

"How is it from?" inquired her mother. "I do not know yet, mother," the daughter answered, keeping her face slightly averted so that the paleness of her lips, whence she felt the blood slowly ebbing, might not be noticed. She had spoken the truth when she said she did not know from whom the letter had come. For the thought that had come into her mind concerning it, and had made her heart beat feverishly, had been a wild thought and utterly impossible. The dead cannot send

feared, and impudently, in a way which no woman would have dared, she had a way of protection against the possibility of the man within proving to be not Ronald but an imposter. The woman consented, having been rendered amiable by the present of a shilling in reward for her services. She followed Christine into the room, and was told quickly that she might go down again, for the girl, whose beauty and intelligence and dress had made her so strange a visitor to such a rat-burrow as this house, had discovered by the faint light of a sputtering tallow candle, stuck in a

Warned.

Miss Young—"I warn you against marrying that man, dear. I'm sure he will lead a double life." Miss Elder—"Well, if I don't marry him I'll have to lead a single one and that's worse."

His Books.

Prof. Shortt is a well-known writer on economic and historical subjects. Some years ago he contributed to the *Journal of the Can-*



Prof. Adam Shoroff

Prof. Adam Shortt.

When the first Labor Commission was formed under the Lemieux act, Prof. Shortt was appointed chairman, his colleagues being Wallace Nesbitt and J. G. O'Donoghue, to apply the Act in the dispute in April, 1907, between the Grand Trunk Railway and its ma-

Of late years Prof. Shortt has done a good deal of speaking at Canadian clubs and other gatherings. They say he never reads a novel. His chief hobbies are gardening and wood carving.

In 1911 he was created a companion of St. Michael and St. George in the Coronation favors.

You can reach a man's heart through his stomach, but seldom through his pocket.

Exact Copy of Wrapper:

HOW PARIS WAS SAVED BY THE ENGLISH.

Germany had calculated that this first round would be a knock-out and probably no army in all history has ever taken the beating and lived through the milling, keeping its legs and head, as did the English army through the thirteen awful days in which the Germans put in their lightning strokes.

Foot-work and a cool head, side-stepping and protecting his body would have been the tactics of a great ring fighter. French followed these tactics exactly. But the thing that makes Britain gasp, and will make the world wonder when apprised of the details of that great retreat from Mons, was not a prize fight, but the most frantic and tor-

disciplined army the world has ever known. For a man to have kept his head in all that, as if the event were a mere prize fight, with only a knock-out at stake, instead of the annihilation of 80,000 men, is the thing that the world will wonder at.

at. It was on August 22, 1914 that the English and Germans first met in battle at Mons, the English having only arrived on the scene one day before, and were informed by the French that "There are not more than two German corps in front of you." General French and his men had just come to the scene

nd he had taken the Frenchmen's
ord for it. Sunday afternoon
ame the surprise. A courier
rought a message to General
rench from Joffre, the French
eneral. It said in effect; "Four
erman army corps are coming up
gainst you. We have fallen back."

the strong French line had gone
and was 30 miles in the rear.
French's army of 80,000 held out
against the oncoming tide of Ger-
mans.

rolled into one were at hand or rout such as history has never before known. Some must stay and fight, while the others fall back and prepare the trenches. The herculean task may be realized when we consider that there was artillery to

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plies and ammunition to be transported in autos.

There were horses to save, and the roads would hold only so much traffic, and there must be no jams, so each head must plan it all. Some must fall far behind and dig trenches, so that the retreating army could hide and put up their daily and nightly fight with the Germans. Others must have time to eat and sleep, and the wounded must be taken care of. All these things were done perfectly and no general in history ever had such a perilous retreat to direct. General French was dashing about everywhere in his auto, and measuring the physical force his little army had left. He knew not only the exact strength of his own army but the strength of his opponent as well.

The lightning blows sent in by the Germans were terrific, the Ninth Lancers were mowed down like grass, the 8th Hussars were almost wiped out. Bullets flew around General French as around the most ordinary soldier. For thirteen days in this great running battle, he kept his men as cool-headed almost as himself. At last the English reached the Marne. This gave them a chance for much

needed rest, but the Germans were tired out, too. The cool foot-
ing of the English had exhausted them.
They were tired out trying to hit
the tiny foe which always eluded
their blows.

The German general, Von Kluck,
made his mistake, he turned his
flank to the English, intending to

to join the army of the German Crown Prince and advance on Paris. French was watching, and saw that Von Kluck had dropped his guard and had exposed his jaw, and the lightning English sparrer, the man whose fists were armies,

truck like a flash. The Germans, off their guard, received a blow they could not parry. They lost hundreds of big guns and thousands of men. The French were doing their part, 60,000 soldiers in taxis and autos came to back up the English, but General French's blow had taken the nerve all out of the Germans, and their retreat be-

CHAS. M. BICE.
Denver, March 30, 1915.

Good Habits.
A good habit is harder to form and easier to give up than a bad habit, and this is evidence to me of the depravity of the human heart. A good habit requires self-denial, moral courage and manliness to acquire; an evil habit is formed by

Under Cover.
Parson—Robert, did you know
that your mother was looking for

Bobby—You bet! That's why she
an't find me.

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