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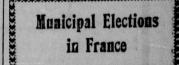
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a yawn that threatens to dislocate his jaw. exclaims. "Three o'clock, and here I am forget-ting my orders!" There are two or three stable helps about, among them the ubiquitous Ned. They look up inquiringly and laugh. It is not often that he forgets his orders. "That's good for you, George," says one, grinning, "Where are you going?" George yawns again, and saunters, hand in pocket, to the stable door. "Up on the hills after a raven Master Hal wants to bag." The men laugh and go on with their





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be adviser to Corea, ost to assist her. Advice. feild Marshal Yams-nted President of the

ow President of the navy, in his farewell, cers and men of the fleet, which was dis-rarned them to be in for emergencies. He words: "Victors, the tighter."

"She looks at him under her half-closed lids, just as a cat might look at a mouse, who, quite unconscious of the harm of her claws, gambels in her sight. "Where have you been learning com-pliments" she says; "that was a very prety one, indeed, and quite worthy the count. What a pity the princess is too unwell to be with us, isn't it?" she asks, with an innocent look, "Eh-er-oh, yea," say: Hal, "a great pity. Have you been out to-day? What a beautiful flower that is in your dress. I'll go and get you a cup of tea." "Don't trouble," says Lucelle, smiling behind her fan at his eagerness to es-cape. "Lord Lane has gone-here he comes."

¹ "we do not see them alone." Lady Lucelle looks at him with a sin-ister smile. They are never alone," she murmurs. Then, before he can speak again, she says: "Look!" He follows the direction of her eyes, Vane is standing moodily abstracted, lost in gloomy thoughts, so lost that he says: "Look!" He follows the direction of her eyes, Vane is standing moodily abstracted, lost in gloomy thoughts, so lost that he end the two that Jeanne is near him until she touches him gently, timidly, on the arm. Then he starts—and it is now that Lady Lucelle directs Clarence's attention—starts, and as he sees who it is, frowns darkly at her. "Are you ill?" asks Jeanne, with some-thing of the old, loving tone in her voice, something of the old, ineffable tender-ness in her eyes; "are you ill?" "fll?" he answers, in a low, stern voice. "Not?" and without another word he turns his back upon her, and leaves her; leaves her standing there as if he had struck her, pale and marvelling. "You see!" says Lady Lucelle, "too far—too far," and without a word Clar-nece arises, but her hand pulls him down. "Stay," she says, "one false step ruins both you and her. Do not go near "her to night; do not go near her until to-morrow." With compressed lips he sinks back, and then suddenly he turns upon her. "Why do you interfere?" he says, with sullen fierceness. "What is it to you? What is your motive, and what game are you playing?" With a smile half-contemptuous, half-pitying, Lady Lucelle arises without a word, and, crossing the room, goes up to Jeanne. "Will you sing for us, dear?" she asks with her sweetest smile. "Sing?" says Jeanne, confusedly. "No "Here's a seat, Lane," says Hal, jump-ing up with alacrity, and before Clar-ence can accept or decline, Hal makes his acamaccept or decline, Hal makes

ence can accept or decline, that matter his escape. "Sit down," says the countess, with a little laugh. "Poor boy! He is afraid of me; fancy that!" Charence looks at her with an uneasy

"Nothing very ridiculous in that,"

"Nothing very ridiculous in their, he says. "And you are, too, aren't you?" says Lady Lucelle. 'Oh, please sit down, or I shall think I am plague-stricken and de-serted. My teat. Thanks," Then ,as he sits down, and pulls at his mustache absently, she turns upon him suddenly, and in the sweetest voice mys:

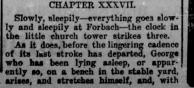
wettled on Vane, and half starts to his feet, agitatedly. Lady Lucelle smiles. "What, surprised and afraid of your own work?" she murmurs. 'You are like the man in the eastern story, who impent weeks of trouble in calling up the opent weeks of trouble in calling up the opent, and then, when he had succeeded, was afraid of it, and—ran away." Clarence turns palt, and his lips qui-we nervously. "I-I wish I knew when you

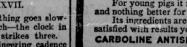
"Everything, sir," says George, comi-dently. "Don't be afraid, sir, nothing could be straighter, if—if her highness is able to keep her time, sir, I'd lay all two years' saving that we give 'em the slip and six hours to spare. There's the shed, sir; go around it, and keep out o' sight of the house."

Suitor—Now that I've invested my fortune in your insurance company, I wish to speak to you on the subject of your daughter. Magnate—You can't have her. You're too careless about money matters.— Cleveland Leader.

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him suddenly, and in the sweetest voice eays: "Don't you think it is almost time for you to make your bow and retire, my friend?" He looks up quickly, and flushes. "What—what do you mean?" Lady Lucelle shrugs her shoulders. "I was merely suggesting that it was about time for you to take your leave," the repeats, "inless you wish to wait and see the storm burst!" he echoes. Then he follows her eye, which has wettled on Vane, and half starts to his feet, agitatedly. Lady Lucelle smiles. What—what do you mean?" "I was merely suggesting that it was and see the storm burst!" he echoes. Then he follows her eye, which has mettled on Vane, and half starts to his feet, agitatedly. Lady Lucelle smiles. CHAPTER XXXVII.





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Besides making a better flow of milk owing to the better blood circulation. This means more and better pigs, as a healthy apple tree gives more and better fruit than a diseased tree. For young pigs it makes more bone and muscle on which to put flesh, and nothing better for starting and keeping Runts growing. Its ingredients are absolutely harmless and pure, and if you are not satisfied with results your money cheerfully relunded by the dealer. CARBOLINE ANTISEPTIC MAKES THE PIGS AND PENS CLEAN. TRY MERCIULES POUL 544, 2000

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FARROWING TIME Is as critical a time as any in hog raising. The litter eating of many sows is largely due to bad feeding, causing constipated and irritable condition. The sows digestive organs should be kept free and open to prevent is fevered and litter eating condition by feeding **Clydesdale Stock Food**