



Stomach and Const pation Bitters
pare long them recognized as the sovered re
freatment. These are undo from the formthe of an emission Cabuchas physician, who
has used the prescription in the practice for



Union Men and Friends

of Organized Labor see that this label is on all the bread you buy

International



FOR CVILIZATION

Fraction

Formation

Format

puts it," "As Homer has it," "As hell. But while, to the scientific and Dante says," or back their arguments by the sayings of Huxley, of John Stult is, and that hereafter all is blank; to \$4,500 value, believer its taxes, after art Mill, of Herbert Spencer or anyone the weak, the doubting and the ignorant the sayings of Hoxley, of John Stu at Mill, of Herbert Spencer or anyone she has exceeding the same of the sayings of the saying of the sayings of the sayings of the saying of the sayings of the saying one of the saying o

to yeturn to the old primeral condition. Perforce we must press on to the bitter end, well knowing that the grim march is robbing man of his health, destroying his ancient failts and authiliating his ancient failts and authiliating his ancient failts and authiliating his pipers. We think the question of realth comes before all other considerations. The harbarian, free and bridge thinks, the state of the housing problems. We think the question of realth comes before all other considerations. The harbarian, free and bridge and grant the problems are not according to the work of eye atrong of limb, brave and versed in the laws of nature, wear am and his to take a full draught of life and of its place of the problems are not acquire any to fund upon, why of wires. Skirlly with his hands, quick of war, skirlly with his hand to return to the old primeval condition. Perforce we must press on to the bitter

The standing Committee on Relation of Capital and Labor appointed by to House of Bishops of the Episcopal Covention just held, made the following out which was unanimously adopted:

Joel's stock of patience had endured for six years. It was now exhausted. He recalled the vision be had encoun-tered on his way hither of Titus Tivy driving to town. He gave a short laugh at the recollection, squared his shoulders for action and crossed the kitchen to lane. He took that debelor kitchen to Jans. He took the disheloth from her, threw it on the floor and, tak-ing her arm, marched her into the alting room and seated her on the plush

"Now we'll talk business," he said Jane was silent from sheer surprise, but into her being were inoculated the germs of fear, respect and liking

for Joel- tiny germs, it is true, but desined to flourish.
"I have waited six years for you to tish friend about the capital.

Jane was returning to ker normal

condition.
"We caust wait a year," she decreed. "The mortgage will be paid then. Rose will be through school."

"You'll marry me a month from to-day or not at all." he said composedly. Jane jumped to her feet.

"Indeed! Well, I am not going to be forced or threatened by you, Joe! Dixon. I'll not marry you, dutil I see fit?"
"Jame," he repect coolly, "you are acting under the mistake of thinking you are necessary to your father and Rose. They'd get along a great deal

you're the best cook and housekeeper in these paris. There ain't a lazy bone with a pin sticking out of one corner. "I have come to the conclusion that

ways want the best way. They a .nt Jane said no more then, but when

Rose don't you wear the best clothes

of any girl in school?"
"Maybe I do," replied Rose a little crossly. "But what's the pleasure in good clothes if you can't wear them as

Again Jane was slenced.
"They say," continued Rose pertly,
"that Joel Dixon's sweet on the new

A great fear smote Jane. Then she pulled, If Joel Dixon wanted a little, ingered in her memory through the week, and she anxiously awaited what

atructions to carry if in his band all sag her father for town. As Titus gaththe way "lest he forget" ered up the re/ns Jane interes.

When he had taken his sent in the exchange of winks between h wagen and the molasses jug kero and her lover. This troubled and her lover. This troubled her, and can and butter crocks she put a she was by a puzzled rather than and tone at his feet and tucked about untugonly to mood when left alone with

by the arm and marching her out of the hand, Surprised, she suitered herself to be led or rushed through the or rd, down the hill to where the road

within this way.

"Now, stand behind this tree and watch out," he said.

Wondering if he had gone crazy, she did as he directed. She saw her father drive jogging Fluctwood up to a zigzag. corner of the rail fence, get out, take the semistone, wrap it in the shawl and pitch it behind a stump. Then he inbuttoned his coat, threw his muffler under the cushion, took off his cap. doublied back the earlaps inside the crown, put the letter and memorandum in his pocket, got back in the bug-June looked at Jost, a light of new

Mas he""Re his. For five years. He knows

what he wants and her had his own way right along, only he thought it was easier to let you think you were having yours".
She turned back toward the house,

Joel accompanying her.

"And has every one about here known it?" she asked faintly. "Yes; they have thought it a good joke on you, and they liked your fa-

the: 'oo well to give him away."

She looked so utterly miserable that he almost but not quite releated.
"No, don't go in the house yet," he said. "There goes Rose down the patiently." road. When she's out of sight I want

I don't need to," replied Jane quiet-

"Yes, she hides her giron under a Tes, she hides her apron under a stone, perks up her front hair and jerks up the braid to meet it and pulls down her shirt waist." She ast down on the steps.

"Then all these years," she said bit-terly, "I've been a failure and a joke." "No. Jany You have simply made the mistake a great many competent women make-of wanting to boss." She was silent. Joel thought he saw an effort to hide a tear and felt

encouraged. He sat down beside her and put his arm about her.
"A month from last Wednesday,

She turned her head away.

"Oh, you'd better take Lucy Wicks.
She'd never by to boss you. You need a worsh with no will of her own."

"You'd hame," he said gently, turning

her her hward him, "I need you."

"I have waited six years for you don't do name the day, Jane. If you don't do at," said the American. "When we've an extra thick fog they suck it into paint year or maybe two, but I'll wait no a big eistern and convert it into paint for the warships and buildings."

"Really!" said the Britisher. ing about fogs reminds me that my brother invented a machine for compressing London fog into bricks, and

one thick November day he turned out ough material to build a country Yes, he did. He moved into this new home the next April and was a happy man for two weeks, until one

morning he found himself, also his family, lying out on the cold, damp ground, in company with some bits of furniture and miscellaneous joinery. The house bad gone, but it was the thickest morning ever seen in those parts. Of course you can guess what had happened. In the night those fog bricks had somehow gone back into their original element."

"Well," drawled the Yankee, "I reckon yer rel'tive ought to have glazed them bricks."-Tit-Bits.

Sharp Point of Letters. "If people must stick pins in their letters I wish they would cover up the points so they wouldn't push through," said a mail clerk whose hands were disfigured by tiny scratches. "Pil bet I get a hundred digs a day from pins that systematic folks use to hold their forrespondence together. I never could make out anyway why so many letters need to be finished off with a fin.

"Of course I understand that about half of those written by women have a postacript in the shape of samples of dress goods or newspaper clippings, which perhaps require a pin or two to hold them in place, but even that habit cannot account for the large number of

many writers so mail their manuscript with malicious intent. It may not be us fellows in the postal service against whom they hold a grudge, but we are the ones that usually get the not lo organise we are the ones that usually get the littlest part that texet.

Humor and Philosophy By DUNCAN M. SMITH

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JUST AS A VISITOR

There's solid comfort on the farm, soul satisfying peace. Fee from the city's rude alarm. Where folts and jumbles cease. There nature opens wide her pian, Unfolds to you her spoil—if you are not the bired man And do not have to toil.

'Tis sweet to seent the new mown hay
And in the clover foil.
And idle where the sunshine may

your soul; your soul;
Your brow the breezes bitthely fan,
You thank the weather clerk—
If you are not the bired man
And do not have to work. Far in the fields the feative cow,
With soft and soulful sigh,
Is making milk, as she knows how,
To feed you by and by.
You revel in your cost of tanHow fair the moments flowIf you are not the bired man

And do not have to hoe. Ho for comes to your jaded breast, A song bursts from your heart;

f you are not the hired man And only have to rest.

"Ah, me," said Arabelia, gracefully biting off the end of her finger nail and looking wistfully/into space, "life seems so barren and full of nothingness, I fain would woo the fickle goddess Fame, but she doesn't appear to know that my name is in the directory. Is there no way in which I can flag the lady? Is there no plan that I can fig-

Lained? /I. paint pictures, but others, 1 write poetry, but it isn't bad enough can I do to make the world talk about me?

"I'll tell you." said ber father timidly, for he had overheard her moan, "one

make all who know you talk. In fact the news might give them heart fail-

You might go and help your ma wash dishes. The proud young creature turned

Every Little Dollar Needed. "Phyllis, will you makes me? Ewectest one. I love but thoe, I can bay down at thy feet. Gold and bond and preclous and And a heart whose every, beat. Is for thes and thee alone.

Well I know, my jewel rare.
That for wealth thou dost not care.
If my love has no alloy,
And my heart be strong, and true,
Neart and love will give thee joy—
But the cash will help out toe."

"Smudge is different from most men. He doesn't think his children are the smartest on earth."

"Did he say so?" Well, he said that they take after

"Pa, what is the difference between a good trust and a bad one?" "The good trust is the one that you own stock in, my son."

The Five Cent Shine. "No; he has them nickel plated."

> PERT PARAGRAPHS. The man who lives next door to a

lieve that the sweetest songs are the Competition may be the life of trade, but it is often the death of the tre

You can lead a tramp to the bar, but



young man with a bright future should keep a good supply of silver polish at hand for the lining to his clouds,

Man is said to have descended from nonkeys, but one reason the monkeys are so happy is because they do not

Let us hope that science will one day show so much progress that a man can go to a surgeon and have his meanness

As a matter of fact, a broken bank causes much more real distress than a broken heart.

During the silly season it requires remarkable self restraint for balf a dozen men, when they happen to meet, not to organize themselves into a political party and nominate a presiden

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