

ON THE SUBURBAN TRAIN.

(By EMMA KATE CORKHILL.)

A militant suffragette, armed with a hatchet, to day seriously damaged a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by Herkomer, in the Royal Academy. An attendant took her to the police station, where she said her name was Mary Arsel. A "hunger and thirst strike," brought about the release to-day, under the "cat and mouse act," of Lillian Lincoln, a militant suffragette, who was sentenced on May 8, at Assizes at Leeds, to a year's imprisonment for setting fire to Westfield House, Doncaster.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO.

LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC

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F. J. CHENEY, & CO. Toledo, O Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Water in River is Falling Fast.

Federickton, May 16. — The river here has fallen 28 inches since the first start was made a few days ago. On the headwaters of the St. John it is raining and a consequent rise of water is expected.

Mr. John A. Morrison's drive on the Upper St. John, for the St. John Lumber Company, reached the main river today. Last evening a crew who were driving on Greer river for Messrs. Fraser, Limited, reached this city, their driving having finished yesterday afternoon. This is the first of the drives on the lower tributaries of the St. John to conclude, and the work was done in the excellent time of fifteen days. On the Naswaak Messrs. Fraser, Limited, and the Partington Pulp and Paper Company's drives are coming along nicely and yesterday were seven miles from the mouth of the Tay. They will not be out before the middle of next week, however, as the water is falling fast.

Lingerie made of pale tinted silk is coming into favor.

There seems to be no limit to the favor in which moire ribbons and silks are held.

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The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-ome).

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A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

A suburban train often becomes a sort of social centre for its particular patronage. From going in together, day after day, people who would not otherwise become acquainted get to know one another very well, so well that if by any chance they miss one another, they have all day a feeling that something is wrong, and a new comer is at once recognized and inspected as much. Personal traits come out strongly on the suburban train. Many a one all unconsciously so impresses himself upon his fellow passengers that they long carry about with them influences either helpful or hindering from the suburban train.

The train that left Trelliston at 8.20 was an especially desirable one. It was just late enough to miss the crowd of employees in the great stores, and early enough to escape an equally large crowd of shoppers.

One morning, near the end of May, the accustomed group of suburbanites were collecting on the Trelliston platform for the 8.20 train. Among the last to arrive was an attractive young girl—evidently one of those new to the struggle with the world. It seemed, too, that she was likely to be embittered by it, for her forehead was wrinkled into a frown, her eyes were snapping with vexation, and her mouth was drawn into a petulant pucker. But it was not the struggle with the world that was disturbing her. Indeed, she scarcely knew that she was making a struggle with the world. She had not come to that realization yet. Her present trouble was far more tangible and exasperating. There had been a rain the night before, just such a rain as brings an assurance of the vigor of spring and sets all creation bubbling over with the joy of renewed life, but which, sad to say, sets the city streets running with grimy water. This young girl, on awakening had felt the joyous enthusiasm of the day, and had put on her best gray suit and her patent leather shoes. When she was more than half way to the station, and when it was too late for her to go home again, and still get to the office in time, a passing cart which was splashing muddy water in all directions had been especially generous to her, to the detriment of her suit and shoes. Could any one be expected to keep sweet in such an emergency. Evidently she thought not, for she was making no effort to conceal her vexation as she hurried up the steps. Just as she reached the last one she heard near her a hearty voice saying with the utmost enthusiasm: "Isn't it a beautiful morning?"

Instantly she turned to locate the speaker, that she might devour him in her wrath. A beautiful morning indeed! With an entirely new suit destined for the cleaners, and a pair of patent leather shoes that never again could be worn with any comfort for best. A beautiful morning indeed! However, her anger was somewhat lessened when she found the speaker was not addressing her. He was a stout, elderly man who had come up the steps from the other side, and who was being welcomed cordially and surprisedly by almost every one on the platform.

She had never seen him before and found time to wonder at his reception and then went back to an angry survey of her misfortunes, and scrambled on the train with small thoughts of whether it was a beautiful day or not. She did notice, half unconsciously, that the sky was blue and clear, that the trees and grass looked as if they had been washed by hand, that the fruit trees were white with blossoms and that green things were growing wherever they could find a place to root in. On one engine that went whizzing by the fireman was leaning out, looking more like an imp of darkness than a human being; but stuck in the casing just above his head was a great spray of wild crab-apple blossoms. The delicate pink petals rested against his grimy cheek like a caress, and it almost seemed as if the dust of his face and hair had blossomed into this beauty. The young girl wondered idly where out in the country he had found time to jump off his engine dash into the crab apple thicket, cut this great spray of blossoms and scramble into his place once more. Perhaps he was taking time to someone he loved or perhaps he took them because he himself loved them. She wondered about this for a moment, and then went back to her troubles. But she was again startled and exasperated by hearing that hearty voice near her. This maddening cheerful man was just settling himself in the seat behind her, talking enthusiastically to some gentleman accompanying him.

"Why; you know it's a pleasure, a positive pleasure! I have not felt as young since I retired as since I've been doing this work for Willis. Twenty years, bringing his fist down with a great thump. "Twenty straight years have rolled off my shoulders! Hadn't you heard about Willis? He was riding on the boulevard last Thursday evening, riding a harmless, honest bicycle, when one of those red devils of motors ran him down and all but killed him. He won't be out of the hospital for three months, with his father and mother to support as well as his own family. And those rascally Bulgars won't show him any favor, in spite of the years he has slaved for him. So when I heard of it I decided to take his place myself. I make out those bills as well as he can. I've been through it all myself. And I can hold his place for him and get him his salary, too. And you never saw such a grateful fellow as Willis is! He nothing more nor less than cried when I told him of it. I hadn't intended to tell him at all, but I found that he was worrying so that I thought it would be a kindness to let him know that his place was safe."

"The Bulgars got their start with you, didn't they? asked one listener.

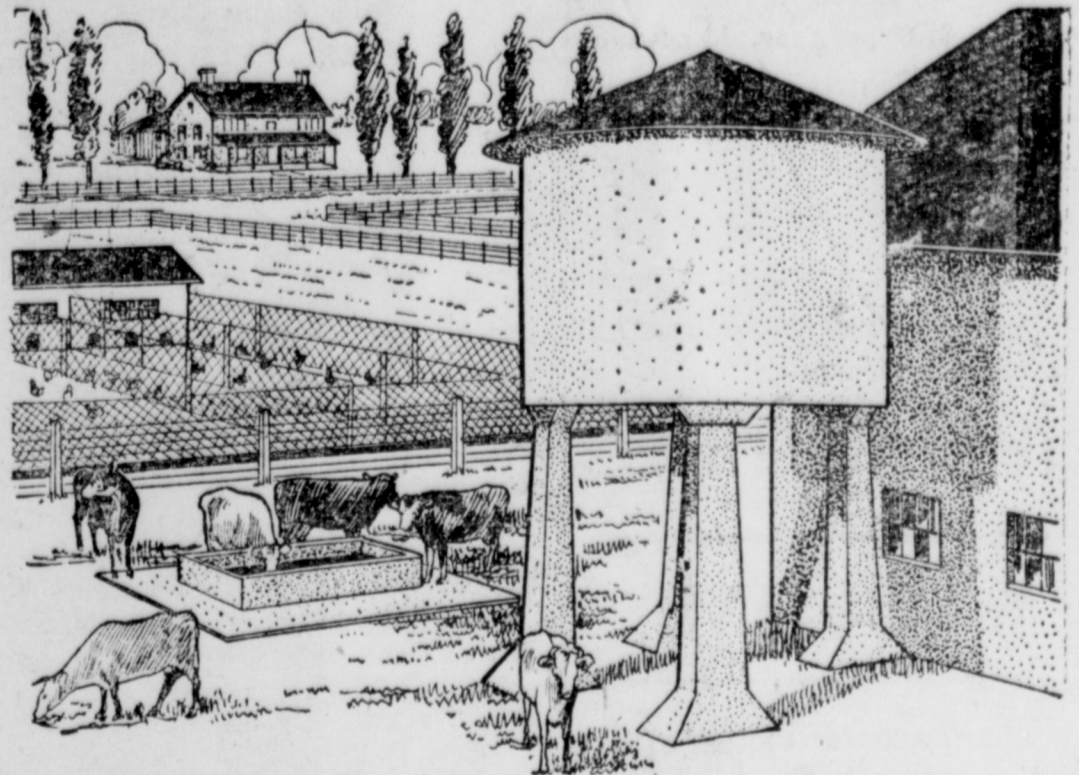
"Yes, to my shame be it said, if I thought they learned their business methods from me. I could never hold up my head again. They've looked mighty sheepish since I've been walking up to Willis's desk these mornings. I know they would like to dismiss me, but they haven't yet been able to get up the nerve to."

"What will they do when you go to the seashore, Mr. Thorndyke?" asked another. "Give Willis his vacation?"

"Not they. There are no vacations in that establishment. But I'm not going to the seashore. Mother and I settled that days ago. And you never would believe how glad we are to stay in town this summer! We used to think it was hard when we had to, but now we are as tickled as we were over our first trip to Europe. She said last night that it is because we are growing young again, and really we haven't felt as young in years as we have since I've gone back to work. There's nothing like work to keep you young and cheery. And besides, there is such an amazing lot to be seen in the city in the summer. Why, here we are at the Union Station! What a short trip this is, and what a pleasant one, too! I think I'll take this train regularly now. I have been coming in on the eight o'clock, but this one gives me twenty minutes more in my garden. My tulips are in their glory now, and I think this is going to be the best year I've ever had with my roses. Now, my roses—"

And his voice was lost in the discordant sounds that roared through the station as the train rushed into the shed. The young girl had almost forgotten her vexation on learning who he was. Thorndyke was a name widely known and highly respected in Trelliston, and with good reason. It was quite a surprise that Mr. Thorndyke should go back to work at all, and especially to work for such a firm as the Bulgar Brother. And that he should do it merely to hold the place for an obscure, hard-working man—this was incomprehensible. And he seemed to delight in it, too! But when she came out into the light of the street, the exasperating reality of spattered suit and shoes came back to her, bringing even stronger anger than she had felt before, and especially with this odiously cheerful man, who could grow young and enthusiastic over work, and be glad of a chance to stay in the city all summer; and could talk of tulips and roses in the midst of all its grime and noise. She was thoroughly angry with him; and would have been glad to speak her mind and bring him to the realities of life—spattered suits and shoes.

Because she was vexed she could not keep her mind on her work, and so did not progress very satisfactorily, and all morning she had the feeling of walking up hill. At noon she managed to slip away from the girls at the office, with whom she usually spent the hour; she was too much out of sorts to care to be with anyone. She avoided the restaurants where they usually went, and turned into a less crowded street, and wandered aimlessly along, intending to turn into the first inviting-looking place she saw. She had gone a block or two before she found it, and then she was attracted by the man she saw at the desk rather than by the place itself. He reminded her of her father. She found the



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restaurant very desirable—plain, but clean and orderly. And when she saw the bill of fare she wanted to order every item on it, so vividly did they call up recollections of her father's garden and her mother's cooking. After conferring with her purse, she decided on new potatoes, asparagus, and rhubarb pie, gave her order and then settled back to review the grievances of the morning. But almost at once she was startled, and all her anger came back, when she heard at an adjoining table that disgustingly cheerful voice. Mr. Thorndyke was saying to the waiter:

"Now, if you could put those two tables together, it would be a great favor. We have some business to talk over and should like to do it now. I am sorry to put you to all this trouble. Thank you. That is just as we would wish it. Now for the main business—the orders."

And silence fell on the now settled group while they inspected the bill of fare. The young girl was ready to cry with vexation, and would have left the restaurant had not her order been given and had not her home memories been so strong. When the order had been given at the next table—and they included everything on the card—Mr. Thorndyke began, as she knew he would:

"Now, the business we want to talk over—and none of you ever heard of it before—is the place itself. I brought you fellows here in the hope that you'll like it and come often. I don't know this man and he doesn't know me—never heard of me. But I know some people down in the country where he used to live, and I got his story from them. Do you remember that case about a year ago of that young rascal who forged his father's name to a note and the father paid it, though it literally took the coat off his back? Well, this is the father. When the last

thing had been swallowed up to keep that reprobate out of the penitentiary he came to the city to begin life over again, and with not a cent of his own to start on. I tell you, that's hard. And he's as old as I am. Of course I'm madder than anything whenever I think of what he threw away his money for. The boy was hardly worth the saving. But at the same time I would have despised him if he hadn't tried. So I feel that I sort of owe it to him to lend him a hand; of course I'm an utter stranger to him, and could not offer him money; But I thought I could work up a little patronage for him, and that's the reason I brought you fellows around."

There followed a long and interesting conversation, all in sympathy with Mr. Thorndyke's scheme, and the young girl went away and left them still talking. But before she reached her own building, the capitalist hurried by her in great haste to get to his place on time.

"I hope I've seen the last of you," she remarked, to his retreating figure, but there was less anger in her thought than there was an hour before. However, her wish was a vain one. As she was walking on the platform that night while waiting for her train, a little newsboy passed her and in another moment she heard the voice, now well known, saying, "Well, old man, what kind of a day has it been with you?"

"Purty fair, me boy," returned the child.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Thorndyke, laughing heartily. "Don't you know that's not the way to speak to a person of my years?"

The boy looked puzzled for a moment, and then said, respectfully: "You hain't got no years. You're a kid yourself."

Concluded on page 6

Apple Orchards Are Sure Money

But we must plant the native grown trees. I have a few trees, all the hardy, reliable varieties, 3 to 5 years old—must positively clear out in May, the last chance to get them. Send list of what you want. POTATO MEN! Arsenate of Lead is cheaper than Paris Green. Does not wash off. Does not turn the plant. I am agent for the famous Grasselli Arsenate of Lead and Grasselli Bordeaux Mixture.



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