between us?" Mildred asked, half anxiously, as she

area asked, hair anxiously, as sne reached the door.

"Of course he will," said Lady Caroline, with a suppressed sigh. How could she help regretting this good thing that was passing away from her daughter? "Now go, and do not keen him in superse any longer."

her daughter? "Now go, and do not keep him in suspense any longer."

So Mildred went; but, as she passed the threshold of the room that contained Lord Lyndon, a sudden rush of memory almost overpowered her, carrying her back, as it did, to that other night, a few short weeks ago, when she had similarly stood, but in how different a position in the sight of the man now standing opposite to her. Then she had come to offer him all that was dearest to him on earth, now she was come to deprive him, of that boon—was standing beforehim, judged and condemned as having given away that which in nowise ing given away that which in nowise belonged to her.

She scarcely dared to raise her head,

She scarcely dared to raise her head, but waited, shame-stricken, for him to accuse her, with eyes bent sorrow-fully downward. Her attitude, though she knew it not, was perfect. She looked a broken lily—a beautiful, although repentant sinner.

"I have very little to say to you," said Lyndon, hoarsely, in a voice that was strange and cold, all the youth being gone out of it, "but I thought it better to get it over at once—to end this farce that has been playing so long."

No answer from Miss Trevanion no movement—no sound even, beyond a slight catching of the breath.

"Why should you have treated me as you have is altogether beyond my fathoming," he went on. "Surely I could never have deserved it at your When I gave you that paltry mands. When I gave you that paltry money a few weeks ago, I little thought it was accepted as the price of your affection. Affection! Nay, rather toleration. Had I known it I would have the toleration to the state of the state would have flung it into the sea 1.e-fore it should have degraded both fore it should have degraded both yourself and me. Had you no com-passion—no thought of the dreary future you were so coldly planning for us both—I ever striving to gain a love that was not to be gained-you per-



reproaching you now; the thing is done, and cannot be undone. You have only acted as hundreds of women have only acted as hundreds of women have acted before you—ruined one man's happiness completely, and very nearly wrecked another's, all for the want of a little honesty."

He made a few steps forward, as though to pass her, but she arrested him by laying both her hands upon his arm.

(To be continued.) LAW OLD AND NEW.

A Cynical View of Past Methods and Those of the Present.

Law, more especially criminal law. has usually been an occust silence. It is still the practice of Burma, we believe, to give two disputants candles of the same size, to be lighted at the same time. The one whose candle burns longest gets judgment against

the other.
Less than 100 years ago a defendant in an English criminal trial appealed to the ordeal of battle, and the court was more or less surprised to find that the ancient law on which he relied never been repealed.

Determining a man's guilt or inno-cence by his ability to walk on hot plowshares or carry a hot iron or plowsnares or carry a not from or drink a poisonous decoction or by throwing him bound into water has been practiced for ages among many peoples. The medieval method of letting accused and accuser fight it out with weapons was common over Eu rope.

Our modest ancestors confessed their inability to find the merits of the cause and so relegated the whole affair to the intervention of supernatural agencies. The main differ ence is that we are less modest. In-stead of the ordeal of battle or the old key and Bible test or the "sieve witch," we have the defendant play a game of trip the court. If he can catch the judge putting down an "i" dot over an "e" he wins and is pronounced in he wins and is pronounced in-

Grand Complexion Improver! Eetter Than Cosmetics

When it's so easy to bring back the bloom of youth to faded cheeks, when skin disfigurements can be removed, isn't it foolish to plaster on cos-metics?

Go to the root of the trouble move that cause—correct the condition that keeps you from looking as you ought. Use Dr. Hamiffon's Pills and very soon you'll have a complexion to be proud of. How much happier you'll feel-pimples gone, cheeks rosy again, eyes bright, spirits good, joyous health again returned. Never a failure with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, get a 25c box to-

KITCHENER.

Are we downhearted yet? Lor' bless yer, no!
But sye—it's cruel 'ard to see 'im go.
'Im as the Good Book calls—what is it?
'Bulwark and stren'th,''
Doin' 'is bit for us day after weary day,
Until at length
Gawd called him:

And we blind fools without 'im 'ere be-Yet wait—I see 'im marshalling them there,
Those white battalions wingin' by 'im slow,
Called by his faith as though by bugle's blare,
To 'elp 'im strike a blow at England's foe Because 'e loved us—and we loved 'im so!

Come on, boys, cut the tears and sing, Tighten the Teuton ring, Fight on the Victory as e'd 'ave us go; God Save the King! —Anonymous, in Montreal Star.

THE QUEEN'S APPRECIATION

The following is an extract from a letter received by the Montreal branch of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild from Lady Hawley, Hon. Secretary, at the Guild headquarters in London, England:

"I hardly know how to thank all those who have so kindly contributed, and hope you will come to my aid by conveying the expression of Her Majesty's appreciation to the various branches and individual workers who have contributed to your last consignment. Her Majesty was much inter ment. Her Majesty was much inter-ested in the Indian made socks, and much astonished what one of her little petticoats has been and is doing for the cause, as we see that in addition to six cases of comforts made from the proceeds of this little petticoat, there is more to follow.

"The South African picture-books are delightful, and I will send them to one of the officers' hospitals."

"The dressings have been despatched to Cliveden Hospital as requested.
"I must not forget to mention the comfort bags from Yarmouth, which were lovely and will be much apprec

iated.
. "Should you by any chance get any women's and children's things, I should now be glad of a few, as I am asked for some for widows and orphans of officers, and as you know, our department for women and child-ren has been closed.

"Could you let Mrs. Hamilton know that her shirt was quite correct?
"With renewed thanks. truly (Signed) Annie Lawley, Hon.

"Don't you think Miss Howler has wonderful control of her voice?" "No, petually remembering past days that contained all the sweetness of your contained all the sweetness of your life! There—it is of small use my asks her to."—Boston Transcript.

Tommy Atkins to Captain Bunkum

The following poem, a parody on "You Are Old. Father William," appears in the Hawick News (Scotland) of April 21st.

"We are cold, Captain Bunkum," the private groans,
"And we siept in wet blankets last night," night,
Yet we stand on parade till we're chilled to the bone.
Do you think that is treating us right?

"The Canadian Contingent," the Cap-"Is tough, as you'll see by the news.
And will flinch from no hardships, however they're tried,
If you uon't believe me, ask Sam
Hughes,"

"We drill every day in the wet, Cap-tain B.
And the clothes we put on remain damp.
This tells on one's stock of endurance.

you see. Say, why don't we shift from this camp?" The huts are not ready yet," same the reply, and we'll miss a parade if we move, patient, take hardships, as soldlers and I.

y next spring things ought to improve."

"Ir the cooks, Captain Bunkum, should vary our meals, With Hamburg steak, sausage and such, An occasional spud or two boiled without reads." would the Government mind very much?"

To grumble at rations with your scale of pay,
Seems to me, my man, quite idiotic.
You can buy extra chuck with your
dollar a day,
Besides, Hamburg steak's unpatriotic.*

"Just one moment, Captain," the private called out,
"I've one problem more then I'll quit.
If we're fit for the front as is rumored about, Are our officers equally fit?

T've answered three questions and that 'I've answered three is enough,"
The Captain with energy roars,
"Say Go you think we are throwing a bit;"?
DISMISS. or I'll make you form fours."
—Galt Reporter.

CURES CATARRH, BRONCHITIS BY SWIFT CERTAIN METHOD

Thousands of drug fiends have been started on their downward course through catarrh snuffs containing some habit-forming drug. If you suffer from cold, sneezing or catarra, don't use a snuff; use a sensible treatment like Catarrhozoae. It heals and secthes, brings relief at once, cures thoroughly. In bronchitts and throat trubbe no destroached trouble, no doctor can do better than prescribe Catarrhozone. Try it: see what wonders it works—what power it possesses. Different from the old way -you inhale Catarrhozone. Get a dollar outfit, which includes the inhaler, and is guaranteed. Smaller sizes, 50c; sample size, 25c, at all

KITCHENER!

O thou, p.llar of the Nation's Hall Woe there is that thou shouldst rail When thou it needed most!

Whist thy body should lie in state, "the saw waves nutraine in thy wade, A whited, sheeted, ghost.

Thy silent face no more to be seen

In Italia which the Nation had let Upon thy stalwart arm. Ital, how, no longer guiding us. Tramphant fors are olding us. With new, and strange, alarm, They triumph not o'er British born

The heroes that they give— But they laud to the skies in great At the death of one who bears that name

We lov'd the man that in him shone

nor fawn
To men, where e'e' they stand.
Who knew stern duty's bendless sway,
And the solder's part that made obey—
Mitchener—the man: We lov'd the fighting blood that coursed Through thropbing veins, whose argor

Through thropping veins, whose arour forced
Oppressors to their doom—
And he who stood must shot and shell,
A lion at pay in the mouth of hell—
Kitchener, of Khartoum! Who broudd the storm of

That swept the nation, far and wi In hissing, seething rage— But, all in vain its surfes spent, It broke before the adamant It could not assuage. We lov'd our hero's silent face.
That, set for duty's bitter pace,
Kept down all selfish sorrow
Who gave nimself to the nation's life
To pilot her through endless strife
Till a brighter to-morrow.

But his was not the high command, His was not the Ruling Hand To write the Final Word There came the call beyond repute-And he bravely gave his last salute before his Crowned Lord.

L'ENVOI

Thou art the Nation's greatest loss
Than merest gold, or meaner dross
That lie within the State—
Who cared not for the selfish things,
Who was honored by a hundred kings—
Kitchener—the great.

—D. M. Coons, aged 15.
June 9th, 1916.

IMPOSING ON MISSOURIANS.

(Bethany Clipper)

A miserable imposter is travelling over this country selling a recipe for taking off warts, when everybody knows the city way to take off a wart is to rub il with a potato, which is afterward to be buried by a nigger in the northeast corner of a graveyard at midnight in the dark of the moon. As the potato decays the wart will disappear.

It's hard to keep your faith in your fellowman when you are always losing your umbrellas.



ARTS EDUCATION
APPLIED SCIENCE
Including Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. MEDICINE

HOME STUDY SUMMER SCHOOL GEO. Y. CHOW