id sheed show me my room. got in the passage mother whist a wee drappie put by for you, a short yarn with the family boys said, 'Perhaps you'd like ook at our workshop in the rould that,' says I, and out we st if the boys didn't sneak into make me swear I wouldn't tell ther, and then I had another

urns received from the 85 electys of Canada. Mr. George he Dominion statistician, makes owing statement: 'At the end er, 1900, the number of miles of ways in Canads increased to 681

,129,862 passengers in 1900, and 14,097,208. This is equal to ery man, woman and child in 21 times.

mileage run was 30,924,855 crease of 1,277,508 miles over

eage run and the passenger w that for each mile run the arried 3.8 passengers, against

ount of paid-up capital invested

on Dec. 31, 1900, was \$20,d the bonded debt was \$12,-

642, an increase of 98 over the ar. The employes numbered ing an increase of 164 over

and the expenses \$3,268,001. m railways carried 17,122,198 in 1900. So that total passenorted by rail was 185,252,055. em, the steam and electric ried the whole population of times in the year, and the was over 87 by electric and a-18 by steam in every 100 per-

to 118,190,000 an increase of which is equal to 41 per cent, carried by steam using railways om 18,742,454 to 17,122,198, of 25 per cent.

enses from about 57.50 per cent earnings of the steam-using about 60,27 per cent, of the g of the electric railways.

tching the circus parade Rasseparated in some unaccountm his sweetheart, and he asked es she look like ?' queried the

h,' replied Rastus, 'she'sette, sah, with a yeastah hat

an her name's Jopheeny, sah.' dandruff, hair falling, head

et costs the same as an ordi-Dr. White's Electric Comb. tented Comb in the world. ywhere it has been introduced delight. You simply comb ch day and the comb does the nd is made so that it is absolible to break or cut the hair. ritten guarantee to give perfect in every respect. Send stamps-lies' size 60c. Gents' size 35c. d women wanted everywhere this article. Sells on sight. wild with success. (See want this paper.) Address D. N. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

-Your wife is troubled with a

-Say, doctor' is there any e of its becoming chronic.

REATH. ATARRH, HEADACHE

shed by Dr. Agnew's al Powder. It Relieves inutes.

ottom, druggist, Cockshire, "For 20 years I suffered from ly breath was very offensive all. I tried everything which a cure. In almost all instances claim them no good at all. I seeky. Dr. Agnesse Charrhal got relist instantly after first I seek my and I am free-offects of R."

man—but she did not seem to know the woice. But I niver thought he'd be like this again. Shure, the Lunnon docthur tould him 'twould be all right, an' no doubt it would be, too, if it warn't for this young lady bein' so like the other, an' this the wery day of her death, too, an' the cards

lady bein'so like the other, an this cards an'all.'

'But you haven't told us the story yet, you know, Mike.'

Surely that was Murtagh's voice.

'Ab, shure, 'tien't much of a story, but 'tis a sad enough one, anyway. Well, 'twas like this: Siven years ago, it must be, the masther fell in love with just such anither young lady as this one; wonderful purty an' swate she was, an' companion to a Lady Sinclair. He met her at Monte Carlo, where they were winterin,' an' I, bein' the masther's valet, was there, too. They were engaged, an' goin' to be married, when as luck would have it, the young lady took it into her head to try her luck at the tables, bad cess to 'em' 'She tuk the gambling fever. sorr, an' there she sat for hours playin' away, first her own money, and then her employer's, till at last, in despair, she fixed some large sum on one o' the cards—the ace ot clubs it was—an' lost. She came home thin, wrote a letter to the mashter, locked hem self up in her room, and blew out her brains! Yes, sorr 'twas indade a bad business, and the masther niver got over it quite. I fully thought he had, but last night ividently one of the ould attacks came on, an' so he shot himself dead. There, sorr, the lady's waking up. Will I say anything more of this?'

'No, no, let her try and forget it. I will explain all that is necessary,' said Murtsgh hastily, as he bent over her.

'I—beard, Murtie,' she murmured feebly, and that was all that ever passed between them on the subjection.

'How are you feeling now, dear ?' he

ween them on the subjection.

'How are you feeling now, dear?' he

asked anxiously.

And then the person who had been bathing her head, and was really Jimmie, sprang up and threw her arms about her

ck.
'Oh, Eily! we thought you were dead!
'Order, order!' said Murtagh sternly 'don't excite my patient, if you please.'
'How did you get here?' asked Eileen.

'How did you get here?' saked Elleen.
'Wby, your people sent down to ask
where you were.' explained Murtagh, 'and
as Jimmie was sleeping at our house, she
was greatiy disturbed. In the middle of all this confusion, a man from Dunwhorley a little explanation, Jimmie and I came off together in the car, and here we found you. But we mustn't talk to you any more just yet-you aren't fit for it. Try and go to sleep, and presently we'll take you

CHAPTER VIII.

"Wake up, Eily! You're going to be married today, you know.
It was Jimmie who spoke—Jimmie in a state of neglige, her bair tumbling over her shoulders, her eyes dancing with merriment, and a large wet sponge in her hand.

hand.

Eileen, with the weight of three years added to her since that memorable night at Dunwhorley, and a stream of cold water trickling down her neck, woke with a shudder, vowing vengeance on the culprit who had been so cruel as to disturb her.

If ten't he more than six o'clok' she

'It can't be more than six o'clok,' she objected. 'I know it isn't.' 'It's much nearer ten,' said Jimmie severely 'and your wedding is at half-past twelve.'

'Ob, I'd forgotten that!' exclaimed "Ob, I'd forgotten that!" exclaimed Eileen, in a surprised tone of voice. "I wonder if I want to be married after all?" 'Well, it's just a little late to think of that,' replied her cousin. 'I fancy you'd better go through with it now you know.' I suppose I had,' replied Eileen resign edly. 'Oh. dear! how nervous I shall be in church! Jim, darling, won't you be married instead of me? I'm sure one could be married by proxy, and then I

could be married by proxy, and then I don't mind taking him off your hands

afterwards.'
'Thanks,' responded Jimmie. 'When I've had the trouble of being married, I think I'll keep the husband. Come, make haste, Eily. I wonder if your other bridesmaid are as excited as I am P' 'You know,' observed Eileen gravely, 'it's the duty of the head bridesmaid to marry the best-man, so you and Fitz will be obliged to follow the example set you today.'

marry the best-man, so you and Fitz will be obliged to follow the example set you today."

Jimmie flushed hotly.

'My dear, the inconsolable Fitz will have nothing to do with me, don't you think it. No, no. I'm going to be the dear old maiden aunt with curls and a cap. Why Eily, what are you doing?'

From her neck Efleen had taken a gold locket, and was carefully opening it.

Having done so, she proceeded to extract a tiny miniature which lay inside, together with a lock of coal-black hair.

Jimmie gazed in silence at the exquisite painting, which represented a handsome, dark-eyed man, whose face was well-known to her—Terence O'Hea!

'I've had one of Murtagh done—instead,' faltered Eileen. 'I suppose I ought to destroy this, but somehow I can't. I'll put it in my old silver locket, and shut it away in my jewel case.'

'I thought' hegan Jimmie, 'that you...'

jewel case.'
'I thought,' began Jimmie, 'that you—'
'Had forgetten?' No, I shall never do
that; but it's no good talking about it.
Help me to dress, Jim, there's a dear, or I
shall never be ready in time, and I don't
want to go to church with my hair coming

With Jimmie's help she was at last ready and they proceeded to the dining-room, where an excited and expectant family

where an excited and expectant family were assembled.

'What!' cried her mether, aghast, You're not going to breakfast in your wedding-dress, dear? You'll upset something over it!

Oh, how can you be so all the something over it!

silly!'
'My dear mether,' replied Eileen calmly,

'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, Ei!
cried Charlie, as he stroked his white

waistoost with pride.

'We've seen the cake,' remarked young George, with deep satisfaction, 'and it' simply spiffing'
Meanwhile, Murtagh at his house

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, Hilds, just get me my boots. I can't go to church in my carpet slippers, girl! That you, Fitz Just wait a moment. Pm coming directly.'

Fitz gerald 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 Fitz-Gral'ds hearty grip.

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

"What a relief!" sighed Murtagh. 'Am I all righ'. 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!' 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.

take long, and then she'll be all my own for ever! Oh, Fitz! and I've waite! six

years for this!'

'Shure, isn't she worth the waiting ?' inquired his triend.

'Oh, indeed she is! and worth a hundred years' more waiting, too,' Murtagh added; 'though 'tis a poor chance I'd have at the end of that time. I'm getting very old, you know.'
'You are, man; twenty-nine, isn't it?

'You are, man; twenty-nine, isn't it?
Ab, well, you haven't caught up to me yet.
and won't for a year or two, either. Here
we are and in good time, too. Jump out.'
The church was beautifully decorated
with spring flowers, and crowded with
people, for both Eileen and 'the docthur'
were general favourites.
And when Murtagh beheld his lovely
bride coming up the church in her white
satin and orange blossoms, a thrill of
ecstatic bliss pervaded him.
Here was indeed the realization of all
his booes and longings.

his hopes and longings.
It was over at last, and Eileen, half hysterical with excitement, was being hugged and kissed, and congratulated, in the ves-

try.

Jimnie was watching FitzGerald's face anxiously, but, somewhat of the mental auguish she felt sure must be consuming him, and she thought, admiringly, what a splendid actor he was; how successfully he concealed his real feelings, and the spirits of the nervous bridekept up the spirits of the nervous bride

"My king!" she murmured softly.

And then came the wedding breakfast, or rather, luuch, and everybody drank the young couple's health in the best champagne, and made brilliant and witty speeches, including George, who, being the youngest present, was called upon to toast the bride.

Then, amid a shower of confetti, Eileen, in her pretty grey travelling dress, stepped

Then, amid a shower of confetti, Eileen, in her pretty grey travelling dress, stepped into the carriage, followed by her husband, and they drove away to the station, en route for Kullarney.

FitzGerald was gay and smiling to the last, and he threw more confetti than anyone else, besides tying an old satin slipper on behind the carriage.

Jimmie grey more and more mystified.

CHAPTER IX.

The day following the wedding was a omewhat 'flat' one for those who had as-Mr. Desmond was irritable, his wife depressed, and the boys quarrelled and were sulky.

At the Donevans' things were just as

eams; 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 here! what wonderful self-control. My here! what other man would have given up the girl he loved, so that his friend might have a bet-ter chance of winning her! I'm sure most men are not so unselfish.' Certainly there was nothing martyr! ke in FitzGerald's radiant smile.

in FitzGerald's radiant smile.

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

'Quite recovered, Miss Bridesmaid?'

'Quite. thank you; and you?'

'Yes; but you look tired.'

'Oh, well, one's always a trifle dull and depressed after an aftair 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.'

really obliged to come out.'
'I'm so glad—I mean, that you can

'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

'Yes, wasn't it? And the decoration

were so pretty, and so were—'
'The bridesmaids,' he interrupted; 'at least one of them.'
'You mean Miss Keagh ?' she asked art lessly. 'Yes, isn't she sweet ?'
'No,' said FitzGerald. 'I mean Miss

Donovan.'
Jimmie blushed vividly, and endeavored most ineffectually, to look dignified and crushing.
How was one to sympathize with and

'Do you know, you look quite radiant,' she said, at last. 'One would never think

'Think what?'
Oh! why would not be help her out?
'Well, that—that you cared for Eileen.'
'I don't,' he said, smiling. 'At least, only
as I care for Magrath; they're both my

'But—but you did!'
'Once, responded her companion cooly.
'There's someone else now.'
So all her sympathy and affectionate concern has been thrown away on this perfidious wretch!

fidious wretch!
She had mourned for him. while all the time he had been perfectly happy.
How very annoying!
She collapsed promptly, and was silent for some time.

'You appear to be sorry,' he remarked presently, smiling down into her glum little face. little face.
'I was sorry—for you,' she returned.
'Poor little girl!' he whispered, 'were
your sympathies wasted?' and then putting
hie arm round her shoulders, he kissed

She started away from him.
'Mr. FitzGerald!' she exclaimed, in what
the imagined to be a cold and haughty

voice.

'What do you mean?'
For answer he kissed her again.

'I'm being sorry for you, now,' he said,
'and this is my way of showing it.'

'I't not at all a nice way,' she protested.

'Yes, it is,' he replied calmly, 'its very nice. Thank you, I think I'll have another.
You needn't try to get away, I'm very strong, and I shall hold you just as long as ever I like. You know quite well you don't mind.'
'I do!' she cried indignantly. but her

'I do!' she cried indignantly, but her

BAIDING TACTICS OF BANDITS.

How Men Like the Youngers Could Ride Into a Town and Rob a Bank.

At the Donevans' things were just as had.

At the Donevans' things were just as had.

Driscoll, who latterly had fancied himself in low with his counn, was as cross as hear, and finally became so exceedingly disagreeable that poor Jimmie, who was miserable enough herself, could stand him he longer, and set off for a walk.

Her steps led her instinctively up the Castle Hill, and then, as the park looked very inviting in its new spring dress of green she opened the gate and went in.

Pausing to crat, the sat down on the trunk of an old tree and meditatively watched fire hopping over the withered leaves ollest year that stread the ground.

Her refections were not wholly of an agreeable nature; poor Jimmie's life was not allogether an easy one, and now who had lost Eileen it would be more dreavy and the proposed proposed that the business myself, but at one time in my life I knew men who may thing to think about, and her cousin could no longer hope for the first place in her confidences.

Driscoll was lazier and more good-fornothing than ever, and Mrs. Donovase', temper had not improved with declining year; moreover, besides all this, Jimmie, both the spects of the street by save something familiar about him and her heart began to beat quicker as she watched him.

There was something familiar about him and her heart began to beat quicker as she watched him.

As son as Blo Younger and the were deaded to the confusion by running about shouting 'Get off the North know, and the proposed way a war walked a reporter of a man in New Took was with the people on the street? You know who was with street is for one of the same to be a warp? watched to the confusion was a street of the street? You know who can with the people on the street? You know the Younger and the people on the street? You know the Younger is for the can, if he is cool, round it up to a street the street was a first proper than the people was the street when the people was in 1876. In the proper was a possensially young and the street? You know the Younge

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Avoid them.

sort of bandit's outing party. They rode into Minnesota leisurely. The party was omposed of Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Frank and Jesse James, Charley Pitts,

Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. They were well mounted.

'The Youngers were the brains of the party. They were always men of good resence. Bob was as handsome as a well- gave the town time to think and the citizens trained athlete, He always impressed women favorably. Jim was the politican of the trio. He could talk to men and get their confidence. Cole was more reserved but he coold have joined any chorch on off the street was given too soon. It Hayhis 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 gained by such a statement. He knew Minnesota. That's why they touched Jesse James was dead. elbows with the people at the resorts. When the season was over they knew the , was on guard. As the bandits rode away best place to strike. They knew how to get into Northfield and how to get out of

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 Pitts rode into the town first, very leisurely. They had no intention of creating any suspicion by doing anything else. It was a commom 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, ss countrymen do in a small town, and talked politics, as

'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 as dinner. They eat dinner in such a town at noon. They were fewer people astir then than at any other

'I do!' she cried indignantly, but her face belied her words.

'Jimmie,' he whispered, laying his cheek against hers, 'don't you toink we two lorn, left people ought to console one another?

You know the chiet bridesmaid ought to marry the best man, and we might just as well tollow the excellent example set us by our friends yesterday. Will you take care of me, and be sorry for me all my life, and will you let me do the same to you? What do you say, little girl? Is it Yes?'

And it was. 'While they were talking the other memif a man should gallop down Broadway at its busiest hour and fire a pistol and yell, it would startle the crowd.

'Lucy Climax Jackson, you come right in de house! Ain't you 'shamed acting' up firtations, an' you only baptised yister-

'As soon as Bob Younger and his two friends saw that the people on the street

not plan any particular robbery. It was a 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 went after the bandits, who rode out of time on a gallop. Bill Chadwell and Clen Miller were killed on the way out. In this case the warning to the people to get wood 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

'Frank James was not in the raid, but he 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 evev heard.'

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