Unequalled Purity-Strength-Flavor Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

Won at Last

"I expect some very distinguished compatriots of yours," resumed M. le Direc teur: "the Lord Fitzallan and a compan ion arrive to-morrow, and Sir William 'Arry-I think he has been lord mayor, a man of high position—he and miladi, his wife, they come to-morrow. It is well that the tennis lawn looks bright; you energetic English, you love games to the last."

"Fitzallan,' repeated Mr. Craig. "I know!—he is my tenant; he has had my bouse in the Highlands for a conseederable time.

"Indeed!" said both hearers.
And from that moment Uncle Sandy
was raised to the rank of a millionaire. The set was now over and Mona's side

The set was now over, and Mona's side had lost, in spite of her good play. The hours for Uncle Sandy's afternoon walk in the adjoining wood was at hand, so he beekoned her to him, not a little delighted to exercise overtly a father's rights over an elegant-looking girl, who bore the unmistakable stamp of "the Upper Ten"—a class against which he raved theoretically.

"Ah!" said he, as he toddled (a common expression, but extremely expressive of Uncle Sandy's peculiar gaitty gaitty along, with the help of a stick and an umbrella, beside his niece; "the director has been telling me there are some grand folk coming to-morrow; then you will see how little time and attention ne'll be able to spare for such as you and me!"

"I have been greatly mistaken in Monsieur Delorme if their presence makes

sieur Delorme if their presence makes any difference to him," she returned, "Weel, you'll see; young things like you think every one is an angel that

weel, you'll see: young things like you think every one is an angel that speaks a kind word. When my leddy mayoress arrives, the roses and posies he has been handing you so politely every morning will all go to her leddyship."

"Well, perhaps so! I don't suppose I have more penetration than my neighbors; but I am quite fond of Monsieur le Directeur, so I hope he will not allow any ladyship, however grand, to cut me any ladyship.

any ladyship, however grand, to cut me out! I shall be deeply wounded if he "You are a foolish bairn! Now, Mona

I don't like any poor, meeserable creature—just like ourselves—that's a' puffed up wi' a handle to her name; I don't like her to show finer feathers than my brother's daughter, so if you want a braw new gownd, you get it, my bairn; only tell me the cost beforehand!"

"You are very good and generous, un-cle; but I do not need anything. I had some of my last year's dresses done up before we came away, and I actually do not fear comparison, even with so exalted ot fear comparison, even with so exalted personage as a lady mayoress," said fona, laughing.

"Won't you present me, Bertie?" said Lord Fitzallan, who had paused beside

ersonage as na, laughing.

That's a' richt; it's weel to have a tould that we

god as ony ither mon.

The following day, shortly before the hour for table d'hote; the stagnant waters of life at Contrexeville were stirred by the arrival of my Lord Fitzallan, his might contrive a cousinship out of the double relationship?" he said in a soft weakly voice, and with what he interest of the lady, once to the little Scotchman.

"Ah! Miss Craig, don't you think we might contrive a cousinship out of the double relationship?" he said in a soft weakly voice, and with what he interest of the lady, once to the little Scotchman. valet, his friend—a young man—and his valet; a pile of luggage, including gun-cases, fishing rods, a couple of dogs, and endless impediments of various kinds. Every waiter in the place appeared ab-sorbed in the bustle created by this im-portant arrival; and the visitors, as they assembled for dinner, talked of nothing else. The great men had signified their gracious intention of dining with the general public, and their places were being busily got ready, champagne bottles allan. put into coolers, and extra dainties for dessert being placed at their end of the

said Uncle Sandy, taking his seat and unfolding his napkin, while his very nose seemed to curl up with contemptuous disapprobation, "to see such a like set out over twa laddies that would be better earning their crust."

"Tennis?" put in Lord Pit and the set of the rearning their crust." "I fancy, from what I have heard, Lord

Fitzallan is by no means young."
"Why? What do ye ken about him?" "Why? What do ye KM about min:
Before she could reply, the door opened
and the new guests, conducted by the
manager of the hotel, entered. The first
was a tall, thin, very thin man, of fortymanager of the hotel, entered. The first was a tall, thin, very thin man, of forty-five or fifty, whose coloring was extremely neutral. His hair was of light hay color; his mustache a shade or two darker; his complexion a pale drab; his eyes a faded blue; a very long pointed nose; and a rather receding chin, did not convey an idea of mental strength, nor did his sloping shoulders, spidery legs, and long neck suggest physical power. He was clothed with extreme neatness and beautiful freshness in gray—stockings and all; for as he wore knickerbockers, these were seen. A deep red silk and beautiful freshness in gray—stockings and all; for as he wore knickerbockers, these were seen. A deep red silk neckerchief, drawn through an antique ring, the ends hanging loose, was the only bit of color about him. He was smiling blandly at something the host was kindly enough, but Mona scarcely took in these details, so surprised was she to see that his friend who followed him was Bertie Everard.

In my niece just reads to me a bittle of an my liece just reads to me a bittle of an if you in the self the control of the don't make here's a black-browed Frenchman that will be before us. You and my lord here will be before us. You and my lord here in will be b

was Bertie Everard.
That gentleman's keen eyes detected her instantly, but with his usual immobility, he merely raised his eyebrows, smiled faintly, and bowed as if he had quite expected to meet his young kinswo-man at the table d'hote. Mona was vex-

"Wha's that?" as zed the former, indig "He is a sort of cousin of mine, or

rather of my poor grandmother. I used to stay at his mother's house. She was to stay at his mother's house. She was very kind to me."
"Ay, till you began to earn your own living, those are aye worthless folk, Stop the waiter, will ye? I cannot eat this fish; it has seen a deal of the warld since it left the watter."
The offending fish removed, Uncle Sandy "glowered," as he would have said himself, at the new-comers, till it was replaced by a salmis of pigeons.
"Just bones and gravy," he observed.
Lord Fitzallan sent away his plate un-

Lord Fitzallan sent away his plate un-touched more than once. He spoke lit-tle, but he looked about with comsider-

tiring to a particular seat in what was termed the Park, where Mona read to him from the newspaper, which generally reached them in the afternoon. Everard also left his seat and came across to "Wh

intercept their retreat.

"Well, fair cousin, is it gout or rheumatism, or any other fleshly ill, that brings you to this lively health resort? suspect you are here on false pre

tenses."

He shook hands with her as he spoke.
"No, I am not here on my account. I have come with my uncle, Mr. Craig.
This is Mr. Everard, uncle, of whom I have spoken to you."

"Glad to see you, sir," said Uncle Sandy, with such an amiable grin that Mona was surprised. She thought he would have been annoyed at having the young aristocrat forced upon him. Everard made a slight bow, and gave him a cool, scrutinizing clane. cool, scrutinizing glance.

'So you have turned nurse, Mona?a noble calling, ch?"
"It is that, sir," said Uncle Sandy, seriously, "and she makes a kind, considerate one, I can assure you!"

proper spirit. We are tauld that we must not allow pride to master our hearts; but proper pride is no' included; and I have always held myself to be as god as ony ther mon" "Miss Craig," she returned, quietly, though her cheeks flushed.

but weakly voice, and with what he intended for a fascinating simper.

"I am afraid not. The only real relation I have is my uncle."
"What a rude speech, Mona. Do you repudiate me?" "Oh, no! I take you for what you are worth."

"Been long here?" asked Lord Fitz-

"About a week," returned Mona.
"And is there positively nothing to do here?" said Everard.

"Tennis?" put in Lord Fitzallan. "It is amusing for a time. I think I have my racket with me. Do you play, Miss—Craig!"
"I do."

"I do "Nonsense, Fitz," broke in Everard, you must not think of playing. You must not think of playing. You have must not think of playing. You have come here for the cure, and I have come to see you safe through it. We must bear the boredom as best we can."

"There is a tyrant, ain't he, Miss Craig? Well, are you going out for a stroll? Allow us to join you." "I find a quiet read after meals is an uncommon help to digestion," said Uncle Sandy, clutching Mona's arm; "and there is a varra pleasant seat out yonder, whar my niece just reads to me a bittie of an

Everard lifted his eyebrows.

"Oh! I have some letters to write.
How is your friend and partner the music mistress, Mona? It was the funniest idea, your running away from my mother to her."

"Run away? Did you really run away? What an enterprising young lady!" said Lord Fitzallan, as the quartet strolled along toward the seat indicated

a lassie wi' a proper sense of independ-"Proper sense of independence!" re-peated Everard; "I fancy you will think it improper when she runs away from "Eh! but she'll no do that! She can

"En! but she'll no do that! She can have a good home with me if she chooses, as you know, my lord!"
"Who—me?" exclaimed Lord Fitzallan.
"My good sir, what do I know about it?"
"Then you ought, considering you have rented my house for near on two years!
Don't ye mind Craigdarroch?"
"Craigdarroch!"

"Craigdarroch?"
"Craigdarroch!"
"Craigdarroch! by Jove! are you Craig
of Craigdarroch? I had not the faintest
idea I should meet my landlord in this
remote region. And you, Miss Craig,
are you not some sort of feudal chief?
I am quite ready to swear fealty to
you!"

you!"
"Naw!" exclaimed Uncle Sandy, with
the strongest negation. "It's mine, so
lang as I have breath! but it's nae a

"Bad; it is a lovely, picturesque spot, for a month or two in the shooting season; but, of course it is impossible in winter, and appallingly dull in spring. Miss Craig could not live there." 'Well, she can live out o' it if she likes but not wi' me. I am just wearin' to get back, and I have tauld my agent not to accept any offer frae you for further occupancy."
"That is too bad, Mr. Craig. I should

like to have a third season there! It is a snug little box, and as I do not like arge parties, it just suits me."
"Sma'!" repeated Mr. Craig, indignanty. "There are six large sleeping-roms, orbye twa ithers, and servants' accommodation, a drawing-room, and a din-ng-room, a library, and my museum, and

"Oh, yes, a capital house," said Lord Fitzallan, with an indulgent smile to Mona, as if taking her into his confidence, "only not exactly large. Miss Craig will be charmed with the views.

etc. That is, if she does not already know it." What a funny notion that Craigdarroch should belong to your uncle, Mona, said Everard.

"And why shouldn't it?" asked Uncle

Sandy, testily. "Why shouldn't Mona's uncle buy what he likes with the money e worked so hard to make?"
"I am sure I have no objection. Only I wish you would let Fitzallan have it for another year. I can only be with him for ten days this season, and the shooting shout there is first rate." "I am afraid you are a self-seeker, young man," said Uncle Sandy, solemn-

Craig's brother."

"Ah, yes, of course," with an air of

profound comprehension. You must be his niece. Glad you gave Bertie a set-down; he is an awfully conceited fellow; very good, and clever and all that, but I must say, conceited. You'll mention I said so?"

"Of course I will not,"

but I must say, conceited. You'll not mention I said so?"

"Of course I will not,"

"It is the fault of young people to be that self-openionated that they will not hear reason," said Uncle Sandy.

"Yes, that's a—really the fact," cried Lord Fitzallan, as if struck by a newly discovered truth.

"But, continued Uncle Sandy, "that is no excuse for your speaking so harsh to him, Mona, It's no becoming in a young lassie to rebuke a man wha nae dook knows far mair than herself."

"I do not admit it, uncle. He may have one kind of knowledge and I have another, but I do not feel that Bertie is my superior."

"Superior. No, no, no! No one is superior to a charming woman," cried Lord Fitzallan, with an admiring simper.

"If you please, my lord," said his French valet, approaching with a large soft white scarf in his hand, "Mistare Everard would be glad to speak to your lordship before he closed his letter to my Lord Lynebridge."

"Oh certainly, Must go. Horrid bore. Hope to see you to-morrow. Good-evening. You must let me have your charming house for another year, Mr. Craig, really now."

He bowed and departed, carefully folding the scarf round his throat and followed by his valet.

"Eh, but the foolishness of it a'!" exclaimed Uncle Sandy. "My lord and your wad mak', when he daurna refuse to obey the message that bit o' a whipper snapper sent by his ain flunky. Not but you reousin thinks he can smuff out sun an moon wi'h his thumb and forefinger. You are an honest girlle, Mona, You stuck to your uncle in face o' these fine gentlemen, but don't you be too sharp. Noo. read me a bit o' the parliamentary news before I gang awa, to my bed." Mona did not find life at Contreve
"Mona did not find life at Contreve
"Mona did not find life at Contreve
Mona did not find life at Contreve
"Mona did not fi

time was never her own; it required some management even to make a spare half hour for her weekly letter to Mme. Debrisay, whose epistles described her loneliness very eloquently. Uncle Sandy seemed to have taken complete possession of his niece, and was indeed more amiable and affectionate toward her than he ever had been before to any creature.

creature. One reason, probably the strongest for the trust she inspired in him, was her superiority in manner and air, coupled with her complete independence, which yet did not at all prevent her from surprising to experienced theatrical with her complete independence, which yet did not at all prevent her from treating him with gentle respect. The quiet composure of Mona's exterior hil much fire and sensitiveness—a depth of nature and power of love, which the "backbone" inherited with her Scotch blood at once intensified, and preserved from degenerating into weakness.

The old man's peculiarities and conployed to tall the public caused such manager who had predicted disaster for her "farewell" tour.

What whim of the public caused such achange? There are managers along Broadway who will tell you that Mme. Bernhardt's success on this tour was due entirely to the "circus" methods em-

blood at once intensified, and preserved from degenerating into weakness.

The old man's, peculiarities and contradictions, though often provoking, were, in a certain degree, interesting, yet Mona pined for the sympathetic companionship of Mme. Debrisay—the sense of rest and comfort in their very homely home. She had ripened rapidly in character and feeling from the time homely home. She had ripened rapidly in character and feeling from the time her short spell of brilliancy and pleasure had been so rudely ended. The reality underlying the surface of social life had revealed itself more and more, and she was fast learning how few and simple are the ingredients of true happiness. At the first moment of recognition, she was displeased to find that Everard and Lord Fitzallan were to be their

she was displeased to find that Everard and Lord Fitzallan were to be their "companions of the Bath." She feared that the former would irritate her uncle, besides which he was a formidable person to encounter, and she had always to do a little reasoning with herself before she could face him unflinchingly a course which always brought its own reward, and in which the first step, only, ever cost anything.

(To be continued.)

ALMOST HOPELESS.

The Condition of Thousands of Pale. Anaemic Girls. "Almost hopeless is the best way to

describe the condition I was in about a year ago," says Miss Mamie Mannett, of Athol, N. S. "My health had been gradually giving way until I reached a condition when I feared I was sinking into young man," said Uncle Sandy, solemning iv.

"Yes, of course L am. So are you; so are we fill."

"I have always tried to do my duty," returned Uncle Sandy, startled by this attack.

"I dare say: It is much the best plan; it does one no harm if you manage properly, and it pays in the end."

"Yet,' said Mona, quietly, "I can imagine your performance of duty not being specially profitable to your employer."

"What right have you to say that," cried Everard, a little nettled. "It is appalling to think what your tongue will be when you are an old woman, considering what it is at present."

"Miss—Miss—" began Lord Fitzallan, whose memory was not rentatived "Your charming cousin will never be retreated to water. I had no appetite, suffered from headaches and dizziness, the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a decidence. I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly recommended by the news papers, and I decided to give them a trial. It was a fortunate day for me when I came to this lecision, as the pills have not only restored my health, but have actually made me stronger than ever I was before. I now have a good appetite, a good color, and new energy, and I am attained that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I cheerfully recommend to other pale, feeling girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly cured Miss Mannett, simply because they make they make the new rich red hove which and the properties of the properties of the commended by the news. I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the properties of the properties of the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a decided to.

"Your had seen Dr. Williams' Pink and the properties of the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a decided to.

"Your had seen Dr. Williams' Pink of the properties of the properties of the properties of the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a de-tower in the least e chronic invalidism. I was as white as a

"Miss—Miss—" began Lord Fitzallan,
"Miss — memory was not rentative!
"Your charming cousin will never be the new, rich, red blood which enables d."
"Well, I have letters to write, by brings robust health and cheerfulness to brings robust health and cheerfulness to come along, Fitz. We had better get to pale anaemic sufferers. Dr. Williams bed early it seems one must get up in Pink Pills cure bloodlessnes just as surely as food cures hunger, and the new the middle of the night here."

'Oh, yes, go to bed by all means. I shall come in presently It is pleasant and fresh here. I shall stay and have a organ and every part of the body. That cigarette, if you will allow me," bowing to Mona. Nonsense. You'll catch your death of cold."

"Tell Achille to bring me a scarf then," treturned his lordship, drawing out his troubles from which women and grow-fusees. "I'll join you presently, and he went off toward the etablissement.

There was a moment's pause, Uncle Sandy looking after the retreating figure with a somewhat puzzled expression. "Craig," suddenly exclaimed Lord Fitzallan. "I have it; same name as your uncle's, Eh?"

"Exactly," said Mona, smiling. "You'll excuse me, I never could remember about names, And how is it you must get the genuine pills with the French Ambassador at Washington, who was represented as protesting to the drive and this gen-full mane, "Dr. Williams" pills to the was protruding and that he had thrown by some drunken students at Mme. Bernhardt's carriage in Quebce. The stories which followed about the whole tows's turning out to rotten egg Bernhardt reflected great credit upon his fall, Captain O'Hagan refused to be earified but the full name, "Dr. Williams" pills pills for you can get them by mail at 50 dressing The Dr. Williams' singing The Dr. Williams' pills or you can get them by mail at 50 dressing The Dr. Williams' not proved the was represented as protesting to the third the French Ambassador at Washington, who was represented as protesting to the time dealers still these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 dressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

Brockville, Ont.

Another yarn he supplied dealt with the French Ambassador at Washington, who was represented as protesting to the third the French Ambassador by the theatrical trust, This story, which attained with provided to the horror and the provided to the hor g to Mona.

Nonsense. You'll catch your death of aches, sideaches and backaches, kidney trouble, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the troubles from which women and grow.

"I do not know how I am Mr. Everard's cousin, but my father was Mr. A., Grace Church, Gananoque. Round trip 25 cents.

MORE OFFICIAL TESTS.

Fourteen additional official tests have been accepted in the Canadian Holstein-Friesian under the supervision of Prof. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, and are for a period of seven days. The amounts of milk and butter fat reported are actual; the amount of butter is estimated from the fat

did when she returned his bow, smiling at the same time with Irrepressible amusement. The idea of an encounter between Uncle Sandy and Bertle Everard is not the sort o' young leddy to do sic scemed infinitely comic.

The idea of an encounter between Uncle Sandy and Bertle Everard is not the sort o' young leddy to do sic an unmannerly imprudence, she is just ville by any means exhilarating. Her John Marsh, who has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer with the request that he be relieved on with the request that he be relieved on since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer parliamentary news before I gang awa, of the Belleville jail since May, 1881, has been jailer

Booming Mme. Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt's tour of America, one reason, probably the strongest for he trust she inspired in him, was her apperiority in manner and air, coupled season are described as highly satisfac-

season are described as highly satisfactory to her and to her manager—a fact surprising to experienced theatrical managers who had predicted disaster for her "farewell" tour.

What whim of the public caused such a change? There are managers along Broadway who will tell you that Mme. Bernhardt's success on this tour was due entirely to the "circus" methods employed to tell the public that Bernhardt was coming.

Never hefore perhaps with a dignified year never attained much prominence

was coming.

Never before perhaps with a dignified star of the first magnitude have adver-tising methods been employed in so strik-ing a way. It is a fact that her tour exhausted the ingenuity of eight different press agents, who were employed one af-ter another by her managers, only to resign in succession when they found the advertising pace growing too hot or the demands upon their inventive ingenuity growing too great.

Eight of the most hustling press agents in the business treated Mme. Bernhardt exactly as they would have treatest the greatest show on earth in

treatest the greatest show on earth in the halcyon days of P. T. Barnum. While some other theatrical stars gazed in am-azement at the methods employed, total-ly at variance with the traditions about the dignity of a star, they sadly compar-ed their own box office receipts with the coffers of the Bernhardt aggregation.
"If Bernhardt can play in a tent," said

expressing the sentiment of the profes-sion is shown by the fact that she and Mr. Sothern have just engaged for next ly and see the ease and comfort this season as their own press representative the first press agent on Mme. Bern-hardt's recent tour. It should be added that there are those who believe that William F. Connor, Mme. Bernhardt's manager, proved himself on his tour to e the greatest advertiser of them all.

Luck favored the Bernhardt tour from the start. The steamer on which the company come was due on Saturday morning, but did not arrive until Sun-day. Bernhardt thus missed the train planned for her departure for Chicago, planned for her departure for Chicago, where she was to open Monday night. Mr. Connor saw the advertising possi-bilities of running a special train to Chi-cago on an eighteen hour schedule, or better, and so the Bernhardt special started out to break the record of the Twentieth Century Limited. Press Agent No. 1 was in Chicago. He got the publisher of an afternoon paper to get out Bernhardt special editions all day Monday. Consequently the news-boys of Chicago shouted all day long:
"Eleven o'clock — Bernhardt special train passes Toledo two minutes ahead of

"Twelve o'clock-Bernhardt has just

entered the dining car."
"Twelve twenty-three — Bernhardt lrinks a glass of milk.' This sort of thing, kept up until the Bernhardt special arrived in Chicago, aroused tremendous interest. The result was a packed house the opening night.

Press Agent No. 1 found the Bernhard rame too arduous, however, and at his

resignation, ps Mme. Bernhardt objected to using her Ambassador as a medum of advertising.

For Bernhardt's New York engagement Press Agent No. 3 employed 150 men to stan in line all day before the sale opened, presumably to buy tickets. This line of ticket purchasers was duly photographed to show the interest in Bernhardt. This stimulated the legitimate purchasers. nate purchasers.

The Bernhardt tent story is also at-

tributed to him. The story was that Bernhardt could not get bookings in Tex-as theatres and that her manager would

as the treatment of manager would askibit her in a tent.

It may be explained that no theatrical star of prime importance ever wants to play in Texas. Stars like John Drew, Maude Adams, E. H. Sothern, Julia Mar-

tour profitable.

The tent story, however, spread with such rapidity and had such prominence that Manager Connor decided he would have to make good, and subsequently did present Bernhardt in a tent, though she played only one tent performance in Texas. This was at Dallas, on March 20, when people for hundreds of miles near by crowded into the tent to see Bernhardt exhibited like a circus per-

After six weeks press agent No. 4 gave up because of illness. Some people say he was worked almost to death.

His best contribution to the Bernhardt library of fiction was the announcement that a syndicate of financiers would erect in New York, at Broadway and Thirty-ninth street, a new theatre, to be called the Bernhardt Theatre and to be opened next September by Bernhardt. Workmen have not yet be-gun to build that theatre. Press agent No. 5 handed out some

Press agent No. 5 handed out some very entertaining fiction about the actress and while most of his exploits took place in the west, they were occasionally telegraphed to New York. It was at this time that the alleged visit to Australia by Bernhardt- and a side trip to Japan were announced to the public.

No. 8 had probably the most vivid imprinting of synchological property and the public of synchological property and the public of agination of any of the press agents and his own personal narrative of the alleged wreck of the Bernhardt train, printed in Chicago, is a classic. Mma. Bernhardt was in the act of taking a bath in her private bathroom when the train left the rails, according to this report, and sub-

sequent developments were furnished

sequent developments were rurnished with great detail.

The old expedient of having a star's private car wrecked was refurbished and became almost new again, because of the allusion to Bernhardt's taking a beth

man with James O'Neill, and until this year never attained much prominence as a manager. After being O'Neill's property man for some years, he became his business representative and subsequently became connected with Liebler Company. His connection with theatricals, however, was entirely as a silent partner, until last fall, when he undertook the management of Bernhardt's tour. He has withdrawn from the firm of Liebler & Company and announces of Liebler & Company and announces that he is now through with theatricals

forever.

"I don't expect ever to manage another theatrical attraction," he said, just before Bernhardt sailed. "I have played the ace successfully so long that the luck would be sure to turn against me. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place—especially in the thearical world."

SAVE THE BABIES.

"If Bernhardt can play in a tent," said Julia Marlowe to an intimate friend recently, "then tents and barns should be good enough for the rest of us. If she can stand for such advertising they ean do what they please when advertising me in the future."

That Miss Marlowe is not clone in thus Expressing the sentiment of the profess. ly and see the ease and comfort this medicine brings. And you have the guarantee of a government analyst that the medicine contains no poisonous opiate. Mrs. R. Metlin, Halifax, N. S., says: Baby's Own Tablets are a valuable medicine for the stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams, Malising Malistrature. 25 cents a box from The Dr. liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, liams' Medicine Co., Brockvil Keep the Tablets in the house.

BRITISH CAPTAIN'S PLUCK

School of Sharks Round a Sinking Ship.

A thrilling story of a British captain's pluck is told by the survivors of the steamer British King, which foundered during a fierce gale in the Atlantic. Twenty-eight lives were lost in the disaster, which was due to wreckage being washed overboard and thrown back against the hull by the furious waves. The continued battering soon caused the vessel to leak badky, and she eventually

It was during the attempt made to repair the damage done to the hull of the vessel that Captain O'Hagan sustained injuries which caused his death. On Saturday morning the ship had settled down noticeably, and realizing the necessity for quarter action the captain himself descended into the hold, but while he was working at the spot where the most damage had been done he was struck by a barrel of oil, which fractured his larging true.

HORSE AND HORSELESS.

Each Does the Other a Good Turn Now and Then.

A farmer in Cadiz, Ind., recently jacked up his automobile to serve in lieu of a broken engine for the shelling Maude Adams, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe and all the big attractions never think of visiting Texas, where the towns are too small and far apart to make a tour profitable.

The tent story, however, spread with The tent story, however

cepted the automobile more gracefully than the farmers have.

He tells the story of an automobilist who met an elderly couple driving a skittish horse, which decidedly objected the passing the unknown vehicle. The driver of the car stopped to offer his aid, but the man declined it with the

"If you'll lead my old woman by, I guess the hoss and I can make it all right."

Another horse and horseless yarn Another horse and horseless yarn comes from a man in Oregon. He says: "When I bought my car I marvelled that the company could sell it for \$1,550. Now I marvel that they could sell it at any price. Marvelling is the cheapest part of the proposition, I find.

"My particular mavel out in my barn reminds me of the man who built seemuch stone fence in one day that the

much stone fence in one day that # took him two days to walk back to where he began. My car will take me sometimes—so far from home in two hours that it takes the rest of the day for me to drive home with a providentiall yhired horse."

(Detroit Free Press.)

"I'll wager Nell will not give herself away
this summer the way she did last!"

"How was that?"

"She and Dick had their heads together se
much that Nell get freckled on only ess
side of her face."