impetuous disposition."
Unfortunately the wrong thing was done. To all the young girl's longing, eager questions of the world beyond the bounds of Serranto, the lady turned a deaf ear. Like her mother, she had no pleasures no amusements no company pleasures, no amusements, no companions. Her day was divided between dry monotonous duties and hard study; Madame Monteleone seldom left her home, and the child was never allowed to leave the boundary of the castle. In vain she asked of the absent father whose name she scarcely knew; by ma-dame's wish she was called by her own name of Monteleone, and it was many years before she knew that she had any

It. was like old times at Serranto; the only difference was that every one was older. Even the servants forgot at times, and called the young lady "Bi-

ought that the life Inez led was dull Bianca had not found it so; she had never complained; she had never asked questions of the great unknown world, nor seemed to long to join it. She never tired of study as Inez did, for that young lady at times flung down her books and passionately declared that she would never read another line.

"I want to see men, and women, and children," she cried one day to her horrified listener. "I see no one but you and the servants; I am tired of you all, tired of my books and my work. Let me see something fresh, or I shall die.' Then did poor Madame Monteleone clasp her hands and mourn over the de-

generacy of her daughter's child.

The life that had contented Bianca Monteleone was one monotonous wearying round to her beautiful and high spirited daughter. Day by day she be-came less endurable. A new knowledge was growing upon her, the knowledge of her loveliness. Child as she was, she understood that the face which smiled at her from the depths of the old mir-rors was beautiful beyond words. The

bright dark eyes that flashed there had a world of strange meaning in them. "What is the use of it all?" sighed the girl; "I am young, and my face is like the picture in the gallery; but, who cares for it?—who sees me?—who cares

for my singing or anything else I do?
Was ever life so bare and dull as mine?"
Long hours in the evening gloaming
were spent in wondering what the world
was like beyond Serranto—that bright world where gay cavaliers wood and won beautiful ladies, where dancing, and music, and song gladdened young faces and light hearts—that world of which the few romances she had read, unknown to Madame Monteleone, gave her fair a glimpse.
Inez Lynne's ardent imagination led

her through all these scenes. Dreaming among the oranges and myrtles, she saw herself a queen among gay and gallant cavaliers; the queen of the tournament, the belle of the ball, for whose smiles and kind words men fought and struggled. The time must come for her as gled. The time must come for her, as for all other girls, when sweet love words would be whispered to her in the twilight, when her smile would give rapture and her frown despair. All these pictures she made for herself; and while the sun was still golden in the sky, before the flowers and birds were quite ssleep, the sharp voice of old Caterina would be heard calling the young sig-nora in; it was time to close the house

After a few cold, formal words with Madame Monteleone, the young girl was dismissed to her room. Standing by the window, watching the sunset and the moon rise over the Andalusian hills, the

reality of her life. She lived at last almost entirely in dreamland. There all was fair and charming, while the reality was dull and prosaic beyond measure. It was easier for that gifted, artistic, imaginative being to make a world for hereself and live in it, than to school her proud spirit to bear patiently the monoper of the delegation of the day was all her own. She did not spend it now as she had been oblighed when Madame Monteleone's quick eyes were upon her, in studying in one of those dull little rooms that

outlet for that ardent imagination, the felt too sorry for the young girl ever take of Inez Lynne would have been very different. Properly trained and eduwhen the music was ended, and old Catcated, she would have made an artist or an authoress. Her quick, active, glowing fancy would have found legiticated, she would have found legitimate occupation; as it was, it ied upon itself until the girl's whole life became one unreal dream. Even had she known the future that Madame Monteleone destined for her, it would have been better, but that lady, frightened and rendered cautious by her failure with Bianca, said nothing to lnez of Madrid, the court, or the grand mariage she expected to make. "Let it come upon her posted to make. "Let it come upon her posted to make. "Let it come upon her who had she will seen.

Some who passed by noted the beautions of Serranto. The blod to Seville and the poor child gratified some of the looked and waited for me. He has thought of me, just as I have of him."

"Where have you been, signorina?" who will speed to make the poor, they were part and parcel of that gay world of which she had read damask rose, and your eyes are as bright as two stars. What has come over you?"

"Is mine really a nice face, Nita?" asked Inez, simply. "Tell me, if you was to see me," she cried to herself. "He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He looked and waited for me. He has thought of me, just as I have of him."

"Where have you been, signorina?" when he have or have a color like a damask rose, and your eyes are as bright as two stars. What has come over you?"

"Is mine really a nice face, Nita?" asked Inez, simply. "Tell me, if you have to see me," she cried to herself. "He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He looked and waited for me. He has thought of her or her or have of him." pected to make. "Let it come upon her suddenly," she thought; "and she will seen. Sor all the more probably comply with my ful.

No word was said to Inez that gave her any prospect or hopes of brighter days. "I shall live here," she said to herself, "until I am old and wrinkled and cross as grandmamma. What will my life have been?—how shall I bear it that the was doing, why she gazed, day after day with such longing eyes, upon the road that led away to Seville. It was some little break, some change in

and cross as grandmamma. What will my life have been?—how shall I bear it through the long years?"

Wildly enough she beat against the bars, but all in vain. No bird in a cage was ever more solitary or more sad. Where was the English father of whom she heard ever and anon from the old servants a few mysterious words? Months ago, one day when she had longed more than ever to leave Scrranto, she went beldly to Madame Monteleone, sand asked where her father was. Her heart was touched by the stately lady's face, as she folded her in her arms and said. "You are all mine, Inez; you were given to me to be my lown, in your lowers and fruit Lowers and the house, or knew said. "You are all mine, Inez; you were given to me to be my own, in your mother's place. No one in the wide world cares for you but me."

ars still wet

"Something must be done at once," to say that the love and care given to

succeeded one another, and found life the same at Serranto.

"Seventeen years old to-day," said Inez, one bright morning; "I am seventeen; in ten years more I shall be twenty-seven, and the best part of my life will be over. If something does not happen soon, I shall run away, and make a life for myself."

Little did Madame Monteleone know the bitter rebellious theorets of which

the bitter, rebellious thoughts of which the proud, beautiful face she watched with growing hope gave no trace.
"You have not been idle, Inez," she

said one day, with some complacency, to her grandchild. "You play and sing well; you speak French and Italian fluently. All accomplishments are useful."

"I know something more than that," reolied Inez, triumphantly. "I have taught myself English; I can read every English book in the library; I should be able to speak it in a short time if I went to England."

task to accomplish."

Those few words, "You will never see England." sounded like a death-knell to the bright hopes and fancies upon which the young girl had lived. She made no reply, but the expression of determination that fell upon her young face might have alarmed Madame Monteeone had she seen it, and caused her to

lear for her plans.

Already a change was coming; the one dark cloud that had hung so heavily over her, the gloomy monotony of the girl's life was breaking.

Madame Monteleone, while ascending fear for her plans.

the stairs, slipped and fell. At first the little household were dreadfully alarmed, and believed, when they saw their lady's till, white face, that she was dead. But, when the servants raised her and laid her upon the bed, they found she still

an not naste a paysician was summoned from Seville. For many long, weary
weeks the poor lady lay between life and
death. She recovered at last, but it was
to find herself a helpless cripple, and to
hear the sad sentence pronounced by the
doctor that she would not be able to move without assistance.

ame Mounteleone pondered seriously as to what step she would take with regard to her young grandchild. Common sense and reason told her that she ought to write to Lord Lynne and ask him to take his daughter; but the trea-sured idea of her life clung to her still, and she could not renounce it. "Some-thing will happen," she said to herself. "I may recover. Doctors are not infalli-

Inez found greater liberty and free-dom than she had ever enjoyed before. broken reveries were resumed. The dull, gloomy castle ceased to exist for her; She was too nervous to bear any noise gloomy castle ceased to exist for her; she was in gay palaces and brilliant rooms. Love and homage surrounded her: the bravest and noblest sought her smiles.

From such glowing dreams the girl awoke with a shudder to the cold, stern reality of her life. She lived at last ployments. The music Incz never missing the control of the cold, stern reality of her life. She lived at last ployments. The music Incz never missing the control of the cold, stern reality of her life. Many faults, many errors, must be always sat in Madame's room, and droned her; if there had been any Juanita, who was cook and housekeeper,

ful, wistful face, half hidden by the No word was said to Inez that gave leaves of the myrtle trees, and wonder-

a but that little was picturesque and pleasant. The gardens were gorgeous with the next day. It rose at last, 'right and beautiful as its predecessor had been. Her first thought was: "Shall' I see him? Will he come?"

Large myrtles lent their shade. There is a see him? Will he come?"

Even Madame Monteleone

ed the air, grew as they would. The ed the air, grew as they would. The grounds were not cultivated; they were beautiful in their rich and luxuriant wildness. The boundary that separated the high road from the grounds was a very frail one—a line of small flowering shrubs. By the shrubs, day after day, there might have been seen a graceful girlish figure. walking slowly, with dreamy, wistful eyes gazing on the high road.

dreamy, wistful eyes gazing on the high road.

One evening—ah, to the last day of her life every detail of it was vivid and clear to Inez Lynne—she was walking as usual in the grounds. For years afterward she remembered how the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, how the birds sang and the deep blue sky seemed to smile upon her. Her beautiful, restless face was turned to the long road that led to the city, when she heard the sound of a horse galloping quickly. Looking back, she saw a horseman vainly trying to restrain his steed. It had a taken fright, and seemed anxious only to throw its rider and make its escape. For many minutes the young girl watchwinter and summer, spring and autumn, succeeded one another, and found life the same at Serranto.

"Seventeen years old to-day," said Inez, one bright morning; "I am seventeen; in ten years more I shall be twenteen; in

The cavalier was obliged to dismount, for in the struggle the plumed hat had fallen from his head, and the silver-mounted riding whip lay upon the ground. As he raised them he caught sight of the beautiful face watching him so intently. A cry of surprise fell from his lips, and he gazed in bewilderment, doubting whether it was a vision or realhis lips, and he gazed in bewilderment, doubting whether it was a vision or reality. But when he saw the rich crimson flush that covered the face, and the dark eyes drooping under his gaze, he knew that it was a beautiful reality which had so greatly startled him. Raising his hat, he bowed profoundly to the young girl, and galloped away. She had seer his face distinctly! it was dark and handsome: but had the poor. I went to England."

A wistful, sad look came over Madame Monteleone's face.

"It will be useless, my dear child," she said. "You will never leave Spain. You will never see England. There is something for you to do here—a life's task to accomplish."

There for words "You will never see that had ever looked admiringly upon her. She remembered the thick, upon her. She remembered the thick, dark curls upon the broad, sunburnt brow, the dark mustache that concealed the treacherous lips, the deep, dark eyes that had gazed so ardently upon her. He belonged to the gay world. Perhaps even then, she thought, he might be hasten-ing to see some lovely lady who would abile upon him and call him her knight. How handsome, how brave, how courteous he was!

night when Inez dreamed her dreams, she had a real hero for them: and he lost nothing from her vivid,

CHAPTER XVII.

"I wonder," thought Inez to herself,
"if I shall ever see that face again."
She had seen so few strange faces that
a young and handsome one was sure to a young and handsome one was sure to interest her. No visitors ever came to Serranto. Madame Monteleone had never even during her daughter's life-time visited, for she knew no one in time visited, for she knew no one in or near Seville. The friends of her youth were all far away; most of them resided in Madrid. She had not cared to make new acquaintances when she brought little Bianca to Serranto so many years When the first shock was over, Madime Mounteleone pondered seriously as object for which she lived. Isolated from object for which she lived. Isolated from object for which she lived, isolated from the world, she had found her happiness in the discharge of her duty and in planning the restoration of the Monte-leones. Isolated from the world, Inez found her sole pleasure in longing for it

This face that had smiled at her with I wonder whether he will look for

she thought.

That wonder increased until Inez felt t must be gratified. When the evening ame she went out to the boundary line Up and down the hard road those beautiful, wistful eyes wandered; but there was no sign this evening of the gallant rider and his horse. She could not tell if she was disappointed; she had neither hoped mor expected to see him; she had only wondered if he would pass by again. Suddenly upon the calm breeze there came the sound of a horse's rapid gallop. Even in the far distance Inez knew the plumed hat and the dark

loudly she concealed herseft behind a group of trees. She heard how the rider slackened his pace as he drew near the shrubs where he had seen her. drew rein there, and sat for some min-utes looking over the grounds of Sorrento. She could not see the disapponitment that clouded his face; then he

"Is mine reany "Tell me, asked Inez, simply. "Tell me, would not my face once, would await again were to see my face once, would you think of it, and want to see it again?" "Listen to the child!" cried the old servant, in affected horror. "Did ever any one ask such questions. Your face

Large myrtles lent their shade; trees, how bright and radiant the voun whose rich and luxurious perfume that was that smiled man her had

the musical voice that gaily bade her

good-morning.
"How beautiful she is!" said the lady to herself, with a deep sigh; "more lovely by far than her mother ever was." If I were but well now, all would be safe." When the hour's reading was ended, Madame Monteleone kissed Inez more tenderly than usual as she dismissed

her,
"This long day," said Inez to herself;
"I have this long day before me, Will he

ome?"
When the evening hour drew near, again she waited, and, hearing once more the horse's gallop, she watched during the long pause the rider made by the shrubs, and heard his half-muttered exchamations of disappointment at not seeing her. Every day during that bright, long week the same thing happened; and from behind the trees she watched the gallant young cavalier. She was too the gallant young cavaller. She was too shy and tmid to let herself be seen; but the day would have been blank to her that did not bring him past Serrauto. an hour in her usual hidnig-place, but there was no sound of a horse's gallop. No words can describe the blank feeling of desolation that seized the girl's heart "He has forgotten me," she said; "he is tired of never seeing me, and will not come again.

(To be continued.)

WINDOW IN THE UMBRELLA.

Frequent annoyance and inconvenence arises to persons carrying umrellas, from the fact that when a strong wind is blowing the umbrellas are held in such a position to shield off the rain, that when two persons off the rain, that when two persons approach each other from opposite directions there is grave danger of collision when the umbrellas often sustain damage, if some serious injury is not sustained by one or the other of the pedestrians.

To avoid such accidents it is necessary

sary on the part of persons carrying umbrellas under these circumstances to repeatedly raise their weather shields so that they may be enabled to look under them and to look out or objects ahead.

for objects ahead.

Pedestrians picking their way through the rain are relieved of this bother and care by the use of the umbrella, which is provided with a window, through which the pedestrian may pick his way in absolute freedom from accidents of this character.

The invention consists of a circular rame of metal sewed into the centre of one of the panels of the umbrella, and this holds a sheet of celluloid, or other transparent material, through which the pedestrian can have a con-

HIS PAINS AND **ACHES ALL GONE**

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Chas. N. Cyr's Rheumatism.

Statement of a Man Who Suffered for a Year From Different Forms of Kidney Disease and Found a Speedy Cure.

New Richmond Station, Que., Dec. 21. — (Special.)—In these cold full days when Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache and other Kidney Diseases are working havoe in every corner of Canada, thousands will be interested in the statement of Mr. Chas. N. Cyr, the well-known bar-

of Mr. Chas. N. Cyr, the wear and ber of this place.

"I had been a sufferer from Rheumatism and Backache for a year," Mr. Cyr states. "My head also troubled me and it was hard to collect my thoughts. I have a for cures made by Dodd's Kidney them. thing will happen," she said to herself.
"I may recover. Doctors are not infallible. In any case, I will keep Inez with me. If she goes to England, she will marry an Englishman, as her mother did, and then farewell forever to the race of Monteleone!" So nothing was written to Lord Lynne, and he never heard either of the accident or of the illness of his daughter's guardian.

This face that had smiled at her with such vivid admiration shining in the such vivid admiration and backache for a year," Mr. Cyr dark eyes, was the first of its kind she tates. "My head also troubled me and it was hard to collect my thoughts. I heard of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and made up my mind to try them. Would he ever think of her again? Perhasp not, for he saw beautiful ladies every day, daughter's guardian.

"I had been a sufferer from Rheumatism and Backache for a year," Mr. Cyr the subject to the first of its kind she tates. "My head also troubled me and twas hard to collect my thoughts. I heard of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and made up my mind to try them. The marvellous effect of the first box on my system 25 once raised my hopes, and sound and well man. All my pains and such vivid admiration and such such that had been a sufferer from Rheumatism and Backache for a year," Mr. Cyr the such that had seen. It was a dream coming true.

The heroes she had made for herself the was hard to collect my thoughts. I heard of cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and made up my mind to try them.

The marvellous effect of the first box on my system 25 once raised my hopes, and by continuing to take them I am now a sound and well man. All my pains and sound and well man. All my pains and sound and well man. aches are gone and I am able to do my

work without pain."

Mr. Cyr is only one of thousands whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured of Rheumatism, Sciatica and Backaohe. For Dodd's Kidney Pills always our sick or disordered Kidneys. your Kidneys are well you can't Rheumatism, Sciatica or Backache.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Miss Sweet-I should like to see the erry widow hats. Clerk—Umbrella department, third

Only one "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE, Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c. Beyond Words.

A costermonger while trundling his

for the damage and expected to come in for a volley of choice cursing. But the coster looked at his cart, looked at his spples, looked at the coach, and finally gasped out: "Guv'ner, dere eyen't no word for it!"—Argonaut.

it: - "Shiloh's Cure will always ton, Detro courts and colds."

THE TORTURES **WOMEN SUFFER**

Can be Relieved by Keeping the Blood Supply Rich With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

A woman needs a blood-building medicine regularly just because she is a woman. From maturity to middle life, the health and happiness of every woman depends upon her blood, its richness and its regularity. If her blood is poor and watery she is weak, languid, pale and nervous. If her blood supply is irregular she suffers from headaches, backaches, sideaches and other unspeakable distress which only women know. Some women have grown to expect this some women have grown to expect this suffering at regular intervals and to bear it in hopeless silence. But women would escape much of this misery if they took a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to help them over each critical period. These Pills actually make Pink Pills to help them over each criti-cal period. These Pills actually make new blood. They help a woman just when nature makes the greatest demand upon her blood supply. They have done this for thousands of women throughout Canada; why not for you? Mrs. Joseph Kinney, Gilbert's Cove, N. S., says: "For ten years I suffered from nervousness and those troubles that make the lives of so many women one

make the lives of so many women on of almost constant misery. At times would be confined to my bed for week I spent sleepless nights and seen lost all courage. I tried several doctors, but they failed to give me any relief. The last doctor I consulted told me frankly that he could not undertake my case unless I would undergo an exam-ination. It was then that I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After taking six boxes I was much improved in health, but I continued to take the pills for a couple of months more when I felt like a new woman, and was enjoying such health as I had not experienced for ten years before. I have had no return of this trouble since, but I have used the Pills once since that time for the after effects of la grippe time for the after effects of in grippe, and the result was was all I hoped for. These are plain facts from my own experience, and I have always felt that I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the many women who suffer as I did." You can get these P

men who suffer as I did."
You can get these Pills from any
dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents
a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The
Dr. Williams' Medicine Gr., Brockville,

TO KNEAD BREAD.

n Common Use in France-1,000

Pounds Kneaded at a Time The American Consul at Lyons France, reports that during September there was an exhibition of mechanical

electricity, but all may be worker by hand or gas or petroleum engines.

These machines will knead from 300 to 1,000 pounds of bread in an hour or

in less time, and they will knead from one pound of bread up to 500 pounds. They are used in nearly every bakery in France, and the old style of kneading by hand is nearly out of use.

The troughs in which the dough

kneaded in these machines are generally about four feet in diameter. When the work of kneading is in progress the trough turns round slowly, and the

by the old method. The mechanical bread kneader employed in France some twenty-five years ago became very unpopular, but upon investigation the be in the poor quality of flour used. It is now considered beyond dispute that the mechanical bread kneader produces better bread; that it is healthier than the bread made by the old methods.

Repeat it:- "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds." FIRE FIGHTERS.

U. S. Cities Efficiently Protected Against Flames.

It is only a matter of recent history

replaced by drilled and disciplined forces constantly on duty. In fact, with the single exception of Paris, where the corps des sapeurs pompiers dates from 1747, the fire departments in the larger cities of the world have been organized since of the world have been organized since of the world have been organized since 1830. The London brigade was formed in 1833 by the fire insurance companies, but did not come under public control until 1866, Milan and Madrid organized fire brigades in 1838 and 1843 respectivey. The Berlin department was not founded until 1851, that in Brussels a year later, St. Petersburg's in large American cities with those of Eu-Vienna's in 1864 and New York's, the first American city's, in 1865. The earliest of these, however, cannot e classed with the modern fire depart

ment, whose present efficiency is due largely to the movable fire engines, which had not been constructed in a which had not been constructed in a form for practical use until after the middle of the last century. The de-velopment of efficient brigades was no less dependent upon the existence of an apple laden cart down a London street was run into by a coaching party. The coster's cart got the worst of it, losing a wheel, and its ruddy freight being scattered all over the street. The driver of the coach came back to settle the coach came b Within the

engines, horses and men. Within the last few years the system of depending to a considerable degree upon call men has been given up by practically all the larger municipalities. San Francisco and Jersey City are the only places with Repeat an appreciable number of call men. Boston, Detroit Providence have a small number of the regular firemen.

New York city, with 3,200 regulars, 1,000 horses and 175 steam fire engines 1000 horses and 175 steam fire engines, has much the largest fire brigade of any city in the world; but the Boston department of 800 men, 350 horses and 45 fire engines is much larger in proportion to its population. Philadelphia, with double the population of Boston, has a fire brigade of no greater strength; but when compared with London, which has five times its population, the Philadelphia force is seen to have as large a number of firemen, twice the number of horses and nearly as many fire engines, although London has also about 100 of the old hand engines. Compared with Berlin, which has nearly double its population, the Philadelphia brigade is again ulation, the Philadelphia brigade is again equal in number of men, and has five times as many fire engines, while as a counter-claim Berlin has but 18 hand

engines.

Paris has as many firemen in proportion to its population as Philadelphia, but only 17 steam engines and 90 hand engines, to 46 fire engines in Philadelphia. When it is remembered that Philadelphia. adelphia does not have by far the strong est fire department in the United States est fire department in the United States, it is clearly seen that American fire departments far excell even those of European cities which have done most in this field. While the greater danger of widespread conflagration requires the American cities to be more thoroughly prepared, it would appear from recent experience that European cities need to bring their fire begigades nearer to the American standard. American standard

The large force of men employed and The large force of men employed and the great amount of expensive machinery necessarily add very much to the cost of the American fire departments. The high rate of wages, and especially the wages paid to engineers, electricians and skilled mechanics, also increases expenditures. It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that the lowest expenditure for fire depart. the lowest expenditure for fire depart-ments in the large cities of the United learn that the next lowest figure is 74 cents—treble the rate in London, Paris and Berlin. In other instances, when the per capita cost rises, as it does in most cases, to \$1 or somewhat over, it is possible to find the explanation in a larger force, higher local rate of wages

or unusual equipment.

A glance at the mode of operation throughout the world reveals the fact that the fire departments are completely under the direct control of the municipal government, more generally than the police. In the United States and Great Britain, independent municipal di-rection is the invariable rule. In France, however, while the immediate direction of the department in its services against fire is vested in the municipal author ities, the central government has charge of its organization. The corps of sap-curs pompiers is attached to the Minis-try of the Interior; the organization for each town is determined by the prefects, each town is determined by the prefects, and the chief officers are appointed by the President of the Reuphlic on the nomination of the prefects. The members are recruited for five years, and there was an exhibition of mechanical bread kneaders in that city at which 35 mechanical devices were exhibited for kneading bread by power.

Three were German inventions; all the others were French. The prices varied from 500 francs (\$96.60) to 4,000 francs (\$772). Most of them are by steam or electricity, but all may be worker by its organization, discipline and control.

its organization, discipline and control, but in service against fire it acts under the orders of the prefect of police.

In other countries there is no such thorough system of central control as in France, but in some large cities the fire France, but in some large cares are the department is under the control of the central government. Thus, Berlin and Brunswick are like Paris in having their fire brigades as well a police managed directly by the central government, and At Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide there are metropolitan fire districts, including several municipalities, and the fire brigades are under the management of commissions, in which the central government as well as the various leads as over and give it a thorough turning as completely as could be done by hand. By this system every part of the dough is thoroughly kneaded.

It is said that the bread made by this system is better than the article made government, the local municipalities and government, the local municipalities and

> Repeat it:--" Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."



A HELPFUL SUGGESTION. Miss Cunning-Why don't you propose to her by telephone then?

Mr. Hanley-Maybe she wouldn't know who I was.

Miss Cunning-Exactly; that might help your chances

Where Bullets are Thickest.

The adjutant had just lectured a squad of recruits on company drill, battalion drill, and every other form of move-ment that he could think of, and at last threw in a little instruction of his own on personal behavior in the face of the

enemy.
"On the field of battle a brave soldier will always be found where the bullets are thickest, you understand. Private Jones, where would you be found, then, on the battlefield? Private Jones- In the ammunition

wagon, sir,-Tit-Bits.

A Word of Encouragement. Mrs O'Toole-She's takin 'on awful. Her husband got three years—but he kin git twelve months off for good be-

Mrs. Dooley-Tell her to rest Sure an' he may not behave him collector may not be a busy-