

id she'd show me my room. got in the passage mother who... don't let dad and the boys know...

RAILWAYS IN CANADA.

of Their Numbers, Mileage and Other Information. Returns received from the 35 electric railways in Canada...

electric railways in Canada 129,862 passengers in 1900. an 14,097,203. This is equal to 271 man, woman and child in 21 times.

number of cars in active service in 1900, an increase of 98 over the year 1899. The employees numbered 164 over 1899.

receipts for the year were \$3,268,001. The expenses \$3,268,001. The railways carried 17,122,193 passengers in 1900.

earnings of the steam-using railways about 60.37 per cent. of the gross receipts. The electric railways...

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(CONTINUED FROM THESE PAGES.)

man—but she did not seem to know the voice. 'But I never thought he'd be like this again. Shure, the Lunnon doctor told him 'twould be all right, an' no doubt it would be, too, if it wasn't for this young lady bein' so like the other, an' this 'ere very day of her death, too, an' the cards an' all.'

CHAPTER VIII. 'Wake up, Eily! You're going to be married today, you know.'

CHAPTER IX. The day following the wedding was a somewhat 'flat' one for those who had assisted at the ceremony.

CHAPTER X. The day following the wedding was a somewhat 'flat' one for those who had assisted at the ceremony.

CHAPTER XI. The day following the wedding was a somewhat 'flat' one for those who had assisted at the ceremony.

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CHAPTER XIII. The day following the wedding was a somewhat 'flat' one for those who had assisted at the ceremony.

'Are you aware of the fact that it is eleven o'clock and the carriage is coming at a quarter past twelve? I really couldn't trouble to change again.'

'What a howling swell you are, Eil! cried Charlie, as he stroked his white waistcoat with pride.

'We've seen the cake,' remarked young George, with deep satisfaction, 'and it's simply spiffing!'

Meanwhile, Murtagh at his house about a mile away, was fussing and fuming up and down, waited upon by two adoring sisters, who felt it was the last time they would be called upon to do the like for their much loved brother.

'Dora, where's my tie? Do you know? Oh? hang it! I shall be late, Hilda, just get me my boots. I can't go to church in my carpet slippers, girl! That you, Fitz? Just wait a moment. I'm coming directly.'

Fitzgerald was waiting patiently in the study when Murtagh entered, his head very erect, by reason of a collar stiff and unyielding as a board, his fingers stuck straight out, and encased in gloves a size too small, and more than likely to give way; in fact the one on the right hand did so as a result of FitzGerald's hearty grip.

'What a relief!' sighed Murtagh. 'Am I all right, Fitz?'

'Outwardly,' responded Fitzgerald, surveying him. 'I can't of course answer for the health of your body or mind. Bear up, old man, and I'll pull you through.'

'Oh, Fitz, don't ever be married! I groaned the poor bridegroom. 'I am so nervous. Do you think she is, too?'

'Probably more so; but come, here's the carriage. Hurry up, man.'

Once he was in the carriage, Murtagh brightened up.

beams; and Jimmie tried in vain to feel cold and indifferent.

'I suppose I ought to be kind and sympathetic,' she thought. 'Certainly he doesn't look blighted; but that's his wonderful self-control. My hero! what other man would have given up the girl he loved, so that his friend might have a better chance of winning her! I'm sure most men are not so unselfish.'

Certainly there was nothing martyr-like in Fitzgerald's radiant smile.

He appeared genuinely pleased to see Jimmie, and held her hand for a moment in his with an almost fever-like pressure.

'Quite recovered, Miss Bridesmaid?'

'Yes; but you look tired.'

'Oh, well, one's always a trifle dull and depressed after an affair of the kind; only I'm not quite so cross as mother and Driscoll. They sat and growled at me till I was really obliged to come out.'

'I'm so glad—I mean, that you came out.'

'Thanks. Won't you sit down?'

Fitzgerald obeyed, and for some time they were almost silent, the man idly poking at the ground with his cane, the girl speculating on his remarkably jovial appearance.

'How full the church was!' he exclaimed presently.

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not plan any particular robbery. It was a sort of bandit's outing party. They rode into Minnesota leisurely. The party was composed of Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Frank and Jesse James, Charley Pitta, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. They were well mounted.

'The Youngers were the brains of the party. They were always men of good 'reneece. Bob was as handsome as a well-trained athlete. He always impressed women favorably. Jim was the politician of the trio. He could talk to men and get their confidence. Cole was more reserved but he could have joined any 'church on his first application. His early training was in a religious direction.

'These three visited some of the resorts in Minnesota before the Northfield affair came off. They learned a good deal in their visits about towns, about the people, for you must remember that they were away off their compass when they were in Minnesota. That's why they touched elbows with the people at the resorts. When the season was over they knew the best place to strike. They knew how to get into Northfield and how to get out of it.

'Northfield had about 2,000 people. It was a quiet town. They didn't dash into it, as some people think. That isn't the way raids on banks were made in those days. Bob Younger, Jesse James and Charley Pitta rode into the town first, very leisurely. They had no intention of creating any suspicion by doing anything else. It was a common occurrence for men to ride into town as they did. They tied their horses to a track near the bank. They stood on the corner, as countrymen do in a small town, and talked politics, as you and I would.

'At the same time, they were taking note of the people. They tarried on the corner at the hour of noon, and after, for that was the time when people in a town like Northfield were at dinner. They eat dinner in such a town at noon. They were fewer people astir then than at any other hour.

'While they were talking the other members of the gang having undoubtedly had some sort of signal, come whooping and shooting down the main street. These Jim and Cole Younger, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. Every one of them had been with Quantrell and as they rode they uttered the rebel yell. It was new in Minnesota. Naturally it startled the few people on the street. I'll venture to say that if a man should gallop down Broadway at its busiest hour and fire a pistol and yell, it would startle the crowd.

'As soon as Bob Younger and his two friends saw that the people on the street were confused they added to the confusion by running about shouting 'Get off the street!' You know how easy it is for one man to control a panic-stricken crowd. He can either make it run like scared animals, or he can, if he is cool, round it up to a standstill. You have seen instances of both kinds here in New York.

'The cry of 'Get off the street!' was a new one in that quiet town. That it was uttered by strangers made no difference. People in a panic don't reason. If they were there would be no fatalities. Bob Younger knew this. He and Cole and Jim planned the whole thing in advance. Get the people scared and they would run to their houses.

'The moment Bob Younger saw the people on the run he and Pitt and James rushed into the bank. They had, however, flushed the game. The scare outside had penetrated the bank. The cashier, Haywood, had time to fanthem the situation. He slammed the inner door of the vault, shut and locked it. He must have been an unusually quick man mentally as well as physically.

cursed and raved. Two clerks in the bank escaped and were shot at. Bob Younger knew this was a mistake, and left the bank. Jesse James followed, but turned, fired and killed Haywood. It was bad business. It only infuriated the town.

'There was no necessity for James's shooting after he knew the safe door was closed. Besides, the uproar at the bank gave the town time to think and the citizens went after the bandits, who rode out of time on a gallop. Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller were killed on the way out. In this case the warning to the people to get off the street was given too soon. If Haywood had not had the warning he probably would have given in.

'I read a statement credited to Jim Younger, some time ago in which he said Jesse James was not at the Northfield Bank raid. I don't believe Jim Younger ever said that. There was nothing to be gained by such a statement. He knew Jesse James was dead.

'Frank James was not in the raid, but he was on guard. As the bandits rode away he joined them. He was taken sick, and that is how Jesse James escaped. His love for Frank was always like that of a woman has for her child. He escaped and took Frank with him on the pommel of his saddle. In this way they rode by night, and secreted themselves by day.

'Sometimes Jesse left Frank in a ticket, entered a town on his route and brought medicine, returned to the sick brother, ministered to him, and at night they resumed their ride. This was continued until they reached Missouri, and a Kansas City doctor took charge of Frank and nursed him back to health right there in the town. I knew the doctor well, and I had the story from his lips. His account of that ride was one of the most exciting recitals I ever heard.'

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First Chinaman—Let's see. The Christians have a text about turning the other when struck on one cheek. Second Chinaman—I don't doubt it. Anything to increase the indemnity!

'Lucy Climax Jackson, you come right in de house! Ain't you 'shamed acting' up flirtations, an' you only baptized yesterday!'

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